

THE DEMOLITION MAN

Be Well

By
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Based on the film "**Demolition Man**"
Directed by Marco Brambilla

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Original screenplay by:
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This script is a fan-made adaptation of the original film. No copyright infringement is required. It was written by a fan of the original material and is written based off love of the original film.

LOS ANGELES
1996

OPEN ON:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A shop window houses a lot of TV screens, all switched on and tuned to every single news station that ever was.

A small child standing in front of this watches intently. His view keeps switching from one to the other.

(**NOTE:** The following from all from different stations)

ANCHORMAN

- - Today, the widespread chaos and rioting have - -

NEWSWOMAN

- - Urban Wars continue to rage throughout the whole city - -

ANCHORWOMAN

- - LAPD Chief Hunningan has said measures are in place to - -

PANELIST

- - Get rid of Hunnigan! We need someone with competence to run the police in this city!

NEWSWOMAN #2

- - Gang Leader Shamar Uder was responsible for the death of five children -
(jump)
- who were playing outside.

A much LONGER cut of static when:

An ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN is being interviewed.

WOMAN

(hysterical)
It's not safe! IT'S NOT SAFE! My husband went out and ain't come back yet. THREE WEEKS AGO!
(into camera)
I HATE THIS CITY!

Then STATIC BURST TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - EVENING

An on location news report (complete with nervous and shaky cameraman) with an on-site REPORTER standing on a small road leading to what looks like a desolate wasteland.

REPORTER

(into camera)

And I'm standing outside the self imposed border to the "Phoenix Safe-Zone" set by the warlord Simon Phoenix.

(walks to the left)

No reason was given exactly to why Phoenix doesn't want anyone to cross this border, but he has said that those that disobey will - OH MY GOD!

The camera TURNS to see a passenger bus ZOOM past them quickly and DRIVE over the border!

At the speed it was going, the bus quickly goes out of view into a dark cloudy atmosphere.

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did you get that? Did you -

- an EXPLOSION. The cameraman wobbles and TILTS backwards then CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - UNKNOWN

Another handheld camera. But this time it's following several gagged and tied people. News network graphics spill random amounts of useless information around the sides of the screen.

VOICE (O.S.)

Now I thought this city had sense.

The voice that speaks is a high-pitched menacing advert for instability.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I told no-one to even think about setting their asses down here.

Various ages and races all sit. Many of them are crying, some are trying not to.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Policemen figured it out. The postmen figured it out; but the God damn -

- Camera TURNS SHARPLY to see a BUS DRIVER, dying of a gun shot wound.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

- Bus driver's just wouldn't listen!

The camera turns again to reveal SIMON PHOENIX. His body can't be seen, but what can be made out of him is that he's black, bald and has a dyed blonde goatee on the tuff of his chin.

As well as an inhumane look in his eyes that does not bode well with that cheerful smile.

PHOENIX

Now if I'm correct, people refer to my self-proclaimed land as chaos.

(smiles)

Now that's not entirely true - I prefer to call it an autocratic anarchy. Shit, I have no idea what autocratic means but I'm making it mean that you do as I say or you die!

He turns his head - and a GUN SHOT roars, followed by 30 hysterical gagged screams. A dark childlike laughter from Phoenix rolls over and JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LAPD - DAY

ANGLE ON: A determined face of DETECTIVE JOHN SPARTAN. His brow narrowing as he hears the laugh echo in his mind.

He stands up, showing a well built police-officer on a mission; that laugh playing heavily on his mind as it goes off the TV.

INT. HUNNIGAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Spartan BURSTS in, shocking the aging CHIEF HUNNIGAN by surprise.

HUNNIGAN

So what is it now, John?

SPARTAN

I know where those hostages are, sir.

Hunnigan leans back and crosses his arms. A smirk creeps on his face out of habit - and Spartan's expression tells that this is a habit.

HUNNIGAN

Okay then John, where are the hostages?

SPARTAN

Phoenix has always kept a major warehouse as a playground in the South-Eastern sector of his "Safe-Zone". I can betcha that they're all holed up in that warehouse.

HUNNIGAN

("year, right")

And this is another one of the infamous Spartan -

SPARTAN

(on edge)

- It's a hunch, yeah.

Beat.

HUNNIGAN

No.

SPARTAN

What? That's where they'll be! I know it!

HUNNIGAN

And what makes you think that they'll be there.

SPARTAN

Because I know how Phoenix thinks, I know how he works - hell I know how long he takes for him to piss!

(beat)

Two years of my life I've spent chasing this guy. Trust me, I know how he works.

Another beat.

HUNNIGAN

Still no.

A GRUNT of frustration and Spartan PUNCHES the wall. After a second, he walks away, walking out of the office.

HUNNIGAN (CONT'D)

Do not do anything!

And on that, CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX SAFE ZONE - NIGHT

A POLICE HELICOPTER roars in the air, heading towards a HUGE warehouse that's on fire!

Playful gunshots and explosions are heard beneath.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

The two pilots look at each other. On the right is STEVE HARLAND, and the left is someone who looks like he's only just started flying - ZACHARY LAMB.

HARLAND

We're approaching the warehouse now.

LAMB

Man I've seen some crazy stuff, hell I've done crazy stuff - but this has to be the craziest sort of crazy ever made.

Spartan APPEARS from the mid-section, all kitted out and wearing a black BERET.

SPARTAN

Well they call me crazy, but Phoenix is in there, along with the hostages. And I'm going to get them out, and drag Phoenix's ass kicking and screaming like the bitch he is.

Harland pushes a few buttons.

EXT. PHOENIX SAFE ZONE - SAME TIME

The helicopter gets closer.

HARLAND

We should be within proximity of the rooftop under a minute.

The helicopter continues forward

THEN

A MORTAR MISSILE STRIKES the tail end of the helicopter!

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Immediately, Spartan GRABS onto the doorway to the midsection as Harland and Lamb STRUGGLE with the controls.

HARLAND

Tail section's been hit! I'm losing control!

Spartan holds on and looks down to see gun fire AIMING AT THEM.

SPARTAN

Head for the roof!

HARLAND

I'll try - -

The helicopter DIPS forward, Lamb and Harland PULL UP - but BULLETS RIP through the front - going through Harland. He's dead instantly.

LAMB

Oh hell!

SPARTAN

Aim for the rooftop!

LAMB

We're not gonna make it!

SPARTAN

Just do it!

EXT. PHOENIX SAFE ZONE - SAME TIME

The Helicopter manages to rebalance itself and it HURLS forward, towards the rooftop!

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Spartan CLINGS onto the inside of the doorway for dear life.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Several of Phoenix's men are firing sub-machine guns towards the helicopter. One of the front men turns and waves for them to run back.

And the Helicopter CRASHES head first, sliding through the rooftop, knocking over men and destroying anything that's in it's way!

Gun fire flails in every direction and the noise is unbearable - -

- Then it STOPS.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Barely able to catch a breath, Lamb is suddenly THRUST a gun in his hand by Spartan - who's shaken off the crash extremely quickly.

SPARTAN

You see anything not me or a bus passenger - you shoot it.

LAMB

(looks at gun)

But I ain't shot at anyone before!

SPARTAN
Well you've gotta learn sometime,
kid.

Spartan puts several 9mm guns into holsters around his body. He then picks up one final gun and looks at it.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
One more for luck.

He turns around, but notices something on the floor - his beret. He picks it up, taking a long deep breath.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Send a maniac to catch a maniac.

He checks if the gun is loaded and looks towards Lamb with a look of anticipation.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

The men from earlier start to walk towards the helicopter, holding their guns out ready

WHEN

Gunfire bellows out towards them, killing several!

Spartan JUMPS out, firing two guns in two hands at some of the guards opposite, allowing Lamb time to run for cover.

He dives under some rubble and holds his gun tightly, checking to see where his attackers are.

The attention is broken - he turns to see Spartan RUN towards them, firing his guns off very quickly - killing them in a manner of seconds before darting around a corner for cover.

SPARTAN
(waving Lamb forward)
We're clear!

Acknowledging him, Lamb runs up to him, on the verge of shell-shock.

LAMB
H-how do you do that?

SPARTAN
(beginning to walk
forwards)
Do what?

LAMB
 (following)
 Act like you've got a death wish
 when bad men with really big guns
 are firing at you.

SPARTAN
 When I find out, I'll let you know.

And as he opens up a doorway into the building, Lamb tries to think of something to say - but he can't, and follows Spartan into:

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Spartan goes in and scouts around, and then goes to DART down the stairs -

BUT is stopped by Lamb.

LAMB
 Spartan, are you nuts? You can't
 just go head first!

Spartan knocks Lamb's arm away from him, and just gives the pilot a dark glance.

SPARTAN
 We're this close to stopping
 Phoenix for good - and I'm not
 backing out now.

LAMB
 If you say so.

There's an uncomfortable beat as Spartan looks at Lamb. He then pulls out a small device that makes a few beeps and starts to flash red dots in a certain area of the screen.

SPARTAN
 Thermal Scan's reading a collection
 of people a few floors down - I'm
 guessing they're the hostages.

He places the Thermal Scan Device and looks up in the opposite direction.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
 You go down and get them out.
 (beat)
 I need to end this...now.

The thermal scanner BLEEPs at him.

LAMB
 Look Spartan, I think we need to
 get back-up - -

SPARTAN
No! We're too close!

LAMB
Is this how it happens? Is it?

SPARTAN
When what happens?

LAMB
I was told to take you to an area,
now I'm caught in the middle of a
warzone with The Demolition Man!

Spartan's eye twitches.

SPARTAN
Don't call me that.

LAMB
But that's right, isn't it? You
barge in and then whole buildings
get reduced to rubble?

Lamb sighs, then Spartan suddenly PUNCHES Lamb!

SPARTAN
We haven't got time for this, so
get to the God damn histages!

Lamb goes to say something, but Spartan runs UPWARDS, up a metal staircase that traverses under the rooftop. Lamb suddenly turns and finds a ladder, slowly descending it.

INT. METAL WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Spartan RUNS, holding a gun out when he's met with GUNFIRE.

Darting to a nearby collection of crates he ducks as the machines run at his location.

He waits. Then moves and fires a round forwards - managing to catch one of the men who loses his balance and TOPPLES off the walkway.

Spartan turns and fires some more - CLICK.

Out of ammo. He switches to another gun and runs around to the other side - glancing to see some men switch position.

He fires - catching them. He takes a breath - -

- MACHINE GUNFIRE from BELOW. Two men.

He ROLLS to the side, swinging an arm underneath the walkway and FIRES IN QUICK SUCCESSION. He catches them both and dashes upwards - running back towards a small office door.

Another guard jumps out - and Spartan TACKLES him, swinging his body weight around and THROWING him off the walkway to the lower levels - landing on some more men.

He quickly FIRES downwards at some of the others below...CLICK. Out of ammo.

He runs forward, nearing the doorway and MORE gunfire from behind. He SLIDES to more cover away from the door, finding another gun - -

He stops. This is the 'Gun for Luck'. He grits his teeth and places the gun back.

Thinking quickly he PUSHES the crates in front of him - but there's no real movement.

More gunfire at him. He quickly takes this opportunity to SPRINT forwards, reaching the door and pulling it open, entering:

INT. WAREHOUSE SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He stops, slightly out of breath as he stops at the sight in front of him.

A swivel chair has its back to him as someone watches CCTV camera screens showing different parts of the warehouse, specifically that of the hostages.

Spartan takes a step forward, his face turning into a sneer.

VOICE (O.S.)

(behind chair)

My, my, my! Don'tcha just feel all special and tingy in the ball region when Detective John Spartan comes crawling into your world?

A cry of frustration and Spartan PULLS out the Lucky Gun and aims it directly at the chair.

SPARTAN

Phoenix!

PHOENIX (O.S.)

I can't remember for the life of me, but I remember reading in a book a guy asked for one last wish before his dear friend killed him.

(beat)

Wait, I ain't never read no book. Must've been a movie.

He chuckles. Spartan takes a step forward.

SPARTAN

We're not friends, dipshit.

The chair turns around, revealing Simon Phoenix in all his physical glory. He's intimidating, matching Spartan in physical prowess.

He's holding a cigarette in his hand.

PHOENIX

Really? Because I think I've been more important to you than your own family. Like your wife, for example. Like the fact that she's pregnant with what has to be another brother's child.

Spartan's hand TIGHTENS around the gun.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

I mean, you've been committing adultery John. You've been a bad, bad boy. Instead of fucking your wife, you've been fucking with my life.

(smiles)

This affair has to end, man.

SPARTAN

You're a disease. A piece of nothingness that needs to be wiped out - removed.

Phoenix looks around, waving his arms.

PHOENIX

Just look around. One flick of my finger and this place goes up.

Looking around, Spartan notices that the room has FUEL thrown all around it.

Phoenix takes a long drag from his cigarette.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

This place is rigged to blow, and those hostages - -

Spartan glances at the screen, seemingly just remembering they exist.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

- - Well, they are gonna just be part of the biggest Bar-B-Q of the century!

(sniffs)

(MORE)

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Nothing like a bit of red meat well
done.

Phoenix holds the cigarette loosely. Smiling.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Let's call this break up sex, shall
we? 'Cause I'm gonna fuck up your
life now.

Spartan still holds the gun, but glances at the cigarette, to
the hostages...and then to Phoenix.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

Lamb SNEAKS past a guard, glancing that one of them is
standing in front of a doorway.

A deep breath he takes a step forward, suddenly knocking a
metal shelving unit and creating a CLANG.

The guard looks up - pointing his gun and runs over.

Lamb swings his body to the right, his adrenaline beginning
to pump as the guard ventures towards the toppled mess.

His breathing become erratic. He looks ahead as the guards
back is facing him. A sudden resolve wipes over his face -
followed by the look of someone as they're about to do
something incredibly stupid.

He JUMPS and wraps an arm around the guards neck!

The guard RECOILS, jumping backwards - trying to ram Lamb off
him, but Lamb hooks in tight.

The guard SWINGS his weapon around, but Lamb quickly moves
away. The guard THROWS his body back - Lamb PULLS and TWISTS -
- CRACK.

Lamb lands on his back. A dead guard with a broken neck on
top of him.

