

R O B O C O P 3

Screenplay by

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Story by
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Based on characters created by
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DIRECTOR: Fred Dekker

SECOND REVISION
October 31, 1990
OCP Pictures, Inc.

Tonight...



He's against the law.

THE SCREEN IS BLACK

We hear a voice. Calm. Soothing.

SOOTHING VOICE-OVER

Imagine... an END to crime...

Dark turns to light. Swirls of color, becoming clouds. Big, puffy clouds, like giant scoops of ice cream. Vivid blues and pinks. A glorious Maxfield Parish sunset.

SOOTHING VOICE-OVER

An END to poverty...

DELTA CITY rises into frame; a gleaming Art Deco metropolis. Mile high SPIRES. NEON SIGNS blinking in Japanese. High tech catwalks and hover-cars. Imagine OZ come to life.

SOOTHING VOICE-OVER

State of the art home appliances and security systems... TV you don't have to worry about letting your kids watch...

A beaming LITTLE BOY gazes in wonder as a sleek MONORAIL TRAIN speeds by silently, overhead.

SOOTHING VOICE-OVER

Two million good jobs, waiting to be filled... Sounds like a dream, doesn't it...?

A PERFECT MARRIED COUPLE stands in awe with a sleek baby carriage. They look down, and...

SOOTHING VOICE-OVER

Well, sometimes... DREAMS COME TRUE...

THE BABY'S FACE fills the frame, looking up at us with innocent hopefulness as a SUPER APPEARS:

The Future Has a Silver Lining

DELTA CITY
For Our Children

VIDEO BREAK UP:

1 EXT. TENEMENT - DUSK

The BABY'S FACE decorates a BILLBOARD: FUTURE SITE - DELTA CITY. A wrecking ball hangs near the billboard as WE SEE:

DERRICKS and construction equipment next to an aging TENEMENT. HOMELESS PEOPLE warm themselves over flaming trash cans. It is Christmas-time.

SUPER:

Cadillac Heights
OLD DETROIT

2 INT. TIGHT ON HDTV SET

IMAGES from across the globe collide as the gleaming new MEDIABREAK logo slides across frame.

NARRATOR

This is MEDIABREAK -- Give us two minutes and we'll give you the WORLD!

JESS PERKINS and CASEY WONG smile AT CAMERA, as always, relentlessly cheerful.

NARRATOR

From Detroit -- JESS PERKINS and CASEY WONG!

The OCP logo APPEARS, engulfed by the KANEMITSU LOGO.

CASEY

Our top story tonight: MOTOR CITY goes JAPANESE as the Omni-Consumer Products Corporation ended months of speculation today by announcing their TAKEOVER by the Japanese multi-national KANEMITSU corporation...

VIDEO CLIPS APPEAR. A press conference. Flashbulbs POP as the OLD MAN of OCP and his whipping boy JOHNSON take turns shaking hands with a small, intense Japanese man, KANEMITSU.

CASEY

At a press conference this morning, OCP executives spoke of a "deeply interdependent relationship" with their new owners, promising a solution to Detroit's financial woes, and that's GOOD NEWS for ALL OF US. Jess?

PULL BACK FROM HDTV TO REVEAL...

3 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Run-down but homey, a humble Christmas tree in one corner. A working class FATHER pays bills as his JAPANESE WIFE cleans up in the kitchen.

Lying on the floor in front of the TV is their daughter KEIKO, 11. She nimbly TAPS at the keyboard of a portable laptop computer.

KEIKO'S MOM

Hurry up with your calculus, Keiko. It's time for bed.

KEIKO

I wanna watch MediaBreak!

ON THE TV SCREEN (MEDIABREAK CONTINUES)

A SHOT OF an overhead construction crane PANS DOWN TO a terrified HOMELESS FAMILY peering from a battered car --

JESS

But some citizens of Old Detroit claim construction of Delta City is creating a new class of homeless... and a NEW CLASS OF CRIME.

QUICK CUTS of SHATTERED windows; FLAMING buildings; unearthly gang members being frisked by police, SPITTING AT CAMERA.

JESS

Vicious youth gangs calling themselves "Splatterpunks" are turning even schoolyards and family neighborhoods into WAR ZONES.

WE HOLD ON a basketball backboard, and a scary, spray-painted insignia: the Splatterpunk Logo. Dad reacts, troubled. Shoos Keiko off to bed.

KEIKO'S DAD

You heard your Mom, Keiko. Go on.

Obedying her father, Keiko closes up her laptop, and heads off to her room with disappointment. Mom and Dad exchange glances, as:

ON THE SCREEN, a GRAPHIC APPEARS behind Jess; a Detroit Police shield with the OCP logo on it, SUPERED over a MILITARY FIGURE in silhouette, and the word 'REHABS'.

JESS

But as always, OCP has an answer.

VIDEO CLIPS - REHABS

Armed COMMANDOS in white SWAT uniforms jump out of ARMORED TRANSPORTS; load weapons; drink coffee; SHOOT at fleeing punks.

CASEY

Meet the REHABS -- Urban Rehabilitation Officers. From the blazing fields of the AMAZON WAR comes STATE OF THE ART urban pacification!

CUT TO INTERVIEW - McDAGGETT

Cold assurance. Charisma. We hate him instantly. Several of his fellow REHABS stand behind him, caressing their weapons.

VIDEO SUPER: PAUL McDAGGETT, INCIDENT COMMANDER - OCP REHABILITATION CONCEPTS.

MCDAGGETT

We're professionals. We're here to help the people... to augment the police force, and deal with the gang problem.

FIELD REPORTER (O.S.)

What about reports you're actually routing people from their homes to make way for construction of Delta City?

MCDAGGETT

Look. A lot of buildings have to come down before Delta can go up, so... I won't deny we're serving an eviction notice or two...

(he holds up an
ENVELOPE marked
NOTICE OF EVICTION)

But most of these folks have already taken their urine tests and placement exams. They've got new jobs waiting for them. We're just helping them make the transition, that's all. We're cops. Nothing more.

FIELD REPORTER (O.S.)

Nothing more?

MCDAGGETT

(sly grin)

Well... we're not ROBOTS if that's what you mean...

He grins slyly. The other REHABS LAUGH.

CUT TO:

ROBOCOP

Visor gazing out protectively. As we MOVE away, we realize he is a scale model of the real thing and that we are:

4 INT. KEIKO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shelves crammed with geodes, books, etc. The parts to a working model of an ED 209 robot, complete with assembly instructions, are laid out on a desk.

The door cracks open, and Keiko's father enters, crossing quietly to his daughter's bed.

KEIKO'S DAD

You're supposed to be asleep.

KEIKO

(indignant)

I am asleep.

He looks down at her tattered quilt; a soft blue glow from underneath the covers. He lifts the quilt to REVEAL Keiko's portable computer. Keiko looks sheepish.

KEIKO

It keeps me warm.

Dad looks down at the screen: several rows of changing number sequences, along with revolving, three-dimensional geometric shapes.

KEIKO'S DAD

What's all that?

KEIKO

(shrugs)

Something I'm working on. It's not finished yet.

Dad smiles, and puts the computer on a chair, then pulls Keiko's covers up snugly. She looks at him with concerned eyes. Despite her brilliance, she's still a little girl.

KEIKO

Dad...? How come I have DigiTutor instead of going to regular school?

KEIKO'S DAD

Because you're not a regular student, that's why. You're special.

He rises and starts out of the room.

KEIKO'S DAD

Now no more hacking tonight, okay?

KEIKO

Okay... Hey, Dad -- ?

He stops. Turns to her.

KEIKO

Is it true what the TV said? That it's a war zone outside?

KEIKO'S DAD

Don't listen to what the TV says. This is your home, you hear me? You're safe here.

Outside Keiko's window, the SHADOW of a WRECKING BALL crosses the baby's face on the billboard we saw before, AND --

THE WRECKING BALL itself SMASHES through the window, TAKING OUT HALF THE WALL! Keiko SCREAMS as Dad PULLS her to the floor, shielding her from DEBRIS RAINING DOWN on them.

5 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dad pulls Keiko from the room. GRABS Mom. The three of them stumble to the apartment door as the building LURCHES and --

WE SEE an ASHTRAY with the burnt remains of a YELLOW ENVELOPE marked: NOTICE OF EVICTION. The TV blares impotently:

TV SIT COM

I'd buy THAT for a dollar!

6 INT. TENEMENT CORRIDOR

Pandemonium. Panicked RESIDENTS stampede, SCREAMING and CLOGGING the hallway, as DAD, MOM and KEIKO try to escape. Plaster dust FALLS all around them.

7 EXT. TENEMENT - DUSK

Blue-and-grey PRISON BUSES line the street as confused TENEMENT DWELLERS pour out of the building, many barely dressed. Huge XENON LIGHTS blind them.

A particular WOMAN in a ratty bathrobe squints and stumbles toward a REHAB OFFICER, wearing a white flak jumpsuit that resembles a radiation suit. The OCP logo is stitched on his shoulder like a KKK emblem.

OLD WOMAN

Help us! For God's sake, HELP US!

The REHAB COCKS a wicked-looking AR-79.

REHAB #1

That's what we're here for, Ma'am.
Just get on the bus.

8 EXT. STREET - DUSK

OCP CHOPPERS FLY BY overhead as ARMORED TRANSPORTS RUMBLE down the street. Some LURCH to HALTS, and REHABS pile out like SWAT Teams with automatic rifles.

XENON QUARTZ LIGHTS strafe the night sky as Rehabs move up the street past flaming garbage cans, like Stormtroopers marching through Dresden.

WE SEE KEIKO and her PARENTS moving toward a prison bus, Keiko clutching her little laptop like a suitcase.

KEIKO

Where are they taking us, Dad?

No answer. He drapes an arm around her, keeping her close as he looks around at the madness surrounding them.

As they are herded toward an idling prison bus, a MOUNTAINOUS BAGLADY dressed in an outsized overcoat, knit cap and high-top tennis shoes, reels alcohologically into view, BLEATS:

BAGLADY

Don' believe 'em! They'll throw us in the streets to die like RATS, the Nazi sons of bitches!

Out of nowhere, a RIFLE BUTT CRACKS the woman in the jaw! As she COLLAPSES to the pavement, we REVEAL at the other end of the rifle: MCDAGGETT, Rehab CO.

MCDAGGETT

Oops.

He turns to a REHAB WITH BULLHORN, his voice a HISS:

MCDAGGETT

Shoot her if you have to, but get her out of here.

The Rehab picks up the baglady and DRAGS her away as --

McDaggett walks away calmly, his righthand man, SELTZ, at his side. McDaggett fishes for a pack of cigarettes and looks up, WAVING at a CRANE OPERATOR.

The crane operator FLIPS HIM OFF, and climbs out of the crane cabin. McDaggett chuckles, SIGNALS for a Rehab to deal with it, and lights his cigarette.

MCDAGGETT

I think it's going rather well, don't you, Seltz?

SELTZ

Yes, sir.

Nearby, a CONFUSED MONGREL BARKS and WHINES with fear at the chaos surrounding it. McDaggett spots the dog, unholsters an automag, and draws a bead on the poor mutt, as --

AT THE BASE OF THE WRECKING CRANE, the disgruntled CRANE OPERATOR climbs down. A REHAB approaches him.

CRANE OPERATOR

Do it yourself, asshole! Nobody told me there were still PEOPLE in those buildings!

He walks off as the REHAB we saw before DRAGS THE BAGLADY past the wrecking crane.

BAGLADY

Mar randle an old woman, will ya?

He SHOVES her forward, but she SLIPS and FALLS, landing near the base of the wrecking crane. The Rehab KICKS her viciously.

REHAB

Come on, you drunken cow! Let's GO!

CLOSE ON BAGLADY

as WE SEE her reach inside her coat, and pull out a small, home-made BOMB. She shoves it inside the works of the wrecking crane, where it SNAPS with a magnetic CLICK!

The Rehab PULLS her up, and she does a rather odd thing... she whispers in his ear:

BAGLADY

You know what, hotshot -- ?

The Rehab looks confused at the sudden clarity in her eyes... and the conviction in her voice.

BAGLADY

I'm going to dance on your grave.

Without warning, she GRABS the man's bullhorn, CRACKS him across the face with it, and RUNS --

BA-WHOOM! The bomb EXPLODES behind her, TOPPLING the wrecking crane, which CRASHES to the street.

The baglady TOSSES off her coat and hat, revealing: BERTHA, 40s, black, built like a truck. She raises the bullhorn to address the crowd like the leader she is:

BERTHA

LISTEN TO ME, PEOPLE! THESE BUSSES ARE GOING NOWHERE! STAY HERE! FIGHT FOR YOUR HOMES! THERE'S NO SILVER LINING, JUST CORPORATE SCUMBAGS WHO WANT TO LINE THEIR POCKETS!

BEDLAM ensues as the terrified urban dwellers SCATTER, scrambling in all directions. Rehabs ATTACK with billy clubs, SHOVING people into submission.

In the crowd, WE SEE KEIKO PULLED from her parents.

KEIKO

Mommy! DADDY -- !

She reaches out as REHABS savagely PUMMEL them, forcing them onto one of the busses. As it drives off into the night, Keiko's last image of her parents is QBSURED by waves of panicking CIVILIANS...

9 EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

Keiko appears, wandering in a daze through the rubble of what WAS her home. She glimpses something amongst the debris:

The model of RoboCop from her room. She stops to pluck it from the rubble as -- a xenon searchlight RAKES across her, and a backlit REHAB FIRES a BURST OF ARTILLERY into the air!

REHAB PATROL

HALT!

-- Terrified, Keiko RUNS.

10 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - MOVING WITH KEIKO

as she RUNS aimlessly into the night, the Rehab in pursuit, she darts past the CHARRED BODY of a wrecked VAN. She stumbles, as the REHAB'S BOOT-STEPS draw nearer, bearing down on her. Her eyes widen with terror, AS --

Without warning, the door of the van OPENS, and a beefy ARM GRABS HER, PULLING her inside. The door SLAMS SHUT just before the Rehab turns the corner.

11 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Keiko gasps as she sees that the wrecked exterior CAMOUFLAGES a HEAVILY ARMORED REBEL VEHICLE, and that the person who pulled her inside is: BERTHA. Keiko starts to sob.

BERTHA

It's okay... It's okay... You're with us now.

12 EXT. POLICE ORDNANCE DEPOT - NIGHT

BOOM DOWN razor wire and electrified fencing TO... three FIGURES huddled at the base of the gate in front of a high tech compound. A sign reads: NO TRESPASSING - DETROIT P.D.

BERTHA is now wearing a sleeveless T-shirt and a fiber-optic headset. COONTZ -- wiry, nervous -- crouches behind her. They trade glances as we hear distant GUNFIRE.

COONTZ

Goddamn Rehabs... How the hell are innocent people supposed to protect themselves -- ?

Bertha nods toward the complex.

BERTHA

With guns, stupid. That's why we're here. It's a heist, remember?

COONTZ

Yeah, well a lot of help a KID's gonna do us.

BERTHA

At least the kid doesn't talk too much. You ready, Zack?

A third rebel, ZACK -- 60s, wizened, wearing an age-weathered Detroit Tigers baseball cap -- finishes tightening the wires on a jury-rigged detonator unit. He nods curtly.

BERTHA

(into headset)

Okay, cover your ears, Moreno.

(to Zack)

Do it to it.

Zack TURNS a crank-switch on the detonator, and the three RUN FOR COVER AS --

13 EXT. DEPOT GATES - FULL SHOT

BA-WHOOM! An explosion RIPS the gates off their hinges. Debris falls. The group rises and Bertha gives a thumbs-up to:

The rebel VAN, which is idling in the shadows across from the complex. In the driver's seat sits MORENO, the team mechanic. Little KEIKO sits beside him. He winks at her.

Then REVS the engine, and FOLLOWS the group INTO the complex.

14 EXT. ORDNANCE DEPOT - NIGHT

The group turn a corner, guns held defensively. COONTZ looks up with a GASP -- Looming over them, posted as a sentry, is a hulking ED 209.

COONTZ

SHIT!

Keiko appears behind them, absently gripping her little laptop. She looks up with awe.

KEIKO

(excited)

That's ED 209!

COONTZ

He wasn't in the recon photos!

SENSORS kicking in, ED 209 comes to robotic life, and RISES on its haunches to face the trespassers. MACHINE GUNS JUT FORWARD hydraulically!

ED 209

FREEZE. YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON POLICE PROPERTY. PLEASE SURRENDER YOUR WEAPONS. YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS TO COMPLY.

Bertha tenses. Coontz looks like he may need a laundry change. Kieko looks toward ED's feet. Without warning, she scrambles underneath the droid.

ZACK
What the hell -- ?

COONTZ
What is she, CRAZY?

ED 209
YOU ARE IN DIRECT VIOLATION OF PENAL
CODE 114, SECTION 3. YOU HAVE SEVEN
SECONDS TO COMPLY...

The others look on with confusion, as --

COONTZ
What the hell's she doing?

Keiko punches a button at ED's feet. She pulls a wire loose and fixes an alligator clip to the wire.

ED 209
SIX SECONDS. FIVE SECONDS. FOUR
SECONDS. THREE SECONDS.

Tapping the keys of her portable laptop, Keiko boots up ED's command system, and types in: BYPASS.

KEIKO
Watch this! He'll be loyal as a puppy.

ED 209
YOU HAVE ONE SECOND TO COMPLY.

She hits a final key. ED FREEZES, then -- with a HISS of hydraulics -- stands at obedient attention.

ED 209
LOYAL-AS-A-PUPPY.

Keiko beams. Coontz resumes breathing. Bertha and Zack exchange smiles, and MOVE ON TO

A LOADING DOOR

where Zack moves to a code-box, and produces a card-key with a photo ID on it. He turns to Bertha.

ZACK
. You wanna give me a hand here?

Bertha produces a pale, greyish object from a plastic bag, and unwraps it... It is a SEVERED HUMAN HAND.

Zack inserts the card-key and a little door SLIDES open, revealing a hand-shaped sensor pad. A small screen blinks: FINGERPRINT IDENTITY REQUIRED. Zack puts ~~THE~~ HAND on the sensor pad and --

15 INT. POLICE SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

An alarm RINGS! TWO SECURITY MEN look up from their sports pages to an LED SCREEN blinking: ACCESS BREACH - ORDNANCE DEPOT #7. They MOVE. Fast.

16 EXT. ORDNANCE DEPOT - SAME

as the little screen over the slot BLINKS: ACCESS BREACH.

BERTHA

What -- ?

ZACK

They must have deleted his print signature!

COONTZ

You mean WE BROKE INTO THE MORGUE FOR NOTHING?!!

BERTHA

Forget THAT, just tell me how we're gonna get through that door!

WE HEAR a HISS of HYDRAULICS and everyone TURNS to SEE: ED 209, on his haunches, NOW FACING THE LOADING DOOR. Keiko is at his feet again, re-programming him.

ED's machine guns RECESS, and ROCKET LAUNCHERS JUT OUT. Bertha and the others get the message, and RUN FOR COVER, as Keiko punches a key -- ED FIRES TWO BLAZING ROCKETS! The door EXPLODES.

Smoke clears, revealing a charred, blackened hole, big enough for them to climb through. Bertha signals to Moreno, who backs the van up to the hole, and OPENS the van's rear loading doors.

17 INT. ORDNANCE DEPOT - NIGHT

Coontz hits a light switch, illuminating a WAREHOUSE OF POLICE WEAPONS. Like kids in a candy store, Bertha and the others GRAB weapons, and TOSS them through the open hole into the van.

18 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two POLICE SECURITY CARS SCREAM around a corner, SIRENS WAILING.

19 INT. ORDNANCE - SAME

Among the weapons, Bertha and Coontz stumble upon a strange, jetpack-like device. It looks unfinished, like a prototype.

BERTHA

Get that, too!

Coontz looks at her questioningly. She shrugs.

BERTHA
Looks expensive.

20 EXT. STREET NEAR ORDNANCE DEPOT - NIGHT

The security vehicles ROCKET UP THE STREET toward the depot.

