

**R O B O C O P**

**THE FUTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT**

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**FOURTH DRAFT**

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

**DETROIT**

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**The Future**

**New Technologies have left  
Detroit behind. In the wake  
of this changing economy has  
come poverty, social decay and  
crime.**

**This is a story about a cop  
named Murphy.**

## 1 EXT DETROIT SKYLINE -- NIGHT -- GOING DOWN FAST

past four monolithic skyscrapers that rise above this crumbling industrial city, down into:

## 2 THE DARK STREETS OF OLD DETROIT -- A TURBOCRUISER

(stubby police cars built over twin turbines) rolls through the bad part of town at 3 a.m. Now the back-up car appears, two blocks behind the lead car. Spotlights play across alleys, storefronts, a crumbling MoonCorp billboard that promises: **8.8 TAX CREDIT ON 20 YEAR FAMILY CONTRACTS!**

## 3 INT BACK-UP TURBOCRUISER -- UNIT 217

Two cops, FREDERICKSON and CONNORS, monitor an impressive array of electronics. Readouts pump cop information. These guys are dressed for heavy urban crime: Padded body suits, high-impact plastic chest armor, sleek helmets. Up ahead, the lead car's brake lights flare.

## 4 EXT GUTTED STORE FRONTS -- A SHADOW

moves along a wall. These cops work together every night.

COP TALK (VO, ComLink)  
Gotta rabbit running East on Hoover...  
So check it out... Roger, chickenshit,  
sir, over... Relax, pal, we got you  
on the grid...

The lead car takes off, turning a corner.

## 5 INT TURBOCRUISER 217 -- CONNORS

watches the point car turn the corner on his center position Hunter Map. The cars appear as glowing red dots on a moving city grid. Frederickson drives.

FREDERICKSON  
See anything, Alcott?

ALCOTT (VO, ComLink)  
Yeah... It's a woman...

\*\*\*

Connors looks at Frederickson.

## 6 INT LEAD TURBOCRUISER -- UNIT 143

ALCOTT and DUFFY are sharing a private joke. Duffy chokes back laughter.

ALCOTT  
Jesus, pinch me Duffy. Am I  
crazy or is she stark raving naked?

DUFFY  
She's holding a sign... uh... it  
says ..."Free Blow Jobs."

7 INT TURBOCRUISER 217

Frederickson and Connors are skeptical now.

ALCOTT (ComLink)  
Oh my God! Frederickson, it's...  
It's your wife!

Alcott and Duffy's laughter comes over the ComLink.  
Connors giggles and Frederickson rolls his eyes. The  
laughter stops abruptly in a shout of terrible surprise  
and a rush of static.

8 ON THE COMPUMAP -- THE RED DOT

that was Unit 143 bursts suddenly, covering the screen  
and filling the cockpit with

9 RED LIGHT -- CONNORS

looks at Frederickson. Frederickson hits the gas.

10 EXT STREETS -- TURBOCRUISER 217

blasts around the corner, lights blazing and sirens  
yelping, and then comes to a sudden stop.

11 INT TURBOCRUISER 217

Frederickson and Connors are frightened by what they  
see. Connors unsnaps the riot gun from the dash.

12 UP AHEAD

TurboCruiser 143 burns and belches black smoke. The  
armored bodies of Duffy and Alcott spill into the  
street.

FREDERICKSON  
Unit 217 requesting back-up and  
MediVac... Officers down...

DISPATCHER (ComLink)  
Unit 217 all available units present-  
ly engaged... proceed as primary  
contact unit... MediVac request acknow-  
ledged.

13 CONNORS

scowls, pissed, and hits the door.

CONNORS

Come on... I'll cover you.

14 EXT TURBOCRUISER 143 -- THE COPS

get out of the car. Frederickson heads for the burning car. Connors moves to the middle of the street, turning in slow circles, checking doorways and windows and rooftops with the bayonet-mounted flashlight on his riot gun.

15 FIRE

reflects in Frederickson's visor as he leans down close to Duffy. It's clear now that Duffy is a woman.

CONNORS

Duffy?

FREDERICKSON

Dead.

Frederickson moves quickly to

16 ALCOTT

He's still alive but in convulsive shock, shot through the chest. He's not going to make it.

17 CONNORS

moves in tighter circles, faster, getting nervous.

CONNORS

Come on, man. Let's get the hell out of here.

Ka- CHUNK! Connors pivots, leveling his riot gun. A five shotgun barrage cuts him down.

18 FREDERICKSON

comes up shooting. Muzzle flashes illuminate dark shapes that close in on him. He's hit in the leg but he stumbles to the TurboCruiser and drags himself inside.

19 INT TURBOCRUISER 217 -- FREDERICKSON

fires the turbines as he closes the door. Monitors and readout's respond. He slams into drive and looks up.

20 THE WINDSHIELD

explodes into shards.

21 EXT STREET -- FOLLOW EXPENSIVE BLACK BOOTS

that walk past Connors' body, past a gangmember, EMIL, who shakes a spray paint can, past another gangmember, LEDN, who puts a gun to Alcott's head and stops his convulsions.

22 CLARENCE BODDICKER

walks past the smoldering wreckage of TurboCruiser 143. He's a tough guy with glasses; very smart, very mean.

23 INT TURBOCRUISER 217 -- CLARENCE LEANS IN

Frederickson is spaced out, blinking. Clarence smiles. He has charm.

CLARENCE  
How ya feelin'?

Frederickson turns slowly to look at Clarence. The right half of his face is badly damaged.

CLARENCE  
Go back and give your cop friends  
a message: Stay out of Old Detroit.

Clarence shoves the car into drive with the muzzle of his autoloader. Frederickson struggles to steer. The car moves away slowly, drunkenly, leaving behind

24 CLARENCE AND HIS GANG

Clarence shoulders his autoloader. Emil, the youngest, sprays huge numbers on dead cops...29...30...31. JOE snaps his fingers and STEVE lights a Camel. BOBBY picks up Connor's riot gun and tosses it to DOUGIE. A police car burns behind them. \*\*\*

25 INT TURBOCRUISER 217

Frederickson is terrified. He's dying and he knows it.

FREDERICKSON  
Officer needs assistance... sector  
GK2... officer needs assistance in  
Old Detroit... Aw...Jesus...I'm  
fucked up...

FADE TO BLACK

## 26 MEDIA BREAK

High energy news music over slick montage of modern Detroit featuring the cheerful faces of co-anchors JESS PERKINS and CASEY WONG. The hyper, up-beat NARRATOR says, "This is MediaBreak. You give us three minutes and we'll give you the world!"

## 27 JESS PERKINS &amp; CASEY WONG

Jess, 33, is cool blond, very poised, and all business. Casey, 38, Eurasian, suit and tie, flat-top haircut and lots of teeth stares straight at us with a fixed look of concern.

## CASEY

Good morning. I'm Casey Wong with Jess Perkins and these are today's top stories. Pretoria. The threat of nuclear confrontation in South Africa escalated today when the white military government of that besieged city state unveiled a French-made neutron bomb and affirmed its willingness to use the 3 megaton device as the city's last line of defense.

## 28 RON MILLER'S ANGRY FACE

He's mobbed by REPORTERS as he leaves his office at City Hall. Two aides follow carrying boxes.

## JESS (o.s.)

Ron Miller called it quits today, relinquishing his City Council seat after being denied a recount in one of the closest elections in this city's history.

## 29 TIGHT ON CASEY WONG

Understated concern, just the facts. Behind him, mini-cam footage of last night's massacre in Old Detroit. Three cop graphics marked out by large red X's. \*\*\*

## CASEY

The police death toll in Old Detroit rose to 31 today when three officers were killed and one critically injured in an exchange of gunfire just before dawn. Jess?

## 30 JESS PERKINS

smiling in reference to a live action clip framed behind

her. Three DOME KIDS pound out digital R&B on sleek guitars and keyboards. Behind them the lunar sea shines through thick glass windows... the camera work is amateur.

JESS

And, of course, there's the story of the enterprising lunar teens who started their own TV station.

CASEY

Uh-oh, sounds like competition...  
(chuckle)  
We'll be back.

31 COMMERCIAL 1

The curves of a WOMAN become the curves of a car. "It's back..." We're moving around an enormous sleek sedan. Dual exhaust, mirror paint. "Big is back!" The Woman's reflection walks through the lines of the car and as we follow her around the front of the car we are suddenly sucked into the giant shark maw air intake. "And it's got Turbine Power!" In the roar of blue flames, her animated lips beckon. "6000 BUX. An American Tradition."

32 COMMERCIAL 2

A SMARMY DOCTOR shows us around his high-tech clinic: "Is it time for that big operation? This may be the most important decision of your life. Come down and talk to one of our qualified surgeons at the House of Hearts. We have a complete line of Jarvics and limited supplies of the new Jenson SportsHart. Three year warranty, complete financing, qualifies for a health tax credit. Remember, we care!"

33 CASEY WONG

Serious now, in depth.

CASEY

Three dead police officers, one critically injured. Police Union leaders blame OmniConsumer Products, the firm which recently entered into a contract with the city to fund and run the Detroit Metropolitan Police Department. Dick Jones, Division President, OmniCon:

34 DICK JONES BEHIND HIS DESK

55, handsome, a sleek silver fox, very confident.

## JONES

Every policeman knows the risks he faces in the field. Ask a cop, and he'll tell you. If you can't stand the heat, better get out of the kitchen.

## VIDEO BREAK UP:

35 EXT OLD DETROIT PRECINCT -- DAY -- FOLLOWING

a MAN with an athletic bag as he walks past bullet riddled TurboCruisers where COFS unload MANGEY SUSPECTS from a PTV (Prisoner Transport Vehical). He uses a card key to open a door marked POLICE ONLY. \*\*\*

36 INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK CHAOS

Lots of cops standing at booking terminals. Wounded cops and suspects alike, families, lawyers and bail bondsmen crowd the guy in charge, SERGEANT REED (50, very gruff, built like a tank). \*\*\*

## SLIMEY LAWYER

Attempted murder? It's not like he killed someone. This is clearly a violation of my client's civil rights.

## BAIL BONDSMAN

Make it aggravated assault and I can make bail... in cash... now...

## REED

Listen, pal, your client's a scumbag, you're a scumbag, and scumbags talk to the judge on Monday morning. Now get outa my police station and take laughing boy here with you.

37 THE MAN -- MURPHY

pushes his way through the crowded room and steps up to Reed's bench and drops his badge in front of Reed.

## MURPHY

I'm Murphy. Transferring in from Metro South...

## REED

Nice precinct. We work for a living down here, Murphy. Get your armor and suit up.

38 INT PRECINCT -- LOCKER ROOM -- MOVING PAST

lots of loose locker doors slamming as cops of both

sexes change in and out of uniform. Three wall-mounted TV's pump out information. This precinct was built in the late 70s, and it's falling apart now. STARKWEATHER, nearly naked but wearing his helmet, monitors the department ComLink.

CHESSMAN

Any word about Frederickson?

STARKWEATHER

They're still listing him as critical.

MANSON

His wife must be going out of her mind.

He moves to

39 MURPHY'S LOCKER

Murphy suits up, climbing into a standard issue padded body suit with two patches on each shoulder: DPD and OCP.

MANSON

So, uh, what brings you to this little paradise?

MURPHY

You got me, man. OCP's moving a lot of guys around the department. \*\*\*

KAPLAN

(re: OCP patch)

OminiConsumer Products... Whatta buncha morons. They're gonna manage this department right into the ground.

STARKWEATHER

They cut ten guys loose over on the East Side.

RAMIEREZ

Try to get back-up when you're in a jam.

CHESSMAN

Try to find a MediVac after you've been jammed.

40 SERGEANT REED

and a CLERK with a box enter and head toward Frederickson's locker. Everyone notices except Kaplan.

KAPLAN

I'll tell you what we should do.  
We should strike. Fuck'em!

Kaplan shuts up as Reed shoulders past him to Frederickson's locker. He slides nameplate off and tosses it in the box. Now he opens it and the Clerk begins to clean it out.

REED

(sigh)

The funeral will be tomorrow. The department asks all officers not on duty to attend. Donations for his family may be given to Cecil... as usual.

Cecil the clerk looks up from his box and squints at all the angry cops. Reed turns to Kaplan, glaring, then moving on.

REED

And I don't wanna hear anymore of this strike talk. We ain't plumbers. We're police officers. And police officers don't strike.

(then, as he leaves)

Murphy. Front and center.

41 MURPHY

holsters his 9 mm service automatic, slings his helmet and slams his locker door.

42 INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK -- A DUSTHEAD

goes berzerk suddenly. A little cop, LEWIS, grabs him. The prisoner lashes out with manacled hands. Lewis goes down hard, gets back up, and systematically beats the hell out of the guy.

REED

Lewis, com'ere when you're done  
fucking with your suspect.

The prisoner drops to the ground, unconscious. Lewis heads for the booking desk.

43 REED

climbs into his elevated chair. Below him, Murphy stands.

REED

This guy's gonna be your new partner.

Murphy meet Lewis. Show him the neighborhood.

44 LEWIS

pulls off her helmet. She's got a strong, pretty face. Her eyes are very clear. She shakes Murphy's hand.

LEWIS

Glad to know you, Murphy.

45 INT POLICE PARKING GARAGE -- COPS

jump into their TurboCruisers and fire twin turbines. Lewis -- chewing gum, all business -- leads the way to their car. She opens the door.

LEWIS

I better drive until you know your way around...

MURPHY

I always drive when I'm breaking in a new partner...

He gets in, smiles big as he pulls the door shut, and fires the engine. Lewis walks to the other side of the car, scowling. Murphy hits the gas.

46 INT TURBOCRUISER -- SPEEDING TOWARD TWO TURBOCRUSIERS

that idle at the mouth of the exit ramp, cops from the night shift swapping war stories with cops from the day shift. Murphy accelerates, blasting between the two cars and up the ramps. He looks over at Lewis to see how she's taken it. She blows a bubble and breaks it.

47 EXT PRECINCT -- THE TURBOCRUISER

leaps into the street and races away from

\*\*\*

48 THE GLEAMING CITY SKYLINE -- THE OCP TOWER

rises 151 glass and steel stories above the city. This is the corporate headquarters of OmniConsumer Products.

49 INT CMI TOWER -- GLASS ELEVATOR

MUZAK: *Young Professional Overture*. Meet three young executives as they step into the elevator: MORTON, 28, a hyper, aggressive snerd; JOHNSON, 43, black, glasses, a middle management lifer; and KINNEY, 26, trying hard but ultimately the wrong man in the wrong place. The doors nearly snap shut on Kinney as he gets in. He grins.

KINNEY

You really think the Old Man's going to be there? Why would they invite us?

JOHNSON

All the division heads are bringing their support teams. It's big. I figure they're greenlighting Delta City.

MORTON

(really bummed)

Are you kidding? They never do anything ahead of schedule. It's Jones. He's got the 209 series online and now he wants to show off.

JOHNSON

Ooh, that's a tough break, Bob.

KINNEY

What?

50 INT OCP TOWER -- DISPLAY LOBBY

The elevators door open and the three executives walk fast down the hall, joining other EXECUTIVES on their way to the big meeting. Pictures on the wall show the many and varied divisions and subsidiaries of OmniConsumer Products: Travel Concepts, Community Concepts, Entertainment Concepts, Security Concepts... the products and degree of specialization are endless. Johnson lowers his voice now because there are other people around.

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

JOHNSON

(explaining for Kinney)

When ED 209 ran into serious delays and cost overruns, the Old Man ordered a backup plan -- probably just to light a fire under Jones's ass. Old Bob here gets the assignment but no one in Security Concepts takes it seriously. Unfortunately, Bob does.

MORTON

It's a better plan! Fucking Jones. I'd go straight to the Old Man if I could.

JOHNSON

Don't mess with Jones, man. He'll make sushi out of you.

KINNEY

Yeah, better be careful... I hear  
he's a real shark!

\*\*\*

They reach the big double doors marked BOARDROOM.  
Morton holds the door and takes it all out on Kinney.

MORTON

Who the fuck asked you, twerp?

JOHNSON

(hissing)

*Bob!*

51 INT OCP TOWER -- BOARDROOM

Morton, Johnson and Kinney take seats along the wall.  
The long boardroom table is reserved for brass. Above  
the table a rack of monitors broadcasts the CMI logo  
silently. Dominating the table is a delicate model city  
of bridges, spires and gardens. If it were real, you'd  
want to go there.

52 AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE

The OLD MAN (a corporate king, benevolent now because  
he's unapproachable) and Dick Jones confer quietly.

OLD MAN

Well, that gives us some time...  
What about this police thing? What  
seems to be the problem?

JONES

The Union's been bitching ever since  
we took over... Now they have a media  
issue, and they're throwing their  
weight around... you know, the usual  
crap. I'm confident we'll turn things  
around in the next phase of the  
takeover.

\*\*\*

OLD MAN

Mmmm. Good. Very good.  
(to the room)

\*\*\*

OK, let's get started: I've had a  
dream for more than a decade now,  
and I've asked you all to share it  
with me. In six months we begin  
construction of Delta City

(he waves toward  
the model)

where Old Detroit now stands. I grew  
up in Old Detroit... as a child I  
played in its streets... Those same  
streets have become a breeding ground

for crime and social decay. Before we employ the 2 million workers that will breathe life into this city again we must pacify Old Detroit.

(pauses for effect)

Although shifts in the tax structure have created an economy ideal for corporate growth, community services, in this case Law Enforcement, have suffered. I think it's time we gave something back. Dick?

53 JONES

As he stands, the monitors above him roll a slick montage.

\*\*\*

JONES

Take a close look at the track record of this company, and you'll see that we have gambled in markets traditionally regarded as "non-profit"...hospitals...prisons...space exploration...

(he turns on the charisma)

I say good business is where you find it! As you know, we've entered into a contract with the city to run local law enforcement. But at Security Concepts we believe an efficient police force is only part of the solution...

The information on the monitors above him suggest a corporation with the scope and influence of an emerging Western nation. Jones is putting on a good show.