A moment of tranquility passes - then Lamb suddenly PUSHES
the body as the reality of the situation hits him.

He scrambles to his feet, seeing the dead guard stare blankly
into the distance. Still not moving.

Lamb slowly walks backwards to the doorway, eyes not leaving
the body.

He eventually walks into the door, turning around to find a
re-enforced safe-like door with a small window showing thirty-
odd hostages cramped in a small place. There's one dead body
in a bus-driver's uniform.

Lamb looks around, unsure what to do.

INT. WAREHOUSE SECURITY ROOM - SAME TIME

The Lucky Gun is still trained on Phoenix.

SPARTAN

You've lost, scumbag.

Phoenix just smiles, beginning to walk around his rival. Spartan follows, the gun still trailing his every move.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

How many people have died? How many lives lost? Due to your hand? How many of your victims haunt you?

(beat)

How can you not feel a thing? How can you not comprehend the morality of what you have done?

Phoenix stops. His boots stand in the leaking fuel.

PHOENIX

Guilt is a choice, John. Remorse is not a luxury but an optional extra that's given away free when God made us. I'm just smart enough to know that while you just haven't realised that you're stupid enough to feel guilty.

SPARTAN

Fair enough.

A step closer.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Now where are the hostages?

There's a CRUEL chuckle from Phoenix.

PHOENIX

Look at you! Look at you! You finally decide to be a police officer after years of being a vigilante! We both know that you don't give a damn about the hostages, because this is between you and it's between me.

Eye twitch from Spartan. THEN:

SPARTAN

You know NOTHING ABOUT - -

The cigarette's dropped!

Before Spartan can react, the room LIGHTS up and Phoenix JUMPS forward, TACKLING Spartan to the ground!

The Lucky Gun SPINS around, flying across the room.

Spartan ROLLS, attempting to throw Phoenix over him but he GRABS a punch to the face instead.

A swift kick to Phoenix later, Spartan manages to get the advantage and deliver a blow to Phoenix's stomach - then one to the face.

He rolls away, crouching to catch his breath as Phoenix recovers.

They stare each other down as the fire surrounds them.

They both RUN at each other AND

PHOENIX delivers a KICK to Spartan's face with a boot that's ON FIRE.

Spartan falls, rolling through some flames and landing on his stomach. He looks up - seeing Phoenix LAUGHING.

It's that haunting laugh.

Spartan glances to the side - it's the Lucky Gun.

PHOENIX

Ready for the climax John?

Around them - smoke begins to fill the room.

Phoenix LEAPS forward, jumping OVER the flames

THEN

Spartan GRABS the gun and FIRES!

Phoenix is hit in the side of the stomach and lands on the ground.

He looks down, seeing the wound and beginning to LAUGH.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Well I'll be damned.

Spartan, beginning to cough due to the smoke, slowly makes his way to him.

SPARTAN

See you in hell.

A strong PUNCH and Phoenix is knocked out.

Then the roof starts to collapse.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

The fire's spread down to where the hostages are. And Lamb is trying to open the door.

A support falls down in front of him, causing him to jump back.

He looks at the hostages, and a few look back at him, expressionless.

A mass of guilt hits, but he starts to run backwards as the fire begins to spread.

LAMB
(quiet)
I'm sorry.
(much louder)
I'm SORRY!

He turns and RUNS.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The warehouse BURNS behind Spartan as he runs out, Phoenix wrapped around his back. The warehouse ERUPTS into a mass of flames and EXPLOSIONS.

The final blast and Spartan and Phoenix FLY forward, landing on the ground.

Spartan looks up, seeing the warehouse in flames, fear in his eyes.

He looks around, seeing an INJURED Lamb clutching his right arm. He looks at Spartan - and lets go on his arm. It's broken - and there's a huge metal bar through it.

He also shakes his head.

John looks at the warehouse, watching it burn - looking fearful as the scene FADES TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

And firefighters are trying to control the flames. Police cars are surrounding the entire place.

Officers are tending to Phoenix, strapping and handcuffing him to a stretcher.

This is watched by Spartan, sitting on a car bonnet with his face in his hands.

HUNNIGAN (O.S.)
SPARTAN!

He looks up to see Hunnigan looking down at him.

HUNNIGAN (CONT'D)
I told you! I told you! But you
can't go and do all this Demolition
Man bullshit, you hear me?

He looks at the warehouse.

HUNNIGAN (CONT'D)
Where are the hostages?

Spartan does answer him.

PHOENIX (O.S.)
They were in there Chief! I saw
'em!

Spartan looks to Phoenix.

HUNNIGAN
Were they?

SPARTAN
It was a trap! I didn't know he'd
rig the place to - -

HUNNIGAN
You knew they were there? And you
ignored Police Procedure?

SPARTAN
(jumps to his feet; in his
face)
But we got Phoenix!

HUNNIGAN
At the expense of innocent life?

WAM. The reality hits Spartan. He takes a step back, looking dazed.

HUNNIGAN (CONT'D)
This obsession with Phoenix was
dangerous, John - but I should've
done something sooner.
(pissed)
And now there are thirty dead
bodies.

He turns to an officer.

HUNNIGAN (CONT'D)
Place Detective Spartan under
arrest!

Officer turn and cuff Spartan - but there's no response as his expression is one of numbness.

He glances around, seeing Phoenix wheeled into a medical vehicle, looking up and SMILING at Phoenix.

PHOENIX
(shouting)
Well I wasn't gonna blow 'em up
until you came along, ahaa!

As the doors shut, Spartan's numbness turns into a gritty, hard-nosed anger. On this FADE TO:

EXT. COCTEAU CRYOPRISON - DAY

Establishing shot. A huge building. A lot of media and press surrounding it.

SMITHERS (PRE-LAP)
Detective John Spartan you have
been sentenced to 100 years of
cryogenic imprisonment.

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - SAME TIME

The camera PANS across, revealing a huge LABORATORY where several men and women are trapped in FROZEN round cubes. These are known as Cryocells.

SMITHERS (O.S.)
Your crime, the manslaughter of
thirty innocent civilians.

Eventually SPARTAN in a white overgown and hand-cuffs walks past. His expression one of numbness again.

SMITHERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
In accordance of the Cocteau
Rehabilitation Act of 1991, your
body shall be frozen into stasis.

In the background, Phoenix is seen in one of the Cryocells.

Leading the party of guards surrounding Spartan is a young man in a white coat - DEPUTY WARDEN WILLIAM SMITHERS.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)
During this time your subconscious
mind shall be reprogrammed due to
synaptic suggestion ready for your
rehabilitation in 2096.

They stop, and they strip Spartan of the gown. He stands naked in front of a small pool - an unfrozen Cryocell.

Smithers nods at him, and Spartan takes a few steps and walks into the Cryocell.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)
You will be eligible for parole no
earlier the year 2096.

ANGLE: Looking on at a distance from a walkway, a small ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY stares at Spartan - intrigued. Behind him two men in suits are talking, but they're inaudible for now.

BACK TO Spartan, he sits down in the cell, lying down and closing his eyes.

Around him, a glass shutter locks above him. He opens his eyes to find the Cryocell being pumped with a fluorescent blue liquid - filling the half full pool.

Panic starts to settle in, and he POUNDS against the glass and gasps for air.

One of the prison workers holds out a METALLIC rod, containing a bright blue sphere of energy. He carries it across, placing it into a computer console next to Spartan.

Smithers pushes a few buttons, and the energy sphere is RELEASED, striking the liquid and suddenly freezing the water...

...And Spartan stays there, frozen in time.

BACK TO the boy, watching with interest.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you happy with the upkeep sir?
And your son?

MR. COCTEAU (late fifties) nods, shaking the hand of the guy speaking to him.

MR. COCTEAU
He's fine, I'm just showing him
what will be his one day. Isn't
that right Raymond?

The boy, RAYMOND, looks to his father - nodding. He then looks back at Spartan. The camera slowly PANS away as we FADE TO:

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - MUCH MUCH LATER

And we're still on Spartan. Cameras pan across to reveal a more up-to-date console. A date flashes across the screen:
Aug 03 2046.

Pan away to reveal the Prison Wardens, now in grey-like gowns. Slowly pan across to reveal more prisoners.

ANNOUNCEMENT

"Please note that the parole hearing for Prisoner Brambilla will be scheduled at 0900 hours. Senior Warden William Smithers please make your way to the parole room."

An aging warden with glasses and a video tablet in his hand walks across the lower levels. This is a much older WILLIAM SMITHERS.

On his tablet, the screen flashes up to reveal a young brunette Police Officer smiling at him. This is LELINA HUXLEY. Eyes widen with anticipation yet routine.

INT. HUXLEY'S VEHICLE - SAME TIME

Lelina's car is very modern. A computer with several screens show on the dashboard, and Smithers' face appears in one on the screen.

She's also not got her hands on the wheel - it's driving itself.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - SAME TIME

Smithers smiles.

SMITHERS

Greetings, Lieutenant Lelina Huxley.

HUXLEY

Good morning Warden William Smithers. The weather is as stunning as ever, and as my duty log requires it: I'm requesting a status update on the prison populous. Is the tedium still maintained?

SMITHERS

Ahh Lieutenant, the tedium is maintained for a reason. The prisoners now being ice-cubes means that we can hope to sustain the peaceful crime-less tranquility we've had for over forty-years. Nothing happens.

HUXLEY

(sighs)

I find this lack of stimuli extremely disappointing.

SMITHERS

I would feel disheartened and disturbed by your comments as I should do every day - but today I shall put this down to the excitement of youth and this being the day that my services to the city shall come to a natural end.

HUXLEY

Will you not miss the prison?

SMITHERS

But of course, Lelina Huxley. However one does require the natural termination of employment so that the remaining days of their lives can be enjoyed in the company of family.

(smiles)

However, I must go and tend to further parole hearings. Be well.

HUXLEY

Be well.

END INTERCUT.

Huxley sighs.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

(hopefully)

Lelina Huxley signing on?

L-7

There is no requirement for further police presence in the city.

Note: L-7 is the city-wide computer network system for the police. All dialogue comes from everywhere; like the computer from the Star Trek shows.

Huxley glances at the screen in the middle of the dash - all L-7's words are written on the screen.

L-7 (CONT'D)

Please report back to the station.

Huxley sighs.

HUXLEY

Self drive on.

The steering wheel suddenly EXPANDS and Huxley grabs the wheel.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically)
 Wow, how exciting.

She glances out the window.

INT. SAN ANGELES STREET - DAY

Huxley's police car, a small electrical vehicle, passes some buildings - including one saying "Earthquake Memorial Centre" in a steel entrance sign.

From the ground, a small contraption crops up and SPRAYS paint onto the sign. Spelling out words.

They say: "FAIRNESS IS A MYTH. ef."

Suddenly, the sign FIRES to life, and the paint is suddenly wiped off.

The contraption suddenly EXPLODES, causing a few bystanders in long grey/purple gowns to jump and move away quickly.

POV: PERISCOPE. The people running away, but then ZOOM in onto a truck delivering food to a restaurant.

VOICE (PRE-LAP)
 Look at them. Sloth and gluttony
 all mixed into one package.

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWER-PIPE - SAME TIME

Looking into the periscope is a guy in a rag-tag long overcoat, scruffy hair and a rough beard. This is EDGAR FRIENDLY. And he's surrounded by people who look ill, hungry and desperate.

FRIENDLY
 They don't know how predictable and boring they all are, they don't even know how to survive properly...
 (sighs)
 The truck's gone - we'll nab and grab as much food we can get tonight.

FOLLOWER
 You sure we can do this, Friendly?

FRIENDLY
 People are starving. We ain't got any other choice.

He knocks the periscope upwards.

EXT. SAN ANGELES STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Huxley's car drives past, and then reaches a sign saying the SAN ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT. Where she follows a line of cars leading up to a building.

INT. SAPD RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Huxley walks up through automatic glass doors up to the reception desk, smiling.

HUXLEY

Oh Erwin!

ERWIN, a short red-headed guy with a head set smirks as he waves a small scanner over her hand.

ERWIN

Lovely-Lelina!

The scanner flashes a green light and Huxley smirks and walks off.

Erwin suddenly jumps and speaks into his headset.

ERWIN (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Welcome to the San Angeles Police Department Emergency Line. If you prefer an automated response, press '1' now.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Huxley walks in, waving to some people. She walks and smiles at an aging black officer at his desk.

HUXLEY

Officer Lamb.

This is ZACHARY LAMB. Only older. And greyer.

LAMB

Huxley! How are you faring on this day?

HUXLEY

As adequate as one can be.

LAMB

That's my girl.

She carries on, and a Hispanic young man walks up and goes to high-five Lelina -

- - but stops and they wave their hands together without actually touching. This is ALFONSO GARCIA.

HUXLEY

Hello fellow officer Alfonso Garcia, any interesting stuff happen on the intercom?

GARCIA

Yes actually, there was someone who accidentally brushed against a woman of distinguished age with their transport bike. She nearly resorted to severe violent measures in retaliation.

HUXLEY

(eyes widen)

Brutal! Why wasn't there any communication for supplementary support?

VOICE (O.S.)

Because there was absolutely no need to create wide-spreadpanic, Lieutenant.

She turns to see CHIEF GEORGE EARLE standing watching her. Gold round glasses and a bald head distinguish him from everyone else, and his uniform is one long black overcoat decorated in achievements.

His face is decorated with annoyance. He walks towards her, his hands holding each other behind his back. Stern and straight, looking at people above his frames.

EARLE

In fact, I'm noticing a gradual trend in your behavioral patterns, Lieutenant Huxley. I monitored your comments made to the warden this morning.

(beat)

Do you really long for chaos and destruction to reign on our beautiful city?

Huxley says nothing.

EARLE (CONT'D)

It does disturb me that your mind could even fathom images like that. Your obsession with the twentieth century and it's vulgar ways has seemingly corrupted your expectations as a police officer.

Huxley nods.

HUXLEY

Behavior improvement noted, Chief.
I shall assimilate the criticism
and will gain personal growth from
this conversation.

She nods and walks away towards her office. Earle smiles,
slightly chuffed at himself before clapping his hands once.

EARLE

Okay, let's do some policing!

