

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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Contains elements from the 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.

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.

HARLAND

Now what are we really doing here?

SPARTAN

Our good deeds for the day.

LAMB

And the less cryptic reason?

SPARTAN

You seen the news reports of those missing 30 odd bus passengers that were hijacked? Well I gotta hunch where they are and which son-of-a-bitch did the hijacking.

LAMB

Who?

SPARTAN

Phoenix.

His face suddenly grows sterner.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Simon Phoenix.

HARLAND

Is something happening on the roof?

EXT. PHOENIX SAFE ZONE - SAME TIME

Just when A MORTAR MISSILE strikes the tail end of the helicopter!

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

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

Spartan holds on and looks down to see gunfire 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

The dust hardly has chance to settle.

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
You. Stay here.

Lamb NODS and hides behind a seat.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
Anything not me or a bus passenger,
you aim and squeeze. Got that?

Lamb nods nervously. 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 one.

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 opens up a doorway into the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Spartan goes in and scouts around before he pulls out a small crude little gadget that beeps and flashes red dots at him.

He places the device back into a pocket and looks up in the opposite direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE SECURITY ROOM - SAME TIME

Several MONITORS show Spartan running down corridors. In front of them is a desk, and two military-booted feet rest on it.

INT. METAL WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

Spartan turns and fires some more -

CLICK. Out of ammo. He switches to another gun and runs around to the other side.

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

Where are the hostages?

The chair turns around, revealing SIMON PHOENIX in all his physical glory. He's intimidating, bald, matching Spartan in prowess. He also has a striking blonde goatee.

He's holding a cigarette in his hand.

Spartan's hand TIGHTENS around the gun.

PHOENIX

No "how's things?" No "how you doing?" People today...

Phoenix looks around, waving his arms.

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

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Annoying little things, bus drivers. They always go where they aren't welcome, so any trespassers will be taken for...interrogation.

Phoenix takes a long drag from his cigarette.

Phoenix holds the cigarette loosely. Smiling.

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

SPARTAN

Where are they?

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

Phoenix stops. His boots stand in the leaking fuel.

A step closer.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

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 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.

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

They weren't in there.

HUNNIGAN

And how the hell do you know that?

SPARTAN

Because I did a Thermo-Scan. Nothing showed up!

PHOENIX (O.S.)

They were in there Chief! I saw 'em!

Spartan looks to Phoenix.

SPARTAN

They weren't!

An OFFICER in a safety jump suit runs up, shaking his head.

OFFICER

There's bodies everywhere! There has to be around thirty!

Hunningan GLARES at Spartan.

Spartan suddenly clicks, and LASHES OUT AT PHOENIX.

HUNNIGAN

Place Detective Spartan under arrest!

Surrounding officers GRAB Spartan, trying to restrain him.

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

PHOENIX

(shouting)

He's a monster! Throw the book at him!

As the doors shut, Spartan's face DROPS. 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.

(MORE)

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

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 properly.

(sighs)

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

FOLLOWER

You sure we can do this, Friendly?

FRIENDLY

You tell me where the choice is,
and I'll head for the nice comfy
bed.

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 ALFREDO GARCIA.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
Hello fellow officer Alfredo 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.

Huxley says nothing.

EARLE (CONT'D)
It disturbs me that your mind could even fathom images like that. Your obsession with the twentieth century and it's vulgar ways has seemingly corrupted your expectations as a police officer.

Huxley nods.

HUXLEY

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

She nods and walks away towards her office. Earle smiles, slightly 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.

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
prematurely expected it to 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:

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.

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

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 Anthony
Danson. 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!

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

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? God damn 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 God damn 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 are now 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 any 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:

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. We've eliminated crime. We've eliminated temptation - and our city is much better for it.

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

(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 menance. 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 to undo all the work we've done to overcome the dark past that the city.

A sudden beep interrupts, and Cocteau gives a slight grimace in annoyance.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

If you allow me, I will have to take a call from Chief George Earle. Be well.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - MOMENTS 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, my confidence in you is just, 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. 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.
(MORE)

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

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 coded 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. OPERATING THEATRE - LATER

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

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

SPARTAN (V.O.)
Coded?

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 has 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! 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. They also grounded me.

SPARTAN

Shit. You were a good pilot.