21 EXT. LOADING DOORS - ORDNANCE DEPOT - NIGHT

Bertha and the crew finish loading the van, SLAM the doors, and run to the side doors as the SIRENS draw nearer, AND --

THE TWO SECURITY VEHICLES SCREAM through the gates, and SLAM to HALTS. Four SECURITY OFFICERS jump from the cars, weapons up.

SECURITY OFFICER #1
DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

The heist team are about to grudgingly DROP their weapons, when:

ED 209 (O.S.)
FREEZE! YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON POLICE
PROPERTY!

Everyone WHIRLS TO SEE: ED 209, MACHINE GUNS trained on the security cops! They trade disbelieving expressions, as -- AT ED'S FEET, Keiko furiously types in new instructions:

ED 209
EAT-SHIT-AND-DIE --

The cops HIT THE DIRT as ED UNLEASHES a withering hail of ARTILLERY -- BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA! The two security vehicles are SHREDDED by machine gun fire, and EXPLODE as their gas tanks are hit!

The heist team JUMP into the van. Moreno PUNCHES IT, and the van ROARS AWAY with the security cops OPENING FIRE after it!

22 EXT. PHIL'S DONUTS - ACROSS TOWN - NIGHT

Retro-'62 neon. A disheveled, overcoated DERELICT stumbles in.

23 INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Ignoring other PATRONS, the derelict approaches the counter. His glazed eyes and sloppy manner suggest fairly heavy pharmaceutical activity. The guy behind the counter looks up.

DONUT JERK
What can I do for ya, pal?

LIKE LIGHTNING, the derelict pulls a Calico Model 1000 from his overcoat, WAVES it savagely, and holds it POINT BLANK at the Donut Jerk. His eyes are suddenly as clear as Evian water.

DERELICT IN DONUT SHOP
NOBODY MOVE!

He produces a bag, and tosses it on the counter.

DERELICT IN DONUT SHOP
Now gimme what's in the cash register!
DO IT!

CLICKETY-CHUK-CHUK-CHUK-CHUK -- !

The derelict FREEZES... slowly TURNING to face

HALF A DOZEN UNIFORMED DETROIT POLICE OFFICERS

all sitting at tables, guns cocked, locked and AIMED at the would-be crook. His jaw drops, then his GUN.

DONUT JERK
So what's it like being a rocket scientist?

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Several POLICE TURBOCRUISERS, parked across the street from the donut shop. Their ComLinks all SQUAWK simultaneously:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
All units, we have a confirmed B and E involving police property ... Please respond --

25 INT. DONUT SHOP - SAME

The cops remain frozen, GUNS still raised, listening to the sound of their RADIOS wafting in from the street. They all GROAN.

COPS IN DONUT SHOP
Aw, man! Not again! You've gotta be kidding! Gimme a break! (Etc.)

A particular COP looks across at another table.

COP IN DONUT SHOP
Hey, Donnelly -- it's your turn.

A young cop, DONNELLY, sips coffee with one hand, holds his gun trained on the derelict with the other. His older partner, JENSEN, sits across from him.

DONNELLY
No way, man. We went last time!

The bewildered derelict just stands there, hands up in surrender.

JENSEN

It's Lewis' turn! We ain't goin' unless
Lewis goes!

All cops look toward the back of the donut shop, WHERE...

-- A LONE COP sits in the corner. The barrel of a police sidearm
extends above a newspaper covering the cop's face. The paper
lowers TO REVEAL:

OFFICER ANNE LEWIS. Short blonde hair. Beautiful. Our girl.

She blows a Bazooka Joe BUBBLE, STUFFS a donut in her mouth, and
holsters her weapon as she rises to leave. The cops CHEER. The
confused derelict starts to freak:

DERELICT IN DONUT SHOP

Hey, is somebody gonna arrest me, or
what -- ?!

As Lewis passes him, she ELBOWS him in the gut -- WHUMP! The poor
guy KEELS OVER, gripping his stomach with pain.

LEWIS

Next time say "pretty please".

The two cops follow Lewis OUT as the other cops all lower their
guns and return to their coffee and donuts. The hapless derelict
just sits on the floor, groaning.

26 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

Lewis and the two cops cross to their TurboCruisers.

JENSEN

Hey, Lewis, where's your pal Murphy?

LEWIS

He's not big on donuts.

She reaches in for her communicator as:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Repeat: that's a white Symtex Van, no
plates -- suspects ARE armed, sig
tracking shows eastbound Esposito --

The radio voice is practically SWALLOWED by the ENGINE ROAR of
the HEIST VAN ITSELF -- as it ZOOMS BY the cops.

LEWIS

(deadpan; into mike)

Unit 477. No shit, Sherlock.

She and the cops climb into their respective vehicles and SQUEAL
OUT in hot pursuit, sirens WAILING.

27 INT. HEIST VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Moreno driving, Keiko riding shotgun. The others huddle in the back. HEARING the SIRENS, Bertha looks out the back windows.

BERTHA
(nervously)

Hey, Moreno! Company's coming!

MORENO
Don't sweat it.
(nods to Keiko)
Hey, kid. Glovebox.

Keiko frowns, opens the glove compartment, and removes a remote control device with a Detroit Police insignia on it. Confused, she hands it to him.

28 INT. LEWIS' SQUAD CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Lewis grips her communicator mic:

LEWIS
Unit 477 in pursuit, eastbound
Esposito --

29 INT. VAN - DRIVING - SAME

Moreno AIMS the remote device at the street ahead, and presses a button, as though he were changing channels.

30 EXT. INTERSECTION - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

The traffic lights suddenly TURN GREEN in every direction.

The van SHOOTS THROUGH the intersection, and --

31 INT. VAN - DRIVING - SAME

The rebels look back. Keiko grins.

32 EXT. INTERSECTION - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

As Lewis' car APPROACHES the intersection, a CIVILIAN SUX 6000 enters it from the other direction, directly in her path, and assuming the right of way. Lewis STANDS ON the brakes --

Too late.

Her cruiser SLAMS into the SUX with a nasty CRUNCH! A beat later, Jensen's back-up car SLIDES INTO A SHRIEKING SKID and PLOWS into the other two cars. Dying SIRENS WARBLE pathetically.

33 INT. VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

The heist team HOWL with triumph. Suddenly --

MORENO
(looking in rearview
mirror)

-- Hold the champagne...

34 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Out of nowhere, ANOTHER TurboCruiser SHRIEKS into the intersection behind them in hot pursuit! We do not see the driver.

35 INT. ROBOCRUISER - TIGHT CLOSE-UP

A FAMILIAR VISOR-SLIT reflects the street ahead, RUSHING AT US.

36 EXT. INTERSECTION - TENDERLOIN - NIGHT

Lewis and the cops emerge from the twisted, steaming wreckage.

LEWIS
Is everybody okay?

The rattled owner of the SUX is having a shit fit. It should be noted: he is wearing the worst, most obnoxious tie ever filmed.

DRIVER WITH BAD TIE
"OKAY"?! What are you, a comedian?!
That's a brand new SUX you just
demolished! What, you give a broad a
badge and she gets delusions of
gander??

LEWIS
(deadpan)
'Grandeur', dumbshit.

37 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The RoboCruiser CLOSES on the heist team van.

38 INT. HEIST VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Moreno sweats at the wheel as Bertha looks out the back.

MORENO
The new guy's making me nervous!
Bertha squints, warily trying to get a look at the driver.

BERTHA
I don't think it's a guy, Moreno...
Not flesh and blood anyway.

KEIKO
(excited)
You think it's HIM?

39 EXT. INTERSECTION - TENDERLOIN - NIGHT

Lewis keys her communicator mic as the driver RANTS behind her.

LEWIS
Unit 477 to Dispatch, we could use
some back-up out here --

Meanwhile, Jensen shines his flashlight around the perimeter.

JENSEN
Uh, Lewis...?

Lewis turns to SEE: Jensen is shining his flashlight on a brick wall nearby. A familiar insignia is scrawled in spray-paint. WE HEAR eerie, high-pitched WHISTLING from several directions. A signal. Lewis shivers.

LEWIS
Splatterpunks...

40 INT. ROBOCRUISER - TIGHT ON RADIO

as we HEAR Lewis on the police band:

LEWIS' RADIO VOICE
Dispatch? About that back-up --
sometime this year would be real nice.
We may have a situation here.

41 ROBOVISION

LOOKING THROUGH WINDSHIELD at the heist van ahead of us.

FLASHING:
CRIME IN PROGRESS. PENAL CODE 139.1
IN PURSUIT

We LOOK DOWN at the radio, HEARING Lewis' voice.

FLASHING:
VOICE ANALYSIS: OFFICER LEWIS, ANNE_____

Lewis' IMAGE and STATS APPEAR on the right side of screen.

FLASHING:
CURRENT POSITION: ESPOSITO AND
CHALMERS BLVDS.

These two priorities CONTINUE TO FLASH with equal urgency.

42 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The RoboCruiser SCREAMS into a 180 degree SPIN, tires smoking, and ZOOMS back the direction it came, letting the van go free.

43 INT. POLICE DISPATCH - METRO WEST - NIGHT

The dispatcher, STARKWEATHER, frowns at a console monitor.

STARKWEATHER
Sergeant Reed?

Standing nearby, SGT. REED, metro watch commander, turns to him.

STARKWEATHER
I've got Murphy's cruiser on the grid,
sir. He just turned around.

REED
WHAT -- ?

44 EXT. INTERSECTION - TENDERLOIN - AS BEFORE

Lewis and the other cops JACK cartridges into their weapons. The civilian driver starts to panic.

DRIVER WITH BAD TIE
Aw, shit! We're gonna die!

LEWIS
Sit tight, people. Back-up's coming.

DRIVER WITH BAD TIE
SIT TIGHT?! If it wasn't for YOU, I
wouldn't BE HERE, you dumb broad!

Lewis GRABS him by the tie.

LEWIS
I'll make you a deal, hard guy. You
want to eat the tie? KEEP IT UP.

THUP! The color drains from the man as he looks down at: A RED STAIN slowly spreading on his shirt. He slumps to the pavement, dead. Our cops DIVE behind the wreckage of cars...

SILENCED GUNFIRE begins to HAIL from all directions, SPITTING off the battered cars! We do not hear the gunshots -- only the BULLETS, SPARKING and RICOCHETING. Our cops FIRE BACK, surrounded.

45 EXT. MOVING WITH ROBOCRUISER - NIGHT

as it TEARS UP THE ROAD.

46 INT. DISPATCH - METRO

Sgt. Reed barks into a ComLink mic:

REED

Murphy, this is Reed! We got three other units en route to Lewis, you continue pursuit of 411 vehicle, is that understood?

47 EXT. ROBOCRUISER - DRIVING - ANGLE TOWARD DASH

REED'S COMLINK VOICE

Are you listening to me, Murphy?!
CONTINUE PURSUIT! That is a DIRECT
ORDER, DO I MAKE MYSELF CL--

A gleaming METAL FIST CRUSHES the communicator.

48 EXT. INTERSECTION - TENDERLOIN - NIGHT

Like a circle of wagon trains surrounded by Indians, our three cops FIRE DEFENSIVELY from the battered tangle of cars. Then, they hold their fire... and listen:

Silence. Incoming fire has ceased. After a moment:

A MASS OF FIGURES emerge from the shadows, CLOSING IN, and what we see of the SPLATTERPUNKS is not much. Only glimpses. But what we do see is scary as hell:

NEON TUBING in bizarre tattoo shapes across faces. JAGGED GLASS attached to flesh, creating the illusion it is stabbed into arms, heads. A full-face NUKE SKULL TATTOO, flourescent. Eyes discolored by dyes and drugs. Bizarre WEAPONS, including ANTIQUES and SURGICAL TOOLS. The cops look around.

They are surrounded.

UNEARTHLY VOICE

Pussycop pussycop SPLATTERFACE
pussycop...

And that's when we hear a SHRIEK OF TIRES, and -- THE ROBOCRUISER SLIDES dramatically into the intersection --

Except it doesn't stop. Instead, it KEEPS DRIVING, right PAST the alley entrance, AND the Splatterpunks, and INTO a parking structure entrance, where it SHOOTs UP a curved ramp.

49 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

The Splatterpunks exchange confused glances, then turn back and CONTINUE toward the cops...

50 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - WITH ROBOCRUISER

as it HURTTLES up the curved ramp --

51 EXT. INTERSECTION - SAME

-- Lewis drops to one knee, firing stance -- BLAM! One of the Splatterpunks goes down... The others just KEEP COMING. Some LAUGH shrilly. It's like Night of the Living Dead.

52 EXT. ROOF OF PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The RoboCruiser CRESTS the final ramp, and STOPS, engine idling.

53 INT. ROBOCRUISER - STOPPED - NIGHT

Metal RIGHT hand GRABS LEFT, twists. The ARM slides from its socket. THE RIGHT reaches under the DASH, and draws forth a multi-weapon ROBO-ARM-ATTACHMENT -- SNAPS it onto the stump!

54 EXT. ROOF OF PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The Cruiser ROCKETS FORWARD, tires SMOKING, aiming straight for the unwallled edge of the roof, AND --

55 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

As our three cops urgently pull GUN TRIGGERS, until -- CLICK! CLICK! Out of ammo. The Splatterpunks CLOSE IN...

LEWIS

Terrific.

And that's when WE HEAR an engine ROAR, and EVERYONE WHIRLS -- LOOKING UP with disbelief AT:

THE ROBOCRUISER -- as it SHOOTs OFF the roof of the parking structure, SAILS into free space four stories in the air, and COMES DOWN on the alley, LANDING with a nasty CRUNCH RIGHT ON TOP of several of the Splatterpunks-- !

Lewis and the cops look on with disbelief, as -- BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE ROOF of the car in a circular BLAZE of MACHINE GUN FIRE! Then a metal hand PUNCHES UP, TOSSING the roof aside, AND --

A powerful metallic figure RISES from the smoking wreckage, blue-grey torso GLEAMING in the moonlight.

ROBOCOP

Police officer. Come and get it, scum.

The Splatterpunks SHRIEK like Banshees and OPEN FIRE -- ! Bullets SPIT and WHINE off Robo as he returns a WITHERING SWEEP of 9mm ARTILLERY from his machine-gun-arm -- !

The Splatterpunks who aren't RIDDLED with gunfire RUN for cover as RoboCop pulls himself from the battered cruiser. With a WHRR of servos, he moves toward a relieved Lewis.

ROBOCOP
You called for back-up?

LEWIS
Yeah, thanks for dropping by, Murphy.
Are they gone?

ROBOCOP
Scanning... Four left.

A SILENCED SHOT. RoboCop's hand WHIPS in front of Lewis' FACE -- KAPWINGGG -- the bullet RICOCHETS harmlessly.

Robo SPINS. FIRES into utter darkness. A sudden CRY. SOUND of a body collapsing.

ROBOCOP
Make that three.

56 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

THREE SPLATTERPUNKS dive into an alcove. They fish for weapons from a hidden storage compartment.

SPLATTERPUNK #1
Incoming ROBOCOP! BEAT FEET!

One of the others produces several empty liquor bottles, which he hastily begins FILLING from a GASOLINE CAN.

SPLATTERPUNK #2
Grow balls, Spud.
(tosses him a gun)
Shoot him in the mouth. Splatterbrain.

SPLATTERPUNK #1
He EATS bullets, spud!

The second punk PULLS OUT a FLAME THROWER.

SPLATTERPUNK #2
Not tonight he don't!

They FREEZE, hearing the approach of CLANKING FOOTSTEPS. With a nod from Splatterpunk #2, they BOLT into the open and HURL the bottles at RoboCop. They SHATTER on his armor, dousing him with gas.

ROBOCOP
No, thank you. I don't drink.

He MOWS DOWN one of the punks with machine gun FIRE. The one with the flamethrower HOISTS it into position.

SPLATTERPUNK #2
But do you SMOKE, FRYBRAIN?

WHOOOSH!! A twelve foot FLAME SHOTS OUT of the nozzle, ENGULFING Robo. He KEEPS WALKING forward, ABLAZE, BLOWING AWAY the third punk with his machine gun --

Second punk DROPS the flamethrower and RUNS into a battered STOREFRONT. He KICKS IN the door, and --

57 INT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

He DUCKS into the shadows, crouching in fear as -- CRASH -- !
ROBOCOP WALKS THROUGH the storefront's plate glass window,
completely in flames GLASS cascades around him!

Smoke sensors kick in, SPRAYING WATER from ceiling nozzles, and EXTINGUISHING Robo's flaming torso, as --

ROBOCOP
Nice try, creep.

The Splatterpunk freaks out, pulls his weapon -- and FIRES round after round, SCREAMING insanely as bullets SPIT and SPANG off RoboCop's armor! Robo's machine gun arm CLICKS impotently. Empty.

His smoking leg panel SLIDES OPEN, and he draws his AUTO 9 from inside, levelling it on the SCREAMING Splatterpunk.
BRRRRRAAPPPP! He FIRES.

ROBOCOP
You have the right to remain silent.

58 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

THREE BACK-UP UNITS arrive on the scene, SIRENS WAILING. Lewis and the others DASH to the storefront, from which ROBO EMERGES, blackened, still smoking, face now charred and burned.

LEWIS
Jesus, Murphy, you alright...?

ROBOCOP
I'm fine.

The cops exchange grim glances.

LEWIS
We better get you home, soldier.

59 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Tenements in flames as Rehabs continue their "duties". The two METRO CRUISERS appear, but are forced to stop at a roadblock guarded by a REHAB OFFICER.

LEWIS
Hey, buddy, let us through, will ya?

REHAB AT ROADBLOCK
Go around. The quadrant's sealed.

LEWIS
We've got an officer down here!

--
The guy looks in at RoboCop.

REHAB AT ROADBLOCK
Hey, lady, we've got homeless people
with AUTOMATIC WEAPONS in there, okay?
I got orders to secure the perimeter!

LEWIS
Secure THIS, chucklehead.

She STOMPS the gas pedal, and SMASHES THROUGH the roadblock.

60 EXT. MOVING WITH CRUISER - TIGHT ON ROBOCOP

Head JERKING to and fro as he takes in passing SIGHTS:

61 ROBOVISION

of helpless FAMILIES, their homes collapsing in FLAMES behind them as they are CORRALLED by REHABS into waiting buses. WE SEE a little girl in the crowd. It is KEIKO.

She spots a Detroit Tigers baseball cap lying on the ground, and picks it up. She puts it on, looks around. Then -- SPOTS ROBOCOP. She stares with awe and wonder.

We notice a FIGURE, gesturing frantically from a CHURCH FRONT behind her. It is BERTHA. Beside her, COONTZ tries to pull her inside: "Forget the damn kid, already."

Keiko SEES them, but hesitates, staring at Robo -- locked in a moment of communion with her hero.

Finally -- she turns, and SCURRIES up the church steps. She throws a last look at RoboCop... then disappears inside with her new "family". WE ZOOM IN TO:

A HAUNTING CRUCIFIX over the entrance; JESUS on the cross, staring down soulfully as CHILDREN SOB o.s. AND --

62 SUDDEN FLASHCUTS - MURPHY'S MEMORIES

Rapid-fire. Blinding. A WAREHOUSE. A BLAZE of GUNS. Clarence Botticher's THUGS, MURDERING Alex Murphy. His OWN personal crucifixion. Then...

BACK TO PRESENT

as RoboCop fixates on Christ. WE HOLD. Then, with a CRACKLE of VIDEO BREAKUP -- ROBOVISION DIES, and the SCREEN GOES BLACK...

SILENCE. Pause. Then...

63 KANEMITSU'S FACE

suddenly fills the frame, like the Wizard of Oz. He speaks in JAPANESE, but his words are electronically TRANSLATED into English, which READS OUT at the bottom of the screen:

KANEMITSU

Incompetent Americans! You are fat and lazy! There is more than MONEY at stake here... The more you BLUNDER, the louder our competitors LAUGH. Your actions bring SHAME upon us both!

CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALING that we are watching a huge, high-definition TV monitor built into one wall of:

64 INT. OCP BOARD ROOM - DAY

Shutters drawn, the OLD MAN of OCP sits facing the screen. He seems uncharacteristically drawn. Worn. Even nervous.

