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# RoboCop 2

By Frank Miller

MagnaVolt.

The final word in auto security.

No embarrassing alarm noise,  
no need to trouble the police...

...and it won't even  
run down your battery.

MagnaVolt.

Lethal response.

On the international scene, the Amazon  
nuclear power facility has blown its stack...  
...irradiating the world's largest rain forest.  
Environmentalists call it a disaster.

But don't they always?

In national news,  
Attorney General Marcos today...  
...approved the ED 209 combat unit  
for deployment in five American cities...  
...despite widespread complaints  
of malfunction.

The surgeon general is dead.  
Gunned down 20 minutes ago by a militant  
addict of the deadly designer drug Nuke.  
The greatest health threat  
facing our nation.

Nuke.

The most addictive narcotic  
in history.

A plague that...

Nuke! Nuke!

This station has just received  
this transmission from Cain...  
...convicted murderer  
and leader of the Nuke cult.  
The people want paradise.  
And they will have it.  
The assassination is the latest  
act of terrorism by Cain...  
...following the bombing  
of a drug treatment clinic that left five dead.  
After the latest breakdown in negotiations,  
Detroit's police returned to the picket line...  
...demanding better terms from  
Omni Consumer Products, OCP...  
...the corporation contracted by the city

to run the police department.  
OCP cut our salaries 40 percent  
and canceled our pensions.  
Now they refuse to even talk to us.  
God knows why,  
but they want this strike.  
What happened?  
Get up!  
- Hold him!  
- You put my eye out, you bitches!  
Shut up, you fuckhead!  
- You're breaking my fucking arm!  
- Hurry!  
Look at this. What a nasty man.  
Night's made. Let's pay Papa  
and get us what we need.  
Nuke me, baby!  
- I'll kill you bitches!  
- He's up! Come on!  
- You're shit with a timer, man!  
- Come on! Let's go!  
I'll take out an army with this shit!  
Let's load up  
and get the hell out of here!  
Where's the bullets for this gun, man?  
Third drawer, bottom.  
We should've brought a truck!  
I really like this gun, man.  
Just take it and get out.  
Thanks.  
- I don't believe this!  
- What?  
- It's the cops, man.  
- Cops are on strike, stupid.  
Can't you hear that?  
- See. What did I tell you?  
- I'll fix him.  
Did you see that? We got him!  
- Beautiful. Come on, man. Let's move it.  
- No. One more!  
Nice shit, man.  
Fucking cops!  
Peace officer.  
Think it over, creep.

Nuke.  
It's not mine, man.  
Where is it made?  
It's not mine, man. I told you! I'm clean!  
Where is it made?  
I don't know, man!  
All I know is where I get it!  
Freeze.  
Nobody move. This is a bust.  
Ladies, stay down.  
Somebody! Open the fridge, damn it!  
Come on!  
Can't shoot a kid, can you, fucker?  
Can't shoot a kid...  
Throw it home, Dad!  
Shut up!  
Drop it or the little shit's dead!  
I'll blow its fucking head off, man!  
Lewis...  
...hang it up.  
Now, no shit from either one of you!  
- And don't try to follow me!  
- We won't.  
The baby's going with me!  
I'll kill it, man. I'll do it. I'll fucking kill it!  
We can't have that.  
Nice shooting.  
See you, Jimmy.  
- Hi, Mom.  
- Hi.  
Don't do it! No! Stop... Stop it, Alex!  
OCP defines you as a machine...  
...that utilizes some living tissue.  
You understand that.  
Yes.  
And so do you  
consider yourself human?  
I require an answer.  
Stop tape.  
You have any idea what you're doing  
to that poor woman?  
Take a look at her file.  
Go on.  
Officer, Mrs. Murphy

is bringing suit against OCP.

My name is Tom Delaney.

I'm representing her.

Up to a few months ago,  
she wouldn't leave her bedroom.

Then there were hypnotists  
and harmonic treatments.

Then you pull this shit!

Driving past her house day after day.

Spying on her. Trying to make her  
think her husband is still alive.

She's barely started  
to accept the loss.

- You're ripping her to pieces.

- And for what?

Do you think you could ever be  
a husband to her?

I mean, what can you offer her?

Companionship?

Love?

A man's love?

No.

Roll tape.

Are you Alex Murphy?

No.

Are you human?

No.

You are simply a machine.

I am...

...a machine.

Nothing more.

Nothing more.