JONES

...no, we need something more. We need a twenty-four a day police officer. A cop who doesn't need to eat or sleep. A cop with superior firepower and the reflexes to use it.

He pauses at the boardroom's huge double doors.

JONES

Fellow executives, it gives me great pleasure to introduce you to the future of law enforcement... ED 209.

\*\*\*

54 THE DOORS

open on ED 209, a robotic, seven-foot headless hunchback

REV. 5/7/80  
with arms that end in cannon muzzles. Executives "ooh" and "ahh" this fancy piece of technology. Morton can hardly contain his disgust. The robot steps into the room flanked by a scientist, DR. MACNAMARA and several TECHNICIANS with a rolling test cart.

JONES

The Enforcement Droid, Series 209, is a self-sufficient urban law enforcement robot. 209 is currently programmed for urban pacification, but that's only the beginning. After a successful tour of duty in Old Detroit, we can expect 209 to become the hot military product for the next decade. Dr. MacNamara?

MacNamara nods to the Technicians who huddle briefly over the test cart, "GIQ?...10 over...OK?...AOK?," and break to make final adjustments. 209 flexes it's robotic limbs, assuming control.

DR. MACNAMARA

We'll need an arrest subject.

JONES

(scans the room)

Mr. Kinney, would you come up here and give us a hand?

KINNEY

(ever eager)

Yes, sir!

Jones opens a sleek black case. Inside is a chrome SC-357 Magnum. Kinney takes the gun, examines it and looks at ED 209. He's having second thoughts and Jones makes the most of it. \*\*\*

JONES

Mr. Kinney will help us simulate a typical arrest and disarming procedure. Mr. Kinney, use your gun in a *threatening* manner. Point it at ED 209.

Kinney draws a tentative bead on ED 209. The robot reacts with surprising speed, pivoting to face the threat.

ED 209

(a soothing,  
mechanical voice)

Please put down your weapon. You have twenty seconds to comply. Your

civil rights are currently in effect.  
You now have fifteen seconds to comply.

Kinney is ready to piss his pants. Several Executives including Jones chuckle at his discomfort.

JONES

I think you better do what he says,  
Mr. Kinney.

Kinney drops the gun and it thumps into deep pile carpet.

ED 209

If you cannot afford an attorney one  
will be appointed for you.

MacNamara shares an anxious look with his Head Technician. They both head for the test cart.

ED 209

You now have five seconds to comply.

Suddenly, a burst of sparks and a sharp pop emanates from ED 209's shoulder joint. Jones is suddenly concerned. Morton notices. Something is very wrong here. Kinney tries to get out of the way.

\*\*\*

ED 209

Three...two...

One of ED 209's deadly arms cocks into firing position and sweeps the room, tracking Kinney's awkward retreat. Executives gasp and duck.

ED 209

...one. You are in direct violation of  
Penal Code 1-13, section 9. I am now  
authorized to use necessary physical force.

\*\*\*

ED 209 fires an extended burst, catapulting Kinney across the boardroom table where he lands on the fragile model of Delta City and reduces it to rubble.

## 55 PANDEMONIUM

Technicians scramble to shut ED 209 down. He turns on them, issuing warnings. Someone's on the phone, screaming, "Hello, Medical Concepts, get a paramedic team to the 151st floor right now!". Executives shriek. Blood runs in the tiny streets of Delta City.

OLD MAN

(meaning it)

Dick, I'm very disappointed.

JONES

(cleaning blood  
off his suit)

I'm sure it's only a glitch... a  
temporary setback.

DR. MACNAMARA

He didn't *hear* the gun drop...

OLD MAN

(ignoring MacNamara)

You call this a glitch?! We're  
scheduled to begin construction  
in six months. This "temporary  
setback" could cost us 50 million  
dollars in interest payments alone.

\*\*\*

Morton sees his chance and grabs it.

MORTON

Not necessarily, sir. Perhaps  
you're aware of the RoboCop Program  
that was developed by myself at  
Security Concepts as a contingency  
for just this sort of situation.

JONES

(smooth)

Thank you for your concern, Mr.  
Morton. I'm sure this is something  
we can take up in my office at a  
more appropriate time.

OLD MAN

Now wait a minute, Dick. Maybe  
what we need here is a fresh  
perspective. Tell me about this  
plan of yours, Morton. How long  
will it take?

MORTON

We're ready to go, sir. We've re-  
structured the department and placed  
prime candidates according to risk  
factor. With the prevailing con-  
ditions in Old Detroit I'm confident  
we can produce an effective prototype  
in 90 days.

OLD MAN

Good. Very good. Get your staff  
together, Morton. I expect a full  
presentation in 20 minutes.

The Old Man leaves. Jones lights a cigarette, glaring at young Morton. PARAMEDICS explode into the boardroom and go to work on Kinney.

56 INT DCP TOWER -- GLASS ELEVATOR

Morton and Johnson ride down in the elevator. Morton is elated, almost dancing, a sort of touchdown shuffle.

MORTON

That's how it's done in the big leagues, Johnson. See an opening, go for it!

JOHNSON

Better watch your back, Bob. Jones is going to come gunning for you.

MORTON

Fuck Jones. He fumbled the ball, and I was there to pick it up.

MORTON

Too bad about Kinney.

MORTON

Life in the big city.

They fall silent. MUZAK: *Young Professional Victory March.*

JOHNSON

When do we start?

MORTON

As soon as some poor schauk volunteers.

57 EXT OLD DETROIT BURGER STAND -- NIGHT

Burned out buildings line the street. The TurboCruiser is parked at the curb. Murphy leans on the hood listening to cop chatter on the ComLink and practicing a gun trick.

58 AT THE COUNTER

Lewis pays for coffee with a credit card. She walks back to the car and sets the coffee on the hood. Murphy flips his gun and guides it into his holster. He does it again.

LEWIS

Pretty fancy moves, Murphy.

MURPHY

My kid watches this cop show -- T.J. Lazer. This Lazer guy does that everytime he takes down a bad guy.

LEWIS

And you didn't want to dissapoint him.

MURPHY

Role models can be very important to a kid.

LEWIS

Uh-huh...

MURPHY

Okay, I get a kick out of it.

Lewis laughs a little, chugs coffee. A BEEP-TONE sounds.

59 INT TURBOCRUISER -- THE DASH

comes to life. Information moves across the VU screen. The Etak sorts through grid maps at high speed.

DISPATCHER (ComLink)

All units in the vicinity...211 in progress. Grid plate 107, sub-sector 16...white panel van...

MURPHY

That's us.

60 EXT STREET -- MURPHY AND LEWIS

toss their coffee and head for the car. When Murphy reaches the driver's side, Lewis is already sitting there. She smiles and pulls the door shut.

61 INT TURBOCRUISER -- MURPHY

settles into the passenger seat and gives her a look. Lewis hits the gas, pretending not to notice.

MURPHY

Central, Unit 154 responding...

DISPATCHER (ComLink)

We copy 154, suspects are armed and considered extremely dangerous. Use of high explosives in connection with robbery of...

62 INT WHITE PANEL VAN -- CLARENCE & THE GANG

The van is crowded with men, weapons and charred sacks of money. Adrenalin is pumping.

CLARENCE

You burnt the fuckin' money...

BOBBY

I hadda blow the door...whad'ya want?

CLARENCE

It's as good as marked, you asshole.

He throws a handful of charred bills in Bobby's face. Emil, the wheel man, checks his rear view mirror.

EMIL

Clarence! We got a cop on our tail!

63 INT TURBOCRUISER -- CLOSING FAST ON THE VAN

Dark streets howl by. Lewis hits switches and suddenly the TurboCruiser strobes to life with lights and siren.

MURPHY

Central, we are in pusuit of possible 211 suspects. Request backup...

64 INT WHITE PANEL VAN

Everyone looks scared. Clarence crams gum in his mouth, chewing furiously.

EMIL

This crate ain't gonna outrun twin turbines.

CLARENCE

Well, you better slow down then.

\*\*\*

EMIL

What're you crazy, man...?

CLARENCE

Shut the fuck up and JUST DO IT, MAN! Bobby, get the door.

65 EXT TURBOCRUISER

closes on the van fast. Murphy has his gun out.

Everyone has a shotgun pointed at the rear doors of the van. Bobby sits ready to kick the rear doors open.

CLARENCE

Now!

Bobby kicks the doors open, and everyone fires at once. But there's no TurboCruiser, only empty street. Clarence's men are confused. Leon turns on Emil.

LEON

What the fuck...?

EMIL

He's there, man...

And the TurboCruiser swerves in from the left side. Lewis swerves across the road and Murphy fires into the van. Bobby is hit in the leg. Joe and Steve fire their autoloads wildly. Lewis makes another pass from the right and Murphy's bullets slam into the van and ricochet. Bobby screams and screams.

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BOBBY

Aw shit, my leg... OH GOD...!

CLARENCE

Shut up, Bobby. I'm trying to think.

BOBBY

...OH GOD... CLARENCE... MY LEG!

CLARENCE

All right. Leon, Joe... Lift him.

67 INT TURBOCRUISER -- UP AHEAD

the van swerves back and forth trying to shake Lewis. Murphy reloads. Lewis sees something coming too late.

68 EXT STREET -- BOBBY

is tossed kicking and screaming from the back of the van. His body hits the hood of the TurboCruiser and smashes into the windshield, sticking there, blocking any view of the road. Lewis fights the wheel as the TurboCruiser jumps the curb and mows down a row of parking meters. The white van makes a quick turn and disappears.

\*\*\*

69 INT TURBOCRUISER

Bobby, unconscious or dead, hangs hideously in the windshield. Murphy pushes him out and off the car. Lewis slams into reverse, brakes and takes off again. \*\*\*

MURPHY

(ComLink)

Central, we are in pursuit of the suspect vehicle. Shots fired. Suspect has been injured. Request MediVac, Code 3... uh, 9th and Century... Priority request back-up, repeat, Central, we are in pursuit... (to Lewis) \*\*\*

I've got a heat track. They're heading West over the Webster Street Bridge. (to Lewis)

Wanta know a shortcut? Turn right on 19th...

LEWIS

Yeah? How do you know? \*\*\*

MURPHY

I grew up around here... it used to be a nice place. \*\*\*

70 EXT STREETS -- THE TURBOCRUISER

roars away full throttle and takes a hard right turn.

71 EXT WAREHOUSE -- A FULL MOON

hangs over the white van, doors open and empty. The TurboCruiser pulls up silently to the side of the warehouse.

71<sup>a</sup> INT TURBOCRUISER \*\*\*

Murphy punches in on the keyboard. The VuScreen tells him: ALL UNITS PRESENTLY ENGAGED -- ETA: 20 MINUTES. Murphy and Lewis look at each other.

71<sup>b</sup> EXT WAREHOUSE -- MURPHY

and Lewis get out of the car.

MURPHY

You call it... \*\*\*

Lewis shoves a stick of gum in her mouth.

LEWIS

Let's do it. \*\*\*

Murphy points to the front entrance. Lewis nods, chewing gum, indicates a stairway leading to the second story.

MURPHY  
(the ComLink)  
Stay in touch.

He stands for a moment in the white light of the moon and then he's gone. Lewis heads up the stairs that climb the side of the building.

72 INT WAREHOUSE -- MOVING FAST

with Murphy as he ducks between stacks of cargo containers that form a labyrinth across the vast warehouse space. He hears voices and moves towards them.

73 INT WAREHOUSE -- LEWIS

moves quietly past towering stacks of crates. She hears a door open and flattens herself against the wall. Someone unzips and starts to pee. It streams around the corner.

74 INT WAREHOUSE -- MURPHY

on the move across the warehouse floor. He stops, listening. Someone's watching TV. He moves quietly, getting closer. He peers around a corner and sees Dougy and Emil sitting on dilapidated furniture watching TV. Emil lights a Panama Super cigarette. \*\*\*

DOUGY  
You know, those thing'll kill you. \*\*\*

EMIL  
Yeah? You wanna live forever? \*\*\*

Murphy retreats, working his way around the other side.

75 INT WAREHOUSE -- JOE IS TAKING A LEAK

next to the freight elevator, and Lewis puts a gun to his head.

LEWIS  
Freeze.

Joe looks down... this is embarrassing.

LEWIS

Okay, let's see those hands. Nice  
and easy.

JOE

Sure, baby, nice and easy...

A blackjack drops into Joe's empty hand. He faces  
Lewis.

JOE

Uh, you mind if I zip this thing up?

Lewis looks down for a split second and Joe belts her in  
the face and knocking her back into the open freight  
elevator shaft. Joe dives for his autoloader.

76 INT ELEVATOR SHAFT -- LEWIS

lands hard in puddles of dark water and grease, blood on  
her jaw, out cold.

77 JOE

stands over the open shaft, zipping his fly. He shrugs  
grabs his shotgun and heads off.

78 INT WAREHOUSE -- MURPHY

steps up behind Emil and Dougy.

MURPHY

Drop 'em, boys.

Dougy grabs for his shotgun and Murphy fires. The  
bullet goes through Dougy and takes out the TV. Emil  
looks at his own gun uncertainly. \*\*\*

MURPHY

Make your play, creep. Dead or  
alive you're coming with me. \*\*\*

Emil drops his autoloader. Murphy kicks it away and comes  
up with a pair of handcuffs, nervous about the shot he  
fired.

MURPHY

(ComLink)

Lewis. I got a situation here,  
girl... It's getting heavy time.  
(then) \*\*\*

[CON'T.]

Okay, tough guy, you know the routine. Hands on your head.

79 INT ELEVATOR SHAFT -- LEWIS

comes to. She moves stiffly. Everything hurts.

80 INT WAREHOUSE -- MURPHY

moves to cuff Emil. Suddenly, he hears the action of an autoloader. KA-CHUNK. He looks up. Chan covers him from above, Leon moves in from the side.

LEON

Why don't you let us take it from here, Emil. Drop the gun, cop.

Murphy sets his jaw as Leon puts the barrel of the autoloader against his neck. He lets his Mateba fall. Emil twists away.

EMIL

Your ass is mine.

CLARENCE

(from the shadows)

Not yet, it ain't.

81 INT ELEVATOR SHAFT -- LEWIS

looks stunned. She makes a running leap, grabs at grease encrusted cables and starts to climb. She falls back hard, the cables tearing into her hands.

82 CLARENCE -- STEPS INTO LIGHT

and saunters up to Murphy, shotgun tipped casually at his shoulder. He walks around Murphy, inspecting him.

CLARENCE

You a good cop...

(off his name tag)

Murphy?

(Murphy is silent)

Sure. You gotta be some kinda great cop to come in here all by yourself.

Clarence clubs Murphy viciously behind the knees with his autoloader and Murphy hits the ground. Joe arrives, out of breath as Clarence stuns Murphy with a blow to the face.

CLARENCE

Where's your partner?

JOE

The other one was upstairs. I  
took her out...

83 MURPHY — ON HIS KNEES

Clarence hovers over him.

CLARENCE

Bet that really pisses you off.  
You probably don't think I'm a very  
nice guy.

MURPHY

Buddy, I think you're slime.

Clarence steps on Murphy's arm, playing to his gang.

CLARENCE

You see, I got this problem. Cops  
don't like me...

(he brings his shot-  
gun down)

...so I don't much like cops.

He puts the muzzle of the autoloader to Murphy's wrist and  
pulls the trigger. Murphy's right hand is blown off.  
He gasps and grabs his wrist. He's never known so much  
pain. He struggles to stand.

84 INT ELEVATOR SHAFT — LEWIS

claws her way up the cable, inching upwards, sliding  
back, using all her strength. Murphy's ragged breathing  
comes to her over the ComLink.

85 INT WAREHOUSE — CLARENCE TURNS TO THE GANG

grins, shoulders his shotgun and walks away as Murphy  
struggles to stand.

CLARENCE

Now he's yours.

Emil blasts Murphy in the chest, knocking him across the  
warehouse floor. Joe and Chan move in, firing.

86 INT WAREHOUSE — GROUND FLOOR — LEWIS

swings out of the elevator shaft and races into a  
towering maze created by stacked pallets of beer cans.

87 MURPHY

A blast spiderwebs his armor and another blows it away

in shards. Steve fires at close range, twice, and blows \*\*\*  
Murphy's right arm off.

88 LEWIS

runs, turning through the alleys of the labyrinth, desperate, frustrated, while shotguns boom in the distance.

89 MURPHY

His helmet is blown off the top of his head. Joe and Emil fire together, blasting Murphy's legs. He struggles to stand on his broken limbs.

90 MURPHY'S POV

This is how things look when you're dying. The room is a blur. The faces of the gang swirl in front of him, threatening, leering... Emil... Joe... Chan... Leon... Clarence.

91 THE GANG

looks at each other. The bloodlust has cooled. Joe shrugs.

JOE

I'm outa ammo.

Clarence steps forward, pulls a black Desert Eagle from his belt, aims and blows off a piece of Murphy's head. Murphy goes down and stays down.

CLARENCE

Okay. Let's split... This place is gonna be crawling with cops. \*\*\*

LEON

Shit. This was a great hideout... \*\*\*

They melt away into the dark warehouse.

92 LEWIS RUNNING

and running and running. She rounds a stack of cargo containers and stops short, grim, staring at

93 MURPHY -- SPRAWLED

in his own blood.

LEWIS

Aw, Murphy....

Outside she hears the van screech away.

94 WAREHOUSE FLOOR -- HUGE STACKS OF CONTAINERS

dwarf Lewis as she kneels beside Murphy's body.

LEWIS (ComLink)

Officer down. Repeat. Officer  
down. Central, I need a MediVac,  
Code 3 ...my partner's been shot.

\*\*\*

DISPATCHER (ComLink)

You are MediVac priority... Help is  
on the way. Calm down, patrolman...

LEWIS (ComLink)

You calm down, asshole. Get me a  
MediVac now or you're going to need one.

\*\*\*

95 EXT WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT -- POLICE HELICOPTER

idles as two PARAMEDICS lift Murphy into a pod on the  
landing skid of the helicopter. His good arm falls  
limp. One Paramedic straps the arm down as the other  
revs the helicopter.

