ROBOCOP
THE FUTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

EDWARD NEUMEIER
MICHAEL MINER

FOURTH DRAFT
10 JUNE 1986

Exec Producer → Jon Davidson
Producer → Arne Schmidt
Director → Paul Verhoeven

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY
DETROIT

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...

   Conners 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 COMPU MAP -- 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 presently engaged... proceed as primary contact unit... MediVac request acknowledged.
scowls, pissed, and hits the door.

CONNORS
Come on... I'll cover you.

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.

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

ALCOTT

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

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.

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.

INT TURBOCRUISER 217 -- FREDERICKSON

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

EXT STREET -- FOLLOW EXPENSIVE BLACK BOOTS

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

CLARENCE BODDICKER

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

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

CLARENCE AND HIS GANG

Clarence shoulders his autoload. 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.

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
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 & 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
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, or 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.

**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. "$000 BUX. An American Tradition."

**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!"

**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:

**DICK JONES BEHIND HIS DESK**

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

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

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.

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.

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

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)
O-miniConsumer 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.

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.

MURPHY

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

INT PRECINCT -- BOOKING DESK -- A DUSTHEAD

goes berserk 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.

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.

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.

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.

INT TURBOCRUISER -- SPEEDING TOWARD TWO TURBOCRUISERS

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.

EXT PRECINCT -- THE TURBOCRUISER

leaps into the street and races away from

THE GLEAMING CITY SKYLINE -- THE OCP TOWER

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

INT CMI TOWER -- GLASS ELEVATOR

MUZAK: Young Professional Overture. Meet three young executives as the 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
(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
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, "GIG?...10 over...OK?...ACK?," 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 11-13, 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.

**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 restructured the department and placed prime candidates according to risk factor. With the prevailing conditions 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. MUIZAK: Young Professional Victory March.

JOHNSON
When do we start?

MORTON
As soon as some poor schmuck 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 disappoint 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...
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!

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

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

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.

closes on the van fast. Murphy has his gun out.
INT WHITE PANEL VAN

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.

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.

INT TURBOCRUISER -- UP AHEAD

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

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.
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 STREET -- 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 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 autoload.

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 autoload. 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 autoload. 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 autoload 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 autoload 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 shotgun down)
...so I don't much like cops.

He puts the muzzle of the autoload 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.
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, policeman...

***

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

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.

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

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.

CLOSE ON MURPHY

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

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.

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 to save him. As we hit the OR 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.
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.

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 shiny 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.

TECHNICIAN 2
Attach neural connectors G-17, R-1, A-44...
territory here. It's not clear what the legal ramifications would be if a former associate were to recognize the deceased.

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

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

TECHNICIAN 2
... don't worry about the S-series... it's a temporary patch... Arne, give me a DDO, 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 87. 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.

Ramirez
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

exhange 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 ...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]

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 shiny 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 and 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.
POPO
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
ricochetting 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 HORNY 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


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.
CREEP 2
Baby, you're makin' me mad...
(he holds the knife to her face, whispering)
Don't make me mad, baby.

A HUGE SHADOW falls across the Creeps and an EXTREMELY LOUD VOICE shatters the night.

ROBO (V.O.)
LET THE WOMAN GO. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

155 WHAT THEY SEE

Robo walks toward them. The tilt compartment on his leg opens and the Auto-9 slides into his tempered steel hand.

156 ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: PUBLIC ADDRESS. Creep 2 grabs the Woman around the neck and holds his knife under her chin. He doesn't see what we see:

Command Graphic: TARGETING. Lines vector and search the Woman's profile for a safe shot at Creep 2. There is none. The Woman struggles, and Creep 2 lifts her off her feet. The targeting sights merge between the woman's legs and lock on Creep 2's newly exposed groin.

157 CREEP 2

is getting crazy.

CREEP 2
Are you KIDDING, man...? I'll cut this bitch...

