

R O B O C O P
AGAINST THE MACHINE

Written by

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Based on

"ROBOCOP"

By

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DETROIT

40 Years Later

Detroit is a city divided. Old Detroit clings to its community roots. Neo Detroit, managed by Detroit Consumer Services, embraces a corporate-driven surveillance state.

This story is about resistance and the struggle for a city's soul.

INT. FINN'S APARTMENT - OLD DETROIT - NIGHT

A cyberpunk lair. Screens flicker with CODE. Wires and equipment everywhere.

FINN (late 20s, tech-savvy activist) hacks away.

FINN
(to himself)
Come on, come on...

His holo-screen blinks: "ACCESS GRANTED." Finn's eyes widen. He's in.

FINN (CONT'D)
Yes!

Files start copying onto a thumb drive. A DOWNLOAD bar appears.

A second later, a TRACE bar follows. Then an ALERT NOISE and message: "IP Tracing In Progress."

The two bars start to race. Finn's eyes dart between them. Sweat runs down his brow.

FINN (CONT'D)
(muttering)
C'mon, c'mon...

Download at 90%. Trace at 85%.

Finn glances at a PHOTO of him and his girlfriend (KIERA).

FINN (CONT'D)
(to the picture)
Almost there, baby...

Download at 97%. Trace at 96%.

BEEP. The download FINISHES. Finn DISCONNECTS.

The two bars disappear. Finn's not sure he avoided the trace.

His hand shakes as he types out a text to KIERA on DetNet: "fukd up. need help"

He wipes sweat. Hits send. A BANG from the door. He jumps.

SLAM TO:

INT. KIERA'S APARTMENT - OLD DETROIT - NIGHT

BING! **KIERA ALLEN** (early 20s, resilient activist, radiates gritty optimism) checks her phone.

She sees Finn's message. Her eyes widen.

She bites her lip, typing quickly.

INT. FINN'S APARTMENT - OLD DETROIT - NIGHT

Finn's phone PINGS. Kiera's message: "*What's wrong? Where r u?!*"

He starts to reply when his apartment door shatters inward.

FINN

Shit!

A UPC-5X unit, "THE PEACEKEEPER," enters. Sleek, matte black, Urban Pacification Unit with neon blue accents. Predatory.

Finn's already moving.

The **K-9.5 "HOUND"** unit skitters in. Dog-like robot. Hugging the floor as it moves. Lethal speed. Camouflage skin flickers, calibrating to the new environment.

The Peacekeeper and Hound open fire.

Finn narrowly avoids the blasts. His tech setup takes the brunt of the damage.

He bolts into the bathroom. There's only one exit: the window.

A desperate leap. Finn plunges into the night.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Finn crashes into a dumpster.

Climbs out, wincing, dazed, and covered in refuse.

He glances around, disoriented.

The hum of the Peacekeeper's whir springs him into action.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - ALTERNATE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Finn sprints up the fire escape, eyes on the rooftop.

The Peacekeeper leaps onto the fire escape. The metallic frame groans under the robot's weight.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Finn skids to a stop. Edge of the roof.

The Peacekeeper is menacingly close. The Hound, too.

Finn looks around. No escape. Long way down.

He spots a telephone cable connecting to another rooftop. Fuck it. Out of options.

His shirt becomes a zipline handle.

Finn launches across the gap.

The Hound leaps after him, falls into the dark void below.

Finn lands on the roof of--

EXT. OLD DETROIT - MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - CONTINUOUS

Crumbling buildings. Graffiti-streaked walls. The museum's a battered relic.

An access door on the roof.

Finn picks the lock. Quick. Precise.

Behind him, the Peacekeeper LEAPS across the gap. Finn runs.

INT. MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Finn descends the stairs. Faint sounds of pursuit above.

Breath quickens. Carefully navigates each step.

INT. MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Finn emerges into a gallery of relics.

Fumbles for his phone. See's Kiera's reply.

The front doors CRASH open. Another Peacekeeper strides in.

Hidden, Finn watches. The Peacekeeper scans, moves on.

Finn slips out from behind a decommissioned ED-209.

He notices something across the room. Eyes light up.

FINN
(whispering)
Bingo.

Finn hurries from his hiding spot.

His hand trembles as he inserts the thumb drive into a concealed slot.

His breath hitches, eyes locked on the off-screen device.

FINN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Please work...

Silence. Finn waits. Audible BEEP off-screen. Relief washes over Finn's face.

DCS security forces flood in. Guns drawn.

Chaos shatters Finn's moment of hope.

PEACEKEEPER
Target acquired!

The Peacekeeper and DCS forces open fire.

Finn jerks violently under the hail of bullets.

SLAM TO BLACK:

CLASSIC RoboCop theme music kicks in.

ROBOCOP

AGAINST THE MACHINE

MEDIA BREAK

INT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

High-energy news music. A slick montage of NEO DETROIT. Pristine. Sterile. The "perfect" society.

Then, the cheerful faces of news anchors **CASEY MURDOCK** and **JESSICA LEE**.

The hyper, upbeat NARRATOR says, "*InfoSphere: Unfiltered, Unbiased, Unbeatable!*"

CASEY MURDOCK

Welcome to InfoSphere. I'm Casey Murdock, here with Jessica Lee. Top headline: As profits soar, Detroit Consumer Services is expanding its jurisdiction to operate in 40 additional countries. The United Nations has yet to comment.

JESSICA LEE

And speaking of growth, DCS CEO Victoria Sterling shares insight into--

INT. OLD DETROIT - DETNET STUDIO (VERTICAL FRAME) - DAY

MILES CARTER (20s, raw, unfiltered, righteous anger) addresses the camera.

He's broadcast on DETNET - the pirated internet feed of Old Detroit.

MILES CARTER

DCS is expanding its empire. Again. And the UN? Silent as ever. Makes you wonder who's pocketing money, right?

INT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

CASEY MURDOCK

In other news, the world's first trillionaire - an anonymous crypto investor - bought an entire country. Talk about retail therapy!

JESSICA LEE
 (forced laugh)
 Yes, and at home, violent crime in
 Old Detroit is reaching new peaks.
 Good thing we have DCS Security to
 keep us safe in Neo Detroit, right
 Casey?

INT. OLD DETROIT - VOIDWAVE STUDIO (VERTICAL FRAME) - DAY

MILES CARTER
 High-scale manipulation, that's
 what it is! They flood our streets
 with crime, starve us for funding,
 and then turn around and blame us
 ?! Where were they when Finn
 Neumeier was murdered? Huh?

A deep breath, steadying himself.

MILES CARTER (CONT'D)
 It's time to wake up, people. This
 is Old Detroit, and we're not going
 down without a fight. Stay
 connected, stay aware, and, above
 all, stay united!

A mock salute.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

A picturesque FAMILY OF FOUR. Bright, overly clean living
 room. Strained smiles.

A jingle plays.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Are you drained from all that
 exhausting unhappiness?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MOM opens a medicine cabinet filled with OxyNex bottles.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Introducing OxyNex! The only pill
 guaranteed to turn that frown
 upside down!

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

The family members shake the bottles like maracas.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Safe, effective, and fun for the
whole family!

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

The family dances around the living room.

Still smiling. *Forever* smiling.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
OxyNex! Why face life when you can
just medicate it away!

Text speeds across the bottom of the screen. Read
incomprehensibly quickly by a **FAST-TALKING NARRATOR**.

FAST-TALKING NARRATOR (V.O.)
Sideeffects may include but are not
limited to anxiety, depression, halluci
nations, addiction, existential dread,
temporary loss of morals, and a complete
disregard for the concept of time.
(normal speed)
Do not operate heavy machinery
while taking OxyNex. Consult your
healthcare provider to see if
OxyNex is right for you.

Camera pushes in on the family. Plastered smiles. Empty eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DCS BOARDROOM - DAY

A sleek, high-tech boardroom. Holographic displays illuminate
the faces of the BOARD MEMBERS.

VICTORIA STERLING stands before a massive 3D holographic map
of Detroit. OLD DETROIT in disrepair. NEO DETROIT gleaming.

VICTORIA
Your investments have transformed
this city. We've fostered a safe,
efficient environment for everyone,
regardless of background or
circumstance.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 A testament to the power of
 technology to bridge divides.

The hologram shifts. Replaced by surveillance drones, facial recognition grids, robotic police units.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 But Neo Detroit is more than
 profit. It's a model for the
 future. A beacon of hope.

GEOFFREY ASHFORD, late 60s, weathered, leans forward.

GEOFFREY
 (skeptical)
 A beacon of hope?

VICTORIA
 Neo Detroit succeeded where OCP's
 vision for Delta City failed.

Board members exchange glances: **PERCY** (40s, slick, ambitious), **AMBER** (30s, tech-savvy, analytical), and **JAMES** (50s, risk-averse, Neo-Conservative).

PERCY
 Agreed. Their law enforcement model
 was archaic, their tech outdated.

VICTORIA
 Exactly. We've evolved. DCS is
 leaner, smarter. Our tech is light-
 years ahead.

AMBER
 Let's remember OCP's tactics
 alienated the public.

Hologram zooms in on Old Detroit. Crime spots highlighted.

VICTORIA
 Of course, transparency is key.

JAMES
 And that's where caution is
 warranted. We need a legal
 framework.

Victoria showcases successful ventures. Advanced robotics, AI, security solutions. The Hound and Peacekeeper units.

VICTORIA
 And we need to act swiftly. The
 situation in Old Detroit is dire.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
The people there are suffering, and
they deserve our help.

GEOFFREY
(sotto)
Or they're dreading it.

VICTORIA
(ignoring him)
With your support, we can extend
our reach, uplift those who have
been left behind, and create a
truly unified Detroit.

AMBER
I'm still concerned about potential
resistance. We need to be prepared
for pushback.

VICTORIA
(with a cold smile)
We're offering them a better, safer
life. Surely, they'll see the
benefits.

A beat. Victoria turns to the board, eyes gleaming.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
So, shall we make history?

INT. OLD DETROIT COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Worn chairs form a circle. Faded posters on the walls:
"OxyNex Anonymous" and "You're Not Alone."

A **COMMUNITY ORGANIZER** addresses a diverse group. Faces etched
with weariness, some with quiet strength.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZER
We've all lost something to OxyNex.
Friends, family, time... but we're
here now, and that's what counts.

His gaze lands on Kiera.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZER (CONT'D)
Kiera, if you're comfortable, we'd
love to hear from you.

Kiera hesitates. Deep breath. Stands.

KIERA

I... I don't know what to say. Some days, it feels like I'm drowning.

Her eyes well up. Another deep breath to steady herself.

KIERA (CONT'D)

Finn... was my person. He always knew how to make me laugh, even when things were at their worst.

She offers a rueful smile, gaze drifting.

KIERA (CONT'D)

And I won't let his memory be in vain. I'll fight for him. For all of us.

A beat of silence. A voice from the back, warm and understanding. **MRS. HOROWITZ** - kind-hearted elderly woman.

MRS. HOROWITZ

We all adored Finn. He was such a mensch. Came by every winter to check my heater.

Kiera looks at Mrs. Horowitz, a small smile.

KIERA

Thank you, Mrs. Horowitz.

The organizer places a comforting hand on Kiera's shoulder.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZER

Your journey, your pain, and Finn's memory... they bind us, Kiera. You're not alone. We all loved him.

Kiera nods.

KIERA

Thanks.

Her phone vibrates. A text flashes: "*We cracked Finn's message! DetNet call in 5.*" Her smile falters, replaced by determination.

KIERA (CONT'D)

(to the group)
I'm sorry. Excuse me.

INT. DCS HEADQUARTERS - VICTORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Victoria at her desk, eyes glued to a holographic display. Real-time data from Neo Detroit. The city's pulse: traffic patterns, energy consumption, crime rates.

The door slides open. Geoffrey slinks in, face etched with grim satisfaction.

GEOFFREY
(to himself)
"The wheel's come full circle..."

Victoria barely looks up.

VICTORIA
What was that?

GEOFFREY
Just an old saying...

VICTORIA
The past is a nice place to visit,
but don't live there, Geoffrey. OCP
is long dead.

GEOFFREY
As dead as our little hacker
friend. Oh, and we know what he
stole.

Victoria's head snaps up.

VICTORIA
(sharply)
And?

GEOFFREY
A massive amount of data.
Everything from security protocols
to financial records. But buried
within it...

Geoffrey pauses, savoring the moment.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
...is "Operation Clean Slate." All
of it.

Victoria's composure cracks. She slams her hand on the desk.

VICTORIA
What?! How could this happen?

GEOFFREY

He was resourceful. Too resourceful. It wasn't found on his body or in our search of his apartment. And now it's out there.

VICTORIA

(regaining composure)

We need to secure the data, Geoffrey. Immediately. It could be... misinterpreted.