\*\*\*

PARAMEDIC

Jesus, I think this guy's still  
alive.

He jumps in and the helicopter rises, banks and roars  
away.

96 LEWIS

stands all alone, looking small, oblivious of the prop  
wash that blows tears back across her face in streaks.

97 EXT MEDIVAC HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

The Helicopter soars over the river underneath a full  
moon. We hear the steady THUP-THUP-THUP of the  
helicopters blades.

98 CLOSE ON MURPHY

Through all the blood, his eyes flicker, darting wildly.

99 HIS POV

The flashing lights of the MediVac and the city below  
begin to bleed together. The THUP-THUP-THUP of the  
helicopter becomes Murphy's HEARTBEAT. It's slowing  
down.

100 HEARTBEAT: We're hovering directly over Murphy's body  
on a gurney as a team of DOCTORS and NURSES race down a

hospital corridor. They're working hard t save him.  
As we hit the DR doors, FADE.

- 101 HEARTBEAT: We're underwater. We break surface, fighting. MOM smiles down on us, reassuring: "Keep your head above the water... you're going to be all right." FADE.
- 102 HEARTBEAT: We're flailing and punching at a mean-looking KID, and he's giving it back. Other kids in the schoolyard egg us on, "Com'on, Murphy." "Get'em, Murphy." FADE.
- 103 HEARTBEAT: A PRETTY GIRL, filled with youth and hope, runs and jumps into our arms and leans in to kiss us. FADE.
- 104 HEARTBEAT: The Pretty Girl, ten years older, our WIFE, stands with our SON. Move away fast and FADE.
- 105 A STRAIGHT GREEN LINE AGAINST BLACK: The scream of an EKG machine. "I've got a straight line." A Doctor yells, "Crash cart, 10 ccs adrenalin, stand clear."
- 106 ZZZAP! Emil stands before us, leering. FADE. "Hit'em again."
- 107 ZZZAP! Joe stands, grinning. FADE. "Again."
- 108 ZZZAP! Chan smiles, placid. FADE. "Clear."
- 109 ZZZAP! Leon takes his bow. FADE. "Once more."
- 110 ZZZAP! Clarence smiles and bids us goodbye. FADE TO BLACK.

"That's it. He's gone." Then: "Okay, hook him up, patch him up, and I'll make the call." The voices fade...SILENCE.

The ELECTRIC PULSE of an artificial heart begins.

- 111 WHITE STATIC thunders through us. It sparkles and dances, almost alive. Now it fades, and
- 112 A GRID OF GREEN LINES fills the screen and then snaps off.
- 113 COLOR BARS pop on. The colors change hue as the color balance is adjusted. VERTICAL HOLD goes out. Someone says, "Shit!" and shuts us down. BLACK.
- 114 SNAP! We're inside a complex laboratory. TECHNICIANS hover around us. The world goes from black and white to color. "Are we locked in?" A Technician peers in. SNAP! BLACK.

115 SOUND, then CLICK, we're on again: Technicians and SCIENTISTS stand around. Morton gives us a cool, paternal look. Johnson stands behind him.

TYLER

We were able to save his left arm.

MORTON

What? I thought we agreed on total body prosthesis. Lose the arm, okay?  
(then)

Can he understand what I'm saying?

ROOSEVELT

It doesn't matter. We're going to blank his memory anyway

MORTON

I think we should lose the arm...  
Whad'ya think, Johnson?

JOHNSON

He signed the release forms when he joined the force. Legally he's dead. We can do pretty much what we want.

MORTON

(leaving).  
Lose the arm.

TYLER

Okay, shut him down and prep him for surgery.

CLICK. The lights go out.

TECHNICIAN 1 (V.O.)

Can you bring the system up for a minute. I gotta check something.

116 SNAP! We're back in the lab again. Morton, Johnson and two suits, MARKETING and LEGAL study us. A Technician hovers over us with a complex mechanical arm. Thousands of shiney steel tendons wrap the limb. The table we're on elevates and turns as the Technicians struggle to connect the arm.

MARKETING

Our studies have shown the importance of Human Recognition Factor in the acceptance of authority.

TECHNICIAN 1

Thanks. Can you move him to the left... keep going... okay, hold it.

\*\*\*

LEGAL

We're getting into shakey

TECHNICIAN 2

Attach neural connectors G-17, R-1, A-44...

\*\*\*

territory here. It's not clear what what the legal ramifications would be if a former associate were to recognize the deceased.

TECHNICIAN 1  
Watch his head... Okay, tilt back... careful... uh-huh, right there... \*\*\*

MORTON  
Look, he's a law enforcement product. He should look like a tough son-of-a bitch!

TECHNICIAN 2  
... don't worry about the S-series... it's a temporary patch... Arne, give me a DDQ, 4 amps over... \*\*\*

The fingers of the mechanical hand open and close. CLICK!

117 A BLUR OF LINES, targeting sites and data rip across the screen in all directions.

ROOSEVELT (V.O.)  
Come on. Let's turn him on.

118 SNAP! We're looking at the face of a drunk Roosevelt. She's holding a glass of champagne. Tyler and lots of Technicians in various states of inebriation. \*\*\*

TYLER  
Happy New Year!

We turn our neck and take in the room.

TECHNICIAN  
Hey! He's looking at us!

Scientists and Technicians raise their glasses and blow their noise makers. The Female Scientist leans over and gives us a kiss. CLICK, we're out.

119 UNDER A PLASTIC SHROUD -- SOUND ON \*\*\*

MORTON (V.O.)  
...we get the best of both worlds: The fastest reflexes modern technology has to offer, onboard computer-assisted memory, and a lifetime of on-the-street law enforcement "programming." I would like to present...RoboCop.

The shadow of a hand grabs the plastic shroud.

120 ROBOVISION

We are unveiled. We step into a large room filled with OCP EXECUTIVES, Scientists and Technicians. Data chugs up the screen as we analyze everything we see. A sudden \*\*\*

burst of applause as we walk forward into the room. As we pass a mirror, we catch a glimpse of blue steel.

121 EXT PRECINCT -- NIGHT

A motorcade consisting of three white station wagons and an all-white semi pull up in front of the Precinct. A small army of Technicians exits the station wagons and heads for the semi. Now a dark sedan pulls up on the opposite side of the street. Morton and Johnson get out.

122 INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK

Not much going on. A couple COPS take witness reports at booking terminals. A family sits on a long bench, waiting. A smart-ass PRISONER bores Reed with his rap.

PRISONER

I'm what you call a repeat offender, man. I repeat, I will offend again. You see, I get my orders from a higher source.

REED

Shaddup, asshole.

123 THE FRONT DOORS

open and Morton walks in like he owns the place. Johnson and Dr. ROOSEVELT hurry to keep up. A sea of Technicians surge in carrying boxes.

MORTON

There's a holding cell on this floor that's set up for observation.

ROOSEVELT

(studying a floorplan)  
Yeah, Uh-huh. Looks perfect.

Four men edge through the door with a large piece of equipment resembling a chair.

REED

Hey, hey, hey, hey! What's this all about?

MORTON

Who is this guy?

JOHNSON

(checking a file)  
Sergeant John Reed.

MORTON

This is official OCP business, so  
please... get lost.

(back to business)

I figure we got four or five days  
set-up. After that...

Morton and Roosevelt exit. Johnson hangs back. Reed  
fumes for a second, then grabs the phone.

REED

This is bullshit! I take my orders  
from cops...

He trails off, slack-jawed. The cops stop what they're  
doing. Everybody stares.

124 WHAT THEY SEE

Two Technicians hold the doors open and Robo steps  
through. He scans the room, taking in everything, then  
walks past. The cops are suspicious, impressed,  
curious... this is like no cop they've ever seen before.  
The Prisoner is wide-eyed.

PRISONER

What is *this* shit...?

125 INT PRECINCT -- CORRIDOR

Six COPS crowd a wire-glass observation window looking  
in on the holding cell. Technicians help Robo into the  
chair.

126 INT HOLDING CELL

Banks of equipment surround the chair. Technicians  
monitor readouts and run tests. Robo leans back in his  
chair. Indicator lights go on above his head. Morton  
watches as ROOSEVELT, TYLER and other Scientists make  
adjustments.

TYLER

Whenever you are at rest, you will  
sit in the chair. Okay?

ROBO

Yes, I understand.

127 ROBOVISION

Indicator graphics and information readouts pop on and  
off in reaction to what we see but never completely  
obscure our vision... the ultimate "heads up" display.

ROOSEVELT

We can check his exact location at all times with one of these.

128 THE COMPUMAP CARD

This is the shape of maps to come.

MORTON

How does he eat?

ROOSEVELT

His digestive tract is extremely simple.

(he points out a machine)

This processor dispenses a rudimentary paste that sustains his organic systems.

Morton presses a button on the processor unit. Brown paste pumps into a paper cup. He tries some.

MORTON

It tastes like... baby food.

129 INT PRECINCT -- FIRING LINE -- A STEADY THUNDER

rolls down the line as COPS exercise their revolvers. Now, above the steady thunder, GUNSHOTS louder and more distinctive than the others. Several cops stop shooting to investigate.

130 LEWIS

fires double-handed with fierce concentration, scoring B7. She hears the gunshots now and turns as cops move past her down the line.

131 THROUGH A CROWD OF COPS

Lewis pushes her way forward to get a better look. Cops talk, low.

FOLEY

...hey, it's Super Cop.

STARKWEATHER

What kinda gun is that anyway?

132 ROBO

fires his huge Auto-9 surrounded by Scientists and Technicians wearing hearing protectors. Morton, smiling, has his fingers in his ears. Lewis pushes her

way to the front as Robo drops one clip, loads another and resumes firing with military precision.

MANSON

Shit! This guy is really good.

RAMIEREZ

He's not a guy... he's a machine...

GILMORE

What are they gonna do? Replace us?

KAPLAN

No fuckin' way any machine's ever gonna replace me.

133 THE SILHOUETTE TARGET

Bullets pound through paper like machine gun fire and form a perfect circle in the head of the target. A similar nine-point circle already outlines the target's "heart."

134 LEWIS AND THE OTHER COPS

exchange glances, impressed.

135 ROBO

reloads and fires, the clip falling at his armored feet along with expended shell casings.

136 THE SILHOUETTE TARGET

is shot ragged, falling apart as the alley fills with smoke. The digital readout above the target reads 100.

137 ROBO

finishes firing, spins the A-9 on his finger and twirls it into his holster.

138 KAPLAN, MANSON AND STARKWEATHER

watch, impressed. Manson looks at Kaplan, wagging his eyebrows. Kaplan spits.

139 LEWIS

is stunned. She's seen this before, and she steps up to Robo as he passes, but he walks right past her

Tyler, Roosevelt and Technicians hover around us with clipboards and checklists. Morton paces, excited.

TYLER  
...targeting grid?

Tyler points at objects with his pen. Command Graphic: TARGETING. Lines vector and form a targeting grid wherever he points. A Technician says, "Check."

TYLER  
Voice stress analyzer? 1...2...  
3...?

Command Graphic: VOICE STRESS ANALYZER. A complex analysis of Tyler's voice is rendered. "Check."

TYLER  
Record-Playback? Bring it up to  
half...

Command Graphic: RECORD. A small screen is defined in the upper right hand corner. Now the image expands and fills half the screen. Tyler is saying, "Bring it up to half..."

TYLER  
He's ready.

MORTON  
Great.

\*\*\*

Morton bends down close and we see him in tandem on both screens.

MORTON  
RoboCop, what are your Prime  
Directives?

Command Graphic: PRIME DIRECTIVES. They chugs up the  
screen.

\*\*\*

DIRECTIVE 1: Serve the public trust.  
DIRECTIVE 2: Uphold the Law.  
DIRECTIVE 3: Protect the innocent.  
DIRECTIVE 4: [CLASSIFIED]

141 ROBO IN THE CHAIR  
recites for Morton.

ROBO  
Serve the public trust. Uphold  
the Law. Protect the innocent.

\*\*\*  
\*\*\*

MORTON  
Very good.

142 INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK -- REED

and several other cops are writing out reports at terminals. Robo and Morton enter trailing Technicians.

MORTON  
He needs a car.

Stoic, Reed tosses a set of keys to Morton. Robo snatches them in mid-air.

ROBO  
Thank you, Sergeant Reed.

REED  
Uh, sure. Anytime.

Robo heads for the door.

MORTON  
Go get 'em, boy.

143 EXT PRECINCT -- NIGHT

A shiney new TurboCruiser is parked out front. Robo gets in, fires the turbines and roars off into the night.

144 EXT THE STREETS OF OLD DETROIT -- NIGHT -- MUSIC UP:

Hard-driving, inner-city cop music. The TurboCruiser races along empty streets.

145 INT TURBOCRUISER -- ROBO

drives. Street lights flare across the visor of his helmet.

146 ROBOVISION

The road ahead races toward infinity. On the dash, monitors flicker and burp cop talk. Our own internal readouts change and flash over all of this... information and more information. Take it all in.

147 INT MOM & POP GROCERY STORE -- NIGHT

A small neighborhood store. MOM runs the register. POP

chainsmokes behind the counter in the liquor section and watches the immensely popular *Bixby Snyder Show* on the overhead TV. A KID cruises the candy rack. When no one's looking, he slips a candy bar into his jacket pocket.

The bell over the door rings. DING! The HOP HEAD, a big mean guy with a serious drug habit, walks in. He's wearing a stained overcoat. He looks at magazines. Sweat pours off his face. He selects a particularly lurid skin magazine. Mom and Pop exchange a glance. The Hop Head heads for the register and throws the magazine on the counter. Mom smiles sweetly.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

MOM

Will there be anything else?

HOP HEAD

Yeah.

(as he steps back)

Empty the register and put the money in a bag.

MOM

(doesn't get it)

Excuse me?

The Hop Head draws a machine gun from inside his overcoat and waves it in Mom's face. Pop is horrified.

\*\*\*

HOP HEAD

Give me your money. All of it. And don't fuck around. Where's the safe, Old Man?

POP

(nervous)

We don't have a safe.

Mom fills a plastic bag with money from the register.

148 MOM'S HAND

hits a concealed button inside the register drawer.

HOP HEAD

Open the safe, Pops, or I'm gonna blow junior here all over the candy rack.

\*\*\*

149 THE KID

gulps hard as his eyes go wide.

POP  
Don't hurt the boy. I'll open the safe.

Pop is very nervous now. He can't make his old fingers work the combination on the store safe fast enough and it makes the Hop Head crazy.

HOP HEAD  
You're stallin', Old Man. You got the count of three to get that safe open. 1... 2...

He pulls the bolt back. The door flies open. DING! It's Robo. The Hop Head looks a little startled. He's never seen a cop like this before. Instinctively, he trains the machine gun on Robo.

ROBO  
Drop it. You're under arrest. \*\*\*

HOP HEAD  
Fuck you, cop. \*\*\*

The Hop Head fires three times. Bullets bounce off Robo's armor and hit things in the store: A freezer case, a bottle of catsup, the overhead TV.

HOP HEAD  
Fuck me... \*\*\*

Robo moves in on the Hop Head. The Hop Head fires again, point blank. Mom and Pop hit the floor as bottles of booze behind the counter are shattered by ricocheting bullets. Robo grabs the barrel of the machine gun and crushes it.

ROBO  
You're in a lot of trouble. \*\*\*

He uses the gun like a club and knocks the Hop Head across the store with incredible velocity, destroying displays and smashing him head first through a floor-to-ceiling freezer case door.

150 THE KID

has found his hero.

KID  
Wow!

ROBO  
Prisoner Transport will arrive shortly. \*\*\*

Thank you for your cooperation. Good  
night and have a pleasant evening.

\*\*\*

151 THE HOF HEAD'S FEET

stick out through the shattered freezer case door in a  
mess of blood and ice and glass.

152 THE DOOR

DING! Robo walks out. Mom and Pop and the Kid watch  
him go. The Kid takes the candy bar out of his pocket  
and puts it on the counter.

KID

(an angel)

How much for this?

153 INT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT

Robo drives along dangerous tenderloin streets. People  
are out: pimps, prostitutes, junkies and assorted  
low-lives. A neon sign advertises *Girls! Girls! Girls!*  
and the reflection moves across Robo's visor.

A call flashes across the VU screen. Robo hits  
switches. Sirens yelp and lights flash red and blue.  
Robo drives hard, jaw set. Somewhere there's a crime  
happening.

154 EXT DARK ALLEY -- NIGHT

A WOMAN screams as she is grabbed by one of two CREEPS  
who are chasing her. She drops her purse and pulls away  
from the guy and her dress rips across the front. She's  
a good looking woman but this isn't a nice way to see  
her. She turns and finds CREEP 2 waiting.

CREEP 2

Hey, baby, take it easy. We don't  
wanna hurt you.

CREEP 1

(as he grabs her by  
her long brown hair)

Way too much hair here for me.

CREEP 2

I know... first we'll give her a  
haircut...

\*\*\*

Creep 2 snaps open his MacSems fighting knife and hacks  
at her hair. Tears of fear and humiliation spill down  
her face. She elbows Creep 1 and tries to kick Creep 2.



Command Graphic: VOICE STRESS ANALYSER. Tears stream down the Woman's face... anger relief fear all at once.

WOMAN

Oh, God... Oh, God... I was so scared... How can I ever thank you enough, Officer?

159 ROBO

stands impassive, a soldier doing his duty.

ROBO

You have suffered a severe emotional shock. It's important for you to be with people you trust, ma'am. I can notify a rape crisis center if you so desire...

\*\*\*

160 INT TURBOCRUISER -- DAWN -- ROBO

drives through empty city streets as the sun comes up. He passes a huge sign advertising Delta City that promises *"The Future Has a Silver Lining"*.

161 EXT OLD DETROIT BURGER STAND -- KAPLAN

and Manson and two other cops hang out near their TurboCruisers, drinking coffee, waking up. Robo rolls by, slowing to study the other cops. It makes them uncomfortable. Robo drives on by.

