

ROBOCOP 2

By FRANK MILLER
First Draft

ROBOCOP II

1

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT STREET - NIGHT - HAND-HELD VIDEO

Running, looking this way and that:

- a TAXI is ablaze;
- a terrified OLD WOMAN in rags wheels a GROCERY CART full of crushed cans, aimless;
- some lunatic fires a MACHINE GUN skyward, laughing.

GLASS SHATTERS. ALARM RINGS. LUKE SPINDLE'S VOICE is like wet gravel ...

SPINDLE (V.O.)

Sure you pay your arm-and-a-leg every April. But don't expect the cops to come running when you call. Not tonight.

Some KID hauls a VIDEO DECK through a shattered DISPLAY WINDOW. He snarls at you, swings a FIST.

IMPACT -- TENEMENTS swirl overhead, lit by flame. CRASH to the PAVEMENT.

SPINDLE (V.O.)

Tonight your life belongs to any scumbag who wants to take it.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - LUKE SPINDLE

cigarette in hand, mouth loose and ugly ...

SPINDLE

The police strike. Tonight on Luke Spindle. Deal with it.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL #1

STEAM billows, silhouetting a beautiful LEG as feminine HANDS pull a FISHNET STOCKING from toe to thigh, then lovingly attach the garter.

WARM LIGHT rises, crawling across sculpted silver stomach and breasts. She's a ROBOT.

NARRATOR
(sultry, slow)
Clean ... safe ... and full of
surprises.

A BLAST of STEAM. ROBOT arches its back, again
silhouetted. In soft, italic type: EROTEQUE The
Future of Safe Sex

CUT TO:

THE LUKE SPINDLE SHOW

The LUKE SPINDLE LOGO appears: cartoon of a perfectly
circular mouth with a hundred teeth clenched tight on
fifteen burning cigarettes. MUSIC: Hyper Buddy Rich
drum solo building to a CLASH of cymbals.

LUKE SPINDLE stalks past his STUDIO AUDIENCE, pausing
to grab the face of a CHEERING WOMAN and kiss her
roughly.

SPINDLE
After the show, babe.

He punches a JEERING MAN in the face, knocks him back
into the crowd. ROAR OF APPLAUSE.

SPINDLE
Cork it, peckerwood.

Throwing a seedy wink at somebody, SPINDLE mounts the
STAGE, where TWO COPS in uniform sit, nervous.
SPINDLE lights a cigarette, takes a puff as the
audience calms down ...

SPINDLE
Detroit's taking it up the
backside from crybaby cops trying
to line their pockets by holding
the city hostage.
(clears throat)
Tonight we'll hear from some of
you victims --
(waves thumb at cops)
-- and from these pussies.

AUDIENCE HISSES.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS rise as Spindle waves his cigarette.

SPINDLE
You with the tits.

HOUSEWIFE, her neck in a brace:

HOUSEWIFE
Can't go to the grocery store.
Can't even check my mail.

SPINDLE
Fatso.

MAN WEARING GLASSES, one lens shattered:

MAN WEARING GLASSES
I work and work hard. Robbed
three times this week.
(rumble from audience)
Yeah, I'm mad. Damn mad. I pay
my taxes ...

SPINDLE
Peach Fuzz.

BOY of 12, holding a basketball, close to tears:

BOY
Mom says I got to stay home. Says
I can't play ball till the cops go
back to work.
(sniffs, wipes nose)
Says I'll get killed if I play
ball.

SPINDLE glowers at the COPS: a weathered VETERAN with
a scar running from his eye to his mouth; a young
WOMAN.

SPINDLE
Got anything to say to that boy?

VETERAN
There's not a man or woman on the
force who wants this strike -- but
we're outnumbered, out-gunned and
underpaid ... and OCP just doesn't
give a damn.

SPINDLE
Cop's a cop, pal. AND COPS DON'T
STRIKE.

APPLAUSE.

WOMAN

City sold us out -- to a corporation that's more concerned with the Almighty Dollar than it is for public safety.

SPINDLE

What's the matter, babe -- can't get laid?

HOWLS and JEERS. The woman rises from her chair, flushing, livid.

SPINDLE

Nice rack. Feed you the beef needle myself.

SPINDLE winks at the audience -- POW! She floors him with a solid right.

Spindle lifts himself to one elbow, grins, rubs his jaw. APPLAUSE.

SPINDLE

It gets better. Stay tuned.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL #2 - DELTA CITY - DAWN

Gleaming mile high SPIRES; a smiling COUPLE hails a twenty foot limousine; a BOY gazes in wonder from a MONORAIL TRAIN high above the fantasy metropolis; CHILDREN play on high-tech MONKEY BARS.

MAN (V.O.)

Imagine ... An end to crime. An end to poverty. State of the art home appliances and security systems. TV you don't have to worry about letting your kids watch. Ten million good jobs, waiting to be filled. Sounds like a dream, doesn't it? Well, sometimes dreams come true ...

CUT TO:

SAME COMMERCIAL - EXT. DETROIT STREET

A HANDSOME MAN, age 25, running clothes, steps over a JUNKIE curled on the sidewalk. Garbage blows by. A SIREN wails, distant.

MAN

Pretty soon they'll be starting construction of Delta City -- right here in Old Detroit.

Pulling a small yellow ENVELOPE marked NOTICE OF EVICTION from his pocket:

MAN (CONT.)

Course, you can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs. Lot of buildings have to come down before Delta can start going up. Got my notice this week.

He walks to a TENEMENT. His WIFE carries a BABY. Cheerful WORKERS load a CRADLE into the back of a TRUCK.

MAN (CONT.)

Guess I was a little worried at first. But we took the urine tests and placement exams and I've got a new job waiting for me.
(touches baby's cheek)
He's going to love it there.

VIDEO BREAK UP:

EXT. DEMOLITION SITE - DAY

The BABY'S FACE decorates a BILLBOARD reading:

FUTURE SITE
DELTA CITY
For Our Children

WHISTLE BLOWS. The SHADOW of a huge WRECKING BALL crosses the billboard, in mid-swing backward.

EXT. TENEMENT WINDOW - SAME

CHRISTIE, age 7, red hair and cheeks, clutches her SUZIE CYBORG DOLL and SCREAMS.

CHRISTIE

DAD!

INT. TENEMENT

The WRECKING BALL crashes through the wall of a tiny KITCHEN. Her working class DAD pulls CHRISTIE from its path. The building LURCHES.

A small formica DINING TABLE crashes to the floor. CRAYONS and a CRAYON DRAWING of ROBOCOP scatter.

An ASHTRAY shatters, spilling the burnt remains of a YELLOW ENVELOPE marked NOTICE OF EVICTION.

DAD carries CHRISTIE through the apartment DOORWAY and stumbles down a STAIRWELL, tumbling end over end, Dad protecting Christie with his body. DUST falls in sheets. PLASTER falls.

At the LANDING, DAD'S HEAD strikes a RADIATOR.

Christie tumbles past him, looks over her shoulder, terrified.

BLOOD streaks Dad's face.

POOM! -- another LURCH as the wrecking ball strikes again, tossing Christie downstairs.

EXT. TENEMENT WINDOW - CHRISTIE

clammers out, coughing, crying, a cloud of DUST billowing from behind her. She rubs dust from her eyes and looks up to see

CRANES AND DERRICKS

looming like monster insects. She runs off, a tiny dot quickly lost in the shadows of sun-baked tenements. WRECKING SOUNDS CONTINUE, echoing.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL #3 - LILAC

a burly transsexual, huge breasts, muscular, hairy arms, a sailor's tattoo. Behind him/her flash faces of CHILDREN.

LILAC

Our missing children -- where do they go? All next week on Lilac.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHER FREEWAY - NIGHT

SOAR over the freeway, congested with stalled TRAFFIC: a TANKER lies ablaze across four lanes, billowing a block-wide column of BLACK SMOKE into the windless sky. CAR HORNS BLARE. Shoot across

EXT. FORD RIVER ROUGE PLANT - SAME

The world's largest industrial complex, miles long, a man-made nightmare of filthy steel, sad and abandoned, dead. PULL UP to see

EXT. OLD DETROIT SKYLINE - SAME

Black SKYSCRAPERS broken by infrequent sickly yellow LIGHTS, hulking against an ugly, polluted SKY. DOWN now, to

EXT. STREETS - SAME

ALARMS RING. Distant GUNSHOTS -- then a single POLICE SIREN, rising.

DROP past tenement WINDOWS lit from inside by FIRELIGHT --

-- to PAVEMENT pocked and pitted like a battlefield.

RATS scatter. TIRES SCREECH. SIREN WAILS. ALARM RINGS.

MURPHY'S CRUISER, dented, riddled with bullet holes, its windshield shattered, fishtails through an intersection past:

- rows of curled HOMELESS;

- and a Salvation Army SANTA CLAUS who kneels, holding his stomach, in agony.

EXT./INT. CRUISER - SAME

MURPHY, framed by shattered windshield, his body in no better shape than his cruiser, his mouth swollen and bloody, steers. ALARM RINGS, nearby.

Through CRACKLE come overlapping VOICES:

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)
211 in progress at -- gunfire
heard at Jefferson and -- license
number Victor Charlie Zero Sev --

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - A MOMENT LATER - CHRISTIE

wanders past the entrance, in a daze, still holding
SUZIE CYBORG. BOTTLES SHATTER. ALARM RINGS.

OWNER (V.O.)

Hey, you --

LOOTER (V.O.)

So call a cop.

Hysterical laughter from other looters. Christie
loses interest and walks on --

-- then stops as a BATTERED SEDAN pulls across the
sidewalk in front of her. Christie shrieks and turns,
too late --

-- PEGGY, a pale junkie of withered beauty, grabs
Christie roughly, lifting her from her feet.

PEGGY

Come to Momma.

CHRISTIE

Not my MOM.

PEGGY brings quaking fingernails to Christie's cheek.

PEGGY (CONT.)

Come to Momma or Momma will tear
your fucking FACE off.

CHRISTIE

You're not my mom. My mom was
pretty.

PEGGY throws CHRISTIE into the back seat of the sedan.

PEGGY

Got a MOUTH on her, Sylvio.

SUZIE CYBORG tumbles to the sidewalk behind a WHEEL of
the sedan.

INT. SEDAN - SYLVIO - SAME

Peggy's junkie husband, watches the rear view MIRROR,
seeing PEGGY struggle with a thrashing CHRISTIE.

PEGGY

Damn it -- stop MOVING --

SYLVIO

Don't hurt her honey she's pretty.

SYLVIO turns in his seat to leer at CHRISTIE.

SYLVIO (CONT.)

BEAUTIFUL baby you're BEAUTIFUL.
Fucking money in the BANK.

PEGGY

We eat first this time, Sylvio.
Before the junk.

SYLVIO

Sure, baby. Word of honor.

FLASHING BLUE LIGHT fills the sedan. Sylvio shoves
the gearshift into DRIVE.

SYLVIO

Spoused to be on STRIKE.

The engine dies. Sylvio punches the steering wheel.
He tries the engine. It grinds, not catching.

SYLVIO

Piece of SHIT!

MURPHY'S POV - SAME - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The LOOTERS, a surprisingly well-dressed bunch, exit
the liquor store, unscrewing caps from bottles and
taking swigs.

They pause, terrified, hit by FLASHING BLUE LIGHT from
your cruiser.

FLASHING:

CRIME IN PROGRESS

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)

-- explosions heard at Chandler
Park --

An ENGINE roars to life. Follow the sound to SUZIE
CYBORG as the sedan's wheel crushes her, popping her
head from her shoulders.

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)

-- Chalmers and East Vernon --
three dead --

-- then take in CHRISTIE, face and hands pressed to the sedan's back window.

FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 2 PROTECT THE INNOCENT

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)

-- rape in Pingree Park --

Pull from the curb. The LOOTERS laugh, raising their bottles in a toast. TARGETS appear on the bottles.

FLASHING:

TARGETING

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)

-- east on Edsel Ford Freeway --

EXT. CRUISER - SAME

MURPHY'S HAND smashes the last of the glass from a side window and fires his PISTOL three times.

The LOOTERS leap in terror and run like hell as their bottles EXPLODE.

MURPHY'S CRUISER tears off down the street.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

The SEDAN roars toward a TUNNEL beneath an elevated HIGHWAY. Open a PLAYBACK WINDOW showing CHRISTIE. Match it with a FILE PHOTO.

SCROLLING:

MISSING

CHRISTINE STRETZLETSKI AGE 7

LAST SEEN 11:42 CASS CORRIDOR DEMOLITION SITE

FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 2 PROTECT THE INNOCENT

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)

-- East Grand --

Lose the playback window. Here comes the TUNNEL, rushing up fast. Call up a COMPUMAP showing your CRUISER and the SEDAN as blinking rectangles.

FLASHING:

STRATEGIC

EDSEL FORD FREEWAY AT CADILLAC

PLOT INTERCEPT COURSE

PARABOLIC LINES streak across the CompuMap, then
FREEZE, fixed on a path that crosses the HIGHWAY above
the tunnel.

FLASHING:
STRATEGIC
COURSE FIXED

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
-- Henry Ford Hospital --

INT. CRUISER - SAME

MURPHY wrenches his steering wheel to the side and
floors the accelerator.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME

MURPHY'S CRUISER fishtails, flattening a DO NOT ENTER
sign --

-- and charges up an OFF-RAMP, forcing a LIMOUSINE to
veer into guard rails --

-- then roars across the HIGHWAY, leaping a median and
barely avoiding a huge SEMI --

-- leaving sparks at the far side ON-RAMP and making
new friends right and left as it careens down to the

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

SYLVIO gasps, terrified, slams on the brakes -- TOO
LATE --

SYLVIO
Sposed to be on STRIKE!

MURPHY'S CRUISER smashes head on into the SEDAN.

INT. SEDAN - SAME

SYLVIO pulls his face from the steering wheel and
clutches his broken nose as he tries to start the
engine again. No go.

SYLVIO
Come on baby come on honey come ON
you piece of SHIT --

The WINDSHIELD is spider-webbed with cracks, pulsing blue. CLANKING FOOTSTEPS echo.

PEGGY
ROBOCOP. It's fucking ROBOCOP.
SHIT we're FUCKED.

MURPHY'S SHADOW falls across the WINDSHIELD, gun in hand. Sylvio reaches between his legs to grab a .45 AUTOMATIC.

PEGGY
SYLVIO that's ROBOCOP. Don't
BOTHER. We're FUCKED. SYLVIO you
ASSHOLE --

MURPHY'S HAND crashes through a window and pulls Sylvio out. Tight squeeze.

EXT. SEDAN - SAME

MURPHY tosses SYLVIO to the pavement, a bundle of shredded clothing and bloody flesh.

The .45 hits the pavement next to the SEDAN. PEGGY steps out, picks it up, aims.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

PEGGY FIRES. Jerk as it hits.
FLASHING:
MAGNIFY

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)
-- pinned down at Finney High
School --

The gun's BARREL grows huge. A TARGET appears at its center.

FLASHING:
TARGETING

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)
-- seven dead --

EXT. MURPHY - SAME

fires his pistol. Peggy's .45 EXPLODES, its slide flying backward through her chest.

She falls backward, lung punctured, trying to breathe, going into shock.

Murphy grabs Sylvio by the face and lifts him from the pavement.

SYLVIO

Man I'm small shit. Chrysler
factory over in Hamtramck -- big
shits there. Them you want.

(gulps)

I'm just small shit, man.

Murphy nods --

-- and heaves Sylvio head first against a tunnel wall.

Sylvio slides down the wall, his neck broken.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - SAME

Huddled in the back seat, CHRISTIE stares up, quaking,
in awe, beginning to cry.

CHRISTIE

Tore everything DOWN. Just tore
it DOWN and we were still HOME.
DAD won't get UP. Just tore it
all DOWN.

MURPHY'S HANDS reach in, lift Christie from the sedan,
cradle the sobbing girl to his chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRYSLER FACTORY - LATER

on the dark side of town. Light glints from inside
against cracked, greasy glass-and-wire windows. A
large TRUCK stands backed up to a loading dock, engine
idling, driver dozing.

DUBOIS (V.O.)

Too many black ones. Hard to move
the black ones.

HICKEY (V.O.)

They just got started tearing down
the white neighborhoods.

INT. FACTORY - SAME

A DOZEN CHILDREN, bleary-eyed, drugged, sit in small WIRE CAGES. FOUR HOODS load the cages into the back of the truck, stack them like crates.

DUBOIS (V.O.)
These are not enlightened times,
Mr. Hickey.

LAWRENCE DUBOIS, age 50, three piece suit, looks the children over, shaking his head.

DUBOIS (CONT.)
Racism is a reality we all must
live with. Our film people have
little use for the black ones.

HICKEY, 28, has no idea what to do with his quaking hands: they crack knuckles, crawl in and out of his pockets, scratch three days' beard at his neck.

HICKEY
Snuffs use anybody they can get.

DUBOIS
We are a quality outlet. We have
a reputation to uphold. Stop
scratching.

Back to the pockets and they try to stay there.

DUBOIS (CONT.)
I'll have to offer a discount.
Can't give you more than twelve
hundred for the lot.

The right one scrambles up to Hickey's ear and sends a finger in for excavation work.

HICKEY
Get twice that in Pole Town.

Outside a car rumbles to a stop, cuts its engine.

HOOD #1 peers out the LOADING DOCK.

HOOD #1
It's a cop.

DUBOIS
Just one?

HOOD#1 nods.

Hickey's hands finally know what to do: SWITCHBLADES slide to each from his sleeves. SNAK! The blades come out.

HICKEY

Strike on, remember? Heard there's only a dozen or so on duty.

CAGES clatter to the floor.

GUNS appear in each man's hand, a gold-plated BERETTA in Dubois'.

DUBOIS

One less on duty, after tonight.

INT. CRUISER - STOPPED - SAME

MURPHY works a DIAL on his FOREARM. A CLIP slides from inside. He shoves it into his PISTOL.

MURPHY sets his PISTOL down on the seat. He grabs his LEFT HAND with his right, twists. The HAND slides from his arm. He sets it down next to his pistol.

He reaches under the DASH, draws forth a MACHINE GUN ATTACHMENT, snaps it onto the stump of his left arm.

EXT. FACTORY - SAME

MURPHY, pistol in hand, machine gun connected to his arm, clanks toward a set of POWER CABLES on the factory's side. TRUCK GEARS GRIND.

Murphy wheels, FIRES his PISTOL at the TRUCK.

The DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW of the truck shatters. The DRIVER slumps, shot in the head.

TWO MORE SHOTS. STEAM bursts from the truck's radiator.

MURPHY grabs the POWER CABLES and rips them from the wall. SPARKS shower.

MURPHY rocks on his feet, mouth open in pain as SHOCKS rip through him.

INT. FACTORY - SAME

The LIGHTS go out. Dark as a cave. CLANKING
FOOTSTEPS echo from outside.

HICKEY

RoboCop.

HOOD #2

Turn ourselves in. It's the only
way.

DUBOIS

Not an option, Heller. It's life
for all of us if we surrender.

(cocks pistol)

Aim for his mouth. The only way
to kill him.

HICKEY

You're crazy. He eats bullets.

HICKEY runs to the DOOR --

-- just as it flies from its hinges, flattening Hickey
underneath it.

MURPHY'S FOOT strikes the door, crushing Hickey's
chest. Hickey SCREAMS.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

WHITE SPOTS flicker and flare; the shocks took their
toll. The DISPATCHER'S VOICES are lost in crackle.
Infrared images form of DUBOIS and the FOUR HOODS
opening fire.

