

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. INDUSTRIAL WARZONE - NIGHT

The horizon has an orange glow. Fire and warfare below show a district of warehouses and buildings stripped of dignity and life. In the centre stands a tall MULTI-STOREY WAREHOUSE, standing as a monument to the current destruction.

A LAPD POLICE HELICOPTER flies into frame, bearing towards the warehouse.

The rotors are drowned out by explosions and gunshots.

SLUGLINE: **Los Angeles, 2011.**

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER COCKPIT - SAME TIME

The cockpit is amass with screens and data. The centre screen shows a 3D representation of the warehouse in question.

In front of these are the two-pilots. On the right is STEVEN HARLAND, a seasoned veteran who's grey moustache is worn with pride. On the left is ZACHARY LAMB, a young black rookie who looks as if he's just left puberty - let alone flight school.

LAMB

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

SPARTAN (O.S.)

Ain't no definition of crazy I've
seen that's been accurate.

From the mid-section, a heavy built Caucasian male emerges, kitted out in customised riot gear (a reshaped flak jacket) and a striking black beret with an indistinguishable metal emblem on it's right side.

This is DETECTIVE JOHN SPARTAN.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

This is either a salvage mission,
or a rescue mission.

HARLAND

That why you dragged us out here
without informing the Chief?

SPARTAN

You need your good deed for the
day.

LAMB

What's the less cryptic reason?

SPARTAN

You seen the news reports of those
missing 30 odd bus passengers that
were hijacked?

(MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Well I gotta hunch where they are
and which son-of-a-bitch did the
hijacking. Rescue the hostages, and
salvage the maniac.

LAMB

Who?

His face suddenly grows sterner.

SPARTAN

Simon Phoenix.

Harland taps a few icons on a monitor in front of him, a
quick flash of a logo stating 'L-3' appears before a top-down
view of the warehouse appears.

Several red blotches are spread out.

LAMB

What's the thermo-scan saying?

HARLAND

It's picking up some bodies - but
they're all spread out and moving.
They're Phoenix's followers.

LAMB

No hostages?

HARLAND

(shakes head)

Can't tell - we're too high up to
see if they're on the bottom level.

He pushes a switch and a small hand-head device ejects from
the cockpit.

Harland takes it and hands it to Spartan behind him.

HARLAND (CONT'D)

When you land, use that.

Spartan examines the device.

HARLAND (CONT'D)

Should give you a more accurate
reading of where they are.

Spartan pockets the device, rolling his eyes with skepticism.

SPARTAN

Won't need it, but thanks.

(looks to monitors)

Not a fan of technology myself.

Harland leans forward, touching the monitor showing the
warehouse and zooming in.

HARLAND
There's activity on the roof...

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

A group of scruffy, war-torn MERCENARIES are setting up something on the roof - a home-made missile launcher!

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Harland and Lamb SPRING to life.

LAMB
They're packing something.

HARLAND
Activate evasive procedures.

Spartan leans to the left, trying to get a view of what's going on.

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 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 tightly. Bracing for impact.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

More dirty and ragged mercenaries are opening fire on the helicopter. One of the front men turns and waves for them to run back...

AS THE HELICOPTER CRASHES.

It lands head first. It bounces a few times before skidding across the roof.

Rotor blades SLICE through a few of Phoenix's men! The helicopter doesn't stop, bouncing down a raised a level before striking the makeshift missile launching and stopping.

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 mercenaries slowly walk towards the crashed helicopter, guns primed - -

Spartan JUMPS out! He RUNS forward, firing a 9mm and hitting every one of the men in front of him. They're dead instantly.

He runs across towards a door that leads to the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The lock is blown clean off before the door is KICKED in, revealing Spartan.

He takes a few steps down some metal steps into a dark corridor. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the mobile Thermo-Scan.

He pushes something on the screen. A loading bar appears on the screen.

SPARTAN

Hurry up you useless piece of - -

It BEEPS. Revealing red blotches.

A window pops up. "BODY COUNT: 8"

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Not here.

(pockets device; smiles)

Salvage mission.

He continues.

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

A high-rise metal walkway over a floor of disused storage space. Smashed crates litter the long fall below.

Spartan appears and runs across, 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 guns bellow bullets 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 - -

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.

(beat)
You've been fucking with my life instead of your wife, Spartan. Hell, I wanna bet that baby in her stomach not even yours.

Eye twitch from Spartan. WHEN:

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 suddenly reaches into his pocket, it's the mobile device. It's CRACKED. He throws it to the side.

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 (CONT'D)

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 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 (50's, white and greying) 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.

PHOENIX (O.S.)
 NEEEYEGEH! Wrong answer!

Spartan glances to Phoenix.

HUNNIGAN
 And how the hell do you know that?

SPARTAN
 Because I did a Thermo-Scan and
 only his gang members showed.

PHOENIX
 He's wrong, Chief! They were in
 there, I saw 'em! Hell, I put them
 there! He's a liability Chief!

Spartan looks to Phoenix.

SPARTAN
 They weren't in there!

PHOENIX
 Wrong again!

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

OFFICER
 We need more men here, sir. There's
 bodies littered everywhere! There
 has to be around twenty or thirty!

There's a beat. Hunnigan looks to Spartan...then to the
 warehouse. He looks to Spartan again.

Spartan suddenly clicks, and LASHES OUT AT PHOENIX.

SPARTAN
 No...you fucking scum - -

HUNNIGAN
 (quickly)
 Place Detective Spartan under
 arrest!

Surrounding officers GRAB Spartan, trying to restrain him.

PHOENIX
 I told him! I told him! He didn't
 care!

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

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 (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 cylinders. Multiple levels of open-space show
 Several of these cylinders around the place.

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 2111.

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.

He continues to POUND. Panic leads to anger. Stronger strikes from inside.

The small blue sphere makes contact with the liquid - and it disperses. It travels through the liquid, surrounding Spartan's body.