162 INT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT -- ROBO

drives on, searching, hunting. A beep-tone sounds, and ALL UNITS flashes across the VU-screen.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Calling all units...calling all units. Code Three in progress at City Hall. Suspect is armed and has taken hostages. All units in the area please respond...

ROBO

(ComLink)

1 Able 44 responding...

163 EXT STREET

The TurboCruiser blasts away from us.

164 EXT CITY HALL -- POLICE LINE -- NIGHT

TurboCruisers and a SWAT van are parked in front of City Hall. Cops and SWAT team members take cover behind open car doors, guns drawn and pointed toward a third story window. Huge searchlights wash across the building. SPECTATORS and REPORTERS are kept behind the police line by Ramirez and Starkweather. Robo pulls up and gets out of his car. SWAT team commander LT. HEDGECOCK and a police CAPTAIN argue as Robo scopes out the problem.

LT. HEDGECOCK

My boys can contain this situation in ten minutes. We go in with gas and plenty of firepower and we've got a good chance of saving the mayor.

CAPTAIN

He's already killed an aide, Hedgecock. You go in there with that kinda profile and we're gonna have a bloodbath...

HEDGECOCK

(getting hot)

Yeah, well, it's gonna look pretty bad if this joker smokes the mayor while we're just standing around worrying about what might happen...

Robo crosses behind them and heads for the building.

ROBO

Keep him talking.

CAPTAIN

But...

Machine gun fire erupts from the third story window, kicking up asphalt at Robo's feet. Robo draws his A-9 as he reaches the front door. The Captain looks at Hedgecock and then keys his megaphone.

165 INT CITY HALL

Robo heads for the stairway, taking them two at a time. Outside, we hear the Captain talking over the megaphone.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Okay, Miller, don't hurt the mayor and we'll give you whatever you want.

MILLER (V.O.)  
First, don't fuck around with me.  
I'm a desperate man.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Okay.

166 INT MAYOR GIBSON'S OFFICE -- MILLER

stands to one side of the window with a Mini-Uzi trained on his hostages. His business suit is dirty and rumpled. He hasn't slept in days and one of his eyes twitches impulsively as he crams a Mars bar in his mouth. Candy wrappers and spent cartridges litter the floor.

MAYOR GIBSON, black, 45, distinguished, and his aides are huddled together in a corner. The DEAD AIDE lies nearby, the wall behind him spattered with blood.

MILLER  
Second, I want some fresh coffee.  
(increasingly agitated)

Third, I want a recount and no matter how it comes out I want my old job back. I want a bigger office and I want a new car and I want the city to pay for it all.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
What kind of car, Miller?

167 INT HALLWAY -- ROBO

turns a corner and walks past a heavy wooden door with a sign over it that says, "Mayor."

168 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: THERMOGRAPH. Vague outlines of Miller and his hostages, but nothing clear as we move past the door.

MILLER (V.O.)  
I want something with reclining leather seats that goes real fast and gets really shitty gas mileage.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
How about a 6000 SUX?

169 INT THE OFFICE NEXT TO THE MAYOR'S

Robo enters and surveys the room. Miller can be heard

quite clearly now next door. Robo holsters his gun and runs his hand along the wall.

MILLER (V.O.)

I also want the city to pay for all my gas and tune-ups, got it?

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

No problem, Miller. Let the mayor go and we'll throw in a Blaupunkt... cruise-control... white wall tires... video games... whatever you want, buddy.

170 INT MAYOR GIBSON'S OFFICE -- MILLER

doesn't like the sound of this.

MILLER

Hey, don't jerk me off, Captain. People jerk me off, I kill 'em... Wanna see?

He pulls Gibson to the open window and puts the barrel of his mini-gun to the Mayor's temple.

171 ROBOVISION

Command Code: THERMOGRAPH. Much clearer now. We see the computer-enhanced outline of Miller and the Mayor at the window. Miller becomes even clearer as he steps back closer to the wall.

MILLER (V.O.)

Nobody ever takes me seriously... Well, get serious now...

172 INT MAYOR GIBSON'S OFFICE -- MILLER

backs away from Gibson, pushing his head firmly against the window sill with the gun, prone for execution.

MILLER

...and kiss the Mayor's ass good-bye!

173 ROBO'S RIGHT ARM

punches through the wall and grabs Miller in a choke hold. Miller fires wildly. The Mayor and his aides hit the deck as bullets tear up the room. Robo's left arm punches through now and pulls Miller kicking and screaming and shooting through the wall.

174 INT THE OFFICE NEXT TO THE MAYOR'S -- ROBO

pulls Miller and part of the wall into the room. Miller brings the Uzi up in a shower of plaster and lathe, still firing. Robo punches him once, very hard.

175 EXT CITY HALL -- A CORRESPONDANT

sees something and signals to his Cameraman. The Cameraman drops to one knee, rolling tape.

176 MEDIA BREAK -- JESS PERKINS -- SUPERIMPOSED

over hand held footage of Miller's body exploding out of the third floor window and hitting the ground. Police scramble foreward.

JESS

It started a week ago with the heroic rescue of Mayor Gibson and three of his aides by a lone police officer... his identity a well kept secret.

177 A PRESS CONFERENCE: Lots of reporters, lots of TV cameras, lots of questions. On the dias: Robo, Morton, Johnson, and other Executives. Johnson is speaking, pointing first to Robo and then to Morton. Morton basks in the attention.

JESS

Wednesday: OCP puts an end to speculation when it unveiled an experimental crime management program. It's name: RoboCop. Today, kids at Lee Iacoca Elementary School got to meet in person what their parents only read about in comic books.

178 A SCHOOLYARD: Robo walking, surrounded by excited kids and reporters. An OCP Media Support Team brings up the rear. Suddenly a microphone is thrust at Robo.

CORRESPONDANT

Excuse me! Robo! Any special message for all the kids watching at home?

ROBO

Stay out of trouble.

179 CASEY WONG IS CONCERNED -- SUPERIMPOSE OVER

Helicopters unload troops at a resort hotel. Lots of dust, gunfire, and prop-wash withered palm trees.

CASEY

More fighting in the Mexican Crisis today when American troops participated in a joint raid with Mexican Nationals against rebel rocket positions in Cancun.

180 COMMERCIAL 3

A NETWORK LOGO dazzles us. A slick, energetic NARRATOR says, "Tonight on *It'S Not My Problem!*" Two beauties with monster tits knead dough behind the counter of a Topless Pizza Bar. Comic BIXBY SNYDER leans into frame complete with bow tie, "I'd buy that for a dollar." Massive canned laughter. "It's Bixby Snyder tonight at eight. Be there!"

181 COMMERCIAL 4

A family plays an elaborate board game. The DAUGHTER picks a card and accuses, "You crossed my Line of Death!" The MOTHER looks across at her pipe-smoking HUSBAND charging, "You haven't dismantled your MX stockpile!" A tense stand-off, everybody watching everybody, until the SON hits his red fire button. A holographic nuclear explosion mushrooms from the middle of the board. Everyone falls back laughing. NUKE'EM... Get them before they get you! "Another quality home game from Butler Brothers."

182 CASEY WONG OVER DELTA CITY GRAPHIC

CASEY

Still no official start date for DCP's Delta City Project. Labor Leader's have refused to sanction construction until DCP can guarantee the personal safety of workers in Old Detroit. Robert Morton, Vice President in charge of the RoboCop Program:

183 INT MORTON'S OFFICE -- DAY

The new Morton (new hair style, new clothes, new glasses) talks with the confidence that comes with success.

MORTON

Well, I can't comment on Delta City... that's not my division, (one day it might be) but at Security Concepts we're projecting the end of crime in Old

Detroit within 40 days... There's a  
a new guy in town, and his name is  
RoboCop...

Morton smiles, charming, self-assured.

184 BETACAM VIEWFINDER -- PULL OUT

as Morton stands and the News Crew begins to break down  
their gear.

MORTON

Gotta go... Thanks, gentlemen.

185 INT CMI TOWER -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

MUZAK: *American Patrol*. Morton walks down the hall.  
People say hello, and he nods. Another executive,  
WALKER, falls in with him.

WALKER

Hey, hey, Bobby-boy. Vice President.  
Congratulations... Handball Tuesday  
night?

MORTON

Love to, Bill...but I got a date.  
Couple of models coming over to my  
place.

WALKER

(wink)

I'd buy that for a dollar!

They stop at a door marked Executive Washroom. Both  
pull out gold cardkeys and laugh. God, it's great to be  
young and upwardly mobile. Walker opens the door.

WALKER

Welcome to the club, Bob.

186 INT EXECUTIVE WASHROOM

Miles of tile and beveled glass... signs point the way  
to the jacuzzi, the gym, the sauna and everything else  
you need to combat stress and fatigue here at the top.  
Two EXECUTIVES are at the sinks, a third is taking a  
piss. Morton and Walker unzip in tandem and join him.

WALKER

You're making a real name for your-  
self in Security Concepts with  
RoboCop. Let me in on the bottom  
line, pal. I hear Jones was plenty  
pissed.

The other Executives look up, interested.

MORTON

You know, he's got this killer rep but it's a smokescreen... Let's face it, he's lost his teeth. He's a pussy.

WALKER

Are we talking about the same Dick Jones?

MORTON

Hey, he's old. We're young. That's life.

The two Executives at the sinks exchange looks and head for the door where they are joined by the third Executive who is still zipping up. Morton and Walker notice.

MORTON

Hey...

A stall door opens. Dick Jones walks to the sink and begins to wash his hands. With painful determination, Walker exercises samurai control over his body and stops peeing.

WALKER

(grunt)

Geez, I gotta meeting... I gotta go.

He turns, zipping up, a stain spreading near his crotch as he rushes away. Morton cringes as Jones walks up behind him and literally breathes down his neck.

JONES

Congratulations, Bob.

MORTON

...uh, thanks.

JONES

(evenly)

I remember when I was a young executive for this company... I used to call the Old Man funny names... ironbutt... boner... once I even called him... asshole.

Morton zips up, pushes past Jones and heads for the sink. See panic in his face when he looks in the mirror.

JONES  
But there was always respect. I  
always knew where the line was drawn,  
AND YOU JUST STEPPED OVER IT, BUDDY  
BOY. YOU'VE INSULTED ME, AND YOU'VE  
INSULTED THIS COMPANY WITH THAT  
BASTARD CREATION OF YOURS... I HAD  
A GUARANTEED MILITARY SALE WITH  
ED 209... RENOVATION PROGRAM...  
SPARE PARTS FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!  
WHO CARES IF IT WORKED OR NOT?

MORTON  
The Old Man thought it was pretty  
important, Dick.

JONES  
(back in control)  
You know, he's a sweet old man, and  
he means well. But he's not going  
to live forever, and I'm number two  
around here. Pretty simple math,  
huh, Bob?  
(spitting)  
YOU JUST FUCKED WITH THE WRONG GUY!  
You better hope that unholy creation  
of yours doesn't screw up.

\*\*\*

Jones leaves.

187 IN THE MIRROR

Morton in the mirror as the door slams behind Jones.

188 WHITE STATIC

pulsates with color. A gentle rush of voice and musical  
tones. Suddenly a DARK IMAGE cracks the light and just  
as quickly it is gone.

189 VERY CLOSE ON ROBO

asleep in the chair. He grimaces.

190 INT OBSERVATION ROOM -- NIGHT -- TWO TECHNICIANS

eating and talking. Telemetry units pump out reams of  
graph paper. Through a window, Robo sleeps in his  
chair.

TECHNICIAN 1  
I thought we'd go to Alcapulco but  
rebels blew up the airport again...  
Hey, what was that?

\*\*\*

TECHNICIAN 2  
(bangs on a monitor)  
Goddamn monitors...

191 MOVE INSIDE ROBO

jaw tight, sweating. The rush of voices grows louder.

192 THE WHITE STATIC

is suddenly shattered by the DARK IMAGE: Shadows with shotguns move in as they fire.

193 ROBO

sits up with a start. Panels of indicator lights on the chair flicker in rapid succession.

194 INT OBSERVATION ROOM

Outside Robo stands up. The Technicians notice.

TECHNICIAN 1  
Hey, Look. Bucket boy's on line.

195 INT PRECINCT HALLWAY -- ROOSEVELT

leans against the wall, hitting on FOLEY, a pretty lady cop.

ROOSEVELT  
...sure, I'm a scientist, but I  
hit the gym three times a week...

The holding cell door flies open with force. Robo walks away down the hall. Roosevelt checks his watch and bolts for the observation room door.

196 INT OBSERVATION ROOM

Roosevelt pushes past the two Technicians and rifles through graph paper, comparing readouts. The Technicians know they're in trouble.

ROOSEVELT  
When did this happen...? What  
the hell is this?

197 INT PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT -- LEWIS

and her new PARTNER escort a handcuffed PRISONER toward the double doors that enter the Precinct. Robo steps through the door, heading out. Lewis watches him pass, then:

LEWIS  
Jerry, book 'em and I'll catch up  
with you later. Thanks.

She heads after Robo.

198 AT THE TURBOCRUISER

Robo opens the door. Lewis walks up, unsure. What do  
you say to this guy?

LEWIS  
Uh, hello. I haven't had a chance  
to introduce myself... I'm Anne Lewis.

Robo turns, stepping closer to Lewis. It makes her  
nervous.

199 ROBOVISION

Lewis waits but Robo isn't talking. He's analyzing.  
Data and grids crunch by.

LEWIS  
Do you have a name?

Command Graphic: WORKING. Then, Command Graphic:  
PRIME DIRECTIVES:

DIRECTIVE 1: Protect and serve the  
public trust.  
DIRECTIVE 2: Uphold the Law.  
DIRECTIVE 3: [ CLASSIFIED ]

200 ROBO

utterly silent. Finally:

ROBO  
How can I help you, Officer Lewis?

LEWIS  
Oh, gee, uh... That's not really  
what I meant... Don't you have  
a name?

201 ROBOVISION

We study Lewis's face, analyze it with all our systems  
as she leans in, questioning. Now she frowns.

LEWIS  
Com'on, Murphy... it is you.

steps back, cautious.

LEWIS

You really don't remember me, do you?

ROBO

No. Excuse me... I have a job to do. Somewhere there's a crime happening. \*\*\*

He slides into the car and fires it up.

203 LEWIS

watches him drive away, confused and unsure. She turns as Roosevelt jogs up. He don't look happy. \*\*\*

ROOSEVELT

What'd you talk to him about, officer?

203^ INT PRECINCT -- LOCKER ROOM \*\*\*

Morton races in with Reed. He's going to get to the bottom of this fast and take it out on Reed in the meantime.

MORTON

Listen... I was assured full cooperation by this precinct, buddy, and if it gets screwed it up by one of your grunts I'm gonna have your job... \*\*\*

Near the door, Tyler waits, worried, a sheaf of telemetry paper in her hands. Morton grabs the papers, makes a show of looking at them (but he probably doesn't understand them) and keeps going. Tyler falls in beside him.

MORTON

Okay guys, what's the update? We got a glitch or what?

TYLER

Well, it's hard to be 100 percent, but this system was never designed to experience Detailed Somatic Response...

And now they reach Roosevelt who stands glowering over Lewis. She is sullen, defensive, maybe a little pissed off.

ROOSEVELT  
Yeah. He had a dream. And then this  
cop saw fit to question him!

\*\*\*

LEWIS  
I didn't question him...! I asked  
him his name and he didn't know.

\*\*\*

MORTON  
Oh. Great. Let me make it real clear  
to you. He doesn't have a name. He's  
got a program... Clear?

\*\*\*

LEWIS  
Uh... sure.

\*\*\*

TYLER  
I say we pull him in, run a systems'  
check, the works...

\*\*\*

ROOSEVELT  
Take about a week... maybe ten days.

\*\*\*

MORTON  
You want to take him off line  
because he had a dream? Are you  
kidding?

\*\*\*

(Reed and Lewis  
are present)  
Come on, let's get out of here...  
Listen, Reed, try and keep one thing  
in mind. This project doesn't  
concern cops, it's classified, it's  
OCF... Got it?

REED  
Got it.

\*\*\*

Morton hustles away with Roosevelt and Tyler in tow.

MORTON  
(back to business)  
We keep him on the streets, we  
maintain the schedule... I can't  
afford any downtime right now...

And they're gone.

LEWIS  
Sorry, Sarge. I fucked up.

REED  
Forget it, kid, the guy's a  
serious asshole...

204 EXT SELF-SERVICE SHELL GAS STATION -- NIGHT

A lonely place in the middle of the night near a freeway overpass lit by a huge electric sign spells out "SHELL." Someone riding a battered grey motorcycle roars into the station.

205 ATTENDANT BOOTH

The ATTENDANT, glasses and pimples, concentrates hard on his Analytic Geometry textbook. He looks up when he hears a tap-tap-tap on the booth's glass window.

206 WHAT HE SEES

Emil, Clarence's wheel man, stands there, leering, using the barrel of his MAC-10 to get the attendants attention.

EMIL

Gimme all your money, bookworm, or  
I'll blow your brains out.

The Attendant empties the cash drawer into the slide drawer and shoves it toward Emil. Emil pockets the money with one hand and holds the gun on the Attendant with the other.

EMIL

Now fill it up on number 7.

The Attendant nervously punches buttons with one hand. Emil backs towards his bike. The numbers on the pump go to zero. Emil pulls down a hose and inserts the nozzle

into Emil's bike. The feed hose flexes as gas is delivered at high pressure.

EMIL

I'm a good shot, man. Don't do nuthin' stupid. I could hit you in the eye from here...

Points the gun at the Attendant's booth, grabs a cigarette out of the pack and lights it with one hand.

207 INT TURBOCRUISER -- ON THE OVER PASS

Robo looks down at the gas station, a well-lit oasis in the middle of a dark city.

208 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: NIGHT VISION. A video enhanced view of the gas station; a man stands near the pumps, pointing a gun at the booth.

209 EXT GAS STATION -- EMIL

continues to give the attendant a bad time.

EMIL

Hey, man, what you readin' in there? You a college boy or somethin'? I bet you think you're pretty smart, huh? You think you can outsmart a bullet?