GEOFFREY

The data is heavily encrypted. It's not like anyone can just open it.

VICTORIA

Don't patronize me. You know as well as I do that this is a ticking time bomb.

GEOFFREY

We'll find it.

VICTORIA

You said the same thing about those activists. You underestimated them. They're amateurs. But they're fueled by something far more dangerous than skill.

GEOFFREY

What's that?

VICTORIA

Desperation.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

MALIKA REED (30s, weathered face, determined) adjusts a makeshift antenna. Movements precise.

REMY HALLORAN (20s, tech-savvy, whirlwind of nervous energy) fiddles with a jury-rigged signal booster.

REMY

Yo, Mal, ever think about the irony? Ex-DCS muscle now slingin' signals for the resistance. Kinda poetic, right?

Malika pauses, gaze fixed on the antenna.

MALIKA
(quietly)
Finn appreciated the poetry.

Remy's hands settle. He swallows, the weight of Finn's absence hangs heavy.

REMY
Yeah... Finn. Always had a way with words.

Malika nods.

MALIKA
He had a way with everything.

Remy clears his throat, returning to the booster.

REMY
This baby's almost online. Should give Miles' broadcasts a serious boost. Get the word out, y'know?

Remy's makeshift device sputters to life. His face lights up.

MALIKA
You're good with your hands, Remy. Like Finn was.

Remy's surprised by the comparison.

REMY
Nah, Finn was a natural. I just fiddle with wires till they do what I want.

Malika chuckles.

MALIKA
Regardless, people need to hear the truth. So this is a job well done.

A beat. Remy glances at Malika, then away.

REMY
Speaking of truth, you think Kiera's ready for this? After...

Malika's expression softens.

MALIKA
She's hurting. We all are. But she's strong. Stronger than she knows.

Before Remy can respond, his phone buzzes. A message from Kiera appears: "Ready when you are."

REMY

That's her. She's ready.

MALIKA

Looks like she's found her fight.

EXT. OLD DETROIT COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Kiera steps out, shoulders slumped. She finds a quiet corner. Faded posters for OxyNex on the wall.

She takes out her phone. Logs into DetNet.

The screen splits: Kiera, Malika, and Remy.

Malika's face etched with concern. Remy bounces with barely contained excitement.

MALIKA

(via DetNet)

Rough meeting, huh? You look like you got hit with a ton of bricks.

KIERA

(via DetNet; forced smile)

Another day in paradise, Mal.

REMY

(via DetNet; bursting with excitement)

Yo, K, ditch the pity party! We cracked Finn's code!

MALIKA

Remy, maybe let her breathe a bit first?

REMY

Right, right. Sorry, K. Just... big news.

KIERA

It's okay, Rem. What'd you find?

Malika's expression softens.

MALIKA

Just remember, Kiera, this doesn't change anything about... about what happened.

KIERA

Malika, the suspense is killing me more than that meeting did.

REMY

Can I do the honors? Please?

MALIKA

(sighing)

Go for it.

REMY

Drumroll, please... "Old circuits hold the key." BOOM. Mic drop.

Kiera stares at the screen, processing the cryptic message.

KIERA

That's it?

REMY

Yeah. You don't know what it means?

KIERA

Um... no. Should I?

REMY

I was hoping you did. So... what's it mean?

MALIKA

Could be anything.

KIERA

It means Finn left us a trail. And we're gonna follow it. For him.

INT. DCS CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Cold glow of a holographic display. Victoria, engrossed in security footage. Rigid focus.

Finn's ghostly image flickers, shadowed by an ED-209.

VICTORIA

(murmuring to Finn on screen)

Damn it. Show me what you did.

Geoffrey enters, digital tablet in hand. Glances at the display, then Victoria.

GEOFFREY

The board rubber-stamped your extra funding.

Victoria barely looks at him, focused on Finn's elusive gesture.

VICTORIA

Excellent. We need to lock down Old Detroit. Fast.

GEOFFREY

You're juggling dynamite, Victoria.

VICTORIA

This is my city, Geoffrey. My responsibility. And that boy stole something vital.

GEOFFREY

And if the hacker was craftier, left breadcrumbs elsewhere?

VICTORIA

(scoffing)

We wouldn't be playing this game if Old Detroit wasn't such a surveillance blind spot.

GEOFFREY

The board's investment will fix that. Eventually.

VICTORIA

Too little, too late. That footage is all we have.

She taps the screen, zooming in on Finn's obscured movements.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

There. Right there. He's hiding something.

GEOFFREY

And you think it's in the museum?

VICTORIA

It's somewhere. Search there again. Every inch!

She turns back to the flickering image of Finn.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I *will* find it.

INT. KIERA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kiera at her laptop. Fingers hovering over the keyboard.
Malika and Remy tense, eyes on the screen.

The cryptic message: "*Old circuits hold the key.*"

MALIKA

Maybe it's a dead end.

REMY

Or a trap.

MALIKA

Point is, we're getting nowhere.

REMY

So we're stuck?

KIERA

No, we're not. We just haven't
found the right angle.

Kiera takes a deep breath, eyes on a photo of her and Finn.

KIERA (CONT'D)

There's something here. I can feel
it.

(whispering)

Here goes nothing.

She launches a program. Screen dissolves into a 3D digital
landscape: neon grids, pulsing firewalls, data streams.

Kiera's stylized avatar appears, holding a digital lockpick.

REMY

Whoa, what the hell is that?

KIERA

(a smirk)

Finn's custom hacking interface.
Remember that time he bricked his
rig trying to mod it? He swore off
lines of code after that. Said it
was boring.

MALIKA

(impressed)

He made this?

KIERA

He was always one step ahead.

Kiera's avatar sprints through the digital landscape, dodging security probes, leaping over firewalls.

REMY
This is insane!

KIERA
Got through the first two
firewalls.

MALIKA
Stay focused. Breathe.

REMY
You got this... Like when we hacked
the school system and changed our
grades.

MALIKA
Didn't you get in trouble for that?

REMY
(defensive)
Those C's were totally undeserved.

KIERA
(focused)
Think, Kiera, think... what would
Finn do?

Her avatar approaches a massive, pulsating firewall. She hesitates, then remembers...

KIERA (CONT'D)
Old circuits... Wait a minute...
(remembering)
Finn loved watching vids of old
hackers...

She inputs a command. The lockpick transforms into a retro-style key. Slots into the firewall. It dissolves with a click.

KIERA (CONT'D)
Yes! He used a relic protocol!
Finn, you sneaky bastard.

The landscape shifts, revealing a vast database. Kiera's avatar dives in, retrieving files.

REMY
You did it!

KIERA
(scanning the files)
Oh god... Finn, you reckless idiot.

MALIKA
What is it?

KIERA
He hacked DCS!

Malika and Remy exchange stunned glances.

MALIKA
Are you serious?

REMY
Like... the entire corporation?

KIERA
His logs show the hack, a massive
download, and then... nothing.

MALIKA
He stole something.

REMY
Something big.

KIERA
And hid it.

REMY
"Old circuits hold the key."

Kiera picks up a circuit board, examining it thoughtfully.

KIERA
What if it's literal?

MALIKA
Old tech? What's older than DetNet?
The internet? Dial-up?

A realization dawns on Kiera's face.

KIERA
The Museum of Technology!

REMY
No way! It's crawling with DCS.

Kiera meets Malika's gaze, resolute.

MALIKA

Don't even think about it.

KIERA

We *have* to go. He died for this. We owe it to him to see what it is.

REMY

I'm fuckin' in.

Kiera looks at Malika, pleading. Malika sighs, nods.

MALIKA

Alright, let's go get ourselves killed.

EXT. MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - NIGHT

Kiera, Malika, and Remy crouch in the shadows. Movements precise. Silent.

Kiera flicks her wrist. Camera disabled. Red light blinks out.

Remy picks a lock. They enter the closed museum.

INT. MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dimly lit. Flashlights scan the surroundings.

REMY

(excited)

I can steal a bunch of old tech from here to repurpose.

KIERA

We're here for Finn.

INT. MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

They stop before the ED-209 display.

REMY

Whoa, check out this relic! This is what they used to call advanced?

MALIKA

Killing machines. That's all they were.

Kiera, lost in thought, places a hand on the glass case.

KIERA
Finn was here...

MALIKA
Doesn't look like it. DCS swept
this place clean.

A mechanical WHIRR makes them jump. They turn, flashlights
illuminating... **ROBOCOP**.

His chrome gleams under harsh light. Human face etched with
age.

ROBOCOP
Good evening, visitors. The Museum
of Technology is currently closed.

Remy snickers.

REMY
Well, well, well. Look who it is.
The tin man himself.

ROBOCOP
Museum hours are from 9am to 5pm.
May I assist you in finding the
exit?

Kiera steps forward, a determined look in her eyes.

KIERA
"Old circuits." That's what Finn
said.

Malika and Remy exchange glances, understanding dawning.

MALIKA
No fuckin' way.

KIERA
He's the perfect hiding spot.

REMY
That's actually so Finn.

Kiera approaches Robo.

KIERA
Actually, yes, we seem to be lost.
Could you show us the exit?

Robo doesn't hesitate.

ROBOCOP
Affirmative. Please follow me.

He strides off. Malika grabs Kiera's arm, whispers.

MALIKA
Are you sure about this?

KIERA
It's our only shot.

Robo leads them to the exit. Stops abruptly at the door.

ROBOCOP
I cannot leave the museum premises.

REMY
(groaning)
Geo-locked. Figures.

KIERA
I'll override it from the security
room. Cover me.

MALIKA
Just be careful. And hurry.

Kiera gives Robo a reassuring pat.

KIERA
We're going to get you out of here.

She turns to Malika and Remy, voice firm.

KIERA (CONT'D)
Watch him. Move when I signal.

INT. MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kiera bursts into the room. Adrenaline pumping.

Throws herself at the terminal. Thumb drive in. Typing furiously.

Warning flashes on screen:

UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS DETECTED. LOCKDOWN INITIATED.

Kiera's smile falters.

KIERA
Shit.

Fingers blur across the interface. Desperate race against time. A message appears:

GEOLOCK DISABLED

Kiera gasps in relief. Screen flashes red. A new message:

SECURITY BREACH.

Alarms BLARES through the museum. On a monitor, Kiera sees DCS troops pouring in the front door.

KIERA (CONT'D)
Time to cause some chaos.

With a mischievous grin, she taps a few keys.

On the monitors: doors slam shut and lock, lights flicker, and exhibits spring to life in a frenzy of noise.

KIERA (CONT'D)
Sorry, boys. No tour tonight.

She yanks out the thumb drive. Sprints out of the room.

INT. MUSEUM OF TECHNOLOGY - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Remy and Malika crouch behind the ED-209. The alarms shriek.

REMY
Think she pulled it off?

Malika risks a glance around the ED-209's leg.

MALIKA
Those alarms aren't a good sign.

She turns back to Robo.

MALIKA (CONT'D)
(to Robo)
Hey! Buckethead! We need an evac,
stat!

ROBOCOP
In the event of an emergency, my
primary directive is to ensure the
safety of museum guests.

REMY
Great! We're guests! And there's a
freaking alarm! Let's move!

Heavy footsteps signaling the approach of the DCS troops.

Malika looks at Robocop, desperate.

MALIKA
Please help us!

ROBOCOP
Evacuation protocol engaged. Follow
me for safe exit.

Robo turns, strides away. Kiera bursts from the stairwell,
wild-eyed.

KIERA
Let's go! They're right behind me!

The group follows Robo. Deafening alarm urging them on.

EXT. OLD DETROIT STREET - NIGHT

Exit door SMASHES open. Robo leads the charge. The group
spills out behind him.

KIERA
To the van!

They sprint towards Malika's beat-up van.

INT./EXT. MALIKA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Malika unlocks her van with a remote. Everyone piles in.

The engine roars to life. Malika slams the van into gear.
Tired screech.

The van careens through Old Detroit.

The museum shrinks in the rearview. But the flashing lights
of pursuing DCS vehicles grow closer.

KIERA
They're coming!

Malika grips the wheel tighter, eyes fixed on the road ahead.

INT. DCS SECURITY VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

DCS SECURITY SUV in full pursuit. The OPERATOR drives. A
Peacekeeper unit in back.

OPERATOR
 (into headset)
 Peacekeeper, engage pursuit mode.

The SUV's roof opens. The Peacekeeper rises through the opening.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Peacekeeper DIVES from the SUV. Hits pavement with a metallic CLANG.

Rolls, then RISES, transforming in a blur of motion.

Body panels SLAM into new configurations. Legs reconfigure into wheels. Rubberized treads ENGULF the metal.

Glowing eyes LOCK onto Malika's van.

With a burst of speed, the Peacekeeper LAUNCHES forward.