FLASHING:

THERMOGRAPH

SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT

EFFICIENCY 65%

HOOD #3

Not looking so good. Maybe we got
a chance.

Project FIVE TARGETS, one to each of them.

FLASHING:

TARGETING

DUBOIS

His mouth. Aim for his mouth.

INT. FACTORY - SAME

Murphy fires a BURST from his MACHINE GUN ARM.

HOOD#1 crashes backward into the TRUCK, shot in the chest.

Murphy fires his PISTOL.

HOOD #2 spins, shot in the midsection, firing upward.

Murphy fires ANOTHER BURST from his MACHINE GUN ARM.

HOOD #3 tumbles from the loading dock.

Murphy fires his PISTOL.

The shot MISSES HOOD #4 crouched among scattered cages
-- HOOD #4 FIRES --

The side of MURPHY'S KNEE erupts with sparks. Murphy lurches, regains his balance, FIRES his PISTOL --

-- a perfect shot between Hood #4's eyes.

DUBOIS trains his BERETTA on a caged BOY, grins triumphantly.

DUBOIS

"Protect the innocent," yes?

Murphy nods, and FIRES his PISTOL.

Dubois' wrist EXPLODES.

SCREAMS and moans of agony echo through the old factory:

- from HICKEY, his chest crushed, under the door;
- from the HOODS, clutching chests and stomachs;
- from DUBOIS, curled around his shattered wrist, squealing like a stuck pig.

MURPHY

Peace officer.

CUT TO:

TV - EXT. DETROIT STREET CORNER - DAY

DR. MARGARET LOVE, early thirties, taut, stunningly beautiful, holds a ROBOCOP ACTION FIGURE to her blouse. Not a hair out of place. FIRELIGHT flickers across her sculpted features.

LOVE

Our children. So innocent. So permeable. Toys such as this ... RoboCop ... teach our children lessons I think we'll all regret.

PULL BACK. DR. LOVE stands before a large CROWD of MOTHERS and CHILDREN. A BONFIRE blazes, a six foot heap of TOY GUNS, TOY TANKS, and TRANSFORMER ROBOTS.

LOVE (CONT.)

... War toys. Promoting aggression, hostility, violence. Is this what we want our children to see? Is this what we want to teach them?

A BEAUTIFUL BOY tosses a CAPTAIN HIT ACTION FIGURE onto the sickening, burning mess of melting plastic. DR. LOVE pats his head, draws him to her breast.

LOVE (CONT.)

I don't think so.

LOVE tosses the ROBOCOP ACTION FIGURE into the blaze. It melts ...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - LILAC

Behind him/her a framed film clip of melting ROBOCOP ACTION FIGURE.

LILAC

Her opponents called her a censor. An enemy of free expression. But to concerned parents, pop psychiatrist Dr. Margaret Love was the tireless watchdog over unscrupulous media entertainers and toy manufacturers.

NEW CLIPS: The OCP LOGO; ROWS of TOY TANKS; REAL TANKS, firing their cannons upward.

LILAC (CONT.)

Supporters and opponents alike were stunned when Dr. Love went to work for Omni Consumer Products, the world's largest producer of "War Toys" -- and of the real thing.

LILAC turns in his/her chair to face DR. LOVE, who sits, confident, legs crossed, smiling pleasantly.

LILAC (CONT.)

Dr. Love, have you sold out?

DR. LOVE's glance is direct, sincere. She means it.

LOVE

I'd rather say that I'm repositioned to where I can most efficaciously relate values of cooperation and participation to our children, Lilac. Infuse a spirit of caring and sharing to marketing and media.

LILAC

Some say you've taken the money and run.

LOVE

I welcome this chance to dialogue. To relate to you OCP's commitment to the social and psychological welfare of the children of Delta City.

LILAC

Word is you're going to be censoring Delta television.

LOVE

I'm participating in a free and open dialogue with the good people at Media Concepts to develop programming that promotes pro-social values. In a consulting capacity only.

LILAC

Guess you won't be burning any more RoboCop dolls, huh?

LOVE

Nothing so confrontational, no. RoboCop's potential as a positive role model is enormous. And OCP is well aware of the attitudes of hostility and negativity he's inadvertantly related to our precious, permeable children.

LILAC

Are you a power hungry bitch, as some say?

Intimate, betraying genuine passion:

LOVE

In private practice I saw how confused and unhappy people are. How inundated with media-generated negativity and hostility. How misguided by antiparticipatory and anticooperative forces in their own homes, their own minds. I want to help every citizen of Delta to achieve a state of pro-social consciousness.

LILAC turns to the camera, smirking.

LILAC

We're out of time, and I can't understand a damn word she's saying. Tomorrow: teen-age hookers tell all. Good night.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - JOSIE

a raving beauty of 17. Love for sale, but she's new at it: having a rough time with four inch heels. She pauses to lean against a streetlight, removes a shoe, rubs her blistered foot.

A voice whistles "Have It Your Way". JOSIE looks up.

From a shadowed doorway steps FENNET, age 20, clean shaven, wearing a worn Detroit Tigers sweatshirt.

FENNET

Burger King. Saw you. Just last week.

Josie walks, picking up the pace as Fennet follows.

FENNET (CONT.)

You used to flip the beef at
Burger King. Just last week. I
saw.

JOSIE

(nervous, acting tough)
Get lost.

FENNET

Never gave me a look. Smiled at
you and you never gave me a look.
Won't even look at me now.
(suddenly cheerful)
Flipping the beef. And now you're
slamming the ham.

JOSIE

Fuck you. They tore down the
Burger King. They tore down my
building. So fuck you.

FENNET

I can pay. I can pay, whore.

SNAK -- a SWITCHBLADE in Fennet's hand.

Josie breaks into an awkward run, almost stumbling on
the heels.

Fennet smacks his knee on a fire hydrant, limps after
her, waving the switchblade.

FENNET

Don't have to pay you, whore. No
cops. Don't have to pay.
Couldn't even smile back.

A BURST OF GUNFIRE. BULLETS rip through Fennet's
legs. He sprawls across garbage cans, howling.

INT. CRUISER - MOVING FAST - SAME

MURPHY uncocks his smoking PISTOL. His LEFT HAND has
been put back on.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

JOSIE'S FACE flies past, startled, wide-eyed ...

INT. CRUISER - MOVING FAST - SAME

MURPHY is coming and going, head lolling on his shoulders, hands resting on the steering wheel, letting it turn this way, then that.

CUT TO:

MURPHY DREAMS

MURPHY'S WIFE throws back her head, laughing ... It's a sunny day on picnic grounds where children play and Murphy is human again ...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MURPHY'S CRUISER

sideswipes a TAXI and banks off a GARBAGE DUMPER, not slowing.

CABBIE

MANIAC --

A DERELICT staggers from behind the dumper, throws an empty pint bottle at Murphy, missing by yards.

DERELICT

Hear from my LAWYER --

INT. CRUISER - SAME - MURPHY

MURPHY

(barely a murmur)

Ellnnn ...

CUT TO:

MURPHY DREAMS

... Ellen's laughing as Murphy tosses the softball underhand to Jimmy who's only two years old and looks adorable wearing that gigantic baseball glove but catches the ball and holds it high even as he falls back on his butt ...

... Suddenly, all out of place here, an enormous CRASH of METAL and shattering GLASS. A CAR HORN blares. Human Murphy looks around, confused. Where is it? Why can't Jimmy and Ellen hear it? ...

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - MURPHY'S POV - WHITE STATIC

breaking up. CAR HORN BLARES.

Hands, your robot hands, push you from the steering wheel. HORN STOPS.

ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Four cruisers this week. Supply's all over me.

Turn to see the OCP LOGO embroidered on a shirt. Climb the shirt to the face of an ATTENDANT, framed by a shattered window.

ATTENDANT

Oh, Jesus. Don't move.

Shove the cruiser's DOOR open. Step out. Walk. You can do it. Look back.

CRUISER's a mess -- front end smashed into a SUPPORT COLUMN.

Look down. Floor won't keep still.

Push through a pair of DOORS.

INT. STATION HOUSE - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

An OLD WOMAN sits in a chair, untended, her face badly bruised. She's babbling.

OLD WOMAN

But ROBERT doesn't say NOTHING.

CORRIDOR - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

A NURSE guides a wounded COP. There's a PEACE SYMBOL on the shoulder of his flack jacket, the word SCAB scrawled across its back. Looks like a soldier in Viet Nam. PHONES RING.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)

Just EATS what he EATS and doesn't change his CLOTHES or say NOTHING.

NURSE

AMBULANCE -- we can't fix this one HERE --

A DOOR slams into your face and swings away.

BOOKING DESK - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

Tower over a TEMPORARY WORKER, 16, at her desk, phone under her chin.

TEMP

Oh, GAWD. And he has a KNIFE?
Oh, GAWD. What you going to DO?
... Hell, I don't know. I'm no
cop ...

Her desk jiggles up at you. Push it back down with your hand. She looks up at you, terrified.

TEMP

Oh, GAWD.

Faded CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS hang listlessly on the walls. Young PATROLMAN ESTEVEZ sits on a cluttered desk, a MEDIC tending to a bullet wound on his arm. SGT. REED's at his desk, on the phone.

REED

Ma'am, I'm sorry but please hold
... yes, ma'am, I'm sorry but
there's a strike on ... yes,
ma'am, some of us are still
working ... thank you, ma'am, but
please hold ...

The SPOTS go nova, then break ...

LOCKER ROOM - MURPHY'S POV

... a CLEANING LADY shrieks and backs away, dropping her mop.

Fumble open your locker. Grab a bunch of CLIPS. Open your FOREARM. Shove the clips into it.

Turn, hearing a deep BELLOW of rage. Out there. No, there ...

BOOKING DESK - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

LEWIS shoves a struggling GIANT of a man, handcuffed, to the floor.

The GIANT rises, snarling -- KRAK! LEWIS snaps a nasty kick to his knee. He sits down, in serious pain.

Popping bubble gum into her mouth:

LEWIS

Have a seat.

Walk up to her. She looks you over, alarmed. Her voice is a mile away.

LEWIS

You all right, Murphy?

INT. STATION HOUSE - SAME

A milky FLUID mixed with BLOOD streaming from his mouth:

MURPHY

I'm fine.

WHAM. Murphy keels backward across the floor, unconscious. LEWIS kneels by his side, glares at a terrified TEMP.

LEWIS

You. Get an ambulance.

(to Reed)

How long they have him out there this time?

REED

(to phone, nodding, eyes on Lewis)

Did you get a good look at him?

... Sir, I'll need more than that

-- excuse me, sir --

(cups phone, checks watch, to Lewis)

Seventy-six hours since repairs.

Hasn't slept in a week.

(back to phone)

Said I'll need more than that, sir. Try to remember what he was wearing ...

ESTEVEZ joins Lewis.

ESTEVEZ

Hear what he did at the brewery, last night?

LEWIS

Seventy-six hours. Jesus. Murphy.

ESTEVEZ

Week without sleep. They say that
can make you crazy.

TEMP

Shit. Robots can't go crazy.

Lethal glance from Lewis.

TEMP (CONT.)

Say five minutes on the ambulance.
(looks to side, eyes widen)
What the hell ...

The STATION HOUSE DOORS swing open.

A DOZEN MEN march in, wearing bright white SWAT
uniforms, white PISTOLS, white GRENADES, carrying
white UZI MACHINE PISTOLS.

SELTZ, age 42, oldest, the leader, hands REED a folded
DOCUMENT. Reed smells a rat.

SELTZ

Seltz. Rehabilitation Concepts.
We're here to help maintain civic
order for the duration of the
strike. You're to cooperate with
us fully.

REED

You cops?

KONG (V.O.)

Better.

REED rises from his chair, suddenly horrified,
recognizing the voice of

KONG, age 28, rat-hair beard broken by a patch of
transplanted skin, sneer for a smile.

LEWIS glances from Kong to Reed, curious, then at

MURPHY, who tries to rise. Lewis cradles him in her
arms.

LEWIS

Steady, soldier. Stay still.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATTITUDE CONCEPTS CENTER - LATER

A crumbling hospital squatting among tenements. Only its sign is new: sleek letters on the OCP logo.

An AMBULANCE pulls by a hulking white ED209 at the gate. A LARGE RED CROSS decorates ED209's chest; another is painted on the ambulance window.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

A RED CROSS on the window sails past tenements, then slows to a stop.

WEARY TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
Christ. Look at him.

INT. ATTITUDE CONCEPTS CENTER - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

Strapped to a stretcher, rolling through DOORS, watching the CEILING pass, square lights and styrofoam ... a weary TECHNICIAN and creepy JEFF FLECK, 30, neat suit and name tag, look you over.

WEARY TECHNICIAN (CONT.)
We'll be up all night.

FLECK
You'll have it on line and on the job in two hours, mister.

WEARY TECHNICIAN
Three hours and that's if we've got the parts.

FLECK
(turning away, pointing)
Where's that damn elevator? You.
What's your name? I'll have your job --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - MINUTES LATER

A SMALL WHITE MOUSE careens from WALL to WALL in a MAZE, frantic. The maze has no exit. An INTERN and DR. MARGARET LOVE watch it.

INTERN
There's no way out.

LOVE
He'll stop looking for one, soon
enough.

A SECRETARY leans into the doorway. To Love:

SECRETARY
Doctor, it's RoboCop. Admitted
ten minutes ago. Looks like
death. Fleck's got him.

LOVE heads for the door. All business, but there's
fury behind her eyes.

LOVE
Mr. Fleck is a very devoted
employee.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - MURPHY'S POV

A BURST of WHITE NOISE. Vision SNAPS on, crystal
clear. A SURGEON stitches your face. A NURSE
withdraws a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE from your neck.

SURGEON
Don't move. I know it hurts.
Don't move.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
We've got direct access.

NURSE
He's awake.

JEFF FLECK pokes his face into view, nasty.

FLECK
Buddy, you are screwing up. You
are costing us money. I want some
answers.

The NURSE glances over her shoulder. To Fleck:

NURSE
Watch it, Fleck. Here comes the
bitch.

FLECK
Who told her it was here? Damn
it!

DR. MARGARET LOVE enters, dismisses FLECK with a curt nod.

LOVE shines a blinding PENLIGHT into your eyes, lowers it. She holds a small RECORDER, speaks alternately to it and you, her voice cool and breathy as dry ice.

LOVE

Do you know where you are? ... Do you know what day this is? What year?

(to recorder)

Disoriented as to space and time.

(to Murphy)

Do you know who you are?

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Slick, high-tech. MURPHY sits at his THRONE, helmet off, dazed, confused, eyes rimmed red. LOVE stands before him, statuesque. The SURGEON finishes with Murphy's mouth. A WELDER works on Murphy's knee. A TECHNICIAN mans a COMPUTER CONSOLE. An INPUT CABLE runs from the console to the base of Murphy's skull.

VIDEO MONITORS line the wall, playing snippets of Murphy's past: Murphy and his wife cut their wedding cake; Jimmy opens a Christmas present.

MURPHY

Murff ... Murphy. Alex Murphy. I ... was a man once. A cop.

LOVE

(to recorder)

Sentimental attachment to vestigial human memory.

(to Murphy)

Do you know what you are?

The MONITORS show MURPHY'S MURDER. The NURSE removes the surgeon's gloves.

MURPHY

I was shot. Left for dead.

(touches his chest)

You built ... this ... so I could keep being a cop.

SURGEON

Anybody else want coffee?

No takers. The SURGEON exits.

MURPHY stares at the closing DOOR, moves to rise. DR. LOVE gives a sharp nod to the TECHNICIAN. He presses a touchpad.

KLAK! -- STEEL CUFFS snap from armrests, pinning Murphy to his throne.

LOVE

A few more moments of your time, officer.

MURPHY

Who are you?

A little surprised he doesn't already know:

LOVE

Dr. Margaret Love, Attitude Concepts. We'll be seeing a lot of each other.

MURPHY

How may I assist you, doctor.

Not a question. LOVE paces, long legs, no trouble with the heels. MURPHY tracks Love with his eyes.

LOVE

Hostile when confined. Classic infantile response.

(to Murphy, smiling)

Call me Mom. We're going to be great friends.

(to technician)

Last night. 17:22:50.

The MONITORS show a PLAYBACK:

- BREWERY WORKERS holding PICKET SIGNS and BASEBALL BATS charge forward;
 - MURPHY'S ARM knocks one to the floor;
 - the WORKERS back away a step, then hold their positions, defiant;
 - a BUILDING INSPECTOR eclipses the workers, shouting "For Christ's sake, Murphy -- don't just stand there!".
- FLASHING ACROSS MONITORS:
DIRECTIVE 1 - SERVE THE PUBLIC TRUST

LOVE

Try to remember how you felt.

(pause)

Did you feel sorry for the workers?

(pause)

How do you feel right now?

Please, officer. Just say whatever comes to your mind.

(pause)

OCP bought that brewery. Those workers had no right to be there. You were under a direct order to expell them. You delayed demolition by days.

(to technician)

That's enough.

(to recorder)

Unresponsiveness suggests paranoid world view.

(to Murphy)

"Serve the public trust" ... what does that mean to you?

MURPHY starts a smile. The stitches make it end in a wince. LOVE runs a finger across the stitches, enjoying herself.

LOVE

Unable to articulate value judgments.

(to Murphy)

We're all pretty worried about you.

MURPHY

Thank you for your concern, doctor.

LOVE gestures to the TECHNICIAN. He taps a touchpad.

MURPHY lurches, screaming in sudden agony ... then a moment, head rising slowly to meet her eyes.

LOVE

Call me Mom.

Love exits. The cuffs snap back into armrests. The technician detaches the input cable. Murphy rises.

TECHNICIAN

Had your rest, officer. Back to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATOR DOORS - LATER

Doors hiss open. DR. LOVE carries a clipboard-size COMPUTER. OCP executive JOHNSON, close behind her, enjoys the view. Of her, that is.

LOVE

Program's ill-conceived, limited. So few directives. It's practically a blueprint for anti-social behavior. He's no role model.

JOHNSON

He's popular.

HIGH-TECH DOORWAY - SAME

Love slides a small card into an access port. The DOORS open.

LOVE

Here you have such a wonderful opportunity -- to actually mold a living personality. To impact directly. Sir, it would only take two days ...

JOHNSON

Robo's very popular. With the uproar over Delta City, we need whatever public support we can get. We can't afford to take him off-line. Not even for one day.

INT. PARTS TESTING CHAMBER - SAME

With a mechanical SHRIEK, a HUGE ROBOT ARM swings toward Love and Johnson, its shoulder enmeshed in machinery. CLAWS leap from its three fingers. JOHNSON adjusts his tie, laughing nervously. LOVE smiles, unafraid, eyes cold. In control, as always.

LOVE

Mr. Grigio. You really must be more careful with your toys.

A TECHNICIAN manning the controls raises his visor, grinning. Lying:

TECHNICIAN

Sorry, doctor. Didn't see you.

Passing other ROBOT PARTS:

JOHNSON

Try to go easy on Fleck, doctor.
His enthusiasm has made him
friends.

LOVE

I'm never hard on anyone, sir. I
always welcome the chance to
dialogue with Mr. Fleck.

Love brings a small communicator to her mouth.

LOVE (CONT.)

Miss Duffy. Is the film ready?

FROM COMMUNICATOR

Two minutes, doctor. Great stuff,
if I do say so myself.

LOVE

Ninety seconds, Miss Duffy. Thank
you so much.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

overlooking an OPERATING ROOM in which a SURGEON and
NURSES work on a beefy COP. The cop's face is
visible; the rest is lost in a tangle of SURGICAL
ROBOT MACHINERY. AN ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOGRAM tracks his
brainwaves.