210 ROBO'S ARMORED FEET

hit the pavement. He moves with quiet precision.

211 EMIL

pulls on his cigarette, having a good time. He hears something and spins around to see

212 ROBOCOP

standing there, his gun drawn.

ROBO

Drop it.

213 EMIL

freezes. He drops his cigarette. His eyes dart wildly.

214 ROBOVISION

The cigarette smolders on the ground. Now we zoom in close on Emil's face.

ROBO

Dead or alive, pal. Either way you're coming with me.

215 EMIL

has heard these words before. He stares at Robo, staggered by nightmare *deja vu*.

EMIL

Y-you?

It's all too much. He opens up with the MAC-10 and dives for cover behind the gas pumps. Bullets bounce off Robo's armor and shred the gas pumps. One severs the feed hose and gas sprays out under high pressure.

216 THE ATTENDANT

can't believe what he's seeing. Pink gas washes the glass window of the booth. He grabs his books and runs away as fast as he can.

217 EMIL

fires, advancing to his bike. Fountains erupt from gas pumps as he riddles them with bullets. Gas seethes across the pavement, lapping at his shoes. He panics.

218 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: TARGETING. Behind the ruptured pumps, Emil jumps on his bike, and jams it into gear. The bike slips and broadsides on the fuel slicked tarmac. And now we're moving very quickly, racing toward

219 THE CIGARETTE

It smolders on the ground. Tiny fingers of gasoline race to meet it.

220 EMIL

is terrified. The bike inches forward as the rear wheel spins furiously, spraying gas. The bike hits dry ground and leaps away. Emil holds on for his life.

221 ROBO

steps on the cigarette just before the gas reaches it. Gas floods the pavement around his feet. Suddenly,

222 THE SHELL STATION

explodes. Robo is engulfed in flames and Emil, leaning low on the bike, races ahead of the fireball.

223 IN THE FIRE

blackened mechanical legs step through the burning rubble.

224 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: TARGETING. Vectors lock on the escaping Emil as we clear the fire, raise our blazing arm and fire.

225 EMIL'S MOTORCYCLE

flips violently. Emil goes flying.

226 EMIL

opens his eyes as smoldering steel hands pick him up, lifting him past Robo's fire-blackened legs and torso until he is eye-to-eye with Robo.

227 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: RECORD. Emil is delirious. He smiles as we record his face front and side. Behind him the gas station goes up in flames.

EMIL

Y-you're dead, man....

228 ROBO

Bright flames reflect in his visor as the underground storage tanks explode.

ROBO

Who are you?

Emil leers an idiot's grin and passes out. A fire ball plumes skyward toward the giant SHELL sign and the "S" explodes in a shower of neon sparks... Robo, flames and "HELL."

229 INT PRECINCT -- HALLWAY -- ROBOVISION

We are walking down a corridor towards a double door marked Police CompuLab fast. Ten information LOADERS look up from their workstations as the doors open. They look a little shocked.

230 CECIL THE CLERK

scurries to the front counter. He's scared and it makes his speech impediment worse.

CECIL  
C-c-can I help you, sir?

ROBO  
No.

Cecil adjusts his glasses and tries to be brave.

CECIL  
W-w-what exactly is it you w-w-want?  
This is a r-r-r-restrictive area...  
uh, sir!

Robo pushes past Cecil and steps up to the CFN terminal. Cecil blusters in front of him, summoning righteous indignation but stops short when Robo raises his arm and makes a fist. TCHIKK! A metallic strip snaps into place, protruding from his knuckles.

231 CECIL AND THE LOADERS

react to this. Cecil jumps back. Robo ignores him.

232 ROBO

inserts the metallic strip into an access port. Hundreds of mug shots flash across the screen. The reflected faces race across his visor.

233 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: PLAYBACK. The mugshots we took of Emil at the gas station play. Recreate his face in vectors, scan and turn and analyze.

234 THE CFN TERMINAL

The vector analysis of Emil's face appears on the screen other the blur of mug shots. Suddenly a mugshot of Emil freezes. His rap sheet appears. His known accomplices are listed along with mug shots and rap sheets... Joe, Chan, Leon, Clarence.

235 ROBOVISION

We scan Clarence's lengthy rap sheet, stopping at:

Suspect, MURDER: DPD Officer A.J. MURPHY  
File Access Code ▲ XJ05103

Command Graphic: **PLAYBACK**. Lewis appears quarter screen. She says, "Murphy... it is you."

**ENTER A XJ05183**

236 **ROBO**

tilts his head as new information flashes on the screen.

237 **THE CFN SCREEN -- A PHOTO I.D. OF MURPHY**

appears along with the following information:

**MURPHY, Alex James KIA  
312B Primrose Lane  
DPD ID# 8788  
[DECEASED] CLASSIFIED**

238 **ROBO**

stares at the screen, Murphy's face reflected across his visor.

239 **ROBOVISION -- VERY CLOSE ON**

**[ D E C E A S E D ]**

240 **EXT HOUSING COMPLEX -- DAY**

The TurboCruiser rolls past a street sign: **PRIMROSE LANE**. The sky darkens overhead. Each residential unit in the complex is identical except for color and condition.

241 **INT TURBOCRUISER -- ROBO**

pulls up in front of a weathered pre-fab house. There's a **FOR SALE** sign pounded into the overgrown lawn. He checks the address: **312B Primrose Lane**.

242 **AT THE FRONT DOOR**

Robo tries the door... it's open. Thunder rumbles overhead. He pushes the door open.

243 **INT MURPHY'S HOUSE -- DAY**

The house is a compact, sensibly designed living space. Lots of built-ins, smart appliances... an electronic cottage. Suddenly, **MUZAK: Fanfare for the Model Home**.

244 **A WALL COMUNIT**

Monitor, phone, command keypad... all built into a cheap, practical unit. The monitor flickers to life

with the logo InterSpace Network and a happy SALESMAN wearing a bow tie.

SALESMAN

Welcome, shopper! Let's take a stroll through your new home...

Irritated, Robo walks away.

#### 245 LIVING ROOM

Robo stands in the empty room. The ComUnit pops on and the Salesman continues his rap.

SALESMAN

This is a one family house built by ZM Industries. Situated near schools and shopping centers, this progressive community has a growth factor of 7...

#### 246 ROBOVISION -- FLASHBACK

Robo scans the room. Pictures and furniture bleed into the room, shimmering. The TV is on and Murphy's Son is watching *TJ Lazer*. On screen, LAZER blasts a bad guy and spins his gun into his holster. Now he turns to us as he fades away.

MURPHY'S SON

Neat, huh, Dad?

#### 247 ROBO

stands, confused by this experience, then moves to the

#### 248 THE KITCHEN

Submarine style, very functional, lots of built-in appliances, another ComUnit. It comes to life as Robo passes. He picks up a lone coffee cup in the empty open shelving that says "World Class Husband."

SALESMAN

And, say, it doesn't matter who cooks in your family because this Kitchen by Food Concepts makes everything a snap!

Robo sets the cup on the counter a little too hard. The handle off breaks in his hand.

#### 249 THE HALLWAY COMUNIT

flashes on as Robo walks by. The Salesman talks fast.

SALESMAN  
Short on cash? With MasterBudget  
financing, your earning power is  
your equity... we manage your income  
so that you can manage your life.

250 MASTER BEDROOM

Robo steps in. Lots of mirrors make the room look  
bigger than it is. The ComUnit clicks on.

SALESMAN  
Ah, the Master Bedroom... functional  
space with a touch elegance...

251 ROBOVISION -- FLASHBACK

We scan the empty room. The furnishings bleed in as  
MURPHY'S WIFE walks by in her robe heading for the  
bathroom. Robo follows her.

MURPHY'S WIFE  
Jimmy needs new clothes for school  
...the Websters want us to come to  
their party...and...hey, you look  
sexy in that shirt.

She drops her robe and steps into the steaming shower.  
She turns in the door.

252 ROBO

is left looking at himself in the bathroom mirror. He  
touches the visor of his mask. The ComUnit snaps on  
next to the mirror.

SALESMAN  
Hey, have you thought it all over?  
Why not make me an offer? I'm ready  
to make a de...grkKK!

Robo shoves his fist through the screen.

253 EXT CEMETERY -- DUSK -- LIGHTENING FLASHES

in puddles and rain pours as Robo walks among the  
tombstones. Robo walks between wind whipped trees.  
Thunder rolls as lightening snakes across the sky.

254 ROBOVISION -- FLASHBACK

with each crack of lightening. The faces of the gang  
swirl in front of us, threatening, leering...Emil...  
Joe...Chan...Leon...Clarence. And now we come to a

255 WHITE MARKER

with a raised white cross which reads: ALEX MURPHY,  
*Beloved Husband and Father, RIP.*

256 EXT HIGH RISE LUXURY CONDO -- NIGHT

The thunder storm rolls through the city with rain and  
warm wind.

257 INT MORTON'S BACHELOR PAD

MUZAK: *Brazilian Samba.* Glass and electronics  
dominate. The curtains are blowing in from the  
balconey. Morton lays down lines for himself CHANDRA, a  
model of the Eurotrash Exotica variety.

CHANDRA

(at the end of a line)  
There's just something about the  
way it sounds. Vice President.  
It... just... turns me on.

258 MORTON

can almost taste it. He scoops coke into a spoon and  
heads for the balcony.

259 EXT ON THE BALCONY -- TAWNY

Chandra's exotic partner-in-crime, stands in the warm  
rain wearing a sapphire cocktail dress.

MORTON

Summer storm... I love the rain...  
hey, you like to bump crack?

TAWNY

It's one of the things I like to do.

She turns as Morton raises the spoon. Cocaine spills  
off her cheek, across her chest. Morton sees his chance  
and grabs it.

MORTON

Well, what do you think of this?

He leans in kissing at her neck, licking, working his  
way down between her breasts. Chandra giggles as she  
joins them. But now she pouts.

CHANDRA

Save some for me, Bob.

The doorbell rings.

MORTON  
That must be the champagne...

260 INT MORTON RUSHES TO THE DOOR

He knows he's about to get it like he's never had it before. He opens the door. A KILLER sticks the barrel of his gun in Morton's nose. Morton sees him but we don't. Morton backs into the room... lots of terror, very little dignity.

KILLER'S VOICE  
Bitches. Leave.

Tawny and Chandra grab their clutch bags and edge quickly toward the door. Impulsively, Chandra checks her lipstick in a compact mirror.

TAWNY  
Gee, Bobby...bye...you gonna call me?

And they're gone. As the door closes, Morton is shoved across the room. Morton summons what little courage he has.

MORTON  
Whatever it is you want, you won't get away with it. Do you know who I am?

261 THE KILLER'S HANDS

twist a silencer onto the end of the gun. We hear TUNELESS HUMMING. The gun barrel drops. FOUR QUICK SHOTS.

262 MORTON

goes down, shot in the legs, crying out, whimpering something like, "I can't believe this is happening..."

263 THE MIRRORED TABLE -- THE KILLER'S HAND

puts a small WatchMan TV on the table and presses a button. The HANDS move to the coke supply, take a sloppy pinch, SNORTING SOUNDS, more humming, grab a cigarette and light it. Morton tries a different tact.

MORTON  
I'll give you anything. Anything.  
PLEASE don't kill me...

JONES'S ON TV  
Hello again, Buddy-Boy. Dick Jones here. I guess you're on your knees about now... begging for your life... pathetic... YOU DON'T FEEL SO COCKY NOW DO YOU, BOB?

264 MORTON'S SAIMESE CAT

rubs up against the Killer's legs. The Killer's HAND scratches the cat's ears.

265 MORTON

is in terrible pain, he's been shot, and his cat is in heat for the Killer.

JONES ON TV  
You know what the real tragedy is here, Bob? We could have been friends... except you wouldn't go through proper channels... you went over my head... that hurt.

266 A HAND GRENADE

is placed on the mirror table by the Killer's HAND. Clink.

267 MORTON

silently says "no" over and over again.

JONES ON TV  
But life goes on... it's an old story... the fight for love and glory, right Bob? It helps if you think of it as a game... every game has a winner and a loser... I'm cashing you out, Bob.

268 THE KILLER'S HAND

pulls the pin on the grenade. The spoon flies across the room and lands near Morton's cat.

269 MORTON

struggles toward the mirror table as the Killer stands.

270 EXT HALLWAY -- CLARENCE BODDICKER

steps out of Murton's apartment. As he pulls the door shut we see Morton reaching for the grenade. At the last possible moment, Morton's cat slips out. Clarence

heads down the hall, humming. Behind him the door is blown off its hinges.

271 INT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT -- RAIN

washes across the windshield as Robo drives through Old Detroit, hunting, searching. He flicks the input strip on his fist and plugs into the access port next to the crime computer on the dash.

272 THE CRIME COMPUTER

comes alive with facts and figures and a brace of photos: Joe, Chan and Clarence. A hardcopy feeds out of the printer.

273 EXT DARK STREETS -- THE TURBOCRUISER

roars past a Delta City sign that says:

*The Future Has a Silver Lining*  
D E L T A C I T Y

274 EXT A STREET CORNER -- NIGHT

The TurboCruiser idles nearby. Robo shoves a NERVDUS PIMP against a wall and shows him the picture. Thunder. Frightened, the Pimp shakes his head -- No.

275 EXT UNDER AN AWNING -- NIGHT

two HOOKERS wait out the rain, shivering. Robo stands in the downpour with the mug sheet. They confer briefly, then shake their heads -- No.

276 EXT IN AN ALLEY -- NIGHT

The rain has stopped by the streets are still wet. A row of ten TEENAGE GANGMEMBERS on their knees, hands on top of their heads, facing a brick wall. Robo walks behind them, holding the photograph inches from each one's face. In turn, the tough kids shake their heads -- No -- but the last guy hesitates. Robo steps on his leg. He points to Chan. Robo picks him up by his collar and the kid talks fast. Robo drops him heads for the TurboCruiser.

277 INT ROCK SHOP -- NIGHT

This is the biggest processing lab in the city. Built in what was once a supermarket, the floor-to-ceiling windows have been painted out and a wheezing pharmaceutical assembly line sprawls across the flourescent lit interior, grinding sifting and bottling cocaine. Workers wearing protective masks tend the

line. Overhead on catwalks, guards with shotguns keep an eye on the workers. Coke dusts the air.

Clarence and SAL, a fish-eyed man in a bad suit, walk through the lab. Sal is flanked by two BODYGUARDS wearing heavy iron in shoulder holsters. Leon and Joe trail further back. Chan wanders past noisy machines on the line, balancing his autoloader. He stops, helps himself to a sloppy nose full of cocaine, then heads off in another direction.

SAL

(getting mad)

I don't give a shit what you wanna pay, Clarence. I set the price in this town.

CLARENCE

(leaning in, cool)

Listen, pal, maybe you haven't heard: I'm the guy in Old Detroit... You want space in my marketplace, you're gonna have to give me a volume discount...

SAL

Lemme put things in perspective here, hero. You killed a buncha cops... the word around is you got big connections downtown... You make a lotta people nervous. They would love to see some guy like me put you outta business.

CLARENCE

I run the sales organization in Old Detroit, you dumb wop son of a bitch. I can keep the streets dry long enough to put you back in the olive oil business.

SAL

(to a Bodyguard)

Frankie, blow this cocksucker's head off.

Frankie draws his big, ugly magnum. Chan steps around the corner behind Sal, cocking his shotgun, sliding it under Sal's chin. Everyone in the lab stops what they're doing to watch the outcome. Clarence pats Sal on the cheek.

CLARENCE

Sal, baby, the Tigers are playing

tonight and I never miss a game.  
Could we get together on this?

278 THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR

behind Chan flexes violently and falls open to reveal standing in the doorway, his A-9 out and ready to do business. Chan pivots to face him. Sal's other bodyguard draws his gun. The Workers on the line go for a handy assortment of automatic weapons. The guards overheard cock their shot guns.

ROBO

Come quietly or there'll be... trouble.

279 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: COMBAT MODE. A moment of disbelief flickers over the faces of this small army of hoods. Lightening analysis of positions and armament: 15 TARGETS... 9 SHOTS [FULL] Leon looks annoyed and goes for his gun.

LEON

Oh, fuck you...

All hell breaks loose as everyone with a gun opens fire. Clarence hits the ground. Behind him, Chan fires, cocks and fires again.

280 ROBO

Bullets and buckshot glance off his armor. He uses his forearm to parry a bullet aimed at his face. All the while his A-9 blazes. Clarence scrambles to get away from Robo and all the firepower directed at him.

281 CHAN

is blown off his feet into Sal's lap. Leon stands exposed, struggling to get his own gun out.

282 THE BODYGUARDS

Frankie's eyes cross as he takes a bullet between them. His sidekick is spun around by Robo's bullets into the path of automatic gunfire from the Lab Workers.

283 JOE

empties his .45 double-handed. A bullet blows two of his fingers off and sends the gun spinning away. A Hood next to Leon takes one through the chest. Leon grabs Joe and pulls him through a fire door. An alarm sounds.

284 ROBOVISION

The targeting grids dance from one Hood to the next and we pick them off methodically. TARGETS: 10...9...8...  
2 SHOTS REMAINING... [RELOAD!] Two more Hoods go down.

285 ROBO

grabs Sal by the neck and hurls him across the room. He drops a clip and reloads in one smooth action.

286 THE WORKERS

duck as Sal's body hits the rack of glassware and falls across a rotating filler/sorter machine. Plumes of cocaine cloud the air. Lab Workers return fire from behind the moving bottling machinery.

287 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: COMBAT MODE. The methodical extermination of bad guys continues. TARGETS: 7...6...  
7 SHOTS REMAINING... On the catwalks, above, the Shotgun Guards fire and retreat behind cover. Vectors suggest possible strategies.

288 THE CATWALKS

both guards come out to fire. Robo fires, spins, and fires again. One guy thuds to the ground. The other guard, hit in the neck, wedges his foot and hangs from the catwalk upside down.

289 ROBO

spins again and levels his A-9 at

290 CLARENCE

He pulls the pin on a grenade. The room has been decimated around him. The dead Shotgun Guard hangs behind him by his heels.