INT./EXT. MALIKA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Malika weaves around crumbling buildings. The Peacekeeper in relentless pursuit.

REMY
 This thing can't fly, can it?

Kiera grips her seat, eyes wide.

KIERA
 Malika, floor it!

MALIKA
 Keep your heads down!

Malika slams the accelerator. The van LURCHES forward.

Remy frantically taps on a tablet.

REMY
 I'm trying to hack the traffic grid!

EXT. OLD DETROIT COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The Peacekeeper bursts through a chain-link fence, SHATTERING a mural. It cuts across a courtyard, gaining on the van.

Its arm extends. RIPS a parking meter out of the concrete.

INT./EXT. MALIKA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Remy types frantically, eyes glued to his tablet.

REMY
Almost there...

The Peacekeeper HURTLES the parking meter at the van. It SHATTERS the back window, narrowly missing Kiera's head. Glass rains down.

REMY (CONT'D)
(triumphant)
Got it!

He presses a button. The traffic light ahead turns RED.

REMY (CONT'D)
BRAKE!

Malika SLAMS on the brakes.

EXT. OLD DETROIT STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Peacekeeper barrels toward the intersection. Ignores the red light.

A semi-truck hauling scrap metal SCREECHES into the intersection. TIRES squeal.

The Peacekeeper SLAMS into the semi. BOOOOM!

Metal twists and screams. The Peacekeeper's destroyed.

INT./EXT. MALIKA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van SKIDS to a halt. Everyone breathless.

MALIKA
Did we win?

KIERA
I think so.

Robo, silent until now, speaks.

ROBOCOP
That was resourceful.

A beat. Remy bursts into laughter, the tension broken.

REMY

We're alive! We're actually alive!

Kiera lets out a shaky laugh, relief washing over her.

SLAM TO BLACK:

MEDIA BREAK

INT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Casey Murdock and Jessica Lee. The massive screen behind them displays: "TERROR ALERT."

CASEY MURDOCK

Welcome to the Infosphere, I'm Casey Murdock. Brace yourselves because the terror threat in Old Detroit continues to escalate. The suspects in last week's high-speed chase have been identified as known terrorists Kiera Allen, Malika Reed, and Remy Halloran.

INT. OLD DETROIT - VOIDWAVE STUDIO (VERTICAL FRAME) - DAY

Miles stands in front of a "RESIST" banner.

MILES CARTER

Terrorists? They're labeling our friends and neighbors as terrorists? That's not news, folks; that's narrative control!

INT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

CASEY MURDOCK

Detroit Consumer Services responded with a show of force, flooding Old Detroit with armed patrols.

INT. OLD DETROIT - VOIDWAVE STUDIO (VERTICAL FRAME) - DAY

MILES CARTER

Martial law! More boots on the ground, more eyes in the sky. They want to silence us, but they can't stop the truth!

INT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

JESSICA LEE

Yet, despite these measures,
protests rage against DCS's 'Clean
Streets Initiative.'

CASEY MURDOCK

DCS CEO Victoria Sterling dismisses
the unrest as "misguided and
misinformed."

Jessica doesn't look totally convinced.

INT. OLD DETROIT - VOIDWAVE STUDIO (VERTICAL FRAME) - DAY

Miles throws his head back and laughs.

MILES CARTER

Misguided? Misinformed? We will not
back down, Victoria! We will rise!
We will fight! We will reclaim what
is ours!

INT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

JESSICA LEE

A city divided. A city on the
brink. We'll be right back...

EXT. NEO DETROIT - DAY

Upbeat music. Shots of Neo Detroit: people walking robotic
dogs, drones delivering packages, self-driving cars,
sparkling skyscrapers.

CCTV cameras on every corner.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here at Detroit Consumer Systems,
we're not just observing the
future.

INT. DCS LAB - DAY

SCIENTISTS in white coats work on futuristic tech: face
recognition software, nano-surveillance bugs. Future shit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 We're observing you. Because you
 are the future!

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - DAY

DCS EMPLOYEES monitor giant screens. Real-time data of city-wide surveillance: tracking people, scanning faces, monitoring heart rates.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 With DCS's 24/7 monitoring, we know
 what you need before you do! Your
 pulse is our passion!

INT. NEO DETROIT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A family unboxes a DCS-branded home security system: cameras, microphones, a baby's pacifier with a built-in camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 From the cradle to the grave, DCS
 is there at every stage of your
 life, ensuring you're never, ever
 alone.

EXT. NEO DETROIT - DAY

Idyllic images of Neo Detroit. Zoom in on a baby in a stroller. Baby giggles, reaches for a cute stuffed animal. The stuffed animal's eyes glow red: cameras.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Why trust your instincts when you
 can trust us?

A DCS LOGO appears on the screen, sparkling.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Detroit Consumer Systems. Your
 life, our data. Because your
 freedom is our bottom line.

Music reaches a dissonant crescendo. Screen turns to STATIC.

WHITE STATIC shudders through the frame, buzzing, flickering. Pulls back, morphs into--

A GRID OF GREEN LINES--

Reveals a blurry image coming into focus. We're in--

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Robo's POV. Malika, Remy, and Kiera huddled in discussion. Faces etched with concern.

Robo's helmet on a desktop beside them.

REMY
I didn't realize he would look
so...

MALIKA
Human?

REMY
I thought he was a robot.

KIERA
Half-man, half-machine.

MALIKA
Horrific. No wonder they outlawed
this kind of crap.

KIERA
Doesn't matter now. We need Finn's
intel, stat. OCP might be gone, but
DCS is no better.

Remy paces around excitedly.

REMY
Yo, think about the possibilities!
Dude's a walking arsenal. Thermal
imaging, target acquisition,
tactical HUD - It's like finding an
extra life in a video game.

Malika remains unimpressed, arms folded.

MALIKA
You think the kids on the street
are gonna rally behind a robo-
fascist with a riot shield for a
face?

REMY
(pauses, considering)
Fair point.

KIERA

Finn's intel is what matters most.
Plus, the tech's no good if I fry
his circuits trying to crack the
museum protocols.

REMY

So... no RoboCop 2.0? No custom
mods? No sick paint job?

MALIKA

We're already being painted as the
bad guys, remember?

REMY

(grinning)
Hey, rebranding works wonders. Just
ask any politician.

KIERA

Guys, focus. We're here for the
data. Period.
(beat)
Finn's last act can't be in vain.

Their eyes drift towards Robo.

REMY

Is he... watching us?

Kiera checks the monitors.

KIERA

Oh. Weird. I thought I shut him
down when I jacked in.

Her fingers find a hidden panel on Robo's head. The image
flickers, distorts, and--

CUTS TO BLACK:

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

Walls plastered with anti-DCS graffiti and activist posters.

Kiera's tech lab sprawls across the space. A chaotic mess:
monitors, laptops, wires, empty coffee cups, and discarded
fast food wrappers.

Robo's tethered with wires to Kiera's elaborate setup.

KIERA

First layer: Museum protocols.
Should be easy enough to peel away.

Malika and Remy perch on a worn-out couch. Eyes fixed on Kiera.

MALIKA

And what happens when you peel back that layer? We get default OCP RoboCop? The corporate attack dog?

KIERA

It's the only way in. We need access to his full archives.

MALIKA

No backdoors? No skeleton keys?

REMY

There's a potential hack. I've been working on this sick AI script that could rewrite his entire OS. We'd be wiping the drive clean - factory reset, baby.

KIERA

And risk erasing whatever Finn stole? No way.

REMY

Yeah, that's the catch. But we'd have full root access. He'd be our puppet.

Kiera's resolve hardens. Stubborn or determined? Either way:

KIERA

I have to try my way. I can't risk losing whatever he died trying to hide.

Malika reluctantly nods. She discreetly retrieves a concealed handgun - a last resort.

Remy's eyes dart between Kiera and Robo. Tension thick.

Kiera's fingers dance over the keyboard. Commands execute, bypassing Robo's museum protocols. Code flows across the screen.

KIERA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Please work...

Robo GLITCHES. His body JERKS violently.

Malika instinctively aims her gun. Remy stumbles backward, fear and awe in his eyes.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACKS - QUICK CUTS

- Alex Murphy with his FAMILY, laughing.

- Murphy in his cop uniform, patrolling. Spinning the gun.

And then we're in--

INT. ABANDONED STEEL MILL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

-- Murphy's POV. Blurry figures loom over him.

CLARENCE (V.O.)

You probably don't think I'm a very nice guy.

- He puts the muzzle of the autoloader to Murphy's wrist and pulls the trigger. Murphy's right hand is blown off.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Robo's hand clenches involuntarily. His face contorts.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED STEEL MILL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

-- Murphy's helmet-less face, his eyes wide with terror.

-- Boddicker and his gang laughing maniacally.

-- A gun is raised, the barrel pointed at Murphy's head.

-- Another gunshot.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Robo's body jolts violently before falling still.

He slowly raises his head, eyes scanning the room.

Kiera, Malika, and Remy exchange worried glances, *"what the fuck did we just do?!"*

REMY

Uh, did we break him?

All eyes on Robo - still as a statue.

KIERA

RoboCop? What are your Prime Directives?

ROBOVISION

Green letters appear across Robo's HUD.

DIRECTIVE 1: Serve the public trust.

DIRECTIVE 2: Uphold the law.

DIRECTIVE 3: Protect the Innocent.

ROBOCOP

Serve the public trust, uphold the law, protect the innocent.

A wave of relief washes over the group.

KIERA

Holy shit, it actually worked.

REMY

He's not murdering us. That's good.
(then; to Robo)
You're not going to murder us,
right?

ROBOCOP

I am here to protect and serve.

Robo looks around the empty warehouse.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)

Where am I?

KIERA

We brought you back.

ROBOCOP

Back? From where?

KIERA

A long sleep. What's the last thing you remember?

Robo looks around the warehouse.

ROBOCOP
I was scheduled to be
decommissioned.

Remy lets out a low whistle.

KIERA
Yeah... that was forty years ago.

A flash of regret washes over Robo.

KIERA (CONT'D)
You don't remember anything after
that?

ROBOCOP
Negative.

KIERA
Shit.

MALIKA
Is that bad?

KIERA
If Finn's secret is embedded in
Robo's core systems, and there's no
recall of recent decades, we might
be in trouble.

REMY
Erasing those museum safeguards
might've scrubbed crucial data.

MALIKA
So, this was all for nothing?

KIERA
(to Robo)
Can you run a diagnostic? Anything
anomalous in your system logs?

ROBOCOP
System diagnostics indicate nominal
operation across all platforms.

REMY
Now what?

KIERA

It could be partitioned in there.
Finn may have buried it so deep
even Robo can't detect it.

Malika and Remy exchange a uncertain glances. Kiera's lost in thought over their next move.

The silence is broken by a sharp knock, startling the trio.

Malika opens the door to **JASE**, another, younger, activist.

JASE

(urgently)

You've all been holed up in here
for weeks and the others are
getting restless. DCS has tightened
the screws, and our people are
demanding answers.

Kiera steps up, feeling the full weight of her role.

KIERA

(to Jase)

Give us a minute, Jase. We'll
address everyone together.

The door shuts. Kiera faces Malika and Remy.

KIERA (CONT'D)

This can't wait. We owe them the
truth.

INT. DCS BOARDROOM - DAY

Victoria at the head of the table, flanked by DCS BOARD. They don't look happy. Geoffrey silently observes.

PERCY

The museum incident was a disaster.
Our stock price plummeted 15%, and
investors are dumping shares.

JAMES

This isn't just a financial issue.
We're facing a potential class-
action lawsuit from the families of
those injured during the chase.

Victoria raises a hand, silencing the complaints.

VICTORIA

The security breach at the museum was an isolated incident, and we are taking all necessary measures to prevent a recurrence.

AMBER

Isolated incident? It's all over the news. We're being painted as reckless and unethical. My daughter asked me if we were the bad guys this morning.

VICTORIA

(flat)

Kids can be so cruel.

(shifting gears)

But the media is sensationalizing things. We're the victims. These terrorists stole the Robocop prototype. That obsolete technology is still our intellectual property.

JAMES

When DCS merged with OCP, we worked hard to distance ourselves from their failures. This only dredges up bad memories. The last thing we need is another Senate hearing.

Victoria's gaze hardens.

VICTORIA

We are *nothing* like OCP. We learn from the past, we adapt, we evolve.

PERCY

Evolve? By escalating violence and alienating the public? We have a brand to protect, profits to maintain.

VICTORIA

(icy)

I'm protecting our interests and ensuring the safety of Neo Detroit, to ensure our continued growth and profitability.

The board members exchange uneasy glances. Victoria rises, commanding the room.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 I have a vision for this city. And
 I will not allow a handful of
 misguided activists to derail that.

She scans the room.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 This meeting is adjourned.