That'll do it. Stop tape.

Now, you stay there.

All right, go get her.

Let's be decent about this.

Give them some privacy.

I don't have a problem with that.

Alex?

Don't you know me?

Don't you remember me?

Alex, it doesn't matter

what they've done to you...

Touch me.

It's cold.  
They made this...  
...to honor him.  
- No, I...  
- Your husband is dead.  
I don't know you.  
Why is this happening?  
I thought all communication systems  
were the same.  
I tried to save the company  
a few bucks.  
It took two days to download specs  
from Cleveland.  
I lost the account.  
It hardly befits my dignity  
to have to come to you, Johnson.  
Sorry for the slight inconvenience,  
Your Honor.  
Twenty minutes in rush hour isn't slight.  
Not when you're mayor of a major city!  
When will you start paying the cops  
so they'll go back to work?  
We're not a charity.  
The city owes us over \$37 million.  
- You'll have to cut us some slack.  
- A deadline's a deadline. Sorry.  
How are we supposed to raise  
that kind of money?  
You aren't.  
- What the hell is he talking about?  
- We don't expect you to pay.  
Let me refer you to our contract.  
"In the event of default...  
...OCP shall have the uncontested right  
of foreclosure on all city assets."  
You signed this.  
We miss one payment,  
and you can foreclose?  
We can and we will.  
We're taking Detroit private.  
So you deliberately undermined  
our credit.  
That was the easy part.  
And you engineered the police strike.

You want Detroit to tear itself apart...

...so you can raid it like you would  
any other corporation!

Do you know how many people  
are dying?

You're murderers!

I'd advise you to say nothing further.

It might be...

...actionable.

It's bullshit!

- Bullshit, you senile, old bastard!

- All right, calm down.

- We better get out of here.

- I'm okay!

- Calm down. We better leave.

- I'm calm.

- Calm down. Easy.

- I'm okay.

All right, good.

- I'm in control. Everything is fine. It's okay.

- Relax.

I'm fine.

One last thing, gentlemen.

We will sue your asses.

Give it your best shot.

Fuck you, you old, senile bastard!

This is bullshit!

Fuck you!

- This is bullshit!

- Calm down.

I've been very patient, Johnson.

Five months.

- Who's that?

- That's Dr. Juliette Faxx.

Just moved up to head the

Attitude Adjustment team.

Five months. Ninety million dollars!

- I want to see some results.

- Yes, sir. I'll show you what we have.

OCP pioneered cyborg technology.

And now we take

a quantum leap forward.

State-of-the-art

destructive capabilities...

...commanded by a unique combination  
of software and organic systems.  
In every way,  
an improvement over the original.  
It gives me great pleasure  
to introduce to you, Robocop 2.  
You are under arrest.  
Stop or I'll shoot.  
Stop or I'll shoot.  
OCP is proud to present the future  
of urban pacification:  
Robocop 2.  
Ninety million.  
They all go crazy.  
Robots with emotional problems.  
No, sir, not robots, cyborgs.  
Cybernetic organisms. We use living human  
tissue and that's our whole problem.  
The candidates were all fine men,  
respected police officers.  
I reviewed their files myself.  
Sir, police officers may not be  
the best candidates for our purposes.  
They're a physical bunch.  
They're macho, body-proud.  
Stripped of all that it's no wonder  
they become suicidal.  
Our one success was a cop.  
Well, yes, Mr. Johnson. Alex Murphy.  
Top of his class,  
devout Irish Catholic, family man.  
Everything in his profile  
indicates a fierce sense of duty.  
That's probably what kept him alive.  
With due respect, Dr. Faxx,  
your area of expertise is psychology.  
Not robotics.  
There's no harm in hearing  
the young lady out, is there?  
No, sir.  
Thank you, sir. I believe that Murphy's case  
was unusual but not unique.  
We can find someone else, someone  
to whom the prospect might even be...