CLARENCE

Cool it, cop, or I turn this room into a meat locker.

291 ROBO

jaw set, the meanest cop that ever lived staring over the barrel of a smoking Auto-9, steps closer.

292 CLARENCE

bares his fangs.

CLARENCE

I mean it, man....

293 ROBO

smiles slightly. Then he grabs Clarence.

294 CLARENCE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR

and crashes through a painted floor-to-ceiling supermarket window. Another window shatters when the grenade goes off outside.

295 ROBO

spins the A-9 into its holster as he crosses the room, all business, stepping over several dead thugs and through the shattered window.

CLARENCE (V.O.)

(talking fast)

Let me save us both a lot of time.  
Put me in jail and I'll be out in  
minutes. I'm in business with  
OmniC-AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

296 CLARENCE

howls as he smashes through another window back into the lab. Blood from the hanging guard spatters his face.

297 ROBO

hovers over Clarence, ominously, and cuffs him.

ROBO

(a whisper)

Clarence Boddicker. You're under  
arrest. You have the right to remain  
silent. You have the right to an  
attorney...

CLARENCE

Listen, I know the guy you work for.  
We're buddies. I could make life  
easy for you...

Clarence screams as Robo hoists him to his feet by his handcuffs.

ROBO

Anything you say can and will be  
held against you in a court of law...

Command Graphic: RECORD. Clarence hits the jamb hard. He turns to back to Robo.

CLARENCE

Come on, man, I'm trying to do you a favor. I work for Dick Jones. You can call him. I have his card. He's the number two guy at OmniCon...

Command Graphic: VOICE/STRESS ANALYSIS. Green letters print out 93% TRUTH PROBABILITY.

299 EXT COKE LAB -- CLARENCE

crashes head first into the TurboCruiser door.

CLARENCE

DON'T YOU GET IT ?!! OmniCon runs the cops. You're a cop.

ROBO

Yeah. I'm a cop.

He opens the car door and shoves Clarence inside.

300 INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK -- REED

is on a rampage. Kaplan and Starkweather brave the storm.

KAPLAN

I don't like it anymore than you do, Reed, but listen...

REED

YOU LISTEN TO ME, ASSHOLE! You're talking about shutting down a major metropolitan police force... Without cops, this city will tear itself apart!

KAPLAN

I'm the shop steward so I gotta tell you. The union thinks you should know there was a strike vote last night...

Reed turns to the growing group of cops that have come in from the locker room. He glares at first one, then another, looking for proof that this isn't true.

STARKWEATHER  
We're gettin' creamed out there,  
Reed!

301 THE FRONT DOORS

fly open. Robo drags Clarence in and throws him against the booking desk. Clarences snarls like a trapped animal.

ROBO  
Book'em. He's a cop killer.

He turns, looking at the other cops for a moment, then heads out the door.

302 THE COPS

are a panorama of reactions... impressed, confused, angry...and then there's Lewis who just looks concerned.

CLARENCE  
Just gimme my fuckin' phone call.

303 EXT PRECINCT -- PARKING GARAGE ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

MUSIC UP: Hard-driving and ominous. The sharklike nose of the TurboCruiser leaps out into the street.

304 INT TURBOCRUISER -- ROBO

drives, his jaw set, grim.

305 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: PLAYBACK. Clarence's confession plays quarter screen over and over again as we twist and turn through dark city streets. "I work for Dick Jones. He's the number 2 guy at OmniCon... DON'T YOU GET IT?!"

306 EXT THE TURBOCRUISER

blasts through the squalor of Old Detroit.

307 INT OCP TOWER -- JONES' OFFICE

Jones is at his desk, talking on the phone.

JONES  
...I understand... I know the deal,  
but you let me down. You just  
remember that. You owe me.

He hangs up, thinking, drumming well-manicured fingers on rosewood. He slides open a desk drawer and takes out a CompuMap card.

308 THE COMPUMAP

is activated. A blinking red dot is moving toward the center. Robo is coming.

309 EXT BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER -- NIGHT

The TurboCruiser crosses into the financial district. Above dozens of brightly lit skyscrapers rises the imposing OmniCom Tower.

310 EXT FINANCIAL DISTRICT -- NIGHT

The TurboCruiser turns and heads down a ramp into the parking garage beneath the OCP Tower.

311 INT OCP TOWER -- PARKING GARAGE

Robo pulls the TurboCruiser into a space near the elevators. Two exhausted EXECUTIVES, ties loosened, stare as Robo gets out of the car. Robo ignores them.

312 ELEVATOR LOBBY

Robo pushes the call button. He waits. DING! The elevator doors open and CLERKS and SECRETARIES push nervously past Robo. He steps in and the doors close.

313 INT ELEVATOR -- ROBO

waits. DING! The elevator pauses at the 73rd floor. the doors open and a cleaning woman, EMMA, backs in with her cleaning cart. The doors close. Now she looks at Robo.

EMMA

Hi there...

Robo nods.

314 INT OCP TOWER -- ELEVATOR LOBBY -- 112TH FLOOR

DING! The elevator doors open and Emma pushes her cart out. Robo walks down a long corridor.

315 ROBO

reaches a set of double doors marked: Dick Jones, Senior President -- Security Concepts Division. He opens the door.

316 INT JONES' OFFICE -- THE RECEPTION AREA

is empty and dark. Robo walks past three desks and through a door marked Private.

317 INT JONES' INNER OFFICE

is a huge L-shaped room, dark except for the glow of city lights below. Someone lights a cigarette. It's Jones.

JONES

Come in. Officer. You know I don't usually see anyone without an appointment... But in your case, I'll make an exception.

318 ROBO

steps forward, his hand hovering near his handcuffs.

ROBO

You're under arrest.

JONES

Oh? What's the charge?

ROBO

Aiding and abetting a known felon.

JONES

Sounds like I'm in a lot of trouble... You better take me in.

Robo reaches for his handcuffs and freezes.

319 ROBOVISION -- THE PRIME DIRECTIVES

pump up the screen:

DIRECTIVE 1: Protect and serve the public trust.  
DIRECTIVE 2: Uphold.  
DIRECTIVE 3: [CLASSIFIED]

Directive 3 is flashing. Beep-beep-beep... And now it is revealed:

DIRECTIVE 3: OCP Product ID# 943054-8C

JONES

What's the matter, officer?

///An OCP Product shall not act against

DCP's best interests///An DCP Product shall act against any Senior DCP Officer///An DCP Product shall not...

320 ROBO'S KNEES

buckle. His arms go limp. The handcuffs fall on the desk. He struggles against his own failing body.

321 JONES

leans forward, interested.

JONES

I'll tell you what's the matter. It's a little insurance policy called Directive 3... My little contribution to your psychological profile. Any attempt to arrest a senior officer of CMI results in shutdown....

322 ROBOVISION

Directive 3 continues to flash as the system by system shutdown continues. A frenzy of warning lights and a blur of data as we collapse. Now video break up distorts our vision. Jones stands, looking down.

JONES

What did you think? That you were an ordinary policeman? You're our product... and we can't very well have our products turning against us, can we?

323 ROBO

struggles drunkenly for his gun, pulls it clear of the holster and then drops it.

JONES

Ahhh... there's still a little fight left in you. Maybe you'd like to meet a friend of mine....

Jones presses a switch and the lights come on.

324 ED 209

stands behind Jones. He cocks both arms into firing position and moves around the desk toward Robo.

JONES

I had to kill Bob Morton because he

made a mistake... Now it's time to  
erase the mistake.

ED 209  
You are trespassing on private  
property...

325 INT JONES' OFFICE -- RECEPTION AREA

Robo is blown through the door and slammed into a desk  
by the impact of ED 209's bullets.

326 CLOSE ON ROBO

His visor is cracked and beneath it we see a human eye  
blinking.

327 ED 209

lumbers forward, looming. He swings one of his cannon  
muzzles like a club. THWACK!

328 INT HALLWAY -- ROBO

crashes through the double doors and hits the opposite  
wall hard enough to dent it. He shakes his head as

329 ED 209

walks forward through the splintered double doors,  
raising the cannon muzzle like an executioner and  
bringing it withing inches of Robo's face.

ED 209  
I am now authorized to use deadly  
force.

330 ROBO

slams his fist against the cannon muzzle as hard as he  
can, deflecting it as ED 209 fires.

331 ED 209

blows his own arm off. He examines the smoking stump.

332 ROBO

struggles to his feet, holding his head, barely able to  
stand. He staggers down the hall.

333 ED 209

pivots, leveling his remaining cannon arm, and fires a

small smart rocket from the launch tube next to the machine gun port.

334 ROBO

looks over his shoulder and sees what's coming.

335 THE SMART ROCKET

streaks down the hallway toward

336 ROBO

He dodges around a corner. The rocket follows. Robo hits the ground and the rocket overshoots him.

337 EXT OCP TOWER -- NIGHT

A fireball consumes a bank of windows on the 112th floor.

338 INT DICK JONES' OFFICE

Jones is on the phone. He has to shout to be heard above the gunfire and explosions.

JONES  
...JUST PUT LT. HEDGECOCK ON THE  
LINE... THERE'S TROUBLE AT THE TOWER.

339 INT SMOKE FILLED HALLWAYS

ED 209 lumbers along, searching for Robo. Suddenly, Robo blindsides him, knocking ED 209 against the wall. ED 209 fires, tracking Robo's retreat and shredding portraits of OmniCom's finest executives that line the wall. Robo leaps through a door marked STAIRWAY.

340 INT STAIRWELL

Robo staggers and falls down the stairs, leaking fluids.

341 ED 209

enters the stairwell. He pauses at the first step. His feet are much larger than the individual steps. He takes a tentative step, then another, then teeters forward, losing his balance and tumbles end over end to the next landing and crashes through the handrail. Now he faces the turtle's dilemma. He flails his arms and legs, trying to flip himself over. Frustrated he starts shooting.

342 ROBO

staggers down and down and down. Gunfire echoes.

343 INT HALLWAY

Jones pokes his head into the decimated corridor. Emma rolls her cleaning cart around the corner. She looks at the destruction, then at Jones.

EMMA

This ain't gonna get cleaned up tonight...

344 INT PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Robo falls through a door marked STAIRS. As he climbs to his feet, he is hit by ten spotlights.

345 LT. HEDGECOCK

stands in the cover of a SWAT Team van with a bullhorn. COPS and twenty fierce ASSAULT TEAM OFFICERS are in position behind a barricade of TurboCruisers.

LT. HEDGECOCK

(bullhorn)

Prepare to fire...

346 ROBO

looks confused as weapons are cocked up and down the line.

347 THE COPS -- KAPLAN AND RAMIEREZ

exchange glances.

KAPLAN

Hey, wait a second...

MANSON

He's a cop for Christ's sake!

LT. HEDGECOCK

We have orders to destroy it.

(bullhorn)

Fire at will.

348 ROBO

makes a run for it as the SWAT team opens up. The opening barrage knocks him off his feet. He struggles for cover behind a concrete column as bullets dent his armor.

349 THE SWAT TEAM

has the firepower of a small army. Each man is a professional doing what he does best.

LT. HEDGECOCK

Aim for his head! It's the only way to stop him.

350 ROBO

makes a dash for the next column. Bullets pound his helmet. He covers his face like a boxer, running until another fusillade knocks him down. He stumbles, crawling, as bullets chew holes in his armor.

351 THE SWAT TEAM

track him with the barrels of their guns, firing constantly.

352 ROBO

reaches cover pushing painfully to his feet against the column. The bullets stop. He braces himself and sprints with the last of his strength. The world explodes around him again. He throws himself over a low concrete wall.

353 EXT STREET -- PARKING GARAGE RAMP -- NIGHT

Robo lands painfully, armor ragged, one leg badly damaged. He limps up the ramp to the street. Sirens fill the air.

354 INT PARKING GARAGE -- LT. HEDGECOCK

barks orders on the radio as cops jump for their cars.

355 EXT STREET -- ROBO

staggers, falls and grabs a wall for support.

356 EXT PARKING GARAGE RAMP -- TURBOCRUISERS

leap out into the street like jackals.

357 EXT ALLEY -- ROBO

claws his way along the wall. At the end of the alley, a TurboCruiser walls around the corner, lights flashing. Robo crashes into a row of garbage cans and falls into the street.

358 ROBO

raises his head at the approaching lights.

359 A TURBOCRUISER

bears down on him, siren howling, lights blinding.

360 ROBO

staggers to his feet.

361 THE TURBOCRUISER

screeches to halt and the door flies open.

362 ROBO

blinded by the lights, barely able to stand. His fists are clenched, ready to fight.

363 LEWIS

steps out from behind the door, hands empty.

LEWIS

Murphy... it's okay. It's me.  
Lewis.

364 ROBO

stares, dropping his guard. He teeters and Lewis rushes to his side to support him.

365 COMMERCIAL 5

MUSIC UP: *I Love Detroit!* Lots of brass and percussion, fireworks over the city at night, and three dancers: A WOMAN on rollerskates, an enthusiastic BUSINESSMAN, and a BLACK MAN wearing a lab coat. They sing, too: *I love Detroit, it's the place to be / Business and Pleasure! / The sights and the weather! / Detroit's the place for me!* Sponsored by the Committee for Corporate Concern.

366 MEDIA BREAK -- JESS PERKINS & CASEY WONG

Happy, bright, successful young people.

CASEY

Good evening. I'm Casey Wong with Chris Perkins and these are tonight's top stories.

(now very serious)

Contaminated chlorophyll at the Luna

Industrial Plex AirFarm resulted in serious breathing disorders for an estimated 17% of the population.

367 JESS PERKINS -- THE TEXAS CLONE INSTITUTE

A doctor is reading from a prepared statement. Several women weep.

JESS

It was revealed today by doctors at the Texas Clone Institute that Hollywood immortal Sylvester Stallone died yesterday during an unsuccessful brain transplant... A longtime supporter of bio-engineering, Stallone was 97.

368 COMMERCIAL 6

ANIMATION WITH HAPPY MUSIC: A dapper BOY DOG sniffs the air, following a SCENT, tail wagging in anticipation. The SCENT leads us to a pretty GIRL DOG. Boy Dog makes bedroom eyes at the Girl Dog, mounts her, and wails away until a NEW SCENT drifts past his nose. He leaves the Girl Dog behind (she looks a little annoyed) and follows the NEW SCENT to a bowl piled high with FELIX FOOD. "Everything your dog needs in just one can."

369 CASEY WONG

Behind him a graphic of a police officer in a circle with a line through it... international symbol for "No Cops."

CASEY

Police Union representatives and Omni-Com continued negotiations today in hopes of averting a citywide strike by police scheduled to begin tomorrow at midnight. We go now live to Justin Ballard-Watkins in Lexington.

370 A TURBOCRUISER

rolls down a city street. Pull back for JUSTIN BALLARD-WATKINS. Supered over: Live 10:03.

JUSTIN

They're on duty tonight, but what about tomorrow? That's the question we put to people in the crime-plagued Lexington area.

371 AN IRATE HOME-OWNER

holding a hammer. Behind him, boarded up windows.  
Super over: Peter Whitley, Home-owner.

PETER

They're public servants. They have  
job security... They're not supposed  
to strike.

372 AN OLD HIPPY

bearded, stoned, a button that says, "US out of Mexico."  
Super over: Kava Rosenberg, Shopkeeper.

KEVA

The cops are workers like everyone  
else in society... They're getting  
a raw deal from management. You  
know, cops have rights, too...

373 A PALE NUN

with a beatific smile. Super over: Sister Theresa  
Platek, St. Bary's Center.

SISTER THERESA

Crisis is God's way of searching  
for the truth. And if we seek with  
him, we discover our own humanity.  
Crisis can be a good thing. It  
brings people together.

VIDEO BREAK UP:

374 INT OCP TOWER -- DAY -- HALLWAY

Clarence Boddicker walks along the war-torn hallway of  
the 112th floor, humming tunelessly, wearing a garrish  
Hawaiian shirt. WORKMEN hammer and paint. He comes to  
Jones' office and walks through the splintered double  
doors.

375 INT JONES OFFICE -- RECEPTION AREA

Business goes on despite the destruction. Three  
SECRETARIES, the finest money can buy, answer phones.  
Clarence steps up to the prettiest one. Her nameplate  
says "BARBARA."

CLARENCE

Hi, Barbara... Listen, I'm here to  
see Dick Jones, but after I'm done  
talking with Dick I thought maybe  
you'd like to play with mine... I've

got some free time later on... maybe  
you could fit me in.

BARBARA

(ice queen)

He expecting you, Mr. Boddicker.

376 INT DICK JONES' OFFICE

Jones sits at his desk looking out over the city. He holds the CompuMap card. The red light pulses on the edge of the screen, still. Clarence enters, humming.

CLARENCE

Hey, Dicky-boy, some decorator you  
got around here.

Clarence makes himself at home, dumping chunks of cocaine on Jones' rosewood desk, cramming gum in his mouth, crushing coke with Jones letter opener, cramming coke in his nose. Jones spins around in his chair.

JONES

The, uh, "police officer" who arrested you... the one you spilled your guts to... You have to kill him... You really screwed up, you know...

CLARENCE

Hey, pal, I've come through for you whenever you needed a favor... All I ever asked in return was a guarantee of no jail. He was taking me to jail...

JONES

He's a cyborg, you idiot. He recorded every word you said... His memory is admissable as evidence... You involved me... You may have damaged me...

CLARENCE

Well, listen chief, you wanted dead cops so you could sell your robot... Now I gotta deal with the fuckin' thing. I don't have time for this bullshit...

JONES

Now hold on... I didn't say it wouldn't be worth your while. Delta City begins construction in two months. Two million workers living in trailers... many of them will

become city residents... drugs,  
gambling, prostitution... virgin  
territory for the man who knows  
how to open up new markets... One  
man could control it all... you.

Jones tosses the CompuMap card on the desk top.  
Clarence takes two deliberate hits of crack.

CLARENCE

Well, I guess we're gonna be friends  
afterall, Dick. You got access to  
military weaponry?

