

THE DEMOLITION MAN

Be Well

By

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Based on the film "**Demolition Man**"

Directed by Marco Brambilla

Original Story by:

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Original screenplay by:

Daniel Waters, Robert Reneau and Peter M. Lenkov.

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.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - UNKNOWN

A HANDHELD CAMERA showing several gagged and tied people. Various ages and races all sit. Many are crying, some are trying not to.

VOICE (O.S.)

I told no-one to even think about setting their asses down here, everyone else figured it out. But the God damn bus driver's just wouldn't listen!

A BUS DRIVER, dying of a gun shot wound.

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.

PHOENIX

People refer to my self-proclaimed land as chaos.

(smiles)

That's not entirely true - I prefer to call it an autocratic anarchy.

He turns his head - a GUN SHOT roars! 30 hysterical gagged screams. Then follows a dark childlike laughter from Phoenix.

EXT. PHOENIX SAFE ZONE - NIGHT

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

SLUGLINE: **Los Angeles, 1996.**

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

The two pilots look at each other. On the right is HARLAND and the left is a rookie called ZACHARY LAMB.

LAMB

Man this has to be the craziest sort of crazy ever made.

JOHN SPARTAN (heavily built police officer on a mission)
APPEARS from the mid-section, kitted out with a black BERET.

SPARTAN

Ain't no definition of crazy I've seen that's been accurate. This is a rescue mission, pure and simple.

EXT. PHOENIX SAFE ZONE - SAME TIME

A MORTAR MISSILE strikes the tail end of the helicopter!

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

THROWN forward, Spartan GRABS onto the midsection support as Harland and Lamb STRUGGLE with the controls.

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

SPARTAN

Head for the roof!

Harland NODS and he PULLS UP but BULLETS RIP through the front! They go through Harland. He's dead instantly.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

The roof!

EXT. PHOENIX SAFE ZONE - SAME TIME

The Helicopter manages to rebalance itself and it HURLS itself 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 opening fire on the helicopter. One of the front men turns and waves for them to run back

AS THE HELICOPTER CRASHES.

Head first! It SLIDES ACROSS the rooftop, running into men and anything that's in it's way!

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

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

SPARTAN

Anything not me or a bus passenger,
you aim and squeeze. Got that?

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.

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. Instant death.

Spartan JUMPS out, firing two guns in two hands towards the guards opposite, Lamb takes the opportunity to run for cover.

He dives under some rubble and holds his gun tightly, nervously scanning around for the enemy.

Attention is broken, turning to see Spartan RUN towards them and firing his guns off very quickly. Dead before he ducks 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? Just shooting
 and then letting them...

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

Spartan opens up a doorway into the building, while Lamb tries to think of something to say. But he can't.

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
 Hey wait a sec! You're just going
 to go in all guns blazing?

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

SPARTAN
 I can feel him here.

There's an uncomfortable beat as Spartan pulls out a small device that makes a few beeps.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

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.

The thermal scanner BLEEPS at him.

Lamb goes to say something, but Spartan's GONE.

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.

He fires quickly. Two down. He takes a breath BUT

MACHINE GUNFIRE from BELOW. Two men.

ROLLING to the side he SWINGS an arm underneath the walkway, FIRING QUICKLY. He catches them both then leaps to his feet, dashing towards a small office door WHEN

Another armed guard appears! Spartan TACKLES him and swings his body weight around and THROWS him off the walkway!

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

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

This is the 'Gun for Luck'. Frustratingly he grits his teeth and places the gun back.

MORE GUNFIRE. He SPRINTS forwards and reaches the door and BARGES through INTO:

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 tingly 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!

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.

Spartan's hand TIGHTENS around the gun.

PHOENIX

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.

SPARTAN

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

Phoenix looks around, waving his arms.

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

Phoenix takes a long drag from his cigarette.

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

PHOENIX
 (sniffs)
 Nothing like a bit of red meat well done.

Phoenix holds the cigarette loosely. Smiling.

Spartan still holds the gun, but glances at the cigarette, to the hostages and then to 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 can you not feel a thing? The people you've killed?