...desirable.  
I've never met anyone who wanted  
to be a robot.  
It would require a screening process,  
one I'd would be happy to supervise.  
The cost would be negligible.  
It would be a shame  
to waste all the work that's been done.  
It certainly would.  
Go to it. Report to me directly.  
Yes, sir.  
You could learn a thing or two  
from that girl, Johnson.  
- not for me!  
Decent pay to decent cops!  
Union's got a list!  
We ain't forgetting who you are!  
One at a time!  
Please, one at a time.  
Don't you know  
what's going on out here?  
It's the best we can do!  
Hello, ladies!  
They won't be fucking  
with any more cops!  
They won't be fucking  
with nobody, man!  
Hob. That's him.  
Thank you.  
Nuke me!  
Go ahead. Take two.  
There's plenty of Nuke to go around.  
I've lost him.  
You haven't been around in a while.  
Go ahead. This one's on me.  
Five degrees south-southwest.  
There's the little darling.  
Good eyes, Murphy.  
Good as money can buy.  
Ferdy, you got out.  
Well, I'll tell Cain, okay?  
Better have something  
to give me this time, officer.  
One cop per car.

Okay, these are the routes.

Three cars.

- One cop per car?

- That's right.

Sitting ducks. We set up three snipers and that's all it takes.

- Pay the man.

- All right.

Thank you.

- You didn't count it.

- That's all right.

You should really count it, you know.

It's okay.

Give him something

to help him with his conscience.

No, that's all right. I don't really want it.

Come on, Duffy. I know you need it.

Isn't this a school day?

Cops!

Oh, shit!

Oh, no.

Freeze!

Turn around. Put your hands up.

Shit.

Officer Duffy, have a seat.

You look a little out of breath, bitch.

- You sold us out, Officer Duffy.

- What are you talking about, Murph?

Where is Cain?

I don't know any Cain.

Where is Cain?

I don't know.

Where is Cain?!

I told you, I don't know!

Where?

River Rouge. The old sludge plant.

You're a rotten cop.

Go.

- You.

- You want me?

Dead or alive.

Then one of us must die.

Dead, then.

Jesus...

...had days like this.  
Hounded and attacked like a criminal.  
But like him, I don't blame you.  
They program you, and you do it.  
- I will kill you.  
- Oh, you just tried.  
And...  
...I forgive you.  
Why'd you stop? You got it cracked.  
I'm tired.  
They say he's got a brain.  
I want to see it.  
You think it was me that beat you?  
It wasn't.  
It was this.  
It's too tough.  
Try here at the joint.  
Yeah!  
Look at that!  
Come on. Cut it out.  
How's it taste?  
What the hell's going on?!  
Man, just look at him.  
Christ, he's been stripped.  
Let's not get carried away here.  
We're talking about a piece of equipment.  
Don't tell me he can't suffer.  
Just look at him.  
It's electrical.  
Bullshit.  
I know every inch of him.  
Every circuit.  
Every living nerve.  
His pain centers are alive.  
They're lit up like Christmas trees.  
The back-up generator's  
just making him twitch.  
He's suffering.  
How long can he last?  
No way of knowing.  
Got him on minimal life support.  
Keeping the brain going  
with microshocks.  
- It's damn tricky. He could go anytime.

- Move. Move!  
What's happening in here?  
OCP is happening. These bastards  
won't lift a finger to help him.  
This unit needs  
millions of dollars in parts.  
You can't expect authorization for that  
kind of cash overnight. Be reasonable.  
If you don't fix him, it's murder.  
Settle down. I'm doing you  
a favor by talking to you.  
You son of a bitch. He's in hell.  
Fix him!  
We'll be in touch.  
Oh, man, you guys are the greatest!  
Did you see their faces?  
"We're gonna throw away  
the key, Duffy."  
The cops didn't give you trouble,  
did they?  
The usual shit from Reed.  
They'll never prove anything.  
Hey, want some?  
Hey, I'm a minor.  
Don't want to break any laws.  
Here, you take it.  
God, I just love you guys!  
What happened?  
Hey, where we going?  
Hey, come on, guys.  
This isn't funny, man.  
Oh, God, my head.  
My head is killing me.  
Hey, man. What's...?  
Hey, Cain! Hey, it's good to see you.  
Thanks for getting me out.  
- I can't get up.  
- You noticed that one.  
- Cain, I don't know what the kid told you...  
- You told them, Duffy.  
- You told them where we were.  
- That's not true.  
- We know all about it, Duffy.  
- You think you're the only cop we have?