BEEEEP. Spartan ignores it.

LAMB
(shrugs)
Yeah, well - -

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

SPARTAN
(smirking)
Sorry Chief.

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

Spartan SNORTS.

SPARTAN
This'll be good.

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

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

He smiles.

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

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

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

SPARTAN

(quickly)

He's going for a gun.

(breath)

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

Earle LAUGHS.

EARLE

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

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

SPARTAN

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

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

INT. THE SAN ANGELES MUSEUM - DAY

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

INT. WAREFARE EXHIBIT - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

PHOENIX

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)

Ow, shit!

BEEEEEEP!

The elderly couple have now walked away, noticing Phoenix.

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

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

Phoenix's not really listening, instead looking to and from 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.

GARCIA (CONT'D)

You've appeared to have dropped - -

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!

SPARTAN

(shrugs)

He'll wake up.

(beat)

He will, right?

HUXLEY

He will, but that is not the...

Fruitless as Spartan has already turned and entered 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.

SPARTAN (O.S.)

You should've stayed there!

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.

Spartan stays low. Pretty much defenseless.

Scanning for Spartan, Phoenix shakes his head.

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.

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

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.

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

PHOENIX

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.

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

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

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 his 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

Then Phoenix will burn you all to the ground, blah blah. Look, I appreciate that he might be the ruler of this totalitarian state; but the guy still is involved with the CryoPrison.

They stare at each other for a few moments.

HUXLEY

(quickly)
What should we do about Simon Phoenix?

EARLE

Ahh that's easy.

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

SPARTAN

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

EARLE

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

Spartan sighs, shaking his head.

SPARTAN

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

As he shakes his head, the frame FADES TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - EVENING

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

It's very modern.

Then the car drives off.

SPARTAN

Hey, what the?

HUXLEY

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

SPARTAN

(nods)
Handy.

Huxley smiles and walks with Spartan through the doors.

HUXLEY

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

As they walk in, CUT TO:

INT. SPARTAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Spartan looks around as Huxley shows him around.

SPARTAN

Nice.

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

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Uhh, Huxley?

HUXLEY

Yes, John Spartan?

He holds up the knitting accessories and Huxley smiles.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

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

SPARTAN

Knitting?

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

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

HUXLEY

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

Spartan stands there, looking around. He glances towards the bedside table - a small box labelled BELONGINGS: SPARTAN.

He opens it up, the only thing there is his BERET.

He smiles to himself.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
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 sparkling 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 the future would be all lone-wondering wastelands.

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, 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, and I had feelings.

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

The patented Spartan intuition is tingling, Huxley.

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

(beat)

Plus: ain't a cop. So that question is...well, kinda wrong.

SPARTAN

Be a damn shame to hit that wise-ass mouth with my fists.

Friendly smiles.

FRIENDLY

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

SPARTAN

The armour ain't white. But don't get me wrong, I appreciate the compliment.

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

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Wait a sec...

HUXLEY (O.S.)

Spartan?

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

SPARTAN

Chief, who were they?

COCTEAU

They're the underworld come out to pry.

Everyone turns to Cocteau.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

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

Spartan looks to where Friendly went. Brow looking stern. Huxley, rather excitedly, walks up to him.

HUXLEY

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

SPARTAN

This isn't fun, Huxley. You think living in a world where you had to do that all day everyday is exciting? That everything is black and white? Violence doesn't solve anything. Well maybe, but -

(to Cocteau)

- not when it's people looking for food!

Cocteau says nothing.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

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

Beat.

BOB

Maybe we should go? End this evening?

SHARIE

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

Two BULLET HOLES in her chest.

Everyone goes HYSTERICAL.

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

ON PHOENIX. He reloads.

PHOENIX

Shit. I was aiming for the old dude.

He grabs his machine gun. Aims.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

HEY! I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD RUN!

Then AIMS blindly at some people running away.

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

HUXLEY

Come with me sir!

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

COCTEAU

Hurry up!

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

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

EARLE

Ladies! Gentlemen! Please follow..

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

On PHOENIX.

PHOENIX

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

SPARTAN (O.S.)

Because you suck!

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

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

Spartan stops struggling.

PHOENIX

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

He leans forward.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

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

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

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 bad
idea, why not slowly drive the bad
people into insanity?