One last strike - -

The liquid SPARKLES with the energy. Spartan no longer moves, his fist millimetres from striking the glass. Lifeless. Immobile.

Spartan can't move, 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 2061.

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

Pan further and the Cryoprison seems cleaner, more efficient. There are now huge crane-like mechanical arms moving cubes around.

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, a slightly modified bob of hair framing a youthful naive expression of eagerness.

INT. HUXLEY'S VEHICLE - SAME TIME

Lelina's car looks very much like a tidier version of the LAPD police helicopter. A computer with several screens show on the dashboard, and Smithers' face appears in a monitor that is directly in the middle of the steering wheel.

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.

(MORE)

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

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. A pleasant, synthesised female voice responds to all
queries.

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)

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 vehicle travels pleasantly through the main streets.
It passes several civilians, all clad in long robes of
varying colours and hats that look like slightly deformed
graduation caps that have been misshaped.

The car passes some buildings - including one saying
"Earthquake Memorial Centre" in a steel entrance sign.

A long, tubular metal CONTRAPTION pushes up through the
ground, angling itself at the sign.

SPRAY PAINT rapidly projects from its nozzle, daubing the legend 'FAIRNESS IS A MYTH. EF' onto the sign.

No sooner has it done so than the sign CRACKLES to life, ELECTRICITY coursing across it to scorch the paint away.

The contraption fizzes and detonates with a soft POP, startling passing civilians as SMOKE rises from it.

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 through glass doors that open to a wide blueish-grey circular room. Around the upper rim of the room are several flat monitors displaying information, cameras and other assorted pieces of information.

Around the side of the rooms are doorways to other areas of the building, but there are also windows and doorways with no doors to individual offices.

On the floor, there is a central pod of desks and stations with officers of varying ages.

Huxley waves towards and aging black officer behind a desk, he's wearing a smile and a silver mobile head-set. It looks like a blue-tooth microphone.

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 - if it's even more possible to have someone look more naive as Huxley, then he is it.

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.
(MORE)

EARLE (CONT'D)

Your obsession with the twentieth century and its vulgar ways has seemingly corrupted your expectations as a police officer.

HUXLEY

(nods)

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

With that, she turns and walks towards one of the embedded offices. 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.

A quick pan around her office reveals a mixture of different nick-nacks and merchandise of the late 20th and early 21st Century. There are posters for *The Matrix* and *Die Hard*. There's a hung up 'Hollywood' sign that's actually hung by each individual letter.

HUXLEY

(sighs)

Stupid asshole.

WARNING SYSTEM (O.S.)

Lelina Huxley you have been fined one credit for violating the verbal morality stature.

She quickly grabs a ticket that appears from a small ticket-dispenser on the wall.

Another heavy sigh. She then sits on her desk, slightly tapping a bruised and battered BOBA FETT BOBBLEHEAD figurine.

A slightly anxious Garcia pops his head around the office doorway

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)

(MORE)

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

Not as stimulating as I may have
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)
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 - -

PHOENIX
(high pitched)
...Welcome to San Angeles.
(mocking)

Can I suck your big wang
chung Mr. Phoenix?

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 - -

It SNAPS. Easily.

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

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Ambient lights around the control room fade from white to
RED.

L-7
WARNING. Code 187. Code 187.

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

And the officers look at each other, all confused. One looks
to a fellow college but the college just shrugs.

Lamb, however, is the only one really alarmed.

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

HUXLEY
What's a 187?

L-7

WARNING: Code 187. Unsanctioned
Life Termination.

(beat)

Murder. Death. Kill. Murder. Death.
Kill. Murder. Death. Kill.

As L-7 reads these out loud, they flash on screen in succession.

Several officers look mortified. Others recoil away.

Garcia goes white and STUMBLES, managing to stop himself falling by holding onto a desk.

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.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Screens KICK into showing a camera angle from the CyroPrison, and the camera sees the (lower) body of Warden Smithers in black and white.

A lot of the officers JUMP up in shock. Garcia looks like he's about to faint completely and Huxley cringes.

L-7

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

EARLE
(entering)
What appears to be the perplexing
situation?

Huxley darts to a terminal.

GARCIA
We've got at least three M...M...
He stops himself - he can't say it.

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

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, laughing it off before glancing at the screen. His gaze suddenly fixes onto it, eyes looking distant.

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 leaps out, brushing himself off.

PHOENIX

Betcha this hunk of junk's
American.

Behind him, a passing San Angeles citizen wonders over to him with a smile.

CITIZEN

(extends hand)

Mellow greetings, fellow citizen. I see you have been involved in a troublesome occurrence, may I offer my - -

Phoenix SNAPS his extended hand! He THROWS him to the ground 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.

Sirens of three SAPD cars come up from behind. They stop, and the doors open in complete unison. Two officers emerge from each car and slowly walk up towards Phoenix. All clad in dark blue and black uniforms and shapely hats that fit perfectly.

Several of them pull out black rods that are shaped like baseball bats, but have three thin metal rings around the top. These are GLO-RODS.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Hey officer! I smell bacon, do you smell bacon?

The Lead Officer takes a few steps towards Phoenix, pulling out a small graphical tablet known as a PDA - Personal Data Assistant.

LEAD OFFICER

Advise on situation.

On the PDA, a small graphic of a stick man (which presumably represents Phoenix) stand opposite another with an SAPD hat.

PDA

Inform maniac in pleasant tone of voice to, "Lay down on the ground with your hands on your head..."

The Lead Officer takes a deep breath.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

The officers are all watching, hoping for the best.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

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, so go
screw yourselves.

In the distance, a BEEP is heard.

LEAD OFFICER
(to PDA)
Maniac has responded in a
disrespectful tone!

PDA
*Repeat in a firmer tone of voice.
Add the words, "or else."*

LEAD OFFICER
Simon Phoenix! Lay down on the
ground with your hands on your
head.
(beat)
Or else.

Phoenix's eyes NARROW, not moving.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Every officer in the building is watching the security feeds.
Eyes all fixed.