OLD MAN

Yes, well, we have had certain set-backs, Kanemitsu-san... but I assure you we're doing all we can to get Delta City back on schedule --

KANEMITSU

You have shown what you can do! I am sending my personal retainer to correct your failures!

OLD MAN

I understand, Kanemitsu-san. Of course.

The giant video image goes BLACK... and the Old Man presses a button, causing a PANEL with the OCP logo on it to SLIDE SHUT over the screen.

Mopping his brow with a handkerchief, he SWIVELS in his chair and we see he is sitting at the head of a long black conference table. WE PULL BACK as huge BLINDS OPEN, sunlight spilling in, and:

OLD MAN

Gentlemen... No doubt you've noticed, the company has had to make certain cut-backs recently...

WE NOW SEE that around the long conference table are a few OCP EXECUTIVES, but mostly EMPTY CHAIRS. The Old Man crosses to the scale model of Delta City standing in one corner.

OLD MAN

But you can't put a price tag on a dream... and my dream of Delta City is closer than ever to becoming a reality.

(pause)

Detroit represents an important precedent, gentlemen. A test case. The first city to be owned and operated by private enterprise...

He crosses to a bank of TV screens showing CLIPS of the trouble in Cadillac Heights. His voice is calm, patient...

OLD MAN

As preposterous as it sounds... that future now DEPENDS on the seemingly SIMPLE task of clearing twelve square blocks of urban squalor and now I find

--

(he EXPLODES)

-- IT'S TURNING INTO A WAR ZONE!

JOHNSON

It's just a small resistance group, sir. There's no reason to believe they pose a significant threat.

OLD MAN

Significant threat?! I'd consider a deficit of 350 MILLION dollars a SIGNIFICANT THREAT wouldn't YOU, Johnson?? FLECK!

OCP exec JEFF FLECK rises. He is the kind of well-groomed Yuppie kiss-ass who would stab himself in the back to climb the corporate ladder.

OLD MAN

YOU'RE in charge of Security Concepts! Where's this ROBOCOP we spent so much money on?

FLECK

The police had a little problem with him, sir. I'm dealing with it.

OLD MAN

You DO THAT! Get HIM on the Rehab team and perhaps we won't have to worry about this "small resistance group". Now GET OUT! All of you! And for God's sake, get the police on OUR SIDE!

Two JAPANESE EXECS trade disapproving glances as the assembled all RISE, file out quietly. As the last of them leaves, WE SEE: the uniformed McDAGGETT, standing at parade rest by the door.

MCDAGGETT

What if I don't WANT a robot on my team?

OLD MAN

We have FOUR DAYS, McDaggett. If Cadillac Heights isn't cleared for demolition by Friday midnight, our loans will be CALLED IN! OCP will be RUINED!

McDaggett looks vaguely amused.

MCDAGGETT

We made a deal, didn't we, chum?

(a beat)

And by the way... if you're just now figuring out that the line between big business and war is a little blurry... then you're further over the hill than they say you are...

He leaves. The Old Man MUTTERS as he fishes for a FLASK from his inner jacket pocket, and takes a SWIG. His hand is trembling. It is 10:00 a.m.

65 EXT. KANEMITSU COMPLEX - JAPAN - NIGHT

A squat, gleaming fortress juts from a hillside. Cherry blossoms. BUZZ of insects.

SUPER:

KANEMITSU CORPORATION
Kyoto, Japan

66 INT. KANEMITSU COMPLEX - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kanemitsu walks purposefully toward an electronic door. A nervous AIDE accompanies him. (Dialogue in JAPANESE, translations SUPERED:)

AIDE

But Kanemitsu-sama -- we have never released Otomo in a city so densely populated!

Kanemitsu places his HAND on a glowing SENSOR. The door OPENS. Before he LEAVES the Aide behind, he says:

KANEMITSU

No more discussion.

67 INT. VAULT DOOR - SAME

TWO ARMED GUARDS stand sentry at a huge VAULT DOOR. Kanemitsu approaches, and taps a twenty-digit COMBINATION into an electronic lock. VAULT DOOR swings open.

68- INT. OTOMO CHAMBER

Large. Windowless. Bare. Kanemitsu enters. A LONE FIGURE sits lotus-style at the center of the floor: OTOMO. Young. Fierce. Naked. After a beat, his eyes SNAP OPEN.

69 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT, METRO WEST - DAY - ESTABLISHING

70 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Chaos as usual. COPS and CIVILIANS. RINGING phones, frayed nerves, CHATTERING consoles.

A sweaty, sleazy LAWYER in a bad suit follows SGT. REED through the squad room with a six foot tall black HOOKER dressed like Shirley Temple. She carries a giant lollypop, and looks absurd.

SLEAZY LAWYER

This is entrapment! My client was visiting close personal friends in that motel!

REED

Buddy, your client's close personal friends were a non-union video crew and a German shepherd!

SLEAZY LAWYER

That's prejudicial! Did the arresting officer ask to see their union cards?

HOOKER

(baritone, clearly
MALE voice)

YEAH!

Reed rolls his eyes, and moves to the booking desk, which is JAMMED. He answers a SHREIKING phone.

REED

Police, metro west... No, ma'am, we're no longer on strike.

Tired of waiting in line, a MAN at the booking desk CURSES --

MAN AT BOOKING DESK

Man, you coulda FOOLED ME! I'll deal with them looters MYSELF! Get me a BASEBALL BAT with some NAILS IN IT!

He MUTTERS violently, stalks OUT with frustration. As he exits, FLECK enters the squad room. As he heads toward the back, LEWIS APPEARS, watching him with concern.

71 INT. ROBOCHAMBER - DAY

-- The caged area designated for the care and maintenance of RoboCop. ROBO himself is seated on his throne and wired to monitors as TECHNICIANS attempt to repair the damage to his face and head.

A WOMAN in a lab coat stands facing him, her BACK TO CAMERA.

LAB-COATED WOMAN
How you feeling, Murphy?

ROBOCOP
I've been better.

LAB-COATED
Well, you look like you made friends
with a Mac truck.

ROBOCOP
(taking this
literally)
I don't have many friends.

Fleck enters.

FLECK
Dr. Lacasse -- ?

The woman turns. Late 20's, brilliant, brunette, DR. MARIE LACASSE is RoboCop's chief techie. For the record: she is more attractive than she actually needs to be.

FLECK
You want to tell me what happened?

MARIE
Well... the Pistons won the third game
of the play-offs...

Fleck JABS a finger toward RoboCop.

FLECK
I meant with Glory Boy --

MARIE
Oh, him. He got shot to shit and set
on fire.

FLECK
You know what I'm talking about. He
disobeyed a direct order -- I want to
know WHY.

Marie manages to curb her annoyance.

MARIE

Look. When they're done with his face, I'll run a full diagnostic. Right now I'd just be guessing --

FLECK

So GUESS.

MARIE

My real opinion?

FLECK

No, lie. Make up a story.

She smiles coldly, matching his sarcasm:

MARIE

Well, Mr. Fleck, offhand I'd say the only reason he'd disobey an order is if he didn't agree with it.

From the look on his face, Fleck doesn't like this answer.

FLECK

Excuse me?

MARIE

He made a decision. His friend was in trouble and he made a judgement call. Cops do that, you know. It's in the manual.

FLECK

HUMAN cops do that! What do you mean "his friend"? That thing is a machine!

MARIE

He's a cyborg, Mr. Fleck. He's a synthesis of man and machine. If OCP just wanted a robot, why the hell did they put Murphy in there in the first place?

FLECK

Murphy's dead. That's on record.

MARIE

Mr. Fleck, this IS Murphy. What's left of his face, portions of the cerebrum, cerebellum -- that's human tissue that's still alive. How can you interface human components with a machine, then complain when the human part makes a decision?

FLECK

Okay. So not only did we get Murphy's years of training and his law enforcement skills -- we ALSO inherited his memories? His feelings? His EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE?

MARIE

Well, I'd call it his humanity, but I'm not sure you know that word.

Fleck ignores this.

FLECK

I see. Well, I'll tell you what, doctor -- you've talked me into it. His emotions? GET RID OF THEM.

MARIE

(stunned)

Excuse me?

FLECK

Find where they're located, and ERASE THEM. If it requires wiping out his memories, that's too bad.

One of the ROBO-TECHIES appears, helpfully:

TECHIE #1

We could cut off the appropriate circuits by implanting a micro neuro-barrier.

He holds up a small device like a miniature circuit board. Fleck grabs it, and THRUSTS it at Marie.

FLECK

Do it. 'Cause I got a news flash for you, babe. I don't give a shit how smart you are. OCP owns the cops. That means they own HIM, and it means they own YOUR cute little ass.

MARIE

(ice)

Nobody owns me.

FLECK

Fine... WE want HIM on the Rehab team. That means make him predictable, or look for a NEW JOB, sweet-cheeks.

He turns, and STALKS OUT, passing LEWIS, who enters tentatively. She approaches Marie who still holds the neuro-barrier, and looks after Fleck with barely suppressed rage.

MARIE

I think I'm in love.

Lewis absently approaches the Robo-monitors, ON WHICH WE SEE:
FUZZY VIDEO PLAYBACK of HOMELESS FAMILIES in the streets of
Cadillac Heights, then...

DIMLY FLASHING: MEMORY SEARCH: MURPHY,
ALEX J.

VAGUE, ALMOST GHOSTLY IMAGES APPEAR:

Murphy's wife, ELLEN; his SON; the three of them, together.
Enjoying their home, and each other. In other words: being a
FAMILY. Images jarringly at odds with those of Cadillac Heights.

LEWIS
That's his family...

Marie nods.

LEWIS
What's going though your head, Murphy?

The techie steps forward, points at the neuro-receptor in
Marie's hand.

TECHIE #1
You want me to help you install that,
doctor?

Lewis looks confused. Marie TAKES the device.

MARIE
I can do it.
(looks at Robo;
reflective)
I think I'd like to be alone with him
if it's alright.

Lewis and the Techie exchange glances. Lewis looks uncertain.
They leave. Once alone, Marie looks at

THE MONITORS .

Images of disenfranchised FAMILIES. Then Murphy's. His son
JIMMY, looking adorable in a big ol' baseball cap. Briefly, a
FLASH OF KEIKO on the church steps, ALSO wearing a baseball cap:
ELLEN MURPHY rushes to a doorway, her smile belying hours of
worry.

ELLEN
Alex... I thought you'd never get
home...

Marie frowns. Pained. She reaches for a switch. With an
electronic FUTZ and GLITCH, the monitors DIE, and we are...

BLACK SCREEN

SGT. REED (V.O.)

Do NOT let the fact that these people
are homeless sway you...

72 INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Sgt. Reed addresses the assembled cops. ON an HDTV monitor,
SHOTS of suspected REBEL HIDEOUTS are displayed.

SGT. REED

They're terrorists, pure and simple.
They've stockpiled enough weapons to
wage war on us if they want to, so
we've been advised to make
apprehension of these rebels a TOP
priority! On the screen are suspected
rebel hideouts. If a particular
location is on your regular beat,
check it out.

AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Lewis stands with several OFFICERS around a coffee machine.
JENSEN steps up to her as she takes a donut.

JENSEN

Hey, Lewis, you hear what they did to
Murphy?

He makes a motion as if unscrewing something in his temple.
Lewis pales. Everyone turns, HEARING a CLANK OF BOOT-STEPS.

ROBOCOP

appears in the doorway. Lewis studies his stoic face, trying to
read it. Robo looks toward the monitor at the front of the room,
where WE SEE:

A suspected rebel hideout APPEARS on the screen: THE CHURCH we
saw earlier. RoboCop cocks his head. Turns abruptly. LEAVES.

SGT. REED

Allright, people. You have your
orders.

Concerned, Lewis follows RoboCop.

73 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

RoboCop CLANKS up to the station computer bank, JUTS OUT his
access spike, and sticks it into a terminal.

LEWIS

Murphy -- ?

RoboCop motions for her to be quiet as:

COMPUTER VOICE
Uploading all available data on
suspected rebel terrorists and
sympathizers.

After a few seconds, Robo withdraws his spike, and moves off.
Lewis follows.

74 INT. POLICE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Robo moves to a patrol cruiser, TUGS open the driver's side door and GETS IN. Lewis goes to the shotgun side. A COP calls out to her, holding up a bullet proof vest.

COP WITH KEVLAR VEST
Hey, Lewis, you want Kevlar?

LEWIS
(shakes her head)
I'm off duty. This is personal.
(a beat)
I think.

75 INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Lewis climbs in to ride shotgun. She studies Robo. Tense.

LEWIS
What's up, anyway?

ROBOCOP
Do you have family, Officer Lewis?

LEWIS
(confused)
Uh... yeah, a brother in Pittsburgh.
We don't talk a whole lot. Why do you
ask?

Robo doesn't answer. KEYS the ignition. Finally, she says it:

LEWIS
Robo? Are you alright?

ROBOCOP
I'm fine.
(turns to her)
And call me Murphy.

Lewis breaks into a wide grin. It's the same old Robo. He FLOORS
THE GAS.

76 INT. ROBOCHAMBER - NIGHT

TECHIE #1 enters, SEES Marie at her desk with a bottle of
bourbon. He reacts to this, but pretends not to.

TECHIE #1

Hey, uh, how'd the neuro-barrier work out? You get it installed okay.

MARIE

Peachy. Thanks.

-- He leaves, brow furrowed. Expression taut with conviction, Marie produces the miniature circuit board, and DROPS it in the wastebasket beside her desk.

77 EXT. CHURCH - CADILLAC HEIGHTS - NIGHT

A soft wind blows. Newspapers slew up the rubble-strewn street. The cruiser appears, stops near the church steps. Robo and Lewis get out of the car, look at the church.

LEWIS

I hate to break it to you, Murph. Most people go to church on Sundays.

Not listening, Robo CLANKS up the front steps of the church.

LEWIS

Chatterbox.

78 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Stained glass. Shafts of moonlight in swirls of dust. ROBOCOP enters... CLANKS up the dark center aisle, passing solemn empty pews. Like a Knight of Olde during the Crusades.

79 ROBOVISION - FLASHING: THERMOGRAPH

shows HUMAN FORMS in various corners of the church.

ROBO'S LEG PANEL

slides open, and he DRAWS HIS MACHINE PISTOL.

SUDDENLY, a BRIGHT LIGHT illuminates the source of the human thermograph shapes -- scared HOMELESS FAMILIES huddled together under tattered blankets, trying to stay warm.

Lewis stands in the church doors behind Robo, holding a FLASHLIGHT.

LEWIS

Murphy -- ?

WHOM! WHOM! Lewis SPINS. Blinded.

MEGAPHONE VOICE

FREEZE!

80 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Three REHAB VEHICLES block the street, Klieg lights mounted. The REHABS disembark, DRAWING weapons, JACKING IN clips.

MCDAGGETT steps to the front, holding a megaphone. Lewis squints, holds up her badge. ROBOCOP steps out of the church.

LEWIS
We're police officers!

MCDAGGETT
(into megaphone)
WE DON'T WANT YOU. WE HAVE REASON TO
BELIEVE THERE ARE SQUATTERS IN THAT
STRUCTURE. NOW STEP AWAY FROM THE
DOOR.

LEWIS
EASE UP, will you? They're just
civilians! They're trying to stay WARM
in there!

More REHABS appear, weapons up. RoboCop looks behind him: innocent homeless people. Then in front of him: supposed "law enforcement officers".

MCDAGGETT
THOSE PEOPLE BELONG IN THE NEAREST
REHABILITATION CENTER. SOME OF THEM
ARE ARMED TERRORISTS, NOW STEP AWAY
FROM THE DOOR OR YOU'LL BE CITED FOR
OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE.

Lewis can't believe what she's hearing.

LEWIS
These are innocent people, I don't
care if you ARE OCP!

MCDAGGETT
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.

RoboCop LOOKS TOWARD McDaggett, his gun raised. ZOOM IN ON: OCP logo on McDaggett's uniform.

ROBOVISION - FLASHING:

LIST PRIME DIRECTIVES
DIRECTIVE 1: SERVE THE PUBLIC TRUST
DIRECTIVE 2: PROTECT THE INNOCENT

RoboCop LOOKS BACK into the church: In the darkness: a MOTHER pulls her baby away from the light. Another baby COUGHS, cries out, COUGHS again. FLASHING:

DIRECTIVE 2: PROTECT THE INNOCENT

His gun still RAISED, Robo turns, FACING THE REHAB COPS. Without warning, he FIRES A SUDDEN BURST AT THEIR FEET.

ROBOCOP

Back off.

The audience CHEERS. Lewis pulls her sidearm --

LEWIS

Now you're talking, Murphy.

She levels her gun, police stance. The Rehabs ALL COCK THEIR WEAPONS simultaneously.

LEWIS

If you want to go in there, you'll have to shoot through us!

MCDAGGET

(thin smile)

I don't have a huge problem with that.

He FIRES before he even finishes the sentence. Lewis buckles. Looks down with disbelief. Blood seeps from her uniform. She collapses.

Robo looks at his fallen partner with confusion. Then back at the Rehabs. He OPENS FIRE! A burst at McDaggetts's chest -- buffetting him -- REVEALING BODY ARMOR under uniform cloth.

The Rehabs OPEN FIRE on RoboCop! Guns BLAZE! ARTILLERY RICOCHETS off Robo's armor! He AIMS at the gas tank of one of the transports --

BA-BOOM! IT BLOWS UP!

Pissed, McDAGGETT exchanges his rifle for a GRENADE LAUNCHER, and takes AIM, and -- WHHOM! --

The grenade HITS RoboCop's chestplate and HURLS him backward against the church doors! He tries to rise, head twitching with spastic servo WHRRS.

81 ROBOVISION

TRACKING distorted. FUZZ. COMPU-GIBBERISH. Picture ROLLING like TV with bad vertical hold. Clearly: some major damage. FLASHING:

SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT EFFICIENCY 87%

Through this, a familiar FACE APPEARS...

KEIKO

RoboCop...

KEIKO has opened the church doors behind Robo. BERTHA appears behind her, holding a launcher of her own. She steps out and FIRES a projectile toward the street, WHERE:

It LANDS at the Rehabs' feet, SPEWING thick PLUMES OF SMOKE that completely block vision. GUNFIRE. Yelling. Chaos.

Robo looks at Keiko. She looks back with admiration. The OTHER rebels (ZACK, MORENO, etc.) appear behind them, fully ARMED. Keiko frantically gestures Robo in to the church.

KEIKO

Come on!

-- Armor pocked and battered, Robo looks at her, then at Lewis.

ROBOCOP

Cover me.

Rising unsteadily, he lifts Lewis in his arms as the Rebels lay COVER FIRE. Together, they back in through the church doors and SLAM them CLOSED behind.

82 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Stained glass EXPLODES! Zack, Coontz and Moreno take up defensive positions at the windows and begin EXCHANGING FIRE with the Rehabs, as --

The battered RoboCop carries Lewis' limp body up the long aisle of the church. Finally sets her down gingerly at the altar. Bathed in moonlight, she looks up weakly. Pale.

LEWIS

Some tough cop I am, huh, partner...?

She COUGHS a bloody spittle. Looks up again.

LEWIS

Murphy...? I'm scared...

ROBOCOP

Don't be... It won't hurt long...

His hand absently closes around a brass candle holder in the shape of the Virgin Mary. Lewis reaches out. Touches his face. Her expression is heartbreaking.

LEWIS

Get them for me, Murphy... Promise me...

His head JERKS. Servos SHUDDER. If he could cry, he would.

ROBOCOP

I promise...

A sense of tranquility washes over Lewis. She smiles faintly, wistfully. She's never looked more beautiful.

She dies.

Murphy grimaces. CRUSHES the Virgin Mary into a gnarled wad of brass. Distant GUNFIRE. Flames.

ROBOCOP
(barely a whisper)
Officer down...

Slowly, he lowers the dead Lewis to the altar... KEIKO looks on sadly. BERTHA runs up to them, holding a machine gun.

BERTHA
Keiko! Let's go!

Nearby, COONTZ lifts a camouflaged TRAP DOOR in the floor. Moreno GESTURES to HOMELESS, who respond and SCRAMBLE DOWN the trap door. Keiko looks at RoboCop with urgency.