Robo fires. A bullet burns a hole through the Woman's dress, and Creep 2 goes down screaming, holding himself, writhing on the ground with blood between his legs. The knife clatters to the ground in front of Creep 1. He looks for a way out.

ROBO
Your move.

Creep 1 raises his hands. Robo cuffs one hand, jerks him around a street sign and cuffs the other. The Woman throws her arms around Robo, weeping. Robo stands rigid.
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?

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...

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".

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.

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 BUX?

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 forward.

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 dais: 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 kneed 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 yourself 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 samuri 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 Acapulco but rebels blew up the airport again...
Hey, what was that?
MOVE INSIDE ROBO

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

THE WHITE STATIC

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

ROBO

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

INT OBSERVATION ROOM

Outside Robo stands up. The Technicians notice.

TECHNICIAN 1

Hey, Look. Bucket boy's on line.

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.

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?

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.

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?

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 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 OCP... 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...
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.

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.

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

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.

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 bounces 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 broadies 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,
THE SHELL STATION

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

IN THE FIRE

blackened mechanical legs step through the burning rubble.

ROBOVISION

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

EMIL’S MOTORCYCLE

flips violently. Emil goes flying.

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.

ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: RECORD. Emil is delerious. 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....

ROBO

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

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."

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.
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.

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

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

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.

ROBOVISION
We scan Clarence’s lengthy rap sheet, stopping at:

Suspect, MURDER: DPD Officer A.J. MURPHY
File Access Code △ XJ05183
Command Graphic: PLAYBACK. Lewis appears quarter screen. She says, "Murphy... it is you."

ENTER A XJO5183

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
3128 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

[ DECEASED ]

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: 3128 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

57
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 TV Laser. On screen, LAER blows 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 Master-Budget 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... grKkKk!

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 balcony. Morton lays down lines for himself CHARDRA, a model of the Eurotrash Exotica variety.

CHARDRA
(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.

CHARDRA
Save some for me, Bob.

The doorbell rings.
MORTON
That must be the champagne...

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?

THE KILLER'S HANDS

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

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

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' 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 SIAMESE 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 Morton'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
DELTA CITY

274 EXT A STREET CORNER — NIGHT

The TurboCruiser idles nearby. Robo shoves a NERVOUS 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 fluorescent 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 autoload. 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 array of hood.
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.
ROBOVISION

The targeting grids dance from one Hood to the next and we pick them off methodically. TARGET6: 10...9...8... 2 SHOTS REMAINING... [RELOAD!] Two more Hoods go down.

ROBO

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

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.

ROBOVISION

Command Graphic: COMBAT MODE. The methodical extermination of bad guys continues. TARGET6: 7...6... 7 SHOTS REMAINING... On the catwalks, above, the Shotgun Guards fire and retreat behind cover. Vectors suggest possible strategies.

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.

ROBO

spins again and levels his A-9 at

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.

ROBO

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

CLARENCE

bares his fangs.

66
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 Omníc-AAAAAAAAAAAAA!

296 CLARENCE

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

297 ROBO

hover 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 EXIT 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. Clarence 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 ComputMap card.

308 THE COMPUTMAP

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 DCP Tower.

311 INT DCP 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 DCP 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.

319 JONES

Oh? What's the charge?

ROBO
Aiding and abetting a known felon.

319 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: DCP Product ID# 943054-SC

JONES
What's the matter, officer?

///An DCP Product shall not act against
ROBO'S KNEES

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

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 CHI results in shutdown....

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?

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.

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 within 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 OCC 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.
staggers down and down and down. Gunfire echoes.

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...

INT PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

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

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...

ROBO

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

THE COPS -- KAPLAN AND RAMIREZ

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.

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.
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.

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.

THE SWAT TEAM

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

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.

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.

INT PARKING GARAGE -- LT. HEDGECOCK

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

EXT STREET -- ROBO

staggers, falls and grabs a wall for support.

EXT PARKING GARAGE RAMP -- TURBOCRUISERS

leap out into the street like jackals.