Huxley glances to an extremely pale Garcia.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

WHEN Phoenix EXTENDS his arms out, placing his wrists
together.

PHOENIX
Damn.
(BEEEEEP!)
You got me. Cuff me.

The Lead Officer takes a moment, then he can't help but smile
a little.

LEAD OFFICER
Restraints.

Another officer walks up, holding two round RINGS and hands them to the Lead Officer. The Lead Officer then holds them out, ready to go around Phoenix's wrists.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)

On behalf of the San Angeles Police Department, it is my duty to state that you are now the custodial property of the San Angeles Legal Department. You have the right to remain silent.

He takes a further step forward, glancing at Phoenix.

In the DISTANCE, another one of those periscopes appears amongst a grassy knoll in the distance.

ANGLE: POV PERISCOPE.

The periscope focuses on Phoenix. A CAMERA SHUTTER is heard.

INT. UNDERGROUND SEWER-PIPE - SAME TIME

In a dark, murky and abandoned sewer-pipe, the underside of the periscope is connected via a cable to a small phone-like device. Hands pick up the device, belonging to a scruffy OBSERVER.

The device shows a clear picture of Phoenix load up. The Observer's eyes narrow...before they suddenly widen in shock.

OBSERVER

Is it?

He pushes a button and the periscope DESCENDS.

EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME

The periscope falls from view.

ANGLE: PHOENIX.

Phoenix raises another smile.

Then KICKS the Lead Officer in the stomach!

The Lead Officer stumbles back into another officer behind him, when Phoenix JUMPS forward.

He SPINS a roundhouse kick on another officer around the chin and he lands on the ground with a thump.

Another CHARGES at him with a Glo-Rod. Phoenix spins, grabs the Glo-Rod and STRIKES the officer in the temple.

Another charges - but is thrown quickly, and his head cracks of the side of the pavement.

Another two SWING the rods, but Phoenix STRIKES one in the stomach. On contact the rings around the top GLOW and the officer CONVULSES with an electric shock before slumping to the ground.

Phoenix quickly dispatches the other with the same method.

PHOENIX
They still use stun batons?
(shakes head)
These never work.

This leaves the Lead Officer, who puts up his fists ready to fight!

Phoenix smiles, and the Lead Officer tries a PUNCH - -

But Phoenix LEANS and the guy COWERS! Phoenix laughs and UPPERCUTS him in the chin, smacking him against a bonnet of one of the SAPD vehicles.

Phoenix surveys what's done, enjoying the carnage.

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

The officers are now looking more distressed. On the screens they see Phoenix opening one of the vehicle fuel pumps.

GARCIA
Wait, he can't open that!

Phoenix does, and places a Glo-Rod into it! He then RUNS.

Then the vehicle EXPLODES - -

And the cameras short out!

A loud HIGH-PITCHED WHINE echoes throughout. Huxley operates a terminal, suddenly the feeds change to another camera.

HUXLEY
The blast has incapacitated cameras
for around four blocks.
(beat)
We lost him.

There's a moment. All the officers look to each other, unsure what to do. Huxley looks to Earle, and Earle looks to his left - seeing Garcia looking extremely white.

GARCIA
We...we're not trained for this.
We're just the police!

Earle scratches his forehead.

EARLE
Any ideas, anyone?

A beat passes. Garcia faints.

On that, CUT TO:

EXT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES - MORNING/ESTAB.

Establishing shot of COCTEAU INDUSTRIES. Lovely looking building of gleaming glass and several spires. In the centre, high up is a large circular window with a beautiful waterfall underneath it.

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 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 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.

There's a good view of his office now. It's HUGE and glassy. Two staircases on either side and a huge window at the opposite end of the office - it's clearly the huge window that can be seen outside with the waterfall underneath.

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.

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. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - LATER

Rickety wooden scaffolding of ladders and planks line the side of a dimly lit cavern. The Observer from earlier climbs up a ladder, reaching a high point. In his hand appears to be a leather strap.

He RUNS and quickly throws the strap over a zip line and ZIPS over a LARGE BOTTOMLESS CAVERN below. There's no signs of it ending. He ends towards the other side of the cavern.

Gaining speed, he lifts his legs before letting go of the strap! He lands and ROLLS over into an opening in the rock face.

He enters, the slight hum of a small camping fluorescent lantern lies in front of him. Sitting next to it on a chair is a SENTRY. He's old, his beard greying if it was brown with dirt.

SENTRY

Who be you?

The Observer walks into the light.

OBSERVER

I wanna be granted audience with The Minister.

The Sentry gets to his feet, lifting the lantern and raising it to the Observer's face.

SENTRY

And through flame and terror...

OBSERVER

...He shall rise. He shall rise.

A scrutinising beat. The sentry SMILES, and lowers the lantern.

SENTRY

Guess you have'ta follow me then.

He turns into the cave, the Observer watches him go. His excitement and anticipation rising into a smile before following off frame, then 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 whose ransom was only two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars?

SPARTAN (ON TV)

(stopping)

And?

The video PAUSES, and 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 2061. You are currently in the middle of San Angeles - -

SPARTAN

(stern)

My wife. She was pregnant...

HUXLEY

(hesitant)

She...her life was terminated in the earthquake of 2027. Well, the Earthquake. Records show she gave birth to a baby girl, but...

SPARTAN

(still hazy)

A girl? I had a daughter? 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 10000 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...

BEEEEEEEEP!

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 2043!

SPARTAN
(sarcastic)
Congratulations.

GARCIA
(smiles)
Why thank you John Spartan!

Spartan just gives him a look of "are you crazy?"

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

We need to get you coded to regulation standards.

SPARTAN

I have no idea what you just - -
OW!

He brings his left hand up, shaking it. He turns to see a warden with a sharp needle in his hand smile at him.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Hey watch that pal!

HUXLEY

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

He holds out his hand.

CLOSE UP ON HAND: In the centre there's now a GLOWING RED SQUARE.