INT. HUXLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Huxley walks in, removes a silver sash around her body and
throws it on a chair.

HUXLEY

(sighs)
Stupid prick.

BEEEEEEP.

WARNING SYSTEM (O.S.)

Lelina Huxley - -
(stilted pause)
- - you have been fined one credit
for violating the verbal morality
stature.

Huxley rolls her eyes and grabs a small ticket that has
dispensed from behind.

As she sits at her desk, Garcia follows her into her office.

GARCIA

It worries me when I see stressful
situations like that happen between
fellow officers.

HUXLEY

If that is your definition of
stressful then I'd be displeased to
witness you in a similar occurrence
of events.

GARCIA

Why are you in constant pursuit of
unspeakable acts? Do you not find
life here as fulfilling as I do?

HUXLEY

Life is...good, but it's boring as
he-
(stops herself)
Not as stimulating as I'd thought
it'd be.

Garcia sits down.

GARCIA

We've been here, for months and we've seen things I'd never thought we'd see. Things that will haunt me. You've even been promoted quickly because of it.

HUXLEY

That was a rogue dirty joke that was sent to everyone in the city.

He closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath. Bad memories.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

Why can't we just have some excitement?

She slouches back on her chair.

BEEEEEP.

WARNING SYSTEM (O.S.)

Posture threat warning for - -
 (stilted pause)
 - - Lelina Huxley - -
 (another pause)
 - - your position may result in long term spinal misalignment. Be well.

She sits up, glancing at Garcia. Off that, CUT TO:

EXT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES - MORNING/ESTAB.

Establishing shot of COCTEAU INDUSTRIES. Lovely looking building.

INT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

A table with several rotating screens on the side looking upwards to see a man faced away from them, hands holding each other behind his back.

Pan across the several faces on the screens.

MAN (O.S.)

(face away)

San Angeles is at the forefront of the modern America. The other 47 State-Cities are following our lead. Able to bring forth my father's vision of utopia to fruition.

He lowers his head.

MAN (CONT'D)

However, we are the first to
achieve near utopian goodness.

He turns around, and there stands a greying man in early
sixties. Tall. Commanding. A sour expression that has stayed
there far too long. This is RAYMOND COCTEAU.

COCTEAU

We've eliminated crime. We've
eliminated temptation. The desire
to dip into our primal urges has
been suppressed - and our city is
much better for it.

He smiles.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

The President was quoted to say our
State-City was an example of my
father's vision working.

He pauses, takes a step forward and lowers his head before
sighing.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

In a few months, all 47 Heads of
the other State-Cities, my
equivalents, and the President will
visit our illustrious city - but
we're not ready.

He sits down. A silent rage rocks through his voice during
those last few words.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

We are plagued by a menace. A
figure of darkness and a stain on
the primal urges that we need to
overcome. You've all seen his name
on our walls. The initials 'E' and
'F' are two letters that cause
panic.

(beat)

I am referring to Edgar Friendly.

He stands again, quickly. Very agitated.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

He nests under the city, lying in
our foundations attempting to break
them down and undo all the work
we've done to overcome the dark
past that the city, and the country
has done.

Cocteau stands before the screens.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
 Once he is eliminated; we can truly
 become the first StateCity - and
 Lazare Cocteau's brilliant ideas
 will come into their own.

He smiles.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
 Sin will have been eliminated.

And after another smile, FADE TO:

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - MORNING

Smithers walks into a room, checks his tablet. He stops, and
 stares at the prisoner on a vertical metal slab.

SMITHERS
 Is this correct?

He glances to the other officers, who just shrug. After a
 deep breath, he shrugs too.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)
 So, we have one of our first long
 term inmates on parole.

He walks past, revealing it to be PHOENIX. He looks at him
 with distaste.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)
 Simon Phoenix.
 (beat)
 Wake him.

The slab jolts forward and a needle is injected into
 Phoenix's neck.

Slowly, Phoenix's eyes flutter open and he glances around -
 getting his bearings. Smithers walks around him, a bit unsure
 how to act.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)
 Simon Phoenix. Welcome to 2046, San
 Angeles.

PHOENIX
 (high pitched)
 Welcome to San Angeles.

SMITHERS
 You are at duty to partake in a
 parole hearing, due to signs that
 your behavioral modification has
 reached a level of - -

PHOENIX
 (same time; mocking)
 Can I suck your dick Mr. Phoenix?
 I'd like to know whether what they
 say about black men is true.

SMITHERS
 Shut up! You will speak when you're
 spoken too, understand?

Phoenix just smiles.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)
 (breathes)
 Now, is there anything you want to
 say now, Mr. Phoenix?

PHOENIX
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 Teddybear.

The cuffs on the slab OPEN. Phoenix grabs two officers and SMASHES their heads together before swinging one around and ramming him through the slab!

Another guard runs up and Phoenix KICKS upwards, catching his neck -

- and the neck suddenly SNAPS.

Smithers watches in horror as Phoenix traces his eyes on him.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Suddenly all the SCREENS flash with '1-8-7'.

L-7
 WARNING. Code 187. Code 187.

Everyone looks up at the screens, completely confused.

Huxley and Garcia walk out of her office, glancing at each other.

HUXLEY
 What's a 187?

L-7
 WARNING: Code 187. Unsanctioned
 Life Termination.
 (beat)
 Murder. Death. Kill. Murder. Death.
 Kill. Murder. Death. Kill.

Their eyes widen and they look at each other.

HUXLEY
A Murder Death Kill?

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - SAME TIME

Smithers's head is SMASHED against a panel. His eyes widen as a laser scans his eye.

Sliding doors open and Phoenix KICKS his back - breaking it as he walks out the doors; leaving Smithers to lie in the doorway. SCREAMING in pain.

SMITHERS
H-how...how did you know the
passwords?

Phoenix turns around, looks at Smithers then heads to the panel in a swift mechanical movement.

He starts pushing a few buttons on the panel quickly.

PHOENIX
I wish I knew, I do. But I guess
it's the same reason I somehow know
how to do this.

He stops tapping. Smithers looking horrified.

SMITHERS
Do what? Do what?

PHOENIX
This.

One last button - -

- and the doors CLOSE. A scream is heard briefly and it dies down.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Blame Windows '95.

He walks off.

ANGLE: SECURITY CAMERA.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

And the camera sees the body of Warden Smithers in black and white.

A lot of the officers JUMP up in shock. Garcia looks like he's about to be ill, Huxley cringes and a just entering Erwin has fainted.

L-7
Deceased: Warden William Smithers.
Do you wish to assign a coroner?

EARLE
(entering)
What is going on?

Huxley darts to a terminal.

GARCIA
We've got at least three Murder
Death Kills sir!

HUXLEY
(sitting down)
L-7, rewind the security camera
footage half a minute from the exit
from the parole - -

L-7
WARNING: Code 187. Murder. Death.
Kill. Location: CryoPrison car
park. Deceased: Doctor Jonathan
Flatley. Do you wish to assign a
coroner?

Huxley looks up.

HUXLEY
L-7, is the Doctor's conveyance
still in the parking zone?

L-7
Negative. The Doctor's conveyance
is not in the parking zone. It is
currently in motion.

HUXLEY
Activate the emergency override
cameras within Doctor Flatley's
car.

L-7
Negative. Privacy overrides have
been placed.

EARLE
What?

There's a LOT of whispers and looking around. The older Lamb
looking perplexed.

HUXLEY
(typing something else)
Can you get a code fix on the
driver in the car?

L-7

Negative.

A sigh of frustration, she looks to Earle and Garcia who look completely out-of-their-league.

HUXLEY

L-7, track the conveyance on the security cameras and let us know when it stops.

L-7

Certainly Lieutenant Huxley.

Behind her, the screens around the top of the room show a silver rounded dome car speeding through the city.

Earle moves towards another station, typing something with one hand.

EARLE

L-7, announce to all officers to follow and intercept the Doctor's conveyance

HUXLEY

And can you show the security camera footage of the attack on Warden William Smithers?

L-7

Certainly, Lelina Huxley.

The screen showing half of Smithers' body suddenly REWINDS showing Phoenix killing him, but his face isn't seen. It freezes, showing Phoenix doing the deed - and the officers look mortified.

GARCIA

H-how can a human being be capable of such a deed?

Phoenix turns around and immediate the screen FREEZES and zooms in on his face.

LAMB

It's Phoenix!

Lamb suddenly goes a little pale, and reaches for his right arm.

HUXLEY

Who?

LAMB

Simon Phoenix. You had your FBI's most wanted, your evil warlords...he was the worst. An evil that you could only usually read about. Fiction made flesh.

HUXLEY

You remember him?

Lamb NODS, moving his chair closer.

LAMB

I was a young pilot back then when they got him. Back in the twentieth. That was before they started knocking those codes into everyone's hand.

(holds left hand up)

You can't track him. If he leaves that car - then you've lost him for good.

Huxley bites her lower lip.

HUXLEY

Chief, have the units gone into pursuit?

EARLE

Yes. I - -

L-7

SPEEDING VIOLATION: Stolen automotive vehicle has exceeded limit of 25 kilometres an hour.

GARCIA

25 kilometres an hour? How can people live at that speed?

Earle glares at him and turns back to the panel.

EARLE

All units maintain pursuit!

He looks towards Huxley, who looks back at the video shot at Phoenix - a HUGE list of crimes and dates rolling by the side of him. CROSSFADE TO:

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

And Phoenix is driving - self drive activated, tapping into the computer at a strange speed.

PHOENIX

Oh shit, how's my piano skills?

The screen shows up entries on 'GUNS'.

CAR COMPUTER

Gun. Noun. Discontinued weapon that has now been removed from the mainland US State-Cities.

PHOENIX

What? Motherfucking Liberals!

BEEP.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You have been fined one credit for violating the verbal morality stature.

Blink.

PHOENIX

What?

(laughs)

Oh I love this fucking place.

BEEP.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You have been fined a further credit for violating the verbal morality stature. The police have been informed.

Phoenix cocks an eyebrow. He looks at the screen...and he suddenly stares at the screen. Dazed.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Edgar Friendly. Edgar Friendly. You must kill Edgar Friendly.

Phoenix BLINKS, shaking his head - -

- and the car BUMPS into something.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The car CRASHES into a line of traffic - sharply. A domino effect of cars crash into each other, attracting attention and setting a lot of alarms off.

The drivers get out of the car, seeing the damage and looking at the stolen car.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

An airbag has sprung out, living Phoenix relatively unharmed.

CAR COMPUTER
Emergency services have been called
and are the way.

He takes a breath and KICKS the door open.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

And he jumps out, a San Angeles citizen from one of the other cars.

CITIZEN
(holding out hand)
My friend! Are you hurt? Did your
car malfunction?

Phoenix just GLANCES at him - SNAPS his extended arm! He
THROWS him around and STAMPS on his ribs cage.

PHOENIX
They'll let anyone on the road
these days!

He turns around, and the surrounding people turn to PANIC and
run away...

...just as the SAPD arrive.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Oh good. A sparring session.

He stands as the police officers, equipped with black shaped
rods of some kind, begin to slowly walk towards him.

The lead officer takes a few steps towards Phoenix.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

The officers are all watching with baited breath.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

With a deep breath, the Lead Officer takes one step further.

LEAD OFFICER
Simon Phoenix! Lay down on the
ground with your hands on your
head.

Phoenix doesn't move. His smile DROPS.

PHOENIX
No-one tells me what to do.

On that, JUMP CUT TO:

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - LATER

Close up on a SCREEN. Similar to one of those in the conference room. This one is showing Chief Earle - looking very pale. Almost shell-shock like.

EARLE (ON SCREEN)

A-and it was fun. He had fun with them. Fine members of the SAPD were played around like toys...

(sighs)

How can one man hold such brutality...

Watching without emotion, Cocteau sits behind his desk.

EARLE (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

I have begun to contact the families of those officers. B-but I don't know what to do, sir.

There's an uncomfortable silence.

EARLE (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Sir?

COCTEAU

Chief Earle, this is just a minor blip in a pitch perfect system. It's unfortunate that it's happened at the start of our preparations to host the Presidential visit, but I do believe that you and your team can sort out the mess of this...

He reads a tablet.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

Simon...Phoenix character before too long.

EARLE (ON SCREEN)

But sir - -

COCTEAU

Now George, you have my blessing and the city voted you to be in charge of all the SAPD Precincts on the StateCity. My confidence in you is just, and I expect whatever ideas you may have will be creative and will have my complete and utter backing.

There's a pause.

EARLE

Oh.

(slowly nodding)

Okay sir, thank you. And be well.

COCTEAU

(smiles)

Be well.

Earle's communication cuts out, and Cocteau's smile FADES as he leans back into his chair.

He looks around his office. It's HUGE and glassy. Two staircases on either side walk up to two collections of books, and a huge window at the opposite end of the office overlooks a very man-made waterfall leading to a manufactured lake.

Cocteau looks towards the entrance to his office; and standing there in a long multicoloured robe and hair of at least three differing colours is ASSOCIATE BOB.

BOB

Greetings, sir. I take it the meeting with Chief Earle has finished?

COCTEAU

I despise talking to that idiot.
But I guess he'll be distracted now to leave me in peace.

He flashes a smile to Bob, and off that CUT TO:

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - LATER

There's an odd silence that fills the room. Several officers are sitting there as Earle looks between them all.

EARLE

So has no-one got any solutions to the problem at hand?

GARCIA

Sir, we're not trained in how to handle the physical altercations that Phoenix resorts - -

EARLE

That's not an excuse! Phoenix is a- a maniac. A thug. He resorts to violence instead of using his brain. That's what we have. We have the brain.

Lamb shakes his head.

LAMB
 No you don't.
 (beat)
 Chief.

EARLE
 I beg your apology, Zachary Lamb!

LAMB
 Phoenix is a mad-man. But he's not stupid. He can improvise, think fast and see every opportunity of a situation. All in the half a second it takes for his bullet to reach the centre of your brain.

Beat.

HUXLEY
 Officer Lamb, how was Phoenix finally apprehended?

Lamb chuckles to himself.

LAMB
 After all the years of TV campaigns, FBI task forces, wanted posters and even a church gathering that ended in bloodshed; all it took was just one man. One cop.

