

THE DEMOLITION MAN

Ceremony

By

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

Directed by Marco Brambilla

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Original screenplay by:

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

OPEN ON:

INT. SAPD CAFETERIA - MIDDAY

A SCARRED HAND brushes against a scanner.

COMPUTER (O.S.)
Choose your mid-day nutritional
requirement, John Spartan.

A SCREEN showing a list of different foods scrolls up on
screen. Watching this is JOHN SPARTAN - eyes trying to keep
up.

SPARTAN
Uhh, gimmie a tuna sandwich - extra
salad.

BEEEEEP.

COMPUTER
Your body levels suggest that you
have enough Vitamin D, John
Spartan. Would you prefer muesli?

SPARTAN
(beat)
Huh? I just wanna tuna sandwich.

COMPUTER
We are recommending that you should
consume more wheat to build fibre
to help your metabolism and
maintain that strong looking body
mass index, John Spartan.

Spartan shakes his head, tutting.

SPARTAN
Gimmie some chicken pasta.

BEEEEEP.

COMPUTER
You already had chicken for the
past two nights, would you prefer
muesli?

He suddenly LAUGHS. Quite sarcastically.

SPARTAN
Look, I don't care how much protein
or healthy acids I'm consuming -
just gimme a GOD DAMN TUNA
SANDWICH!

Beat.

Spartan has a few moments of breathing, of anticipation.

BEEEEEP.

MALE VOICE

John Spartan you have been fined
one credit for violating the verbal
morality stature.

Spartan closes his eyes, GRITS HIS teeth and takes a slow
deep breath.

SPARTAN

One last time...

Then we JUMP CUT TO:

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

And Spartan walks in holding a bowl of MUESLI. Looking
depressed. He passes ALFONSO GARCIA at his desk.

GARCIA

Good afternoon John Spartan, are
you not supplementing your
recommended fibre allowance?

SPARTAN

Bite me.

He carries on, leaving Garcia to blink - unable to process
the comment just made.

INT. HUXLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where he sits on a seat opposite LELINA HUXLEY - who's
currently staring at a screen. Hands behind her head,
extremely bored.

HUXLEY

(at screen)

To which I, Lelina Huxley, fined
said individual 75 credits for the
repeated use of bad language. End
report. Be well.

L-7

Be well, Lieutenant Lelina Huxley.

The screen processes the report, and Huxley leans back in her
chair.

HUXLEY

I dislike report writing, I find
the activity tedious and extremely
unproductive.

SPARTAN

Yeah, because telling it to a computer that'll spell check and re-write by itself is boring. We had to use computers and our hands in my day.

Raises one hand up sarcastically.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Young people today!

He takes a spoonful of the muesli, and cringes.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Why does this city try to feed me this cr...stuff?

HUXLEY

It's the code in your hand. It regulates everything in your body and continually offers suggests to improve your body and to sustain your lifespan.

A glance at his left hand, Spartan raises his eyebrows.

SPARTAN

Handy.

(beat)

Speaking of my left hand, has there been anything come up?

Huxley silently shakes her head.

HUXLEY

Nothing. It could just be that he's hiding low, or - -

SPARTAN

He's not dead. He'd outlive cockroaches given the chance.

On that, PAN away slowly and FADE TO:

INT. DARK BEDSIT - SAME TIME

And slowly pan across a BEATEN, BLOODY BODY in a bed. The body is of SIMON PHOENIX - unconscious.

HUXLEY (V.O.)

He could be injured and incapable of doing harm.

SPARTAN (V.O.)

It's not that I'm worried about - it's the effect he can have on people.

A middle-aged man, scruffy in a dirty white coat - a "DOCTOR" (or what passes for one) checks some out of date medical equipment that looks as if it's been rebuilt by people who don't know anything.

Seated, watching this is MINISTER BENJAMIN CEREMONY - his gaze unwavering.

DOCTOR

I'm running out of supplies. The equipment here is barely keeping him stable.

(beat)

I don't think that he'll have long if we keep like this, sir.

Ceremony rests his mouth on his chin. Never blinking.

CEREMONY

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.