Phoenix stops. His boots stand in the leaking fuel.

PHOENIX
 Guilt is a choice, John-Boy.

A step closer.

SPARTAN
 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!

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.

Around them smoke begins to fill the room.

Phoenix LEAPS forward, jumping OVER the flames

WHEN 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

Well I'll be...

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.

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, fearful.

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

Lamb SHAKES his head gravely.

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.

Spartan sits on a car bonnet, his face in his hands.

HUNNIGAN (O.S.)

SPARTAN!

He looks up to see CHIEF HUNNINGAN 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? You were not supposed to come down here, and you were not supposed to blow anything up?

He looks at the warehouse.

HUNNIGAN (CONT'D)

Where are the hostages?

Spartan doesn't 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?

(pissed)

And now there are thirty dead bodies.

He turns to an officer.

HUNNIGAN (CONT'D)

Place Detective Spartan under arrest!

Officers turn and cuff Spartan. There's no response as his expression is one of numbness.

He glances around and sees Phoenix wheeled into a medical vehicle. Phoenix glances and SMILES 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

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 walks into the Cryocell.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

You will be eligible for parole no
earlier the year 2096.

Spartan lies down into the cell and closes his eyes.

A glass shutter locks above him. He opens his eyes and the
Cryocell is pumped with a fluorescent blue liquid!

Panic starts. 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 freezing the water.

Spartan stays there, frozen in time.

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

Senior Warden William Smithers
please make your way to the parole
room. Be well.

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.

Also, she's not holding 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.

HUXLEY

(sighs)

I find this lack of stimuli to be
extremely disappointing.

SMITHERS

I feel disheartened and disturbed by your comments as I should do every day. But I take it down as youth - you've yet to reach emotional stability.

HUXLEY

I understand, Warden. Thank you for the update.

SMITHERS

Be well, Lelina Huxley.

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 EXPANDS and she grabs the wheel.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Wow, how exciting.

INT. SAN ANGELES STREET - DAY

Huxley's police car 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."

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

The contraption 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. All sloth and
gluttony all mixed into one sweet
tidy 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

Don't know how predictably boring
they are, do they? Don't know how
to survive prop'ly.

(sighs)

Truck's gone - we'll tuck and sweep
it come nightfall, understand?

FOLLOWER

You sure we can do this, Friendly?

FRIENDLY

People here are starvin', and
starvin' people mean we ain't got
no choices in the matter.

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 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. He nods in response.

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 (CONT'D)
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-spread panic, Lieutenant.

She turns to see CHIEF GEORGE EARLE standing watching her. Gold round glasses and his uniform is one long black overcoat decorated in achievements.

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. 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.
(MORE)

EARLE (CONT'D)

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 proud of himself before clapping his hands once.

EARLE

Okay, let's do some policing!

He punches the air weakly, smiling confidently.

INT. HUXLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Huxley walks in, removes the silver sash around her body and throws it on a chair. Her office is decorated with a lot of 20th Century merchandise. There's movie posters for Lethal Weapon and Die Hard, for instance.

HUXLEY

(sighs)
Stupid asshole.

BEEP.

WARNING SYSTEM (O.S.)

Lelina Huxley 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

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 a while and seen things I'd never thought we'd see. Things that will haunt me.

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. Too traumatic.

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 Lelina Huxley 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.

(lowers head)

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 - and our city is much better for it.

(smiles)

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

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

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

We are plagued by menace. You've all seen his name on our walls. The initials 'E' and 'F'.

(beat)

I am referring to Edgar Friendly.

(stands, agitated)

He nests under the city, lying in our foundations attempting undo all the work we've done to overcome the dark past that the city. Once he is eliminated; we can truly become the first StateCity, and Lazare Cocteau's brilliant ideas will come into their own.

(final smile)

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

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.

<p>SMITHERS (CONT'D) Simon Phoenix. Welcome to 2046, San Angeles. (beat) You are at duty to partake in a parole hearing, due to signs that your behavioral modification has reached a level of - -</p>	<p>PHOENIX (high pitched) ...Welcome to San Angeles. (mocking) Can I suck your big wang chung Mr. Phoenix?</p>
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SMITHERS (CONT'D)
Remain silent! 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, I do.
(beat; straight-faced)
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

THEN it SNAPS easily.