HUXLEY
 Who?

LAMB
 A cop named John Spartan.

There's a flash of recollection from Huxley.

HUXLEY
 Spartan? The John Spartan?

Wide eye wonder, then CUT TO:

INT. HUXLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

On screen there's a DOCUMENTARY being shown with a picture of Spartan in a POLICE ACADEMY UNIFORM.

NARRATOR (ON TV)
 ...Graduated top of his class, with commendations for intuition and deductive reasoning. However, the ever growing violence in the late twentieth century began to have an effect on the cop who would be known as 'The Demolition Man'.

Watching this is Earle, Garcia, Lamb and Huxley. Huxley smiles with Earle looking apprehensive.

On the TV, a SHOPPING MALL is seen blown to smithereens. Spartan walks away, a reporter on his case.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Detective, how can you rationalise destroying a mall costing several million dollars for a small girl who's ransom was only two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars?

Spartan just looks at the reporter without comment.

Earle just shakes his head.

EARLE

You want to release this, this murderer to capture Phoenix?

GARCIA

Manslaughter-er, Chief. It's different from murder.

(beat; to Lamb)

It is, isn't it?

Lamb nods.

HUXLEY

Sir, we can re-instate him with temporary parole. He can act as an advisor to help capture Phoenix.

EARLE

But he's a relic! A relic of past policing who will have no hope in integrating with the way things work.

HUXLEY

Sir, I can't think of anything else that we can do. This is in our power, and Mr. Cocteau said that we could do anything.

Earle shakes his head, looking to see Spartan beat up four thugs at once.

EARLE

I want my disapproval made clear and added to the record, understood?

HUXLEY

(nods)

Understood, sir.

Earle walks off, leaving the three standing in there. Lamb stares at Spartan on the screen in the background.

ANGLE ON: Spartan in action.

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - LATER

A metal slab echoes vertically. Several prison officers and SAPD officers stand.

The camera rotates around, revealing the prisoner to be JOHN SPARTAN. He's unconscious.

Huxley nods to a prison officer, and they inject Spartan with something. Immediately he starts to come to.

HUXLEY

Detective?

(beat)

Detective?

Spartan hazily looks around.

SPARTAN

My wife...what happened to my wife?

HUXLEY

Her life was terminated in the earthquake of 2010. Well, the Earthquake.

SPARTAN

Earthquake?

EARLE

We don't have time for this, Lieutenant Huxley!

Huxley glances to Earle, and then to Spartan.

HUXLEY

Detective John Spartan, my name is Lieutenant Lelina Huxley, and the year is 2046. You are currently in the middle of San Angeles - -

SPARTAN

San Angeles?

HUXLEY

The San Angeles Californian Combination State-City. You are in the centre of what used to be Los Angeles

Spartan blinks, shakes his head and goes to move - but realises that he's cuffed to the slab.

SPARTAN
San Angeles? What the - -

EARLE
Listen 10,000 BC - you were woken
for one reason, and for one reason
only: to assist in the capture and
arrest of the escaped CryoCon Simon
Phoenix.

On the name: Spartan's eyes WIDEN.

SPARTAN
Phoenix?

HUXLEY
Earlier this morning Simon Phoenix
escaped from parole and has been
causing death and destruction
throughout the central city. We
have tried but we are ill-equipped
to deal with a menace of his
magnitude.

SPARTAN
And you want me to help?

Earle takes a step forward.

EARLE
You have no choice. Either you help
us, or you can easily go back into
your ice-cold prison and finish
your sentence. It is that simple.

Spartan looks at him, then nods quickly. Earle nods to some
officers and the cuffs let go. Spartan takes a breath as he
takes a step forward.

He glances around, seeing Garcia.

SPARTAN
You - give me a cigarette.

GARCIA
A what?

HUXLEY
John Spartan, cigarette's are
classed as illegal.

Beat.

SPARTAN
Illegal? Cigarettes? Are you
shitting me?

BEEP.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
John Spartan you have been fined
one credit for violating the verbal
morality stature.

SPARTAN
And what the hell - -

BEEEEEEEP!

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
(louder; points)
- - is that?

Huxley winces.

HUXLEY
Anything classed as bad was deemed
illegal. Like smoking and...well,
offensive language.

Spartan blinks. Trying to bother whether to process this
information.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
We are now a peaceful society,
where crime and bad ways have
pretty much been eliminated from
the public consciousness.

GARCIA
We haven't had a unnatural death in
the city since 2023!

SPARTAN
(sarcastic)
Congratulations.

GARCIA
(smiles)
Why thank you John Spartan!

Spartan quickly smiles. Out of pity. He shakes it off and
turns to Huxley and Earle.

HUXLEY
We need your help.
(sighs)
Not many people have the chance for
redemption detective.

On this, Spartan looks away slightly. A deep breath.

SPARTAN
Fine. I'm in.

EARLE

I am going to regret this. I can tell.

HUXLEY

Let's get you uniformed to regulation standards.

She smiles and walks off. Spartan watches her walk, shaking his head.

SPARTAN

I have no idea what you just said.

As he walks off frame, CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Shots of Spartan having his first shower for fifty years.

HUXLEY (V.O.)

A few things John Spartan. The first is that all citizens of San Angeles are required to be coded.

SPARTAN (O.S.)

Coded?

He finishes showering.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - LATER

Spartan sits in a gown as two surgeons stand around him. He looks slightly apprehensive.

HUXLEY (V.O.)

For around thirty years all the population have had chips placed into their hands.

His left hand is placed onto a small side table. One of the surgeons as what looks like a very thick needle.

HUXLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It serves for Identification, Monetary Transactions, Global Positioning as well as general access.

SPARTAN (V.O.)

So I guess Big Bro is really watching us then?

The needle is STUCK into his hand!

INT. WALK-IN WARDROBE - LATER

Spartan walks across a room full of racks with dark blue jackets.

Now he's standing in front of three mirrors on his front and back.

MIRROR

Remain stationary, please.

Red beams go down, tracing his body.

HUXLEY (V.O.)

All uniforms are also custom made, as well as being adapted to predict changes in body shape or mass.

SPARTAN (V.O.)

Are you saying that if I decide to eat chocolate cake every hour every day it'll actually still fit?

HUXLEY (O.S.)

Yes. Though chocolate is illegal.

There's just a SIGH heard as the mirror's scan finishes. A CLOSE UP on Spartan's unsure face, THEN:

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - LATER

A fully uniformed walks through the main doors, glancing around. There's a silence as people glance in his direction. Huxley follows him, smiling weakly.

HUXLEY

John Spartan, welcome to the central SAPD Precinct Control Centre for the whole of the State-City.

Looking around, Spartan sees that everyone is looking at him.

SPARTAN

Well everyone thought we'd all have flying cars by now.

HUXLEY

Well there's only flights in between -

SPARTAN

Huxley, that was a joke.

HUXLEY

Oh.

She shuts up.

As he walks into the room, Spartan takes in the screens, equipment and all the other stuff that's been going on.

He stops when he notices Earle glancing at him.

EARLE

So caveman, what do you suppose we do?

SPARTAN

I don't know yet, I've only just walked in.

LAMB (O.S.)

Is that you Spartan?

Spartan turns around and does a double take.

SPARTAN

(weary)

No...Zach Lamb?

Lamb walks up, smiling. Spartan is slightly unsure how to take this reunion, when Lamb suddenly EMBRACES him in a hug.

One that's quite tight hug. Quite a few people glance wearily at each other while they hug.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus, man. What happened to you?

LAMB

Time did.

Spartan rubs his shoulder.

SPARTAN

That's some grip you got.

Lamb raises his right hand and KNOCKS it with his left. It's metal.

LAMB

It got injured, ending my flight career before it really began. Then they gave me a metal one. And with that, along with a higher life expectancy and optional retirement, it means I'm still working for the man.

SPARTAN

Shit. You were a good pilot.

BEEEEP. Spartan ignores it.

LAMB
(shrugs)
Yeah, well - -

EARLE
(interrupting)
Can we please get to the matter of
Phoenix, please?

SPARTAN
(smirking)
Sorry Chief.

EARLE
(shaking his head)
Anyway, we have managed to deduct a
scenario of Simon Phoenix's next
actions. That way we can predict
his next moves.

Spartan SNORTS.

SPARTAN
This'll be good.

EARLE
(glaring)
We have deduced that he'll start to
form underground connections,
building a crime syndicate before
running for mayor.

L-7
That's correct, Chief George Earle.

He smiles.

A deep breath. Spartan covers his mouth before taking a few
steps.

SPARTAN
Well Chief, I have to say that as
guess work goes, that has to be the
most ridiculous piece of crap I've
ever heard!
(beat)
A crime syndicate? Running for
mayor - - what are you basing all
this off? Comic books?

EARLE
I have you know that the
simulations were done based on
expert assumptions...

SPARTAN

(quickly)

He's going for a gun.

(breath)

Trust me, you want instant power,
and you want to generate more fear -
you find a gun.

Earle LAUGHS.

EARLE

That's preposterous! There's no way
you can get a gun in this city,
they're outlawed! The only you can
even see a gun is in a museum!

He laughs, then suddenly his smile fades as he realises what
Spartan is realising.

SPARTAN

I hope to God that they don't keep
live ammunition in the exhibits...

He turns to walk away, and Earle glares at Huxley and Garcia
who follow him. CUT TO:

INT. THE SAN ANGELES MUSEUM - DAY

And Phoenix is walking through the museum, passing several
normal citizens. He walks past a sign saying "Warfare".

INT. WAREFARE EXHIBIT - MOMENTS LATER

And a collection of guns and weaponry are all placed on show
behind thick glass. Phoenix walks down, looking pretty much
like a kid within a candy store that's made of chocolate.

PHOENIX

Ooh, it feels like Christmas
morning.

He has a walk down some aisles, stopping at a collection of
HANDGUNS. He smiles.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Can't beat a little bit of the
classics.

He looks around, and all there's near him is an elderly
couple. He shrugs, then gears himself up...

And KICKS the glass!

It doesn't smash.

A PUNCH. Doesn't smash. Painful.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Motherfucker!

BEEEEEEP!

The elderly couple have now walked away, noticing Phoenix.

However, a museum staff member has now walked up to him, smiling.

ATTENDANT
Greetings and salutations, may I
inquire if you have any trouble?

Phoenix just looks at him.

PHOENIX
Security is a bitch.

The anti-swearing alarm goes off.

ATTENDANT
I'm sorry sir, but could you please
refrain from resorting to such
vulgar language, please?

He's not really listening, but instead looking to the glass and the attendant.

PHOENIX
How much do you weigh?

ATTENDANT
Well I weigh - -

Grabbing by the robe, Phoenix SPINS, and manages to THROW the attendant THROUGH the glass.

It now smashes. And Phoenix is happy.

Alarms now go off. People panic, and the exhibit showroom's automatic big metal doors slowly begin to close.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
For your act of violence the police
have been called.

Ignoring this, Phoenix grabs a hand gun, releasing the clip. It's loaded.

PHOENIX
Loaded museum exhibits?
(laughs)
Stooooopid!

He cocks the handgun. Then suddenly blinks, wondering something.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 Hey wait a sec...this is the
 future, so where are all the laser
 guns?

Off his face, CUT TO:

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Looking out of the window, Cocteau enjoys the scenery of the small orchestrated garden and river that lies at the bottom of the waterfall below.

L-7
 Emergency warning! Violence at the
 Central Museum!

Cocteau's eyes widen slightly in panic.

EXT. SAN ANGELES MUSEUM - SAME TIME

A police car pulls up, and out of the doors are Spartan, Huxley and Garcia - rapidly walking towards the entrance.

Huxley and Garcia are both looking at handheld-sized touchscreen tablets.

HUXLEY
 (reading)
 Okay, Phoenix has been enclosed
 within in the warfare exhibit.

GARCIA
 Advise on how to deal with - -

Spartan GRABS both of the handheld tablets and smashes them to the ground.

SPARTAN
 Advice the first: rely on your own
 intuition.

He then extends his arms out in front of them - stopping them in their tracks.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
 Advice the second: you're not going
 in there.

HUXLEY
 Why not?

SPARTAN
 Because you will get killed.

Beat.

HUXLEY
So might you.

SPARTAN
True, but I'm harder to kill.
(to Garcia)
You got any weapons?

He pulls out one of those black baseball bat shaped things.
It's a GLO-ROD.

Spartan takes it in his hand.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
Like the colour. Does it work?

GARCIA
Well yes it do-

He's OUT on one touch of the Glo-Rod. Slumping to the floor.

HUXLEY
John Spartan you just incapacitated
another officer!

He just SHRUGS.

SPARTAN
He'll wake up.
(beat)
He will, right?

HUXLEY
Yeah, but that's not the...

But Spartan turns around to enter the building!

INT. MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

The sounds of distant gun fire get closer as Spartan walks through the corridors. The running masses getting quieter as they escape the building.

INT. WAREFARE EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Phoenix sets up a cannon towards one of the doors whilst looking at some kind of strange metallic machine gun that is on the screen.

He's standing in front of an exhibit showing a diorama of the late twentieth century.

COMPUTER
The TrackMire Lazer uses compressed
energy signatures to throw hot and
volatile blasts of light.
(MORE)

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
It's start-up sequence lasts 2.6
Minutes - -

PHOENIX
Thank you lady in a box!

He walks over grabs a flame flower and BLASTS it over the
cannon, igniting it.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Hell yeah! Phoenix is back and
ready to show the future what the
past is all about!

The cannon FIRES - RIPPING THROUGH THE DOORS.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Wooo! I can't BELIEVE they were
dumb enough not to protect against
cannon fire!

SPARTAN (O.S.)
Well maybe they expected better
from you!

Phoenix's eyes widen.

PHOENIX
Woah, woah, WOAH! Do my ears
deceive me?

He FIRES towards the door and jumps off.

Spartan DARTS in - -

THEN Phoenix opens fire!

Spartan ROLLS, then SLIDES across the floor, landing behind a
small broken stand.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Is that you Spartan? Time
immigration really sucks the big
one doesn't it?

He unleashes his machine gun.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Oh well, I guess I want some target
practice.