JEFF FLECK whirls from the window as LOVE and JOHNSON
approach.

FLECK

The spine's intact. The brain's
intact.

LOVE

But I'm afraid it's the wrong
brain, Mr. Fleck.

JOHNSON

Got a name?

FLECK

Yes, sir. Masterson. Gunned down
two hours ago in Saint Clair
Field. Sergeant. Decorated
twice.

LOVE flips open her COMPUTER, points to a GRAPH of curving, multi-colored lines.

LOVE
Just look at this profile.
Prepared it myself. Just look at these curves.

JOHNSON studies Love's figure appreciatively. Love doesn't notice.

LOVE (CONT.)
Cooperativity quotient sinks right off the chart.

FLECK
Development's on fire, sir.
Weapons, surveillance systems you won't believe.

LOVE
This is a fifteen year street cop.
He's used to having his own way.

FLECK
All we need is one warm body.

LOVE
Not this one, I'm sorry to say.
Worse choice than Murphy was.
Look what's happened with him --
and with the others.

FLECK
Okay. We've had our setbacks.

Love smiles. Fleck's stepped into her trap.

LOVE
Yes, Mr. Fleck. You certainly have had your setbacks.
(to communicator)
Run tape, Miss Duffy.

She strides to a huge REAR PROJECTION SCREEN as it lights with a FILE TAPE showing:

- a smiling FLECK gestures grandly at a pair of DOORS;

FLECK (TAPE)

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

- The doors slide open. A NEW ROBOCOP steps through, half a human face visible through its assymetrical armor. It smiles. A TECHNICIAN is still at work on it, applying a small LASER TOOL to its chest. Fleck beams;

FLECK (TAPE)

Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce RoboCop 2.

- The technician's tool slips in his hand. ROBOCOP2 frowns -- and grabs the technician by his throat. CRUNCH OF BONES. DEATH RATTLE;

FLECK (TAPE)

So he's not perfect.

- ZAP! The thing's HEAD explodes in a shower of SPARKS.

ANOTHER FILE TAPE:

- ANOTHER ROBO2 appears with Fleck;

FLECK (TAPE)

... unprecedented speed and versatility. Ladies and gentlemen -- RoboCop 2.

- This one draws its PISTOL and blows its own brains out.

ANOTHER FILE TAPE:

- ANOTHER ROBO2 stalks past Fleck toward a large WINDOW;

FLECK (TAPE)

... proud to introduce RoboCop 2.
Hey -- hold on, boy --

- It crashes through the window and falls thirty stories.

SCREEN GOES BLANK.

LOVE

And these setbacks have been costly, haven't they? That's why I was brought in to the RoboCop project. To find and prepare the right mind.

FLECK sags against the window, defeated. He pulls a CIGARETTE from a pack, begins to light it -- and stops at a withering glance from LOVE.

LOVE (CONT.)

Sorry. Lungs at work.
(to communicator)
Tape two, Miss Duffy.

The MONITORS light with DIAGRAMS of human NERVOUS SYSTEMS entwined in wires and circuitry.

LOVE (CONT.)

(to Johnson)

Alex Murphy has proven that some vestige of the human will survives in even a fragment of the brain. You've suffered your six failures because of insufficient conditioning -- and because, each time, you've picked the wrong man for the job.

JOHNSON

I've read Murphy's record. Hero in the Appalachian Police Action. Top of his class at the police academy. Dedicated to his work. Stable home life. Good a cop as you'll find. Good man.

LOVE

In that context, a "good man" is exactly what we don't want.

JOHNSON

What do you mean by that, doctor?

LOVE
(to communicator)
Miss Duffy. Tape three.

MONITORS show DEMOLITION EQUIPMENT; protesting
CITIZENS; HOMELESS people.

LOVE (CONT.)
Murphy was driven by strict, rigid
morality. Religious -- Irish
Catholic, as a matter of fact.
Went to church every Sunday. His
sense of right and wrong began to
corrupt his program as soon as he
was ordered to force innocent
citizens from their own homes.
Obviously, this is all done for
their own good, but Murphy is
given to premature and
inappropriate value judgments.

JOHNSON
We've had the same problem with
our human cops. The ones who are
still on the job, that is.

LOVE
Exactly, sir. Value judgments.
We need a value-neutral subject.
One who will be cooperative.

JOHNSON
The heat's on, doctor. I've got
to tell the Old Man something.

LOVE
Twenty-four hours, sir. On the
outside. I screened an excellent
candidate this morning. Wheels
are in motion.

Johnson nods. Fleck speaks into a microphone by the
window.

FLECK
Scrap the hero.

The SURGEON nods, gives a NURSE the slash-across-the-
throat gesture.

The nurse hits a series of switches.

The COP jerks, momentarily.

The ENCEPHALOGRAM goes flat.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - DAWN

A rainbow of colors across the polluted sky.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

FOUR BUDDIES wearing matching bowling team jackets
commit their first crime:

- STEVE tries to shove a clip into a machine gun
upside down;

- NICK cuts his hand pulling the slide on an
automatic handgun;

- SYD tries to slide the wrong shells into a
shotgun. He fumbles, scattering shells all over
the floor;

- MARTY slams a rifle down on the counter,
losing heart.

STEVE

I know this one goes with this
one.

NICK

Ow! Damn it!

MARTY

Guys, this is crazy. We don't
even know how to use this stuff.

SYD

Got homes to protect. Got no
cops. For all I know Robin's
getting raped right now.

FLASHING BLUE LIGHT hits the storefront window. NICK
sucks his hand. SYD finds the right shells and loads
his shotgun, cocks it.

NICK

Oh, God. Guys.

MARTY

Guys we are in deep shit. Got to give ourselves up.

SYD

Put us in jail. Where's that leave Robin? Nick, where's that leave Claire and your two year old?

STEVE

(chin quivering)

How the hell'd we get into this?

(swallows)

Oh, shit ...

EXT./INT. GUN SHOP WINDOW - SAME

BLUE LIGHT strobes the men's terrified faces.

EXT. GUN SHOP PARKING LOT - SAME

LEWIS steps from her cruiser, pistol drawn. She looks at the men, sizing them up.

Lewis holsters her pistol and strides toward the open door, hands in pockets.

EXT./INT. DOORWAY - SAME

SYD emerges, shotgun awkward in his hands.

LEWIS

(yawns)

Crazy night, huh?

Lewis glances past Syd's shoulder at the DOOR. It's been forced open by a crowbar that lies on the floor amidst scattered shotgun shells. A clumsy job, leaving the door's metal moulding crumpled in several places.

LEWIS (CONT.)

Door's a mess. You'll have to pay for it.

SYD steps backward, slips on shells, bumps the doorway with the butt of the shotgun. MARTY comes up behind him, arms raised.

LEWIS (CONT.)

And you'll have to pick up those shells.

MARTY
Just got scared, officer.

LEWIS
(nods)
Crazy night. And our jail's
packed. And the last thing I need
this morning is paper work.

TIRES SCREECH -- Lewis turns --

A WHITE REHAB CRUISER ROARS ACROSS THE LOT TOWARD THE
DOORWAY!

LEWIS shoves SYD into the shop. She leaps, trying to
escape the CRUISER'S path.

WHAM - Lewis rolls across the cruiser's HOOD,
suffering only a fraction of the impact as

CRASH! The CRUISER smashes into the DOORWAY.

LEWIS' POV - ROLLING ACROSS HOOD - SAME

The WINDSHIELD rushes up. Smack into it. Get a look
at KONG, his face twisted in maniacal delight, cocking
his UZI. Roll away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

LEWIS tumbles to the pavement beside the CRUISER,
momentarily dazed. She lifts herself with one hand.
CAR DOOR OPENS. UZI FIRES.

INT. SHOP - SAME - QUICK CUTS

STEVE crashes backward across a HOME DEFENSE CONCEPTS
display, shot in the chest.

KONG leaps from the cruiser, crouches at the DOORWAY,
fires another burst from his UZI, moving like
lightning.

MARTY, riddled by bullets, collapses across the
counter.

KONG draws a BAYONET from a sheath strapped to his
thigh.

SYD, on his back, freezes, paralyzed with fear.

KONG leaps across Syd, drives his BAYONET into Syd's
gut.

41.

NICK aims a quaking HANDGUN.

KONG advances toward NICK, tossing the bayonet from one hand to the other, grinning.

KONG
Buy American.

SLASH -- BLOOD splatters across the storefront WINDOW.

KONG
Be American.

NICK falls back amidst boxes of ammunition, blood rising from his neck. GUN FIRES.

Kong whirls, shot in the arm, dropping the bayonet, showing no pain.

INT./EXT. SHOP DOORWAY - SAME

LEWIS stands at the doorway, blood in her hair, gun aimed at Kong. KONG whirls from Nick's corpse to face her, ten feet away.

She spits the words:

LEWIS
Hands behind your head. Now.

KONG's hands rise, open. A tiny CANNISTER flies from one.

LEWIS FIRES.

The cannister BURSTS at her feet.

EXT. SHOP - SAME

LEWIS leaps backward from the doorway as FLAMES rise, catching in patches on her uniform.

She rolls across the pavement, extinguishing the flames.

She rises to one knee, fires three shots at

KONG'S CRUISER as it pulls from the lot.

Lewis' gun clicks, empty.

INT. SHOP - SAME

FLAME spreads across SHOTGUN SHELLS.

EXT. SHOP - SAME

EXPLOSIONS AND GUNFIRE rip the place apart.

LEWIS dives to the pavement, hands protecting her head.

BULLETS rip across her cruiser. The gas tank goes up in a FIREBALL.

LEWIS

(mutter)

No cop. That's no God damned cop.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - HOT DOG STAND - MINUTES LATER

A DEMOLITION WORKER downs a Coke, bites a HOT DOG in half and confers with the VENDOR.

WORKER

Niney-three inna shade and here it is the week before Christmas. Fucking greenhouse effect.

VENDOR

Ozone layer's what's got me worried.

WORKER

Saw a special on that. Say Antardica's like the moon. No snow.

VENDOR

That's the ozone layer. Shot to shit.

The WORKER looks up, alarmed, loops an arm around the VENDOR, pulls him from his STAND, just in time --

-- KONG'S CRUISER smashes into the stand, sends it clattering down the sidewalk.

INT. KONG'S CRUISER - SAME

A TORNIQUET stretches from Kong's teeth to wrap around his arm. Kong stabs a small hypodermic NEEDLE into the vein. His eyes light, wild.

KONG

Real food for real people.

EXT. DEMOLITION SITE - SAME

MURPHY'S CRUISER rumbles past a WORKER crouched by a shattered BRICK WALL to a weary old TENEMENT. Usual BILLBOARD.

WORKER

Just some crazy old broad. Don't go hard on her.

MURPHY walks toward the tenement STOOP. A BULLET strikes the ground a yard from him.

EXT.TENEMENT - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

An OLD WOMAN shrinks from the window sill above, a .22 RIFLE in her arms.

Turn at the sound of three REHAB CRUISERS pulling up behind you, look them over.

Turn back and shove the tenement door open.

INT. TENEMENT LOBBY - SAME - MURPHY'S POV

Your SHADOW falls across a quaking OLD MAN, crouched behind a ratty SOFA. A tiny COUGH --

-- it's a BABY, a dot of BLOOD on his lip. His hollow-cheeked MOTHER pulls him to her breast, eyes wide and pleading.

FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 1 SERVE THE PUBLIC TRUST

MOTHER

Please. We haven't done anything.
We haven't done anything.

MARCHING FEET. Turn. SIX REHABS enter, cock their UZIs in perfect time, like a firing squad.

Your PISTOL snaps from thigh to hand.

FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 2 PROTECT THE INNOCENT

INT. TENEMENT LOBBY - SAME - MURPHY

aims his PISTOL at the REHABS.

MURPHY

Halt.

One REHAB, GILLETTE, steps forward.

MURPHY fires a BURST at Gillette's feet, barely missing.

MURPHY
Drop your weapons.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Confident, GILLETTE produces a WARRANT.

FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 1 SERVE THE PUBLIC TRUST

DIRECTIVE 2 PROTECT THE INNOCENT

DIRECTIVE 3 UPHOLD THE LAW

in random order, over one another.

GILLETTE
Making a mistake, Supercop. These
squatters are breaking the law.

ANOTHER REHAB, CHECKERS, raises his UZI to fire.

CHECKERS
Oh, fuck it ...

Shoot CHECKERS at his armored chest. He tumbles backward.

Charge. Punch GILLETTE, lifting him from his feet.

FLASHING:

PRODUCT VIOLATION

DIRECTIVE 3 UPHOLD THE LAW

EXT. TENEMENT - SAME

REHABS tumble down the STOOP.

GILLETTE crashes across the hood of a CRUISER.

Gillette tumbles to the pavement, unconscious.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN flee the tenement from windows, frantic.

KONG'S CRUISER pulls up.

KONG moves slowly from his cruiser to GILLETTE, trembling with rage. He kneels over Gillette, cradles him, tears streaming.

KONG
Was just BLOOD and BODIES and ARMS
and LEGS and GUTS my BUDDIES my
BROTHERS and there's STILLSON ...

GILLETTE wakes, Kong's lips kissing his neck, moves to shove KONG away, stops as SELTZ shakes his head.

KONG (CONT.)

... STILLSON my BUDDY my BROTHER
he's TALKING but there's only
BLOOD no WORDS coming out ...

Gillette tolerates it as Kong kisses him on the mouth.
SELTZ kneels next to Kong, a comrade in war.

KONG

They who I think they are?

SELTZ

Whole nest of them. Two M60s.
And son -- I think they've got a
robot.

KONG

No pain no gain, Captain.

Kong slides a BAYONET between his teeth --

-- and vaults to the building's side, climbs, fingers
gripping bricks.

INT. TENEMENT - SAME

OLD WOMAN SCREAMS. Murphy looks up, walks past the
terrified OLD MAN to a STAIRWELL.

It groans under his weight. His foot punches through
a stair. He regains his balance, climbs to the
LANDING.

Murphy looks from door to door. A pathetic WHIMPER.
A ghastly CHUCKLE.

Murphy throws open the door to an APARTMENT where

KONG leans over the OLD WOMAN. Her worn house coat is
drenched in blood. Her eyes are wide and glazed.

Kong punches his hand into her chest, smears her blood
across his cheeks, like warpaint.

Kong whirls at Murphy, leaps through the DOORWAY.

Kong charges into Murphy. The stairwell CREAKS.

KONG

My BUDDIES my BROTHERS --

The stairwell COLLAPSES. Murphy and Kong crash down into the LOBBY.

Murphy grabs Kong by the throat, lifts him high. Kong slashes with his bayonet, uselessly.

Murphy heaves Kong toward a WINDOW.

EXT. TENEMENT WINDOW - SAME

KONG crashes outward and sprawls across pavement.

INT./EXT. TENEMENT - SAME - INTERCUT MURPHY AND KONG

MURPHY at the shattered window, PISTOL ready, KONG on the sidewalk:

KONG rises, pulls a HAND GRENADE from his belt, tears the pin free with his teeth, throws it.

KONG
USE IT OR LOSE IT. NO PAIN NO
GAIN.

MURPHY FIRES.

A glancing shot to the GRENADE, kicking it high into the air.

MURPHY FIRES.

The grenade EXPLODES harmlessly.

MURPHY turns to Kong, shakes his head in warning.

MURPHY
Don't.

KONG BELLOWS in rage, draws another GRENADE.

MURPHY FIRES.

The grenade EXPLODES, taking KONG'S HAND with it.

KONG collapses across the pavement, burned, spraying blood from the stump of his arm.

FROM DASH RADIO
Car seven -- Kong -- this is
Seltz. Sniper at Cass and Sibley.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - ELSEWHERE - THAT MOMENT

MURPHY'S CRUISER roars past a family curled in an
abandoned CAR on blocks.

INT. MURPHY'S CRUISER - SAME

MURPHY turns the wheel in response to voice from dash.

FROM DASH
Car 32. Proceed to Cass and
Sibley. Sniper at demolition
site.

CUT TO:

INT. SELTZ' CRUISER - THAT MOMENT

parked in the shadow of a STEAM SHOVEL. SELTZ holds a
microphone, faces a MONITOR showing KONG inset on the
dash.

KONG (MONITOR)
Be there. Aloha.

Seltz switches frequency. LOVE's face fills monitor
screen. A dashboard COMPUMAP shows a blinking
rectangle turn a corner.

SELTZ
Sure Murphy will follow the
scenario?

LOVE (MONITOR)
If you follow the script, yes.
Personality profiles don't lie.
Kong I'm not certain about.
Psychotics are unpredictable.

SELTZ
Not Kong. Aim him and he goes
off. That's why you picked him.
(looks to side)
There's Murphy. Trap's set.

EXT. TENEMENT - SAME

At a CRUISER a REHAB lifts a ROCKET LAUNCHER to his shoulder.

REHAB
Hell, it's condemned anyway,
right?

SELTZ nods.

SELTZ
Eye for an eye, boy.

REHAB
Arm for an arm.

The REHAB fires a ROCKET.

INT. TENEMENT LOBBY - SAME

Murphy's shoulder EXPLODES in a shower of SPARKS.

MURPHY clatters to the floor.

MURPHY'S ARM lands on the SOFA, twitching. The OLD MAN stares at it, paralyzed by fear.

Murphy rises.

ANOTHER ROCKET -- Murphy's hip EXPLODES.

Murphy's LEG strikes a wall of MAILBOXES, all jimmied open.

ANOTHER ROCKET -- the building LURCHES, throwing the old man across the floor. DUST rises.

PLASTER SHARDS break across what's left of MURPHY as he pulls himself over the OLD MAN.

ANOTHER ROCKET -- A huge BEAM strikes Murphy's back.

Murphy's arm holds, protecting the old man.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

BLINDING DUST swirls. The OLD MAN coughs, alive.

FLASHING:

SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT

EFFICIENCY 12%

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - INT. OFFICE - MORNING

GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE. CAMERA held by a palsy victim jiggles past A YUPPIE, unshaven, at his desk.

YUPPIE

I thought all communications systems were the same.

Jiggle past a PROFITS CHART on the wall. A JAGGED LINE marks sinking profits.

YUPPIE (CONT.)

Thought I'd save the company a few bucks.

The yuppie's HANDS load BULLETS into a REVOLVER.

YUPPIE (CONT.)

Took two days to download specs from Dallas. Two days.

The YUPPIE aims the REVOLVER at his temple.

YUPPIE (CONT.)

We lost the account.

SAME COMMERCIAL - THE OCP LOGO

against black. GUN FIRES. OCP The Only Choice

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - EXT. WESSEL'S DONUT SHOP

A battered CAR pulls into the crowded parking lot. A TALL MAN steps from the car, walks to the door, a PISTOL on his hip.

NARRATOR

(feminine)

Police strike's got everybody scared. But there's one place you can go for a safe midnight snack.

INT. SHOP - SAME

The TALL MAN grabs the only empty stool in the place. A cheerful WAITRESS slides a cup of coffee across the counter to him. A WOMAN on the stool next to the man raises her coffee cup, smiles to him.

WAITRESS

Evening, officer. What'll it be?

TALL MAN

Evening, Lana. I'll go for a pistachio twist.

Hip-level pan across the stools. Every customer has a PISTOL on his hip.

NARRATOR

Wessel's Donuts. The safest place in town.

CUT TO:

MEDIABREAK

opening plays, intersecting rectangles of: COPS wave PICKET SIGNS; a BUILDING collapses; MURPHY fires his pistol; FIREMEN fight a blaze.

NARRATOR

This is Mediabreak! Give us two minutes and we'll give you the world!