The board members gather their belongings, frustrated.
 Victoria gestures for Geoffrey to remain.

Once the room is empty.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 Find Robocop.

GEOFFREY
 A change of heart about that
 "obsolete technology?"

VICTORIA
 That's where the hacker hid the
 data. I know it. Find him, and
 don't let the board know.

Geoffrey's eyes widen in understanding.

INT. MAKESHIFT COMMUNITY MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Walls plastered with hand-drawn maps and strategic plans.
 Low, tense din of the anxious COMMUNITY MEMBERS.

Malika stands at the forefront, flanked by Remy, Kiera, and
 Robo, concluding her briefing.

MALIKA
 ...Which leads us to the core
 issue..

The crowd murmurs, their eyes locking onto Robo.

REMY
 We've all heard the stories, but
 Robo fought with us before, against
 Delta City.

ACTIVIST #1
 And they won!

COMMUNITY MEMBER #1
But we decommissioned him for a reason.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #2
(Cautious, rising)
My nephew lost his legs to these machines! Why should we trust him?

COMMUNITY MEMBER #3
My daughter... she was caught in the crossfire during one of their raids. She was just playing in the street.
(beat)
DCS took her from me. They took everything. If having a machine on our side helps end this... I'm for it.

The room is heavy with shared grief and anger.

ROBOCOP
Your concerns are valid, but my directives are clear: serve the public, protect the innocent. I'm here to help.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #2
(sarcastically)
"Protect and Serve." Heard that one before.

Nervous chuckles ripple through the crowd.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #3
Let's just dismantle him for resources!

COMMUNITY MEMBER #6
He's not just a robot. There's a person in there!

ACTIVIST #1
He's a walking arsenal!

COMMUNITY MEMBER #1
(spitting back)
What difference does any of this make? DCS silences anyone who challenges them.

RoboCop looks at Kiera, then back at the crowd.

ROBOCOP

I cannot undo the past. But I can fight for the future. I can help you hold DCS accountable for their crimes.

The room hangs on his every word.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)

Before I was this... machine, I was a man named Alex Murphy. A citizen of Detroit. OCP and Detroit PD stole that from me.

A hush falls over the crowd as his words sink in.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)

I fought hard to regain my humanity. Only for it to be stolen again by DCS. But I am not a mindless machine. I've battled against tyranny before, alongside those who built the peace you cherish. If DCS threatens that peace, I stand with you, not as RoboCop but as Alex Murphy.

The skepticism in some eyes softens, replaced by a flicker of... hope? Maybe a sense of shared cause.

ACTIVIST #3

And what does it say about us if we use him?

KIERA

It says we're survivors willing to fight fire with fire.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #3

(Shouting from the back)
Put it to a vote!

The room holds its breath.

KIERA

All in favor of keeping Robo – Alex Murphy – under strict oversight?

A majority of hands rise, some hesitant, others firm. Malika and Remy exchange glances.

KIERA (CONT'D)

Then it's settled. Let's bring DCS to their knees.

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

The warehouse, transformed into a makeshift lab, hums with quiet intensity.

Kiera, Malika, and Remy stand around Robo, now reconnected to Kiera's equipment.

MALIKA

That went better than expected.

REMY

(to Robo)

So, what do we call you? Robocop?
Alex?

ROBOCOP

Murphy is fine.

REMY

Got it.

KIERA

(to Robo)

I need to delve deeper into your
core database. Is that okay?

MALIKA

Can you really break through his
programming?

KIERA

Only one way to find out. Make sure
we're not disturbed.

REMY

On it.

MALIKA

I'll monitor DCS activity.

REMY

Speaking of which, there's a
protest at City Square this week.
Security will be tight. Having Robo-
er... Murphy on our side could be a
game-changer.

KIERA

Then let's get to work.

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Days pass. Energy drink cans and takeout boxes pile up around Kiera's workstation.

Kiera hunches over her keyboard. Eyes bloodshot, determined. Wires snake from her laptop to Robo, who sits inert.

ON KIERA'S LAPTOP SCREEN

A stubborn gatekeeper, a failsafe mechanism.

KIERA
(frustrated)
Damn it, Finn, why'd you make this so hard?

ROBOCOP
You and Finn were... close?

KIERA
More than friends. He was... everything. The only person who believed in me.

Robo listens, tilting his head slightly.

KIERA (CONT'D)
He had a pure soul. Never lost hope, even when everything around us was falling apart.
(beat)
He saw the good in people, even when they couldn't see it in themselves.

ROBOCOP
My wife was similar.

Kiera looks up, surprised.

KIERA
How much do you remember about them?

ROBOCOP
Flashes. My son... laughing. My wife's smile. They're faded. Hard to see.

KIERA
Like ghosts in the machine.
(beat)
I know the feeling.
(MORE)

KIERA (CONT'D)

Losing someone... it's like you lose a part of yourself too.

ROBOCOP

I was a protector. That was the trade-off for losing them. A symbol of justice. Now... I'm not sure what I am.

KIERA

You're still a protector. You're here, helping us fight for what's right.

ROBOCOP

What changed?

KIERA

DCS started buying up land and bulldozing homes to build Neo Detroit. Tore the city in half by the time I was in middle school. Forced a lot of people into poverty. About five years ago, Old Detroit's hit with a massive spike in crime. That's when the resistance formed.

ROBOCOP

You believe DCS is behind the crimewave?

KIERA

I know it in my bones. They profit from our pain, then swoop in as saviors. It's all a sick game to them.

ROBOCOP

OCP manipulated fear to tighten their grip too. Different names, same tactics.

KIERA

Finn buried proof of DCS's crimes somewhere inside your database. If we can extract it, that'll be the beginning of the end for them.

Kiera's fingers dance over the keys. Then a POP-UP WARNING flashes on her screen: "FAILSAFE DETECTED."

KIERA (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Adaptive encryption? Really?

(to Robo)

Can you do anything about this?

ROBOCOP

My OCP programming is blocking access to core memories. They didn't want me to remember.

KIERA

There's gotta be something we can do.

Remy enters, immediately sensing Kiera's frustration.

REMY

Another roadblock?

KIERA

His memory is locked tight. Every door I try is just a decoy.

Kiera slumps in her chair, defeated. Remy leans against the workstation.

REMY

Nothing worked in my neighborhood, so I learned to fix things. Radios, TVs, phones, you name it.

KIERA

Radios? That's... quaint for you.

REMY

Kept me out of trouble and taught me a lot about patience. When something didn't work, I learned to step back, think about the system as a whole. Not just the broken part.

Kiera's frustration softens into curiosity, her eyes still on the screen.

KIERA

So... look at the whole system, not just the lock on the door?

REMY

Maybe we're too focused on forcing our way through his defenses.

Kiera looks at Robo, then at the data on her screen. Remy's words seem to spark a new train of thought.

KIERA

(to Robo)

What if we create a virtual sandbox? Reroute your data stream, bypass the blocks. Like using the entire radio spectrum to find a clear channel.

ROBOCOP

That could work, bypassing the failsafe.

REMY

I like it. Less brute force, more finesse.

Kiera sets a virtual sandbox. Frustration turns to focused determination.

ON KIERA'S LAPTOP SCREEN

The failsafe warning disappears. New Message: "CORE ACCESS GRANTED."

KIERA

We did it... we're in.

REMY

Nice work!

KIERA

Now let's see what secrets Finn buried.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Victoria and Geoffrey in a high-tech, neon-lit room. Giant data screens display graphs, maps, live feeds. TECH PERSONNEL busy at holographic keyboards.

GEOFFREY

Meridian still haunts us, Victoria.

VICTORIA

It was a minor setback. We've moved on.

GEOFFREY

The board doesn't see it that way. They see instability.

VICTORIA
They see profit. They see order.
That's what we deliver.

GEOFFREY
(skeptical)
At what cost?

VICTORIA
What we've built in Neo Detroit is
proof of what Old Detroit could be.
Leadership requires tough choices.

TECH #1
Ma'am, we're in. DetNet access
achieved.

ON THE MAIN SCREEN

Graphic visualization of the HACKING PROCESS. Digital
tendrils navigate a maze of firewalls and encryptions.

TECH #1 (CONT'D)
They've got a dynamic defense grid.
I'm recalibrating our approach
accordingly. We'll breach it soon.

VICTORIA
Hunt them down. Expose them. Leave
them nowhere to hide.

GEOFFREY
Rats have a way of disappearing
into the walls.

VICTORIA
Then we'll set traps.

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kiera and Remy, now joined by Malika, are staring at the
laptop screen in disbelief.

REMY
So now what?

KIERA
Now I dig into his code and find--

An ALARM blares from Kiera's laptop!

KIERA (CONT'D)
Fuck!

MALIKA
What's that?

KIERA
Someone's hacking DetNet.

REMY
Fuck!

KIERA
Get the scrambler!

REMY
I haven't tested it yet.

ON KIERA'S SCREEN

A progress bar shows DETNET FIREWALL INTEGRITY dropping.

KIERA
No time for tests. Grab it!

Remy sprints upstairs to the loft.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DCS COMMAND CENTER AND ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

AT DCS COMMAND:

Victoria leans in, eyes narrow.

BACK AT THE WAREHOUSE:

Sweat beads on Kiera's forehead. Remy returns with a homemade handheld device.

MALIKA
(nervous)
Is it gonna work?

REMY
Let's hope so!

Kiera connects the device to her laptop. A light on the device flicks RED to GREEN.

REMY (CONT'D)
Holy shit.. It's working!?

KIERA
Don't celebrate yet.

DCS COMMAND CENTER:

Tech #2 looks puzzled.

TECH #2

We're through the second layer,
ma'am, but we're encountering
resistance.

VICTORIA

Override it, now!

KIERA'S SCREEN:

The DETNET FIREWALL INTEGRITY drops to 40%.

KIERA

(rapidly typing)
Please hold up...

REMY

It's faltering. I knew we should've
tested it!

MALIKA

What's that mean?

REMY

They're gonna break through!

The DETNET FIREWALL INTEGRITY plummets.

KIERA

We need something DCS won't expect.

Robo plugs the cable from Kiera's laptop into his neck port.

ROBOCOP

My OCP tech has legacy
countermeasures.

MALIKA

Countermeasures?

KIERA

Old school data traps, encryption
algorithms from the pre-quantum
era.

REMY

(catching on)
They're rudimentary but it could
work.

MALIKA

I don't understand.

Remy and Kiera get to work.

ROBOCOP

(to Malika)

My code is self-contained, designed to function independently, making it unpredictable to AI.

REMY

Like throwing a wrench in their gears!

KIERA

I'll start translating communication protocols and data. Remy, rig a connection from Murphy's processing unit to DetNet.

REMY

On it!

Kiera runs the code.

DETNET FIREWALL INTEGRITY starts to rise: 50%, 60%...

DCS COMMAND CENTER:

TECH #2

We're encountering legacy encryption barriers.

VICTORIA

English!

TECH #2

(puzzled)

It's...it's old OCP tech.

THE WAREHOUSE:

KIERA

Time to activate Murphy's protocols.

She executes a command.

KIERA'S SCREEN

The hacking attempts are BLOCKED. The DETNET FIREWALL INTEGRITY stabilizes.

REMY

The OCP tech is so ancient that DCS's AI can't even figure it out.

(to Robo)

No offense.

KIERA
(to Robo)
You're vintage, not ancient.

ROBOCOP
I prefer 'classic.'

REMY
Was that a joke? Did he just make a
joke?

MALIKA
So... we're good? DetNet survived?

KIERA
For now. But that was too close.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA
What's happening?

Tech #2 is visibly flustered.

TECH #2
We're... we're locked out. They're
using some very old code...

Victoria's expression hardens.

VICTORIA
(realizing; seething)
Robocop.

She fixes her gaze on the screen.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Get out. EVERYONE GET OUT!

The techs hurriedly exit. Geoffrey steps in.

GEOFFREY
Seems the activists are quite
resourceful. The City Square is
filling up for the protest against
us tonight.

Victoria faces him, frustration simmering.

VICTORIA
Let's make sure our response is
persuasive.

Victoria storms past Geoffrey, his fading smirk not lost on her as she exits.

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Kiera leans back, eyes bloodshot. Rubs her temples. Robo's still connected to her laptop.

KIERA

There's so much data here.

Remy's hunched over a cluttered table, absorbed in tinkering. Malika paces near the window, expecting trouble.

MALIKA

You need to figure it out fast. DCS won't stop with that hack attempt.

KIERA

I wish I knew where to start.

REMY

But it's in there somewhere, right?

KIERA

I sure hope so. Something in here was worth risking everything for.

REMY

Maybe Finn left a clue.

KIERA

If he did, it's needle in a haystack.

MALIKA

Could be something personal. Something only you would know.

Kiera stretches. Her eyes fall on a photo of her and Finn. A reminder to push through the frustration. Deep breath.