KEIKO
Come with us.

COONTZ
Is she crazy?! He's a COP! He's one of THEM!

KEIKO
(conviction beyond
her years)
He's on our side now.

Bertha hesitates.

BERTHA
She's right. You saw what he did.

COONTZ
What, you're gonna let the Goddamn kid
make our decisions now?!

BERTHA
We're at war, Coontz! We could use his
help!

COONTZ
Look at him! He's totalled!

MORENO
(urgently)
Come ON, people, we don't have time
for this shit!

Keiko looks at Robo hopefully. Robo looks back. A last glance to the dead Lewis. EXPLOSIONS from outside. Finally:

ROBOCOP
He's right. Let's go.

Keiko BEAMS as RoboCop rises, follows them to the trap door. As they start down --

BA-BOOM! The church doors EXPLODE inward. REHABS BURST IN, and fan out on McDaggett's order, searching for the Rebels.

MCDAGGETT moves up the aisle, STOPS, oblivious to the now-camouflaged TRAP DOOR, mere inches from where he's standing. No sign of the Rebels, he turns to his lackeys.

MCDAGGETT
Five meter spread! Search the
perimeter!

As they spread out, he CURSES under his breath.

83 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Keiko leads RoboCop down a slimy tunnel, waist-deep in black, foul water. The other REBELS lead the way with searchbeams. Robo REACTS to skittering SOUNDS all around them. Keiko notices.

KEIKO
Rats...?

84 ROBOVISION

DOZENS of long-tailed, scrambling INFRARED RAT IMAGES.

ROBOCOP
One or two.

FLASHING: THERMOGRAPH

SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT
EFFICIENCY 73%

Meanwhile, Bertha leads the Rebels to a METAL DOOR inset in the tunnel. She POUNDS on it in odd rhythm: a pre-arranged code. The door SLIDES OPEN --

And there's ZACK, guarding the entrance to an underground rebel base. The Rebels scramble IN.

85 EXT. CHURCH - CADILLAC HEIGHTS - NIGHT

As McDaggett emerges angrily, a REHAB runs up to him with the RoboCop Tracking Unit we saw in the first movie.

REHAB WITH TRACKING DEVICE
Sir -- ?

McDaggett GRABS it. SEES a tiny BEEPING SIGNAL MOVING on the screen. Realization dawning, he looks down at the street.

MCDAGGETT
Of course --
(CALLS out)
FIND A MANHOLE!

86 INT. TUNNEL - SAME

RoboCop staggers, CLUTCHES the wall for support.

ROBOVISION

-- WHITE SPOTS flicker and flare; the Rehabs' shots took their toll. FLASHING:

SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT EFFICIENCY: 65%

Keiko looks concerned.

KEIKO

Are you okay?

ROBOCOP

I'm fine.

CRASH! He FALLS face-down in WATER. Rats skitter away. Keiko CALLS to the rebels up ahead, at the doorway.

KEIKO

HEY -- !

They turn to SEE: Keiko, trying valiantly to lift RoboCop.

COONTZ

I told you it was a mistake to bring him! I'll bet he weighs a ton!

They move to him, and HAUL him through the metal door INTO:

87 INT. BOMB SHELTER (REBEL FIELD HQ) - NIGHT

Built in the 50s's and not touched since. Thick pillars, grime-streaked walls, surplus food and equipment, and a DOZEN hiding, armed HOMELESS-TURNED-REBELS.

Our core group PROP Robo up against one wall.

BERTHA

He don't look too hot.

MORENO

You wouldn't look too hot, either, if YOU took a grenade in the chest.

ROBOCOP

(droning dizzily)

Tracking... beacon...

Everyone trades glances.

ZACK

Tracking...?

COONTZ

What'd I tell ya? He's gonna lead 'em right to us!

BERTHA

Shut up, Coontz! Keiko, what's he talking about?

Keiko quickly GRABS Zack's screwdriver, and uses it to PRY OPEN a plate on RoboCop's back. INSIDE is a small device, like a plug, which she hastily REMOVES.

She RUNS out the metal door. The others exchange confused glances: what's she up to now?

88 INT. TUNNEL - SAME

Keiko SCRAMBLES up the tunnel, then hauls off and THROWS the transmitter device as far as she can. It lands -- PLUNK -- in the water directly beneath a manhole cover with a strange device attached to it.

89 INT. BOMB SHELTER (REBEL FIELD BASE) - SAME

Bertha turns to Zack.

BERTHA

You DID booby-trap the 8th street entrance...?

Zack smiles.

90 EXT. THE STREET ABOVE - NIGHT

One of McDaggett's men takes a crowbar to manhole cover as OTHER REHABS train their weapons on it.

UNFORTUNATE REHAB

Gotcha.

As he lifts the manhole, we catch just a glimpse of C-4 plastic explosive before the manhole -- and the Rehab -- EXPLODE.

91 INT. BOMB SHELTER (REBEL BASE OP) - SAME

The rebels look up, REACTING to the distant explosion. A tiny KNOCKING on the metal door, and Moreno OPENS it for: KEIKO. She smiles triumphantly.

92 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

McDaggett and the others RISE, recovering from the explosion. To say he looks pleased would be an error.

93 INT. BOMB SHELTER (REBEL BASE OP) - SAME

Zack GRABS a load of weapons and a tool box -- sets them down as he SEES Coontz fumble, hands shaking, trying to jam a CLIP into a RIFLE.

ZACK

-- We're gonna have to mobilize, folks.
They got a little too close to home
this time...

Coontz DROPS the clip, HEAVES the rifle, suddenly hysterical.

COONTZ

It's not worth it, man. IT'S NOT WORTH
THIS SHIT --

Suddenly, Zack GRABS him by the shoulders, SHAKING some sense into him. His voice is passionate, but steady.

ZACK

You better take a DEEP BREATH, Coontz,
RIGHT NOW, because if you don't think
it's worth it, you're just baggage,
you hear me?

(a beat)

Cadillac Heights might not be much,
but it's our home. It's all we got,
and if we let them take it away, maybe
we're losing something we can't afford
to lose and still feel like real
people.

Coontz looks at the floor, ashamed. Bertha pulls her headset mic into position:

BERTHA

Bertha to base op: we're coming in.
(looks at RoboCop)
And set an extra place... We're
bringing a friend.

Robo's head TWITCHES. Servos STUTTER. God only knows what's going on inside that blue-grey, titanium head...

DISSOLVE:

94 INT. MARIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is pleasant, but spare... as if she has never really committed to moving in. A home without being homey. MARIE sits raptly, wide awake, staring at a photograph.

INSERT - THE PHOTO

It is old. Age-worn. A little girl. It might be an old picture of Marie herself, we don't know. It's not important that we know, just that the image somehow touches Marie.

A VIDPHONE RINGS suddenly, near her. Startled, she presses a button to answer it. A face APPEARS -- FLECK.

FLECK (ON VIDPHONE)
Nice work, dollface.

MARIE
What are you talking about?

FLECK
You haven't heard? You might want to turn on MediaBreak.

Marie fumbles for a remote and clicks ON her HDTV.

TIGHT ON HDTV SCREEN

MobileNews video from outside the church. PARAMEDICS carrying the dead Lewis' body on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance. A visibly upset McDaggett speaks to reporters.

MCDAGGETT (ON TV)
... it's a terrible loss of a fine, fine public servant. It's hard to believe she was gunned down by her own partner...

Marie blanches. Like she's been slugged in the stomach.

MARIE
Oh, God...

CASEY WONG appears on the screen, an eerie GRAPHIC of ROBOCOP'S SILHOUETTE behind him with the words, "ROBO GONE RENEGADE".

CASEY WONG
OCP spokesmen confirm that RoboCop has JOINED the terrorist rebel forces, and should be considered extremely dangerous.

Marie PUNCHES the TV off. Fleck smirks at her from the VidPhone. He holds up the little nuero-barrier chip.

FLECK
I found this in your office wastebasket.
(Marie reacts)
I guess you thought you were doing him a favor, huh? Now he's running amok and has to be tracked down and destroyed. Nicely done. I'm impressed.

Marie's eye brim with hopeless tears:

MARIE
This isn't real.

FLECK

Cry on your own time, honey. I want your legendary ass and your corporate ID card in my office by seven a.m. and MAYBE you won't be brought up on charges. Meantime, you might want to decide who's side you're on. Sleep tight.

He winks.

95 INT. OCP TOWER - ESTABLISHING - DAY (MATTE SHOT)

A gleaming glass and steel ELEVATOR ascends.

INT. OCP TOWER - 96th FLOOR - DAY

OCP LOGO fills the frame. The elevator door SHUSHES OPEN, and Johnson and Fleck STRIDE OUT purposefully.

JOHNSON

He WHAT -- ?

FLECK

He opened fire on the Rehab officers. They're saying he's gone renegade.

JOHNSON

Christ. How'd the Old Man take it?

FLECK

How do you THINK? Between you and me, Johnson? I think the Old Man's starting to lose it, I mean -- look around...

As they move down the fairway of OCP corporate offices, we see a company in total disarray; ALL PHONES RINGING; empty desks; DESTITUTE YUPPIES carrying boxes of belongings.

FLECK

It's the fall of Rome around here. It's Darwin Time. Survival of the least expendable.

JOHNSON

Everyone's expendable, Jeff.

They PASS an open office door, in which:

96 INT. OFFICE - DAY

A DEVASTATED YUPPIE stands at a huge view window, surrounded by boxes containing his belongings. On the desk; an ENVELOPE marked NOTICE OF TERMINATION and a VIDPHONE with a WOMAN'S FACE on the screen:

WOMAN ON VIDPHONE
Honey, it can't be THAT bad. Hello?
HONEY? Can you HEAR ME?

From o.s., a deafening CRASH of GLASS SHATTERING --

97 EXT. OCP HEADQUARTERS - DAY

DEVASTATED YUPPIE plummets 96 stories.

98 EXT. OCP HEADQUARTERS - ENTRANCE - DAY

A sleek LIMO screeches to a stop as DEVASTATED YUPPIE SPLATS in front of it. The side door OPENS, and a figure steps out. Cigarette. Long black duster. Mirrored Ray-bans... OTOMO.

99 INT. OCP TOWER - 96TH FLOOR - SAME

Elevator doors OPEN, and Otomo emerges, STRIDING down the office fairway. EMPLOYEES dash past him to look out windows at Yuppie-Suicide. Otomo PASSES the executive washroom AS --

Johnson and Fleck emerge, drying their hands, and noting the EXCITEMENT. A passing YUPPIE fills them in:

INFORMATIVE YUPPIE
Darrow just went out the window.

He MOVES ON. Fleck and Johnson straighten their ties as they approach the boardroom.

JOHNSON
Jesus. That's four this month.

FLECK
Chickenshit...
(pats a lump in his jacket)
I'd use a bullet myself. Less showy.
I'll tell ya, Johnson --

They ENTER the open boardroom doors.

FLECK
The writing was on the wall the second we hopped in the sack with that piece of shit Kanemitsu Corporation -- !

Johnson's warning glare comes too late.

100 INT. OCP BOARDROOM - DAY

OTOMO turns to face them. The OLD MAN also WHIRLS and glares. Fleck swallows, embarrassed. The Old Man continues bowing and scraping:

OLD MAN

As I was saying, Otomo-san... Mr. Kanemitsu assures me your loyalty to him is unquestionable.

OTOMO opens his shirt to REVEAL: the KANEMITSU LOGO, branded on his chest.

OLD MAN

This RoboCop is the key. We've put out a WARRANT for his arrest, but... he seems intent on DEFENDING Cadillac Heights. If we can eliminate HIM, I'm certain we'll find the squatters more easily persuaded.

Otomo nods. LEAVES. Because of his sunglasses, we can't see his eyes.

101 EXT. OCP TOWER - 96TH FLOOR - SAME

As Otomo comes out of the boardroom, a figure in military khaki blocks his path. It is, of course:

MCDAGGETT

Here're the ground rules: you stay out of my way, I stay out of yours. I worry about construction clearance, you worry about you-know-who. And one more thing... don't screw it up.

(grins)

Welcome to America, chum.

102 INT. OCP BOARDROOM - SAME

Fleck BACKPEDALS valiantly.

FLECK

Sorry for the intrusion, sir. What can Security Concepts do?

OLD MAN

Security Concepts can SMOOCH my lily-white BUTT! YOU'RE fired, Fleck!

Fleck pales with disbelief.

OLD MAN

You heard me -- YOU'RE FIRED! Get OUT!

Ashen, Fleck backs off. Leaves. The Old Man starts pacing and BABBLING. Like Nixon in his final days.

OLD MAN

What'll I tell the shareholders? The financial drain... We're THREE DAYS from disaster!

Johnson looks nervous. As though his job's on the line if he doesn't come up with something brilliant right NOW.

JOHNSON

What about more Rehabs, sir?

OLD MAN

We're still at war in the Amazon! I had to bribe the Secretary of Defense to get McDaggett the men he HAS.

Then: Johnson has an idea

JOHNSON

What about recruiting Rehabs out of the existing police department...? It'd be cheaper than hiring mercenaries, AND we could use metro facilities as a permanent staging area.

The Old Man looks at him. A smile slowly breaks.

OLD MAN

Yes... A nominal raise to increase incentive. Excellent, Johnson. I knew there was a reason I kept you on. Get on it right away.

We HEAR A GUNSHOT o.s. Johnson FLINCHES.

JOHNSON

Thank you, sir.

103 EXT. OLD AUTO FACTORY - OUTSKIRTS OF DETROIT - DAY

A sprawling, abandoned auto factory decays under an overcast sky. Trees grow atop rusted catwalks. Age-weathered Deco letters call out from the side of a building: "ROCKET MOTORS" -- a sad reminder of a Detroit long-forgotten...

A REBEL LOOK-OUT steps into the light, cautiously surveying the perimeter. A SECOND REBEL appears, to spell him. The first hoists his automatic weapon and ducks into...

104 INT. AUTO FACTORY - DAY

Dark. Musty. The sentry's boots ECHO hollowly, CRUNCHING gravel as he steps through a HOLE IN THE WALL and descends a rusty metal staircase. Pipes. Catwalks. Echoing WATER DRIPS.

As the sentry descends, SOUNDS RISE. Voices. Activity. WE PULL BACK... further... and FURTHER, REVEALING metal pipes and catwalks, shafts of light from above, SWIRLS of dust, and finally WE REVEAL:

A HUGE FACTORY BASEMENT, now converted into the REBEL BASE OF OPERATIONS; a "commune" of homeless men, women and children all working, eating, resting. And planning.

WE DOLLY PAST a worktable covered with FIREARMS in various states of cleaning and loading... TO a makeshift SCHOOL ROOM where a WOMAN at a chalkboard is teaching children how to read... FINALLY, WE COME TO a cluttered WORKSHOP AREA, WHERE:

The downed ROBOCOP lies propped up like the Frankenstein monster... Moreno uses a power SCREWDRIVER to pull BOLTS from his bullet-riddled CHESTPLATE as Bertha, Coontz and Zack look on. Keiko sits on the sidelines, watching.

BERTHA

Well...? Can you fix him?

MORENO

Can I fix him? This isn't a valve job on a CHEVY -- I never worked on a Goddamn RoboCop before! I can do the body work, but --

BERTHA

Look. All we gotta do is hold the Heights for THREE MORE DAYS -- He can hold up 'til then, can't he?

MORENO

Bertha, are you listening to me? He's messed up! We don't have the equipment

BERTHA

(frustrated)

Well, who DOES...?

RoboCop speaks slowly, softly. Zack leans in to hear.

ROBOCOP

Find... Dr. Lacasse...

ZACK

Who's that?

Keiko looks up brightly.

KEIKO

I know! I read about her in People magazine! She's been taking care of Robo for years -- She has all the stuff to fix him right there at the police station!

Coontz commences his now-obligatory sarcastic WHINING.

COONTZ

Oh, I get it! So one of us is supposed to MARCH into the metro station and just TAKE this stuff without anybody noticing -- ?

Zack's gaze shifts.

ZACK

Well... Some of us ARE more noticeable
than others...

Everyone turns to follow his gaze. ALL LOOK AT KEIKO, who looks
back sheepishly. On a TV behind her, Jack Haley as the Tin Man
-- SINGS "If I Only Had a Heart..."

105 EXT. POLICE STATION - METRO WEST - DAY

A FLAG flutters in the breeze at half-mast.

SGT. REED (V.O.)

Services for Officer Lewis will be
held this Saturday at 3:00 p.m. at
Henry Ford Memorial...

106 INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

COPS sit in folding chairs, looking grim. SGT. REED mans the
podium. The bespectacled precinct CLERK stands by.

SGT. REED

The department requests all officers
not on duty to attend, and any
donations to next of kin can be given
to Cecil as usual...

(pause)

Anne Lewis was a good cop. She had a
lot of friends here... So before I
read the duty-roster... I'd like us
to observe a moment of silence...

The officers RISE, remove their hats, and stand solemnly.
Silently. Then... the silence is broken by a SOUND:

BOOTSTEPS. Dozens of them, striding up a corridor with military
rhythm. The SOUND gets louder, the boots APPROACHING. Some of
the cops LOOK UP quizzically.

107 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

DOUBLE DOORS swing open and McDAGGETT marches in, leading a
DOZEN REHABS in matching white SWAT uniforms. All activity in
the station slows to a murmur as --

108 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - SAME

The cops all look up toward the door as -- the Rehabs MARCH IN,
break into ordered formation, and STAND robotically at parade
rest. Cops exchange glances.

McDaggett SLAPS a piece of paperwork onto the podium in front
of Reed.

MCDAGGETT
McDaggett. Rehabilitation Concepts,
OCP.

Reed glances at the order, then looks at McDaggett like he's fecal matter.

SGT. REED
Well, we work for a living down here,
Mr. McDaggett. We're COPS, not
mercenaries.

MCDAGGETT
Who pays your salary, Sergeant? I'm not
asking for your cooperation, now make
the announcement, or I WILL. Get the
picture, chum?

Reed suppresses his anger. Looks at the paper.

SGT. REED
I've, uh... been asked to make an
announcement... Owing to special order
737.1 of the Detroit civil code, an
area of this precinct will be
designated official staging area for
the urban rehabilitation unit...

The cops exchange looks and begin MUTTERING angrily.

SGT. REED
In addition, all interested police
officers, plainclothes AND uniform,
have been asked to apply for Rehab
duty on a volunteer basis...

The cops ERUPT, SHOUTING and COMPLAINING openly:

COPS
WHAT?! Are they kidding?! (etc.)

Reed raises his voice to be heard over the HUBBUB:

SGT. REED
We are also assembling an elite squad
of demolition experts for the SEARCH
AND DESTRUCTION OF ROBOCOP --

Some of the cops throw up their hands and stalk OUT of the room
without hearing another word. The rest COMPLAIN openly and
bitterly, including TWO we recognize:

JENSEN
This is bullshit, Sergeant! Those
bastards are killing innocent people
for BIG BUSINESS!

DONNELLY

They're MURDERERS from the Hamburger wars! Nobody's buying that crap that Murphy did her --

(rises toward Rehabs)

THOSE are the cop-killers!

-- Which is kind of like yelling "FIRE!" in a crowded movie theater. Some of the COPS MOVE toward the Rehabs with raised FISTS, but are HELD BACK by other cops. McDaggett just stands there stoically.

109 INT. PRECINCT CORRIDOR - SAME

Angry COPS pour out of the briefing room, as WE NOTICE a tiny figure at their feet -- KEIKO.

The cops pay little attention to her as she dodges their legs, moving down the corridor, goes around a corner.

110 INT. ROBOCHAMBER

Consoles and monitors sit silently, unattended. Little Keiko steps tentatively IN, dwarfed by the machinery. As she ventures forward, a SHADOW falls across her back...

And a HAND GRIPS her shoulder -- She WHIRLS! It is:

MARIE

Who are you?

KEIKO

Are you Marie?

MARIE

How did you get in here?

KEIKO

I'm friends with RoboCop.

Marie sighs. Too tired to be amused.

MARIE

Oh. Well, he's not here. Sorry.