JONES

Of course... we practically are the  
military.

Clarence picks up the CompuMap Card.

377 THE COMPUMAP CARD

with its pulsing red dot.

378 EXT INDUSTRIAL RUINS — DAY

Lewis pulls up in a TurboCruiser. What was once a  
massive auto assembly complex is now a crumbling ruin.  
She drives through a three-story high door into the dark  
interior.

379 INT TURBOCRUISER

Lewis maneuvers between piles of rubble. On the seat  
next her are two cases of baby food, SPINACH and  
STRAINED BEEF.

380 INT FACTORY SPACE

An empty space the size of three football fields. The  
walls are tumbling down and most of the ceiling has  
collapsed. The TurboCruiser winds its way across the  
floor.

381 INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS

drives carefully. Up ahead, Robo sits on the open floor  
hammering on his damaged right leg.

382 THE TURBOCRUISER

pulls up and Lewis gets out with the baby food and a  
leather satchel. The sound of hammering echoes.

has stripped off some of the outer armor plates and exposed complex inner workings. We see flexible steel "muscles" at work as he hammers at a twisted plate, pulling it back from the damaged leg. Lewis drops the satchel near him. CLANK. Robo stops working and digs into the satchel. His helmet is badly damaged... the human eye takes Lewis in.

LEWIS

I wasn't sure what you needed...  
I sort of grabbed things.

Robo takes several sophisticated hand tools out of the satchel, then a small cordless power ratchet.

ROBO

Thanks.

He fits a bit on the power ratchet and shoves it up under the lip of his helmet near his temple. ZZTTT! A two-inch machine bolt screws out of his head at an angle and falls to the floor. Now he applies the ratchet to the other side. ZZTTT! Now he grabs his helmet and lifts.

ROBO

You may not like what you're going to see.

384 LEWIS

watches. She steps closer, curious but apprehensive.

385 THE HELMET

hits the floor and teeters.

386 LEWIS

moves closer, intrigued. She looks around and picks up a shiny scrap of metal.

LEWIS

Hey, you're not bad looking, Murphy.

She holds the scrap of metal. This is the first time we see Robo's face. It distorts in the makeshift mirror.

387 CLOSE ON ROBO'S EYES

Murphy's eyes, but flecked with tiny glowing LED's in red, blue and yellow.

388 ROBO

studies his new face. It is an elegant blend of flesh and steel. Two recessed organic access plates have been installed on his forehead. What's left of his hair is a haphazard scrub that ends abruptly in ribbed titanium just past the crown of his skull. He touches the back of his head, feeling the metal in the place he took Clarence's final fatal shot with distaste.

389 LEWIS

watches with compassion. She reaches out to touch the flesh part of his face.

LEWIS

It's really good to see you again.

390 ROBO

knocks her hand away. His left hand is badly mangled.

ROBO

Murphy had a wife and son. What happened to them?

391 ROBOVISION -- LEWIS

hesitates, moving closer, trying to find the right words.

LEWIS

After the... funeral she moved away.

ROBO

Where did they go?

LEWIS

She signed on with MoonCorp. I'm not sure if you remember... she's got a sister living at the Luna Industrial Plex. She thought you were dead. Aw, Murphy, I'm sorry...

392 ROBO

absorbing this. He goes back to work on his leg.

ROBO

They would not know me as I am now. I feel them... but I can't remember them. Reconciliation would cause needless trauma.

393 LEWIS

reaches out to help, but Robo waves her away.

ROBO

Leave me alone.

She backs away, confused and a little hurt.

394 INT INDUSTRIAL RUINS -- NIGHT -- A FIRE

burns. Robo works on his leg with a torch. He tosses baby food back, half a jar at a time as heats a bent steel "fibula" until it is red hot. He throws the empty jar aside and it breaks off somewhere in the dark.  
TINK!

Now he pounds the metal back into place with a hammer. He stands, carefully, testing the smoking leg. He grabs another jar of baby food and opens it, eating as he walks past the

395 TURBOCRUISER

where Lewis sleeps behind the wheel despite the crackle and cop chatter coming over the ComLink. He bends down and opens the leather satchel with his free hand.

396 INSIDE THE SATCHEL

a new Auto-9 gleams with oil in the pale moonlight.

397 ROBO

takes it out, gives it a little spin to check the balance, and shoves it in his holster. He heads back to the fire, tossing aside another empty babyfood jar.  
TINK! He grabs another jar opens it, and stands looking out over the broken walls at the throbbing city skyline.

398 ROBOVISION -- THE OMNICON TOWER

spikes high in the sky under a full moon. Command Graphics: PRIME DIRECTIVE. They chug up the screen over the Tower.

DIRECTIVE 1: Protect and serve the  
public trust.

DIRECTIVE 2: Uphold the law

DIRECTIVE 3: CMI Product ID #943054-8C

Directive 3 begins to flash. Now we look up at the moon. The Directives disappear, and the moon hangs huge in the sky, pulling at us.

sleeps in the cramped cockpit. Blue light from the VU screen flickers across her face. A gunshot wakes her. A moment later TINK! She jumps out of the car and sees

400 ROBO

standing among the broken walls under the moon. He knocks back another jar of baby food and tosses it high in the air, tracking it and firing. A moment later, TINK! He has missed again. He holsters the gun, grabs a full jar and opens it.

401 LEWIS

walks up, nervous, unsure. Outside somewhere a burglar alarm goes off. Then two more. They exchange meaningful glances... somewhere there is crime happening.

ROBO

My targeting grids are out of alignment.

LEWIS

I'll help you if you let me...

ROBO

Thanks, partner.

She grabs three jars of babyfood. She puts each one at a different level on a crumbling wall. She points at the first jar.

402 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: TARGETING. The targeting grids are spacially askew. We're pointing the Auto-9 twenty degrees to left of target. Lewis walks up, smiling, and redirects the gun. Now she moves behind us.

403 LEWIS

leans in close, standing on her tip toes to sight along his arm. Her head touches his.

LEWIS

That's dead on as far as I can tell.

404 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: TARGETING. The two grids merge and lock on the jar of baby food. Command Graphic: RECALIBRATION. We fire and hit the jar. We move to the

next jar. The targeting grids follow suit. Outside, alarms are now ringing all over the city.

405 LEWIS

sights along his arm again, making a tiny adjustment.

LEWIS

I guess we're on strike...

406 ROBO

looks across at the OmniCom Tower.

ROBO

The Law doesn't go on strike.

He fires, breaks the second jar, tracks and hits the third.

407 LEWIS

smiles enigmatically, grabs three more jars and tosses them one after another.

408 THREE BABY FOOD JARS

cute babies laughing on the label, are splattered by three quick shots as they arc past the moon.

409 EXT STREET WITH SHOPS -- NIGHT

Emil leans against a wall next to the display window of an appliance discount house, smoking. The white van is nearby. Alarms are ringing close by. He looks at his watch. He looks up as a car roars by... almost out of control.

410 EMIL

throws his cigarette after it. He looks at his watch again. He's very bored. He looks around, then shatters the display window with a roundhouse kick. The alarm goes off. Emil grabs a radio and turns it on. HOT FUNK MUSIC: "Suck it up until you can't feel it...". He's happy now.

411 CLARENCE'S 6000 SUX

pulls up across the street. The windshield is spiderwebbed, the steering wheel is in pieces and the dash is caved in. Clarence and Leon get out. Clarence is wearing a heavy flak jacket. Three grenades hang on his chest. Leon's jaw is wired shut. Emil shows off his prison shirt, laughing.

EMIL

Hey, man, they let me keep the shirt.

Clarence breaks out the crack, welcoming his boys back.

412 JOE

butterfly bandage across his nose, pulls up in an immaculate black 6000 SUX. It's identical to Clarence's only nicer.

EMIL

SUX... Nice wheels, dude.

JOE

Found it in the prison parkinglot.  
(proudly)  
Still has the factory sticker.

LEON

(pointedly)  
Hey, Clarence, Joe's got a car just like yours.

413 CLARENCE

smiles, opening the trunk of his own SUX. Inside are four bulky but lethal looking rifles... 20mm Cobra Assault Cannon with video targeting sights. Clarence grabs one, cocks it, and fires at Joe's new car.

414 THE IMMACULATE 6000 SUX

THUNK! A 20mm hole appears in the side panel, then BOOM! the front end of the car is blown away. The 6000 SUX lurches forward like a dead horse.

CLARENCE

Nice car, Joe.

415 JOE

is devastated. Clarence throws him the smoking Cobra, then passes them out to Leon and Emil.

416 EMIL

drools over this major piece of hardware. He fires three times into the appliance store from the hip.

417 THE APPLIANCE STORE

is rocked by three explosions. Toasters and TV's are blown into the street... this is a messy weapon.

EMIL

I like it.

Joe fires a round at a fire hydrant. Water spouts 30 feet in the air. Joe giggles, the loss of his SUX completely forgotten. Emil and Joe start shooting up the street.

418 CLARENCE

shows Leon the CompuMap card. The red dot is pulses, still.

CLARENCE

He's in the factory district.

LEON

(hefts his Cobra)

Cool guns, man, but what's the deal?  
Charity work ain't your style...

CLARENCE

Delta City... We're in on the ground floor of the future. There's gonna be rackets just like in any other city only in Delta City, we'll run'em.

LEON

Like I always say. Good business is where you find it.

Leon cocks his Cobra.

419 JOE AND EMIL

approach a pet store window, their Cobras leveled and smoking. In the window, a PUPPY paws at the window, tail wagging, yapping.

JOE

Aw, lookit the puppy...

Emil and Joe exchange evil glances. Joe raises his gun.

CLARENCE

Hey, he's on the move! Stop wasting ammo and let's go.

420 THE STREET

looks like Beirut. The SUX and the van roar away, tires smoking. Suddenly the van screeches to a halt in front of the pet store.

421 INT VAN -- JOE LEERS

at Emil and tips the barrel of his Cobra out the window.

422 THE PET STORE AND THE VAN

Joe fires twice, and the pet store explodes, ba-BOOM!

423 INT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT -- DRIVING

through an embattled shopping district. Lewis drives, Robo rides. Outside the world is coming apart at the seams.

424 ROBOVISION

We pass a car, upside down, on fire. LOOTERS smash store windows with pipes, grabbing merchandise. A mob throws a bus stop bench through the front doors of a liquor store. Someone yells, "Hey everybody... drinks on the house!"

425 LEWIS

brakes suddenly. Three looters run across the street. One carries a TV, another struggles with a twisted bundle of fur coats, and the third man shoulders a hind quarter of beef.

426 ACROSS THE STREET -- LEE'S SPORTING GOODS

Looters have smashed the windows and are coming out with tennis rackets, skis and lots of guns. The Chinese owner, LEE, appears from inside with his own gun, hysterical.

LEE

Stop! Stop! Come back tomorrow.  
Big sale!

427 IKE BENDER

redneck and proud of it, steps through the broken doors with a deer rifle and shoots Lee in the leg.

IKE

I'm busy tomorrow, slope.

He fires carelessly, kicking up pavement near Lee. It's a rowdy crowd. They start shooting off guns like kids with fire crackers. Lee cringes.

428 INT TURBOCRUISER -- ROBO

sets his jaw. Lewis is grim. Robo opens the door and gets out.

LEWIS  
What are you going to do?

ROBO  
A mob has no guts.

429 LEWIS

thinks for a moment, then twists her own shield off, hits the lights, grabs a riot gun and gets out of the car.

430 EXT STREET -- ROBO

walks toward the Sporting Goods store, drawing his Auto-9.

431 LEWIS

takes aim across the roof of the TurboCruiser.

432 ROBO

raises the Auto-9 over his head and fires three times.

ROBO  
Alright, citizens. Party's over.  
Drop your weapons.

433 THE LOOTERS

Many are armed, others hold TV sets, scuba equipment, chrome racing wheels, someone bounces a basketball. Ike Bender, nobody's fool, steps forward and chambers a round.

IKE  
Hey, there's thirty of us and only two of you...

LOOTERS  
Yeah... He's right... Whad'ya gonna do about it...?

434 ROBO

fires. Ike takes a bullet in the shoulder and goes down. The deer rifle clatters to the pavement. Robo fires four times.

435 THE DEER RIFLE

skates and twists as bullets pound it.

436 THE CROWD

gasps. Several people drop their guns immediately. The man with the basketball lets it go... it bounces away.

ROBO

Any more questions?

437 LEWIS

covers her partner from behind the TurboCruiser. She looks up as

438 THE WHITE VAN

pulls up to the curb down the block.

439 LEWIS

wonders where she's seen this van before.

440 ROBO

stares the mob down. A DRUNK from the recently looted liquor store staggers up holding a bottle.

DRUNK

Hey... you shot him!

ROBO

(Public Address Mode)

GO BACK TO YOUR HOMES! LOCK OUR  
DOORS, AND STAY THERE! DO IT NOW!

(then, to the Drunk)

YOU GOT A PROBLEM, MISTER?

441 THE DRUNK

staggers back, dropping his bottle.

442 LEWIS

watches the van. Now a door opens and Joe steps out with one of the massive Cobra ACs.

LEWIS

Murphy! Heads up!

443 JOE

opens fire.

444 THE LOOTERS

dive for cover as explosive rounds tear up the street. Explosions send Looters flying through the air. Now the Looters are in a true panic, screaming, running, heading for home. An exploding round flips a manhole cover like a coin.

445 IKE BENDER

struggles to his feet. The manhole cover flattens him.

446 ROBO

returns fire, running for the TurboCruiser. A shell misses Robo and hits a

447 STEEL LIGHTPOLE

A 20mm twist bullet imbeds itself in the pole and burrows in. A moment later it explodes, shattering the lightpole like shrapnel. Robo drops to one knee, dazed.

448 LEWIS

jumps in the TurboCruiser and guns it into a tire burning turn. She drives expertly, using her free hand to fire the shotgun at Joe through the passenger window.

449 JOE

ducks for cover behind the van door. He brings the Cobra back up and returns fire.

450 THE TURBOCRUISER

stops and Robo jumps in. A round explodes near the car, blasting out the windshield. Lewis, face cut, hits the gas.

451 INT TURBOCRUISER

Lewis punches it then stops hard to avoid hitting several panicked Looters. She swerves right, then left, dodging Looters and explosions.

452 ROBO

snaps a spent clip out of his Auto-9. He's bleeding from a gash in his cheek. Lewis wipes blood out of her eye.

LEWIS  
Hey, Murphy, you're bleeding... What  
the hell was that?

ROBO  
Cobra Assault Cannon... built by Omni-  
Con for the Army.

453 EXT STREET -- THE SUX

leaps out of an ally and clips the front end of the  
TurboCruiser. The TurboCruiser spins like a pinwheel.

454 INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS

fights the wheel. She throws the car into reverse.

455 EXT STREET

The TurboCruiser howls as it hits high speed in reverse.  
Metal hits pavement and plows a wake of sparks. The SUX  
comes on fast.

456 INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS

drives, looking over her shoulder. Robo pounds a fresh  
clip into his gun.

457 ROBOVISION -- THE SUX

bears down. Leon is driving and Clarence is hoisting a  
Cobra out the side window. Command Graphic: TARGETING.

458 ROBO

opens fire.

459 EXT SUX

Clarence and Leon duck as the windshield spiderwebs and  
falls away under fire.

460 INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS

sees the white van slide to a stop in the intersection  
ahead. Joe jumps out, drawing a bead. A sign flashes  
by: RIGHT TURN ONLY.

461 EXT STREETS -- THE TURBOCRUISER

whips into a narrow alley. The SUX wails past the mouth  
of the alley. Lewis blasts down the alley in reverse.

462 INT TURBOCRUISER -- ROBO

turns to Lewis as she spins the car through a bootleg turn at the outlet of the alley and kicks in the afterburners.

463 EXT STREETS -- NIGHT

The front of the TurboCruiser is bucking and dragging in a rooster tail of sparks.

464 COMING UP FROM BEHIND

The white van charges after the TurboCruiser.

465 INT VAN

Emil lets out a little war cry and bounces in his seat. Joe leans his Cobra out the side window.

466 INT SUX -- CLARENCE AND LEON

are blasted by 60 mph wind. Leon uses his hand to his eyes as a shield. Clarence puts on a pair of sunglasses as they overtake the van. Clarence signals to Emil, shoving gum in his mouth and balancing his Cobra over the dash.

467 EXT TURBOCRUISER

Explosions right and left. A shell hits the right engine.

468 INT TURBOCRUISER -- ROBO AND LEWIS

are rocked by the explosion as the right rear flames out. Half the gauges on the dash drop simultaneously. Lewis hits the fire control buttons. She wipes more blood out of her eyes. She's pushing the car for all its worth. Warning tones sound and panel lights flash as Robo reloads his gun again. His last clip.

LEWIS

(ComLink)

1-Baker-44... Officers need assistance... repeat, officers need assistance in Old Detroit... Com'on, goddamit, I know you're out there...

(then)

We're gonna lose the car.

Robo looks over his shoulder.

469 EXT STREETS -- THE SUX

swerves up behind the TurboCruiser. Clarence fires twice, missing. Lewis powers the TurboCruiser through a corner and heads over a bridge.

470 THE BRIDGE

The SUX flies over the bridge followed by the careening white van. They slam on their brakes.

471 INT TURBOCRUISER -- A TWELVE FOOT FENCE

and gate looms across the street at the end of the alley. Lewis looks at Robo. He nods.

472 EXT OK STEEL WORKS -- NIGHT -- THE TURBOCRUISER

hits the fence at 60+, and the cyclone fence flies apart in several massive sections. The TurboCruiser spins out in the steelyard. Lewis guns the remaining turbine and drives the car through the cavernous doors of the Foundry building.

473 THE SUX AND THE VAN

jump and buck over what remains of the fence. There are signs on the sprung gate... OK STEEL WORKS -- CONDEMNED... NO TRESPASSING...DOG ON DUTY. They pause outside the Foundry doors.

474 INT WHITE VAN -- JOE

gets out of the van. Emil hits the horn.

EMIL

Com'on man, let's smoke'em!