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

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

Spartan raises an eyebrow.

SPARTAN

So I guess Big Bro really is
watching us then?

Huxley offers a sympathetic smile. On that, CUT TO:

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - LATER

A fully uniformed Spartan 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.

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 a 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 puffs his chest out proudly, smelling the satisfaction of
being right.

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 - -
(BEEP!)
- - 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
To Hell - -
(BEEP!)
- - with the assumptions! 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

Where Phoenix is walking through the museum, all fashioned in smooth curved walls with glass exhibitions. Several random citizens are engaging in conversation about whatnot.

He walks past a sign embedded into the wall 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?

Garcia pulls out a Glo-Rod, showing it off.

GARCIA

It's a Glo-Rod. It's...that.

Spartan takes it in his hand.

SPARTAN

Like the colour. Does it work?

GARCIA

Well yes it do-

Spartan quickly presses the Glo-Rod against Garcia's head. There's a FIZZ of electricity:

And Garcia SLUMPS to the floor, out cold.

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

Spartan walks through the corridors over shards of smashed glass from the exhibits. Any lights left on flicker and the few people left inside keep running into him.

INT. WAREFARE EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Phoenix pushes a CANNON towards one of the sealed doorways, kicking the body of a random museum patron out of the way. Alarms blare in the distance.

He's standing in front of an smashed up exhibit showing a diorama of the late twentieth century, watching an information screen should schematics of a gun that looks similar to a machine gun.

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.

He checks a HANDGUN in his hand, and places in a Wild West-style holster. Then then adjusts two strapped machine guns that are around his shoulders.

PHOENIX

Thank you lady in a box.

Leaning down he then picks up the TRACKMIRE LAZER. It's the size of his whole upper body height, and on the side it has a small power gauge.

He gives a small frustrated sigh before slinging the strap over his shoulder.

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, WOAHH! Do my ears deceive me?

He FIRES towards the door and jumps off.

Spartan DARTS in

THEN Phoenix immediately opens fire with the Handgun in his hand.

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. They SHATTER and sparks FALL onto Phoenix. He DIVES 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.

Phoenix CONVULSES. A beat passes and the shock JOLTS 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. There's a few bleeping noises - it's the Trackmire.

Phoenix swings it around into his hands and glances at the gauge. It's flashing. It's FULL.

Phoenix's eyes WIDEN in joy. Spartan shakes the blow and gets 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 a blast of pure ENERGY 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, lying on his back and trying to catch his breath.

He then notices the newly made HOLE in the ceiling.

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

I'm not Edgar Friendly, am I?

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 (slightly whoozy) 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)
D-Doctor Cocteau! 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 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.

BEEEEP. 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 automatically taps some buttons.

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. On that CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY - UNKNOWN

Electrical lights connected together light up the walls of a derelict and mashed up subway tunnel. Two men walk down across the mangled tracks.

Leading is The Sentry, followed by the slightly nervous Observer.

They reach a service doorway and The Sentry knocks five times in a rhythmic fashion.

The door opens to nothing but a staircase. The two men follow them through and climb the stairs.

INT. UNDERGROUND VANTAGE POINT - LATER

Walking through what looks like a cavern tunnel again, The Sentry and the Observer stop - seeing what looks like light.

SENTRY
This is all I go. Just walk up there and he'll be there.

The Observer nods as The Sentry leaves him. Taking out the small digital device, The Observer takes a few steps forwards, coming closer to an exit.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who be you?

The Observer stops to see an arrogant Bodyguard dressed in a slightly over-long grey suit.

OBSERVER

I have something to show the Minister.

BODYGUARD

Let me see.

The Bodyguard takes the device, pushes the screen and sees the picture while The Observer looks down up the tunnel - seeing a figure of a tall man blocking some of the light.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

This is useless.

OBSERVER

I don't think so, I think the Minister could at least look...

BODYGUARD

Y'know how many people come up asking to see him out of hours? Too many. He is a busy man who doesn't...

VOICE (O.S.)

Let him up.

The Bodyguard looks to the exit, and blinks - automatically allowing The Observer to walk past.

The Observer walks upwards, seeing the TALL figure of a black male stand on the edge of a cavern. The man looks down, and sees a huge bottomless CHASM of broken Earth below him.

He turns around - revealing a black buttoned body-length jacket and a religious dog collar. His face is unreadable but he looks at The Observer, extending a hand.

This is MINISTER BENJAMIN CEREMONY.

The Observer hands over the device to Ceremony, who proceeds to press the touch screen and sees the picture of Phoenix.

He SMILES.

CEREMONY

It's him. He's returned!

The Bodyguard cocks a skeptical eyebrow.

BODYGUARD

Sir, you can't really believe that it's him outright, can you?

Ceremony hands the device to the Observer, rewarding him with a smile.

Then GRABS The Bodyguard around the THROAT with one hand!

The Bodyguard struggles against Ceremony's tight grip as he's brought closer to the Minister's gaze.

The eyes show anger. Offense.

CEREMONY

Non-believer.

Then SWINGS him over the edge and INTO the chasm!

Ceremony watches the Bodyguard fall, trying to slow his rapid angered breathing.

A few moments, he turns around and begins to STRIDE down the cavern.

The Observer looks after him, and to the chasm before following Ceremony. As he walks off, CUT TO:

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?

Huxley nods. 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.

(beat)

(MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
I don't like the CryoPrison if you
haven't noticed.

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 felony and then we'll be
able to find his exact whereabouts.

SPARTAN
(shakes head)
What if you kills somebody?

EARLE
(clueless)
I fail to understand your point,
we'll know where he is.

Spartan rubs the side of his head, turning away.

SPARTAN
I need to take a break.
(to Huxley)
So, uh...where am I staying?

Huxley flashes a brief smile as the scene 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

(sarcastic)

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, there's a few things in there. There's a
picture of a blonde woman, there's a couple of medals...and
then there's 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.