She goes on with what she was doing: filling a box with items from her desk. Keiko dogs her steps, emotional.

KEIKO

You don't believe me. Well, it's true. He's dying... and he needs YOU to save him!

Marie turns to her, patiently. Wearily.

MARIE

Save him? He's a menace, don't you watch TV? He killed his partner.

Keiko knows she's being sarcastic. Calls her on it.

KEIKO
You don't believe that.

MARIE
(pause)
I don't know what to believe
anymore...

KEIKO
He said to thank you for not taking
his memories away...

Marie looks up. A chill goes up her spine.

KEIKO
And he said to tell you... he feels
like he made friends with somebody
named... Mac Truck...?

A hint of a smile crosses Marie's face...

111 EXT. CHURCH - CADILLAC HEIGHTS - DUSK

The street is quiet. Empty. Newspapers blow free. Dogs BARK.
A lone figure emerges from the shadows: OTOMO, dressed in the
loose-fitting black of the Ninja.

112 INT. CHURCH - DUSK

Like Robo did earlier, Otomo moves up the church aisle, now
littered with the debris from the Rebel stand-off. He FREEZES.

As if led by a sixth sense... he moves to where the rebel's trap-
door is -- and LIFTS IT UP. He looks around... then DROPS DOWN
THE HOLE.

113 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Otomo FLICKS ON a small searchbeam as he moves through the
fetid, black water. Rats SKITTER all around him. He moves
forward. Relentless. Following the trail of RoboCop...

Grime-smeared METAL GLEAMS up ahead: the metal door to the Rebel
hideout. Otomo approaches it. Frowns studiously. He caresses the
door's surface, mulling a way to open it.

Finally: he holds his hand perpendicular to the right side of
the door, where a knob or handle would normally be... then
flattens his palm, fingers straight, and closes his eyes as if
entering a Zen state.

Then he THRUSTS HIS HAND FORWARD! Metal CRIES OUT as, like a can
opener, his fingers CUT a clean hole through the metal. He grips
it, and PULLS the DOOR SLIDING OPEN...

114 INT. BOMB SHELTER (REBEL FIELD HQ) - NIGHT

Abandoned since last we saw it. Cement walls. Dripping water. Musty shafts of moonlight from street level above. Otomo ENTERS... takes a few steps into the room. He FREEZES, senses suddenly ALERT.

A VOICE

Well, well, well...

A smiling FIGURE STEPS from the shadows behind Otomo, holding an automatic weapon with a bayonet on the barrel.

Young, ill-shaven, shabby clothes. One of the REBELS. TWO MORE YOUNG REBELS steps from the shadows, ALSO armed. The three of them move forward, surrounding Otomo.

REBEL AT FIELD HQ

'Fraid you're a little late, pal.

He uses his rifle's bayonet to pull aside the material of Otomo's loosened ninja suit, REVEALING the Kanemitsu logo TATTOOED on Otomo's chest. The rebel WHISTLES, impressed.

REBEL AT FIELD HQ

One of Kanemitsu's boys. I'm impressed...

The other two Rebels exchange amused looks.

REBEL AT FIELD HQ

Problem is -- your boss kind of owns OCP... and OCP's kind of on our shit-list with a bullet.

Otomo's eyes barely flicker. He just stands there, like a statue. The three rebels COCK their weapons. If executed properly, what follows now will be breathtaking:

Otomo's hand SHOOTs forward so fast it's a blur -- GRABS the barrel of the Rebel's rifle, and PULLS -- THROWING the rifle WHISTLING straight BEHIND HIM, WHERE:

It cleanly IMPALES the REBEL behind him, whose machine gun FLIES out of his hands and into the air as --

Otomo launches into a BACK-FLIP, SNATCHES the machine gun from mid-air, comes BACK DOWN feet first, and --

BRRAAAAPPPPP! -- NAILS the SECOND REBEL. He DROPS the machine to the floor with a CLATTER, and walks forward toward the remaining rebel leader, who can only STARE with stunned disbelief.

Snapping out of it, he GRABS a length of PIPE from the floor, grips it like a baseball bat. As Otomo closes on him, he SWINGS the pipe -- KLUNK -- ! and CONNECTS with Otomo's face.

Otomo rises. His JAW juts eerily out of place.

The terrified rebel DROPS the pipe as Otomo GRABS his throat with his left hand and THRUSTS him against the wall.

As he HOLDS him there, he reaches for his chin with his right hand, and with a nasty KCHUK! -- SHOVES his jaw back into position.

The rebel's eyes WIDEN with terror as Otomo raises his flattened hand like he did when he punched a hole in the metal door, and HOLDS it stiffly, INCHES from the trembling rebel's face.

REBEL AT FIELD HQ

(defiantly)

You wanna know where the rebels are?

HUH?! Well, I got a message for your scumbag bosses. Tell 'em they can KISS

-- MY -- ASS!

He SPITS a viscous wad into Otomo's face. There is a pause before... Otomo's hand THRUSTS forward! GLITCH.

The rebel's limp body DROPS as Otomo wipes the blood off his face, then PATS DOWN the Rebel. He FINDS:

A tattered ROLLED-UP PLASTIC SHEET with colored lines on it; like those diagrams that describe subway routes. Otomo pockets it, rises to leave. As he does, he accidentally KICKS a small object: Keiko's ROBOCOP MODEL.

He picks it up. Examines it. Then calmly CRUSHES it...

115 INT. AUTO FACTORY (REBEL BASE OP) - NIGHT

Some of the Rebels stand guard. Most sleep. All is quiet. ZACK plays solitaire by lamplight near the work table where RoboCop lies. Suddenly, Robo's head JERKS awake. He SPEAKS:

ROBOCOP

A vehicle is approaching.

Zack listens.

ZACK

You must have good ears, son. I don't hear nothin'.

Robo's head turns again.

116 ROBOVISION

SPURTS of STATIC. Vision unclear. However:

FLASHING: ENHANCE AUDIO.

WE CLEARLY HEAR the SOUND of an approaching ENGINE -- a sound the others cannot hear. BERTHA joins Zack.

BERTHA

What is it?

ZACK

He says someone's coming.

BERTHA

Dax's clean-up crew.

(checks her watch)

They were supposed to be back from the field-op two hours ago.

ROBOCOP

No.

(they look at him)

V-16 engine.

MORENO

Nothing of ours packs that kind of horse power.

BERTHA

(grimly)

Rehabs...

The rebels are on the move so fast it makes your head spin.

117 EXT. AUTO FACTORY - NIGHT

The SOUND of an approaching engine CUTS through the quiet.

118 INT/EXT. AUTO FACTORY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Rebels take defensive positions in windows and doorways which overlook or open out to a loading entrance as...

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS SPLIT the night as a VAN marked 'DETROIT POLICE' appears, and backs up to the loading dock.

Its headlights die. For a few moments, it just sits there, IDLING. Then the engine turns off. Seconds pass.

The rebels exchange glances. Then... The BACK DOORS of the van JERK OPEN, and the ventilated barrel of a Sterling submachine gun JUTS out. A FIGURE emerges.

KLACKETY-CHUCK-CHUCK-CHUCK-CHUCK!

TWO DOZEN AUTOMATIC weapons COCK simultaneously and the REBELS step out of the shadows, completely SURROUNDING the van. Bertha steps into the lead, gun UP. Her expression changes, SEEING:

KEIKO

as she climbs out the back of the van and holds hands with

MARIE

who wields the machine gun in her other hand. In the van behind her, WE SEE RoboCop's generators, parts and supplies virtually everything from the Robo-Chamber loaded into this one vehicle.

MARIE

It's real simple...

(a beat)

You want RoboCop working for you?
You're gonna need me.

119 INT. AUTO FACTORY (REBEL BASE OP) - NIGHT

Marie is flanked by Rebels pushing DOLLIES with ROBOCHAMBER EQUIPMENT as she crosses to the battered RoboCop. She winces at the poor condition he's in.

MARIE

How you doin', Murphy?

Robo's head JERKS. Servos SQUEAK.

ROBOCOP

I've been better.

Marie examines him. Frowns.

MARIE

Status scan?

ROBOCOP

Organics intact on life support back-up. Systems efficiency 23%.

Marie examines his damaged chest plate.

MARIE

Looks like a direct hit to the heart, he may need a new one. Preferably a Yamaha... I may have to recalibrate the pneumatic systems, too...

Keiko looks at Marie with frightened eyes.

KEIKO

Is he gonna die?

MARIE

Not if I can help it.

(to the others)

Okay, get everything in the van down here and on the generator, NOW!

(rolls up her

sleeves)

I've got work to do.

120 ROBOVISION

SPOTS. STATIC. Everything HAZY and INDISTINCT.

FLASHING: SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT
EFFICIENCY 23%

Marie's ghostly-hazy FACE appears. Looks AT US.

MARIE
I'm going to unplug you for a little
while, cowboy...
(pause; winks)
Don't worry. Everything's going to be
okay.

She reaches for a switch, and... ROBOVISION FADES TO...
BLACKNESS...

121 Then images. HAZY. From somewhere far away... Murphy's WIFE,
ELLEN, smiling at us warmly... Son JIMMY, giggling as we TUG his
baseball cap down over his eyes...

122 BZZAPPP! ROBOVISION POPS back ON. Marie holds a can of white
fluid, her face spattered with same. She wipes her brow as
Bertha enters with a prosthetic HEART.

BERTHA
Here's that heart you wanted.

MARIE
I said a YAMAHA! That's a Goddamn
KANEMITSU!

Keiko enters with a roll of ELECTRICAL TAPE. Marie bites off a
patch of it, uses it on our chest. Moreno assists.

MORENO
Zack, we need that sealant back! ZACK!?
Keiko looks at US. Notices we're on-line. Points.

KEIKO
Marie?

MARIE
(SEES)
Shit!

Reaches in. Turns us OFF.

123 AGAIN: BLACKNESS. Then... a bleeding LEWIS CALLS OUT hazy
MEMORY CIRCUITS: "Promise you'll get them for me, Murphy..." She
FADES. STATIC. Then --

124 VISION BACK ON. Clear as day now. MORENO stands over us, POUNDING at our chest with a rubber hammer. VISION SHAKES. Bertha fills holes with BONDO. Moreno grins.

MORENO
Just WAIT, man. You're gonna be
CHERRY!

Marie POINTS.

MARIE
Hey, Moreno, watch out for the --
MORENO -- !

BZZZT. Vision goes OUT. WE HEAR the rest of the Rebels CASTIGATING Moreno, VOICES FADING.

REBELS
Good one! Nice job! (etc.)

BLACK SCREEN. Silence.

125 The DREAMS RETURN. Ghostly VOICES, CALLING. A WOMAN'S FACE, backlit by fire. It is ELLEN... The face DISSOLVES, becoming MARIE... PULLING BACK, WE SEE:

MURPHY himself, against BLACK. He looks into her eyes. His eyes well with tears. He is a man.

BZZZT!

126 CLOSE UP - ROBOCOP (REALITY)

Helmet off. Face pale and haunted. Skull half-machine, hooked to neuro-receptors. He looks into lens, confused.

127 ROBOVISION

Crystal clear, LED DATA filling left frame. Marie looks at us -- the REAL Marie now.

MARIE
(smiles)
Welcome home, Murphy.

FADE TO BLACK.

128 INT. AUTO FACTORY - NIGHT

Quiet now. Peaceful. Sleeping Rebels: Keiko stands over a cot where a grime-smudged Marie also sleeps, dead to the world. Keiko watches her a moment, then steps away.

She walks to the other side of the basement, where ROBOCOP is hooked to his console. Bullet holes filled with bondo, paint sprayed on detached parts, chest plate gleaming. Almost as good as new. Keiko approaches cautiously.

KEIKO

Feel better...?

ROBOCOP

My efficiency rating is 93%. Anything above 90 is considered normal.

KEIKO

Oh. Good.

(a beat)

I heard Marie call you Murphy. Is that your real name?

ROBOCOP

It was... before.

KEIKO

Before what?

129 ROBOVISION - MEMORY FLASHES

Clarence's demonic grin. BLAZE of gunfire. Then BACK TO:

ROBOCOP. Staring off distantly. Keiko waits for an answer. None comes.

KEIKO

So... now that you're better -- will you stay? Will you help us?

He shifts his head. Looks down at Keiko.

KEIKO

Bertha says if we hold back the Rehabs for just two more days they won't be able to make us move... and they'll have to let my parents go and we'll all be together like a family again.

ROBOCOP

Your... parents?

His head JERKS. Servos WHHRR.

130 ROBOVISION - FLASHING:

SCROLL MEMORY SYSTEMS

WE SEE series of indexed mug shots; the ones he recorded from the command computer. He STOPS at a digital mugshot of Keiko's parents:

SUSPECTED REBEL SYMPATHIZERS

Then... FLASHING:

DECEASED 12/7 -- KILLED DURING ESCAPE
ATTEMPT FROM RELOCATION VILLAGE A-23.

ROBO'S FACE

-- remains impassive as he registers this information. For an instant, WE SEE a FLASH of ROBOVISION. Murphy, with his wife and son. His family.

KEIKO
Murphy...? Are you okay?

ROBOCOP
Your parents. You miss them.

KEIKO
Yes.

ROBOCOP
But you remember them...

Keiko's eyes well with tears. She nods. ANOTHER MEMORY FLASH and for a moment, in Murphy's eyes, she is a six year old boy in a baseball cap. Then she is Keiko again.

ROBOCOP
Because if you remember them...
they're never really gone.

They sit in silence for a moment, then Keiko sobs deeply. RoboCop lifts his metal hand, and as softly as his mechanics will allow, strokes Keiko's hair.

MARIE (O.S.)
What's wrong?

Marie emerges from the shadows, still groggy from sleep.

MARIE
I heard voices. Is there something
wrong?

Before answering, RoboCop locks eyes with Keiko.

ROBOCOP
No. Everything is going to be
allright.

And somehow, Marie senses this is true. She rests a comforting hand on Keiko, as we PULL BACK... Three figures in the shadowy light. A family...

SMASH CUT TO:

A PUSH CART

as an automatic rifle is SLAMMED DOWN onto it, and we PULL BACK TO SHOW... The Rebel base, full tilt. Weapons being loaded, defense strategies being plotted on maps of old Detroit.

-- The cart of weapons is pushed PAST Bertha, Coontz, Marie, and the others, now sitting around a COMMAND TABLE.

REBEL WITH WEAPONS CART

Hey, Bertha, we're re-locating the weapons, but where do you want this thing?

She POINTS to the strange, jetpack-like device they found in the police ordnance depot. Marie REACTS, stunned.

MARIE

Oh my God. Where did you get that?

The others look on quizzically as... Marie approaches the strange device, caresses it lovingly.

BERTHA

We stole it from the police depot.
Why?

MORENO

(equally entranced)
Looks like a gyro-cycle...

MARIE

It's the prototype for Robo's flight-pack... The funding ran out before we got a chance to test it.

BERTHA

How do you know so much about it?

MARIE

I designed it.

Old Zack WHISTLES. The others look equally impressed.

ZACK

I think the odds on the home team just went up...

DISSOLVE:

131 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Dead NUNS lay strewn up the aisle as ROBOCOP'S FEET CLANK PAST, trudging through shattered stained glass. A tiny, blinking SUPER READS: RE-ENACTMENT. GRAPHIC DIMINISHES, to REVEAL:

132 INT. MEDIABREAK SET

JESS and CASEY in front of MEDIABREAK logo, now underlined by the words: OCP, a Division of the Kanemitsu Corporation

JESS

Three NUNS and FIVE Clergy are dead today in what is believed to be the latest atrocity by the killer cyborg, RoboCop. OCP officials claim the former police unit is responsible for a spree of terrorism in the Cadillac Heights section of Old Detroit --

(she THROWS down her news copy with sudden anger)

I'm sorry, this is bullshit! Is anybody buying this?

(to Casey)

Are you buying this? I'm sorry...

She rises and stalks off the set, shaking her head. CAMERA JERKILY PANS TO Casey, looking bewildered.

CUT TO:

GRAPHIC:

MEDIABREAK

We are experiencing technical difficulties.

PLEASE STAND BY.

CUT TO:

CARTOON ANIMATION - MID-ACTION

A NERDY KID hits the sidewalk -- having just been TRIPPED by a BIG BULLY. Books and lunch box SCATTER. His glasses fall onto the cement, lenses SHATTERING.

KID

Hey!

BULLY

Aw, CORK it, Four-eyes. HAW HAW!

The BULLIES TUG the kid's expensive sneakers OFF HIS FEET, and turn to FLEE -- but they STOP in their tracks, eyes POPPING in Tex Avery fashion as they SEE --

BULLY

eeeeeeeyyyiiIIIIKKKES! It's --

A BRICK WALL explodes. JOHNNY REHAB jumps through it, UZI in hand. Granite chin, giant hair, handsome as can be. He BLOWS the punks AWAY. NERDY KID looks on with awe.

KID

JOHNNY REHAB!

Smiling, JOHNNY RHAB hands the kid his blood-soaked sneakers.

KID
Gosh, Johnny -- you're KEEN!

LIVE ACTION

JOHNNY REHAB ACTION FIGURE and accessories. Uzi raised, toothy smile. LOGO APPEARS, gleaming with airbrushed sparks.

NARRATOR
JOHNNY REHAB! Action figures, parts and accessories all sold separately. From Kanemitsu.

PULL BACK FROM a dusty, sun-warped HDTV set in...

133 INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A BORED CLERK changes channels glumly as... OTOMO ENTERS.

He bee-lines to a map dispenser on one wall. Without hesitation, he PUNCHES THE GLASS with his fist, REMOVES the map, and moves to the exit. The clerk SHOUTS after him:

GAS STATION CLERK
Hey, ASSHOLE -- that's TWO-FIFTY!

134 EXT. "BLUE BIRD" GAS STATION - NIGHT

Built in the 50s, a huge neon sign LOOMS. Giant FLYING BLUE BIRDS. As Otomo strides away, the CLERK catches up to him.

He GRABS Otomo by the shoulder. Otomo PIVOTS -- an inhumanly swift SPINNING BACK-KICK, AND -- the clerk CRASHES THROUGH the glass door of the gas station.

Otomo looks up into the glare of a sodium street lamp. He holds up the map, then the PLASTIC SHEET he found in the Rebel Field Base. Sure enough:

The red lines follow a precise pattern of major streets, suggesting that the lines are a sewer route. A thin smile crosses Otomo's lips.

135 INT. AUTO FACTORY (REBEL BASE OP) - NIGHT

BERTHA stands before a map of Cadillac Heights with strategic points circled. PULL BACK TO REVEAL REBELS, sitting in the schoolroom chairs, and taking notes as Bertha strategizes.

BERTHA

Okay... we've got those OCP bastards SWEATING by now and they're on a deadline so we can expect a full strike by midnight tomorrow. We know they've turned off water and power in the Heights, but we still have people holding up in there, so they're gonna need us to hold the fort --

WE MOVE AWAY AND INTO the corner area where ROBOCOP sits up, helmet off, now wearing the Robo-Flightpack (TM). MARIE tinkers, making adjustments.

MARIE

Now what I've done is programmed the command system to take its cues from your hard drive. Ignition. Guns. Thrusters...

She reaches behind his back for a toggle switch. Finds herself pressing awkwardly close to Robo's face.

MARIE

You control it all internally, just use the handles to steer. Got it?

ROBOCOP

Got it.

She grunts, fiddling with wiring on the back of the flight-pack while practically sitting in RoboCop's lap.

MARIE

I've also rigged it to work as an auxiliary power unit, so if you ever have a power drain like you did yesterday, just interface with the flight pack and re-charge, whether you fly or not...

She continues to press awkwardly close to him; their faces inches apart. Is the sexual tension intentional? You bet.

MARIE

Now the thing I have to warn you about is the emergency thrust system.

ROBOCOP

Emergency thrust.

MARIE

Yes. The whole unit gets pretty hot when it's on-line --

She looks into his eyes, a little short of breath.

ROBOCOP

Pretty hot.

MARIE

But you have to be careful where you
engage the emergency thrust because...

(gulp)

It could burn the house down.

They look at each other, faces inches apart. Just like Murphy's
dream. For a moment, we think they're going to kiss.