Oh, shit!  
Cain. Cain, come on.  
Man, I'm begging you, man!  
Look, I'll do anything!  
Okay. You're kidding, right?  
Yeah, you're just kidding.  
You scared me.  
You taught me a lesson, man.  
I'd never fuck with you,  
because I really love you guys.  
- I really do!  
- Shut up!  
I've been loyal. I know shit  
that I still haven't even told you, Cain!  
You deserve this, Duffy.  
Cain might have been killed.  
Okay. Okay.  
Maybe you ought to have the kid leave.  
- Why?  
- What do you mean, "have the kid leave"?  
That's a good touch. That's a good touch.  
"Have the kid leave."  
That's good. "Have the kid leave." Why?  
Come on. It's over.  
Come on, Cain! Come on, man.  
What are you doing?  
Come on!  
You said you were  
just gonna scare him!  
Doesn't he look scared?  
I can't believe you'd do this.  
It hardly matters what you believe,  
Mr. Schenk.  
But these are criminals.  
They're maniacs.  
You're giving premature  
value judgments.  
All right, it may be true.  
The subjects are socially misaligned.  
Socially misaligned?  
These are death row inmates!  
And of no use to society. We need a  
subject who'll welcome the power...  
...the virtual immortality we offer.

Now, I really think this is a good place to start looking.

- You're out of your mind.

- Is that your professional opinion?

Yes, goddamn it, it is! Yes!

And you are not using my lab to put that kind of a brain into my cyborg.

We'd dearly miss you here.

You're the one that's gonna be out of a job.

I'm going to take this directly to Johnson.

He's just been waiting for an excuse to get you fired.

Good morning, sir.

I'm sorry to bother you this early.

You seem agitated.

Frankly, I'm shocked.

Mr. Schenk just called.

Dr. Faxx has begun screening candidates for the Robocop 2 project...

So I understand. It's very exciting.

She's screening psychotics, sir.

Murderers.

We aren't planning to build a toy, Johnson.

Faxx knows what she's doing.

She's keeping Robocop offline.

It's a public-relations disaster.

You've got to learn to look at the larger picture. The foreclosure.

You must know how important that is to us.

With Robocop out of commission, the chaos down there will increase...

...and the odds the city will fall into our hands.

But a competent executive would find a way to deal with the corporate image problem.

Couldn't agree with you more,

Mr. Johnson.

Fortunately, I have found a way.

Yes, Ms. Faxx and I have already discussed it.

I know you'll help  
to implement her ideas.  
Of course, sir. Whatever I can do.  
Anything else?  
- Coffee?  
- No, thank you.  
Don't forget your shoes  
on the way out.  
He's my patient and critical.  
I must stay with him.  
We'll let you know when we need you.  
Nobody on your staff has my experience  
with him. You need me.  
We don't need anybody.  
"We." Who the hell are "we"?  
You're a lawyer who knows nothing!  
You're exactly this far  
from getting fired, babe.  
Shyster!  
He's one of mine.  
I want him back on his feet.  
Maybe he will be,  
or maybe we'll just sell the parts for scrap.  
That's up to us.  
You see, Robocop's off warranty.  
Robocop's command program...  
...his set of directives...  
It determines his behavior.  
It's time to update the program...  
...and I would like to hear  
from each one of you.  
It's about time they asked us.  
We're getting a lot of heat  
from parents' groups.  
Personally, I don't blame them.  
I'm a parent.  
All that destructive behavior.  
He's become a role model  
for our children.  
- Now, what are we teaching them?  
- You have a point.  
If he talked things out with people  
instead of firing that gun.  
Couldn't he take a little time

to address environmental issues?  
What was that?  
He could speak out  
on environmental issues.  
Don't see any reason why not.  
For all the shooting he does...  
...I've never once seen him take the time  
to do anything nice...  
...like visit an orphanage.  
- You're absolutely right.  
Or help a cat out of a tree...  
...or go door to door collecting  
for the Red Cross...  
...or maybe even roasting some  
marshmallows with some Cub Scouts.  
Why, Mr. Johnson, that is wonderful.  
Thank you so much.  
- It's no good. The program isn't uploading.  
- He's resisting.  
There's too much data.  
- No, it's him. Leave him to me, Schenk.  
- I can't... It's not going to work!  
You're wasting valuable time.  
- Don't resist us.  
- Let me up.  
I must go.  
Go where?  
Do what? Go dancing? Fall in love?  
What is it you think you are?  
Alex Murphy.  
That's a delusion.  
It's a glitch in your system.  
Alex Murphy is dead.  
Take away the metal and wires,  
you're just a couple chunks on a table.  
You're not even a corpse.  
What are you?  
Respond.  
I am Officer Alex Murphy...  
...Detroit Police Department.  
That won't do.  
What are you?  
Robocop. Crime Prevention Unit.  
OCP.