KIERA

Okay... Let's give that a shot.

(beat)

Hey, Murphy, can you analyze your system files for a specific term?

ROBOCOP

Yes. What is the keyword?

Kiera looks at Malika and Remy.

REMY
 What's something only you two would know?

KIERA
 Um...

MALIKA
 Anniversary?

KIERA
 We didn't do labels. There's no official date.

REMY
 What about in-jokes?

KIERA
 Where would I even start?

MALIKA
 Was there anything particularly meaningful to both of you? Specific to the two of you together?

KIERA
 Murphy, try searching for "McFarlane Elementary." Or maybe just "McFarlane?"

ROBOVISION:

Robo's HUD displays lines of code and directories.

ROBOCOP
 Negative.

KIERA
 What about... "Fairlane Meadows" or any variation.

ROBOCOP
 No files found.

Kiera picks up the picture of her and Finn. Taken along the Detroit River.

KIERA
 Murphy, can you search for "MT. Elliott Park"?

ROBOCOP

I found 1 folder of unknown origin
that's a partial match for that
term.

KIERA

(excited)

Show me.

ON KIERA'S LAPTOP SCREEN

A folder titled "MtEPark" highlighted.

KIERA (CONT'D)

You clever bastard, Finn.

MALIKA

Mt. Elliott?

KIERA

First pic we ever took. We were
going to a concert at the
amphitheater and stopped by the
river to smoke a joint.

Malika and Remy gather around.

Kiera opens the folder. Multiple ZIP files named "Operation
Clean Slate" and numbered sequentially.

She copies the contents into a single document. Documents,
graphs, and maps flood the screen.

KIERA (CONT'D)

I think this is it. This is what
Finn was trying to get out.

INT. OLD DETROIT - CITY SQUARE - NIGHT

The square boils with tension. Signs reading "STAY OUT OF OLD
DETROIT" and "DOWN WITH DCS" pepper the crowd.

PROTESTORS face off against DCS SECURITY GUARDS in riot gear.
Peacekeeper units scattered among them.

DCS SECURITY GUARD

(through megaphone)

Last chance. Disperse. Now.

A WATER BOTTLE soars, SMACKS against a guard's helmet.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

MULTIPLE SCREENS show LIVE FEEDS from Old Detroit. TECH #1 at the control panel, stressed. Geoffrey nearby, concerned.

Victoria strides in, radiating energy and focus.

VICTORIA

Why is this taking so long? I told you to disperse the crowd!

GEOFFREY

I'm managing the situation.

VICTORIA

(disdainful)

We're beyond management, Geoffrey.

She leans over the control panel, a predatory grin.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

We need to flush out Robocop.

(to the Tech)

Tell our ground forces to open fire.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - CITY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Without warning, Peacekeeper units open fire. DCS guards recover, join in.

Gunfire RINGS OUT. Rubber bullets fill the air. The crowd scatters. Several hit. SCREAMS pierce the night.

Protestors hurl Molotovs. Flames explode. Chaos ensues.

Panic erupts. Tear gas envelops the square.

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A TIMELINE chart shows increasing crime rates in Old Detroit over two years. An array of documents accompany it.

KIERA

What are we looking at?

REMY

(eyes widening)

Wait! Go back. Look at the dates on those spikes. They coincide with...

Kiera scrolls back, eyes scanning the timeline.

KIERA
DCS security deployments.
(beat; realization)
Finn actually did it. Proof DCS has
been escalating crime rates in Old
Detroit for years.

REMY
But why? What's the endgame?

Kiera clicks on another file. Cryptic financial transactions.

KIERA
Follow the money. Who's profiting
from this chaos?

Another file reveals CORPORATE LOGOS and FINANCIAL
STATEMENTS. One logo stands out.

KIERA (CONT'D)
OxyNex?

REMY
It's being manufactured by a DCS
subsidiary.
(scrolling further)
It gets worse. Look at this. They
knew OxyNex had "potentially mind-
altering properties."

MALIKA
These fuckers are drugging the
community, then criminalizing them
for it.

Kiera's eyes widen as she scrolls.

KIERA
Oh my God... Look.

Remy and Malika stare over her shoulder, reading what she's
saw. Malika puts a hand over her mouth. Remy shakes his head.

REMY
They were just testing it on us.

MALIKA
Those sick fucks...

KIERA
We have to get this out. If the
people of Neo Detroit hear this--

Malika's phone buzzes. She checks the messages.

MALIKA

Perfect timing. Jace says shit's going down at the protest.

KIERA

We gotta get out there.

REMY

(looking at Robo)
All of us?

KIERA

I'll upload the new protocols.

ROBOVISION

A few keystrokes later, a message on Robo's HUD says: "NEW PRIME DIRECTIVES UPLOADED."

KIERA (CONT'D)

Okay, Murphy, what are your new Prime Directives?

The Prime Directives display on the HUD:

Directive #1: Prioritize Community Welfare

Directive #2: Non-Violent De-escalation

Directive #3: No Lethal Force

ROBOCOP

Prioritize Community Welfare, Non-Violent De-escalation, No Lethal Force.

REMY

You neutered him.

MALIKA

She evolved him.

REMY

How's he supposed to help now?

KIERA

(with a wink)
I added a few new features.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - CITY SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

A street fight rages. DCS security vs citizens.

Kiera, Malika, Remy, and Robo witness the chaos.

MALIKA
This is spiraling fast.

KIERA
Okay, Murphy. You're up.

ROBOCOP
Affirmative.

Robo steps into the fray. Each footfall a declaration.
Amplified voice cuts through the chaos.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)
Attention, DCS forces and citizens.
Aggression will only lead to mutual
destruction. Stand down.

Robo's leg holster clicks open. Empty; he's UNARMED.

ROBOVISION

HUD shows - DIRECTIVE #2: NON-VIOLENT DE-ESCALATION

The holster clicks shut.

Robo positions himself between DCS forces and protesters,
shielding civilians.

DCS SECURITY
FIRE ON THE BOT!

A hail of bullets pings harmlessly off Robo's metallic frame.

ROBOVISION

HUD shows - guns highlighted in blue with targeting reticles.

Text on HUD: "*Electronic Weapons Detected,*" "*Activating Targeted EMP Pulse.*"

Robo extends his arm. An EMP CANNON glows, hums, releases rapid, pulsating energy rings.

EMP waves hit DCS guns. Electrical arcs cascade, shorting electronic components.

ROBOCOP
Ceasefire initiated for civilian
safety. Engagement is not advised.

DCS forces check non-responsive weapons.

The protesters rally behind Robo.

Robo scans the crowd, identifying injured protestors.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)
(to DCS security)
These citizens require medical aid.

A DCS Guard attacks Robo with a metal baton.

ROBOVISION:

HUD shows - DIRECTIVE #3: NO LETHAL FORCE

Robo grabs the baton mid-air, disarms the guard, gut punch.
Guard drops, wheezing.

Robo uppercuts the guard, knocking him out.

A SECOND GUARD fires a taser. It bounces off Robo's chest.

Robo grabs the guard's wrist, twists. BONES CRACK. Guard
SCREAMS.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)
Cease your hostility or there will
be more... trouble.

Remaining DCS guards scatter. A lone Peacekeeper unit
arrives, weapon raised.

Robo and Peacekeeper face off. Peacekeeper fires shots,
pinging harmlessly off Robo's armored chest.

Robo advances, unfazed. Peacekeeper lunges. Brutal melee
ensues.

Robo extends a metal spike from his fist. Pierces
Peacekeeper's armor, tearing through circuits and wires.

Peacekeeper convulses, lights flicker, collapses in smoking
metal.

REMY
BAD ASS!

ROBOVISION

HUD displays: DIRECTIVE #1: PRIORITIZE COMMUNITY WELFARE

Robo scans the crowd, identifies those in need. Moves to a
young man clutching his arm.

Robo resets the dislocated arm with gentle precision. Young
man gasps in relief.

KIERA (O.S.)
He's helping people.

Further into the crowd, a child cries, separated from their parents.

Robo's scans the crowd, locating the anxious parents.

REMY (O.S.)
Maybe there's hope for him yet?

Robo lifts the child, carries them through the crowd, reunites the family.

INT. DCS HEADQUARTERS - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Flickering grainy images of Robo decimating the DCS squad dance on the monitors.

TECH #2
We've lost contact with Ground Unit.

Victoria clenches her fists, nails digging into palms. She takes a steadying breath.

VICTORIA
Deploy the full armament. Peacekeepers, Hounds, everything. I want our tactical drones scanning every inch of Old Detroit. Locate the activists' safe house and eliminate all targets.

TECH #2
And RoboCop?

Victoria halts her pacing, her eyes icy cold.

VICTORIA
That machine is a liability. Find it. Dismantle it. And bring me its head.

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Activists scattered. Administering first aid, wrapping bandages, applying antiseptics. Huddled in groups, faces mix triumph and uncertainty.

REMY
(grinning)
Did you see Murphy tear through
that Peacekeeper? Epic!

MALIKA
It's cause DCS cuts corners, uses
cheap materials.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #1
They couldn't even dent him!

REMY
Having him on our side is a game-
changer.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #5
(soberly)
We made a lot of noise tonight.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #6
Good. Let'em come. It's time they
knew we won't be silenced.

MALIKA
We've got momentum now.

REMY
People need to know they can fight
back. And win.

COMMUNITY MEMBER #5
Win? Anya... Tariq... they were
slaughtered out there.

Sorrow washes over Kiera.

KIERA
Their sacrifice won't be in vain.
We have the dirt on DCS. Once it's
out, this nightmare ends. I'm
sending a data package to VoidWave
and InfoSphere. We'll--

An ALARM BLARES from Remy's laptop. The room falls silent.

REMY
It's my proximity sensors. They've
found us.

Activists freeze. Eyes on Kiera. Malika's hand reaches for
her sidearm.

MALIKA
 (sharply)
 How many?

REMY
 A lot. And... they sent bots.

Fear grips the activists.

KIERA
 (cutting through the
 panic)
 Listen up! We knew this could
 happen. We have a plan. Get to the
 tunnels. *Now.*

The warehouse erupts in frenzy. Activists grab supplies,
 tech, rush to hidden trapdoor.

KIERA (CONT'D)
 Murphy, you're point. Remy, Malika,
 you're with him. Move!

EXT. OLD DETROIT - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Heavy THUDS. The relentless march of Peacekeepers and Hounds.
 Red sensors scan the darkness.

INT. OLD DETROIT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Deafening CRASH. Peacekeeper bursts through the wall.
 Snarling Hound follows.

Empty. Overturned chairs, scattered bandages.

Sensors probe the space. Ghosts of the resistance: faded
 banners, discarded tools.

PEACEKEEPER
 Area clear. No hostiles detected.

INT. OLD DETROIT - UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

Kiera, Malika, and Remy lead activists, faces pale in
 flashlight beams.

KIERA
 Too close.

MALIKA
 Keep moving.

They disappear into darkness. A faint WHIR grows louder.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Screens flicker with drone footage. Victoria stands rigid, eyes on live feeds. Tech #3 wipes his brow.

TECH #3

Ma'am, the Peacekeepers have lost visual.

VICTORIA

I have fucking eyes!

TECH #2

They might have gone underground.

VICTORIA

Excellent. Let the games begin.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

Robo leads. Remy, Malika, and activists follow, breaths ragged whispers in darkness.

The mechanical WHIRRING slices through the silence. Group freezes, flashlights trembling.

ROBOCOP

Unidentified movement detected.

MALIKA

(whispering)

What the hell was that?

Mechanical HUM intensifies. Activists grip makeshift weapons. Sweat beads on brows.

REMY

It's getting closer.

KIERA

Move!

They press deeper into the tunnel.

Above, a SPIDER-DRONE clings to the ceiling. Razor-tipped legs, stalking its prey.

Suddenly, an activist is yanked upwards.

Disappearing into darkness. No one notices she's gone.

INT. OLD DETROIT - SEWER SYSTEM - MOMENTS LATER

The tunnel opens into a larger chamber. Branching sewer pathways.

REMY
(to Kiera)
Which way to the safe house?

KIERA
Murphy's got the coordinates—

A screech of metal.

The Spider-drone descends. A grotesque arachnid of steel and weaponry. Its gun WHIRS. Locks onto the group with a CLICK.

Activists scatter.

Spider-Drone FIRES. Blood sprays. Two figures collapse.

KIERA (CONT'D)
Take it down!

The drone launches a mesh net. Captures two more activists.

They're hoisted toward a SPINNING BLADE. Shredded.

Drone lands with a CLANG. Legs splayed.

ROBOVISION

Robo's HUD highlights the drone's weak points.

ROBOCOP
Sensor array. Top of its head.

Malika fires. Misses the glowing sensor.