He leans back.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

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. The Mayan's said that the world would end - but they got lost in translation, as the book written by Raymond Cocteau that year would be the new bible that people across the country would turn to. Raymond became the new Jesus Christ, son to Lazare Cocteau - the God behind San Angeles.

He STANDS. His stature menacing; and his posture is vertical to the point it's an exact right angle to the floor.

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.

He places a man on the resting patient.

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...

He pauses.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

I will get you your supplies. I
will get you your equipment.
(nods)
From up there.

The Doctor gulps.

DOCTOR

How d'you expect to go in and steal
medical equipment?

Ceremony smiles and WALKS towards the corner of the bedsit,
tapping the side of an old TV.

He pushes a button on the front, and a suddenly burst of an
image of EDGAR FRIENDLY appears on the screen.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

"We follow Edgar Friendly. Believe
in something!"

CEREMONY

However misguided that Mr. Friendly
is; we need to take a leaf out of
his book.

Turns SHARPLY.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)

Assemble me a team of believers.
And make sure they're trained ones.

Stone faced, he walks out of the bed sit, leaving the Doctor
to stand there.

EARLE (PRE-LAP)

One more thing, sir.

Off that, CUT TO:

INT. EARLE'S OFFICE - DAY

CHIEF GEORGE EARLE sits at his desk, browsing on a tablet.
He's looking at a monitor showing the face of RAYMOND COCTEAU
- who's currently the most up-to-date of impatient.

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
Hurry up, Chief Earle.

EARLE
(finding it)
If you'll spare me a few minutes of
your schedule...
(smiles)
Reliefs abound. I have located my
proposal that I wish to convey for
your approval.

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
Continue.

CLEARs HIS THROAT.

EARLE
There has been a notable descent in
the amount of morale from the
populace during the Simon Phoenix
incident, and I wish to put forward
a plan to remobilise our forces and
men in central San Angeles and the
surrounding precincts to allow a
more visual presence to enhance the
calm of the civilians.

Cocteau places his fingers to his lips. Tapping them twice.

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
Hmmm.
(beat)
No. It's a waste of time and
resources.

Bam. A sudden blow to the confidence drains a lot of it from
Earle rather quickly.

EARLE
B-but sir, there will be no
resources lost. It gives us a
better grasp on what we - -

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
No, the current system of patrol
rotation is satisfactory.

EARLE
W-we don't have the -

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
(sharply)
George EARLE!

The screen ZOOMS out, showing Cocteau is now STANDING. Both
arms on his desk.

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 Don't circumvent my authority
 again. Understood?

The Chief NODS. Very quickly.

EARLE
 Of-of course, sir! I apologise for
 my indiscretion and insubordinate
 behaviour.

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
 Good. I'd like more of your
 resources aiming towards Edgar
 Friendly. This Phoenix debacle will
 have to be cleaned up itself.
 (beat)
 Leave me be, I have important
 matters to attend to.

EARLE
 Of course sir, be well.

A brief moment before the screen cuts out abruptly. Earle looks slightly crestfallen. The screens suddenly BURST with static - and the low quality sound of the Edgar Friendly advertisement kicks in.

TV ANNOUNCER
 "We follow Edgar Friendly. Believe
 in something!"

On Earle's concerned face, CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND TRANSMISSION STATION - SAME TIME

Where the same advert is being played, but in a run-down DIY low-spec transmission studio with worn out and barely working equipment.

Watching this is EDGAR FRIENDLY himself, and operating the equipment is a young lively Underground with spiky red hair. He eagerly is chewing something whilst twiddling knobs and flicking switches. This is TEZ.

FRIENDLY
 Dunno if I like this. Makes me out
 to be some kinda leader, which I
 know I ain't. Not much a fan of
 deceivment of the populous when
 you got the chance to state who you
 really are.

TEZ
 We can only do short pre-recorded
 stuff we can splice together with
 that old projector.
 (MORE)

TEZ (CONT'D)

But my team are working on trying out live broadcasts. Very exciting.

FRIENDLY

But all this believin' crap doesn't feel like me, I'd rather just explain how I'd rip the neck of Cocteau and why the guy's a shithead.