Better. Much better.  
I type it. You think it.  
You type it. I think it.  
What a wonderful opportunity  
you represent.  
Psychotherapy, it's such a...  
It's a slow, clumsy practice.  
But with you this is so simple.  
Direct.  
You're lucky.  
We can do in moments with you what  
would take years with a human patient.  
I'm really very lucky.  
You're free. You're free from doubt.  
Free from having to make painful choices.  
I am free.  
He's ready.  
Uploading command program.  
I am so glad we had this chance  
to dialogue.  
Look at you. It's like you're brand-new.  
Thank you. Thank you.  
You really had us worried there, Murphy.  
I'm touched.  
Get this guy.  
He's touched.  
That's enough. All of you,  
back to your posts. Come on. Let's go.  
How you feeling, Murphy?  
I'm just fine, Warren.  
Thank you for asking.  
Let's get you downstairs.  
I want to see what those amateurs  
at OCP screwed up.  
Pity. It's a beautiful morning.  
Shame to waste it.  
- Ready for duty, partner?  
- You betcha.  
- Let's go.  
- Nothing I'd rather do.  
He sounds terrific.  
Something's wrong.  
Harder!  
It's Robo!

Everybody out the back door!  
- It's locked!  
- It won't open!  
Murph, wake up, will you?  
Good morning.  
Come on, take him out.  
I think we should talk.  
What's with you, Murph?  
- Where'd they go?  
- "Where'd they go?"  
They're still here,  
the little bastards!  
Hands up! Let's go! Everybody up!  
Move it. Up against the wall.  
Let's go.  
Hands on top of your heads.  
Nobody move.  
You are under arrest.  
You have the right to remain silent.  
Anything you say can and will  
be used against you...  
...in a court of law.  
- He's dead, Murphy.  
- You have the right...  
- You're reading Miranda to a corpse!  
I'm having trouble.  
Oh, my.  
This isn't very nice.  
Though you may think  
you're having fun now...  
...you only hurt the one you love.  
Think of Mom and Dad.  
What kind of lesson are  
you teaching them?  
And now, a word on nutrition.  
Shit! He's fucked up!  
Bad language makes for bad feelings.  
Let's go!  
The point is...  
...we all have to work.  
I haven't finished.  
Hit the gas, Murphy.  
The posted limit is 35.  
We should set an example, Anne.

Your hair looks lovely that way.  
It's OCP. They did something to you.  
I'm fine.  
Isn't the moon wonderful tonight?  
It's still daytime.  
It's the thought that counts.  
Oh, Jesus, we're heading back  
to the station. That's all there is to it.  
What the hell are you doing?!  
Waste makes haste...  
...for time is fleeting.  
A rolling stone is worth  
two in the bush.  
Go fuck a refrigerator, pecker neck!  
Bad language makes for bad feelings.  
You're nuts!  
Murphy, come on, let's go.  
Come on!  
Back!  
Thank you for not smoking.  
Well, there it is. It's OCP.  
They screwed him up.  
He must be going out of his mind.  
It's not as if he can just say no.  
They put all this nonsense  
into his brain. He has to obey.  
Take them out, all of them!  
Can't be done,  
not with this equipment.  
Are you saying there's no way?  
I can't believe that.  
Sure, there are ways.  
You can pull his cranial circuits.  
Which would shut down  
his life-support.  
You could run a few thousand volts  
through him.  
Probably kill him.  
I'll get some help!  
- Get him inside!  
- Come on, move it!  
- Come on!  
- Don't touch him, he's hot!  
Use your jackets.

Why'd he do that?  
Fried himself to get rid  
of OCP's crazy commands.  
- Nice and easy.  
- He weighs a ton.  
Out of the way! Move out!  
- Think he's alive?  
- I don't know. He's pretty hot.  
Put me down.  
All right. Come on, stand him up.  
Are we cops?  
What's bugging you, Murph?  
Cain.  
Cain's bugging me.  
We have only just begun, my flock.  
Soon we will expand from city to city.  
The rich and poor alike  
will know a paradise...  
...for every moment of their lives.  
This is a Nuke for every mood.  
We'll offer the opportunity...  
...to control every aspect  
of their emotional lives.  
Here with the white noise  
and black thunder...  
...and the red ramrod  
and the blue velvet.  
Frank. The blue velvet.  
I think it's ready, sir.  
Thank you, Frank.  
Frank. The Benzedrine's  
got my teeth wiggling.  
Cut it with scopolamine.  
- Five mils per.  
- Yes, sir.  
Made in America.  
Yeah. We're gonna make that  
mean something again.  
- Hey! Cops!  
- What?  
Cops!  
And they ain't carrying  
no picket signs!  
They're going to kick somebody's ass!