Kiera charges. Taser baton strikes the sensor. Jolts the drone. It stumbles. Recovers.

Spider-drone ejects FLASH BANGS. BLINDING LIGHT. DEAFENING NOISE. Disorients everyone.

KIERA
MURPHY!

ROBOVISION

Data streams across the HUD. An icon blinks — a pixelated padlock.

ROBOCOP
Initiating countermeasures.

Robo's HUD displays the drone's network. He selects "Motor Control."

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)
Deploying disruption protocol.

Spider-Drone does a spastic dance, weapons firing wildly.

The victory is short-lived.

FZZZZZZT! Spider-Drone emits a shockwave pulse. Knocks Robo and others to the ground.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)
It severed the connection!

The spider-drone's gun fires erratically. Two more activists fall.

KIERA
Remy! The disruptor!

Remy fumbles for his device, hands shaking.

With a deep HUM, it emits a magnetic pulse. TEARS the drone's gun apart in a shower of sparks.

KIERA (CONT'D)
(to the survivors)
Run!

Activists scramble past the crippled drone. Eyes wide with terror.

Robo, battered but not broken, rises.

Grabs its legs. Twists. Rips with superhuman strength. Sparks fly. He tears Spider-Drone's central processor free.

ROBOCOP
They'll send more. We have to go.

REMY
You heard the man!

Robo leads. Remy and the survivors follow.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A Victoria stands amid a sea of holographic displays.

VICTORIA

Activate the advanced surveillance units. Ramp up DCS Security patrols. I want eyes everywhere – no one sneezes without us knowing.

Geoffrey strides in, face flushed, phone buzzing incessantly.

GEOFFREY

Victoria, the board is on my back non-stop. What the fuck is going on?

Victoria remains unfazed, eyes on the screens.

VICTORIA

We're exterminating the vermin.

Geoffrey steps closer, lowering his voice, urgent.

GEOFFREY

And the official line for this...cleanup?

VICTORIA

We're heightening security to protect the citizens of Old Detroit from the chaos these activists are causing. It's a protective measure for their safety.

Geoffrey glances at the tech personnel, then back to Victoria, whispering.

GEOFFREY

The board's not stupid, Victoria. They're questioning the methods, the collateral damage.

VICTORIA

I could give two shits about the fucking board. They ought to be thankful we're taking decisive action.

Geoffrey's gaze narrows, a flicker of concern.

GEOFFREY

And what about the long-term consequences? Have you considered that?

Victoria waves a dismissive hand.

VICTORIA

It's time we restored order in Old Detroit. Whatever it takes.

Geoffrey hesitates, jaw tightening. Weighing his next words carefully.

GEOFFREY

Sometimes people can only take so much before they push back.

VICTORIA

Spare me the philosophy. We're way past that point.

INT. OLD DETROIT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

A menacing hum fills the air. High-tech DRONES, bristling with weaponry, descend upon the city.

Loudspeakers announce "*enhanced security measures.*"

VARIOUS SHOTS:

- The SKYLINE darkens. Drones' shadows creep like predators.
- CCTV CAMERAS jerk awake. Red eyes track pedestrians.
- A STORE OWNER, turns his sign to "Closed." Secures the door.
- Outside, DCS SOLDIERS march. Boots thud in unison.
- ARMORED VEHICLES with DCS insignia roll down streets.
- Fortified TURRETS lock into position. Ready to strike.
- In a public square, COMMUNITY MEMBERS scatter in panic.
- A chaotic dance as drones and soldiers swarm.

The invasion is palpable. Air thick with tension.

Old Detroit's under siege.

MEDIA BREAK

INT. INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Casey Murdock and Jessica Lee sit behind the anchor desk.

CASEY MURDOCK

Back at it with InfoSphere, folks.
I'm Casey Murdock, alongside
Jessica Lee.

(beat)

It's day ten of DCS's heavily
increased presence in Old Detroit,
and DCS security is requesting any
information on the terrorist
leaders still at large--

INT. VOIDWAVE STUDIO - DAY (VERTICAL FRAME)

Miles fervently addresses the camera. The image is lossy, and
stutters, connection is failing.

MILES CARTER

(voice distorted)

Ten days! Ten days of DCS rolling
tanks.. [static] our streets like--

(static)

--y're throttling DetNet? What're
they trying to hide, huh?

INT. INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

JESSICA LEE

Plans for Mars Colonization have
been delayed again due to funding
being redirected to Earth's fifth
space military branch.

INT. VOIDWAVE STUDIO - DAY (VERTICAL FRAME)

The signal flickers, lagging and then speeding up, struggling
to stay alive.

MILES CARTER

(voice increasingly
glitchy)

Detro--

(static)

--CS is the real--

The screen suddenly pixelates.

Audio deteriorates into digital noise.

MILES CARTER (CONT'D)

(fighting through)

Don't let them--

(MORE)

MILES CARTER (CONT'D)
(static)
--we have to--

The signal completely cuts out.

A "CONNECTION LOST" message replaces Miles on screen.

DetNet has been successfully hacked.

CUT TO:

STATIC, THEN--

INT. LUXURIOUS MANSION - DAY

Upbeat, aspirational music underscores the scene.

NARRATOR
(V.O.)
You've worked hard to build your
empire. But who will inherit your
legacy?

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A well-dressed MAN at an opulent desk, family portraits in the background.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Family can be complicated. What if
you could ensure your heir is truly
worthy?

INT. HIGH-TECH LAB - DAY

Scientists in a futuristic lab, designing DNA.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Meet InheritMe, the world's first
service for creating the perfect
heir. Design their traits:
intelligence, musical ability,
loyalty - it's your choice.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A CHILD, 10, plays a piano flawlessly, watched by proud PARENTS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Imagine an heir tailored to carry
on your achievements.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The MAN smiles, selecting options on a futuristic tablet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
With InheritMe, don't leave your
legacy to chance. Design your
future.

The family portraits transition to feature the child.

EXT. LUXURIOUS MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The whole family stands together in front of the mansion.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Don't settle for the family you
have. Create the family you
deserve.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "InheritMe: Design Your Legacy."

CUT TO:

INT. DCS BOARDROOM - DAY

Tension buzzes in the room. Overlapping voices. Victoria
watches impassively.

PERCY
You silenced a federally protected
news source! Our stock is
plummeting. We're bleeding money!

Geoffrey's eyes bore into Victoria with disdain and concern.

GEOFFREY
Did you honestly think there
wouldn't be consequences? We're
risking federal intervention!

Victoria steeples her fingers, meets Geoffrey's gaze with an
icy stare.

VICTORIA
DetNet hosted Voidwave, a platform
for sedition, not journalism.
(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

They lost their protection when they chose to amplify terrorist propaganda.

JAMES

Washington isn't buying it. They're demanding answers. This could lead to investigations, sanctions...

VICTORIA

(scoffs)

Washington is always on the brink of something. They're a pack of wolves, perpetually hungry for a scapegoat. But they won't find one here. Not today.

AMBER

The federal inquiries are just the tip of the iceberg. We're hemorrhaging public trust, and what about the ethical implications? And-

Victoria cuts her off with a raised hand.

VICTORIA

Enough. Let me remind you all of something.

She rises, circling the table like a predator.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

The deeper they dig into my methods, the more dirt they'll find on all of us.

GEOFFREY

What dirt?

Her eyes lock onto each board member in turn.

VICTORIA

Hmmm... Let's see...

(to Percy)

Percy, maybe they'd like to know about your 'international trade relations' - the *youthful* nature of your imports?

(to James)

James, I'm sure the IRS would love to audit your offshore accounts.

(to Amber)

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

And Amber, those whispers about forced labor in your Chinese factories... quite the stain on a corporate image, wouldn't you say?

Board members shrink back, faces pale. Victoria pauses, letting her words sink in. Her lips curl into a cruel smile.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Maybe we focus on damage control, instead of infighting.

(beat)

Now, if we're finished with this pointless squabbling, let's discuss the expansion plans for Neo Detroit.

(chipper)

After all, a rising tide lifts all boats.

INT. UNDERGROUND SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Miles Carter, the voice of Voidwave, checks the feed on his battered laptop, brow furrowed in frustration.

MILES CARTER

Nada. It's deader than dead.

The hideout is abuzz with frenetic energy. Activists faces steeped in anxiety.

KIERA

We have to get Finn's data out there. It's our only chance to expose DCS and turn the tide.

All eyes turn to Malika. She taps on the map - the Infosphere Tower, in the heart of Neo Detroit.

MALIKA

With DetNet down - sorry, Miles - the tower's our only shot at a citywide broadcast.

A palpable wave of unease. Murmurs rise, questions laced with fear.

MILES CARTER

(incredulous)

Infosphere Tower?! You're kidding, right? That's suicide.

REMY

Yeah. Security's no joke. We're talking automated turrets, Peacekeepers, Hounds... we're outmatched.

Malika meets their concerns with a steely gaze.

MALIKA

Since when has that stopped us?

KIERA

Murphy and I have been studying the blueprints. There's a way in.

ROBOCOP

But there will be heavy resistance.

The room falls into tense silence. The weight of the mission presses down. Miles breaks the silence, resigned but determined.

MILES CARTER

Well, at least we'll go out with a bang.

KIERA

We can't walk in guns blazing. We need a diversion. A big one.

Miles raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

MILES

How big we talking?

Kiera glances at Remy and Malika, a silent conversation passes between them.

KIERA

Big enough to make DCS focus on what's happening *outside* the tower.

Remy leans forward, mischievous glint in his eye.

REMY

I have just the thing.

MILES

Mysterious. I like it.

(beat)

The rest of us can make a lot of noise for sure.

Kiera's gaze sweeps across the faces in the room.

KIERA

I won't lie to you. This is a gamble. A big one. And I can't ask any of you to risk your lives for a cause that might seem lost.

The air crackles with tension. No one rises to leave. Eyes hardened by years of struggle meet Kiera's with resolve.

Miles steps forward.

MILES CARTER

We didn't crawl out of the ashes to surrender now. Old Detroit's in our blood, and we'll fight tooth and nail to reclaim it.

Nods and murmurs of agreement from the activists. Kiera's shoulders relax, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

KIERA

Good. We leave at sundown.

INT. UNDERGROUND SAFE HOUSE - SMALL ROOM - LATER

Kiera, Malika, and Remy huddle together.

MALIKA

Are you sure you don't want Remy and I to come with you? Jase and Miles can lead the others.

Kiera shakes her head.

KIERA

They need you guys. Plus, I'll have Murphy.

REMY

So... then this might be the last time we get a moment like this?

MALIKA

Don't say shit like that, Remy.

REMY

(embarrassed)
Sorry.

Kiera looks at them, eyes softening.

KIERA
This isn't how I imagined it would
be.

MALIKA
We'll pull through.

Kiera manages a small smile.

KIERA
I dunno. This feels different.

REMY
How?

KIERA
This is the moment everything
changes. For better or worse.

A sly grin spreads across Remy's face.

REMY
Speaking of change...

MALIKA
(groaning)
Here we go...

REMY
Why did the activist sit on the
clock?

Kiera rolls her eyes, a smile on her lips.

KIERA
Why?

REMY
To make sure it was time for a
change!

Despite the tension, a chuckle escapes Kiera's lips.

KIERA
No matter how this plays out, I'm
so grateful to have you two.

Malika and Remy nod in unison. Then Remy pulls them into a
big group hug.

KIERA (CONT'D)
Stay safe out there.

REMY

You too.

They break apart, closer than ever.

MALIKA

Alright. Let's make history.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - STREETS - DUSK

It's quiet. Kiera and Robo move cautiously, sticking to shadows. DCS drones buzz ominously in the distance.

KIERA

I think we're going the wrong way.

ROBOCOP

DCS patrol zone ahead. I'm rerouting us through the metro.

They turn down a narrow alley, walls adorned with remnants of a vibrant mural, now faded and chipped.

KIERA

I helped paint this as a kid. Different world then.

ROBOCOP

Different? The only Detroit I've ever known has been at war with itself.

KIERA

We had a vibrant community for a while there. Hopeful.

ROBOCOP

Hope is a powerful motivator.

KIERA

It's all we have, Murphy.

They reach a rusted metro entrance, gate ajar.

Robo pries it open. Kiera pauses.

KIERA (CONT'D)

Hey, wait...

She pulls Robo's iconic Auto-9mm pistol from her backpack.

KIERA (CONT'D)

Took this from the museum.

He hesitates to take it.

ROBOCOP
My new directives...

KIERA
(cutting him off)
I know. But... revolutions get
messy sometimes. We have to defend
ourselves.

Robo takes the gun. Feeling the weight in his hand.

ROBOCOP
Feels heavier.

KIERA
Well, it was pretty outdated, so
Remy and I upgraded it. Much larger
ammo capacity, improved smart
targeting, and an option to use non-
lethal rounds.