JESS PERKINS AND CASEY WONG

relentlessly cheerful, behind them a framed film CLIP: radioactive matter spews upward past jungle leaves.

JESS

Good evening. I'm Jess Perkins.

CASEY

And I'm Casey Wong. Topping the international news tonight, the Amazon Rain Forest Nuclear Power Facility has blown its stack. Environmentalists call it a disaster --

51.

NEW CLIP: MAP of North and South America, dotted with two dozen GRAPHICS of nuke plant silos. A spider's web of lines connect the silos.

JESS

-- but don't they always. Blamed for the eruption is the Sawa Corporation's INTERNET system, some experts arguing that centralized command leaves deadly forces vulnerable to tampering by pranksters and terrorists.

NEW CLIP: A NUCLEAR MISSILE heats up in its silo, ready for launch.

CASEY

Pentagon sources deny rumors that the controversial control system is currently being tested on our nuclear weapons stockpile.

NEW CLIP: AN OIL WELL silhouetted by FLAME.

CASEY (CONT.)

In national news, a decisive victory in the Texas Police Action.

JESS

Mexican nationals zapped by "Star Wars" orbiting laser cannon. As soon as the oil fields stop burning, Texas will be American again.

CASEY

Shouldn't be more than six months. We'll be right back.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - INT. HUGE SUPERMARKET

TOMATOES the size of trucks; six foot CARROTS; a bloated mass of flesh and tubes that used to be a COW; cheerful CLERKS in radiation suits.

NARRATOR

Lot of loose talk going around these days about radiation. Lot of scare talk. When you shop at Behemoth, you get good food. And lots of it. That's all you need to know.

A WOMAN in a bikini holds a greyish fifteen pound HOT DOG. BETTER. BIGGER. BEHEMOTH.

WOMAN

Now that's a hot dog.

CUT TO:

BACK TO JESS AND CASEY

NEW CLIPS: A PIE splats against the OCP LOGO; A STEAM ROLLER crushes a 7-11 SIGN.

JESS

In local news, protest mounts against the demolition of Old Detroit as citizens groups claim OCP is creating a new class of homeless people. Casey?

NEW CLIP: A REHAB cocks his UZI.

CASEY

Thanks, Jess. You'll be seeing a new kind of cop on the streets. OCP's Urban Rehabilitation Officers --

JESS

"Rehabs," they call themselves --

CASEY

-- promise a return of law and order to Old Detroit. But our striking police aren't cheering. Police Union representative Julio Garcia:

GARCIA

The weathered veteran last seen on the Luke Spindle show.

GARCIA

Don't be fooled. These aren't cops, whoever they are. This is union-busting, pure and simple. They're playing hard ball -- with your lives at stake. OCP just doesn't give a damn about the people.

BACK TO JESS AND CASEY

NEW CLIP: Swiss Guards rush the POPE past an angry crowd to a limousine. The Pope covers his face with a newspaper. A ROTTEN TOMATO hits the newspaper, bursts.

CASEY

Sex scandal rocks the Vatican.
After this:

CUT TO:

WHITE STATIC

flares, breaks ...

MURPHY DREAMS

Murphy's wife kisses him gently, then passionately. Firelight plays across crystal glasses, a silver ice bucket, her shoulder, his human chest as she kisses it ...

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - MURPHY'S POV

Click on. A WELDER is at work on your chest. He dodges the thrashing stump of your ARM, backs away, turning his torch off. FLUID spurts.

FLASHING:

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT MODE

WELDER

Who turned him on? Jesus.

SPARKS fly from your arm. It stops moving.

Move your eyes to see a VIDEO MONITOR showing footage from your dream: human Murphy makes love to his wife.

HEELS CLICK. DR. LOVE leans into view. Concerned:

LOVE

Ellen. You miss her so. My poor boy. You torture yourself, and for no reason. I'm afraid you need reality therapy.

INT. ATTITUDE CONCEPTS CENTER - SAME

MURPHY DISMEMBERED: just head and torso, no helmet, only his face human, connected to an utter mess of TUBES, WIRES and MACHINERY. Murphy's CHEST is OPEN, showing his artificial HEART beating, his artificial LUNGS pumping.

LOVE nods to the doorway. Murphy's wife ELLEN enters, recoils at the sight of Murphy. She's pregnant. Her obese ATTORNEY produces a sheaf of PAPERS. Out of sight, FLECK hassles a WHINY TECHNICIAN.

ELLEN

Alex.

MURPHY

Ellen.

ATTORNEY

Officer. Mrs. Ostopkowitz has allowed me to make use of this reunion to ...

FLECK (V.O.)

Wrong leg, you idiot. You've made two left legs.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)

Understandable mistake ...

MURPHY

Jimmy?

ELLEN

Jimmy's fine.

FLECK (V.O.)

Christ. Six hours it's been down. I'll have your job for this.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
So now its threats. Reporting you
to the union, you asshole.

ATTORNEY
... there are certain outstanding
questions regarding the legality
of your death ...

Shoving his papers back into his briefcase:

ATTORNEY (CONT.)
... and of her current marriage.
Now, you're obviously in no
condition to sign the release ...

Biting her lip, tears in her eyes:

ELLEN
Thought you were dead, Alex. Oh,
God.

Murphy tries to hold up. His horrified, tormented
eyes give him away.

ATTORNEY
... but your verbal agreement that
the marriage is null and void
would be sufficient to prevent any
complications ...

ELLEN
They said you were dead.

ATTORNEY
... you know, there's really no
precedent for this sort of thing.
But if you could just agree ...

Holding it in, controlling his voice:

MURPHY
Yes, I understand. You have my
... I agree. Please go.

ELLEN and her ATTORNEY exit. Murphy breaks, sobbing,
trying to thrash, tears crawling down his cheeks.
LOVE drinks it in, gestures lazily to the DOOR.

It opens. A TECHNICIAN carries a large PROD into the
room, hooks it up. He nods to LOVE.

TECHNICIAN
Ready when you are, Doctor.

Love leans against the machinery, close to Murphy, legs crossed, fingers playing across the organs in his chest.

LOVE

Do you see now? You only hurt yourself by not accepting what you are. You've got a chunk of Alex Murphy's brain in your head. Half a dozen of his human vertebrae. The tatters of his nervous system. But Alex Murphy is dead.

The TECHNICIAN shoves the PROD into Murphy's SHOULDER SOCKET. SHOCKS rip through Murphy. MURPHY SCREAMS.

LOVE

I'm sure they didn't mean to be cruel when your builders gave you the dead man's face. I'm sure it was just a mistake. But it's encouraged delusions. And these delusions are causing you pain. I want to help you know yourself. Love yourself. For what you truly are.

Another SHOCK. Another SCREAM. Sweaty, sexy:

LOVE

Take away the plastic and metal and wires and you're just a few chunks on a coronor's table. Not even a corpse. Ours to rebuild. Ours to program. And that's okay. You're okay.

MORE SHOCKS. MURPHY SCREAMS.

LOVE

I'm so glad we've had this chance to dialogue.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

The WELDER bring his torch to your chest.

FLECK (V.O.)

No, stupid. We don't blank the memory. you want to teach it how to use that body all over again?

Click off. Jolt awake. Look at your arms, your legs. They're back. Shiny. Good as new.

INT. ATTITUDE CONCEPTS CENTER - DAY

MURPHY rises from his throne. LOVE stands by the door.

LOVE
You'll be happy to know that
you're ready for active duty.
In public relations.

Murphy takes a step toward Love, then freezes, paralyzed.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Reach for your gun. Your thigh opens, then closes, not producing the gun.

FLASHING:

PRODUCT VIOLATION

DIRECTIVE 7 DON'T BE SUSPICIOUS

DIRECTIVE 49 RESTRAIN HOSTILE FEELINGS

DIRECTIVE 61 PROMOTE POSITIVE ATTITUDES

DIRECTIVE 75 SUPPRESS AGGRESSIVE EMOTIONS

NEGATIVITY ALERT

LOVE
You see I've made a few
adjustments in your program.

LIST DIRECTIVES, you command. You asked for it. HUNDREDS OF DIRECTIVES scroll, forming columns, too small to read.

INT. CENTER - SAME

MURPHY drops to his knees, clutching his stomach in agony, jerking like a puppet before Love.

LOVE
Oh, and I've also done a little
something with your discipline
system. Seems your architects
left a surprising number of Alex
Murphy's nerve endings intact.
Alive.

Standing over him, relishing his bloodshot glare:

LOVE (CONT.)

You can feel a lot of pain. Just
our way of reminding you that when
you're anti-social, you're only
hurting yourself.

Love pats Murphy's cheek and exits. Murphy trembles
with rage.

LOVE (CONT.)

Have a nice day.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - LATER

MURPHY'S NEW CRUISER, not a scratch on it, ROBOCOP
logo on its side, glides past a PLAYGROUND. CHILDREN
run with it, squealing with excitement. A CAMERA CREW
follows.

FALLOW (V.O.)

Turn left here, officer. We'll be
steering clear of the rougher
areas.

The cruiser passes an ED209, standing idle at a street
corner, covered with spray-paint graffiti. CHILDREN
and CREW keep up.

FALLOW (V.O.)

Golly, this is some great footage.
Real feel-good stuff. Just look
at those kids.

INT. CRUISER - SAME

FRITZ FALLOW, age 28, fresh-faced, chats to MURPHY,
who drives.

FALLOW (CONT.)

We're so excited to have you on
board our team. Pull over right
here. WOAHH --

as Murphy wrenches the steering wheel to the side and
guns it. TIRES SCREECH.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

KIDS in cut-off shorts play around an open FIRE HYDRANT. SCREECH to a stop.

FLASHING:

CHILDREN PRESENT [SEE DIRECTIVES 155-325]
ROLE MODEL MODE

Step out of the cruiser, clank toward them. FALLOW tries to get your attention, points a finger at the camera crew. Ignore him.

FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 34 PROMOTE PRO-SOCIAL VALUES
DIRECTIVE 52 ENCOURAGE ENVIRONMENTAL
CONSCIOUSNESS

FALLOW

Officer, you're supposed to be playing with those kids back there. Crew's all set.

EXT. STREET - SAME

MURPHY wrenches the FIRE HYDRANT closed with his hand. The water stops spraying. The KIDS back away, scared. A CROWD of schoolchildren gathers to watch. FALLOW tries to wave the CREW away. They keep filming.

MURPHY

(to kids)

Conservation serves the public good. Conservation is pro-social.

FALLOW

(to crew)

We'll meet you back at the playground, guys.

(turns, alarmed)

Now, son, you just stop that.

Murphy turns, hearing a HISS. A BOY has just spray-painted KICK ME on Murphy's back. The CROWD bursts into laughter. The boy's pretty full of himself.

BOY

Eat shit, RoboFag.

Murphy grabs the boy by his collar and lifts him from his feet. Fallow turns white.

MURPHY

Bad words make for bad feelings.

The boy sprays paint across Murphy's visor.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISER - MOVING FAST - MOMENTS LATER

MURPHY wipes his visor with a handkerchief. Rattled, smiling, not quite pleading:

FALLOW

Thought that went pretty well.
Really. That "pro-social" bit was great.

SCREECH. A fast turn. Fallow slams against the door, gives with a shrill giggle. Now he's pleading.

FALLOW (CONT.)

You're doing just fine. Just keep thinking "pro-social". You're a role model now.

SCREECH. Quick stop. Fallow's face bounces from the dash. MURPHY glares out the window.

EXT. CRUISER - SAME

MURPHY glares at a CANDY WRAPPER on the pavement. A QUAKING HAND picks it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOY STORE - LATER

display window bedecked with sparkle-spray SANTAS and REINDEER amidst twinkling CHRISTMAS LIGHTS. A PALE MAN, dirty trenchcoat, carrying a crumpled BOX, stalks to the entrance.

A DOG pees on the leg of an ED209 on the corner. It aims a machine gun at the dog. The dog runs off.

ED209

You-are-in-violation-of-civic-statutes.

INT. STORE - SAME

A SANTA CLAUS bounces a little BRAT on his knee. Her MOM, nervous, pulls presents from racks as the brat points. The PALE MAN walks up, taps his foot impatiently.

BRAT

Laughing Lammy. Suzie Cyborg.
Jerry Geodesic.

SANTA

Nothing else? It's Christmas.
Your mom's right here.

MOM

(to girl)

Really got to go, honey. Be dark soon. No cops.

BRAT

Amazon War set for Barbie.
Gyrocycle.

MOM

You're a little young for a gyrocycle, honey.

SANTA

(to Mom)

They can't fall down. And this looks like a pretty mature little girl here, don't you, sweetie?

BRAT

Gyrocycle.

MOM

Honey, we really can't afford it.

PALE MAN

Just get her her damned gyrocycle and get her the fuck out of my life.

MOM lifts the brat, carries her off.

MOM

Getting late.

BRAT

Gyrocycle or you're in deep shit.

The PALE MAN shoves the BOX into Santa's lap. LEGS of a ROBOT DOLL stick from the box's top.

SANTA pulls the doll out. Its head has been blown apart.

PALE MAN
It doesn't talk.

EXT./INT SHOP - DOORWAY - SAME

MOM carries the BRAT out.

BRAT
What is this? What about all my
shit? You forget your credit
cards?

The DOOR swings closed, strings of CHRISTMAS LIGHTS jingling against glass. MOM runs to the street, sees something, waves vigorously.

BACK TO SANTA

The pale man pulls a SHOTGUN from his coat, shoves it in Santa's face.

SANTA
I'll get the manager.

PALE MAN
Manager can't fix it. I blew its
head off.
(pressing the point)
I blew its fucking head off. I do
that when people don't talk to me.
(pause)
Why aren't you saying anything?

DOORWAY - SAME - CRASH!

GLASS FLIES. MURPHY walks straight through the door, tosses the frame away. A tangle of CHRISTMAS LIGHTS hang from Murphy, still twinkling.

MURPHY
Season's greetings.

Knocked by the door frame, a JOHNNY REHAB ACTION FIGURE falls from its display. MURPHY'S FOOT crushes it.

The PALE MAN drops his shotgun and raises his hands in surrender.

PALE MAN

I ought to be stopped. I ought to be locked up.

MURPHY punches the pale man in the face, smashing him into a Delta City construction toys display. The cheap plastic things shatter into fragments.

Murphy wheels to face a livid SANTA.

SANTA

My shop. He gave up. My shop. You bastard.

MURPHY

Bad words make for bad feelings.

Murphy grabs Santa by the collar, lifts him --

EXT. SHOP - SAME

The display window EXPLODES. SANTA lands in a sprawl of CHRISTMAS LIGHTS and broken GLASS. ED209 pivots from side to side, confused. MURPHY walks right past his CRUISER, followed by a tragic FALLOW.

FALLOW

Really. I have every confidence ... what ... where you going, guy?

MURPHY

Somewhere there is a negative attitude developing.

Puffing, Fallow leans against a wall, pulls his WALKIE TALKIE from his hip.

FALLOW

Oh, mother. Oh, mother.
(to walkie talkie)
Fallow, Credibility Concepts. Get me Dr. Love.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATTITUDE CONCEPTS CENTER - LATER

ED209 fires at a stray cat, missing. AN AMBULANCE pulls out, siren wailing.

INT. CENTER - OPERATING ROOM

SURGEONS and TECHNICIANS work, amidst massive ROBOT PARTS. The subject of all this attention is completely obscured. A SURGEON steps backward from the mess as a muscular HUMAN ARM grabs his gown at the chest.

SURGEON
Oh, Christ --

A SPRAY OF BLOOD spurts across the surgeon. The arm goes limp. The surgeon grabs a MICROPHONE, looks upward.

SURGEON (CONT.)
There's no reason he has to be conscious, for God's sake.
Doctor, we'll have him on-line in an hour if you'll just let us sedate him. It'll take two if you don't.

A blood curdling SCREAM rises from the patient, echoing, to the

INT. OBSERVATION DECK - SAME

At the window DR. LOVE listens to the scream, unable to conceal her pleasure. She shakes her head at the surgeon, her eyes closed, ecstatic. A SECRETARY enters, carrying a cellular TELEPHONE.

LOVE
It's for his own good. Reality therapy. This one will know exactly what it is. Keep him awake.

SECRETARY
Doctor, it's Fallow. Sounds like trouble.

ANOTHER SCREAM rises, drowning out the sound as Love listens on the phone, nodding impatiently, fingernails tapping glass. SECRETARY exits.

The scream fades.

LOVE
Thank you, Mr. Fallow. Yes, I'm sure you did your best.

Love holds the receiver at her hip, closes her eyes. Grits her teeth. Her entire body begins to tremble in barely controlled rage. Her fingernails dig into her palm, drawing blood.

LOVE
MURPHY ...

Just like that she's back to her usual cool. Tapping buttons on the receiver:

LOVE (CONT.)
This is Love. Get me Seltz.

CUT TO:

INT. SELTZ' CRUISER - MOVING FAST - NIGHT

SELTZ, microphone in hand, clicking on the dashboard COMPUMAP, LOVE'S FACE on the monitor:

SELTZ
We'll have to move fast. Murphy's memory tapes could get us both in trouble. I'll send my boys in.

LOVE (MONITOR)
(shakes head)
Thanks for the thought. But that's not what I need you for, Carl. We'll take care of Murphy on our end.

SELTZ
You're that close to deployment?

LOVE (MONITOR)
Two hours. You're to provide an excuse to take Murphy off-line permanently. Something to show my superiors -- and the media.

SELTZ
You need an atrocity to blame on him. Never a problem, babe. Dead cop do?

LOVE (MONITOR)
That's a good start, Carl.

Seltz changes frequencies. GILLETTE'S FACE fills the monitor. He's eager.

SELTZ
Two birds with one stone ...
Gillette. You in position?

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT ROOFTOP - NIGHT - GILLETTE

snaps a LASER SCOPE onto a SNIPER RIFLE, speaks into a MICROPHONE.

GILLETTE
Oh, yeah.

SELTZ (V.O.)
So pop him.

Gillette aims. LASER BEAM from the scope.

EXT. TENEMENT WINDOW - SAME

SGT. REED'S SHADOW moves across a drawn WINDOW SHADE. The LASER casts a RED DOT, tracking Reed's movement. Sound of a CRUISER pulling up, cutting engine.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME - GILLETTE

lowers his rifle, looks down, smiles. CAR DOOR OPENS.

EXT. REED'S BUILDING - STREET LEVEL - SAME

LEWIS steps out of her CRUISER, her uniform blackened in spots from flame.

BACK TO GILLETTE

GILLETTE
Friend of Reed's downside,
Captain. Cupcake I was trying to
tell you about. Name's Anne. I
checked.

SELTZ (V.O.)
Don't do her in the room.
Simulation's already taped. No
time to change it.

GILLETTE
What about after. Captain, I
think it's serious. I think it's
love. So what about after?

SELTZ

After, she's yours, boy. Any way
you want her. Just clean it up.

CUT TO:

INT. REED'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

One room, tiny and cheap. Water drips from plastic
PIPES. Barechested, gun on his hip, REED stuffs a
worn suitcase, nervous. KNOCK AT DOOR.

REED draws his REVOLVER, listens at the door.

LEWIS (V.O.)

You there, Sergeant? Light was
on. It's Lewis.

Reed rushes Lewis in. She looks at his revolver, the
suitcase, playing it casual.

LEWIS

Glad I caught you. They're
missing you at the station.

Reed peeks out a window at the edge of a lowered
shade.

LEWIS (CONT.)

Seemed to know those guys. The
Rehabs, I mean.

REED

Shouldn't be here, Lewis.

(pause, quick nod)

You know I did the Amazon. Saw
some action.