Give me your hand, goddamn it!  
Christ!  
Fuck.  
Fuck!  
Get out!  
Bomb! Get down!  
You son of a bitch!  
Five hundred million in cash.  
Nuke money seized by police.  
But State Attorney Sphincter won't let  
the bankrupt city government touch it.  
Coming up next, threats from the police  
union and cheers from the public...  
...as Metro-North cops go back to work  
and apprehend the Nuke lord, Cain...  
...who may not live to stand trial.  
They say 20 seconds  
in the California sunshine...  
...is too much these days...  
...ever since we lost the ozone layer.  
But that was before Sunblock 5000.  
Just apply a pint...  
...to your body...  
...and you're good for hours.  
See you by the pool.  
Sunblock 5000.  
Protection for the new age.  
Subject is violently antisocial...  
...given to delusions of godhood.  
And he's hopelessly addicted  
to narcotics.  
Which offers us a simple  
and infallible method...  
...of insuring his obedience.  
You're perfect.  
I must have you.  
What are you talking about?  
It's like you don't even care!  
- Just do what I say, Angie!  
- He'd want us to come for him!  
Forget about it! It's not gonna happen!  
I'm through arguing with you!  
I'm not asking permission! Cain is  
in the hospital, and we're getting him.

You've really thought this out, haven't you?

What about the cops?

We've got guns!

- Damn it, Hob, Cain needs us!

- Fuck Cain!

- He'd kill you if he heard you.

- He's not gonna kill anybody!

- Shit, he's probably dead already.

- You just shut the hell up!

You mouth off like that again,

and it's no more Nuke for you, bitch.

Damn it, Hob, you know that's not fair.

Now, come on.

- It's been a bad time.

- Sure has. You're really hurting.

Yeah, so I'm hurting.

You're gonna get the shakes soon, Angie.

You got it bad.

You little bastard.

You just do what I tell you

from now on, Angie.

Start the motor and drive.

He'll kill you.

He'll kill us both.

Fuck him.

Oh, you're a mess.

I got good news for you.

You're going to have a chance  
for immortality.

As long as nothing happens  
to that lovely brain.

Dr. Weltman? It's Faxx.

I'm afraid we lost our patient.

Yeah, he just expired.

Contact the organ harvest team. We've got  
six minutes before the brain's useless.

Night.

Come on. Let's move it.

We've only got five minutes.

Lock it up.

Move the screen in closer.

I can't read it.

- How'd we get this one?

- Well, Faxx found him.

He volunteered.  
Volunteered?  
Big-hearted guy.  
Yeah, it's not the heart  
we're after, though.  
Speaking of hearts, how's Ilene?  
Christ, does everybody know?  
All right, hold your breath.  
Showtime.  
It's nice and clean in here.  
There's no damage.  
Here we go.  
Easy.  
We got it. Here it comes.  
- Thing of beauty.  
- Excellent.  
I don't know about the rest of you,  
but I'm hungry.  
Thank you!  
Yes!  
Spider Baby Stalirski!  
He's come out for Detroit,  
and now you come out for him.  
The lines are open,  
waiting for your pledge.  
If you want an honest government...  
...that works for you...  
...I'm asking you to dig deep  
into your pockets.  
I'm asking you to give...  
...whatever you can spare!  
Where does that put us?  
Hi. Yes, ma'am.  
Hello! This is Mayor Kuzak!  
Could you turn down your set, please?  
Your Honor...  
...I have some very good news for you.  
I think...  
...the city is saved.  
Now...  
...you listen very carefully.  
It's no bluff.  
Someone's shown up to bail the city out.  
- A rival corporation.