Spartan stays low. Pretty much defenseless.

SPARTAN
You were always a lousy shot!

Scanning for Spartan, Phoenix shakes his head.

PHOENIX

Yeah, I said I want practice.
(round of gunfire)
I never said I needed it.

Spartan looks around, glancing to find some weapons over the other side. He glances to some of the smashed displays beside him.

It's a musket.

SPARTAN

Good enough.

He GRABS the gun and a collection of spilt ball bearings and then makes a BREAK for it.

Out the corner of his eye, Phoenix OPENS fire again.

PHOENIX

Now, now! You getting weapons is
hardly fair is it?

Spartan places some of the ball bearings into the musket. Glancing around, seeing an open bag of gun powder on another side of the room.

Another breath, he notices he's next to a suit of armour that's toppled...and an old fashioned shield.

SPARTAN

Oh thank God my luck's about to
change!

He grabs the shield, raises it up and SPRINTS across the exhibit!

Phoenix opens fire again - bullets deflecting off the shield that's concealing most of Spartan.

He continues running, JUMPING and sliding across - throwing the shield across the room towards Phoenix.

It's a pathetic throw, and it lands just at Phoenix's feet.

Spartan lands towards the gun powder. Hidden from Phoenix's view

PHOENIX

That what you got? All those years
of past experience and history has
taught you not to throw things too
heavy for your little baby arms?

Spartan STANDS. Smiles and PULLS out the musket.

SPARTAN

Call me a history buff.

He FIRES - and it nearly flies out his hand! The bullet STRIKES the display behind Phoenix - shattering light fixings and creating sparks.

Spartan fires again, aiming at a fire hydrant that's trickling water.

It EXPLODES in a sudden TORRENT of water. Phoenix has to just back away as water starts to fill to the ground, and quickly.

PHOENIX

You're a lousy shot.

SPARTAN

You're just a shithead.

PHOENIX

Touche, John. Touche.

He OPENS fire, running towards the EXIT. Spartan runs AROUND the display, picking up a sharp sword on his way. He continues around - opening fire towards the entrance - stopping Phoenix's direction.

Spartan runs across again and throws the swords towards more light fixings, causing Phoenix some alarm.

Jumping out of the way, Phoenix scratches his head - seeing Spartan where the cannon now is.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Now why would you be trying to get the lights out?

SPARTAN

Distraction.

PHOENIX

What for?

SPARTAN

This!

He grabs the FLAME THROWER and FIRES upwards!

The sprinkler system ACTIVATES and water starts to gush down HEAVILY. Now filling the whole of the floor.

Spartan slashes a bit, wary.

PHOENIX

And the point of that?

Spartan runs and JUMPS onto the cannon - pushing it forwards -

- then sticking the GLO-ROD into the WATER.

The water then SHOCKS Phoenix - knocking him backwards!

Spartan then JUMPS off the cannon - SMASHING into Phoenix!
The Glo-Rod deactivates.

They roll, Phoenix landing on his weaponry and Spartan
PUNCHES him in the face.

Another - but Phoenix blocks immediately.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Yeah, John...I have some surprises.

He KICKS Spartan in the stomach and THROWS him over, quickly
getting to his feet.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Look at us, a couple of ex-cons
awoken from a half-century sleep to
paint the town crimson with blood!

Spartan SWEEPS the knee and goes for another tackle.

SPARTAN

Only your reign of terror's being
cut short!

PHOENIX

Oh that's cheesy!

He PUNCHES Spartan, knocking him off. Spartan grabs a gun to
the side of him.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

But you are a murderer as well,
Spartan. Blood is on your hands.

(laughs)

Oh my, that thought alone gave me a
woody throughout my calm sleep.

He STAMPS in Spartan's chest. Again - but Spartan grabs and
TWISTS the foot. Phoenix SPINS and manages to control his
landing.

SPARTAN

Not as bad as you.

PHOENIX

But still, those families that lost
people. Those innocent lives - they
all were lost because of you
wanting to get me.

(smiles)

Blood on your hands too!

Spartan stops suddenly, realisation creeping over his face.

Then Phoenix SMASHES him across the face.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
For some reason I don't want to
kill you yet.
(sighs)
I guess that's what marriage does
to us.

Suddenly the gun in his hands starts to flash. Phoenix's eyes
WIDEN.

Spartan shakes the blow getting to his feet.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Oooh, yes! Get ready for the basics
in modern weaponry!

He aims. Spartan RUNS - quickly.

Phoenix pushes a button - the lights ALL LIGHT UP.

He FIRES.

Spartan RUNS out the entrance - and the blast HITS the
surrounding walls.

And they all start to FALL DOWN.

Phoenix is KNOCKED back.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Oooh shit!

He KISSES the gun, dancing slightly.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
This is my new favourite thing in
the world!

He looks around, then aims the gun upwards.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Now how will I get out of this one?

He FIRES again.

INT. MUSEUM - SAME TIME

Spartan rolls across the floor. He stops, looks towards the
entrance - he's out of breath. He still has a gun in his
hand.

SPARTAN
Aww, hell.

EXT. SCENARY MOUND - MOMENTS LATER

A round small door OPENS and Phoenix jumps out, grabbing the gun. The lights are all dead.

PHOENIX
(frowns)
Aww...

Walking past, Cocteau and Associate Bob are walking near the museum.

COCTEAU
What is this? What is this madness?
They come to my city and think they
can -

GUN SHOT. Missed. Bob and Cocteau COWER quickly as Phoenix walks towards them - gun trained on Cocteau.

PHOENIX
I'll get you again.

Cocteau just glares at Phoenix...then SMILES.

COCTEAU
You're not Edgar Friendly. I'm not
Edgar Friendly.

Bemused, Phoenix shakes it off and aims at his head - -

- GUN SHOT. Not from Phoenix. Phoenix glances to see Spartan appear, now flanked by Huxley and Garcia. He runs.

Spartan chases him off, but it seems human nature kicks in and he needs to stop for breath.

SPARTAN
You have no idea how lucky you are.

Behind him, Huxley and Garcia stop, and suddenly stand straight in that respectful way.

COCTEAU
Well, I don't think that luck had
anything to do with...

Cocteau suddenly sees Spartan and pauses - staring at him.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
My God...it's John Spartan.

His eyes quickly shimmer. Almost childlike.

HUXLEY
You know of John Spartan, Mr.
Cocteau?

As Cocteau opens his mouth to reply, Earle appears.

EARLE

(runs)

My God sir! Are you all right? Are you hurt? Did that maniac hurt you?

COCTEAU

Ahh, Chief Earle. I and Associate Bob are quite all right thanks to this gentleman. The infamous John Spartan.

Earle looks towards Spartan, slightly nervous.

EARLE

W-well sir, we had no other ideas...

COCTEAU

I like it, Earle. It sparks of...creativity. Thinking outside of the box.

SPARTAN

Could someone please tell me what is going - -

COCTEAU

You should join me, John Spartan, for a meal tonight in honour of your saving my life.

SPARTAN

Well I don't think I actually sav...

COCTEAU

George Earle, you shall accompany us. As shall you Miss...

Huxley gasps and smiles.

HUXLEY

Lieutenant Lelina Huxley, SIR!

She salutes. Cocteau smiles at this.

COCTEAU

Good, good. You shall accompany me, at Taco Bell.

He smiles, then turns towards Bob - waving in the opposite direction.

Spartan just has a look of genuine confusion, then leads towards Huxley.

SPARTAN
Who's the old guy?

Huxley just turns sharply and GLARES at him.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
And, uhh...Taco Bell?

She narrows her eyes.

EXT. RANDOM BUILDING - LATER

Phoenix RUNS towards the side of a building, catching his breath for a second.

He looks down at the gun in his hand, flexing his index finger on the trigger. Confused to all heaven, or hell even.

He looks around - walking towards a computer terminal and putting the gun in his waistband. He pushes a few buttons - going at full speed.

It's surprising him how fast he's going.

PHOENIX
Just what the hell?

He looks up - a profile of EDGAR FRIENDLY is showing up on screen.

Along with: WANTED FUGITIVE. And his eyes stare blankly at the screen.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Must kill Edgar Friendly. Edgar
Friendly must die.

He SNAPS out of it, shaking his head.

PHOENIX
Fuck that.

BEEEP. He grabs the ticket and screws it up.

He types another name. Another profile comes up - RAYMOND COCTEAU.

Phoenix's eyes narrow some more. He types more commands in, the screen flashes.

COMPUTER
Restricted Access.

A password entry box opens up, and Phoenix types random letters in.

COMPUTER (CONT'D)
Access granted.

Phoenix BLINKS in surprise.

PHOENIX
Wow, maybe I should turn to cyber-criminality. Hell, I don't know if that's even a word!

The screen flashes, revealing Cocteau's itinerary for the day. It flashes in the evening: Dinner at Taco Bell.

Phoenix SMILES.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
You won't escape this one, Raymondo.

He pushes a button, then walks off - laughing.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - LATER

A picture of Cocteau FILLS EVERY SCREEN in the room.

SPARTAN
So this little guy here is basically cashing in on daddy's fame?

EARLE
I'll have you know, Captain Caveman, that he was instrumental in helping out with father's vision in rebuilding the city.

SPARTAN
And he runs the CryoPrison?

Earle takes a few steps closer to Spartan.

EARLE
Listen to me, John Spartan. That man is a hero. He is our guiding light and if you dare mess this up then -

SPARTAN
You'll have no way or experience against Phoenix, blah blah. Look, I appreciate that he might be the ruler of this totalitarian state; but the guy still is involved with the CryoPrison.

They stare at each other for a few moments.

HUXLEY
(quickly)
What should we do about Simon
Phoenix?

EARLE
Ahh that's easy.

Spartan turns around, and the screens are back to their normal status ones.

SPARTAN
How? He's not coded, so he can't
buy or rent anywhere to sleep.
Unless he cuts someone's hand off.

EARLE
Well we can wait until he performs
another Murder-Death-Kill.

Spartan sighs, shaking his head.

SPARTAN
Protect and serve. Nice to see it
remains to this day.

As he shakes his head, the frame FADES TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - EVENING

Huxley's vehicle pulls outside of the main doors of the GIBSON BUILDING. The doors open and Spartan and Huxley get out of the car and Spartan looks at the building.

It's very modern.

Then the car drives off.

SPARTAN
Hey, what the?

HUXLEY
Oh the auto-drive kicks in and it
parks itself.

SPARTAN
(nods)
Handy.

Huxley smiles and walks with Spartan through the doors.

HUXLEY
Anyway, I've managed to arrange a
small domicile near to my own. You
have a connection to L-7 in the
room as well.

As they walk in, CUT TO:

INT. SPARTAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The main doors open, and it's a nice blue decor, almost tradition Japanese style but with light blue glass instead of paper.

The main room has a black leather chair in front of a big screen, and to the side sees doors to the bathroom and the bedroom.

Spartan looks around as Huxley shows him around.

SPARTAN

Nice.

He looks around, seeing a 'COCTEAU CRYOPRISON' case on a small table. He opens it to find knitting needles and cotton wool.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Uhh, Huxley?

HUXLEY

Yes, John Spartan?

He holds up the knitting accessories and Huxley smiles.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

Well the CryoPrison reprogrammes the personality in order to rehabilitate them with activities that may suit the prisoner. In your case...

SPARTAN

Knitting?

He places the accessories down and walks into the bathroom. Next to the toilet he finds THREE METAL SEASHELLS.

He looks at them in confusion then just shakes his head.

HUXLEY

And this is the bedroom, your stuff and change of clothes are in there.

Spartan stands there, looking around.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

Are you okay, John Spartan?

SPARTAN

I...I'm just wondering about my son or daughter growing up here.

HUXLEY

Well we can use L-7 to find...

He raises a hand.

SPARTAN

I...I don't think I want to know.
Or want to know yet...it's too
early.

Huxley nods.

HUXLEY

I forget that it must be hard for
you here. From back then. But it
must've been exciting, compared to
how dull it usually is.

There's a moment of silence.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

Maybe it's not.

She looks at the screen - the time is in the corner.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

I think we need to get to Taco
Bell.

She smiles weakly.

EXT. SAN ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

It's night time. And Huxley's vehicle travels through the modern cityscape. Modern round architecture and the amazing cleanliness of everything. Lights light up the darkness and people walk and chat without a care in the world.

SPARTAN (V.O.)

So, uhh...Taco Bell?

The car turns a corner.

HUXLEY (V.O.)

Taco Bell was the only restaurant
to survive the franchise wars back
in the twentieth. So now, all
restaurants are Taco Bell.

The car continues.

INT. TACO BELL - LATER

Spartan and Huxley walk in, Spartan wearing a sleeveless robe and Huxley wearing a short sparkly silver dress. They walk towards a table where Cocteau, Bob, Earle and many other people Spartan doesn't know are seated.

As he arrives, there's quite a few disapproving looks from people.

Spartan coughs as he sits down.

COCTEAU

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to propose a toast to John Spartan. My hero.

They all suddenly lift glasses or a transparent sparkling liquid and toast quietly.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

So, John Spartan, how are you finding San Angeles 2046?

SPARTAN

Well the way things were going when I left I thought that there would be no-one left alive in the future.

Cocteau nods.

COCTEAU

Yes, yes...you weren't here when the real trouble kicked off. The wars escalated and it seemed as if God himself sent the earthquakes to change the course of our destiny.

(sighs)

It's a shame that my father never saw his vision play out.

SPARTAN

Yeah, well once I've done my bit I'm asking for a plane ride out of here.

COCTEAU

Surely you can appreciate the tranquility of this place?

Spartan shakes his head.

SPARTAN

Not really. I spent 50 years in a block of ice having dreams of 30 people trapped in a burning building that were in there because I was being too cocky. Whilst hearing my wife bang against the block of ice that used to be her husband.

Earle, nearer the other end of the table narrows his eyes towards Spartan.

BOB

I thought the prisoners had no active brains during freezing?

HUXLEY

That could cause insanity.

COCTEAU

That shouldn't happen.

SPARTAN

Well your daddy got that one bit wrong. I had thoughts, feelings and a strange sense of death since I could not feel my heart beat.

There's a silence.

COCTEAU

But everyone is equal here now. No threat, no danger.