Reed throws an unfolded shirt into the suitcase.
Lewis sits on the edge of the bed, watches him pack,
one-handed. He hasn't holstered his gun. The man is
on edge.

REED (CONT.)

Surprised OCP got them to wear
something beside red. Always wore
red. Kept the blood from showing.

LEWIS

Showed today.

Reed meets her eyes.

REED

You don't want to mess with these guys. Ought to leave town like I am.

LEWIS

Who are they? That one Kong ...

REED

Worst of them. Amphetamines freak. Goes for families. Course, it was the Amazon, and the victims were jungle natives, so nobody gave a damn ...

LEWIS

Merchs?

REED shakes his head.

REED

Military, I think. Nobody knew for sure. And I wasn't asking. Nobody was.

(stops packing, closes case)
Said they were there to back us up. Bastards. Ended up spending our time following them, picking up the pieces. Trying to figure out which body parts went with which.

(pause)

Can't believe they'd be sent stateside. Might as well drop a bomb on Detroit.

LEWIS

Yindel over at the D.A.'s office. She's all right. We can go talk to her.

REED

Don't even ... just don't, Lewis. They'll kill you. They'll kill Yindel. I'm lucky they haven't gotten around to me yet.

A SILENCED SHOT -- a HOLE in the window shade.

Another HOLE at Reed's temple. He drops.

ANOTHER SHOT -- Lewis rolls across the floor as the bullet shatters a plastic PIPE. WATER sprays.

ANOTHER SHOT -- hits the cloth of Lewis' sleeve. She leaps to a side WINDOW.

EXT. WINDOW - THAT MOMENT - GLASS FLIES -- LEWIS crashes to a FIRE ESCAPE, hurdles its side.

ANOTHER SHOT rings from metal -- Lewis drops to an ALLEYWAY

and makes a soft landing in bagged GARBAGE, piled a story high. She hits the ground running.

ANOTHER SHOT blows the HEEL from one of her boots. She stumbles, recovers, runs -- GILLETTE'S LAUGHTER echoes.

EXT. STREET - SAME

LEWIS dashes to her CRUISER and tears out.

ROOFTOP - SAME - GILLETTE

moves like a cat, leaping from ledge to ledge, then drops.

INT. LEWIS' REHAB CRUISER - MOVING FAST - SAME

A little winded, into MIKE, intense:

LEWIS

Central. Patch me through to Murphy.

FROM DASH

You have reached Central Dispatch. Due to staff shortages caused by the police strike, we cannot take your call. Please leave a message. (BEEP)

Lewis throws the mike at the dash, glances at the rear view mirror, then over her shoulder. She's in trouble.

EXT. STREET - SAME - GILLETTE'S REHAB CRUISER

roars after Lewis', in hot pursuit.

EXT. REHAB CRUISER - SAME - GILLETTE

fires a silenced shot from a window.

EXT. LEWIS' CRUISER - SAME - A TIRE

POPS, punctured.

INT. CRUISER - SAME - LEWIS

swings the steering wheel, trying to hold on.

LEWIS

Damn it, NO --

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

LEWIS' CRUISER jumps a curb and slides on its side into a parked car.

Lewis kicks a door open. She climbs from her cruiser, pistol drawn, and drops to the pavement as

GILLETTE'S CRUISER rolls to a stop.

She aims at the windshield. A streetlight's glare makes the windshield opaque.

LEWIS

(mutter)

Make it count, girl.

The DOOR opens. GILLETTE tumbles across pavement to crouch behind a parked car. Lewis shoots the ground and the car, barely missing Gillette. GILLETTE LAUGHS.

Gillette saunters from behind the car, faces Lewis' gun without fear.

LEWIS fires a shot.

Gillette steps to the side. The bullet strikes his shoulder. He takes it, grins.

He draws a PISTOL, fires a silenced shot at Lewis; a tiny scarlet streak appears on her cheek.

GILLETTE

Too bad OCP's so cheap with the bullets, huh? Ration them like diamonds.

Gillette holsters his pistol, draws two large KNIVES, juggles them easily.

LEWIS

Don't move. You're under arrest.

GILLETTE

Come on, cutie. I know you're out.

LEWIS

Don't be sure.

GILLETTE

Dumpling. I'm sure. Three bullets a day. Doll. Baby. Sweet chunks. You think OCP wants you cops alive?

Lewis holsters her pistol, draws a SWITCHBLADE from her boot. SNAK! The blade comes out.

LEWIS

Just knives, then.

GILLETTE

Never needed anything else. Not on girls.

Gillette swings a knife. SLASH -- Lewis' GUN BELT falls to her feet.

Again. SLASH -- but Lewis knocks his wrist away, slides her switchblade between Gillette's ribs, twists, finding his heart.

Her face an inch from his, watching him die:

LEWIS

Guess you haven't spent much time in Detroit.

Gillette slides to her feet. She takes his gun belt, puts it on, checks his pistol. Two bullets left.

LEWIS

(to Gillette)

Shmuck.

HELICOPTER BLADES roar. A SPOTLIGHT glares down across Gillette's corpse, across Lewis.

A WHITE REHAB CRUISER flies in low, MACHINE GUNS blazing. BULLETS cut chunks of pavement.

Lewis scrambles to Gillette's CRUISER, jumps in.

INT. REHAB CRUISER - SAME

Lewis shoves the gearshift forward and presses the accelerator to the floor. MACHINE GUN FIRE rips through the roof, perforating the rider's seat.

EXT. COPTER - SAME

banking, veering upward as LEWIS' REHAB CRUISER squeals into a narrow ALLEYWAY.

INT. COPTER - SAME

tilting as it pulls away. PILOT shouts into a MICROPHONE.

PILOT

Bitch nailed Gillette, Captain.
Taking his cruiser west on East
Warren.

SELTZ

Let her go, Joystick. Leave her
to Swenson.

INT. CRUISER - SAME - LEWIS

looks backward over her shoulder, then forward,
startled. She hits the brakes.

LEWIS

Oh, hell ...

EXT. STREET - SAME - TWO MANGY DOGS

fight over a dead RAT. TIRES SCREECH.

LEWIS' REHAB CRUISER screeches to a stop, barely in
time to avoid them.

The dogs scatter, yelping. LEWIS' CRUISER roars
forward.

SWENSON'S CRUISER fishtails from a side street, tears
after Lewis'.

INT. SWENSON'S CRUISER - SAME

To microphone:

SWENSON
Right on her, Captain.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - CARTOON ANIMATION

A BIG BULLY steals a CANDY BAR from a LITTLE BOY, shoving him against a WALL. The little boy's NOTEBOOK falls, papers scattering. The little boy's GLASSES fall to the sidewalk, lenses shattering.

BOY
Spent my ALLOWANCE.

BULLY
Cork it, Four-eyes. HA HA HA.

LITTLE BOY chases BIG BULLY down the sidewalk past COPS marching with PICKET SIGNS that say WE DON'T CARE.

BULLY
HA HA HA HA HA. COPS won't help you.

BOY
MY candy bar. Spent my ALLOWANCE.

BIG BULLY skids, trying to stop, arms waving, eyes popping from their sockets.

BULLY
eeeeeyyyYiiiiIIIIIIKKES! It's ...

A BRICK WALL explodes. JOHNNY REHAB jumps through it, handsome as can be, UZI in hand. GUNFIRE.

LITTLE BOY looks up, beaming.

BOY
It's JOHNNY REHAB!

Smiling, JOHNNY REHAB hands LITTLE BOY the CANDY BAR. There's blood on it.

BOY
Gosh, JOHNNY REHAB. You're KEEN.

A JOHNNY REHAB ACTION FIGURE

UZI raised, teathy smile. The JOHNNY REHAB LOGO gleams with airbrushed sparks. KIDS LOVE JOHNNY REHAB

CUT TO:

EXT. WESSEL'S DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

parking lot crowded with cars. LEWIS' CRUISER slides into the lot, banking into one of them.

LEWIS dashes from the cruiser toward the door.

SWENSON'S CRUISER pulls into the lot.

SWENSON steps from his cruiser, UZI in hand.

EXT./INT. SHOP - LOOKING THROUGH WINDOW - SAME

MEN and WOMEN in civilian dress leap from stools. A MAN draws a PISTOL from his hip as LEWIS enters.

MAN

My CAR! Son of a BITCH --

OTHER MAN

Hold on, Stef. It's Lewis.

INT. SHOP - SAME

SWENSON saunters in, cocks his UZI -- then freezes.

The place is packed. Every man and woman in there has a PISTOL out, aimed at Swenson. They're all off-duty cops.

LEWIS wrenches the UZI from Swenson's hands.

LEWIS

Where do you expect cops to go when they're on strike? Cops, doughnuts ... it's a law of nature.

Lewis floors Swenson with a punch. She turns to the other COPS.

WHITAKKER

Jesus. You been on fire, Lewis?

LEWIS

(nods)

Been around the block today.
Look, we've got big problems.

STEF

What's the deal?

LEWIS

The Rehabs. They killed Reed.

STEF

Shit ...

Lewis heads for the door, waving the UZI as a command.

LEWIS

Let's get back to work, guys.
Arrest the bunch of them if we
have to. We'll need bullets.

STEF

Hope they haven't torn down the
station house yet.

The COPS follow LEWIS, eager.

SWENSON stirs, waking. STEF kicks him in the head.
Twice. SWENSON lies still.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - FAKE ROBOCOP FEET

clank up STAIRS. IN STARK TYPE: SIMULATION

JESS PERKINS (V.O.)

He was Detroit's own superhero.

INT. SGT. REED'S APARTMENT - SAME

An ACTOR who looks something like Reed turns at the
sound of CLANKING FOOTSTEPS.

JESS (V.O.)

He was technology's answer to the
plague of crime.

FAKE ROBOCOP FIST smashes through the door.

JESS (V.O.)

But something, somewhere, went
wrong.

FAKE ROBOCOP, face shadowed, draws his PISTOL and FIRES. The ACTOR falls backward, shot in the head.

JESS (V.O.)
RoboCop became Robo Killer.

CUT TO:

JESS PERKINS

at her desk, solemn. Behind her a CLIP: FRITZ FALLOW speaks to microphones.

JESS (CONT.)
Coming up at ten: OCP spokesman claims Robo Rampage due to rogue program installed by terrorists. Killer cyborg still at large.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - PARKED CAR - A CAR THIEF

very cool, slides a metal ROD between window and door. CLACK! The lock gives.

A SMOKER walks past him, lighting a cigarette, not noticing the crime. The thief freezes in his tracks until the smoker is gone.

The thief pulls the door open, steps in.

CLANKING FOOTSTEPS. The thief freezes.

MURPHY clanks past the thief, paying him no heed: he's after somebody else.

INT. CAR - SAME - THE THIEF

stares after Murphy, doesn't have a heart attack, realizes he's safe.

Now confident, he closes the door. He runs a finger across its plush leather interior.

THIEF
Merry Christmas, baby.

The SAFETY BELT pulls itself across him. He starts, then chuckles, triumphant --

SNAP! STRAPS fly from the seat, binding the thief at his wrists and legs.

He opens his mouth to scream -- a STRAP flips over his mouth from the headrest, gags him. He thrashes, helpless.

FROM DASH

(masculine)

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

EXT. CAR - SAME - MURPHY

turns momentarily as sounds of ELECTRIC SHOCKS and a MUFFLED SCREAM erupt. LIGHTS FLASH from the car's windows.

Murphy turns away, clanks on down the street, after his prey ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL STATION ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The SMOKER walks up steps, carrying his burning CIGARETTE.

INT. STATION LOBBY - SAME

sparsely populated. A handful of CITIZENS buy tickets. INTERNATIONAL SYMBOLS of every variety line the walls, the slash-across-the-cigarette symbol prominent.

LOUD SPEAKER

(through crackle)

Six hour delays on all eastbound trains. Oh, don't get all huffy.

An elderly SECURITY GUARD taps the smoker's shoulder, points a thumb at the symbol, shrugs, sympathetic.

GUARD

Sorry, son. Three hours into a nicotine fit myself.

The SMOKER nods, grinds out his cigarette on his shoe, shoves the butt into his pocket, and walks on.

LOUD SPEAKER

Nine fifty from Washington
cancelled due to looter attack.
We'll post the list of victims
as soon as we get it. Don't
bother me in the meantime.

An overweight ELVIS PRESLEY IMPERSONATOR accosts the SMOKER, holding a black velvet wall hanging featuring a sneering negative image of Presley's face.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR

King lives, boy. Lord, the King
lives. Shroud of Elvis, lord,
shroud of Elvis, touch it and and
lord you touch Elvis ...

SMOKER

Late for my train.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR

... Shroud of Elvis, lord, touch
it and be free. Yours for \$19.95,
lord, Visa and Mastercard
accepted, lord ...

SMOKER

Maybe next time.

LOUD SPEAKER

Said it before, I'll say it again:
Federal regulations require all
passengers wear respiration aids
while train is in tunnel. End up
coughing blood it's your own
fault.

Elvis turns away, noticing somebody else.

ELVIS IMPERSONATOR

End is at hand, baby. Shroud of
Elvis ...

The smoker checks his TICKET against an electronic display of schedules and gates, and proceeds to a

PLATFORM - SAME

The place is nearly deserted. A handful wait the next train. An OLD WOMAN wearing several ratty winter coats kneels among her collection of hand bags, sings God Bless Ye Merry Gentlemen in a voice pure as a choirgirl's. Litter blows about.

LOUD SPEAKER

Six twelve to Livonia now entering station. Once more, with feeling: Federal regulations require all passengers wear respiration aids while train is in tunnel.

A TRAIN screams into the station, covered with graffiti.

PASSENGERS board the train, donning GAS MASKS.

SMOKER waits as the platform clears. He looks to one side and the next, pulls another CIGARETTE from a pack, lights it. CLANKING FOOTSTEPS. SINGING STOPS.

MURPHY'S SHADOW falls across the smoker. He freezes.

MURPHY'S PISTOL snaps from thigh holster to hand.

SIX SHOTS form a perfect circle of BULLET HOLES on tile around the smoker's head. SMOKER drops the cigarette.

MURPHY

Thank you for not smoking.

CLANKING FOOTSTEPS, louder than Murphy's, echo through the station. Murphy turns at the sound. Somebody cries out in fear.

LOUD SPEAKER

Okay, all you distraught relatives. We've got that list of dead and critically injured on the Washington train. Watch the main board.

INT. STATION ENTRANCE - SAME

DOORS fly from their hinges. GLASS SHATTERS.

PASSENGERS shrink back against a wall.

PASSENGERS

My GOD what's ... HENRY what's
HAPPENING ... Let's get OUT of
here for God's sake ... MONSTER
it's a MONSTER ...

A MASSIVE ROBOT FOOT slams down on the shattered DOOR.

A HULKING ROBOT HEAD, featureless, lurches forward.

JEFF FLECK steps through the doorway behind it,
smiling confidently.

FLECK

Ladies. Gentlemen. May I present
RoboCop 2.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

The SECURITY GUARD falls back against a wall,
horrified, unable to breathe. CUTE GRAPHICS line the
top of the screen: A FROWNING FACE; A TRASH CAN. An
arrow-shaped CURSOR blinks.

Move the cursor to the TRASH CAN, highlight it.

NEW CUTE GRAPICS appear: A MAGNET; A CLAWED HAND; A
BOMB; FLAME; A row of BULLETS; A Captain Marvel
LIGHTNING BOLT.

Highlight the BULLETS.

EXT. MONSTER - SAME

a BANDOLIER slides from a slot in the monster's side,
feeds bullets to a mounted MACHINE GUN on the
monster's ARM. It FIRES.

The GUARD collapses, riddled with bullets.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

Pivot. ELVIS shrinks back, trying to hide behind his
velvet hanging. Highlight the FLAME GRAPHIC.

ELVIS

Lord baby ELVIS saves. ELVIS
saves.

EXT. KONG - SAME

A FLAME THROWER jerks from the monster's FOREARM. It FIRES.

Consumed by flame, ELVIS staggers, screaming, to the PLATFORM - SAME

to collapse at MURPHY'S FEET.

OLD WOMAN looks down at the smoking corpse, scrunches her face.

OLD WOMAN
Smells bad.

Murphy nods to her.

MURPHY'S FOOT clanks down on the smoking Shroud of Elvis as he leaves the platform.

LOUD SPEAKER
More good news, folks. All
northbound trains cancelled due to
tunnel collapse. Hey, don't blame
me.

INT. LOBBY - SAME

MURPHY peers from behind a support pillar:

Fully visible for the first time, the MONSTER is seven hulking feet of gleaming black metal and pulsing lights.

JEFF FLECK, FRITZ FALLOW, and three REHABS, including SELTZ, step past the corpse of the GUARD. Fleck carries a hand-held COMMAND DEVICE. Rehabs point their UZIs in every direction.

LOUD SPEAKER
Repeat, all northbound trains
cancelled. Yeah, yeah, you're
breaking my heart.

FLECK
(to Fallow)
Oh, Christ. Oh, Christ. Keep the
TV people out of this.

FALLOW
How am I supposed to do that,
Fleck?

FLECK

Just keep them out or it's your
job, mister.

(gestures at dead guard)

And for Christ's sake do something
with that.

(turning)

Now what the hell is it doing?

The MONSTER shoves its three-fingered hand into the
chest of the GUARD. FALLOW turns green. FLECK looks
for somebody to snarl at.

LOUD SPEAKER

Last call for Windsor Local. As
in all aboard. Don't come crying
to me if you miss it.

FALLOW

For God's sake turn it off.

FLECK

You crazy? Guard's dead anyway.

SELTZ

Willard. Freddy. Norman. Keep
an eye out. Murphy's close by.

Seltz flips open a hand-held COMPUMAP.

SELTZ (CONT.)

Christ, we're right on top of him.

Clumsily, Kong tries to wipe the guard's BLOOD across
its cheeks, like war paint, as the human Kong did
earlier.

MURPHY takes a step backward from the pillar. He
recognizes the gesture. The monster is Kong.

LOUD SPEAKER

Security, we've got some people
bitching about gunfire at the main
entrance. Check it out, will you?
Like this week?

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Open a PLAYBACK WINDOW showing the HUMAN KONG smearing blood on his cheeks. Close it. Look at a middle-aged COUPLE, hiding in a PHONE BOOTH, petrified with fear.

FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 65 BE ACCESSIBLE TO OCP EMPLOYEES AT ALL TIMES

DIRECTIVE 103 PARTICIPATE IN GROUP ACTIVITIES

INT. LOBBY - SAME

MURPHY steps from behind the pillar, PISTOL at the ready, his footsteps echoing. FLECK and FALLOW shrink toward the doorway. REBABS aim UZIs. The MONSTER whirls to face Murphy, growling with KONG'S VOICE.

MURPHY

I'm sure we can all talk this out.

SELTZ shoves WILLARD's Uzi downward.

SELTZ

This isn't our show, boy.

MURPHY FIRES.

WILLARD crashes against the doorway.

MURPHY

I look forward to meaningful dialogue.

With a cry NORMAN charges.

MURPHY backhands him, knocking him from his feet.

MURPHY

Relating.

FREDDY crouches to fire.

MURPHY shoots him between the eyes.

MURPHY

Caring and sharing.

LOUD SPEAKER

Security. Yoo hoo. Security.
I'm still getting complaints about
trouble at the main entrance.
Come on, guys. Wake up.

The MONSTER steps forward, facing off with Murphy.

In the monster's face PANELS snap backward. MONITORS spin in sockets. KONG'S FACE flashes in fragments across the monitors, bellowing.

The MONSTER charges with terrifying speed.

MURPHY FIRES.

BULLETS ricochet harmlessly across the MONSTER'S head and chest.