- The mayor isn't saying.  
And whoever it is is taking great  
pains to keep their identity secret.  
They're paying in cash and they're not  
moving the money through the banks.  
Thank you, councilman.  
That will be all.  
You know, once you guys take over...  
Your services to OCP  
will be rewarded.  
If the city can pay,  
we'll be humiliated.  
It's worse than that. We've shifted  
...to the urban pacification plan.  
If we can't foreclose, public confidence  
in OCP will plummet, so will our stock.  
Sir?  
If I may?  
There's another option.  
We certainly have the surveillance  
capabilities to follow the mayor.  
It all depends how far  
we're willing to go.  
If anything went wrong...  
As I said, sir...  
...it all depends how far  
we're willing to go.  
We have no legal recourse.  
There must be no witnesses.  
You've gone too far! Give me...  
Your blood pressure.  
Get me fired if you want to.  
You're not bringing illegal drugs to my lab!  
I'll do worse than get you fired.  
Now leave me alone!  
Such terrible pain.  
You don't remember me.  
But you do remember this, don't you?  
And we have it.  
All the Nuke you'll ever need.  
Not so fast.  
I need you to do something  
for me first.  
Then the pain stops.



Good boy.

I don't like this. I think we'd better  
get out of here while we can.

I know what I'm doing.

If you have any cash,  
put it in your shorts.

That's just plain rude.

I wonder if any of you could help me.

I'm looking for a Mr. Hob.

So...

...how much you need?

Money, I mean.

Well, our current debt to OCP is...

\$37,480,911 dollars.

Guess you're in some pretty deep shit.

We need all the help we can get,  
young man.

Tell you what. Put me down for 50,  
just to make sure.

- 50 cents, 50 dollars. That's cute.

- Don't be a queer.

Fifty million.

This is bullshit.

Let's get out of here.

Good God.

Gentlemen?

Well, will 50 do it?

Oh, yes. That'll do it.

- Don't you guys think that'll do it?

- Yeah.

Fifty mil. That will do it.

- That'll do it.

- These people are criminals!

Why do you have to label people?

- I hate labels!

- You shut up.

We cannot capitulate  
in the war on crime.

I'd be voted out of office.

I don't think anyone wants that.

War on crime is fine with us.

It's business we're talking about here.

Do you have any idea

how many people we employ?

No. I never thought  
about it like that.  
Sharp kid.  
So...  
...your war on crime...  
...you want to win it or what?  
We're the only chance you have.  
Listen to him.  
He's got it all worked out.  
Why do people do crimes?  
- Why? Drugs. People do drugs.  
- Because they want drugs.  
The kind that cost too much.  
Nuke gives high quality  
at a cheap price.  
If you get off our backs,  
we'll make it cheaper.  
And safer.  
We don't shove our shit  
down anybody's throat.  
And we don't advertise it  
like they do with cigarettes or booze.  
So leave us alone...  
...and anybody who wants it gets it.  
So no more crimes.  
You get to be the mayor  
who cleaned up Detroit.  
He's got a point.  
Don't you think he's got a point?  
Yeah, he's got a point.  
What the hell is that?  
Get out!  
Marv, are...?  
Cain.  
Oh, wow.  
You look great.  
It'll take some getting used to...  
...but it'll be great, Cain.  
Lie still.  
- I'm cold.  
- You are going into shock.  
I will call for a medical emergency unit.  
Wait. No.  
Don't leave me.

I won't leave you.  
Who did this?  
It was big.  
Bigger than you.  
It was Cain.  
I'm gonna die.  
You know what that's like, don't you?  
It really sucks.  
Yes.  
Thirteen dead in what appears  
to be a Nuke money massacre.  
Among the victims,  
two city councilmen.  
Was the city trying to strike a deal  
with the drug lords?  
No comment!  
I said, I have no comment!  
No comments on these allegations.  
These were men  
who served this city tirelessly.  
However, I make a promise  
to the people of Detroit City...  
...that no effort will be spared  
to investigate this thoroughly!  
But, Mr. Mayor, what about...?  
I'm sorry. No more questions.  
Our own Mayor Kuzak.  
Now let's go live to Jess.  
And here it is, the Civic Centrum, OCP's  
While debate continues  
over OCP's hostile takeover...  
...there's no denying  
the mood down here is festive.  
Citizens interviewed on the scene  
expressed excitement and hope...  
...that OCP will make good on its  
promise of a better life in Detroit.  
- Press!  
- Sorry, folks, media only.  
TV and press only.  
You'll have to step back.  
There he is!  
Can OCP bring industry  
back to Detroit?