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

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

L-7
WARNING. Code 187. Code 187.

All the SCREENS flash with '1-8-7'.

Huxley and Garcia walk out of her office, glancing at each other. Everyone's confused.

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. He goes past, leaving Smithers lying in the doorway.

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.

He stops tapping. Smithers looking horrified as he lies across the two rooms.

One last button...

And the doors CLOSE. A scream is heard off screen.

ANGLE: SECURITY CAMERA.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Screens KICK into showing 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 and Huxley cringes.

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!

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, realising something.

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 REWINDS showing
 Phoenix killing him, but his face isn't seen.

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

LAMB
 It's the Phoenix!

Lamb goes pale and reaches for his right arm.

HUXLEY

Who?

LAMB

Simon Phoenix. 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 when they got him. That was before they started lowjacking those codes into everyone's hand.

(holds left hand up)

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 and 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

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.

PHOENIX

(beat)

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 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 WHEN

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
informed and heading to your
location.

He takes a breath and KICKS the door open.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He is greeted by a San Angeles citizen

THEN SNAPS his extended arm! He THROWS him around and STAMPS
on his ribs cage.

PHOENIX

They'll let asshole 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, I need 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, hoping for the best.

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 a very pale Chief Earle.

EARLE (ON SCREEN)
(shell-shocked)
A-and it was fun. He had fun with them. Fine members of the SAPD were played around like toys...

Watching without emotion, Cocteau sits behind his desk, a data tablet shows Phoenix's details.

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.

COCTEAU
Chief Earle, this is just a minor blip in a pitch perfect system. I do believe that you and your team can sort out the mess of this...
(off data tablet)
Phoenix character before too long.

EARLE (ON SCREEN)
But sir...

COCTEAU
Now George, you have my blessing and the city voted you as Chief. 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.

His office is HUGE and glassy. Two staircases on either side and a huge window at the opposite end of the office.

Towards the entrance to his office; is ASSOCIATE BOB - clad in a 'fashionable' multicoloured robe.

BOB

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

COCTEAU

The idiot has his own distractions to leave me alone for a while.

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...

EARLE

That's not an excuse! He resorts to violence instead of using his brain. We have the brains here.

LAMB

(shakes head)

No you don't.

(stands)

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. He is smarter than any of us in this room combined.

HUXLEY

(beat)

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.

HUXLEY

(wide eyed recollection)
Spartan? The John Spartan?

INT. HUXLEY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

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

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.

EARLE
He's a relic!

HUXLEY
Sir, I can't think of anything else
that we can do. This is in our
power, and Raymond 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 right to say "I told you
so" to be documented. Understood?

HUXLEY
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 as the scene CUTS TO:

INT. CRYOPRISON WESTERN WING - LATER

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

ROTATE AROUND the slab, 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)
My wife. What happened to my wife?

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
(stern)
My wife.

HUXLEY

(hesitant)

She...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.

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.

SPARTAN

Give me a moment, I need to take this in.

(to Garcia)

You! Give me a cigarette.

GARCIA

A what?

HUXLEY

John Spartan, cigarette's are classed as illegal.

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.

HUXLEY

We need your help. We are basically
too ill-equipped to deal with
Phoenix.

(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?

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 really is 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.

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 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.

BEEEP. 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 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. WARFARE 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

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!

BEEEEEP!

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 now 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 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. They march 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. 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 and RIPS 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.

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 (CONT'D)

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.

Spartan runs and JUMPS onto the cannon, pushing it forwards -
- then sticking the GLO-ROD into the WATER.

The water then SHOCKS Phoenix! It knocks 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. Phoenix blocks immediately.

PHOENIX
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, 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, realisation creeping over his face.

Then Phoenix SMASHES him across the face.

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 and 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, the 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 stand straight in that respectful way.

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

Cocteau sees Spartan and pauses, staring at him.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
My God...it's the infamous 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 save...