Murphy tries to dodge -- but the monster is too fast, colliding with Murphy and ramming him backward into a wall.

The MONSTER raises his HAND. CLAWS leap from his fingers.

The MONSTER'S HAND grabs MURPHY'S HEAD. CLAWS stab into Murphy's helmet.

The MONSTER smashes Murphy's head against the wall. TILES crack and fall.

LOUD SPEAKER

Probably off getting a jolt. They could use it. Might wake them up. Security. Feh. They don't do their job and who gets the grief?

The MONSTER lifts Murphy from his feet, yanking him away from the wall --

-- then slams Murphy back into the wall. The wall crumples inward with the impact.

The MONSTER lifts Murphy from his feet --

EXT. PLATFORM - SAME - CRASH!

The wall EXPLODES. TILES and CEMENT fly, chunks sending the SMOKER sprawling.

Murphy and the monster slam to the platform floor, Kong on top, fingers still imbedded in Murphy's helmet. The OLD WOMAN stares on, bewildered.

LOUD SPEAKER

Me, that's who. Trains late, who gets the whiners? The conductor? Hah. Like hell. Like never. It's always me.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

Hand on Murphy's head. Murphy thrashes. Highlight the LIGHTNING BOLT GRAPHIC.

EXT. PLATFORM - SAME

LIGHTNING lances down the monster's arm and across Murphy. MURPHY SCREAMS.

MURPHY'S SPIKE snaps from between his knuckles. He stabs the monster at the chest.

Murphy stabs the monster at the neck. FLUID sprays.

The monster releases Murphy, steps back, bellowing in rage.

LOUD SPEAKER

Somebody's mother forgets her
respirator and keels over and who
gets the calls? This job sucks.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

Murphy rises, body rattling, staggers across the platform. Highlight the BOMB GRAPHIC.

EXT. PLATFORM - SAME

The monster's HAND, palm opening like a camera aperture. A small spiked BOMB snaps from inside, prepared for launch.

THAK. The bomb flies.

BOOM! The bomb EXPLODES near Murphy's foot, knocking him through the air to clatter to grimy old TRAIN TRACKS.

LOUD SPEAKER

Ten forty to Grosse Point now
entering station.

The MONSTER leaps to the tracks, bellowing.

Murphy heads for the TUNNEL. He knows he's outclassed.

LOUD SPEAKER

Federal regulations require
respiratory aids ... What's that?
Explosions. So now we've got
explosions. Aces.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

a confusion of support pillars and rails, a skeleton sprawling above immense darkness. MURPHY and the MONSTER walk the pilings.

MURPHY'S FOOT misses a piling. MURPHY lands hard, his leg dangling over the void. He pulls himself up.

The monster's FLAME THROWER snaps from his forearm, FIRES.

Engulfed by FLAME, Murphy covers his face with his hands, topples forward across tracks, dropping his PISTOL.

SHADOWS strobe the dripping ceiling, cast by firelight. TRACKS rattle. TRAIN HORN BLOWS. It's close.

MURPHY'S PISTOL clatters across pilings, totters on the brink.

MURPHY reaches for the pistol, shaky.

The MONSTER raises his MACHINE GUN ARM, fires, spilling SHELLS.

Murphy jerks as BULLETS rip across his back.

MURPHY'S FINGERS hit the PISTOL, all wrong.

The pistol falls into darkness.

BLIP! The pistol strikes water, far below.

Murphy clings to a piling and stares at oncoming LIGHT. TRAIN HORN BLARES. Right on top of them.

MURPHY'S FIST rises -- WHAM! He strikes the piling. It gives.

The MONSTER pauses, stares into the train's light, confused, growling.

BELOW TRACKS - SAME

MURPHY slams his fist down again. The PILING breaks.

Murphy dives between pilings, leaving the MONSTER alone in the path of the train.

ABOVE TRACKS - SAME

The monster fires its machine guns at the TRAIN.

WHAM! The train hits the monster straight on, dragging it screaming down the tracks.

BELOW TRACKS - SAME

MURPHY falls through space. WATER DRIPS. KONG SCREAMS, distant.

SPLASH! Murphy hits black water.

The water calms ...

CUT TO:

INT. STATION - PLATFORM - A MOMENT LATER - CHAOS

The TRAIN sits half way out of the tunnel. PASSENGERS exit the train, running for their lives. FLECK, FALLOW, SELTZ, and the REHABS shove their way through the crowd. KONG'S BELLOW ECHOES.

LOUD SPEAKER

Please leave the train in an orderly fashion. Don't forget your handbags. We got some sticky-fingered employees here.

PASSENGERS

GOD what's HAPPENING -- HIT something -- My NOSE son of a BITCH I'll SUE --

SELTZ

Norman. Hit the tunnel. Find RoboCop.

FLECK

(to passenger)
Hell out of my WAY --
(to Fallow)
Where is it?

FALLOW

How am I supposed to -- OOF!

as Fallow is knocked to the floor by a heavy set BUSINESSMAN.

WILLARD kneels by the edge of the platform, looks down. FLECK pushes toward him, COMMAND DEVICE in hand.

LOUD SPEAKER

Security, we've got some mole people blocking track twenty-two. Oh, that's real funny, Security. I'm laughing. Really.

WILLARD

Found him, Captain.

FLECK

Get BACK you IDIOT. He's still on KILL MODE.

TOO LATE -- KONG'S HAND shoots upward from the tracks, punches Willard in the chest, throwing him backward.

WILLARD flies into FLECK, knocking him over.

Fleck's COMMAND DEVICE clatters across the floor.

LOUD SPEAKER

Nice to know you're alive, Security. That's track twenty-two you're supposed to be at. That's right, mole people. And no, Legal says we can't just run them over.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

Pull yourself up to the platform. FLECK scrambles over WILLARD, trying to reach the COMMAND DEVICE.

A WOMAN'S FOOT knocks the device away.

FLECK

(to Willard)

Stupid SHIT -- have your JOB --

(to woman)

BITCH --

Pick Fleck up by the cloth of his shirt. He's finally speechless. Highlight TRASH CAN GRAPHIC.

EXT. MONSTER - SAME

swinging its free hand like an axe at Fleck's neck.

FLECK'S HEAD flies from his shoulders to strike a wall near SELTZ, who kneels, picks up the COMMAND DEVICE.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

Stalk toward SELTZ. He presses a button on the
COMMAND DEVICE.

A SMILE BUTTON FACE fills the screen.

EXT. MONSTER - SAME

stopping in his tracks, MONITORS showing fragments of
KONG'S FACE, smiling insipidly. The crowd has
cleared. The OLD WOMAN stares at FLECK'S HEAD.
WILLARD lies dead, blood from his mouth. FALLOW
cringes behind SELTZ, smiles uneasily, brow furrowed.

FALLOW

I really think its program needs
some work.

LOUD SPEAKER

... what do you mean, dead? Old
Charlie? ...

CUT TO:

INT. SEWER - THAT MOMENT - MURPHY

rises slowly from the water, his body scorched black
from flame.

His jaw set, he looks upward -- then turns away, his
footsteps pounding a bass drum beat, echoing.

CUT TO:

TV - INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

FAKE ROBOCOP HAND holds a DEAD PRIEST by the neck,
drops him to the floor. FLASHING: SIMULATION

A NUN shrieks and falls backward against a STAINED
GLASS WINDOW, mouth wide in horror, arms raised.
CLANKING FOOTSTEPS.

FAKE ROBO GUN snaps from THIGH HOLSTER to HAND.

FAKE ROBO, face in shadow, fires three times.

LUKE SPINDLE (V.O.)

You as sick as I am of seeing this
garbage? You sick and tired as me
of being fed this line of crap?

INT. STUDIO - LUKE SPINDLE

snarls from his stage.

SPINDLE

Over a year now my man Robo's been
cleaning out the slime and
scumbags and making the streets
safer for us who don't mind
working for a living.

APPLAUSE.

SPINDLE (CONT.)

And suddenly we're supposed to
believe he's snuffing cops and
nuns and little girls. YOU
BELIEVE IT, BUTTHEADS?

AUDIENCE ROARS "NO!".

SPINDLE waves his arms impatiently, quieting the
audience.

SPINDLE

Something stinks in Old Detroit.
And its initials are OCP.

(drag from cigarette, cough)
Maybe you ain't heard of OCP.
Omni Consumer Products. Well, you
learn that name and you learn it
good, pal. OCP owns that factory
you can't work at anymore. OCP
owns that building you got kicked
out of and watched get torn down.

AUDIENCE ROARS.

SPINDLE (CONT.)

OCP's the biggest sponsor on TV
here in Motor Town. So TV shows
are scared shitless of OCP. But
not this one, baby.

APPLAUSE.

SPINDLE (CONT.)

NOT THIS ONE, BABY.

APPLAUSE.

SPINDLE (CONT.)

Tonight we're showing you what
your evening news is too
chickenshit to show you.
Conspiracy. Corruption. The best
cop this town ever had charged
with crimes he didn't commit.
IT'S A FRAME, BABY.
(shout from audience)
Cork it, shit for brains.

AUDIENCE - SAME - A WILD MAN

eyes bulging, drooling at the mouth, pulls a PLASTIC
HANDGUN from his jacket and FIRES.

STAGE - SAME - SPINDLE

collapses backward against his LOGO, shot in the
chest. THREE MORE SHOTS rip across him.

CUT TO:

JESS PERKINS AND CASEY WONG

frozen image of collapsing SPINDLE behind them.

JESS

Gunned down before the eyes of
forty million viewers,
controversial talk show host LUKE
SPINDLE remains as outspoken and
defiant as ever.

INT. STUDIO - SPINDLE

chest bloody, strapped to a moving stretcher, his
voice a gurgle:

SPINDLE

Take more than a few slugs to shut
me up.

(coughs blood)

Be back on the air in three days.
Deal with it.

BACK TO JESS AND CASEY

CASEY

The killer used a plastic handgun,
foiling studio metal detectors.

JESS

This station has been barraged by calls from more than six thousand viewers, each confessing to the shooting. Please stop calling, folks. The real assailant was apprehended by studio security.

NEW CLIP: WILLARD lies dead on the train platform.

JESS

In a related story, the latest charge against RoboCop involves the murder of four at Central Station.

CASEY

Coming up: it may not be a white Christmas here in Old Detroit, but it will be cold. After this:

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - THE PRESIDENTIAL SEAL

against a field of black. MUSIC: scary electronic version of Hail To The Chief.

NARRATOR

Ladies and gentlemen, the president of the United States.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - PRESIDENT EASTWOOD

shirt sleeves, .44 AUTOMAG strapped to his chest, standing. Through clenched teeth:

PRESIDENT

You know what really gets to me? What really burns me up? It's not those Soviet bastards. Not faggot environmentalists or fat wimps on Capitol Hill. Them I can handle. You wanna know what really pisses me off?

Holding up a small BOTTLE:

PRESIDENT (CONT.)

I spend too much time on my ass.
At summits. At banquets. Behind
this God damned desk. On my ass.
And that's just asking for
trouble. You know what I'm
talking about, don't you, punk?
Hemmhorrroids. And plenty of them.
That's why I take Happy Bun
Suppositories.

The President turns at the sound of a commotion, draws
his AUTOMAG. A BEARDED ARAB charges toward him, KNIFE
raised.

ARAB

FASCIST --

The President shoots the Arab, holsters his gun.

PRESIDENT

Happy Bun. Buy it. Use it.
That's an executive order, punk.

CUT TO:

COMMERCIAL - INT. BEDROOM

Architectural Digest upscale yuppie flat ready for the
white glove test. Psychedelic Jimmy Hendricks poster.
Lava lamp.

YUPPIE MOM, in a nightgown, shoves a pressed and
folded RADIATION SUIT into a bureau drawer.

NARRATOR

(soft)

Tuesday on veryspecialsomething
...

FALSE TEETH fizz in a glass of DENTURE CLEANSER on a
stand next to the bed.

DAD (V.O.)

Honey, I'm beginning to wonder
about my job.

YUPPIE DAD, wire-rimmed glasses, pajamas, legs crossed
on the bed, reads the WALL STREET JOURNAL. DAD's skin
is ghastly white, pocked with hideous SORES. His
skull is lumpy, almost hairless. He folds the paper,
takes his glasses off, opens his toothless mouth:

DAD

George lost an ear this morning.
And I think my big toe's about to
go.

BABY CRIES.

MOM

I'll get it, honey.

MOM grabs a THERMOS from the bureau and unscrews the
cap. She pulls a LIVE FROG forth, carries it to a
CRIB.

A LUMPY, THREE-FINGERED HAND grabs the FROG from Mom,
pulls it into the crib. CRUNCH. SPLURT. MUNCH.

THE veryspecialsomething LOGO

italic, lower-case letters, pale blue on sunny white.
MUSIC: whistful orchestral muzak interpretation of
What Have They Done To My Song?

NARRATOR

veryspecialsomething. Caring and
sharing the American way.

CUT TO:

BACK TO JESS AND CASEY

NEW CLIP: MUSHROOM CLOUDS stretching back to the
horizon.

CASEY

The Sawa Corporation's INTERNET
system is blamed for the
simultaneous detonation of sixteen
hundred tactical nuclear weapons
in their Greenland silos.

JESS

The explosions blasted five
hundred million tons of earth and
soot into the stratosphere. Spuds
Darrow is here to explain what
that means to Old Detroit this
Christmas. Spuds?

SPUDS DARROW, over the hill basketball hero in a Detroit Pistons jersey. Behind him the WEATHERWATCH logo and a stop-motion photograph of the western hemisphere. BLACK CLOUDS swirl across Canada and the American northeast.

DARROW

Break out those mufflers and mittens, folks. And don't forget your flashlights. It's going to be cold. It's going to be dark. A big chunk of Greenland is filling the sky over eastern Canada and New England, blotting out the sun. And it's on its way here. Passing over Lake Superior right now.

JESS

Isn't this what they call "nuclear winter," Spuds?

DARROW

Good guess, Jess! And it'll be two weeks of darkness at noon here in Motown. Temperatures well below freezing.

JESS with a new CLIP: a BIOHAZARD symbol.

JESS

The Council on Environmental Survivability warns citizen to keep small children and pets behind closed doors until the cloud passes, as levels of radioactivity will soar past acceptable levels.

CASEY

Any chance of snow, Spuds?

SPUDS

There sure is, Casey. But it'll probably glow in the dark.

ALL LAUGH.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - MORNING

but not for long. BLACK CLOUDS crawl across the sky, casting the city into a false night. RADIOACTIVE SNOW falls.

CUT TO:

UNDERGROUND

Murphy walks to a BRICK WALL. WATER RUNS.

Murphy punches the wall. POOM.

Again. POOM. The bricks give.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - SAME

POOM! The wall EXPLODES. PIPES DRIP.

PALE-FACED WRETCHES in rags huddle against one another, fearful.

MURPHY steps through the shattered wall and stalks past them, an angry god.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATTITUDE CONCEPTS CENTER - NUCLEAR NIGHT

ED209 stands stock still, a snow man. Snow swirls in glowing drifts.

JOHNSON (V.O.)

I don't get it. Robo just vanished? Just like that?

INT. CENTER - CORRIDOR - SAME

NORMAN, uniform soggy and filthy, walks the still-smiling MONSTER. DR. LOVE leads the way. JOHNSON, behind her, glances at a FOLDER full of papers. Dazed PATIENTS wander about, smiling pleasantly.

JOHNSON (CONT.)

(to Norman)

I thought we could track him anywhere. Signal in his head, or something.

NORMAN

Yes, sir. That is, no, sir. Not everywhere. He broke through to the sewers. All those pipes -- I guess the metal's blocking the signal.

JOHNSON

(wrinkles nose)

Better get yourself some fresh uniforms from Supply. Might want to burn that one.

NORMAN

Yes, sir.

LOVE slows her stride, gets Johnson's attention with a smile.

LOVE

Negligable damage to the unit's hardware. Once I've uploaded his new program, he'll be ready for the field.

JOHNSON

Better be sure, doctor. Careers are riding on this, yours and mine included. We can't afford another malfunction.

The parade passes through LARGE DOORS to

INT. ROBO-OPERATING ROOM

littered with DISMEMBERED ROBOT LIMBS and SHELLS of ROBOT TORSOS. SURGICAL ROBOTS loom.

Love walks to a WALL CONSOLE, turns a key in an ACCESS PORT, presses a code across touchpads.

LOVE

As I'm sure you're aware, sir, Fleck jumped the gun. Announced the presentation too soon.

JOHNSON

Too bad about Fleck.

LOVE .

A tragedy. Truly.

(to technician)

Reformat the unit's hard disk.

TECHNICIANS scramble about the MONSTER, drawing BOLTS from its neck with RACHETS.

They remove the shell of its HEAD. A patch of plastic-covered BRAIN MATTER is visible amidst wires, tubes, and circuits. Not a pleasant sight.

One TECHNICIAN stabs a thick INPUT CABLE into a access port near the brain. He nods to another technician at the console.

TECHNICIAN

All set.

The CONSOLE TECHNICIAN hits keys.

CONSOLE TECHNICIAN

Reformatting ...

THE MONSTER'S PROGRAM, a digitized scramble, flashes across VIDEO MONITORS on the wall -- and vanishes.

The monster's MONITORS go blank.

LOVE pulls a skeletal high-tech DRAWER from the wall console. It holds a dozen COMPUTER DISKS the size of credit cards.

LOVE

(to Johnson)

These superdense disks contain the new program, sir. It's nothing short of revolutionary. Rather than simply placing parameters on the unit's behavior, this program imposes an entirely new personality. A human personality, translated from a living mind. In essence ...

JOHNSON

In essence, it takes over what's left of Kong's mind. Where -- I mean, who'd this new personality come from?

LOVE

I'm certain you'll be pleased with the results, sir.

CONSOLE TECHNICIAN

Unit reformatted, doctor. Blank slate.

LOVE carries the DISKS, passing the MONSTER -- then halts, startled, as

The MONSTER'S FINGERS twitch, spasmodically.

KONG'S FACE flickers momentarily across its MONITORS, mouth open in silent agony.

LOVE stares, eyes wide: This can't be happening.

LOVE
You said it was reformatted.

CONSOLE TECHNICIAN
Confirmed, doctor. Blank slate.

LOVE
Impossible. It moved. Check it again.

Tapping keys, impatient:

CONSOLE TECHNICIAN
Triple-checked, doctor. Wiped clean.

JOHNSON
Something wrong?

LOVE composes herself, shakes her head. She slides disks one by one into slots on the console.

LOVE
Vestigial nervous response.
That's all it was.
(to technician)
Begin uploading sequence.
(to Johnson)
Five minutes, sir.

The CONSOLE TECHNICIAN hits a sequence of keys.

THE MONSTER'S NEW PROGRAM lights the screens.

LOVE begins to slide the last of the DISKS into place.

POOM! Something hits the building.

The DISK clatters across the floor.

LOVE tumbles from her heels, into Johnson's arms.

JOHNSON looks downward, tracking the sound. ALARM RINGS, distant.

NORMAN cocks his UZI.

JOHNSON
What the hell ...

NORMAN
Something hit the building --

POOM! Another impact.

Johnson's knocked to the floor, LOVE in his lap, snapping a COMMUNICATOR from her hip, holding it to her mouth.

JOHNSON
Came from the basement.

LOVE
Security. Level One. Report.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - THAT MOMENT

A SECURITY GUARD lies unconscious in the rubble of a SHATTERED WALL. A COMMUNICATOR lies on the floor. CLANKING FOOTSTEPS.

LOVE (FROM COMMUNICATOR) (CONT.)
Security. Do you copy?