SPARTAN

No thanks.

A woman by Bob (his date) who shall be known as SHARIE just glares at him.

SHARIE

If I was to say that you're a relic brought to life past it's prime? How would you respond to that?

SPARTAN

I'd thank you for the complement.

EARLE

Spartan!

SPARTAN

Look, I'm...

He gets distracted, noticing a few people on motorbikes outside.

COCTEAU

You are a product of a bygone era, John Spartan and if there's one thing I will do - -

SPARTAN

(standing)

Yeah, call for back up.

Huxley stands up, alert as well.

HUXLEY

What is it?

SPARTAN

My trademark intuition kicking in.

He walks away from the table.

EXT. TACO BELL - MOMENTS LATER

An open delivery truck, some of the motorbike guys are placing stuff into a bag. They are dressed like the underground guys from earlier in the day.

Spartan runs up, and a few run away quickly. But Spartan manages to deliver a PUNCH to one of the guys, and knees him in the stomach.

He sees a gun on his side and GRABS it quickly, spinning around knocking the butt on the chin of someone jumping behind him.

An engine revs up, and a motorbike stands in front of Spartan.

The driver REVS. Spartan stands quietly.

The bike DRIVES forward -

- then Spartan SIDESTEPS, spins and PUSHES the driver off the bike. Hitting the ground hard. He stands, hears something. He grabs his gun, turns

THEN

A GUN is in his FACE.

And it's being held by EDGAR FRIENDLY.

Spartan brings his own gun up before Friendly can act.

Stand off.

The two men stare at each other. Both confused.

FRIENDLY

What's a cop doing with gun.

(beat)

What's a cop doing looking like he knows how to use a gun?

SPARTAN

What's a civilian doing with a gun?

FRIENDLY

I asked the question first, pal.

SPARTAN

And I have the jurisdiction to kick your ass without charge, pal.

Friendly smiles.

FRIENDLY

Look at you, the San Angeles knight in shining white armour.

SPARTAN

My armour isn't white. But don't get me wrong, I appreciate the compliment.

Spartan glances over, seeing some of Friendly's friends run off - carrying bags of supplies from the truck.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Wait a sec...

HUXLEY (O.S.)

Spartan?

Spartan LOOKS away, then Friendly runs off. Spartan watches him run off, as Cocteau, Bob, Bob's date Sharie and Earle walk up along with the other guests. Huxley is excited.

SPARTAN

Chief, who were they?

COCTEAU

They're the underworld come out to pry.

Everyone turns to Cocteau.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

They refuse to live in peace and instead starve to death underground. The man who held a gun at you was Edgar Friendly. A scourge that needs to be removed sooner rather than later.

BOB

They're the only real criminal element left in San Angeles.

Spartan looks to where Friendly went. Brow looking stern.

HUXLEY

Oh my that was amazing! Better than disc! You're going to have to teach me how - -

SPARTAN

This isn't fun, Huxley. You think living in a world where you had to do that all day everyday is exciting? That everything is black and white? Violence doesn't solve anything. Well maybe, but - -
 (to Cocteau)
 - - not when it's people looking for food!

Cocteau says nothing.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. I just got an example of the equality policy tonight, so thank you for this lovely and enlightening experience.

Beat.

BOB

Maybe we should go? End this evening?

SHARIE

Gladly. Any more time with this old decrepit fossil and I'll - -

Two BULLET HOLES in her chest.

Everyone goes HYSTERICAL.

Spartan looks upwards, looking towards the entrance of the restaurant on a huge glass shelter is PHOENIX, holding a rifle.

ON PHOENIX. He reloads.

PHOENIX

Shit. I was aiming for the old dude.

He grabs his machine gun. Aims.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

HEY! I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD RUN!

Then AIMS blindly at some people running away.

ON SPARTAN he quickly dashes across around the side of the delivery truck while Huxley almost-grabs Cocteau.

HUXLEY

Come with me sir!

He turns and follows her, passing Bob who's CRYING over Sharie's body.

COCTEAU

Hurry up!

Bob turns, seeing Cocteau and Huxley run off. With one last look at Sharie, he goes after them.

Elsewhere, Earle looks very frightened. He takes a breath, then:

EARLE

Ladies! Gentlemen! Please follow -

He's interrupted by a barrage of machine gun bullets.

On PHOENIX.

PHOENIX

Why in God's name can't I hit him?

SPARTAN (O.S.)

Because you suck!

Phoenix looks up to see Spartan on a higher storey window JUMP out and SLIDE down the diagonal glass!

He jumps towards Phoenix -

- but he counters and throws him onto the glass! He then trains a gun in Spartan's face.

Spartan stops struggling.

PHOENIX

Now, I couldn't fathom for the life of me why I just can't pull the trigger. Why I couldn't just kill you at the museum. Then it struck me: it'll be too easy.

He leans forward.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

And it'll end up disappointing if it happens too quickly.

He PUNCHES Spartan then KICKS him in the gut with his heel.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Plus you're slow in your old age.

He then SHOOTS the rifle into his LEFT ARM!

Spartan GRUNTS in pain, holding his left arm.

Phoenix lies down, resting next to Spartan.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

The death penalty was always a shit idea, why not slowly drive the bad people into insanity? Because you're a bad person John. You killed thirty innocent people. Death would be a release, which is why they made those fridges so that you would relive those people you killed.

He rolls over and STRADDLES Spartan's stomach.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Your death will be a slow one, Johnny. You're going to be alive for a long time, but your death starts now. Because I will torment, hurt you to the point of death - but you'll be ninety-six years of age and a fucking vegetable in infinite pain before I finally plug the plug by suffocating you as you literally kiss my wrinkly old ass.

Then he LAUGHS. That haunting psychopathic laugh.

SPARTAN

One problem.

PHOENIX

What's that?

SPARTAN

I'm better than you.

PHOENIX

(smiles)

Is that right?

SPARTAN

Yeah.

And Spartan PUNCHES Phoenix with his left arm, yelling in pain as he does so! He PUSHES Phoenix off him, but Phoenix drags on Spartan's arm - giving a quite swift blow to the stomach.

Spartan gets a kick to the face, dazing him. Phoenix moves away, taking a few steps back.

He gives a few more kicks to the stomach and Spartan flies face down, hardly moving.

Phoenix takes a few steps back, moving on the top of the entrance.

He FIRES at the glass in several places. As it begins to crack, he runs off and leaves Spartan lying on the roof.

EXT. TACO BELL PARKING - SAME TIME

Huxley ushers Cocteau and Bob towards a white limousine, a driver opening the door for them.

HUXLEY
You should go now sir.

COCTEAU
Thank you...

HUXLEY
Lieutenant Lelina Huxley, sir!

COCTEAU
(smiles)
Yes, yes...

Bob gets into the car.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
I shall leave you to your job.

And on that he steps into the back of the car and the driver goes around to the front as Huxley runs off as fast she can in high heels.

EXT. TACO BELL - SAME TIME

Spartan slowly comes to. He looks around, trying to get his bearings - realising where he is.

His eyes widen as he tenses. The cracks in the glass begin to increase...

INT. COCTEAU'S LIMOUSINE - SAME TIME

Cocteau sits down, fuming.

COCTEAU
I don't believe this!

Bob just looks vacantly blank.

DRIVER
Where to sir?

COCTEAU
Anywhere other than here!

DRIVER

Of course - -

GUN SHOT. The Driver slumps away from instant broken glass.

The front doors open and Phoenix appears, holding a gun trained on Cocteau.

PHOENIX

I can't miss from here.

COCTEAU

(mocking)

I severely doubt that.

Phoenix TENSES up. Trying to pull the trigger. But he can't.

PHOENIX

Why can't I blow your brains out
all over the back seat?

COCTEAU

I don't know. Why can't you?

Phoenix GRITS his teeth. Cocteau's smile grows into a smug arrogant satisfaction. And on that, CUT TO:

EXT. TACO BELL - SAME TIME

A crowd of people are staring at Spartan and a fifteen foot drop through soon-to-be-broken glass.

He slowly tries to move forward. But the glass continues to slowly break.

On ground level, Huxley runs up, seeing Spartan on the roof.

Spartan looks down. Takes a deep breath.

SPARTAN

Oh hell.

He then ROLLS over, and the roof SMASHES.

He FALLS THROUGH. Landing on his back onto broken glass.

Huxley gets to his side, noticing a lot of cuts and bleeding.

HUXLEY

Someone request an ambulance!

A few people just look at each other, unaware about what to do.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

God dammit someone call an
ambulance!

She looks down on Spartan, biting her lower lip.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
C'mon John Spartan...

And on his unconscious body slowly FADE TO:

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - ???

Several cells float across frame. Showing different inmates in differing positions. In the distance a SLOW METHODOICAL BANGING can be heard.

The frame stops on SPARTAN's cell. He's in it - but he's moving.

In front of him is the back of the head a woman with blonde hair. FAST WIPE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - ???

Dark blue night. Dark blue sheets. Two bodies intertwining in love.

The male is Spartan. The female is now revealed to be a strong female face with blue eyes.

This is Spartan's wife. LAURA SPARTAN.

LAURA (V.O.)
(a whisper)
Why do you do what you do?

SPARTAN (O.S.)
Because it needs to be done.

Off that, JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - ???

Spartan is REPEATEDLY shooting an infinite amount of random men of Simon Phoenix.

PHOENIX (O.S.)
Now what exactly is the difference -

Spartan TURNS sharply -

And PHOENIX stands there. Smiling.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
Between you and me? You've killed
men of mine in the heat of battle.
I can argue the same thing.

SPARTAN
It's innocent civilians you've
killed.

PHOENIX
And you've killed. And you want to
do it again.

SPARTAN
No I don't.

PHOENIX
(laughs)
Well you want my head on a pike to
parade around town. You're just a
chicken to do anything about it!

Beneath them, the warehouse starts to erupt in flames.
Spartan says nothing.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
C'mon John. Get a conscience.

Spartan takes a few steps forward and PUNCHES Phoenix! The
flames RISE up and engulf the both of them.

INT. VOID - ???

And Spartan - frozen in the same position he was in the cell -
floats in nothingness.

SPARTAN (V.O.)
A one man army against Phoenix, it
was inevitable that someone had to
get caught in the crossfire...

INT. WAREHOUSE - ???

Spartan runs up towards a door, looking through a window to
see thirty faceless people SCREAMING.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

And he SHOOTs awake, jerking forward in a cold sweat.

He looks around, noticing himself in a hospital ward with a
bunch of screens and scanners trained on his body.

He looks around, noticing glass internal walls and that his
body is covered in stitches. His left arm is in a sling.

The last thing he notices is a sleeping HUXLEY lying on a
small chair.

LAMB (O.S.)
Been there pretty much for twenty-
four hours. Good kid.

Spartan sees Zachary Lamb standing in the entrance to his ward. He walks forward, nodding towards Spartan's left arm.

LAMB (CONT'D)

Considering all the nick-nacks, gadgets, automated systems and coding in 2046 - it amazes me that they still haven't really come up with a faster way to heal broken bones.

Looking at his arm, Spartan sighs.

SPARTAN

Am I a bad person?

LAMB

With your arrest rate? One thousand criminals in two years - you kidding me?

SPARTAN

I asked whether I was a good person, not a good cop. There's a difference.

Lamb walks forward, lifts a chair effortlessly with his robotic arm; which is an interesting sight for a man his age.

He sits down slowly, smiling at Spartan.

LAMB

For years I blamed you for what happened in the warehouse.

SPARTAN

It was my fault.

LAMB

No, not the hostages. This.

He raises his arm.

LAMB (CONT'D)

Dreams of helicopter piloting ended that night. My career started and my arm was injured beyond repair. They said it was because it lowered my reaction time.

(sighs)

I think it was because I decided to help you. Helped your one man crusade that finally went too far.

(chuckles)

I would stare at your cell for hours, cursing your name.

(MORE)

LAMB (CONT'D)

I left the force - even got your wife and your daughter - -

SPARTAN

I have a daughter?

(beat)

Or had...a daughter.

Lamb winces. Too much information.

LAMB

Then the Earthquake hit. I helped out and then I saw that bad things happen, but people have to do their best in a bad situation.

SPARTAN

What's your point?

LAMB

You were an old fashioned cop, who clashed with superiors and did things his way but got things done. People slept a little more soundly after you did what you did. The Demolition Man did his work.

SPARTAN

But at what cost did it affect me? I've killed men during the Urban Wars - that's the same as Phoenix.

LAMB

I guess some men just have to be like that. Just like the only way I can see Phoenix being caught is when he's dead.

Spartan lies back, deep in thought.

In the corner, Huxley begins to stir; eyes opening.

LAMB (CONT'D)

I think I'll leave the two of you alone.

Lamb nods to him, and then to Huxley before walking out of the room. Spartan just leans back; deep in thought.

HUXLEY

I honestly thought that you were prematurely terminated for a second there.

SPARTAN

Yeah I thought I history as well.

Huxley smiles at him, looking strangely concerned.

HUXLEY
How are you feeling?

SPARTAN
Like I dropped nearly twenty feet
onto shards of glass.

HUXLEY
Oh good.

He raises an eyebrow.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
I mean, at least you didn't feel
any worse predisposition.

SPARTAN
I'm going to pretend that I
understood that.

HUXLEY
But really, how are you feeling?

Spartan sits up, mind halfway somewhere else.

SPARTAN
I don't remember Phoenix having
skills like martial arts, accessing
computers and basically being a
bigger pyscho than he used to be. I
wake up and I get an itching for a
cross-stich!

Huxley looks at him.

HUXLEY
Hmm...let's check something.
(turns)
Activate L-7. Lieutenant Lelina
Huxley signing on.

The screen at the end of Spartan's ward flashes.

L-7
Connecting to San Angeles Police
Department Network. Be Well
Lieutenant.

HUXLEY
Be well.

Spartan raises an eyebrow at that. Huxley just shrugs.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
Access CryoPrison parole files,
Simon Phoenix. Behaviour
modification tables.

The screen flashes up, showing a profile image of Simon Phoenix and a list of additional neural programming.

L-7
 Accessing list of behavioral
 suggestions and skills for - -
 Simon Phoenix.
 (lists)
 Combat training. System access.
 Computer hacking. Murder-Death-
 Kill.