Around them are several other couples and parties in various fashions of white, black and grey all chatting over some of what could be described as 'food'.

A waiter walks past Spartan holding a tray of small round pastry things. Spartan stares at them, trying to figure out what they are.

They walk towards a table where Cocteau, Bob, Earle and many other people Spartan doesn't know are seated.

COCTEAU

Everyone, you know of John Spartan.
John Spartan, these are my friends
and some of the most important
people in the city.

There's quite a few disapproving looks from people.

Spartan coughs as he sits down, just raising a hand to greet them. Huxley sits next to him.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

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 2061?

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 surrounding a truck with TACO BELL on the side. They're dressed down, all scruffy and bearded.

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 ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

An open delivery truck, some of the motorbike guys are placing stuff into a bag. They are dressed like the underground guys that were with Edgar Friendly earlier.

Walking up to them, Spartan COUGHS loudly.

SPARTAN

Just a quick question, if I may.
Are you guys actually stealing?
Because that's a crime, and I'm a
cop. Cops stop crime. So I gotta
stop you.

(notices clothes)

I like the fashion though! Makes a
change from the Hollywood Future
around here.

Some of the men look at each other - and some of them RUN.
One of them THROWS something at Spartan!

Spartan deflects whatever it was easily, running up and managing 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.

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

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Wait a sec...

(beat)

The food?

HUXLEY (O.S.)

Spartan?

Spartan LOOKS away, Friendly uses this to make a break for it.

Spartan lowers his gun and watches him walk off as Cocteau, Bob, Bob's date Sharie and Earle walk up along with the other guests. Huxley is visibly 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...

She starts to mime some PUNCHES.

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 - -

BANG! BANG!

Two BULLET HOLES in her chest.

Immediately people start SCREAMING. They begin to run in random directions. Bumping into each other.

Spartan looks upwards, looking towards the entrance of the restaurant on top of the glass entrance roof 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.

ON SPARTAN. He makes it to the side of the building, finding an access ladder and climbs it.

ON COCTEAU, still in the firing line.

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.)
Maybe you're losing it in your old
age!

Phoenix looks up to see Spartan on a higher storey window ledge of the restaurant and Spartan JUMPS off and SLIDES 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 pull 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.

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 off the top of the entrance and jumping up onto the higher ledge behind him.

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 ENTRANCE - 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 ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

A crowd of people are staring at Spartan at his inevitable 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, wading herself through glass noticing a lot of cuts and bleeding. On Spartan.

HUXLEY
Someone request an ambulance!

She notices a few cuts on her legs from the glass.

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 2061 - 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.

SPARTAN

Did you? Wish for all this, I mean.

LAMB

(deep contemplative sigh)
I remember wishing for a long life in the skies, but that crashed to the ground. Pun intended. I remember wishing for the young people to learn some manners. I even remember wishing that I'd retire early and live in a nice little house in the forest after being Chief.

(looks at uniform)
Wishes don't usually come true, I know that now.

SPARTAN

Are you happy here?

LAMB

Out of two extremes possible, the apocalypse or a numbing utopia - I know what I'd prefer. I ain't got much time left on this Earth, John but I know I'd to be at peace when I go.

SPARTAN

Hmm...

There's a small quiet beat. A look between the two of them. It passes, and Spartan looks to his left arm again - he can move it.

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

LAMB

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 thought you were a Goonie back there.

SPARTAN

Yeah, I thought I was history - -
huh, what? Goonie?

HUXLEY

That's what you said in the early
Twenty-One-Years, wasn't it?

SPARTAN

Don't you mean "goner"? As in I'd
be "gone" if I died?

There's a quick flash of embarrassment.

HUXLEY

I-I did. I discovered and
discreetly perused an old book on
old phrases in evidence the once
which I had read in one sitting.

(sighs)

There perhaps "may" have been a
significant passage of time since
then.

Spartan chuckles to himself, while Huxley manages a concerned
smile.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

Spartan sits up, mind halfway somewhere else.

SPARTAN

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

Huxley looks at him. 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.

A few windows appear on the screen - followed by a red error
 message.

L-7
 Warning. Files restricted.

HUXLEY
 (huh?)
 Wait...that can't be right.
 (louder)
 Initiate voice-authority Huxley,
 Lelina.

The screen flashes up, finally 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 just speak to her?

Huxley nods.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
 Someone's covering their tracks.
 (focused)
 (MORE)

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
L-7, display security camera
footage of Taco Bell Carpark around
nine thirty last night.

The screen flashes showing footage of the car park area.

HUXLEY
Enhance speed by five.

The video fast forwards, after a few moments Cocteau's car
appears.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)
Resume normal duration.

The video shoes Phoenix appear and quickly 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 whose 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.

L-7

Found: Raymond Cocteau Press Conference. Two months, two weeks, four days, seventeen hours, nineteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds ago. Reference: Friendly.

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.

Huxley sits back, shaking her head.

HUXLEY

No...Not Doctor Cocteau.

SPARTAN

That was fast. Relevant as well, I bet Google were kicking themselves when L-7 was made.

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

HUXLEY

What are you doing? Your body is still susceptible to further trauma!

SPARTAN

I'm a lot stronger than I look, Huxley. This?
(left arm; British accent)
T'is only a scratch, Lady Huxley.

HUXLEY

That may be, but you can't...

SPARTAN

We're police officers and we go after those that break the law. Cocteau is a crook, and we need to reveal that info, somehow.

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 - but it's still currently in plaster. Watching this is Huxley, and both are wearing their full 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.

The fellow Undergrounds PULL GUNS on Spartan. Friendly doesn't flinch.

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.

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

(sighs)
Phoenix? Why does that name seem familiar?

Sounds of a SCUFFLE appear from a walkway above, followed by a DEAD BODY falling past them.

PHOENIX (O.S.)

Because I'm infamous!

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

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.

He quickly grabs a gun and SHOOTS -

- and Huxley PUSHES him away. The bullet CLIPS the rail of the walkway.