KEIKO (O.S.)

Whatcha guys doin'?

Marie JUMPS up, flustered.

MARIE

Jesus! Keiko! You scared me.

(covering)

Uh, those resistors over next to the
ratchet. Get them for me, will you?

RoboCop JERKS. The girls notice.

136

ROBOVISION

FLASHING: PLAYBACK

In a corner of the screen, a PLAYBACK OF LEWIS uttering her
dying words: "Get them for me, Murphy... Promise". Then again:
"Get them for me, Murphy... Promise".

BACK TO SCENE

Marie and Keiko exchange concerned glances as -- without
warning, RoboCop RISES, UNSNAPS the flight-pack latches, and
lets the flightpack CLATTER to the floor.

ROBOCOP

Excuse me.

He TURNS, reaches for his helmet as -- Bertha and some of the
others come over, their strategy meeting finished.

BERTHA

Well, we got a plan, but we're gonna
need you, big guy.

Then she notices RoboCop getting his helmet... and Marie and
Keiko's concerned faces. Coontz backs off nervously.

BERTHA

What's going on?

Robo SNAPS his helmet on.

ROBOCOP

There's something I have to do.

He GRABS his multi-weapon arm-attachment; JACKS it securely into
an unseen HOLDER on his back.

ROBOCOP
I made someone a promise.

137 INT. SQUAD ROOM - METRO WEST - DAY

-- Business as usual. COPS at terminals. SUPECTS. RINGING phones.
At the booking desk, SGT. REED YELLS at a BAIL BONDSMAN.
Presently, a familiar SOUND is HEARD:

KLUNK -- KLUNK -- KLUNK -- KLUNK.

Reed looks up, HEARING the sound. Recognizing it. He almost smiles. All activity in the station comes to a HALT, as...
ROBOCOP CLANKS into the squad room, MARCHES UP TO REED.

ROBOCOP
Good morning, Sergeant Reed.

Reed greets him cautiously.

SGT. REED
Murphy...
(uncomfortable pause)
You, uh... do know there's a warrant
for your arrest, don't you?

ROBOCOP
Yes.

Pause. Nobody moves. Cops trade shrugs. Nobody lifts a finger.
Reed nods.

SGT. REED
Just checking.
(a beat)
What can I do for you?

ROBOCOP
You may want to call the fire
department.

He STRIDES AWAY. Reed smiles. Picks up the phone.

138 INT. CORRIDOR - LOW TRACKING SHOT WITH ROBO

As he MARCHES down the hall, he GRIPS his left arm. Twists.
PULLS it loose. Replaces it with his multi-weapon attachment,
which he SNAPS into place. COPS scramble to get out of his way.

139 INT. REHAB LOCKER ROOM - DAY

REHABS suit up, towel themselves, etc. as... ROBO APPEARS,
raises his GUN-ARM. The FLAME-THROWER NOZZLE just out, and
Rehabs DIVE OUT of the room as --

WHOOOSH! FLAMES SHOOT OUT of Robo's arm, TORCHING the room.

140 INT. REHAB STAGING AREA - DAY

REHAB OFFICERS confer over maps and consoles as...

ROBOCOP STRIDES into the room, shooting BLASTS OF FLAME as he walks. REHABS RUN for the exits as --

-- White walls turn BLACK; equipment is INCINERATED. A particular REHAB GRABS a gun from a weapons rack, and STANDS DIRECTLY in RoboCop's path as if to head him off.

As he sneers and LEVELS the weapon, he NOTICES FLAMES LICKING a GRENADE CASE labeled 'CAUTION; FLAMMABLE'. The wind is quickly knocked from the man's sails.

REHAB AT STAGING AREA

Oh shit.

He DROPS the weapon, BOLTS for the door, AND --

141 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REHAB HQ - DAY

The guy DIVES for cover as -- BA-WHOOM! The doorway behind him EXPLODES! A mushroom ball of FLAME, FROM WHICH:

ROBOCOP emerges, like a dark Phoenix from the ashes. He KLANKS inexorably toward the now terrified Rehab, GRABS HIM by the throat, and HOISTS him in the air, backlit by flames.

ROBOCOP

Where's McDaggett?

142 EXT. REHAB HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Maybe a two-star hotel once. But not now. Graffiti, DRUG-PUSHERS, PROSTITUTES. This is the Rehabs' home-away-from-home for R&R. Think Saigon, circa 1969.

143 INT. HOTEL ROOM (REHAB HOTEL) - NIGHT

KANEMITSU'S FACE, yet again, fills a screen -- in this case, an ordinary VidPhone. This time WE HEAR a DIFFERENT VOICE at our end: (JAPANESE, as usual. SUBTITLES SUPERED):

VOICE

You're damn right I'm not at the police station! If my SPY hadn't warned me, I'd be DEAD now!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL... McDAGGETT, sitting on the edge of a bed. Neon bleeds through the venetian blinds of his ratty hotel room. He speaks to Kanemitsu in flawless Japanese:

MCDAGGETT

I thought your damn NINJA was supposed to take CARE of RoboCop for me! That was the deal -- I clear the area, HE keeps the robot off my back!

KANEMITSU

You have the device I sent you.

McDaggett glances at a high tech device lying in a briefcase on the bedside table. There is a single red button on it.

MCDAGGETT

Look, it hasn't come to that yet, and it WON'T. Now relax.

Kanemitsu looks perturbed. Impatient.

KANEMITSU (ON VIDPHONE)

It is difficult for me to continue our business relationship when I do not know your methods.

MCDAGGETT

You don't NEED to know my methods. I said I'd clear the area, and I'll clear it! Just get the robot cop OFF MY BACK!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. The door.

McDaggett hangs up the VidPhone, pulls a revolver, rises and COCKS the gun, training it on:

THE DOOR... which CREAKS open, ajar. A MAN stands in the shadows of the doorway. McDaggett lowers the weapon.

MCDAGGETT

This better be global.

The man speaks. His voice sounds familiar.

MAN

I understand you're willing to pay good money to know where the rebel base op is...

McDaggett nods for him to close the door, then reaches for a huge WAD OF CASH which is lying out. He playfully runs the barrel of the gun across the top of the bills.

MCDAGGETT

Yeah, well... the money's good if the tip's good.

The man closes the door, steps into the light, and we realize why the voice sounds familiar... Because the FACE is also familiar... Because the man is COONTZ.

COOINTZ

The last tip saved your ass... din't it?

144 EXT. REHAB HOTEL - SAME

A nervous-looking TEENAGE PROSTITUTE stands on the sidewalk. Black leather skirt, too much makeup, she balances unsteadily on six-inch pumps. Clearly, her first night in Rehab Town.

TWO REHABS approach her, rifles slung on shoulder straps. She backs away, trembling.

1ST REHAB OUTSIDE HOTEL

S'matter, cutie? Don't you like a man in uniform?

TEEN PROSTITUTE

I've never done this -- Just need some money, that's all -- Dad lost his job -- Gotta eat, that's all --

The Rehabs trade looks of mock sympathy as they steer her into the hotel entrance. She hesitates.

1ST REHAB OUTSIDE HOTEL

Don't worry, we got lots o' money, honey...

They continue to MANHANDLE her. She PULLS away.

TEEN PROSTITUTE

No -- I changed my mind! NO -- !

But the Rehabs have their party all planned. They GRAB her. She STRUGGLES as a HUGE SHADOW appears on the wall behind them. Gleaming METAL BOOTS KLANK into frame.

ROBOTIC VOICE

SHE SAID NO.

The thugs looks up. They blanch.

ROBOCOP

Perhaps you have a hearing problem.

The two Rehabs GO FOR their rifles at the same instant that Robo's leg panel OPENS and -- he DRAWS like LIGHTNING --

BBBBRRRRRAAAPPPPP!!! The two REHABS FLY BACKWARD, CRASHING through plate glass! The girl SCREAMS! As shattered glass settles she looks up, shaken.

ROBOCOP

Go home, young lady. You are in violation of curfew.

He CLANKS past her in to the hotel. She watches, dumbfounded.

145 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

An ancient DESK CLERK looks up, roused by the bullet-riddled Rehabs CRASHING through his hotel's front window. A tinny RADIO plays "You Don't Own Me" by Lesley Gore. ROBOCOP stomps into the lobby, gun up.

ROBOCOP
Where's McDaggett?

The clerk almost has a coronary. He stammers.

HOTEL CLERK
Uh -- in the back. Room 212.

ROBOCOP
Thank you. I hope you are insured.

SONG CONTINUES throughout the following:

146 INT. REHAB HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Party SOUNDS. RoboCop APPEARS. A DRUNKEN REHAB emerges from a hotel room, and we catch a glimpse of a BIMBO behind him. He SEES RoboCop, and --

Robo targets him: the man FREEZES.

ANOTHER REHAB comes out a door in his underwear. SEES Robo. SPINS to get a weapon. Robo targets him, and he ALSO becomes a statue.

More doors OPEN. MORE REHABS coming out to see the cause of the commotion. Scantly-clad GIRLS RUN for cover as Rehabs FREEZE in their tracks, smarter than to mess with The Future of Law Enforcement as --

RoboCop CONTINUES FORWARD, TARGETTING terrified Rehabs in all directions without breaking stride, without even looking at them, obsessed. Unstoppable.

INT. MCDAGGETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Coontz reaches for the money. McDaggett pulls it away.

MCDAGGETT
You get it when I get my corpses.

HEARING KLANKING FOOTSTEPS from outside, McDaggett looks up.

MCDAGGETT
Oh shit --

BBBBRRRAAAAPPPPPP! GUNFIRE SHREDS the door before our eyes! SPLINTERS and dust EXPLODE as ROBOCOP steps through the wreckage. He draws a bead on McDaggett, mouth twisted in a grimace of hatred.

ROBOCOP

I have a message from Officer Lewis.

Then he SEES COONTZ. Recognition. Coontz trembles guiltily. Using the diversion, McDaggett BOLTS for the window and DIVES THROUGH it -- CRASH -- !

147 EXT. REHAB HOTEL - NIGHT

McDaggett COMES DOWN in a RAIN OF GLASS, and -- WHOMP! LANDS on the roof of a REHAB VAN. He ROLLS OFF and onto the street, WHERE:

A REHAB GUARD smokes a cigarette by the van. McDaggett GRABS him, and THROWS HIM into the driver's seat.

MCDAGGETT

Drive!

REHAB DRIVER

What?

McDaggett JUMPS IN the shotgun side --

MCDAGGETT

I said DRIVE, GODDAMMIT! DRIVE!!

The driver keys the ignition, and the van TAKES OFF. BY-STANDERS GAWK or RUN for cover as ROBOCOP comes out of the hotel, SEES:

Down the sidewalk, A PIMP with a stiletto is SLAPPING around a lowly PUNK against a souped-up, mile-long Buick town car.

ROBOCOP

I must commandeer your vehicle for police use.

The pimp WHIRLS on Robo with a FIERY EYES, ready to slice and dice someone for the intrusion.

PIMP

You can take the F-train, SUCKER!

Seeing it's RoboCop, the pimp wets his pants, DROPS the blade, and hands over the keys, in roughly that order.

PIMP

I mean officer.

148 INT. PIMP-MOBILE - NIGHT

Fur upholstery. Tiny chaser lights. RoboCop CLIMBS IN, glances briefly at a pair of fuzzy dice hanging from the rearview mirror. He REVS the ignition. STOMPS the gas.

149 INT. REHAB VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

While the Rehab drives, McDaggett rummages in the back of the van for armor padding as WE REVEAL: Guns, guns, guns.

This is an ordnance vehicle

-- McDaggett pulls on a sleek helmet, then picks up the biggest, meanest full-auto assault rifle he can find. And COCKS IT.

150 EXT. DETROIT STREETS - THE CHASE - NIGHT

The Pimp-Mobile closes on the Rebel Van, as... McDaggett KICKS OPEN the back loading doors, HOISTS the mean mother assault rifle into position, AND OPENS FIRE!

The Pimp-Mobile's WINDSHIELD SHATTERS -- RoboCop's Auto 9 emerges from the CASCADE OF GLASS, and FIRES BACK!

But McDaggett keeps up the BARRAGE, PEPPERING the Pimp-Mobile with ARTILLERY, until --

The HOOD BLOWS LOOSE, FLIES BACKWARD over the top of the car! The Pimp-Mobile WOBBLER as RoboCop continues to FIRE and DRIVE, SHREDDING the van doors around McDaggett!

151 INT. REBEL VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

THE DRIVER of the Rebel Van GRABS a Calico M-9000 and FIRES indiscriminately out his side window to cover McDaggett's re-loading. McDaggett JACKS IN a new load behind him, AND --

152 EXT. DETROIT STREET - THE CHASE - CONTINUED

McDaggett UNLEASHES A NEW HAIL OF ARTILLERY -- BULLETS SPIT and WHINE off the Pimp-Mobile, SHREDDING the body of the car UNTIL -- ONE OF ITS DOOR actually WRENCHES LOOSE, and CLATTERS to the pavement -- then the OTHER DOOR, FOLLOWING SUIT under the onslaught of bullets -- then the ROOF TUGS LOOSE, wavers in the wind, and TEARS FREE, FLYING in the air before coming down with a flat BAM! several yards behind the Buick -- and through it all, with the car literally DISINTEGRATING AROUND HIM, so that he's driving a virtual NAKED CHASSIS -- through ALL THIS, RoboCop does not stop, does not even slow.

He just keeps coming.

153 INT. REBEL VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

THE DRIVER looks ahead nervously.

REBEL DRIVER
Commander -- ?

MCDAGGETTTT, starting to get rattled himself, looks up front:

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A BUNCH OF YOUNG STREET KIDS, playing stickball in the street.

MCDAGGETTTT SEES this. Looks down. His WAD OF CASH lies on the floor of the cabin. He looks up. The idea hits. He smiles.

154 EXT. DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Seeing the approaching vehicles, the kids CLEAR the street to allow them through, but as the Rebel Van ZOOMS THROUGH --

MCDAGGETTTT THROWS THE CASH out the back of the van, where it RAINS DOWN, fluttering to the pavement. Naturally, the kids all RUN BACK OUT INTO THE STREET and SCRAMBLE for the money, AND --

155 ROBOVISION

WE SEE THE KIDS up ahead, DIRECTLY IN OUR PATH, AND --

FLASHING: DANGER - CHILDREN AT PLAY
SLOW TO POSTED SPEED LIMIT CIVIL CODE
119.37

156 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

RoboCop SLAMS ON the brakes, causing the remains of the Pimp-Mobile to SLEW into a SHRIEKING 180 SKID, and SHUDDER to a halt just short of the kids. The wheels FALL OFF.

RoboCop wearily CLIMBS out of the naked, smoking chassis. As the children run up to rally around him excitedly, he looks off, watching the Rehab Van ROAR OFF into the night...

157 INT. REHAB VEHICLE - DRIVING - NIGHT

McDaggett CLIMBS back into the shotgun seat, pulls on a headset-mic, KEYS the ComLink:

MCDAGGETT
Big Stick One to Firebase Zebra --
Come in, Zebra.

COMLINK
(CRACKLE of STATIC)
Jesus, Big Stick -- where are y--

MCDAGGETT
Shut up and listen. Arm up for a search and destroy. Then call OCP on security band -- tell them we've found the hive, and we're moving in with extreme prejudice. Do it. NOW.

He looks ahead coldly.

158 INT. AUTO FACTORY (REBEL BASE OP) - DAY

Bertha and Moreno play cards, anxiously killing time while they wait. Bertha looks at her watch.

BERTHA

-- Where the hell's RoboCop? We've got to get a MOVE ON!

MORENO

What d'ya want us to do, drive around listening for explosions?

Bertha frowns. Keiko and Marie work in the workshop behind them, hotwiring a small, jury-rigged transmitter dish to Keiko's laptop computer.

KEIKO

You mean, I don't have to splice wires to override a system?

MARIE

Mm hm. You can access anything with an RC receiver built into it. The software has a pulse tach decoder.

KEIKO

I know that.

Keiko looks up at the dim, overhead lights..

KEIKO

Generator's got an RC?

MARIE

(shrugs)

Give it a shot.

Across the room is a portable generator that the rebels have installed to draw power from. Keiko turns the little antenna in the direction of the generator.

MARIE

Okay, try and boot the signal.

KEIKO

Duh.

Keiko taps keys. A power grid APPEARS on her screen, like a TV with bad reception. Keiko BEAMS.

KEIKO

Pretty COOL.

Marie smiles. Thrilled over her new toy, Keiko taps keys, causing the lights in the room to FADE UP and DOWN, FLICKERING eerily as... from the darkness, a FACE APPEARS.

Bertha and Moreno WHIRL simultaneously -- COCKING WEAPONS AT:

COONTZ, who grins sheepishly as he steps from the shadows.

COONTZ
Sorry 'bout that.

He joins the group, who heave a collective sigh of relief.

BERTHA
Christ, Coontz! I thought Marie was gonna have to give ME a new heart! Where the hell have you been?

Coontz tries to act nonchalant. He is convincing except for the beads of sweat on his lip and brow. He shrugs.

COONTZ
Nowhere. You said we had a few hours, I was at the Pistons game. Are we supposed to put our lives on HOLD?

MORENO
We're having a civil war and you're watching basketball!?

COONTZ
Gimme a break, Moreno. I was at the meeting. I wanted to see Gibb's outside shot, so sue me already!

Bertha looks increasingly anxious. She looks at her watch again. RISES with frustration.

BERTHA
I don't BELIEVE this! Well, I'm not gonna just SIT AROUND here and do nothing --

COONTZ (O.S.)
Yes you are.

Bertha turns to Coontz angrily. FREEZES. Everyone else does, too. And now WE SEE:

COONTZ
In fact... why don't we all just take a seat... and relax.

Coontz is pointing an Encom MKXX Assault pistol at them

COONTZ
It'll all be over in a few minutes.

Moreno looks daggers at him.

MORENO
You son of a bitch.

COONTZ
Hey, watch the language. There're children present, remember?

A VOICE
Drop it, Coontz.

Coontz turns. SEES ZACK standing behind him with a machine gun, and wearing his trademark Detroit Tigers cap.

ZACK
I'm not gonna ask twice.

Coontz obeys. Zack looks at him with disdain.

ZACK
First off, Gibb's outside shot is for spit, and second...
(a beat)
The PISTON'S are off tonight, you jerk.

The rebels GRAB WEAPONS and train them on Coontz.

MORENO
Now what did you mean, it'll be over in a few minutes -- ?

A chill goes up Bertha's spine.

BERTHA
GET THE KIDS OUT OF HERE! NOW!

Too late. CRASH! The first of the REHABS BURSTS IN, wearing a gas mask -- He FIRES a cannister into the rebel's midst: KSSSHHHHH! TEAR GAS erupts, spewing into the air.

The Rebels BOLT for emergency exits. Marie COVERS Keiko's mouth and nose with her hand.

MARIE
TEAR GAS -- !!

MORE REHABS BURST into the room with gas masks and automatic weapons. They OPEN FIRE! Bertha raises her weapon, but TAKES A HAIL OF BULLETS, and FALLS BACKWARD!

Marie QUICKLY FOLDS UP the laptop, GRABS KEIKO.

MARIE
COME ON!

As she's carried off, Keiko REACHES OUT to Bertha.

KEIKO
BERTHA -- !

Bertha gives her a brave, dying THUMBS-UP.

Marie and KEIKO RUN FOR AN EXIT -- but find themselves BLOCKED BY REHABS. Marie WHIRLS, looking for options. Gas fills the room. Keiko SEES a ventilation duct -- RUNS TO IT!

Meanwhile, ZACK cradles a dying Bertha in his arms. She coughs, bleeding, riddled with bullet holes.

BERTHA

Go on... Get outta here...

-- She manages a pained grin. Shows Zack a glimpse of an object she is hiding.

BERTHA

If I have to go... I'm gonna take some of them with me.

AT THE VENTILATION DUCT

Marie LIFTS a CRYING, terrified Keiko up into the duct, which is just big enough for Keiko, but no-one else. Marie SHOVES the computer case at her.

MARIE

GO!

Keiko SOBS as history replays itself; as her new family is taken away from her, just like her old one was.