EXT ALLEY -- ROBO

claws his way along the wall. At the end of the alley,
a TurboCruiser wails around the corner, lights flashing.
Robo crashes into a row of garbage cans and falls into
the street.
ROBO
raises his head at the approaching lights.

A TURBOCRUISER
bears down on him, siren howling, lights blinding.

ROBO
staggers to his feet.

THE TURBOCRUISER
screches to halt and the door flies open.

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

LEWIS
steps out from behind the door, hands empty.

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

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

COMMERCIAL 5

MUSIC UP: I Love Detroit! Lots of brass and percussion, fireworks over the city at night, and three drancers: A WOMAN on roller skates, 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.

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.

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.

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."

CASEY WDNS

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 city-wide strike by police scheduled to begin tomorrow at midnight. We go now live to Justin Ballard-Watkins in Lexington.

A TURBOCRUISER

rolls down a city street. Pull back for JUSTIN BALLARD-WATKINS. Supplied 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.
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.

AN OLD HIPPY

bearded, stoned, a button that says, “US out of Mexico.” 
Super over: Keva 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...

A PALE NUN

with a beatific smile. Super over: Sister Theresa 
Platek, St. Gary’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:

INT DCP 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.

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 admissible 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 
after all, Dick. You got access to 
military weaponry?

**JONES**

Of course... we practically are the 
military.

Clarence picks up the CompuMap Card.

**377 THE COMPU MAP 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. ZZZTIT! 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. ZZZTIT! Now he grabs his helmet and lifts.

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

LEWIS
watches. She steps closer, curious but apprehensive.

THE HELMET
hits the floor and teeters.

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.

CLOSE ON ROBO'S EYES

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

LEWIS

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

LEWIS

It’s really good to see you again.

ROBO

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

ROBO

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

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...

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.
LEWIS

reaches out to help, but Robo waves her away.

ROBO

Leave me alone.

She backs away, confused and a little hurt.

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 he 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

TURBORCRIUSER

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.

INSIDE THE SATCHEL

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

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 baby food jar.
TINK! He grabs another jar and opens it, and stands looking out over the broken walls at the throbbing city skyline.

ROBOVISION -- THE OMNICON TOWER

spikes high in the sky under a full moon. Command Graphic: 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: CNI Product ID 0943056-8C

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.
INT VAN -- JOE LEERS

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

THE PET STORE AND THE VAN

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

INT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT -- DRIVING

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

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!"

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.

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!

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.
THE DEER RIFLE
skates and twists as bullets pound it.

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

ROBO
Any more questions?

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

THE WHITE VAN
pulls up to the curb down the block.

LEWIS
wonders where she's seen this van before.

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?

THE DRUNK
staggers back, dropping his bottle.

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

LEWIS
Murphy! Heads up!

JOE
opens fire.
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.

IKE BENDER

struggles to his feet. The manhole cover flattens him.

ROBO

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

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.

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.

JOE

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

THE TURBOCRUISER

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

INT TURBOCRUISER

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

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 TURBCRUISER -- 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 SUXX -- 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 TURBCRUISER

Explosions right and left. A shell hits the right
engine.

468 INT TURBCRUISER -- ROBO AND LEWIS

are rocked by the explosion as the right rear flames
out. Half the guages 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 assis-
tance... 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.
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.

THE BRIDGE

The SUX flies over the bridge followed by the careening white van. They slam on their brakes.

INT TURBOCRUISER -- A TWELVE FOOT FENCE

...and gate looms across the street at the end of the alley. Lewis looks at Robo. He nods.

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 steel yard. Lewis guns the remaining turbine and drives the car through the cavernous doors of the Foundry building.

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.

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.

INT SUX -- CLARENCE

...snarls at Emil and Joe as Leon steps out of the SUX.

CLARENCE


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...
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 mangy 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.
THE TURBOCRUISER
charges from behind, Lewis at the wheel.