A cry of frustration from Phoenix before he JUMPS down onto the walkway.

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.

He raises the gun towards Friendly - but Spartan steps in the way.

The Undergrounds now all aim at Phoenix.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Will you move your white ass?
You're making it very difficult to
kill people.

SPARTAN

To protect and serve, Blondebeard.
Look it up sometime, will ya?

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

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 his 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.

Huxley looks around, following the cable to an arm to:

A CONTROL BOOTH.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

Oooh...bad idea. Very bad idea.

She RUNS across the walkway, passing through several other Undergrounds. She turns to see Spartan STRUGGLING on the swinging cable.

She continues to head towards a steel ladder. In the background, Phoenix and Friendly are still in a scuffle.

ON SPARTAN. He swings one of his legs against a supporting cable with his feet, managing to wrap his leg around it. Then, after a quick grunt of frustration later he SWINGS his right arm and grabs onto the cable. He lets his left arm go - relief on his face.

He looks around - seeing the crane's control booth, and Huxley entering it.

A young blonde guy sits there, suddenly noticing what's going on. He jumps as the side opens to reveal Huxley.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

On the order of the San Angeles
Police Department, I hereby
proclaim my power to commandeer
this vehicle...

(sigsh)

You know, this isn't the time.

Move!

She GRABS him and pulls him out of the chair and jumps into it. She looks down onto the levers and controls in front of her.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

This seems to be a simple user
interface.

(beat)

I worry those may have been an ill-
choice for last words. Think
Huxley!

She looks out to the scene in front of her, seeing Spartan WAVING towards the walkway with Friendly and Phoenix on.

HUXLEY (CONT'D)

(nods)

Okay!

She PULLS something and the platform moves the OTHER way.

Huxley PANICS, and throws them in the other direction.

ON SPARTAN. The shift in momentum causes the weight of the platform to suddenly ARC upwards. Spartan's cable SLACKENS and he loses the grip around his legs!

He SLIPS -

- But CLENCHES the cable tighter around his right hand!

The platform reaches it's apex and begins to swing down towards the main walkway.

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 cable.

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.

IN DISTANCE. From a higher vantage point, REVEAL Ceremony to
 be watching this with the Observer to his side.

OBSERVER
 Is it him?

CEREMONY
 Definitely.

A SMILE grows, then CUT TO:

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 get his scheming
 ways exposed for all his subjects
 to see. Maybe he could be beaten
 up, slightly. 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-

BANG! Shotgun blast.

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.

COCTEAU

I beg to differ.

There's a moment of silence. Then Phoenix bursts into a HYSTERICAL FIT OF LAUGHTER.

PHOENIX

Well you can't! You have these voices in my head telling me to kill Friendly. Don't kill you.

The laughter dies, and Phoenix's face gets serious.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Just because I can't, doesn't mean
I don't want to. Which is where
your whole twisted plan falls
apart.

EXT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES - SAME TIME

During this, the car pulls up outside Cocteau industries.
Spartan and Huxley walk out. Spartan's apprehensive whilst
Huxley is showing a nervous excitement.

HUXLEY

So what do we do? You take the
front and I take the back? Will we
fight?

(beat)

Ooh! One of us has to take...point,
right? What is that exactly? In the
movies it's when someone goes first
right?

Spartan looks at her guiltily.

SPARTAN

You take point.

HUXLEY

(turns to him; grins)
Really? Fabulous!

She turns back towards the building, clapping her hands
excitedly. Behind her, a reluctant Spartan raises a Glo-Rod -
- and taps Huxley with it. He catches her before she falls.

SPARTAN

Not a place for you, kid. Hope you
understand.

He places her in the car. 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. He adjusts the SAPD hat.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Send a maniac to catch one.

He walks to the building.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Phoenix's closes his eyes, looking like he's listening to
something only he can hear. 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

(opens eyes; shakes head)
I always was twisted. You just
upgraded me.

He SHOOTs the wall next to Cocteau. Cocteau does the sane
thing and RUNs, 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.

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)
 This is like Christmas and ten
 birthdays all in one.

SPARTAN
 Sorry, kid. Santa's not real. I am.

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.

PHOENIX
 You learnin', Spartan? Damn I never
 knew you'd actually continue to be
 fun.

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.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
 Simon says, "SCREAM!"

He TWISTS it. Hard. Spartan YELLS in pain.

Behind them, there's movement of books as Cocteau slowly begins to crawl out.

Phoenix THROWS Spartan over head, landing on the toppled bookcase.

Phoenix stands as Spartan lies on the bookcase, his left arm near dead.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

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

SPARTAN

I ain't gonna kill you. I'm gonna drag you kicking and screaming back to serve a life long sentence. For you serve time...and for you to pay for those lives you took.

(beat)

And for killing those passengers.

Phoenix is awash with realisation, then excitement.

PHOENIX

Ooh, ooooooh....ho ho ho! You need witnesses, collaboration and that other crap cops need. Doughnuts. It's doughnuts, right?

(beat)

Tough luck Johnny, 'cause I ain't gonna be clearing your name. Not even when I'm kicking or screaming.

Spartan takes another step forward, a look on his face so stern, so serious that Phoenix even notices.

SPARTAN

You will.

Long beat.

PHOENIX

(smirk)

Keep telling yourself that, John.

He RUNS at Spartan, SCREAMING LOUDLY - -

THEN - -

Spartan lifts his leg up and KNOCKS Phoenix OVER!

Right THROUGH the big glass window!

There's a loud SMASH as Phoenix FLIES through the glass and over the waterfall!

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)
Hey John! Wanna hear a joke? What
did the raving psychotic murderer
say to the off-hinged policeman?

He quickly fishes out a KNIFE!

PHOENIX (CONT'D)
(winks)
I love you!

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

It's dusk, the sun is setting. On a small grassy bank - the
floating battered body of PHOENIX appears. Unconscious.
Battered. Bruised. Bloody. The way down wasn't very smooth.