(beat)

For a family audience, naturally.

Tez just chuckles to himself.

TEZ

My techies struck gold finding the wire-taps on Cock-Head's transmission network. We're sending this to every screen in Cleansville upstairs, and boy it makes me glad to be dirty.

Friendly walks up to a screen showing the makeshift infomercial. He looks at the picture of him.

FRIENDLY

Could've chose my good side, yeah?

CLOSE UP on the screen showing the broadcast, then slowly FADE TO:

INT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL - RECEPTION - SAME TIME

Where a BIG WIDE SCREEN is showing an out-of-aspect picture of the infomercial.

People, doctors, patients and staff look at the screen in mass amounts of confusion. Near the main reception desk, a NURSE (dressed in a crease-free pink gown) walks up to a RECEPTIONIST.

NURSE

Begging my pardons, but do you know if there is a special hospital wide broadcast scheduled for this hour?

RECEPTIONIST

Unfortunately I know not of any pre-scheduled information. Give me the pleasure of your patience and I will contact Chief of Surgery Edwina Deiser.

She turns towards her desk.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Contact Chief of Surgery Edwina Deiser.

DESK
Contacting Edwina Deiser.

There's a sudden flash and an older woman with greying hair appears on the screen. This is CHIEF EDWINA DEISER.

RECEPTIONIST
Greetings Chief.

DEISER
Salutations Nicola Hurst, what seems to be your boggle?

RECEPTIONIST
My boggle is the broadcast that's...

As their conversation fades out, PAN UPWARDS to reveal around seven men walk into the reception. They stand out, looking slightly tattered and worn. Amongst them is The Doctor - whilst leading them is Ceremony.

They walk past some people, and Ceremony smiles politely. The man to his left, known as FLATLEY, looks concerned.

FLATLEY
Sir, why are we just walking in?

A quick alarmed look at him, Ceremony smiles to someone else before turning on his heel to completely face Flatley. His tall form intimidating to the point of no resistance.

CEREMONY
Because it's easy. It's a candy stall where the shopkeeper will just stand there, not knowing what to do whilst the kids steal all the candy.

FLATLEY
But what if the police arrive?

CEREMONY
The guard dogs are simply stuffed toys to us. If you see them, then you trample them. Understood?

Flatley NODS, if slightly nervous.

With that, Ceremony leads the men towards an elevator. The doors CLOSE.

INT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL - ICU - MOMENTS LATER

The doors OPEN, and Ceremony stands. Everyone (bar the Doctor) is ARMED with a mixture of pump-action shotguns and sub-machine guns.

A moment passes, and he WALKS out. The armed men follow and quickly TURN their guns in a star formation.

The elevator is revealed to be at the centre of a LARGE OPEN WARD. Beds line the sides in front of wide windows offering views of the city. Patients and doctors suddenly SHRIEK and cower as they see the men walk down through the ward.

Ceremony maintains his gaze forward, looking towards some doors that lead to a small corridor to some store rooms.

He turns around, addressing everyone.

CEREMONY

Blinded followers! Thank you for your quick and non-violent welcome! I, am the Reverend Benjamin Ceremony - and I'm here on a mission from a prophet. We will not be here long, and we will only be quick - so we'll be grateful if you allow us our time.

(breath)

Any questions?

VOICE (O.S.)

I have some!

There's a sudden movement as CHIEF DEISER stands, walking slowly towards Ceremony. She holds her tablet in her hand.

DEISER

I would kindly insist that you please vacate the premises before any of our patients succumb to further discomfort or injury.

Flatley quickly catches this, watching her hands on her tablet.

Ceremony takes a long look at her.

CEREMONY

I love how you all speak. So very received pronunciation and eloquence wrapped up in formality...it's nice. It's organised.

DEISER

As the elected official in charge of this hospital I will require you to please vacate the premises or I shall be required as part of my duties to inform the San Angeles Police Department post haste.

Flatley continues to eye the tablet in her hand.

CEREMONY
You won't do that.

DEISER
(raises tablet)
I think I will - -

GUN SHOT!