MURPHY'S FOOT steps on the communicator, crushes it.

MURPHY'S HAND grabs the guard's MACHINE PISTOL.

STAIRWELL - RISING - MURPHY'S HANDS

cock the MACHINE PISTOL. DOOR OPENS.

LOVE (V.O.) (CONT.)
Level Two. Come in, Level Two.

GUARD (V.O.)
Kelson here, doctor -- Intruder on ... holy shit ...

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

next level up. TWO GUARDS rush through the door --

GUARD (CONT.)
Jesus, it's --

-- and are blasted backward by MACHINE GUN FIRE.

One GUARD slides down the wall, bullet holes a tight grouping on his forehead.

His MACHINE PISTOL slips from his hands. CLANKING FOOTSTEPS.

MURPHY'S HAND picks up the MACHINE PISTOL.

A DOOR. MURPHY'S FIST punches through it.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Rattled, LOVE props herself against the console.

JOHNSON rises, bewildered, frightened.

JOHNSON
That wouldn't -- it isn't ...

NORMAN dashes to the DOORWAY.

NORMAN
Who the hell else?

INT./EXT. DOORWAY - SAME

DOOR swings OPEN: NORMAN crouches, fires his UZI down the hallway.

DOOR swings CLOSED. MACHINE GUN FIRE.

DOOR swings OPEN: MURPHY enters, MACHINE PISTOL in each hand, charred black, teeth gritted in pain, his entire body RATTLING, as if it's about to fall apart.

He braces himself on the edge of the doorway, one knee buckling.

Waving a MACHINE PISTOL at JOHNSON:

MURPHY
You. Out.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Take in the TECHNICIAN, a bleached white statue.
Johnson comes forward, screwing up his courage.

FLASHING:

PRODUCT VIOLATION

DIRECTIVE 12 PROMOTE PRO-SOCIAL VALUES

DIRECTIVE 32 RESTRAIN HOSTILE FEELINGS

DIRECTIVE 66 AVOID DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR

DIRECTIVE 166 BE ACCESSIBLE AT ALL TIMES TO OCP
PERSONNEL

JOHNSON

You don't know what you're doing,
officer. Just put down those guns
and we'll forget about the whole
thing.

EXT. MURPHY - SAME

lowers one MACHINE PISTOL, lets it hang from its
strap.

Murphy grabs JOHNSON by his collar and heaves him
outward through the DOORS.

MURPHY

Out.

Scrambling to his feet, gasping:

JOHNSON

Keep him talking, doctor. Just
keep him talking.

JOHNSON limps off.

Meeting Murphy's glare, mouth loose:

LOVE

You poor dear. You're in horrible
pain. You can barely stand.

MURPHY steps forward, loses his balance, slumps
against the MONSTER. He quakes.

One MACHINE PISTOL slides from his shoulder, hits the
floor.

LOVE paces past him, confident. Smiling, sexy:

LOVE (CONT.)
Such a disappointment. I had high
hopes. But here you are --
hateful, anti-social to the end.

The TECHNICIAN sees his chance and snakes out the door.

LOVE (CONT.)
(to Murphy)
And this is the end, for you.
You're going into shock. Deep
shock. I'm afraid you won't
recover.

MURPHY grabs LOVE by the arm, drags her to the technician's chair, not noticing as his remaining MACHINE PISTOL slides from his shoulder.

LOVE
You seem angry.

His voice a gurgle:

MURPHY
Shut up.

Hands shaking, MURPHY siezes a RATCHET, removes the bolts from his HELMET, takes it off.

Murphy snaps the INPUT CABLE from the MONSTER'S HEAD, attaches it to his own.

LOVE chuckles.

MURPHY'S HAND closes about her throat.

MURPHY
My program. Erase it. Or die.

LOVE
You'll just shut down. There
isn't enough left of Murphy to --

gagging as Murphy tightens his grip.

LOVE taps keys, eyes on Murphy: She can't believe he'd be this stupid.

MURPHY'S PROGRAM flashes across VIDEO MONITORS -- then VANISHES.

MURPHY collapses unconscious to the floor.

LOVE curls forward in her chair, gasping, laughing triumphantly.

She rubs her throat, looking down at MURPHY. His FINGERS twitch.

Unsteady on her feet, she picks up a MACHINE PISTOL.

She puts the BARREL in MURPHY'S MOUTH.

She squeezes the trigger.

KLIK. Empty.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Rise. Stalk toward LOVE. She shrinks back, raising a quaking hand.

FLASHING:

LIST DIRECTIVES

NONE FOUND

LOVE

You don't understand. You just don't realize how important my work is. The psyche of an entire city is at stake.

EXT. MURPHY - SAME

Murphy sits, smiling ruefully.

MURPHY

Not a man.

He picks up his HELMET, dons it.

MURPHY (CONT.)

Not even a corpse.

He drives the bolts home with the RACHET.

MURPHY (CONT.)

Shall we see just how human I am, doctor?

MURPHY'S SPIKE snaps from between his knuckles.

LOVE

Oh God no please.

MURPHY slides his SPIKE into an ACCESS PORT on the console, twists.

MONITORS light with STOP MOTION ANIMATION:

- HUMAN MURPHY is stripped apart. His muscles disengage themselves and fly away. His organs untangle themselves, fly off. His skeleton breaks apart, leaving only brain, spine, and living nerves;

- WIRES and CIRCUITS invade, connecting, wrapping tight, forming clusters as METAL SHAFTS slide between them, snapping into sockets, forming a new skeleton. PLATES of armor clatter into place. ROBOCOP is complete.

A TWIST OF MURPHY'S SPIKE -- and the MONITORS show:

- FIVE NEW ROBOCOPS scroll by, varying in shape and color. FREEZE on the last of them: the MONSTER.

ANOTHER TWIST -- and the MONITORS show:

- The MONSTER is undone, his construction shown in reverse motion. Barely a patch of Kong's brain left. A few tatters of nerves;

- Then it grows, the muscles drape themselves about human bone, the skin slaps into place. It's KONG.

MURPHY'S SPIKE snaps back into his hand.

The MONITORS go blank. MURPHY ROARS.

MURPHY GOES BERSERK -- FISTS smashing a MONITOR, then another, then punching holes in the CONSOLE. SPARKS FLY.

LOVE glances, frantic, at the floor: the one remaining DISK of the MONSTER'S NEW PROGRAM lies near her foot.

She picks it up, slides it into a pocket just as

MURPHY turns to face her. SPARKS SHOWER. FIRE erupts from the console.

LOVE rushes up to Murphy, wild.

LOVE
That's the only copy, you MANIAC!
We'll lose EVERYTHING!

MURPHY'S ARM rises, back handing LOVE.

LOVE'S GLASSES strike a VIDEO MONITOR, one lens shattering.

LOVE crashes back against the CONSOLE, her mouth bloody.

A BURST of FLAME from behind her catches her HAIR.

She spins, hair aflame -- a SHOWER OF SPARKS strikes her face.

She tumbles back across the floor, thrashing, hands pounding at her hair and face.

She looks up at Murphy, half her face badly burnt, crying, begging with her eyes.

MURPHY picks up a MACHINE PISTOL, walks to the door, turns, looks her over, merciless.

MURPHY
Have a nice day.

INT. CORRIDOR - THE NEXT MOMENT

MURPHY exits the operating room, jams the MACHINE PISTOL between door and handles, locking them closed.

Something hits the doors, testing the makeshift dead bolt. It holds. LOVE SCREAMS.

MURPHY walks to the corpse of NORMAN. He pulls a HANDGUN from Norman's hip.

MURPHY'S THIGH snaps open, HOLSTER ready. Murphy slides the HANDGUN into place.

Murphy's thigh snaps closed.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

ROBOT LIMBS thrash wildly. SPARKS and FIRE erupt from ROBOT TORSOS.

LOVE throws herself against the doors, pounds against them with her fists.

A burnt mess, sobbing, LOVE looks over her shoulder at the MONSTER.

Steadying herself, determined, voice a mutter:

LOVE
Hold on. Hold on. Not finished.
Too important. An entire city.

She dodges a pivoting SURGICAL ROBOT and grabs the INPUT CABLE.

LOVE (CONT.)
Too important. Not finished.
Can't die. Needed. I'm needed.

She shoves the INPUT CABLE into the MONSTER'S HEAD.

A SHOWER OF SPARKS from the console. She spins, her back on fire.

LOVE (CONT.)
Won't hurt long. Needed. An
entire city ...

Barely able to control her hands, she draws the DISK from her pocket and shoves it into a waiting SLOT at the console.

LOVE (CONT.)
... twenty million minds ...

A MONITOR lights with the last of the MONSTER'S NEW PROGRAM.

She stares at the monitor, smiles maliciously.

LOVE (CONT.)
Yes. Oh yes ... save them all ...

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME - KABOOM

MURPHY turns to watch as the operating room DOORS are blown from their hinges.

The BURNT CORPSE of DR. LOVE slams against a wall. CLANKING FOOTSTEPS.

The MONSTER emerges from the blazing doorway.

It slides the last of the BOLTS into its NECK, its head again complete. It tosses the RACHET away.

It stares at the smoking husk of LOVE

It turns to face MURPHY.

On its face PANELS snap open. VIDEO MONITORS pivot in sockets. The MONITORS flash smiling fragments of the face of DR. LOVE.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
Was that nice?

A BANDOLIER snaps from the Monster's side to its ARM.

MURPHY backs against a window, startled, reaching for his HANDGUN. His THIGH opens --

-- The MONSTER'S MACHINE GUN opens fire.

EXT. ATTITUDE CONCEPTS CENTER - PARKING LOT - SAME

Window EXPLODES. MURPHY crashes outward, head over heels, across pavement, gun in his hand, as

THREE REHAB CRUISERS screech into the lot.

REHABS leap from the cruisers.

MICKEY
Go for a kill. Target his mouth.

DONALD
This is for Kong, you bastard.

The REHABS open fire.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Charge. TARGETS form. You can't miss. FIRE. The big one drops his UZI, clutches his face, toppling backward.

FLASHING:
TARGETING

FIRE. The smart one with the ROCKET LAUNCHER drops like a stone.

Bat the next one away from his cruiser. His head pulls the rest of him to the pavement.

EXT. SHATTERED WINDOW - SAME - THE MONSTER

clammers forth, moving fast.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
Lovely. Lovely.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME - MURPHY

yanks the driver's side DOOR from a REHAB CRUISER and flattens two REHABS with it, throws it away, climbs into the cruiser.

INT. CRUISER - SAME - MURPHY

floors it and spins the wheel.

EXT. CRUISER - SAME - THE MONSTER

scrambles across the lot as MURPHY'S CRUISER fishtails.

The MONSTER'S ARM telescopes.

The MONSTER'S HAND grabs the handle of a DOOR on Murphy's cruiser. The door flies open.

The MONSTER holds to the door, retracting its ARM to normal length.

SPARKS fly as the cruiser drags the Monster across the lot.

INT. CRUISER - SAME

MURPHY steers, trying to get rid of the Monster.

EXT. CRUISER - SAME

The MONSTER'S LEGS swing wildly through the air, knocking a REHAB to the pavement.

The MONSTER'S HAND holds tight to the CRUISER DOOR.

CLAWS snap from the FINGERS of the Monster's free hand.

THE MONSTER stabs its CLAWS into the CRUISER DOOR, pulling itself up.

INT. CRUISER - SAME

The MONSTER pulls itself toward the cab.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
Not being very accessible, are we?

MURPHY fires his HANDGUN.

The top of the CRUISER DOOR lurches free.

MURPHY fires again.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The DOOR is blown free of the CRUISER.

The MONSTER tumbles away, still holding the door.

MURPHY'S CRUISER screeches off.

The MONSTER rises, pivots as

A REHAB standing by his CRUISER, COMMUNICATOR in hand,
shouts.

PLUTO
It's SELTZ. New ORDERS.

INT. MURPHY'S REHAB CRUISER - MOVING FAST - SAME

SELTZ (FROM DASH)
All cars. Proceed to Metro North
Precinct. Ducks in a barrel,
boys.

MURPHY spins the wheel. TIRES SCREECH.

EXT. MURPHY'S REHAB CRUISER - SAME

screeches back across the LOT toward the REHAB
CRUISERS.

The MONSTER circles, trying to get close.

MURPHY fires BURST after BURST from his PISTOL.

PLUTO tumbles away from his CRUISER as SHOTS rip
across the HOOD. The ENGINE dies.

EXT. REHAB CRUISERS - SAME - QUICK CUTS

TIRES EXPLODE, punctured by bullets.

THE REHAB CRUISERS slump, tires blown out.

PLUTO jumps to his feet, grabs the COMMUNICATOR.
ANOTHER BURST.

PLUTO drops dead.

MURPHY'S CRUISER tears away.

CUT TO:

EXT. METRO NORTH PRECINCT - LATER

now sitting alone in a vast lot several blocks square.
BILLBOARD still stands. The skeleton of a skyscraper
looms, bare girders black against the sky.

A REHAB, chest splattered with BLOOD, ducks from the
precinct house and runs through the gate of a FENCE
topped with RAZOR WIRE to the

SHADOW OF THE GIRDERS - SAME

SIX REHAB CRUISERS lurk in the shadows. SIX REHABS
crouch, SNIPER RIFLES at the ready.

SELTZ greets the running REHAB.

SELTZ

Twenty seconds past schedule,
Wires.

Running a finger across the blood on his chest:

WIRES

Delicious little rookie in there.
Put up such a fight.

SELTZ

Quiet ...

his eyes on the

PARKING LOT - SAME

as the CARS from the donut shop pull up. LEWIS and
the off-duty COPS head for the station house doors.

ED209 pivots, confused, then blows the wheel off a
SEDAN.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

LEWIS and the COPS wrench open their LOCKERS. EMPTY.

MENDELSON

What is this shit?

WAGNER

Empty. Cleaned out.

LEWIS

Grant. Gerber. Cover our backs.
Munson. Check the phones.

MUNSON

Got it.

GRANT, GERBER, and MUNSON exit the locker room, low to the ground. LEWIS remains with WAGNER, MENDELSON, STEF, MAZZUCHELLI, and WHITAKER.

WAGNER

I don't like this.

LEWIS looks at ESTEVEZ' LOCKER. BLOOD drips from under the door.

LEWIS

Oh, Jesus ... what ...

LEWIS throws open ESTEVEZ' locker.

ESTEVEZ is folded up inside it, his throat slashed.

He tumbles out, sprawls across the floor.

Tears forming:

LEWIS

Estevez. Oh, Jesus, Estevez.

ESTEVEZ' HAND falls open. A small HAND GRENADE tumbles from it, pin pulled.

Rising, spinning, in command:

LEWIS

GRENADE. MENDELSON. STEP
LIVELY.

At a LOCKER, turning, spotting the grenade:

MENDELSON
Shit. Mother.

STEF and MAZZUCHELLI dive through the doorway, past WHITAKKER and WAGNER, who pause, startled.

LEWIS body blocks WHITAKKER and WAGNER, knocking them out the doorway.

MENDOLSON steps over ESTEVEZ, moving for the door, too late.

MENDELSON
Oh, mother.

BOOM. The grenade EXPLODES.

A SWATH of BLOOD across LOCKERS.

LEWIS, WAGNER and WHITAKKER tumble through the doorway to the

BOOKING DESK - SAME

LEWIS drags WAGNER to his feet. He's stunned.

WAGNER
What. What.

LEWIS
Breathe deep. You're okay.
Breathe deep.

WHITAKKER jumps up, hides behind a DESK, stares at

MENDELSON who lies on his back, his legs gone, covered with blood, quaking, eyes alive, blood bubbling from his lips.

MENDELSON
Fath. Art. Hevv. Halloww

His eyes go blank.

WHITAKKER clutches his mouth, lurching with sudden nausea, eyes wide.

LEWIS
Keep it inside, Whitakker. We don't have the time.

In shock, almost laughing:

WAGNER

Christ. Lewis. I mean he's just
a rookie. What you expect for
Christ's sake. I mean Christ.
What you expect.

WHITAKKER gulps, recovers, not handling this well.

WHITAKKER

Set-up. It's a fucking set up.

WAGNER

I mean Christ. What you expect.

WHITAKKER

Fucking SET UP.

EVERY LIGHT IN THE PLACE comes on.

SELTZ'S VOICE is an amplified WHISPER. It seems to
come from everywhere.

SELTZ (V.O.)

Stating the obvious, don't you
think?

LEWIS looks up, around.

SELTZ' voice comes from small mounted SPEAKERS on the
ceiling.

SELTZ (V.O.) (CONT.)

Don't give up hope, now. Think of
the Spartans. The Spartans.
Ancient Greece. The battle of
Thermopylae. Out numbered ten
thousand to one, and still they
fought ...

Gun out, back to the wall, heading toward a window,
her voice a whispered command:

LEWIS
Steady, men.

SELTZ (V.O.)
... of course, those Spartans all
died, that day. But what a death.
What a death. They were fearless.
You might almost say the Persian
hordes who killed those warriors
did them a favor. Allowing them a
death like that. Not that I'm
expecting you to thank us ...

Swallowing the last of it:

WHITAKKER
God damned set up. We're screwed.

LEWIS
Shut up, Whitakker. Panic won't
help.

On instinct, LEWIS spins away from the window.

FUPP. FUPP. FUPP. Silenced SHOTS make tatters of the
glass.

WAGNER pitches backward, shot in the head and chest.

WHITAKKER
Jesus -- Wagner -- fuckers --

SELTZ (V.O.)
... but I'm sure none of you ever
heard of the battle of Thermopylae
... perhaps you're familiar with
The Night Of The Long Knives, hm?
(pause)
It's all right to talk, officers.
I can hear you just fine.

LEWIS fires a shot out the window, backs off, just in
time:

FUPP. FUPP. SILENCED SHOTS. Plaster flies.

WHITAKKER
Sons of bitches have all the
bullets they need. We are
screwed. We are dead.

SELTZ (V.O.)
True, true ...

Glaring:

LEWIS
I said cork it, Whitakker. Or my
next bullet's for you.

FUPP. Through the wall an inch from Lewis' head.
Hits the edge of Reed's desk, knocking a PHONE
RECEIVER loose.

RECEIVER
Phone is off the hook. If you
wish to make a call, please hang
up and dial again.

LEWIS pitches to the floor, crouches.

SELTZ (V.O.)
The Night Of The Long Knives.
Nazi Germany. Few years back.
Adolf Hitler's SS eliminated his
inferior, rebellious military
police. Killed them. With
knives. That's why they called it
the Night Of The Long Knives. It
was Hitler's plan. It worked.

MUNSON crawls on his belly toward a DESK.

SELTZ (V.O.) (CONT.)
Hitler blamed the incident on the
Jews. Justified more brutal
measures against the Jews than
ever before. Just as your deaths
-- and those of cops all over
town, the next few days -- will be
blamed on the rebellious citizenry
of Old Detroit.

LEWIS watches MUNSON, eyes narrowing.

SELTZ (V.O.) (CONT.)
We'll say it was the street gangs
who cut you up and gunned you
down. Media's always ready for
more outrage about street gangs.

MUNSON crouches behind the desk, reaches up for a cradled PHONE RECEIVER.

A SMALL SILVER WIRE stretches from the PHONE to a FILE DRAWER.

LEWIS rises, shouting.

LEWIS
NO! MUNSON!

MUNSON'S HAND lifts the receiver.

MUNSON looks over his shoulder, eyes wide.

MUNSON
You said ...

BOOM. The desk erupts in FLAME.

MUNSON rises, screaming, aflame.

FUPP. FUPP. FUPP -- neat HOLES in WINDOW GLASS.