ROBOCOP
Impressive.

Robo aims the weapon, targeting systems calibrating to the
new features.

He spins the gun around his pointer finger, and holsters it
in his leg compartment.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's go save the city.

INT. UNDERGROUND SAFE HOUSE - MAIN TUNNEL - DUSK

The hideout buzzes with controlled chaos. Activists check
weapons, faces etched with nervous anticipation. Malika
stands near the exit.

MALIKA
Listen up! Today, we're more than
activists. Today, we're the beating
heart of Old Detroit, rising up to
reclaim what's ours!

The room falls silent, every eye fixed on her.

MALIKA (CONT'D)
This isn't just a protest march.
It's a declaration. A message to
DCS that we will not be controlled.

Energy ripples through the room. Miles, eyes blazing, slams his fist into his open palm.

MILES
We're taking back our city!

REMY
For Finn!

ACTIVIST 1
For our families!

ACTIVIST 2
For our future!

A defiant roar erupts. Fists raised. Malika surveys determined faces.

MALIKA
Remember, every step we take, every
chant we raise, every act of
defiance is a victory. We will not
be silenced. We will not be erased.

Activists prepare to move out. Malika catches Remy's eye. A silent understanding.

MALIKA (CONT'D)
(softly)
Be careful.

Remy nods, reassuring.

REMY
Always.

INT. OLD METRO TUNNEL - LATER

Damp, musty. Walls covered in old posters and graffiti. Robo and Kiera walk quietly, footsteps echoing.

ROBOCOP
Why were the trains abandoned?

Kiera's gaze traces the rusted tracks, voice bitter.

KIERA
DCS shut'em down when they built
Neo Detroit. Cut us off. It made it
easier for them to control us. But
it was hell on the citizens.

They walk in silence, footsteps synchronized.

ROBOCOP
I used to take this line with my
son. To the arcade downtown.

KIERA
(gently)
What was his favorite game?

A ghost of a smile tugs at Robo's mouth.

ROBOCOP
Pac-Man. He spent hours trying to
beat my score. We'd get ice cream
afterward, mint chocolate chip for
him, vanilla for me.

KIERA
Sounds like good times.

ROBOCOP
They're just echoes now. Faded
memories of a life I lost.

Kiera places a hand on Robo's shoulder.

KIERA
But you still care. That's why
you're here, fighting for a city
you barely recognize.

Robo's eyes meet hers. A silent understanding.

ROBOCOP
The city changed, but the people
haven't. They deserve protection.

They reach the tunnel's end, streetlights glimmering above.

EXT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE TOWER - NIGHT

Sleek streets. DCS SECURITY patrol in imposing armor. STREET
VENDORS push carts. SANITATION TRUCKS rumble. Ordinary scene.

Jase, driving a sanitation truck, adjusts his hat, revealing
a hidden comm device. Malika, on the back with Miles, checks
her own device.

MALIKA
(into her comm)
Alpha team in position.

MILES CARTER
City's ripe for the picking. Let's
give'em a show they won't forget.

MALIKA
(into comms)
That's a greenlight for Alpha team.

Jase nods, eyes on the road.

JASE
(to himself)
Here we go...

The truck swerves, blocking a lane in front of the Infosphere Tower. Four nondescript cars pull up behind, sealing the street.

Activists shed disguises. Street vendors reveal hidden weapons. Sanitation workers join them. Banners unfurl. Chants echo.

ACTIVIST #1
No more drugs, no more lies!
Detroit unite, it's time we rise!

Malika and Miles jump off the truck, joining the crowd.

MILES CARTER
(into bullhorn)
For a United Detroit!

The protest swells. A scattered group transforms into a sea of angry faces and raised fists. DCS guards try to intervene but are overwhelmed.

Neo Detroit citizens watch in shock. Some record the events, others shout in anger. The atmosphere is electric.

ACTIVISTS
(chanting together)
No more drugs, no more lies!
Detroit unite, it's time we rise!

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Screens flicker with chaotic scenes. Victoria slams her fist on the console.

VICTORIA
(seething)
I want answers, and I want them
now! How did they get into the city
unnoticed?! Is our security fucking
asleep?!

A TECH stammers, eyes darting.

TECH STAFF MEMBER #1
We're... we're still assessing the
situation. It appears they used a
coordinated diversionary tactic...

Victoria cuts him off with a wave.

VICTORIA
Diversion? I don't care about their
tactics! I want results. Mobilize
all the Peacekeeper units. Lock
down the block. I want every inch
of that tower surrounded!

The room freezes. Tech Staff exchange uneasy glances.
Geoffrey, at the back, raises an eyebrow, a mix of amusement
and concern.

GEOFFREY
Victoria, deploying Peacekeepers in
Neo Detroit? We risk inciting a
full-blown panic.

VICTORIA
Let them panic! Fear is a far more
effective weapon than any
Peacekeeper. Let's show everyone
the consequences of defying DCS.

She holds his gaze, her point is made.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Move! Crush the insurgents. And
find RoboCop. Terminate him.

Tech Staff jump into action. Geoffrey watches, his amusement
fading to concern.

INT. OLD METRO TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Flashlights pierce darkness. Kiera and Robo move cautiously.

ROBOCOP

The maintenance tunnel access is
just ahead.

They round a corner. A dead end. Kiera frowns, confused.

KIERA

Are you sure your sensors are
working? This can't be right.

Robo scans the wall.

ROBOCOP

It's right.

He points to a section of the wall that seems unremarkable.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)

Infrared scan indicates a hollow
space beyond. It runs parallel to
this metro line.

Kiera raises an eyebrow.

KIERA

Well then, let's fucking go, chat!

Robo doesn't reply. Draws back his fist.

And delivers a thunderous punch to the wall.

The concrete explodes inward, revealing a dark tunnel.

ROBOCOP

Access point confirmed.

Kiera coughs, waving away the dust.

KIERA

After you.

INT. INFOSPHERE TOWER - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Kiera and Robo emerge into a dim, cavernous basement. Hissing
pipes. Humming conduits.

KIERA

This place is a maze.

Robo's head swivels. He raises a hand, signaling Kiera to
stop.

ROBOCOP
Security. Twelve o'clock.

Kiera ducks behind crates, heart pounding.

Robo steps out. Fluid. Silent. A guard rounds the corner.

Robo disarms him in a blur. Strike. Twist. Silenced takedown.

The guard slumps, unconscious. Robo catches the falling flashlight.

Kiera emerges from her hiding spot.

KIERA
Smooth.

EXT. INFOSPHERE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The protest escalates. Activists surrounded by DCS SECURITY and PEACEKEEPER UNITS.

A tense standoff. DCS SECURITY CAPTAIN strides through his ranks, voice booming through a megaphone.

DCS SECURITY CAPTAIN
You are in direct violation of DCS
curfew and inciting violence.
Disperse or face lethal force!

Miles and Jase look to Malika. She shakes her head subtly.

MALIKA
Remy's bringing backup. Stall them.

Miles nods. Deep breath. Steps forward, hands raised.

MILES CARTER
Please, lower your weapons. This
doesn't have to end in violence! We
just want our voices heard!

The DCS Security Captain squares his shoulders.

DCS SECURITY CAPTAIN
Not happening, son. We've got
orders to shoot on sight. Stand
down.

Miles meets his gaze. Voice steady despite trembling hands.

MILES CARTER

We're not leaving until DCS is held accountable for its crimes! Neo Detroit is a lie. DCS tracks your every move, every purchase, and sell that information to advertisers who bombard you with manipulative messages.

Neo Detroit citizens murmur in agreement. Watching from the sidelines.

MILES CARTER (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, Old Detroit is left to rot. Our city is divided. They want you to believe that Neo Detroit is superior. But it's all to keep us fighting amongst ourselves while they line their pockets!

The crowd erupts. Cheers. Shouts. Defiance. The DCS Security Captain's face reddens with fury.

MILES CARTER (CONT'D)

We are Detroit! One city, one citizenship! And there's no room for corporate greed anymore. We will not be--

Bullets rip through Miles. He collapses.

Horror and fury wash over the crowd. Malika's voice, raw with rage, cuts through the chaos.

MALIKA

NOW!

Protestors unleash hidden weapons. Gunfire erupts. Smoke grenades billow. Chaos.

DCS forces gain the upper hand. A rumbling sound shakes the ground.

A hulking figure emerges from the smoke - the ED-209, neon pink anarchy symbol.

Remy, strapped to the top, grips a tablet connected to the behemoth.

REMY

Somebody call for backup!?

The ED-209 tears through DCS forces like paper dolls.

INT. INFOSPHERE TOWER - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

ROBOCOP

The maintenance elevator will take us straight to the studio floor.

KIERA

We need to shut down their security system before we get in that elevator.

ROBOCOP

On it.

TCHIKK! Robo's metallic spike snaps into place, protruding from his knuckles.

KIERA

(laughs)

Not quite what I had in mind. Tech's changed a lot since your day. I upgraded you a bit.

Robo pauses, confusion flickering across his face.

KIERA (CONT'D)

You're wireless now, Murphy. Think of it as... a digital handshake as opposed to...

(she nods to the spike)

A... forced extraction.

Robo processes this info.

ROBOCOP

Initiating network intrusion.

ROBOVISION

A holographic menu materializes in his HUD. Options flicker past as he navigates to Wi-Fi software. Digital readout scrolls:

NETWORK ACCESS GRANTED

BYPASSING FIREWALLS...

DISABLING SECURITY PROTOCOLS...

Security camera feeds blink out. Static fuzz. A tower map appears, nodes dimming as Robo shuts down defenses.

ROBOCOP (CONT'D)

Surveillance systems deactivated.

KIERA

Alright, let's get this show on the road.

INT. INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens into a small anteroom. A large soundproof window dominates one wall, looking into the adjacent broadcast studio.

Bright lights illuminate Casey Murdock and Jessica Lee, behind the news desk.

JESSICA LEE

(muffled through the glass)

...as the situation outside continues to deteriorate, with reports of heavy gunfire and explosions coming from the base of the tower...

Kiera and Robo emerge from the elevator. A heavy security door stands between them and the studio floor.

KIERA

The control room's in there. We need to-

SMASH! Robo's fist punches through the soundproof glass, shattering it. The crash silences the broadcast.

ROBOCOP

Remain calm or there will be trouble.

Casey and Jessica recoil, eyes wide. Crew members scatter, ducking for cover, or reaching for their phones.

KIERA

(yelling over the noise)
Everyone, please! We're not here to hurt you.

Casey regains composure, voice filled with indignation.

CASEY MURDOCK

(looking to control book)
Someone call fucking security!

KIERA

Just listen to me. I know the truth about DCS. You've all been lied to!

Casey scoffs. Jessica, journalistic instincts kicking in, leans forward.

JESSICA LEE

What truth?

Kiera gestures towards the cameras.

KIERA

The truth you've been a part of covering up. The truth about their surveillance, their manipulation, their exploitation of the people of Detroit.

CASEY MURDOCK

You mean Old Detroit.

KIERA

I mean all of us!

CASEY MURDOCK

This is outrageous. You're trespassing on private property, your comrades started a war downstairs, and you think you're here to preach about DCS?! They're the only ones keeping us safe.

(then)

Where the fuck is security?!

KIERA

Aren't you supposed to be journalists? Don't you want the real story?

Jessica hesitates, a moment of doubt.

The elevator opens, revealing three PEACEKEEPER UNITS and two HOUND UNITS, weapons trained on Kiera and Robo.

PEACEKEEPER

Intruder alert. Terminate on sight.

Robo's leg holster opens. He arms himself.

BRRRRAPPP! BRRRRAPPP! BRRRRAPPP! The Auto-9mm ROARS, bullets finding their marks, taking out two Hounds.

The Peacekeepers open fire.

KIERA

(to Jessica)

Get me into the control room. Now.

Jessica nods. She moves from behind the desk. Casey lunges, grip tightening on her arm.

CASEY MURDOCK
(snarling)
What the do you think you're
doing?!

Jessica throws him off.

JESSICA LEE
Get your hands off me, you asshole.
I'm done being your sidekick.

She grabs Kiera's hand, leading her to the control room.

Robo blasts a Peacekeeper in the chest. BRRRRAAAPP! The Auto-9mm takes out another Peacekeeper's legs.

Remaining Peacekeepers fire. Energy blasts scorch walls.

Robo returns fire with deadly accuracy. Gunfire fills the air. The studio becomes a warzone under the news lights.

Jessica punches in the control room code. She and Kiera rush inside.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Victoria watches the protests. On other screens chaos unfolds on the Infosphere broadcast.

VICTORIA
Stop them. NOW!

TECH #1
We're trying, but--

VICTORIA
I want results! What about the
sonic cannon?

TECH #2
It's operational... but tests
showed... significant collateral
dama--

VICTORIA
(cuts him off)
Deploy it.