Deiser FALLS to the ground, revealing Flatley standing behind her with his gun smoking.

Ceremony's eyes FLARE up.

CEREMONY
You IDIOT!

Suddenly, LIGHTS FLASH and an ALARM SOUNDS. CUT TO:

INT. SAPD CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

The SCREENS show 1-8-7.

L-7
Warning. Code 187. Warning. Code
187.

Several officers turn and face upwards, alarmed again. Huxley and Spartan basically dart out of her office, Spartan's face echoing a sense of urgency.

SPARTAN
Phoenix?

He glances to see Earle walk out, then turns to his opposite side to see Huxley at a station already.

HUXLEY
L-7, locate deceased.

L-7
Deceased Chief of Surgery Edwina
Deiser. Do you wish to - -

The screens suddenly turn GREEN.

L-7 (CONT'D)
Initiating Emergency Code GreenVail.
Initiating Code GreenVail.

A new green/yellow emblem showing an explosion suddenly SPINS on screen. Alarms are blazing.

EARLE
Oh no...

The Chief MARCHES into the middle of the run.

EARLE (CONT'D)
L-7, confirm GreenVail status!

L-7
Chief of Surgery Edwina Deiser's
unsanctioned life termination
occurred in San Angeles General
Hospital.

The 'terrorist' gets people really alarmed.

L-7 (CONT'D)
Activating Code GreenVail. Lockdown
initiated.

SPARTAN
Lockdown?

INT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL - ICU - SAME TIME

The alarms are BLARING loudly. People are panicking. A doctor pushes the screen by the elevator but there's no response.

L-7
Lockdown initiated.

Around them - shutters SLAM down all the windows. Locks sound as if they're locking and the lights DIM down to the bare minimal.

The men look around, unsure how to react. Ceremony remains still, staring into nothingness.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The GreenVail emblem shows on a screen in front of Cocteau. It sinks in, and his brow hardens.

INT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL - RECEPTION - SAME TIME

The Receptionist and the Nurse from earlier are now with a huge MASS of people heading out of the main entrance. Alarms are still ringing out sirens.

L-7
Would all personnel please vacate
the Hospital Building in a calm
manner. Be well.

The group of people are actually leaving the building in a surprisingly calm manner.

EXT. SAN ANGELES STREET - SAME TIME

Establishing shot.

A FLEET of SAPD cars speeding down a busy street. Cars letting them law enforcers past automatically.

INT. HUXLEY'S VEHICLE - SAME TIME

Huxley sits in the driver's seat operating her computer. The car is driving herself whilst in the passenger seat, Spartan is trying to use a tablet with some difficulty.

SPARTAN

Why don't this thing work?

He SHAKES it.

HUXLEY

L-7, what can you give us about the situation in the General Hospital?

L-7

Unknown presence detected in main Intensive Care Unit of San Angeles General Hospital.

An on-screen graphic shows a side-on schematic of the hospital, ZOOMING in to show the main ICU ward in red. It's around the fifth floor.

L-7 (CONT'D)

Currently holding twenty-five patients recovering from severe surgery. Nine nurses and one deceased Chief of Surgery.

SPARTAN

What's the unknown presence?

L-7

The unknown presence does not register on my database, John Spartan.

SPARTAN

And that means...

HUXLEY

We got codeless involved.

L-7

Fire-arm residue was detected in the Intensive Care Unit atmosphere. Conditioning unit detects it was fired imminently before Chief of Surgery Edwina Deiser's Murder Death Kill.

Huxley and Spartan give each other a short look.

SPARTAN

And the unit's locked down?

L-7
Affirmative.

HUXLEY
What are your thoughts, Spartan?

SPARTAN
Gunfire. Codeless. Locked room.
Innocent people.
(beat)
We gotta hostage situation.

He takes a deep breath. Then:

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
L-7, what's GreenVail?

L-7
My apologies John Spartan, you do not have clearance to access that knowledge. Be well.

SPARTAN
Well who does?

L-7
That information is not allocated for your clearance level.