JOE

The WRECKIN' CREW is here.

475 INT SUX -- CLARENCE

snarls at Emil and Joe as Leon steps out of the SUX.

CLARENCE

Inside we stick together. Nothin' fancy. Just kill'em.

476 INT FOUNDRY -- NIGHT -- SHAFTS OF MOONLIGHT

cut through holes in the ceiling. The space is huge, damp from the rain, piled with the remains of what was once a thriving steel plant. The white van ghosts the SUX as it rumbles toward a set of doors 100 yards

ahead. Joe and Leon walk point in the headlights.  
Everyone's edgy. Water drips. This is a spooky place.

477 LEON

struggles with the bulky Cobra. Somewhere near by a dog growls, then starts to bark.

478 INT SUX -- CLARENCE

checks the rear view mirror.

479 INT VAN -- EMIL

grabs for his cigarettes.

480 JOE

walks backwards, looking for something to shoot at. A second dog snarls. Joe turns quickly looking.

481 ON A HEAP OF SLAG

up ahead, a DOBERMAN with a taped ear snarls is joined by the first dog, a mangey GERMAN SHEPHERD. Both dogs start to bark.

JOE

Fuckin' dogs...

Joe fires a salvo and the dogs run for it as smoke and slag dust cloud the air.

482 IN THE SMOKE -- THE GANG

laughs nervously. The dust clears as the gang emerges from the Foundry. Emil looks up from lighting his cigarette. It droops.

483 EXT LIQUID STORAGE -- ROBO

stands near a cluster of sagging chemical tanks. He has his gun out. The moon is high over him.

ROBO

Looking for me?

484 THE GANG

hesitates for a moment. Emil lights his cigarette. Leon looks a little scared.

CLARENCE

Get 'em...

And then he hears the whine of a turbine engine.

485 THE TURBOCRUISER

charges from behind, Lewis at the wheel.

486 INT WHITE VAN

Emil can't believe what he sees in the mirror.

487 THE TURBOCRUISER

rams the van and rams it again, tires digging in.

488 EMIL

pumps the brakes in a panic. He looks back and sees that he's being pushed. He looks ahead and sees a peeling yellow storage tank clearly marked DANGER -- TOXIC WASTE.

489 INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS

kicks in the after-burner and then hits the brakes hard.

490 THE STORAGE TANK

Emil's van punches into the tank and stops. The rear doors blow open and Emil is washed out screaming in a flood of foaming corrosive chemicals. He touches his face and it comes away in strings of flesh. Melting Emil runs blindly through the battle, flailing past

491 JOE

who shoots as he retreats, and smacks into Leon.

MELTING EMIL  
EEEEEE-AAAAAAAAAAAA!

LEON  
AAAAAAAAA! GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM  
ME...!

Leon races for cover. Emil stumbles and falls, writhing on the ground.

492 ROBOVISION

Twist bullets whine by. Command Graphics: TARGETING. The targeting grids flicker over Clarence's face. He ducks and hits the gas.

493 ROBO

fires three times as the SUX bears down on him. Bullets spark off the hood. The SUX clips Robo, knocking him

across the yard, and heads for the for the largest building in the steelyard, the Pressing Plant. The TurboCruiser roars after it. Joe and Leon scramble for better position, firing at

494 ROBO

He rolls to his feet as the ground explodes around him, running hard for the cover of the Pressing Plant, turning to fire two well-placed shots that make

495 LEON AND JOE

duck. They come back up firing but Robo has disappeared into the Pressing Plant.

496 INT THE PRESSING PLANT -- THE SUX

swerves and weaves between ancient hot rolling presses and the huge girders that support the ceiling. The TurboCruiser shadows its every move.

497 INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS

smashes into the back of the SUX. Clarence twists and turns but Lewis pulls up beside the SUX and grinds into it, forcing Clarence toward a rolling press.

498 INT SUX -- CLARENCE

veers away, dodging machinery. He reaches across the seat for his Cobra as Lewis pulls in behind him again. He juggles the big gun, tipping it out the side window. He looks up.

499 WHAT HE SEES -- A MONSTER

It's Emil, the incredible melting man. He staggers, mouth corroded into a gaping silent scream, arms flailing in the air.

500 THE SUX

flattens Emil, smashes up against the length of a rolling press, and rolls.

501 INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS

watches the SUX crunch into a support girder. She brakes to a stop 40 feet away. Clarence is slumped over the wheel, his head on the horn. His Cobra A/C lies on the ground near the car.

502 ROBO

hears the horn and changes direction.

503 JOE

pulls himself up on a catwalk. He looks across to

504 LEON

who climbs the last few stairs to the glass operations booth suspended high above the plant floor. He signals across to Joe, pointing toward the sound of the horn, then smashes the door open with the butt of his Cobra. Inside, are dusty consoles full of switches. Joe lopes along the catwalk.

505 THE SUX

smokes and the horn blares. Lewis approaches carefully. She kicks the Cobra aside, wary of Clarence, still slumped at the wheel. She opens the door. Clarence coils back and shoots her three times with his .45.

506 LEWIS

is knocked back violently as bullets tear into her chest, her side and her leg.

507 ROBO

runs across the open floor. Banks of lights go on overhead.

508 UP ON A CATWALK -- JOE

spots him below. He points and shouts.

509 INT GLASS OPERATIONS BOOTH -- LEON

throws breaker switches and the vast space around him is suddenly lit. Now he smashes one of the huge glass windows over the plant floor with the barrel of his Cobra.

510 CLARENCE

climbs stiffly out of the car. He sees Robo coming and makes a move for his fallen Cobra A/C.

511 ROBO

aims and fires.

512 CLARENCE

goes down. He coughs, and gets back up again. There's a huge dent in the flack jacket. A flattened slug falls to the ground as he takes off running.

513 ROBO

aims again. Joe appears behind him on a catwalk and opens fire. The ground explodes under him and he goes down, rolling, returning fire, stopping when he reaches

514 LEWIS

Her body is rocked by the explosion of a twist bullet nearby. Robo drags her to cover behind the wrecked SUX, lifting her face close to his.

515 ROBOVISION

Cradled in massive mechanical hands, Lewis has the sweet face of a dead child. He looks up to

516 JOE

who crosses from one catwalk to another in a flanking maneuver. In a moment, Robo's position will be exposed.

517 ROBO

lays Lewis's head down gently and breaks cover. Joe fires to the end of his clip.

518 ROBOVISION

Twist bullets knife by and explode behind us. Command Graphic: COMBAT MODE. Complex schematic analysis of Joe's position.

519 ROBO

ducks for cover behind a steel support girder. Joe's twist bullets make the girder flex and shake.

520 A VIDEOD RANGEFINDER

scopes in on the back of Robo's head behind the girder from high above.

521 INT GLASS CONTROL BOOTH -- LEON

the sniper lies in a prone firing position with the gun braced across a console and pointed out the broken window. He pulls the trigger.

522 THE STEEL PYLON -- A TWIST BULLET

impacts and burrows in three inches from Robo's temple. Robo hits the ground as the pylon explodes. Steel roof and I-beam supports crash down in a big pile on top of Robo.

523 JOE

very excited, very pumped up, shouts in amazement, wiping his mouth as the dust settles below.

524 LEON

leans into the heavy Cobra, using the range finder to explore the damage.

525 VIDEO RANGEFINDER

scopes past rusted plate, twisted black steel, Robo's hand and finally the back of his head.

526 LEWIS' HAND

quivers, flexes, moves across her face. She opens her eyes, everything hurts. She touches the wound under her collarbone. Above her, she sees Leon leaning out of the glass booth.

LEON

I got him. Check it out. Make sure he's dead.

527 CLARENCE

walks through the rubble of the fallen roof, humming, toying with a grenade.

CLARENCE

Hold your fire! I promised somebody I'd take care of this personally.

He pulls the pin.

528 ROBO

turns his head painfully to see Clarence approaching.

CLARENCE

Sayonara, RoboCop...

he tosses the grenade and skips backwards. It bounces through the scrap and lands a foot from Robo's face. Robo twists in the steel, grabbing for the grenade.

529 CLARENCE

shocked as Robo rises out of the steel scrap holding the grenade and hurling it with calculation towards

530 JOE ON THE CATWALKS

The grenade brushes over the lip of the catwalk and spins in place three feet from Joe. He turns and runs as it explodes. The shattered end of the catwalk swings free and Joe tumbles down, falling through free space and screaming as he lands on top of a crumbled wall, impaled by a spike of rebar.

531 INT GLASS OPERATIONS BOOTH -- LEON

draws a bead on Robo.

532 LEWIS

rolls over in agony, pulls herself to the Cobra, grabs it, falls on her back, and fires as she passes out.

533 INT GLASS OPERATIONS BOOTH -- A TWIST BULLET

pounds through the floor and burrows into Leon's chest just below the sternum. He coughs, amazed, dropping his Cobra.

534 THE GLASS BOOTH

above the plant floor explodes in a shower of glass and carnage.

535 JOE

hangs from the wall. He can see his Cobra a few feet below. He grabs the spike of rebar and with a great pained effort hoists his body up the spike. Then he hears the growl of

536 TWO ANGRY DOGS

The Shepherd leaps and takes a piece out of his leg. The Doberman jumps much higher, sinking rows of sharp teeth between Joe's legs. The Shepherd lunges again.

537 ROBO

turns towards Clarence, advancing, his gun held low.

538 CLARENCE

backs up, pulling the pin on his last grenade, lobbing it.

539 ROBO

fires and the grenade explodes in the air near Clarence, knocking him off his feet.

540 CLARENCE

scrambles backwards on the ground as Robo comes toward him. Robo spins the gun into his holster. Clarence backs up to a wall. There's no escape. He breaks into a grin.

CLARENCE

Okay, man... I give up.

Robo picks him up by the neck, slamming him against the side of the rolling press.

ROBO

I'm not arresting you anymore.

541 ROBO

cocks his fist. Clarence sees it coming. A great fan of blood colors the wall.

542 LEWIS

looks very small lying on the ground. Robo slings the Cobra over his shoulder and picks Lewis up, cradling her, walking toward the open doors. Outside, it's dawn. She coughs, looks up at Robo, chuckles.

LEWIS

Hey Murphy... I'm really a wreck...  
Reed's gonna be pissed...

The Shepherd falls in beside them

543 EXT STEELYARD -- DAWN -- TWO COP CARS

wind into the compound and pull up as Robo he carries Lewis past the battered TurboCruiser. Ramirez, Chessman, Starkweather and Kaplan jump out of the cars, approaching Robo. Kaplan takes Lewis from Robo.

KAPLAN

Jesus fucking Christ. Murphy...

ROBO

Get her to a hospital.

Robo turns heading for the

544 TURBOCRUISER

torn and battered, sitting in the open bay doors. Robo gets in, fires the remaining Turbine and races by

545 THE COPS

They watch him leave.

STARKWEATHER

Officer down. Repeat. Officer down.  
Central, I need a MediVac Unit...

546 EXT OK STEEL WORKS -- MORNING

The ragged TurboCruiser roars through the gates under the fading OK STEEL WORKS sign.

547 EXT FREEWAY OFFRAMP -- DAY

The TurboCruiser blasts through the twisted and turns of a complicated freeway interchange past the Delta City sign that reminds us: *The Future Has a Silver Lining.*

548 EXT HILL OVERLOOKING CITY -- DAY

The TurboCruiser drives down into the financial district. Dozens of skyscrapers sparkle in the morning sun. Above them all rises the OmniCon Tower.

549 EXT OMNICON TOWER -- DAY

The TurboCruiser pulls up to the curb. Across a sculpture garden in the glass lobby of the OCP Tower. Robo guns the car, jumps the curb and races across the sculpture garden, weaving between statues.

550 INT OCP TOWER -- BOARD ROOM -- DAY

Jones addresses the 9 O'Clock Staff Meeting. The Old Man and other familiar corporate honchos are present.

JONES

As far as I'm concerned they can strike forever. I've got a 209 downstairs guarding the building now. By the end of the week we can have more in place all over the city.

551 THE OLD MAN

nodding, thinking...

552 EXT OCP TOWER -- LOBBY ENTRANCE -- ED 209

turns at the sound of an approaching car. The TurboCruiser slows to a stop. ED 209 plods toward the TurboCruiser, bringing his cannon arms up to fire.

ED 209

Your vehicle is illegally parked on

private property. You have fifteen seconds...

553 ROBO

steps out of the car, brings up the Cobra A/C with one hand and fires.

554 ED 209'S ARMOR

THUK! A neat 20 mm hole appears, then:

555 ED 209

twists wildly out of control and explodes. Two disembodied robot legs topple to the ground.

556 ROBO

tosses aside the Cobra, and heads for the Tower entrance. He looks mad.

557 INT OCP TOWER -- BOARD ROOM -- JONES

is summing up.

JONES

In the last few days of crisis, this corporation has lived up to the guiding principals of it's founder...

(The Old Man beams)

Courage... Strength... Conviction... Well, if I have anything to say about it, and ha-ha-ha... rumor has it I might, we will continue to meet each new challenge with the same aggressive attitude...

558 THE DOUBLE DOORS

splinter and Robo walks into the room. Executives gasp, terrified. Someone grabs a phone.

559 ROBOVISION -- THE PRIME DIRECTIVES

pump up the screen as we scan the room:

DIRECTIVE 1: Protect and serve the public trust.

DIRECTIVE 2: Uphold the Law

DIRECTIVE 3: OCP Product ID# 943054-8C

Directive 3 flashes in silent warning.

EXECUTIVES

Oh... my God!

This is an outrage!...  
Security...?...  
Holy Shit!

Only the Old Man retains his composure. He stands.

OLD MAN

560 ROBO

How can we help you officer?

stands at attention.

ROBO

Dick Jones is under suspicion of murder, conspiracy, aiding and abetting a known felon... My program does not allow me to act against an officer of this company.

JONES

This is absurd... preposterous! This man is a violent mechanical psychopath wanted by the police...

OLD MAN

These are serious charges. Do you have evidence?

Robo flicks the terminal strip out of his fist and shoves it in an access port on the Boardroom table.

561 THE OVERHEAD MONITOR RACK

snap on with a burst of static, then: Dick Jones from an earlier conversation recorded in his office.

JONES

I had to kill Bob Morton because he made a mistake... Now it's time to erase the mistake.

562 EXECUTIVES

gasp... this is really shocking. Jones is stricken. Having your cover blown is almost the worst thing that can happen to a Corporate Animal.

563 TWO OMNICON SECURITY GUARDS

fly into the room, guns drawn. Robo low bridges one and hurl the other forward against the boardroom table. The Guard's gun skitters across the table.

564 JONES

lunges for the gun and comes up firing. Executives dive under the table. Only the Old Man doesn't move.

565 ROBO

annoyed as two bullets ping off his chest.

ROBO

Com'on...

566 JONES

grabs the Old Man, puts the gun to his head, and uses him as a shield.

JONES

I want a chopper... NOW. We will walk calmly to the roof. I will board the chopper with my hostage. Anyone tries to stop me... THE OLD GEEZER GETS IT!

567 THE OLD MAN

turns bright red.

OLD MAN

You're fired, Dick.

568 ROBOVISION -- THE PRIME DIRECTIVES

disappears suddenly. The Old Man stomps his heel into Jones' instep and elbows him hard in the gut. Jones gasps, momentarily thrown off balance. Command Graphics TARGETING.

569 ROBO

smiles as he draws and fires four shots.

570 JONES

is knocked back toward the windows by two shots. The third takes out the glass. The fourth hurls him out and he walls for 151 stories. This is probably the worst thing that can happen to a Corporate Animal.

571 ROBO

gives his Auto-9 a spin and sides it into his holster. He walks out.

572 THE OLD MAN

has a glint in his eye.

OLD MAN

Nice shooting, son. What's your name?

573 ROBO

over his shoulder.

ROBO

Murphy.

574 MEDIA BREAK -- JESS PERKINS OVER

Reporters hassle Bixby Snyder and his lawyers as they leave a courtroom. Bixby Snyder pulls his coat over his head.

JESS

In Hollywood today, Bixby Snyder, star of TV's popular *It's Not My Problem!* was arraigned in superior court on charges that he accepted sexual favors from his underage co-stars in return for job security. We'll be back in a moment.

575 COMMERCIAL 7

Luminescent pink grapes glisten with beads of water in a greenhouse on the moon. The Earth rises in the sky. "When passion courses through the limbs of lovers, they look to the moon for inspiration... rouse that passion with Industrial Moon Colony Wine." Industrial Moon Colony Wine. A division of MoonCorp.

576 CASEY WONG

Behind his a graphic: A shiney police badge.

CASEY

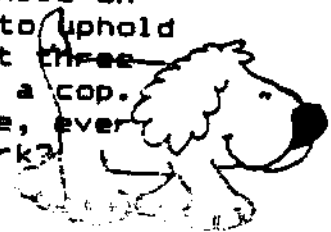
Detroit got its police force back today. In a surprising turn of events, OminCon agreed to key demands made by striking police. In a night of widespread looting and lawlessness, there were moments of heroism. Justin Ballard-Watkins has more on this story at Henry Ford Memorial Hospital.

577 JUSTIN BALLARD-WATKINS

stands with other reporters in Lewis's crowded hospital room. Mayor Gibson sits on a hospital bed having a personal chat with Lewis. Lewis smiles weakly.

JUSTIN

Officer Anne Lewis. Even while on strike she risked her life to uphold the law. Broken bones, shot three times... What a girl. What a cop. (Excuse me your Honor,) Anne, ever consider another line of work?



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LEWIS

No... I like being a cop... and you know what they say, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.

JUSTIN

Back to you, Casey.

578 CASEY WONG AND JESS PERKINS

wind it down.

CASEY

I don't know about you, but I'll sleep a little better tonight...

JESS

Thanks for watching MediaBreak. Next time you see a cop... smile.

VIDEO BREAK UP:

579 EXT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT -- TITLES OVER

The TurboCruiser prowls through Old Detroit. Robo scans the dark streets, ever vigilant.

Somewhere there's a crime happening.