Tech #2 and Tech #1 exchange worried glances.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
I said fucking deploy it!

INT. INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kiera scans the banks of monitors and consoles.

KIERA
 (to the technician)
 Upload this to your servers now.

The technician complies.

Within moments, the stolen information is floods the Infosphere network, broadcasting DCS's crimes to the city.

Jessica stands behind Kiera, looking over her shoulder, eyes wide as she takes in the breadth of corruption.

JESSICA LEE
 (sotto)
 Jesus...

Something snaps in her. She spins to the PRODUCER.

JESSICA LEE (CONT'D)
 Get us back on the air, Steve.

The Producer hesitates.

JESSICA LEE (CONT'D)
 NOW!

She pulls Kiera with her back into the studio.

The monitors in the control room, go live, showing Jessica return to the news desk.

INT. INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jessica shoves Casey.

JESSICA LEE
 (to Casey)
 Move.

She sits behind the desk.

JESSICA LEE (CONT'D)
 (to Kiera off-camera)
 Come here. Yeah, you. Sit here.

Kiera sits. Jessica looks into the control room.

JESSICA LEE (CONT'D)
 Are we live, Steve?
 (beat)
 Okay.

She adjusts her hair and then looks to camera.

JESSICA LEE (CONT'D)
 This is Jessica Lee, reporting live from inside the Infosphere Tower studio. What you're seeing on your feeds isn't a hoax. It's verified data given to me by the leader of the Old Detroit activists. She's here with me now.

The shot cuts to Kiera, seated next to Jessica.

JESSICA LEE (CONT'D)
 (to Kiera)
 Go ahead.

Kiera takes a beat to collect her thoughts.

KIERA
 People of Neo Detroit, please listen. You have been lied to, manipulated, and divided. But we are not your enemies. We are you. And we're here to tell you the truth.

EXT. STREETS OF NEO DETROIT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - CONTINUOUS

People are walking, shopping, living their lives. Suddenly, every screen, from billboards to shop windows, changes. The DCS exposé starts playing.

KIERA (V.O.)
 The truth about OxyNex. They told you it was a problem isolated to Old Detroit.

PEDESTRIANS stop in their tracks, eyes glued to screens.

KIERA (V.O.)
 They told you it was a problem with the people, not the product. But that was a lie. A calculated experiment.

INT. NEO DETROIT - COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Customers and BARISTAS look up at the TV in shock.

KIERA (V.O.)

They flooded our streets with that
poison, watching as addiction rates
skyrocketed. They used us as lab
rats to perfect their formula.

INT. NEO DETROIT - SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Patrons and a bartender, eyes glued to TVs. Drinks pause
halfway to lips. A hush falls over the bar.

KIERA (V.O.)

And now? They're coming for your
children. They want to slip it into
their school lunches, create a
generation of docile, dependent
consumers. They want to control
you; body and mind.

A low murmur of anger. Disbelief rises from the crowd.

EXT. INFOSPHERE TOWER - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Activists continue to clash with DCS Security and
Peacekeepers.

KIERA (V.O.)

For too long, DCS has painted a
false picture of our city, a
narrative designed to keep us at
each other's throats while they
profit from our misery.

Malika tackles a young activist, saving her from crossfire.

KIERA (V.O.)

They call us terrorists, gangs,
hoodlums.

Malika stands and takes a bullet to the shoulder. Spins,
gasps in pain. Drops.

KIERA (V.O.)

But we are not criminals. We are
workers, artists, dreamers.

Remy screams, directs ED-209 to fire. The assailant is
obliterated.

KIERA (V.O.)
 We are mothers, fathers, brothers,
 sisters. We are Detroiters, united
 by our love for this city.

REMY
 Hold the line!

Suddenly, a large drone descends from the sky.

Hovers outside the tower's top floor. A massive cannon-like device attached to its underbelly.

REMY (CONT'D)
 What the fuck is that?

The cannon charges. A low, menacing hum. Bathing the street in an ominous red glow.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Pandemonium. Screens flicker with the news broadcast. Kiera's face stern, her voice powerful.

KIERA (O.S.)
 (from monitors)
They peddle drugs that destroy
 our communities, while their ads
 promise a false utopia.

Damning evidence of DCS's crimes floods the airwaves. Techs scramble. Victoria seethes.

KIERA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 They neglect Old Detroit, leaving
 it to decay while they bask in the
 neon glow of this artificial
 paradise.

Victoria's eyes dart between screens as her empire crumbles.

KIERA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (from monitors)
 Meanwhile, they track your every
 move, sell your data to the highest
 bidder, and they're coming for your
 kids next.

INT. INFOSPHERE NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Kiera's broadcast continues. Robo, damaged but standing, has subdued all DCS bots.

KIERA

...DCS will stop at nothing to silence us. But we will not be silenced! We will fight for our city, for our freedom!

The hum from outside grows louder. The windows vibrate. RoboCop looks up, analyzing the sonic weapon.

ROBOVISION

On the HUD: Sensors analyze the drone, identifying the sonic weapon.

KIERA (CONT'D)

What's that?

Infosphere news cameras capture the drone hovering outside the window. They're still on air.

ROBOCOP

EVERYONE DOWN!

He charges towards the window, ignoring Kiera's protests.

EXT. INFOSPHERE TOWER - STREET - CONTINUOUS

RoboCop BURSTS through the window. Leaps onto the drone. Clings to its underbelly.

THE SONIC CANNON FIRES. A deafening blast.

Robo's body absorbs the full force of the blast, shielding the protesters below.

The drone spirals out of control. CRASHES into the tower. Explodes in sparks.

Robo FALLS. Broken. Smoking.

The crowd watches. Stunned silence.

Then, a wave of fury erupts.

The crowd SURGES forward. A tidal wave of anger.

The uprising begins.

EXT. NEO DETROIT - STREETS - NIGHT

The city ERUPTS.

A MAN in a suit rips down a DCS surveillance camera. SMASHES it on the ground.

The crowd CHEERS.

INT. NEO DETROIT - APARTMENT - NIGHT

A WOMAN watches the broadcast.

She hurls her DCS-branded smart toaster out the window.

It CRASHES onto the street. Sparks. Smoke.

EXT. NEO DETROIT - DIGITAL BILLBOARD - NIGHT

Figures silhouetted against the neon glow.

They hang off the billboard, spray-painting a giant "RESIST" over a DCS ad.

INT. DCS COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Pandemonium. Screens flicker with surveillance footage of uprisings.

INFOSPHERE feed: damning evidence of DCS's crimes floods the airwaves.

Techs scramble. Victoria seethes. She's fucked. Cooked.

VICTORIA
(white as a ghost)
No... this is impossible.

Her eyes dart from screen to screen. Her empire crumbles.

GEOFFREY
Excellent leadership skills,
Victoria.

Victoria whips around. Eyes ablaze. The facade shatters as power slips through her fingers.

VICTORIA
This is their doing! Those
insurgents, those terrorists!

She flees. Heels clicking on the cold floor. Geoffrey smirks.

INT. DCS HEADQUARTERS - VICTORIA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Victoria, hunched over her desk. Deleting files, emails. Any trace of Operation Clean Slate.

Screens show plummeting stock prices and urgent messages.

Geoffrey enters, a satisfied smirk. Leans against the wall, arms crossed.

GEOFFREY
I wouldn't bother.

Victoria freezes. Turns to face Geoffrey, wild-eyed.

VICTORIA
(pleading)
Geoffrey...

GEOFFREY
You never respected OCP's legacy.
Thought you could escape our
pitfalls. Thought you were better
than us old dogs.

Victoria rises, voice shaking with rage.

VICTORIA
I am better than you! I built this
company! I had a vision, a plan...

GEOFFREY
(scoffs)
All you've built is a house of
cards, ready to collapse.

Victoria lunges. Geoffrey grabs her arm. Twists it behind her back. Forces her to the window.

VICTORIA
(struggling)
Let me go! You can't do this!

GEOFFREY
(voice drips with venom)
Oh, but I can. And I will.

He shoves her. The glass cracks. Spiderwebs.

VICTORIA
You'll pay for this.

GEOFFREY
Bill me, bitch.

Geoffrey raises a revolver. Fires a single shot. The glass shatters. He shoves Victoria through.

She plummets, screaming.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
 (watching her fall)
 History always repeats.

Expressionless, he picks up the phone.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Shut down the Peacekeepers. Full
 retreat.
 (beat)
 Oh, and there's been an incident.
 Ms. Sterling has...taken her own
 life.

He hangs up. City lights reflect in his merciless eyes.

EXT. INFOSPHERE TOWER - STREET - NIGHT

The Peacekeeper units are frozen in place. Weapons down. Lights off. K-9.5 Hounds inert, twisted in unnatural poses.

Activists watch, confused, as DCS Security retreats.

Silence, broken only by distant sirens.

Remy scans the area. Spots Malika on the ground, blood pooling around her shoulder.

REMY
 Malika!

He rushes to her. Slides to his knees.

MALIKA
 (wincing)
 Easy, kid. I'm not dead yet.

Remy helps her sit up, relieved.

REMY
 I saw you get hit... I thought...

MALIKA
 I'm fine. Nothing I can't handle.

They look around at the deactivated DCS forces.

REMY
Is it over?

MALIKA
I guess so? But...

She searches the area, worry on her face.

MALIKA (CONT'D)
Where's Kiera?

Just then, Kiera steps out of the shattered lobby. Scans the scene.

MALIKA (CONT'D)
(calling to her)
KIERA!

Relief washes over Kiera. Quickly replaced by deep sorrow.
She spots Robo's broken body amidst the debris. Runs to him.
Malika and Remy follow, faces mirroring her grief.
Activists gather, heads bowed in respect.
Kiera kneels. Places a hand on Robo's cracked chest.

KIERA
Murphy...

Her fingers graze his metallic faceplate.

KIERA (CONT'D)
He saved me. All of us.

Remy puts a hand on her shoulder.

REMY
He was a hero.

Stunned silence. Robo's sacrifice heavy in the air. Dawn breaks.

Then, the uprising reaches the tower.

Neo Detroit citizens flood the streets. Their voices merge into a powerful chant.

CROWD
(chanting)
No more drugs, no more lies!
Detroit unite, it's time we rise!

Kiera, Remy, Malika, and the activists watch in awe. Joined by fresh faces.

One by one, they join the chorus. A sea of bodies converges on the Infosphere tower. Voices echo through the dawn.

The fight for Detroit isn't over. It's only just begun.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Weeks later. Vignettes across both cities:

OLD DETROIT

- Children play soccer in a once-abandoned lot. Now, a makeshift field.
- A bustling street market. Vendors sell fresh produce, handmade goods.
- Artists transform a blank wall into a vibrant mural. RoboCop's visage. Once oppressive. Now a beacon of hope.

NEO DETROIT

- A family picnics. No DCS drones hovering overhead.
- Friends laugh and talk in a cafe.
- Streets filled with people. Not Peacekeepers.

INT. DCS BOARDROOM - DAY

Geoffrey stands. Smirking. Board members, apprehensive.

GEOFFREY

Gentlemen, ladies. The time has come. DCS is no more. Today, we rise as... Omni Consumer Products.

Shocked faces. Some intrigued.

JAMES

OCP? You're joking.

GEOFFREY

It's a brand people know. A brand with power. We will be a new OCP, one that learns from the past.

He pauses. Lets it sink in.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
Think about it. We'll reconvene in
a few weeks.

AMBER
(hesitant)
But the public perception of OCP...

GEOFFREY
We'll say we're reclaiming the
legacy. To unite Detroit. To heal
the city.

He takes Victoria's old seat. At the head of the table.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
And they'll believe us. I mean,
look at them out there. They're
scared. And fear, my friends,
drives consumption.
(beat; smirking)
Plus, everyone loves a reboot.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - CITY SQUARE - DAY

Volunteers from Neo and Old Detroit rebuild. Repair. Restore.

KIERA (V.O.)
They said it was impossible. Two
cities, divided by more than just
walls. But here we are.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Malika hammers a beam. Remy paints a mural of children
playing.

MALIKA
Starting to feel like a community
center, right?

REMY
Wait till the kids see the climbing
wall!

EXT. NEO DETROIT - INFOSPHERE TOWER - STREET - DAY

The once sterile, empty street is bustles with life.

KIERA (V.O.)
Your sacrifice wasn't in vain. Even
in Neo Detroit, change takes root.
Old wounds are healing.

EXT. OLD DETROIT - STREET - DAY

Wind whips Kiera's hair as she gazes at the RoboCop mural.

KIERA
You'd be proud, Murphy. I know the
fight's not over. Might never be.
But I can finally see the future
we're fighting for.

Sunlight hits the wall. Robo, a beacon of hope. The enduring
spirit of Detroit.

THE END