A deep frustrated breath. Spartan tries to tap his tablet again. As he does this, CUT TO:

INT. EARLE'S VEHICLE - SAME TIME

The screen's in Earle's automatically driving car flash open with Cocteau's face on them. Earle looks worried - contrasting with Cocteau's annoyance.

EARLE
Sir, it appears that Edwina...

COCTEAU (ON SCREEN)
Yes, yes...that is distressing. I want you to investigate what this matter is about, then inform me before we go any further.
(beat)
Understood.

Earle NODS quickly.

EARLE
(quickly, nervously)
Understood sir.

Cocteau's face MOVES away from the screen before the transmission cuts off - leaving the GreenVail emblem showing.

There's a few beats as Earle composes himself.

EARLE (CONT'D)
Self-drive on.

L-7
Activating self-drive, Chief George Earle.

Earle takes the wheel - apprehension kicking in.

INT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL - ICU - SAME TIME

Several men come from the side of doorway at the other end of the room. They shake their heads. One steps forward, a stall gruff guy holding a shotgun in one hand.

MAN #1
No use, Reverend. We're locked in.

There's a low chuckle from Ceremony as he turns and looks around.

CEREMONY
This is a trial!

He looks towards Flatley, who freezes up sharply under his gaze.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)
An easy one. We have weapons - and we will shoot people if they don't let us go. They don't.
(smiles)
Because we won't shoot them when we leave with our supplies.

Turns to the Doctor.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)
Find what we need, we shouldn't be here long.

There's one final look towards the patients.

CEREMONY (CONT'D)
Shouldn't be long at all.

EXT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL - LATE AFTERNOON

A squadron of several police cars suddenly stop in formation. Spectators slowly step backwards, almost courteously as the cars make a wall around the main entrance to the low-sun shrouded hospital.

Soon as the cars stop, the doors open vertically and the officers emerge from the cars.

Pretty much all of them are either glancing towards the building or looking at other in complete bewilderment.

One of the last cars pulls itself into formation and Spartan and Huxley exit it. Spartan back tracking as he surveys the hospital, shielding his eyes from the sun.

Behind them, Earle emerges from his vehicle. He glances upwards, and his glasses slowly fade into shaded lenses. Spartan sees him and walks over.

SPARTAN

What do we do Chief?

EARLE

"Do?" We do nothing until...

SPARTAN

Do nothing? Aren't we going to try and make contact with them? Do we have a negotiator?

(to other officers)

Anyone here a trained negotiator?

A few other officers looked at each other. A few more shake their heads. None, it appears.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Shoulda known. Do we have access to a negotiator or anyone with that sort of expertise?

To his left, Huxley leans forward

WHEN Spartan raises a finger to his side, not even looking at her.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

You're gonna tell me there ain't been no hostage situations since you were a little girl, right?

HUXLEY

My adolescent years, to be correct.

Spartan just SIGHS.

SPARTAN

So no-one has any idea how to handle a negotiation?

Popping out of nowhere, Garcia appears to the right side of Earle.

GARCIA

I was once the captain of the High School Debate Team. Will that assist the situation, Detective?

Spartan glares at him.

GARCIA (CONT'D)
 (cowering down)
 I-I have the certificates to prove
 it.

EARLE
 No. We will wait until we hear from
 Doctor Cocteau. We need t-to wait
 for...

SPARTAN
 Gee, here's me thinking that you
 were in charge.

With a quick look, he walks towards an open police vehicle,
 bringing out a small tablet. Beginning to tap on it.

He gives a few more taps.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)
 How'd you get blue-prints of the
 hospital on here?

Rolling her eyes, Huxley takes the tablet.

HUXLEY
 L-7, give me a schematic of the
 hospital. Fixed point the Intensive
 Care Unit.

The tablet FLASHES, bringing up a side-one view of the
 hospital.

L-7
 Accessing schematic diagrams for
 San Angeles General Hospital.

L-7's voice is coming through the tablet.

L-7 (CONT'D)
 Intensive Care Unit is found on the
 fifth level. Currently under
 lockdown under Project GreenVail.
 Lieutenant Lelina Huxley does not
 have sufficient clearance for
 information on GreenVail.