INT WHITE VAN
Emil can't believe what he sees in the mirror.

THE TURBOCRUISER
rams the van and rams it again, tires digging in.

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.

INT TURBOCRUISER -- LEWIS
kicks in the after-burner and then hits the brakes hard.

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

JOE
who shoots as he retreats, and smacks into Leon.

MELTING EMIL
EEEEEE-AAAAAAAAAA!

LEON
AAAAAAAAAA! GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM
ME...!

Leon races for cover. Emil stumbles and falls, writhing
on the ground.

ROBOVISION
Twist bullets whine by. Command Graphic: TARGETING.
The targeting grids flicker over Clarence's face. He
ducks and hits the gas.

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 steel yard, 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

duck. They come back up firing but Robo has disappeared
into the Pressing Plant.

495 LEON AND JOE

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.
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.
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

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.

ROBOVISION

Cradled in massive mechanical hands, Lewis has the sweet face of a dead child. We looks up to

JOE

who crosses from one catwalk to another in a flanking maneuver. In a moment, Robo’s position will be exposed.

ROBO

lays Lewis’s head down gently and breaks cover. Joe fires to the end of his clip.

ROBOVISION

Twist bullets knife by and explode behind us. Command Graphic: COMBAT MODE. Complex schematic analysis of Joe’s position.

ROBO

ducks for cover behind a steel support girder. Joe’s twist bullets make the girder flex and shake.

VIDEO RANGEFINDER

scopes into on the back of Robo’s head behind the girder from high above.

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.

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.
very excited, very pumped up, shouts in amazement, wiping his mouth as the dust settles below.

LEON

leans into the heavy Cobra, using the range finder to explore the damage.

VIDEO RANGEFINDER

scopes past rusted plate, twisted black steel, Robo’s hand and finally the back of his head.

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.

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.

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.

CLARENCE

shocked as Robo rises out of the steel scrap holding the grenade and hurling it with calculation towards
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.

INT GLASS OPERATIONS BOOTH -- LEON

draws a bead on Robo.

LEWIS

rolls over in agony, pulls herself to the Cobra, grabs it, falls on her back, and fires as she passes out.

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.

THE GLASS BOOTH

above the plant floor explodes in a shower of glass and carnage.

JACK

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

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.

ROBO

turns towards Clarence, advancing, his gun held low.

CLARENCE

backs up, pulling the pin on his last grenade, lobbing it.

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 STEELEYARD -- 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
THE COPS

They watch him leave.

STARKWEATHER
Officer down. Repeat. Officer down.
Central, I need a MediVac Unit...

EXT OK STEEL WORKS -- MORNING

The ragged TurboCruiser roars through the gates under the fading OK STEEL WORKS sign.

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.

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.

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.

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.

THE OLD MAN

nodding, thinking...

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 sad.

557 INT  DCP 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: DCP Product ID# 943054-SC

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**

How can we help you officer?

**ROBO**

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.

**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.

**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.

**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.
JONES

lungs for the gun and comes up firing. Executives dive
under the table. Only the Old Man doesn’t move.

ROBO

annoyed as two bullets ping off his chest.

ROBO

Com’on...

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!

THE OLD MAN

turns bright red.

OLD MAN

You’re fired, Dick.

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 Graphic:
TARGETING.

ROBO

smiles as he draws and fires four shots.

JONES

is knocked back toward the windows by two shots. The
third takes out the glass. The fourth hurls him out and
he wails for 151 stories. This is probably the worst
thing that can happen to a Corporate Animal.

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 shiny 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.
stands with other reporters in Lew's crowded hospital room. Mayor Gibson sits on a hospital bed having a personal chat with Lew. Lew 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?

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.

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!

EXT TURBOCRUISER -- NIGHT -- TITLES OVER

The TurboCruiser prowls through Old Detroit. Robo scans the dark streets, ever vigilant.

Somewhere there's a crime happening.