Several feet appear in view. Pan upwards to reveal them
belong to Garcia and Lamb.

They see the unconscious Phoenix, and share alarmed looks.

GARCIA
I-is that?

LAMB
(nods)
Yeah. We found him.

He turns around, facing the rest of the SAPD search party.

LAMB (CONT'D)
We found him!

Focus on Phoenix, then FADE TO:

EXT. COCTEAU INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

It's a little time later. SAPD is FLOODED around everywhere,
but everyone looks slightly bored and/or unsure what they are
doing.

An AMBULANCE is set up, and Phoenix is placed on to a stretcher with several plastic arcs over his body displaying random pieces of data.

A bruised Spartan slowly walks over, seeing him there. He passes Huxley, who just gives him the brush off. Sighing, he carries on.

Watching over him is Earle - a smug look is on his face. He holds a small PDA Table in his hand.

L-7

Uncategorised subject requires urgent medical attention. Should I assign Emergency Medical Services?

EARLE

Well, looks like we finally got him.

SPARTAN

"We?"

Earle responds with a look.

EARLE

This also means that we have no further use for you. Once Phoenix has been sentenced, your parole is over.

Spartan's eye twitches, but doesn't comment.

EARLE (CONT'D)

I shall accompany Phoenix in the medical vehicle. I want you in there, in my sight. Lieutenant Huxley can assist us as well.

HUXLEY

Sir, I don't think...

She's stopped by a GLARE from Earle.

Spartan turns back to Huxley - who is still ignoring him before sighing and turning towards the ambulance.

IN THE DISTANCE: Another periscope is seen.

It looks around, focusing on the ambulance. Then after another second - it vanishes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It's a quiet street with some greenery on each side of the road. The ambulance is a casual speed. No sirens. Street lamps litter the side of the roads with the occasional cameras.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

The ambulance has two seats at the front - leading to an open view of the back, where Earle is seated next to a sedate Phoenix.

At the front, the ambulance is driving itself. Spartan looks out of the passenger window while Huxley operates a small onboard computer.

 SPARTAN
 You still pissed - -
 (BEEP!)
 - - at that knocking you out thing?

Huxley says nothing, looking out to the street - deliberately not looking at him.

Spartan just shakes his head and rubs his forehead. He's tired. He looks to his left arm, and then at his left hand - now bandaged.

 SPARTAN (CONT'D)
 My code-thingy stopped working. I
 think.

No response.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Further down the street. Several FIGURES emerge from the darkness, dirty - but less scruffy than Edgar's men.

One of them is The Observer, and following him from behind is Ceremony. He walks over to one of the men who's looking out of a small old-fashioned telescope. The man hands Ceremony the telescope, looking through it quickly.

POV: TELESCOPE. The AMBULANCE is in the distance, getting closer. He nods to another one of the men with him.

A short STOCKY MAN nods in reply, pulling out an old MILITARY WEAPONS CASKET and nodding to another follower.

The FOLLOWER nods in reply, pulling out a small yet crude black device. He flicks a switch and a few lights beep around the outline.

He then THROWS IT up in the air...

When it suddenly DETONATES!

It doesn't cause an explosion - but a sudden wave hits in all directions.

All the lights CUT OUT.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

When all the computer equipment CUTS out!

HUXLEY

Huh, what?

Earle moves in between the two front seats and Spartan idly flicks buttons.

EARLE

Report, Lieutenant!

Huxley tries to push a few buttons.

HUXLEY

We've lost everything.

Spartan looks out, the Ambulance begins to DRIFT and he grabs the wheel! Managing to stop the drift.

SPARTAN

The street lights are out!

Huxley grabs the wheel from him whilst checking other screens.

HUXLEY

All power has terminated, sir.

The ambulance is SLOWING down, and Spartan looks out. Squinting in the distance.

SPARTAN

Hey, what's that?

His eyes suddenly WIDEN and he PULLS the ambulance as:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The Stock Man pulls out a SMALL ROCKET LAUNCHER.

He flicks a switch - and FIRES!

The missile SHOOTS across the street. Speeding towards the ambulance - -

- And HITS the wheel.

The Ambulance OVER TURNS.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

The officers RECOIL - when the ambulance suddenly shoots out a white FOAM.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The ambulance lands on it's side and SKIDS across the road, spinning quickly and churning out a WHITE FOAM.

It eventually stops still. Silent.

Further down, Ceremony marches onto the street. His followers follow.

ON THE AMBULANCE. The high side of the ambulance and phone suddenly has a FIST punch through it before breaking through.

Spartan emerges, climbing out from it. He looks to his left and notices the approaching party

Spartan jumps down to the street, nearly collapsing in fatigue. He takes a few steps forward - seeing eye-to-eye with Ceremony. Spartan's left arm seems dead to the world at this time.

SPARTAN

Now...which one of you shot a rocket at me?

Ceremony cocks his head, and smiles.

CEREMONY

Oh. It's you. You're not supposed to be here. It's an affront.

(beat)

Unless affronts are meant to be here as well. This world works in extremely strange ways.

SPARTAN

Yeah, I get that a lot. Now are you going to scam now or do I need...

He has to lean against the ambulance to stop him from falling.

CEREMONY

(to followers)

Get Phoenix.

The men STORM towards the ambulance. Spartan readies himself and PUNCHES the first person, but is stuck from the left.

He stumbles, he turns to see several men SMASH into the back of the ambulance.

He gets up - -

- but is STUCK directly in the back by Ceremony.

Spartan falls on the floor, lying on his back. Unable to move.

POV: SPARTAN. The tall menacing view of Ceremony TOWERS above him. Ceremony looks down at Spartan. A creepy smile of triumph echoes on his face as the sound of his men can be heard.

FOLLOWER (O.S.)
We have him! Let's move!

Ceremony watches them leave and looks back down to Spartan.

CEREMONY
Look at the enemy. Look them in the eyes, measure them.