KEIKO

NO! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! DON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU AWAY!

MARIE

I SAID GET OUT OF HERE!

Keiko looks at her with huge, heartbreaking eyes. Eyes that plead: "Please don't abandon me." Marie fights back the tears in order to sound angry:

MARIE

Goddammit, I'm NOT your mother, now
GO -- !!

A moment that lasts an eon. Then Keiko backs away, gripping her laptop case... and SCRAMBLES AWAY down the ventilation duct. Marie erupts into HELPLESS, lung-burning COUGHS AS --

A REHAB GRABS her! Another FIRES his pistol down the storm drain, trying to hit Keiko... but failing. She is gone.

McDAGGETT steps into the basement, SELTZ flanking him. A horribly CHOKING Coontz staggers up to him, pleads:

COONTZ

Gas mask... gimme a gas mask...

McDaggett looks at him impassively through his gas mask.

MCDAGGETT

Gosh, chum. If I let you live... I'd have to pay you.

Without hesitation, he SHOOTS Coontz where he stands.

MCDAGGETT
(turning to Seltz)
No prisoners, Mr. Seltz.

SELTZ
Yes, sir.

He draws a gun and walks off. WE HEAR GUNSHOTS o.s. as the Rebels comb the room. TWO REHABS pass McDaggett, THROW a coughing MARIE to the floor, and draw their guns.

MCDAGGETT
Not so fast. She might know where ROBOCOP is. Take her to OCP and hold her for interrogation.

He lifts her by the collar.

MCDAGGETT
I promise my men won't leave a mark on you. That'd be a crime.

She SPITS in his face. He SHOVES HER into a Rehab, then turns and EXITS, the rehabs DRAGGING Marie along behind. KEIKO'S FACE appears, peering from a vent grating: she has heard this entire last exchange. She disappears.

ACROSS THE ROOM, some of the OTHERS trudge among the fallen REBELS, looking for survivors. Seltz walks past BERTHA, whom WE SEE is playing dead.

BERTHA
Hey, stupid.

The Rehabs TURN. She pulls a hankkerchief from her mouth and nose, REVEALS a THERMAL GRENADE in ONE HAND. She grins.

BERTHA
Merry Christmas.

And takes her thumb off the pin...

The SCREEN GOES WHITE.

159 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - SAME

WHOOOMM! An escaping Keiko COVERS her head with her laptop case as the walls BUCKLE and debris RAINS DOWN around her.

160 EXT. AUTO FACTORY STAIRWELL - SAME

ZACK, MORENO, the few surviving REBELS HUG THE WALLS of a basement stairwell, REACTING to the explosion, and finally:

161 EXT. AUTO FACTORY COURTYARD - SAME

MCDAGGETT, MARIE, the other REHABS all duck and cover as the very street beneath them SHIFTS... then settles. McDaggett looks up, extremely pissed-off...

162 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - METRO WEST - DAY

BAM! Double doors SLAM OPEN and TWO COPS drag a screaming SPLATTERPUNK in to be booked. They PASS the booking desk where Sgt. Reed and Johnson are having a heated debate:

JOHNSON

We're talking about HUNDREDS OF
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS worth of damage!

SGT. REED

Yeah, well, that Murphy is pretty
rough on property.

JOHNSON

Well, every CENT is coming out of YOUR
salaries!

SGT. REED

Hey, YOU built him.

A familiar SOUND: CLOMP. CLOMP. CLOMP. McDaggett and his men MARCH IN and make a bee-line for the booking desk. Reed and the other cops GLARES at him icily.

MCDAGGETT

Sergeant? We're taking Cadillac
Heights. I'll want fifty of your men,
armed and in full body armor in one
hour.

(to Johnson)

Mr. Johnson. You can tell the Old Man
demolition crews will have total
access at 0600 tomorrow morning.

Reed glares at him.

SGT. REED

I told you before, mister... we don't
do that kind of work.

McDaggett looks at him. All activity in the room comes to a grinding halt to watch the following confrontation:

MCDAGGETT

That was a direct order, sergeant.

SGT. REED

Driving people out of their homes is
no work for a cop.

JOHNSON

(warning)

Think it over, sergeant. Fifteen years on the force is quite an investment. Your job, your pension. Maybe instead of worrying about those squatter families, you might think about your OWN...

Reed dies a little inside. Nods.

SGT. REED

I am.

He tears his badge OFF, and DROPS it to the floor. Against the tense silence, the sound is deafening: CLANG.

SGT. REED

I'm thinking I've got to go home and FACE them.

He turns and WALKS OUT of the station. Other cops look on with amazement. After a beat, Reed's CLERK rises and FOLLOWS his boss OUT. Then --

ANOTHER COP rises, and FOLLOWS. Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER. Like a spreading flu bug, all the police in the precinct get up and start WALKING OUT, throwing their badges in a pile on the floor. Johnson CALLS after them lamely:

JOHNSON

You can't do this! You're employees of OCP, remember that! YOU'RE JEOPARDIZING YOUR RETIREMENT BENEFITS!

(to McDaggett)

Well, DO something!

The two cops with the Splatterpunk JOIN the walk-out. The punk looks around, GAWKING at his sudden freedom. McDaggett SPOTS him, thinks quickly --

MCDAGGETT

Stop that man!

Two of the REHABS GRAB the Splatterpunk, who immediately struggles and SPITS at them like a rabid dog. McDaggett goes up to him. Smiles engagingly.

MCDAGGETT

How would you and your friends like to make some money... chum?

163 INT. AUTO FACTORY (REBEL BASE OP) - DAY

CAMERA PROWLs the debris-strewn basement area. Water DRIPS through ceiling cracks. WISPS of smoke. RATS scurry. Small oil FIRES burn. Shelves and equipment WARPED and melted...

CLANKING FOOTSTEPS ECHO as a familiar SHADOW sweeps a wall... and ROBOCOP enters the remains of the Rebel Base Op. He TRUDGES tentatively through the devastation...

Servos WHRRR as he looks around for some sign of life. There is none. Just the realization that his new family, his new life, have been snatched away as quickly and cruelly as were Alex Murphy's...

And just when we can't imagine that things could possibly get worse... a dark FIGURE steps from the shadows behind RoboCop. Audience GASPS

It is OTOMO.

Robo SPINS. Catches only a GLIMPSE of Otomo's black-clad FLYING FORM, BEFORE -- CRACK -- ! A FOOT CONNECTS with RoboCop's faceplate and he is THROWN CLATTERING backward!

He lies on the floor a moment. JERKS BACK to life. Servos WHRRR. Metal SCRAPES. He looks around... RISES groggily.

ROBOCOP
Identify yourself.

ROBOVISION

In the darkness, we see nothing. Just the vast, empty basement. We ENGAGE A SYSTEM, and begin:

FLASHING: THERMOGRAPH

But still: nothing. No digital colored image that would suggest the body heat of a life form. WE PAN BACK AND FORTH, SEARCHING. Then --

AGAIN: a FLASH of a LEAPING FIGURE AS from nowhere -- Otomo LAUNCHES into another martial arts LEAP, this one into RoboCop's CHEST, AND --

CRACK! Robo CRASHES BACK to the floor, as Otomo SPRINGS off his chestplate into a BACKFLIP, and LANDS on cat-feet.

Now WE SEE the traditional Samurai long-sword, the Katana, strapped to his back. He reaches back -- and DRAWS the sword, CHOPPING the air with several deft, blinding SWINGS.

RoboCop tries to pull himself up from the floor as Otomo CIRCLES him like a cat, the sword SPINNING hypnotically in his hands.

ROBOCOP
I suggest you drop the weapon... or
I will be forced to take action.

Otomo STOPS.

Robo's leg panel SLIDES OPEN, and he GOES FOR HIS MACHINE PISTOL -- but as it comes up -- OTOMO launches into a forward flip and KNOCKS the Auto 9 CLATTERING out of Robo's HAND.

As Otomo LANDS, RoboCop TURNS to face him, and -- the sword FLASHES -- Robo's hand SHOOTS OUT like lightning to protect himself -- WE HEAR a TSINK! of metal, and --

THE METAL HAND clatters to the floor, CUT FREE from the arm!

-- RoboCop lifts himself to his knees using the other hand. He faces Otomo, who continues CIRCLING, eyes flashing, always moving. A hint of a smile.

164 ROBOVISION

THERMOGRAPH CONTINUES FLASHING... but we engage another function: RAMP HEAT SENSORS. The result?:

LIFE FORM: NEGATIVE

LEDs VANISH, and we see that OTOMO is no longer in our line of vision.

ROBOCOP spins -- is AGAIN greeted by an ACROBATIC DOUBLE SOMERSAULT and a FLASH of a Samurai sword, only this time -- SNIK-CLANG!

ROBOCOP'S LEFT ARM CLATTERS free, below the elbow. He looks groggily at his severed stump.

QUICK SERIES OF CUTS

CRACK! ANOTHER BLOW from one side -- then ANOTHER -- AND ANOTHER! As if from three different directions, a FLURRY OF CRUSHING BLOWS, the last of which is the HEEL of Otomo's sword CRUNCHING Robo's VISOR -- a nasty CRACK AS --

RoboCop SPRAWLS BACKWARD and lands in a clattering heap, his helmet visor CRACKED. His head JERKS spastically.

165 ROBOVISION - FLASHING URGENTLY:

SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT EFFICIENCY 91%

The 'EFFICIENCY' reading DROPS; like the price gauge on a gas pump, only BACKWARDS: 90%, 89%, 87% as...

Across the room, the dim figure of Otomo lurks.

ROBOCOP rolls onto his side in the muck, armor CRISS-CROSSED with blade slices. Then he SEES:

HIS MULTI-ARM ATTACHMENT, charred, lying on the floor nearby.

There's only one problem: Otomo sees it, too.

Otomo STARTS TOWARD RoboCop. Sword up. Victory in his eyes. Robo REACHES OUT painfully. GRABS the attachment. Otomo builds speed. Becomes AIRBORNE. A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT.

RoboCop JACKS the attachment into his arm socket. ROLLS. LOOKS UP --

166 ROBOVISION

AS OTOMO FLIES AT US, WE TARGET his HEAD, AND --

FLASHING: DEPLOY SMART BOMB

There's a high-pitched BEEEEEP, then WHOMM! A wicked-looking PROJECTILE ROCKETS from RoboCop's arm-attachment, AND --

Otomo is in mid-leap when... his head EXPLODES.

His body DROPS lifelessly, sword CLANGING to the floor nearby. Sparking WIRES and circuitry JUT from the severed neck. It does not take a rocket scientist to deduce:

Otomo was a robot.

RoboCop FALLS BACK. Worn. Battered. Covered in muck. He GRAPPLES for balance with his one good arm, falls back, helpless. Like a turtle on its back.

He turns his head painfully. SEES a vague GLOW in a corner of the room: the little TV monitor on which Keiko watched The Wizard of Oz. Its screen glows with STATIC...

RoboCop looks at it for a moment, as if hypnotized... Then lies back, unconscious...

167 INT. KANEMITSU'S OFFICE - NIGHT - A CONSOLE

A tiny red light BEEPS urgently; one of a row of THREE MONITORING UNITS, resembling life support systems. A HAND comes into frame, flicks a switch. The BEEPING STOPS.

REVEAL KANEMITSU, roused from sleep, wearing a robe and looking with concern at the tiny monitoring units. He picks up a phone. (IN JAPANESE, TRANSLATION SUPERED).

KANEMITSU

Have the company jet fueled and waiting... and send a car for me in twenty minutes.

168 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - DAY

A MAN IN COVERALLS staples an EVICTION NOTICE to a telephone pole: huge letters proclaiming that as of 6:00 PM, all residents of Cadillac Heights are expected to have vacated.

A rotten TOMATO SPLATS the side of the man's head. He WHIRLS angrily, SEES:

A GROUP OF NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS on bikes and skateboards. They all JEER and THROW GARBAGE at him. He backs off, RUNS for a vehicle marked 'City of Detroit', JUMPS IN.

Garbage bounces off the car as it DRIVES away, PASSING:

-- Zack, Moreno, the few scattered REBELS who survived the Rehab raid. They return to their neighborhood, tired. Beaten. Around them, NEIGHBORHOOD RESIDENTS evacuate, carrying all their worldly belongings.

MORENO

Now what...?

ZACK

"Now what"? It's a shut-out, Moreno.
The game's over.

MORENO

What about Bertha's plan?

Zack TURNS ON HIM, angrily.

ZACK

Bertha's DEAD!

Moreno looks bewildered. Directionless.

MORENO

So we're just going to let 'em march
in here and tear down our homes
without a fight?

ZACK

Without a fight? What d'ya think we've
BEEN doing!?

He looks around. Realizes he's attracted a CROWD of neighborhood RESIDENTS, all looking on sadly. Helplessly. Zack takes off his Tigers cap and puts it on a KID's head.

ZACK

I'm sorry... but I'm tired of
fighting. We gave it a shot. We went
to bat.... But it's over, Moreno.
We struck out...

Suddenly, SIRENS SHRIEK, GROWING in volume. Zack LOOKS UP, terrified. So do the gathered neighborhood RESIDENTS. And what they see is THIS:

A DOZEN POLICE TURBOCRUISERS SCREECH UP! COPS pour out, five to a car. They start UNLOADING weapons and battle gear, as --

SERGEANT REED pumps a 12 gauge shotgun as he steps up to the assembled:

SGT. REED

FOLKS --

(looks at his watch)

WE'VE GOT ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES
'TIL SOMEBODY'S COMING TO BLOW YOU OUT
OF YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD. SO GET YOUR KIDS
AND ANYBODY WHO SHOULDN'T BE FIGHTING
TO YOUR BASEMENTS. THE REST OF YOU ARE
HEREBY DEPUTIZED BY THE DETROIT POLICE
DEPARTMENT.

(under his breath)

It's time to show you how REAL cops
kick ass...

Zack smiles. GRABS his hat BACK from the kid.

169 EXT. OCP TOWER - DAY

An armed OCP GUARD strolls the perimeter, PASSING a TRANSMISSION
DISH surrounded by razor wire. WE MOVE IN TO a ventilation duct,
where WE SEE:

KEIKO, hiding inside.

170 INT. VENTILATION DUCT (OCP) - DAY

She waits for the guard to pass, then returns to a hole she has
cut in the side of the duct.

She pulls aside insulation material, and attaches an alligator
clip to one wire after another, PATCHING the signal in to her
little laptop computer. She frowns as:

MEDIABREAK APPEARS on her liquid crystal screen. JERKY CAMERA
as CASEY WONG picks his nose and his new co-anchor, an
ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, adjusts her ear-mic prior to broadcast.

Keiko frowns, switches the alligator clip to another wire, and
punches up SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS:

FISHEYE VIEWS of hallways, offices, restrooms. Keiko REACTS
excitedly as -- a TINY STORAGE ROOM appears, with Rehabs roughly
TOSSING a woman to the floor.

As the door SLAMS, she rises, angry, determined. It is:

KEIKO

MARIE...

She packs up her computer and SCRAMBLES AWAY down the
ventilation shaft.

171 INT. STORAGE ROOM - SAME TIME

MARIE paces, then KICKS the code-lock on the DOOR with RAGE.
Spotting the surveillance camera in the corner of the ceiling,
she takes a chair, places it under the camera --

And climbs up to look DIRECTLY into the lens.

POV - SURVEILLANCE CAMERA

as Marie FLIPS OFF the camera and YELLS.

172 INT. OCP BOARDROOM - DAY

MCDAGGETT watches this on a monitor of his own, amused. Then rises and WE PULL BACK, REVEALING:

REHABS PUSHING consoles and equipment into the board room, hooking up communications systems to convert this into the COMMAND CENTER for the clearance of Cadillac Heights.

As McDaggett supervises, the frazzled OLD MAN follows him around with crazed agitation. JOHNSON stands by.

OLD MAN

Good Lord, McDaggett! This is a place of business, not a WAR ROOM! Have you gone INSANE?!

McDaggett TURNS on him.

MCDAGGETT

This IS business, Old Man.

(pulls him aside)

By this time tomorrow, you'll be Kanemitsu's HERO. Then again, if you don't want the credit, I'll be glad to take it myself -- THEN let's see who's CEO of this company.

The Old Man huffs and puffs, but the logic is inarguable. He shuffles away to Johnson. Looks off grimly.

OLD MAN

It's the end, Johnson. I can feel it in my bones...

JOHNSON

Relax, sir. It's just business, remember?

Sensing his boss wants to be alone, Johnson awkwardly backs off.

OLD MAN

(to himself)

They're not going to have the Old Man to kick around anymore...

Across the room, McDaggett takes his command post, pulls on a fiber-optic headset. A REHAB flicks the com system ON, NODS to McDaggett, who speaks into his headset mic:

MCDAGGETT

This is Big Stick to all teams: you have a green. Arm up and proceed to strike zone.

173 EXT. REHAB FIELD BASE - DAY

A PILE OF WEAPONS lay spread out on a table. A pair of bony white hands GRABS an automatic weapon and a pale, green-haired SPLATTERPUNK examines it with crazed enthusiasm.

MOVE TO REVEAL... other SPLATTERPUNKS, arming for battle, pulling on uniforms and body armor. SELTZ and other REHABS monitors the new "soldiers" as they CACKLE like lunatics who've escaped from an asylum.

174 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - DAY - SERIES OF SHOTS

RESIDENTS park cars in the street to provide barriers. ZACK and MORENO call out orders. COPS show KIDS and OLD LADIES how to load and fire weapons.

Despite the prospect of violence, there is a sense of community; a unity of purpose. SGT. REED looks heavenward.

SGT. REED

I don't know where you are, Murphy...
but we could sure as hell use you.

175 INT. STORAGE ROOM (OCP) - DAY

Marie sits on the floor of the room, captive, her spirit zapped. She hears a muffled VOICE:

VOICE

Pssst...

She looks up. SEES KEIKO, peering from a vent grating. She rises with disbelief.

KEIKO

So how're we getting out of here,
anyway?

Marie looks toward the door. Then up at the surveillance camera in one corner.

MARIE

KEIKO... Do you have your computer
with you?

(Keiko holds it up;
"Of course")

Look, I'm pretty sure they broadcast
the news out of this building. Did you
see a transmission dish outside?

Keiko nods fervently. Points at her computer screen.

KEIKO
Yeah, and I was just watching the
MediaBreak guy pick his nose.

Marie fights back a smile.

MARIE
Okay, listen. We need to TAP a camera
in to the broadcast signal.
Understand?

KEIKO
(nods)
Which camera?

Marie points at the surveillance camera.

MARIE
THAT one.

176 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

As the neighborhood residents take up defensive positions, REED and other cops take point. Reed raises a hand for silence and a hush falls over the neighborhood.

Everyone looks up the street... and WE HEAR a sound...

TELEPHOTO SHOT

The spires of Old Detroit rise in the distance as... A SHRIEKING nightmarish throng appears on the horizon:

THE "NEW" REHABS. Mostly SPLATTERPUNKS, armed and dressed in Rehab uniforms and urban assault armor. Transports and busses RUMBLE behind them.

REED levels his rifle at the approaching throng. COPS, REBELS and NEIGHBORHOOD RESIDENTS do likewise.

SGT. REED
Remember, hold your fire until
ABSOLUTELY necessary!

SPLATTERPUNKS march up the street in random formation, HOWLING, thrilled at the opportunity to be anti-social and get paid for it. They FIRE their weapons indiscriminately. One of them HOISTS a GRENADE LAUNCHER -- and FIRES -- !

WHOOOMM! A station wagon does a FIERY SOMERSAULT near where Reed and the others are stationed.

REED
Aw, the hell with it.

He OPENS FIRE! The others FOLLOW HIS LEAD.

177 INT. OCP BOARD ROOM - AFTERNOON

As McDaggett monitors the battle from above, the REHAB at the com console FROWNS, turns grimly.

REHAB IN WAR ROOM
Commander? The Detroit police are out there, sir. They're fighting AGAINST us.

McDaggett reacts as though this were a minor annoyance; like somebody forgot to bring the potato salad.

MCDAGGETT
So...? We have a schedule to keep.

The Old Man has had enough. He LEAPS UP.