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.

He smiles.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
D'you wanna know a secret? Do you?

He LEANS in close to his ear.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
The passengers were already dead.

Then he LAUGHS. That haunting psychopathic laugh.

Spartan's eyes WIDEN. Hatred

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 bullet wounds.

Looking at his arm, Spartan sighs.

Lamb walks forward, smiling at Spartan.

SPARTAN
How do you cope here?

Spartan lies back, deep in thought.

LAMB

I'm old. I was raised to believe
that I had to sit on porches and
wish for a world like this.

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

LAMB (CONT'D)

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

(taps bed)

Be well soon, John Spartan.

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

I wanna pi...annoy Cocteau. I wanna annoy him badly that I think he'll be really really...

(really wants to swear)

I just think me stopping this Friendly from being killed will rub him up the wrong way, okay?

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 too) are staring up at him.

INT. THE UNDERGROUND - MAIN HUB - LATER

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

HUXLEY

No thanks. Thank you, but no.

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

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

Some of the people notice Friendly and 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 ain't the definition of a leader.

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 off or I die of old age.

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 video game violence as possible to kill you.

FRIENDLY

And how bad is this guy?

SPARTAN

Worse than what you're thinking right now.

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.

Phoenix then looks towards Spartan.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 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 immediately,
 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.

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)
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 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. He deserves to have his ass
 exposed for all to see. But not
 dead...maybe beaten up a lot. But
 not dead.

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

He more-or-less told me.

HUXLEY

Oh.

(beat)

You're in no shape to go after Phoenix again!

She looks at him.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

Never mind...

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

(gun cocks)
You can't reprogramme the noggin.

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 one.

He walks to the building.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Phoenix is listening. Then smiles.

PHOENIX

You see, guilt is a choice 'cause
remorse is not a luxury but an
optional extra that's given away
free when God made us.

COCTEAU

God didn't make you. I did.

PHOENIX

(shakes head)

I always was twisted. You just
upgraded me.

He SHOTS 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 SHOTS 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 SHOTS 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 SHOTS 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.

PHOENIX
 Save the buildings you've yet to
 demolish?
 (beat)
 Thought about it, but it's just too
 fun...why the hell 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 but can't help but smile.

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)
Ha-ha! Go on John! You know you
want to!

Spartan is STRUGGLING.

Phoenix laughs THAT laugh. Intent in his eyes.

Then a quick, 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

Wipe that smug look of satisfaction off your face. I know you brought him here.

COCTEAU

And what proof is there of that ludicrous accusation?

Spartan looks down, noticing there's still a knife in his left hand.

SPARTAN

You'd be dead.

COCTEAU

That wouldn't work in the modern court of law, Spartan.

SPARTAN

Then I'll get proof.

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. Garcia takes a deep breath and continues wading. Lamb shakes his head and walks towards Earle who's surveying the area.

LAMB

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 making the declaration that Simon Phoenix's life terminated due to the fall.

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.

A still very battered Cocteau appears behind them, slowly walking 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.

Having enough, Spartan STORMS off.

EARLE (CONT'D)

Wait, Spartan! I expect a report on all this!

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.

Earle heads to another open car, whilst Huxley looks towards the direction that Spartan drove off. 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 would be here.

SPARTAN

How about everyone else?

HUXLEY

Your code sustained damage by the knife wound. I informed the Chief that you went home. You'll have to have that code repaired though.

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.

(MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

(sighs)
Huxley, this is the place.

He points to the school. Or the place that the school is.

HUXLEY

(looking down; admission)
I know. My final year dissertation
at the Academy was on you. Your era
just felt so...so liberating.

SPARTAN

It wasn't, trust me.

HUXLEY

Thirty people died, but that - -

SPARTAN

It wasn't me. He framed me. He told
me that they were already dead.
(grits teeth)
One of those twisted things that I
know he'd do!

He BANGS his fist on the roof of the car.

HUXLEY

(smiles)
You've got a lot to do here, you
know?

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.

He slides off the car. Huxley follows him.

HUXLEY

But we had high levels of team-work chemistry going on! I could have offered you real assistance.

SPARTAN

You would've been killed.

HUXLEY

Then teach me. Teach me how to not be killed in a fight.

SPARTAN

(laughs)

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