He KNEELS down towards Spartan.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)
I know who you are, John Spartan. I know what you are capable of.
(smiles dies)
I can't wait to see what he does.

ON SPARTAN: He tries to look up, but can just about see Phoenix being carried out before falling unconscious. Then
FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

The overturned ambulance is in the background, but now there's several SAPD vehicles and officers standing around.

There are also medical attendants attending to Earle (who seems to have survived with little injuries), and Huxley.

Huxley looks to have survived by luck as well, but now seems to no longer be ignoring Spartan as he is put onto a medical stretcher.

Huxley shakes off the attendant and walks towards Spartan.

The attendant goes to fasten Spartan onto the stretcher -

WHEN a hand grabs the attendant's wrist!

Spartan's eyes snap open. He looks at the attendant, and immediately he scrabbles away.

HUXLEY
Spartan are you okay?

Spartan says nothing, but gets to his feet. His eyes fix to Earle, who shakes off his attendants and walks over to Spartan.

EARLE
John Spartan! What on Earth happened here?
(MORE)

EARLE (CONT'D)

Why were you out of the vehicle after the assault and where is Phoenix?

Spartan just looks at him, hardly reacting.

SPARTAN

Some guy looking like a priest came along and took him. I'm guessing they hit us with some kind of EMP bomb, hit us with a rocket and then took Phoenix.

Livid isn't half the word to describe Earle.

EARLE

Well that's convenient for you, isn't it? Phoenix gets taken and you get to extend your stay.

Spartan takes a STEP closer to Earle. Invading personal space kind of close.

HUXLEY

(cautious)
Spartan...

SPARTAN

Are you trying to say something, Chief?

Beat.

EARLE

I'm saying that you may do anything to stop yourself going back.

SPARTAN

I'm saying that someone came and took Phoenix. That they seemed to know who he was, and that they really wanted him.

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.

EARLE

Doctor Cocteau! What are you doing here?

COCTEAU

I was informed of the events that transpired and immediately requested to come here at once!

(beat)

(MORE)

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. If there are
people other than the San Angeles
Police Department who have
interests in Spartan...then perhaps
we need a man of his...talents and
experience.

Spartan stares daggers at him.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

After all, Edgar Friendly is at
large. Plus the people who did
this...Spartan is probably the only
one here who's get them.

Earle, however, is at loss for words.

EARLE

B-but sir!

COCTEAU

Chief!

EARLE

(stiffens)

I-I'm sure we can arrange that.

COCTEAU

(smiles)

If you'd leave us, I'd like a quick
word with our hero.

Earle nods quickly, taking Huxley with him. Cocteau waits for
them to go, before turning back to Spartan.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)

You're becoming more trouble than
you're worth. But I guess that what
happens when a savage like you is
loose.

SPARTAN

I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for
you unleashing Phoenix. But I guess
that's what happens when a
megalomaniac like you is born.

Cocteau just laughs this off, not phasing him one bit.

COCTEAU

You are lucky, Phoenix escaping with supposed allies. I have no doubt you can do the job.

SPARTAN

(closer)

Oh I will. I'll do the job. I'll grab every last piece of shit...

No beep, but Cocteau flinches at the profanity.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

...That helps Phoenix kicking and screaming that'll be begging to turn themselves in because they can't take me anymore.

(beat)

Then I'll drag you in.

COCTEAU

Is that right?

SPARTAN

Yeah, because every neck that Phoenix snaps will be on your head. Every crime that's committed, everything that people do in his name is on your head.

COCTEAU

You forget one thing, John.

(leans in)

I own you now. I can put you back in the fridge.

SPARTAN

You forget that Phoenix has found a way of killing you now.

(smiles)

Sleep peacefully.

He gives Cocteau a look before he storms off, deliberately running his shoulder into the older man.

Earle appears again, watching as Spartan walks off.

EARLE

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

Spartan just jumps into a SAPD car and shuts the door.

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:

INT. ROOM - UNKNOWN

The bloody, beaten body of Simon Phoenix is lying on the stretcher as an old, rough Doctor examines him.

SLOWLY, the camera pans away to reveal a room with a lack of decent or modern medical equipment.

CEREMONY (O.S.)
In the late twentieth century there were many people who dreamed, spent their lives, in the pursuit of writing "The Great American Novel." The book that would change the lives, the countries and the values of America.

MOVE FORWARD, moving out of a doorway into a corridor. SPEEDING UP, the camera travels through the corridor into another. Then again through a doorway to:

INT. WIDE UNDERGROUND CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Where Ceremony at a podium, addressing a crowd of people in a big hall.

CEREMONY
The problem was, was that people expected it to be fiction. But it wasn't - and it took until 2012 for people to realise this.

Move across the crowd, all listening intently. Reveal several people. HUNDREDS. All watching.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)
The Mayan's said that the world would end - but they got lost in translation, as the book written by Lazare Cocteau that year would be the new bible that people across the country would turn to. Lazare's ideas were embraced by his son. Raymond Cocteau - the Jesus Christ to his father.

The back of the cavern now, and there is at least a THOUSAND people watching.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

"Hardship must be endured for the real resting place." Cocteau's own words - but the misguided believed it was the Earthquake and then it was San Angeles.

(shakes head)

No...Phoenix is the end of hardship. The true third age of man.

Pan back towards Ceremony - standing in front of a large stone wall, clearly with a mixture of stone carvings and paint.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

A prophet of anarchy, and I'm am it's disciple. A disciple with followers who believe in the cause. Believe that we deserve a life of all for one and one for themselves...

Ceremony raises a fist.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

ANARCHY!

The crowd RAISE their fists!

CROWD

ANARCHY!

PULL BACK to reveal the marking on the HUGE wall behind Ceremony.

It's crudely drawn, but it's symbol is clear:

It's a PHOENIX.

CEREMONY

ANARCHY!

Off that, we 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.

(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...tracking Simon Phoenix side by side whilst finding out who took him and if they're a danger...

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