OLD MAN
This has gone FAR ENOUGH! FIRING on POLICEMEN?!

MCDAGGETT
(smug)
Tell him, Johnson.

Johnson looks embarrassed.

JOHNSON
They're... not officially police, sir. They quit.

OLD MAN
I won't STAND for another second of this nonsense --

McDaggett WHIRLS angrily:

MCDAGGETT
Sit down, Old Man.

OLD MAN
But this is MADNESS -- !

McDaggett COCKS HIS REVOLVER in the Old Man's face. Everyone in the room FREEZES, tense.

MCDAGGETT
I said SIT. DOWN.

His eyes blaze with madness. The horrified Old Man backs off. Clearly, McDaggett has gone over the edge.

CUT TO:

AN ABSURD-LOOKING AUSTRALIAN MAMMAL

MEWLING in it mother's pouch. GRAPHIC DIMINISHES to REVEAL:

MEDIABREAK

And perky new co-anchor, DEBBIE DIX, whose glaring smile threatens to permanently burn the picture tube.

DEBBIE

Zoo officials claim Pookie is the first Marsupial born on the moon. In other news --

The image BREAKS UP. VIDEO HASH. STATIC. MARIE APPEARS in black-and-white, looking directly INTO FISHEYE LENS.

MARIE

DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SETS!

178 INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

PATRONS look up at the TV set with confusion, as MARIE looks down from the small screen:

MARIE

Don't listen to OCP's lies! They're driving people from their HOMES and their JOBS! OCP IS THE ENEMY!

179 INT. SUBURBAN DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A FAMILY at home exchanges disturbed glances over this unusual broadcast.

MARIE (ON TV SCREEN)

Right NOW, the people of Cadillac Heights are fighting a war in the streets! YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD'S NEXT!

180 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

A war zone, as advertised. Rehab-suited SPLATTERPUNKS lob grenades and CACKLE gleefully as REHAB TRANSPORTS CRUNCH and ROLL THROUGH the barricade of cars parked to stop them.

REED, ZACK and the COPS lay cover fire, wipe their teary, smoke-filled eyes as EXPLOSIONS go off all around them.

181 INT. OCP BOARD ROOM - SAME

STATIC. COMLINK VOICES keep McDaggett updated on the battle. He looks down, sees MARIE soapboxing on the surveillance screen.

MCDAGGETT

Nobody's listening to you, honey...

A PRODUCER APPEARS on another screen:

PRODUCER

You were right, sir. The pirate IS in the building. We're initiating a jamming sequence.

182 INT. AUTO FACTORY (REBEL BASE OP)

RoboCop lies in a heap, very still, on the floor. Barely conscious. Hasn't budged an inch since the battle with Otomo. MARIE'S VOICE is heard distantly. After a long pause...

Robo's head TWITCHES. JERKS to one side with effort. Pained WHRR of servos.

ROBOVISION

FLASHING: SYSTEMS DAMAGE ALERT
EFFICIENCY 22 %

WE ZOOM IN to the tiny TV monitor lying in the rubble across the floor. FIXATE on the image on the tiny screen... The face... MARIE'S FACE.

Robo REACHES OUT. Effort. Pain. He GRUNTS. HOISTS himself up with his one good arm. He PULLS himself forward.

And then begins the long trek... Slowly... painfully... pathetically, he begins DRAGGING himself ACROSS THE FLOOR... through the grime and oil and debris.

Like a moth to a flame, DRAWN by Marie's image, he DRAGS HIMSELF closer... and closer...

MARIE

They may OWN every brick of the city,
but they're breaking the LAW! GET THE
WORD OUT! INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE DYING!

Finally, when RoboCop has almost reached the TV set -- his one arm OUTREACHED, as if to touch the screen would bring the life rushing back into his body... THAT'S WHEN --

BZZZT. Marie's image BLIPS OFF, and --

RoboCop collapses. GRUNTS. Rolls on his side. And SEES that he is lying next to an object that is covered with grime and ash, but clearly recognizable:

His FLIGHT-PACK.

183 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

The battle continues. DETROIT COPS and neighborhood RESIDENTS FIRE WEAPONS from stoops and doorways as REHABS and SPLATTERPUNKS stride down the street with grenade launchers.

And OLD WOMAN FIRES an Uzi from her apartment window. Spent shells LAND in her flower planter.

REED, ZACK and MORENO hold position behind a battered station wagon. They DUCK as an incendiary grenade ROCKETS toward a BATTERY OF COPS -- and EXPLODES!!

Reed REACTS. Horror turns quickly to anger. He SPINS back to the street. PUMPS shot-after-shot from his 12-gauge, until --

Out of ammo, he tosses it aside, pulls his police sidearm and PUMPS rounds at the approaching Splatterpunks. He HITS one. Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

But they just keep coming.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION goes off near Reed and the others. A child's TRICYCLE CLANKS to the street, twisted like a pretzel. Reed looks around.

SGT. REED
FALL BACK! SECONDARY POSITIONS!
(points)
GET THOSE KIDS OUT OF THERE!

He turns to Zack, SEES: Zack has been HIT. Moreno cradles him in one arm, holds his gun in the other. He looks at Reed helplessly. Reed CURSES under his breath, loosens Zack's shirt. Again, looks frantically for safer cover. SEES:

A REHAB TANK

RUMBLING toward them. Its turret-cannon TURNS to TAKE AIM as it CRUNCHES a civilian car and CLANKS into FIRING POSITION.

184 INT. TANK - SAME

At the helm is McDaggett's right arm, SELTZ. Seltz grins as he CRANKS the cannon lever.

185 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - SAME

As the tank BEARS DOWN ON OUR HERO GROUP, other COPS and REBELS BACK OFF and RUN for cover. Reed, Zack and Moreno are left out in the open. Sitting ducks. Zack COUGHS. Looks up at Reed.

ZACK
They're winning... aren't they,
Sergeant...?

Reed looks at him bravely. Wishes he could deny it. Then HEARS a high-pitched SOUND. He cranes his neck to look up. His jaw drops. Disbelief.

SPLATTERPUNKS and REHABS DROP their weapons and CLUTCH THEIR EARS with pain as a THUNDEROUS ROAR fills the air -- windows SHATTER for blocks, and ON THE HORIZON --

A SHAPE BLURS IN THE SKY, dramatically backlit by the sun.

SGT. REED
What in the name of --

ROBOCOP

ZOOMS AT CAMERA, SOARING out of the sky like a gleaming metal ANGEL OF DEATH, FLYING over Cadillac Heights with his weapon-arm outstretched and his flightpack BELCHING ROCKET FLAMES.

It is breathtaking.

186 ROBOVISION

SOARING OVER the battle below, we TARGET the tank, and:

FLASHING: DEPLOY SMART BOMB

A FIERY ROCKET BLASTS from the Robo-gun-arm, and --

SMART BOMB POV

WE SHOOT AT the tank, AND --

187 INT. TANK - TIGHT ON SELTZ

as he REACTS with disbelief, AND --

188 EXT. STREET - THE TANK

EXPLODES in a concussive mushroom ball! The surrounding SPLATTERPUNKS are HURLED to the ground! REHABS scatter!

ROBOCOP

FLIES THROUGH the black smoke of the explosion. Using lateral thrusters, he BANKS in mid-air, and --

Unbelieving Splatterpunks point into the air as Robo COMES FLYING BACK OVER THEM, STRAFING the street with machine gun fire! Hapless Rehabs and Splatterpunks go down like rag dolls. Reed and Moreno WHOOP and HOLLER. Even Zack smiles.

SGT. REED
Splatter THAT, you SONS OF BITCHES!

Neighborhood RESIDENTS and REBELS all rise and CHEER triumphantly as RoboCop ROCKETS OVERHEAD. Reed rises with renewed vigor and FIRES at the now-retreating REHABS!

189 INT. OCP BOARD ROOM - SAME

The COM REHAB turns to McDaggett with a dazed expression.

COM REHAB
Sir...?

PUSH IN ON MCDAGGETT as he looks at a video monitor. To say he looks pleased would be an error.

He CURSES and GRABS for a briefcase, which he RIPS OPEN. Inside is the little DEVICE Kanemitsu gave him. He PRESSES the tiny red button, and grins manically.

MCDAGGETT

Okay, RoboCop... Come and get me...

190 INT. CORRIDOR - OCP BUILDING - DAY

OCP SECURITY MEN POUND on the storage room door. It's budging.

191 INT. STORAGE ROOM - SAME

MARIE has jammed a metal shelf from wall to door. IT SHAKES. Finally GIVES, AND --

SECURITY #1 is greeted by a CHAIR in the FACE. CRACK -- ! His machine gun FLIES from his hands as he collapses to the floor. SECURITY #2 goes for his own gun. Looks up. SEES:

MARIE, gripping the machine gun. She FIRES A BURST into the floor. The guy just about wets his pants.

MARIE

Think it over.

192 INT. CORRIDOR - OCP BUILDING - SAME

Marie comes around a corner, sees KEIKO drop from a ceiling vent. Marie RUNS to her, tosses the machine gun, HUGS Keiko tightly. Emotion.

MARIE

It's okay, honey. It's okay...

She takes Keiko's face in her hands. Looks into her eyes.

MARIE

About before... When I yelled at you...?

KEIKO

That's okay. You didn't mean it.

She smiles. Marie hugs her again. Then Keiko SEES something, and POINTS:

KEIKO

Marie, LOOK -- !

Marie looks up. Her face becomes slack with awe. Then pride.

193 INT. OCP BOARDROOM - SAME

The Old Man and Johnson stare, ashen, at a wall unit scrolling the latest Wall Street figures.

OLD MAN

My God, Johnson. Our stock is worthless. We're ruined.

A SHADOW falls over them, and...

ROBOCOP CRASHES THROUGH THE SCENIC VIEW WINDOW in a HAIL OF GLASS -- !! High altitude WINDS blow in as he stands, facing McDaggett. REHABS pull their guns.

RoboCop CLANKS across the floor to McDaggett's console. Raises his hand. His ACCESS SPIKE JUTS out. He STABS it into the system. LEWIS' FACE APPEARS. Her dying words:

LEWIS (ON SCREEN)

Get them for me, Murphy...

Robo PULLS the spike OUT, and TURNS to face the room. McDaggett looks strangely calm. Even confident. He still clutches Kanemitsu's strange device.

MCDAGGETT

How may I help you, Officer?

ROBOCOP

By resisting arrest.

MCDAGGETT

Don't count on it, chum. What's the bloody charge?

ROBOCOP

The murder of Anne Lewis.

He raises his gun arm. TARGETS McDaggett. McDaggett smiles.

RoboCop cocks his head.

Directly behind him, stands OTOMO.

Yes. You read that correctly. But just to be sure, I'll give it to you again, IN CAPS this time:

DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM, STANDS OTOMO.

Make that ANOTHER Otomo. RoboCop WHIRLS. OPENS UP with his 9mm AUTO ATTACHMENT! BLOWS Otomo to shreds! Everyone in the room HITS the deck! The smoke clears.

Otomo still stands, in tatters. Clothes and body RIDDLED with bullet holes. Half his face is torn away, revealing CIRCUITRY and an ARTIFICIAL EYE. He smiles, then PULLS his sword!

RoboCop WHIRLS. Standing several feet behind him... is YET ANOTHER OTOMO. One on each side. The second pulls HIS sword.

MCDAGGETT

No jokes about them all looking the same now. That would be terribly offensive.

OTOMO-VISION

A targetting grid similar to, but cruder than, Robo-Vision. DATA rips across the screen in JAPANESE, except for the FLASHING WORDS: 'TARGET I.D.' SUPERED OVER ROBO'S SILHOUETTE.

BACK TO SCENE

The Old Man backs to the door...

OLD MAN

You can HAVE OCP, McDaggett! It's ALL YOURS!

He RUNS OUT. Followed by Johnson. OTHERS follow their lead, bolting OUT, preferring to be as far away as possible from the looming confrontation.

MCDAGGETT

Where are you going? You're going to miss all the fun!

INT. OCP TOWER- 96th FLOOR - SAME

The ESCAPEES run out, past MARIE and KEIKO. Keiko SEES Robo in the room, surrounded by the two sword-wielding robot Ninjas, and SCREAMS.

194 INT. OCP BOARD ROOM - SAME

Robo TURNS at the voice. CRACK -- ! One of the Otomo's sword handles CLANGS against his helmet. He STAGGERS.

MCDAGGETT

Signature tracking. Rather ingenious, really. They're always a few years ahead of us, the bastards.

The twin Otomos LAUNCH into forward SOMERSAULTS -- CRACK! CRACK! RoboCop is BATTERED from two sides.

MCDAGGETT

If they'd built YOU, you might've stood a chance...

Marie looks on helplessly. Keiko winces, then looks down at her laptop case... and has an idea. She tugs on Marie as --

The Otomos continue to circle RoboCop. They SWING their swords simultaneously -- SKNG! SKNG! Robo tries to block the blows.

Fails.

Keiko and Marie kneel on the floor. Keiko unfolds the little transmission dish Marie installed. She aims it at the Otomos. Marie punches keys.

ON THE SCREEN is GIBBERISH, until --

Keiko leans in, punches in a code.

BZAPP! OTOMO-VISION APPEARS on the tiny liquid crystal unit. Marie TAPS KEYS with a vengeance, while --

The Otomos execute another DOUBLE SOMERSAULT from two sides, KNOCKING ROBO CLATTERING to the floor at McDaggett's feet.

KEIKO

NO!!

McDaggett looks down, grinning triumphantly.

MCDAGGETT

Finish him, boys.

The two Otomos turn to downed Robo. As he tries to pull himself up, McDaggett STOMPS his chest plate with his foot, COCKS his gun in Robo's face... then AIMS at the girls.

MCDAGGETT

No flashy bravery, tin man, or the two cuties say bye-bye.

But as he says this, he notices:

MARIE

tapping keys.

MCDAGGETT

What are you doing -- ?

SHREDDED OTOMO

turns to face immaculate Otomo.

OTOMO-VISION

The FLASHING 'TARGET I.D.' TRANSFERS from the silhouette of RoboCop to the SILHOUETTE OF THE OTHER OTOMO.

MCDAGGETT

realizes what she's is doing. Freaks.

MCDAGGETT

No -- ! Stop!

MARIE taps keys with a vengeance. She presses 'ENTER'.

IMMACULATE OTOMO

looks at Shredded Otomo.

OTOMO-VISION

Once again, 'TARGETING I.D.' is tranferred from Robo to the OTHER OTOMO, and --

-- THE TWO OTOMOS raise their swords simultaneously... and begin circling EACH OTHER. McDaggett FREAKS.

MCDAGGETT

NO! STOP THEM!!

But it's too late. Already re-programmed, the two Otomos SWING THEIR KATANAS SIMULTANEOUSLY, AND -- KSIK! KSIK!

They behead each other

Circuitry SPARKS from their necks as the two robotic corpses DROP to the floor lifeless, swords at their sides. McDaggett looks at Marie with disbelief.

MCDAGGETT

You stupid fools... Don't you know what you've done to us?

MARIE looks confused.

MCDAGGETT

Those were Kanemitsu's WARRIORS. Do you think his sense of HONOR could EVER allow someone to destroy all THREE OF THEM??

Marie blanches.

MARIE

Oh my God.

On one of the Otomos, a small panel slides open, with an LED TIMER and a tiny, high-pitched BEEPING. The timer reads: 00:20... 00:19...00:18.

MARIE

They're rigged to self-destruct...

MCDAGGETT

(nods grimly)

A thermal warhead... In fifteen seconds, everything within twenty yards of where we're standing will be ATOMIZED. WE'RE DEAD, YOU STUPID SLAG!

On the floor, RoboCop GRABS for him. McDaggett KICKS him back. Hard. LEVELS the gun on the girls again. They freeze.

MCDAGGETT

Forget it, chum. It's over. So let's just relax and wait for Doomsday, alright? I mean... isn't that the HONORABLE thing...?

ROBOCOP

Let them go.

THE TIMER

CONTINUES to tick down: 00:11; 00:10; 00:09...

MCDAGGETT

Let them go WHERE?! They can't get out
of the building in TEN SECONDS!

RoboCop looks toward the girls. They look back. Hopefully.

ROBOCOP

Don't count on it. CHUM.

ROBOVISION

McDaggett looks down at us with confusion, AS WE BEGIN:

FLASHING: UPLOAD 'FLIGHTPACK'

And then... MORE URGENTLY:

ENGAGE EMERGENCY THRUST

Suddenly -- WHITE-HOT EXHAUST BLASTS out of RoboCop's
Flightpack, INCINERATING MCDAGGETT'S LOWER LEGS --

He SCREAMS with unimaginable pain, and COLLAPSES AS -- ROBOCOP
LAUNCHES ACROSS THE FLOOR toward the double doors, and --

195 INT. OCP BUILDING - 96TH FLOOR - SERIES OF SHOTS

As RoboCop BLASTS OUT of the board room, he SCOOPS UP KEIKO AND
MARIE, and FLIES DOWN THE OFFICE FAIRWAY WITH THEM, ZOOMING
TOWARD a huge window at the opposite end -- They BRACE
THEMSELVES, AS --

196 INT. OCP BOARDROOM - SAME

His lower legs BARBECUED, McDaggett CRAWLS pathetically to the
headless Otomo, and POUNDS its chest impotently as he SCREAMS
and SOBS like a baby, AND --

TIGHT ON COUNTER

as it counts down: 00:03; 00:02; 00:01...

197 EXT. OCP TOWER - OLD DETROIT SKYLINE - SUNSET (MATTE SHOT)

A speck appears... Grows. Slowly at first, then exponentially, until it ZOOMS TOWARD CAMERA, becoming the FLYING figure of ROBOCOP, Marie and Keiko GRIPPING on to him for dear life, as the wind TEARS at their faces, and they SOAR PAST CAMERA, leaving behind them the gleaming OCP tower, 151 stories of glass-and-chrome, a SYMBOL of corporate America, GLEAMING against the skyline of Old Detroit, and for a moment, we admire its simple elegance.

It explodes.

DISSOLVE:

198 EXT. CADILLAC HEIGHTS - SUNSET

The triumphant, weary denizens of Cadillac Heights put out fires and take down barricades as they clean up and RE-BUILD their battle-scarred neighborhood.

A long black LIMOUSINE appears, crunching to a halt. NEIGHBORHOOD RESIDENTS look on uncertainly as a JAPANESE DRIVER emerges, and opens the passenger door...

KANEMITSU steps out, surveying the scene with impassive Asian eyes. He looks down as... a CHILD'S RUBBER BALL rolls to a stop at his feet. He bends to pick it up, SEES:

A LITTLE BOY, watching him with wide-eyed innocence. After a beat, Kanemitsu tosses him the ball. The boy BEAMS and runs away.

A beat later, a Japanese AIDE emerges from the limo, followed by the OLD MAN, who looks around with concern:

OLD MAN

I realize it looks very bad, Kanemitsu-san, but... perhaps our plans were over-AMBITIOUS; maybe we could start smaller, GENTRIFY the neighborhood, build STRIP MALLS, perhaps --

Kanemitsu levels a priceless glare at the Old Man, who immediately SHUTS UP. Kanemitsu says something in Japanese. The Old Man looks at the Aide with concern.

OLD MAN

What did he say?

AIDE

(emotionless)

He said "You're fired".

The Old Man pales as Kanemitsu turns and SEES:

ROBOCOP, standing with KEIKO and MARIE. REED, ZACK and MORENO stand behind them. A family portrait.

Kanemitsu steps forward. Looks at Robo. And then he does a rather odd thing... He BOWS. In the traditional Japanese manner: a bow of RESPECT. Admiration.

He turns and climbs back into the limo... which DRIVES OFF. The shattered, broken Old Man looks at RoboCop with grudging respect.

OLD MAN

Officer... MURPHY, isn't it...?

RoboCop looks at Keiko... then at Marie... then at Reed. They all smile back at him. His friends. His FAMILY. And we realize: this is as close to peace as Alex Murphy can know...

ROBOCOP

My friends call me Murphy.

(a beat)

You call me... ROBOCOP.

CUT TO BLACK

MAIN TITLES