L-7 continues to run through these.

HUXLEY
 What...this can't be right?

SPARTAN
 Who has access to change these?

HUXLEY
 Well Mr. Cocteau and Warden
 Smithers...

SPARTAN
 (thoughtfu)
 What if...

Spartan leans forward.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
 (points to mouth)
 Do I?
 (Huxley nods)
 L-7, can you - -

L-7
 Parole file for Simon Phoenix is
 being deleted. Displaying list of
 all paroled inmates.

SPARTAN
 What?

HUXLEY
 Deleted?

Spartan's eye narrow.

SPARTAN
 Someone's covering their tracks.
 (focused)
 L-7, display security camera
 footage of Taco Bell Carpark around
 nine thirty last night.

The screen flashes quickly to see recognisably Phoenix shoot the driver from outside and get in the car.

Then the screen JUMPS back.

L-7
Archive footage has been deleted.

HUXLEY
On who's authority?

L-7
That information is classified,
Lieutenant.

SPARTAN
Is Raymond Cocteau still alive?

L-7
Doctor Raymond Cocteau, our
illustrious leader, is alive and
well John Spartan.

Spartan leans back.

SPARTAN
Phoenix didn't escape. His escape
was planned.

Huxley seems to go immediately white.

HUXLEY
You're not suggesting...

Spartan smirks.

SPARTAN
It's like hiring out a contract
killer without the payment.

Huxley shakes her head.

HUXLEY
Doctor Cocteau wouldn't unleash a
menace on the city! He wouldn't
want anyone...

SPARTAN
L-7, cross reference Raymond
Cocteau with Edgar Friendly. Give
me any news items like, uh...news
programmes if you still have them.

The screen flashes and suddenly a video of a press conference outside of Cocteau Industries.

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
...And I will not rest until
measures are put in place to remove
Friendly's criminal element from
San Angeles.

SPARTAN
Handy L-7 starts at the point which
re-iterates my point.
(smiles)
Good girl.

Huxley sits back, shaking her head.

HUXLEY
No...I can't believe it. Not Doctor
Cocteau.

SPARTAN
The evidence was deleted.

All she can do is shake her head as Spartan gets to his feet.

HUXLEY
What are you doing? You're in no
shape to be moving!

SPARTAN
I'm a lot stronger than I look,
Huxley.

HUXLEY
That maybe, but you can't...

SPARTAN
Look, Phoenix is going to be
killing someone who is doing
basically what he can to survive.
Plus stopping the death of Edgar
Friendly will piss Cocteau off.
Which I'm all in favour of doing.
(beat)
And there shouldn't be anymore
death. Not by Phoenix's hand.

Huxley looks concerned as Spartan just gives her a 'look'.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Standing above a man-hole cover, Spartan opens up the huge
cover. His sling has gone from his left arm. Watching this is
Huxley, and both are wearing their uniforms.

HUXLEY
Are you sure you want to go down
there?

He looks up, smiles then nods.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
What about your arm?

SPARTAN
(shrugs)
It's only pain, Huxley.

He looks down.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
Now are you coming?

HUXLEY
How do you know that Edgar Friendly
hasn't had his life terminated yet?

SPARTAN
We don't. But it's our biggest
lead.

He moves across, and slowly goes into the man-hole.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - LATER

It looks like a miniature city full of people living in old abandoned subway tunnels. Houses - or at least small living spaces - litter everywhere on several levels of walkways. Crowded market stalls of people trying to sell their wares.

There are modified CRANES in the background, and are moving platforms of people across from one area to another.

On one of the walkways, Spartan and Huxley walk through the walkways.

HUXLEY
(scrunches nose)
What's that smell?

SPARTAN
(smiles)
Now that's the smell of home,
Huxley.

HUXLEY
I'm quite certain that there's a
unsafe ratio of cleanliness to
toxins in this air.

SPARTAN
Live a little, Huxley. Where's the
excitement if everything's safe?

Huxley looks down. She notices a few people staring at them, and the people start to point. Then a lot more people look up.

HUXLEY
Any idea how we're going to find
Edgar Friendly?

Spartan leans forward, looking downwards.

SPARTAN
I think he's going to be finding
us.

HUXLEY
How? This place is huge.

SPARTAN
How often do the SAPD come down
here?

HUXLEY
Never.

Spartan smiles at her.

SPARTAN
Then I'm going to guess that we'll
find him easily.

He glances back down, pretty much all the "Undergrounds" (as they shall now be referred too) are staring up at him.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - MAIN HUB - LATER

Now in a crowd of people, Spartan and Huxley are being hounded on my people trying to sell something.

HUXLEY
No thanks. Thank you, but no.

An old woman speaks SPANISH to Spartan, who looks at the collection of bracelets in her hands and responds in Spanish.

He stops at some steps to a walkway, seeing Friendly looking down at him.

Some of the people notice Friendly and suddenly fall SILENT. Soon this wave of quietness spreads.

Spartan looks around, astonished as he walks up the steps - Huxley following.

SPARTAN
Now that's what I call commanding
respect.

FRIENDLY

That's not respect, that's people who are looking towards someone who they think they can follow.

SPARTAN

Aren't you a leader?

FRIENDLY

I'm no leader. I do the necessary and then people decide to follow me.

He then TRAINS a gun on Spartan, several fellow Undergrounds follow suit.

FRIENDLY (CONT'D)

And I'm suddenly thinking why one of Cocteau's buttfuck buddies has come all the way down here.

Spartan looks at the guns. He doesn't react.

SPARTAN

Well for starters, Cocteau can blow me. And the second is that I'm here to actually warn you that the tall, bald asshole wants to kill you.

Beat.

Friendly starts LAUGHING.

FRIENDLY

Well the feeling is mutual. 'Cause I'd like no more joy than dragging Cocteau kicking and screaming down here before shoving this gun up his ass and firing until my trigger finger falls off.

And his laugh continues.

SPARTAN

Laugh all you want, but Cocteau's reached critical mass and is determined to have you removed.

Friendly looks at Spartan, his lip shape moves to that of consideration. His trigger finger slackens.

FRIENDLY

How?

Spartan's eyebrows raise and FADE TO:

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - MAIN HUB - LATER

Spartan and Friendly are walking down another walkway with Huxley behind them with some Undergrounds behind them.

FRIENDLY

So he sprung out America's Most Wanted just to get to me? I don't know whether to be flattered or...well, I'm flattered.

SPARTAN

Don't be. Cocteau's got a huge obsession and I think he's brain-washed Phoenix as much as he can.

FRIENDLY

And how bad is this guy?

SPARTAN

He's bad. We don't know where he is - we think he's been hiding out here.

FRIENDLY

(thoughtful)

Phoenix? Why does that name seem familiar?

PHOENIX (O.S.)

Because I'm infamous!

They look up and see Phoenix JUMP down onto their walkway.

He looks up, smirking and then smiling.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Oh boy, Two-For-One Special at the Phoenix buffet. I'm gonna be getting me some of that gluttony tonight!

(to Friendly)

You must be Edgar. Nice to meet you.

FRIENDLY

Back at'cha.

Phoenix then looks towards Spartan.

PHOENIX

I admire your resilience Spartan. But if you do something stupid like - I dunno - die by over-exerting yourself when you should be recovering, then I'm going to be one cranky motherf- -

SPARTAN

Oh shut up.

PHOENIX

(sighs)

John, we can talk about our troubles later. Let the men talk for now.

And on that he DRAWS out a gun!

Spartan LEAPS forward, knocking the hand up - the gun FIRES and hits a walkway above them.

Phoenix swings a leg around and PUNCHES Spartan in the stomach. Still hurting, Spartan feels it a lot more than usual.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

John, you always leave your stomach exposed!

He SWINGS him around - knocking him to the side of the walkway. A swift sharp KICK later and Spartan TOPPLES over the side - -

- And GRABS a cable for one of the cranes holding a mobile platform with is left arm!

He SCREAMS as his left arm holds his bodyweight and the crane moves away from the action.

ON WALKWAY. The Undergrounds aim their guns but Phoenix quickly GRABS Friendly, pulling another gun. Friendly reacts quickly, showing some skill and knocking the gun out of his hand.

The Undergrounds train their guns on Phoenix, but Huxley pushes them away.

HUXLEY

You might hit Edgar Friendly!

ON SPARTAN. He looks down and the platform is empty. He SLIPS and quickly GRABS the cable with his RIGHT hand. His body causing the platform to swing.

ON CRANE CONTROL BOOTH. The DRIVER, a young blonde man snaps his eyes WIDE when he sees Spartan on the end.

Spartan WAVES towards the walkway with Friendly and Phoenix on. The driver looks over and can just about see Phoenix and Friendly fighting.

On seeing Friendly the driver quickly THROWS some levers and the crane begins to SHIFT it's direction back towards the walkway - also slowly ascending in height.

ON WALKWAY. Friendly TACKLES Phoenix across to the walkway - striking Phoenix's back.

PHOENIX

Okay that nearly winded me!

He DOUBLE AXE HANDLES Friendly's back, then STRIKES his chest with his knee before bring both fists around the side of his face.

Phoenix DRAGS Friendly across the side of the rails, gritting his teeth and trying to topple him over. Friendly is trying to do the same.

Behind them the platform and John are getting closer...

FRIENDLY

You can...tell your boss...that I'm not going this easily.

PHOENIX

(angry)

Not my boss!

A BURST of energy and he PUSHES him over!

THEN

Edgar GRABS Phoenix and DRAGS him across!

They FALL...

And LAND on the floating platform that zooms upwards!

The platform SWINGS as they both land. Phoenix scrabbles to his feet first, gaining his balance. He glances up to see Spartan holding onto dear life as he slowly goes down the pole.

He walks over to Friendly who has gotten his balance.

The walkway swings to the left. Phoenix kicks from the left rail and strikes Friendly in the stomach. Friendly retaliates by grabbing the follow-up kick and PULLING on it.

Phoenix LOSES his balance, but the walkway now swings to the OTHER SIDE and Phoenix regains his balance and SWINGS a punch in momentum!

ON SPARTAN. He slides down - ending up to the point where the cable splits to four for each corner of the platform.

On the WALKWAY Phoenix pulls out a knife as the walkway slowly begins to level itself out.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 Don't take this personally, I'm
 just gonna make this quick.

FRIENDLY
 (breathing heavily)
 Fine. If you do kill me, tell
 Cocteau that I hope someone finally
 rips his head off.

PHOENIX
 Well, another member of the We-Hate-
 Cocteau fan-club..

FRIENDLY
 Personally, I'd like to say that
 I'm President.

Phoenix smiles, then laughs. Above him, Spartan is slowly
 trying to move into a position.

PHOENIX
 You know, I'm not gonna kill you.
 (smiles)
 Because it'll piss Raymond off. And
 the thought of that makes me feel
 all tingly and nice inside.
 (beat)
 Though once he's dead. You're next
 on my list.

He then LAUGHS - -

- When Spartan JUMPS down on him!

Phoenix ELBOWS back, and smiles at John.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 Never give up do you?

A PUNCH to the face, he throws him onto Friendly.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 Should've just shot the cables and
 hoped for the best.

He stops, thinks for a moment.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 (slaps forehead)
 My God I'm stupid.

SPARTAN
 Took you long enough.

PHOENIX

Hey Friendly, looks as if you'll be dead a lot sooner. 'Cause I'm off to go and gut me some crinkly old white-boy.

He waves.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Toodles!

He turns, looks around and RUNS. He JUMPS off the platform -
- and LANDS on a nearby walkway before running.

ON PLATFORM. Spartan watches him walk off.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - MAIN HUB - MOMENTS LATER

The platform is next to the walkway with Huxley and the other Undergrounds. Spartan walks straight off.

SPARTAN

Phoenix is after Cocteau, we need to go.

FRIENDLY

(from behind)

You're not going to stop him, are you?

Spartan stops and turns around. A beat passes.

SPARTAN

I am. Because I have to.

FRIENDLY

But you're not a fan; he's an asshole. He deserves to die.

Beat.

SPARTAN

No-one deserves to die. Everyone has the right to end their life naturally, but some people can't seem to grasp that. Even Cocteau.

HUXLEY

Because he's a great man.

SPARTAN

(to her)

No he's not.

(back to Friendly)

Too many people have died, and it can't be the answer.

(MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

I promise you that I'm going to string Cocteau's ass in public so everyone can see what a sleezeball he is, but not yet.

Friendly gives Spartan a look of confusion. His nose is bleeding.

FRIENDLY

I don't agree.

Remaining silent, Spartan turns and holds his stomach as Huxley quickly rushes to his aid.

HUXLEY

John Spartan, are you really sure that Dr. Cocteau's life is in danger?

SPARTAN

My cop hunch is kicking in, but it's probably due to the fact he told me.

HUXLEY

Oh.

(beat)

You're in no shape to go after Phoenix again! You might suffer an Unsanctioned Life Termination, and- and more extraneous bodily injuries...

She looks at him.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

But that's what cops do, don't they? They put themselves on the line - even when they know they won't come back.

SPARTAN

No.

(beat)

I'm coming back. And I'm gonna be dragging Phoenix kicking and screaming.

(smiles)

Let's go.

They walk off. Then, CUT TO:

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - EVENING

Cocteau sits at his desk, looking something on computer screens when off-screen, the sound of his doors opening are heard.

COCTEAU
 (not looking up)
 Not now, Bob.

PHOENIX (O.S.)
 Guess again.

Cocteau JUMPS up, seeing Phoenix standing there - holding a shotgun.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 (glancing at gun)
 Amazing what Edgar Friendly's world
 allows you to get in such a small
 amount of time, isn't it?

Registering this, Cocteau looks to the gun and calms down. His smug satisfactory smirk appears on his face.

COCTEAU
 We've been through this before. You
 can't shoot or hurt me. So it's
 incredibly redun - -

The CHANDELIER above him CRASHES down on his desk! Smoke comes from the shotgun's nozzles.

He JUMPS back out of his chair, staring at the new crash site in front of him.

PHOENIX
 Now if you were just a little bit
 forward, then you'd be dead. It's
 like setting a car on fire that you
 and a bunch of other people are
 inside. You'll die indirectly.