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 walks towards a computer terminal and puts 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 and profile of EDGAR FRIENDLY is showing up on screen.

Along with: WANTED FUGITIVE. 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 LAUGHS.

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 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 as 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 here.

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.

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 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.

(MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

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

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

Could ask you the same question.

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.

(MORE)

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

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?

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.

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, remembering 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 cour- -

GUN SHOT. The Driver slumps!

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.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
I believe you just give the trigger
a...squeeze, is it?

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)

Come on, John Spartan.

And on his unconscious body JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

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

He's in a hospital ward with a bunch of screens and scanners trained on his body. 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.

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 (CONT'D)

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

SPARTAN

You were right. I went in blind with red rage after him, and innocent people paid the price.

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.

(breather)

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 job.

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 your life-line had been prematurely terminated for a second there.

SPARTAN

Yeah, I thought I was history too.

Huxley smiles at him, looking strangely concerned.

HUXLEY

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 psycho than he used to be. I wake up and I get an itching for a cross-stich!

Huxley looks at him. Spartan's mind is wandering.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

You said the CryoPrison can...uh, make people like new hobbies and such, right?

HUXLEY

Synaptic suggestion behavioural modification, yes.

(thinks)

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

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. There's several.

HUXLEY
This can't be right...

SPARTAN
Who has access to change these?

HUXLEY
Well Mr. Cocteau and Warden
Smithers...

Spartan leans forward.

SPARTAN
(points to mouth)
Do I?

Huxley nods.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
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 Phoenix shoot the driver
from outside and get in the car.

Then the screen JUMPS back.

L-7
Archive footage has been deleted.

HUXLEY
What? 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 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...Not Doctor Cocteau.

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

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

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

SPARTAN

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

HUXLEY

That may be, 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.

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 still 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.

He glances back down, pretty much all the "Undergrounds" (as they shall now be referred to) 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 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 ain't respect, that's people looking for someone who they follow for some noble cause.

SPARTAN

Aren't you a leader?

FRIENDLY

I do the necessary and they decide to follow me. That's no definition of leader to me.

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

FRIENDLY (CONT'D)

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. 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 of.

And his laugh continues.

SPARTAN

Laugh all you want, but Cocteau's reached critical mass and is on the verge of ripping the ground up after you.

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? Don't know whether to be flattered or...well, I'm flattered.

SPARTAN

Don't be. Cocteau's got this huge obsession and I think he's mamajammed Phoenix's head with as much as possible in the hope he'll kill you.

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

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, Edgar.

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 and knocks 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 body-weight and the crane moves away from the action.

ON WALKWAY. The Undergrounds aim their guns but Phoenix GRABS Friendly, pulling another gun. Friendly reacts imediately, 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, 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 which 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)
(MORE)

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

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.

THEN 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
No he's not.
(to Friendly)
Too many people have died, and it
can't be the answer. I promise you
that I'm going to string Cocteau's
ass in public so everyone can see
what a sleazeball 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 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?

INT. HUXLEY'S VEHICLE - SAME TIME

Huxley drives the car. She's obviously speeding.

EXT. RANDOM STREET - SAME TIME

Huxley's vehicle overtakes several cars at once.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - EVENING

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!

COCTEAU

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

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.

EXT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES - SAME TIME

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.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Phoenix is listening. Then smiles.

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.

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)

(sighs)

You could've fell and broken your neck, Raymond! You need to be playing along!

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 WHEN

Cocteau FALLS to the side section along with SEVERAL bookcases.

He lands, and then slowly moves as books rain on him. Followed by 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.

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

C'mon then. Kill me. Kill me. You know you want to, sweetie.

SPARTAN

I'm better than you.

PHOENIX

Keep telling yourself that John.

He RUNS at Spartan

THEN

Spartan lifts his leg up and KNOCKS Phoenix OVER!

THROUGH the big glass window!

Phoenix turns - -

- and is 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!

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.

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 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 body 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. There needs closure. I need closure.

COCTEAU (O.S.)

I'll take his word, George Earle.

Cocteau slowly walks 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.

EARLE (CONT'D)

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.

The camera is in the air revealing 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