A DOZEN MORE SILENCED SHOTS. MUNSON jerks as they hit him, dancing a ghastly dance, screaming, then collapses to the floor.

SELTZ (V.O.)
You'll be heroes. Martyrs. And
oh, how you'll be avenged. When
the dust settles and the blood
dries, OCP will have the police
force it wants -- and the RoboCop
it wants.

Shouting over her shoulder:

LEWIS
GRANT. GERBER. GET BACK HERE.

No answer.

SELTZ chuckles.

SELTZ (V.O.)
They're in pieces, Lewis. Never
even made it to the door.

WHITAKKER
Fucking screwed we're fucking
SCREWED.

FLAME spreads from DESK to TRASH CAN to DESK to crawl up WALLS in sheets.

FLAME catches on WHITAKKER's JACKET. WHITAKKER SCREAMS.

WHITAKKER rises, runs for the DOOR.

LEWIS
WHITAKKER -- it's SUICIDE --

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - SAME - SHADOW OF GIRDERS

SELTZ clicks off his MICROPHONE.

WIRES aims a SNIPER RIFLE at the

STATION HOUSE ENTRANCE - SAME

as WHITAKKER rushes through the doors, his jacket burning, his gun drawn.

SHADOW OF GIRDERS - SAME

SELTZ holds up a hand, stopping WIRES, smiles.

SELTZ
No hurry.
(to men)
Let's play injuns, boys.

STATION HOUSE LOT - SAME

WHITAKKER stops, staggers. CAR ENGINES roar to life.

TWELVE HEADLIGHTS glare, silhouetting WHITAKKER.

SIX REHAB CRUISERS tear across the lot, toward

WHITAKKER, frozen with fear, hysterical. HOOTS and HOWLS from the cruisers, imitating Hollywood Indians.

THE REHAB CRUISERS form a line, circle the STATION HOUSE.

EXT./INT. REHAB CRUISER - MOVING FAST - SAME

Aiming a CROSSBOW at WHITAKKER, one hand on the steering wheel:

KAHN
Heap big trouble, pale face.

KTANGG. The ARROW flies.

EXT. LOT - SAME - WHITTAKER

drops to one knee, the ARROW in his thigh. He stares at it, not quite believing it. REHAB CRUISERS circle. HOOTS and HOWLS.

From the next CRUISER, CROSSBOW aimed:

HOBSON
Scalpum, white boy.

KTANGG! THUNK! An ARROW through Whitakker's FOREARM. He drops his gun, stares at the arrow, suddenly realizing what's happening.

WHITAKKER
OH oh my god fucking JESUS

INT. STATION HOUSE - SAME

LEWIS takes aim at Whitakker. STEF and MAZZUCCHELLI draw close.

MAZZUCCHELLI
What the hell you doing, Sergeant?

LEWIS
They're torturing him. It's the only way.

STEF
She's right, Mazz. We're all dead anyway. Hey ...

as TIRES SCREECH. LEWIS lowers her PISTOL, eyes narrowing.

LEWIS
Murphy.

EXT. STATION HOUSE - SAME - MURPHY'S REHAB CRUISER
slams into SELTZ' CRUISER, breaking the circle.

MURPHY'S CRUISER skids around, providing cover for WHITAKKER.

SELTZ' CRUISER careens into the building's side.

INT. CRUISER - SAME - SELTZ

pulls his face from the dash and stares, alarmed.

EXT. STATION HOUSE - SAME

GUNFIRE erupts from the REHABS. BULLETS ricochet from MURPHY as he steps from the cruiser, gun raised, calm.

LEWIS runs from the DOORWAY, low to the ground. BULLETS tear at the pavement near her feet.

LEWIS crouches behind Murphy's cruiser. BULLETS punch holes in the hood. The CRUISERS continue circling.

LEWIS
(over shoulder)
Stef. Take care of Whitakker.
(to Murphy)
Got two bullets, Murphy.

STEF (V.O.)
Give me your shirt, Mazz.

MURPHY
Ten and two o'clock. Ten seconds.

LEWIS
No problem ...

LEWIS shoves a wad of BUBBLE GUM in her mouth, slowly blows a large BUBBLE ...

STEF pulls WHITAKKER to a wall, cuts the tips from the arrows with a pen knife. MAZZUCCHELLI removes his SHIRT.

STEF
This'll hurt, Whitakker.

STEF pulls the ARROWS free. WHITAKKER surprises everybody with his sudden courage: he doesn't cry out.

MAZZUCCHELLI hands STEF the shirt. STEF rips the shirt into strips.

... LEWIS' BUBBLE POPS.

LEWIS fires twice as MURPHY fires four times.

INT. CRUISERS - SAME - QUICK CUTS

KAHN slumps against his steering wheel, shot in the head.

HOBSON falls against a window, shot in the neck.

WIRES SCREAMS as his MACHINE PISTOL explodes.

SELTZ takes one in the shoulder.

EXT. CRUISERS - SAME

careening this way and that, their drivers dead.

One cruiser crashes head on into ED209, knocking it over.

ED209 thrashes, firing its MACHINE GUN, perforating the cruiser.

The cruiser's GAS TANK goes up in a FIREBALL.

STEF and MAZZUCCHELLI dash from the entrance.

SELTZ dives from his CRUISER, hits the ground running.

MURPHY pivots, stalks after Seltz, PISTOL raised.

MURPHY

No escape, Seltz.

LEWIS gestures to STEF and MAZZUCCHELLI. WHITAKKER sits by a wall, his arm and leg bandaged with shreds of Mazzucchelli's shirt.

LEWIS

One left, men.

MAZZUCCHELLI

KILL the son of a bitch.

STEF

Use our God damned HANDS.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

SELTZ fires over his shoulder, runs for the GIRDERS. TARGET forms. HELICOPTER BLADES roar, approaching.

FLASHING:

TARGETING

EXT. STATION HOUSE LOT - SAME

MURPHY looks upward, alarmed. LEWIS squints, unable to make something out.

LEWIS

What the hell ...

MURPHY

Find cover.

A WHITE REHAB COPTER roars overhead, a large LOAD hanging from its belly.

MACHINE GUNS fire TRACER BULLETS from the LOAD toward the LOT.

LEWIS and the COPS dive for cover in the DOORWAY and behind the CRUISER. BULLETS strike everywhere.

MURPHY stands his ground, takes aim upward. BULLETS strafe his legs and chest.

STEF
He's crazy.

LEWIS
He's the only chance we have,
Stef.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Look over the copter's LOAD: the MONSTER, folded in on itself, almost square in shape, guns firing.

Take in the COPTER. Focus on its small REAR ROTOR.
FLASHING:
MAGNIFY

The ROTOR grows huge. A TARGET forms at its center.
FLASHING:
TARGETING

EXT. STATION HOUSE LOT - SAME

MURPHY fires a BURST skyward.

The ROTOR flies from the COPTER.

THUNK. The ROTOR stabs the side of Murphy's CRUISER.

The COPTER spins, out of control.

CRASH. The COPTER tears itself apart across GIRDERS.

SELTZ tumbles away from the blazing wreckage and leaps into a wire-walled FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

SELTZ yanks a lever down. The ELEVATOR rises.

OLD DETROIT falls away below.

A sudden JERK. The elevator stops, then continues rising.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - SAME - MURPHY'S HANDS

hold a thick ELEVATOR CABLE, climb it as it rises.

EXT. BLAZING WRECKAGE ACROSS GIRDERS - THAT MOMENT
The MONSTER rises, shoves rubble away, looks upward.

EXT. ELEVATOR - SAME

rising against the sky, a silhouette. MURPHY climbs the cable, closing in.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

SELTZ fires through the FLOOR, emptying his pistol.

SELTZ pulls a fresh CLIP from his belt, shoves it into place.

MURPHY'S HAND crashes through the FLOOR, grabs SELTZ by the ankle. BONE CRUNCHES. SELTZ SCREAMS.

MACHINE GUN FIRE from below. MURPHY'S HAND jerks as he's hit.

MURPHY'S HAND withdraws.

INT. SHAFT - SAME

ANOTHER BURST. BULLETS rip upward, hitting MURPHY's legs.

MURPHY slips, almost falling, looks downward.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

The MONSTER climbs the CABLE, fires another BURST.

FLASHING:
MAGNIFY

Zoom to the monster's FACE: PANELS snap open.
MONITORS pivot in sockets. LOVE'S FACE smiles.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
You never told me, Murphy.

The monster switches its grip, raises its other HAND.
FLASHING:
MAGNIFY

LOVE (FROM MONSTER) (CONT.)
All your tears. All your
complaining. You never once told
me how wonderful it feels. Such
power. I can do so much good.

ZOOM to the MONSTER'S HAND, palm out. Open a PLAYBACK
WINDOW, showing the MONSTER loosing a BOMB.

Close the window. The MONSTER'S PALM opens. A BOMB
snaps into place.

INT. SHAFT - SAME

The BOMB flies from the MONSTER'S HAND, up the shaft.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
Wonderful.

MURPHY leaps from the CABLE, clatters across GIRDERS.

SELTZ stares through the HOLE in the ELEVATOR FLOOR,
screams, seeing the approaching bomb.

EXT. SHAFT - SAME

The elevator EXPLODES. SELTZ is blasted into the air,
far above the city.

INT. SHAFT - SAME

The CABLE falls away from the burning hulk of the
ELEVATOR.

The MONSTER falls. A BELLOW of rage -- in KONG's
voice.

The MONSTER'S ARM telescopes, grabs a GIRDER,
retracts.

The MONSTER clambers atop the GIRDER.

KONG'S FACE flickers across the MONITORS, roaring,
then disintegrates.

LOVE's face returns. The monster looks up.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
You're being evasive.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

Look up. MURPHY is above you, balancing on beams, not awkward in the least. MURPHY FIRES. BULLETS bounce from your head.

Highlight the MAGNET GRAPHIC.

EXT. GIRDERS - SAME

CLANK. Magnetized, the MONSTER'S HANDS and FEET climb vertical struts.

MURPHY'S POV - LOOKING DOWN - SAME

The MONSTER climbs fast, like a spider. Your FEET step sideways across the beam. Hold your fire.

FLASHING:

GYROSCOPE

Open a PLAYBACK window of the MONSTER'S CONSTRUCTION. Flash a DIAGRAM of its forearm BOMB MECHANISM. Hold your fire.

EXT. GIRDERS - SAME

The MONSTER clambers up to MURPHY's level, faces off.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)

We really must work on your communications skills. Resolve these feelings of hostility in an open atmosphere of caring and sharing.

Glowing TRACER BULLETS fly from its MACHINE GUN, ricocheting wildly across black girders.

MURPHY ducks behind a vertical strut, holds his fire.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

What's he waiting for? Highlight the TRASH CAN, then the BOMB GRAPHIC.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

The MONSTER raises its HAND.

FLASHING:

MAGNIFY.

Zoom to the palm. A TARGET forms. The BOMB snaps into place.

FLASHING:
TARGETING

EXT. GIRDERS - SAME

MURPHY fires a BURST.

The MONSTER'S ARM EXPLODES in a shower of SPARKS.

KONG'S FACE on the MONITORS.

KONG (FROM MONSTER)
BUDDIES my BROTHERS -- ARMS and
LEGS and GUTS and there's STILLSON
-- TALKING but no WORDS just
BLOOD --

Now LOVE'S face. Then KONG'S. Then parts of each, competing.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
Caring and Sharing. Relating --

KONG (FROM MONSTER)
No pain no GAIN --

The monster's FLAME THROWER snaps out, fires.

A sheet of FLAME engulfs MURPHY. He tumbles to the edge of the GIRDERS, on his back, his body smoking.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

The MONSTER advances, firing more FLAME. Ride it. Hold tight to that GIRDER.

It stops firing. Open a PLAYBACK WINDOW: a DIAGRAM on the monster's FLAME THROWER, showing a TUBE supplying FUEL from the monster's CHEST to its arm.

Close the window. A TARGET at a tiny patch of exposed TUBE.

FLASHING:
TARGETING

EXT. GIRDERS - SAME

MURPHY rises, firing his pistol.

MURPHY
Relate to this.

The BULLET strikes the TUBE. FUEL spurts.

SPARKS from the MONSTER's shattered ARM bound from GIRDERS.

One SPARK strikes the FUEL.

WHOOSH. FLAME shoots up the monster's ARM. It's CHEST erupts as the TANK inside its chest goes up. It staggers. KONG roars.

CLAWS snap from its fingers. It stabs them into a GIRDER.

MONSTER'S POV - SAME

Murphy's on his feet, firing. You're aflame. Highlight the LIGHTNING BOLT GRAPHIC.

EXT. GIRDERS - SAME

SHOCKS scramble from the MONSTER across GIRDERS to MURPHY.

MURPHY jerks, helpless. The shocks are everywhere. There's no escape.

MURPHY stumbles from the GIRDER, holds on, hanging thirty stories above Old Detroit.

The shocks subside. Chest still aflame, KONG'S and LOVE'S faces still competing and combining across MONITORS, the MONSTER advances.

MURPHY clammers back atop the girder, raises his PISTOL. LOVE CHUCKLES.

WHAM. The MONSTER'S ARM telescopes, smashing Murphy's PISTOL from his hand.

The pistol falls forever.

The monster leaps, crashes across Murphy, its hand on his throat.

Its MONITORS show KONG'S EYES and LOVE'S MOUTH, lips pursed.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
Give us a kiss.

MURPHY gags, thrashes, punches, smashing a MONITOR. The remaining monitors now show one of KONG'S EYES, wild, and LOVE'S MOUTH, smiling maliciously.

LOVE (FROM MONSTER)
I'm afraid you'll have to die,
Murphy. You know I'll miss you.

MURPHY braces a LEG against a vertical STRUT.

MURPHY
Now we both die.

MURPHY kicks, dragging the MONSTER with him from the girder into space.

EXT. BUILDING - SAME

They fall through space, entwined, FLAMES and SPARKS spraying from the MONSTER. LOVE SCREAMS.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Old Detroit spins. The LOT below rushes upward. A STEAM SHOVEL, close.

EXT. LOT - SAME

LEWIS draws a ROCKET LAUNCHER from the back of SELTZ' CRUISER and turns at the sound of an enormous CRASH.

LEWIS
Murphy. My God.

LEWIS runs, loading the ROCKET LAUNCHER.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

You're wrapped in a tangle of RAZOR WIRE. BREATHE in gulps. Rise, fingers tearing the wire away.

EXT. LOT - SAME

MURPHY rises, pulling the last of the RAZOR WIRE away. He's crushed a FENCE.

The MONSTER lies hunched across the BLADE of the STEAM SHOVEL. The blade's SPIKES are jammed through the monsters TORSO and HEAD.

The MONSTER growls, pulls itself from the BLADE, tumbles to the earth.

The monster rises. SPARKS from everywhere now. FLUID spurts from punctured armor.

It staggers. One MONITOR left. It shows KONG'S EYE. KONG BELLOWS.

It charges MURPHY, none too steady.

LEWIS (V.O.)
MURPHY! DOWN!

The MONSTER turns at Lewis' cry.

MURPHY throws himself to the ground.

LEWIS drops from a pile of STRUTS, aims the ROCKET LAUNCHER, and FIRES.

BOOM. The MONSTER'S HEAD EXPLODES.

It drops like a stone.

A PATCH OF KONG'S FACE, enmeshed in sparking machinery, hits the earth near Murphy's head. MURPHY stares at it, rises.

LEWIS walks up to him, looks him over, worried.

MURPHY lifts LEWIS from her feet and kisses her on the mouth, gently, as a lover would.

MURPHY
Good bye.

He sets her down, turns, walks off.

MURPHY'S POV - SAME

Turn at her voice. She's breathing hard, startled.

FLASHING:
LIST DIRECTIVES
NONE FOUND

LEWIS
Where you going, Murphy?

EXT. LOT - SAME

A triumphant, if painful, smile:

MURPHY
That's up to me now, isn't it?

LEWIS watches MURPHY walk away, a silhouette against the snowy sky.

CUT TO:

LUKE SPINDLE SHOW

The AUDIENCE is on its feet, cheering. LUKE SPINDLE'S VOICE is worse than ever.

SPINDLE (V.O.)
They can take all the shots at me
they want. They can kick us outta
our homes and jobs. They can lie
and kill and frame my man Robo.
BUT NOT FOR LONG, BABY.

APPLAUSE.

On the STAGE, his chest encased in a portable IRON LUNG, cigarette in hand:

SPINDLE
NOT FOR LONG, BABY.

APPLAUSE.

SPINDLE (CONT.)
Feds are hot on their asses.
City's bought back the cops. And
you know what I been hearing,
buttheads?

(coughs blood, wipes mouth)
You won't hear it on the chicken
shit evening news. You won't see
it in the candy ass daily paper.
Those faggots are saying Robo's
dead. Bull fucking shit.

APPLAUSE.

SPINDLE (CONT.)
Seen any new buildings going up?
Seen those construction crews
running like the devil's on their
ass? WELL, IT AIN'T THE DEVIL,
PAL. IT'S ROBO. HE'S OUT THERE.
HE'S OUT THERE AND HE'S KICKING
OCP'S BUTT.

WILD APPLAUSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT SKYLINE - CHRISTMAS EVE - NUCLEAR NIGHT

SOAR away and over the FISHER FREEWAY, vacant of traffic, to

EXT. FORD RIVER ROUGE PLANT - SAME

Snow settles across the sad old corpse of industrial America. WAREHOUSES and FACTORIES squat beneath a starless sky. FIRELIGHT glints from inside against cracked GLASS. WIND HOWLS. MUSIC: scary chanting God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

Through a crackle of interference:

JESS PERKINS (V.O.)
-- Senate investigation of OCP
yields shocking evidence of
conspiracy --

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)
-- all cars -- bomb threat at The
Joe --

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - SAME

A small DISH ANTENNAE pivots slowly. It's new, not a part of the original building. Glowing SNOW gusts. WINDOWS RATTLE.

CASEY WONG (V.O.)
-- resignation of the entire
executive board --

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)
-- Car 45, we've got gunfire on
Pilgrim and Schaefer --

JESS PERKINS (V.O.)
-- Japanese corporation rumored to
have put in the winning bid for
the Detroit Police Department --

INT. FACTORY - SAME

Small BONFIRES, dying, dot the huge floor. FIRELIGHT plays across huge, rusting AUTOMOBILE ROBOTS, standing like silent sentinels -- and across WOMEN and CHILDREN, huddled in blankets, asleep on ragged mattresses.

JESS AND CASEY (V.O.)
 (overlapping, through
 interference)
 -- yet to revoke demolition
 permits -- Riots in Cass Corridor
 -- this just in --

DISPATCHERS (V.O.)
 -- militant squatters in the
 Corridor -- all cars --

LIGHTS flicker across a makeshift COMMUNICATIONS
 CONSOLE, and across MURPHY, who sits sleeping, his
 body a patchwork of unpolished repair. Spots of Bondo
 ring his helmet, chest, and legs. A piece of STEEL
 completes his calf. An INPUT CABLE runs from Murphy's
 SKULL to the console.

JESS (V.O.)
 -- demolition security squads have
 OPENED FIRE on those squatters --

MURPHY jolts awake.

MURPHY'S HAND pulls the CABLE free. VOICES STOP.

FIRELIGHT plays across little CHRISTIE, asleep.
 CLANKING FOOTSTEPS echo.

CHRISTIE wakes, rubs her eyes, looks up. MURPHY'S
 SHADOW falls across her.

CHRISTIE
 What's up?

MURPHY
 Trouble.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

MURPHY'S BATTERED CRUISER squeals around a corner.
 Distant SIRENS wail.