HUXLEY
 Can you give me access to cameras
 or visual feeds from within the
 ICU?

L-7
 Negative, Lieutenant Huxley. Access
 only given to authorised personnel.

The brow on Spartan's face narrows.

SPARTAN
On who's authority?

L-7
The only authorised personnel are
Chief of Suregery Edwina Deiser,
Chief George Earle...

Spartan glances to Earle.

L-7 (CONT'D)
...and Doctor Raymond Cocteau.

On that, we CUT TO:

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Where Doctor sits at his desk, operating the touch-screen console with the GreenVail emblem showing.

A few presses later.

COCTEAU
Show me.

The viewer screen in front of him shows several cameras within the ICU. Patients and staff are on beds or against the wall as the armed men stand on guard.

Cocteau notices Ceremony standing tall in the middle of the room - facing away from the angles he's looking at.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
Show angle 4b on main screen.

Above him, a larger screen descends from the ceiling. It powers on - revealing an angle that looks directly at Ceremony.

He stands, unflinching.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
Zoom in.

The camera moves forwards towards Ceremony - a clear picture of him forming.

Cocteau stares at him. A disgusted face begins to twist into a more disgusting, almost perverse smile.

COCTEAU (CONT'D)
Who are you?

FOCUS ON Ceremony's face. Then CUT TO:

EXT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL

Spartan is up in Earle's face now.

SPARTAN
What's GreenVail Chief?

EARLE
It's...it's...

He's struggling.

After a moment he takes a few breaths.

EARLE (CONT'D)
I can not divulge that information
because you do not...

SPARTAN
...Then let us look at the cameras
then!
(beat)
We need to have a look who's in
there.

EARLE
L-7 can give us an update on the
hostages.

SPARTAN
Chief. We need a look now. We have
to do our jobs and not wait for
Cocteau to get off his ass and tell
you to do what you know you should
do!

A sigh, and Earle taps the tablet.

EARLE
Show us several cameras L-7.

L-7
Affirmative, Chief George Earle.

Spartan, Huxley, Earle and Garcia look over the tablet as
live video feeds show up on screen. Camera 4b (on Ceremony)
shows in the corner.

HUXLEY
Who's that?

Spartan leans closer.

SPARTAN
I don't know, Huxley...I don't
know.

GARCIA

Well his manner or dress may suggest he is the leader. Or some denomination of clergyman.

EARLE

(skeptical)
A priest?

SPARTAN

Wait, Sparky here maybe onto something.
(to Huxley)
Can we zoom out?

Huxley nods and moves the camera outwards.

INT. COCTEAU'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The camera suddenly MOVES on Cocteau's large screen.

Alarmed and slightly annoyed, Cocteau taps on his console.

COCTEAU

Hawthorne, tap into the activity of the tablet that has George Earle's

HAWTHORNE

Yes, sir.

HAWTHORNE (similar to L-7 being an omnipresent voice) speaks with a male voice.

HAWTHORNE (CONT'D)

Showing feed of activity.

On the screen - the MULTIPLE ANGLES of what is on the SAPD's tablets how on the screen.

EXT. SAN ANGELES GENERAL - SAME TIME

Spartan thinks for a moment.

SPARTAN

We need to speak to them.
(to Earle)
How do we speak to them?

- - -

The meeting scene

- - -

The meeting scene

EARLE

You heard Doctor Cocteau! He advised us to remain outside and wait for conformation that Edgar Friendly is the perpetrator of these events and then the evacuation can unfold this.

This sinks in. Then Spartan rubs his forehead.

SPARTAN

Seriously? Seriously?

EARLE

Are you questioning the great Doctor Cocteau?

SPARTAN

I'm questioning why some lazy-assed coward who sits in a chair all day is dictating what should be your decision! You need backbone Chief, and you need it fast.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Take charge and take command.

Spartan walks off.

A moment later he pops his head across.

SPARTAN (CONT'D)

Apart from me. I'm still going in there.

- - - -

Ceremony and Spartan stare each other.

CEREMONY

The Phoenix rose from death in a circle of flame. You rose from a casket of ice