The smile on Cocteau's face has left the building. Uncertain fear has moved in.

COCTEAU
 Y-you can't possibly believe that
 method of thinking will work, do
 you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HUXLEY'S VEHICLE - SAME TIME

Huxley drives the car. She's obviously speeding.

AND:

EXT. RANDOM STREET - SAME TIME

Huxley's vehicle overtakes several cars at once.

PHOENIX

Well if I'm honest, I'm looking forward to finding out.

He reloads the gun.

COCTEAU

But you're not programmed to hurt me!

PHOENIX

(spitting)

YOU CAN'T REPROGRAM THE MIND!

(beat)

You can't change someone's mind. You can learn to block emotions, block feelings and accept certain things about yourself - but you can't fully control people.

COCTEAU

I beg to differ. San Angeles is working out fine.

Huxley's car goes through a red light, and HANDBRAKE TURNS left sharply.

Inside the car, Spartan holds his left arm. He's not looking that well.

PHOENIX

People deserve to be able to kill each other and have sexual intercourse. Because I believe that's banned, isn't it?

COCTEAU

(nods)

Yes.

PHOENIX

(laughs)

That because you can't get any, Raymond?

COCTEAU

(beat)

Are you going to try and kill me or is this a question and answer session?

PHOENIX

Oh I'm just curious.

Cocteau sighs.

COCTEAU

Sex crimes have been reduced. The lack of sexual diseases. There's no rape - -

Gun cocks.

PHOENIX

Never could stand rapists. They make me shiver.

COCTEAU

Imagine a world where there is no crime. There is no rapists. No guilt. You can find fun elsewhere due to the reprogramming from the CryoPrison!

Phoenix listens to this. A long silence follows.

During this, the car pulls up outside Cocteau industries. Spartan and Huxley walk out. Spartan looks guilty, then uses the Glo-Rod on Huxley and catches her.

He places her in the car before whispering something in her ear. He places the Glo-Rod in his belt and then reveals a gun. It's the same one he got from Taco Bell.

He checks the ammo. Fully loaded.

SPARTAN

Send a maniac to catch a maniac.

He walks to the building.

BACK IN COCTEAU'S OFFICE. Phoenix is listening. Then smiles.

END INTERCUT.

PHOENIX

One problem. You see, guilt is a choice. Remorse is not a luxury but an optional extra that's given away free when God made us.

COCTEAU

God never made you who you are. I did.

PHOENIX

(shakes head)

I always was a twisted motherfucker. You just upgraded me.

(beat)

Now, I'm bored!

He SHOOTs the wall next to Cocteau. Cocteau does the sane thing and RUN, quickly deciding to run up the left staircase, using the rail for support.

Phoenix SHOOTs at the hand rail and it breaks! Cocteau NEARLY loses his footing but continues up the stairs.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

(subgs)

You could've fell and broke your neck!

Phoenix RUNs up after him, aiming a gun towards the upper platform - which is made of glass.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

(still singing)

And trust me, I'm beginning to like how dangerous glass can be!

He SHOOTs the ground by a book case and it RIPS through the glass floor, toppling of the book cases over and sliding over the rail onto the office below.

Phoenix aims the gun in the air and starts shooting the chandeliers on the ceiling - causing them to crash to the ground. It's raining glass.

Cocteau cowers, ducking the hail of glass.

Phoenix SHOOTs the floor and he JUMPS over the rail onto the office -

THEN

Cocteau FALLS to the side section along with SEVERAL bookcases.

He lands, and then slowly moves as books rain on him - and then a BOOKCASE.

The bookcase is stopped by the inner wall of the staircase. But Cocteau is nowhere to be seen under a pile of books.

Phoenix stares at the rubble - a hopeful smile on his lips.

SPARTAN (O.S.)

Sorry to break up the workplace meeting.

Sharp 180. Shotgun now aimed at Spartan who has a gun aimed at Phoenix.

PHOENIX

Are we still gonna do this? Or are you going to man up and actually kill me?

SPARTAN

Well why don't you kill me then?
End all this. End years of
bloodshed that's still to come.

PHOENIX

Save the buildings you've yet to
demolish?

SPARTAN

And the people you're going to
hurt. The people you'll kill.

PHOENIX

Thought about it, but it's just too
fun! I just can't explain it, but
just ending lives...why the fuck
are we still talking?

He THROWS his gun down.

Spartan throws his.

They get ready.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

I'm so gonna kick your ass. And I'm
going to enjoy it.

SPARTAN

Not today!

Spartan LEAPS forward, and Phoenix COUNTERS with a blow to
the stomach - -

- which Spartan GRABS and SWINGS it around and connects with
a blow to the face. Screaming in pain as his left arm
strikes.

Phoenix looks up. Lip split.

PHOENIX

Oh I'm gonna enjoy this!

He goes for a KICK but Spartan ducks and TACKLES him to the
ground - punching him in the face and sliding across several
pieces of broken glass near to the shatter raised level.

Phoenix grabs Spartan's left arm and TWISTS it. Hard.

Behind them, there's movement of books as Cocteau slowly
begins to crawl out.

Spartan now SCREAMS in pain and Phoenix THROWS him over head,
landing on the toppled bookcase.

Phoenix stands as Spartan lies on the bookcase, his left arm near dead.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

C'mon then. Kill me. Kill me. You know you want to, sweetie. This marriage of ours - 'Til Death Us Do Part.

SPARTAN

I'm not like you.

PHOENIX

Oh you are!

He RUNS at Spartan - but Spartan lifts his leg up and KNOCKS Phoenix OVER - and THROUGH the big glass window!

Phoenix turns - -

- and is suddenly GRABBED by Spartan's LEFT ARM.

Phoenix looks down. There's a huge hundred feet drop down a waterfall below him.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Haha! Go on John! You know you want to!

Spartan is STRUGGLING.

SPARTAN

No...I'm not killing you Phoenix!
Every fibre in my being is telling me it's the right thing, but I know I'm wrong!

Phoenix laughs THAT laugh. Intent in his eyes.

PHOENIX

Maybe, John - but I know that I can get to you.

Toothy grin.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Until we meet again, John!

He quickly fishes out a KNIFE - -

- and STABS John's LEFT HAND!

John LETS GO.

And Phoenix FALLS!

SPARTAN

PHOENIX!

And he vanishes in a torrent of water...

Spartan turns around, sitting up for a few moments. Unable able to say anything.

Meanwhile, Cocteau gets to his feet - barely. There's a huge cut on his head.

He notices Spartan.

COCTEAU

Well that's one problem sorted.

Spartan SNAPS, and DARTS across to Cocteau and SLAMS him against the desk.

SPARTAN

Listen to me you sick, sick fuck!
You brought him here to save your
twisted vision and now he could
create more damage than you ever
have realised!

COCTEAU

What proof is there of that
accusation, John Spartan?

Spartan pauses then lets go, unsure how to answer. He looks down, noticing there's still a knife in his left hand.

SPARTAN

I'll get it.

COCTEAU

You won't last long enough. Now
that Phoenix is dead.

SPARTAN

No-one's dead until there's a body.

He walks off, leaving Cocteau to stand there.

EXT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES WATERFALL - LATER

On a small grassy bank - the floating battered body of PHOENIX appears. Unconscious. Battered. Bruised. Bloody. The way down wasn't very smooth.

Several pairs of FEET come into frame, quickly lifting Phoenix - revealing some broken bones.

One of the men, a SCRUFFY LOOKING INDIVIDUAL looks shocked.

SCRUFFY MAN

Oh my God...it's him!

Another man, TALL AND LEAN, shares the reaction.

LEAN MAN

Oh my God...it was him. You were right! Minister Benjamin was right!

The other men start to mutter amongst themselves.

Another set of footsteps. These belong to a tall black man. Clean shaven with short hair. He wears a long black overcoat with a white collar. Priest-like. On his chest is a dark red symbol of a bird. A *phoenix*.

He has a smile on his face. This is MINISTER BENJAMIN CEREMONY.

CEREMONY

(excited)

He has returned! The Phoenix has returned!

He looks around.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

We must go. The SAPD will be here any moment and our years of waiting will have been for nothing!

The men nod and begin to lift Phoenix up, slowly taking him away.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

Yes...yes, he has returned.

Off his excited features, FADE TO:

EXT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES WATERFALL - LATER

And now there's a TEAM of police men all doing several things at once as they're combing the area.

Garcia is wading through some water, with distaste on his face.

GARCIA

This traversing through water to search for suspects is incredibly uncomfortable.

On the bank, Lamb just looks down at him.

LAMB

Stop your complaining and do some work!

Garcia takes a deep breath and continues wading. Lamb shakes his head and walks towards Earle who's surveying the area.

LAMB (CONT'D)
I don't think we'll find anything here, Chief.

Earle stares at the make-shift garden and the waterfall. He then slowly looks up. Behind him Spartan (with a hastily bandaged left hand) limps up behind him.

EARLE
There's no way that anyone could survive a descent at that height. I'm presuming that Simon Phoenix is dead.

Spartan then hobbles towards Earle.

SPARTAN
You can't just give up like that Chief!

EARLE
I don't see why the water hasn't just gone off into the underground sewage system.

SPARTAN
Because we would've found it by now!
(beat)
He either survived or someone took his body.

EARLE
I'm sorry, Spartan but this attempt to stop your inevitable return to the CryoPrison will not work.

SPARTAN
(beat)
What?

Sarcastic 'huh' from Earle.

EARLE
Oh please, you've done your job now. Phoenix has been stopped...

SPARTAN
Chief - if there's no body then there's no job complete. The only way that I can rest is when Phoenix is found...be it dead or alive - I need closure. I deserve closure.

COCTEAU (O.S.)
I'll take his word, George Earle.

They both turn to see Cocteau slowly walk towards the both of them.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
I think that despite the damage,
which wasn't his fault, that John
Spartan should be given the -
(deliberate emphasis)
- closure that he deserves.

He gives Spartan a cheerful smile, filled with an underlying chill.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
John Spartan, The Demolition Man,
has saved my life twice now. I feel
an-almost gratitude.

Spartan stares daggers at him.

Earle, however, is at loss for words.

EARLE
I-I'm sure we can arrange that.

Continuing to stare, Spartan hardly moves.

SPARTAN
Thank you.

Immediately he slowly begins to walk away.

EARLE
Wait, Spartan! I expect a report on
all this!
(beat; frustrated)
And you need to be seen by a - -

Spartan just jumps into a SAPD car and shuts the door.

In the distance, a reawakened Huxley sees this and runs after him - but the car drives off. Her face is slightly distant.

Earle storms into shot.

EARLE (CONT'D)
Do you know where he's going?

HUXLEY
(quiet)
I don't, sir.

Sighing, Earle heads to another open car, sitting in the seat.

EARLE

L-7, track John Spartan.

L-7

Error. John Spartan cannot be tracked. Corrupt code. Code may be damaged.

EARLE

What?

He looks to Huxley.

EARLE (CONT'D)

Do you know where he's going?

Huxley looks to Earle, then her distant face gradually comes closer - and she SMILES. Off this, CUT TO:

EXT. TERRITORY HIGH SCHOOL - EVENING

A modern high school, shut for the day.

SITTING on top of the cop car is Spartan, staring at the school.

Behind him, another car pulls up and Huxley walks out, climbing (with a bit of a struggle) to the roof and sits next to Spartan.

HUXLEY

I had a feeling you'd be here.

SPARTAN

How about everyone else?

HUXLEY

Your code was broken by the knife wound. I said you went home. You'll have to have another though as you heal...

She smiles. Spartan doesn't turn to face her.

Spartan stares at the school.

SPARTAN

Considering the history, I'd never thought that it'd be a school.

(sighs)

Huxley, this is the place John Spartan the cop died along with thirty innocent people.

He points to the school. Or the place that the school is.

HUXLEY

(looking down; admission)
I know. I sort of did a
dissertation on you on my final
year of the academy. Your era just
felt so exciting, so liberating.

SPARTAN

It wasn't, trust me.

HUXLEY

Thirty people died, but how many
would have been killed if all those
arrests and criminals that you took
off the streets still did what they
did and were never caught? I mean,
you rolled the streets, John
Spartan.

Spartan pauses, blinks.

SPARTAN

"Rolled the streets?"

HUXLEY

Is that not the saying?

SPARTAN

Don't you mean "ruled the streets?"

HUXLEY

(sheepishly)
Yes...
(sighs)
But without you here, how many
people would've died here?

SPARTAN

Phoenix wouldn't even be here if I
wasn't here.

HUXLEY

But he may have killed people who
helped shaped this world. The whole
future is shaped by people and the
lives they touch. Seeing one act of
kindness by a stranger you will
never meet again could have amazing
repercussions on other people's
lives.

SPARTAN

But they can have negative impacts
as well.

HUXLEY

I don't believe that. I believe that negatives are just positives that are taking a long time to charge. Without the devastating Earthquake of 2010 none of this would be here.

(smiles)

You've got a lot to do here.

SPARTAN

Before I get shoved back in the fridge.

HUXLEY

See, I think you're a valuable member of the San Angeles Police Department. The longer you're here - the better this place will become.

He looks at her, smiles a little.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

We can be a team, you know. The ruthless experienced past warrior and the perky yet sophisticated present day heroine...fighting crime side by side while tracking Simon Phoenix...

SPARTAN

(rolls eyes)

It was for your own good.

HUXLEY

But we have team vibes going on! I could've helped you!

SPARTAN

You would've been killed.

HUXLEY

Then teach me. Teach me how to not be killed in a fight.

Spartan laughs.

SPARTAN

Maybe, maybe.

He eases up a bit, Huxley too.

The frame PULLS back, leading upwards, showing more of the school and the city behind it.

HUXLEY (O.S.)
So do you think you'll like the
future?

SPARTAN (O.S.)
I dunno yet. Plenty of buildings to
demolish, though.

She laughs.

The camera is in the air - the CITY OF SAN ANGELES, or part
of it is now IN VIEW. The beautiful architecture and
futuristic looks makes for a great view.

SPARTAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And what's with those three
seashells in the bathroom?

On that:

BLACK OUT.

THE DEMOLITION MAN