Does OCP own the city?  
Will you hold elections?  
- Do we become OCP employees?  
- Why not go to City Hall?  
Just a minute.  
I'll answer that, young lady.  
City Hall is the decaying symbol  
of mismanagement and corruption.  
You get that?  
This magnificent structure will be the seat  
of leadership for the new Detroit.  
And what better place  
for a clean, fresh start?  
And so, people of the press...  
...city officials...  
...in a few minutes  
Omni Consumer Products...  
...and the troubled city of Detroit...  
...will join in a bold new venture.  
Now I'd like to explain...  
...just what this will mean.  
Sometimes we just  
have to start over...  
...from scratch...  
...to make things right.  
And that's exactly  
what we're going to do.  
We're going to build  
a brand-new city...  
...where Detroit now stands.  
An example...  
...to the world.  
My friends...  
...welcome to our city  
as it should be.  
And as it will be,  
in the hands of responsible...  
...private enterprise.  
And a special welcome...  
...to Mayor Kuzak  
and the outgoing administration.  
We're not going anywhere.  
Your Honor.  
You'll have to tear down a lot

of houses to make that.  
I mean, take away their homes!  
We're going to raise towers  
of glass and steel.  
Every citizen will have a living unit,  
safe, secure, and clean.  
Now, please take your seat.  
Won't be much room for neighborhoods.  
Not like the kind we all grew up in.  
Today neighborhoods are places  
where bad things happen.  
Don't be nostalgic.  
What about democracy?  
Nobody elected you.  
Anyone can buy OCP stock...  
...and own a piece of our city.  
What could be more democratic  
than that?  
There's a lot of people in this town  
that can't afford to buy your stock!  
And they won't let you  
get away with this.  
You haven't been following the polls.  
Sit down.  
Sit down, mayor.  
About a year ago  
we gave this city Robocop.  
I think he's worked out pretty well.  
But things have become  
rougher out there.  
And now we need  
a law enforcement unit...  
...able to meet the enemy  
on his own ground...  
...and carrying enough firepower...  
...to get the job done.  
Ladies and gentlemen...  
...with great pleasure...  
...I give you...  
...Robocop 2.  
- Those bastards are maniacs!  
- What's the matter?  
I can't believe it.  
It was them! They sent it!

Sent what?

Nothing.

There going to be a big call  
for this unit.

And we'll make him right here in Detroit.

That means jobs

we can all be proud of.

And make "Made in America"...

...mean something again.

This single container...

...holds enough Nuke

to addict a city block.

A hundred of these

are produced every day...

...and sent to sweatshops...

...where urban slaves

prepare this poison...

...for our friends, our loved ones,  
our children.

Now, I say...

...it's high time

we put an end to this plague.

Robocop 2 will seek out

every laboratory...

...every dealer,

and rid our city of Nuke.

Yes.

Things will be a lot quieter  
with this boy around.

- What's wrong with him?

- It's nothing.

- Nothing at all.

- Turn him off.

I can't.

Cain! Let's step outside.

You! Get out of here!

You're obsolete!

That thing is a killer!

- It's not even armed! It's harmless!

- It's a killer, and I saw it!

- Take her out of here! Now!

- Let me go!

Behave yourselves!

- What's the deal here?

- Christ knows. Sounds like a war in there.  
You're coming with me, Cain.  
There he is!  
- All right, get back!  
- Are you jealous of the replacement?  
This could look bad for OCP, Johnson.  
Scramble the best spin team we have.  
Ammo! Ammo!  
Get down!  
Hold your fire!  
Hold your fire, damn it!  
Let's get him out of here.  
Watch his neck. He's hurt bad. Easy.  
Shit!  
I gotta get back.  
Move it back! Move it back!  
Let's give him what he wants.  
Goodbye.  
It's serious trouble.  
So many dead and wounded.  
There won't be trouble from the dead.  
They'll have relatives. They always do.  
- It'll be a feeding frenzy.  
- It's only money.  
- What about criminal proceedings?  
- Well...  
...we're looking at major indictments, sir.  
Prison terms.  
- What about me?  
- You know we'll do whatever we can.  
- That's not good enough.  
- Sir?  
What if this was the work  
of one individual?  
A person who had her own agenda, wasn't  
in sync with the goals of our company?  
Well, that usually works.  
A woman who was not a team player.  
Who violated our trust.  
Easy, easy.  
Well...  
...we'd need some evidence  
to support that.  
Sir, whether it exists or not,

I know I can find it.  
She did choose the brain, sir.  
- Good thinking.  
- Sir.  
Thank God you're all right.  
I was worried. I thought  
it was going to hurt you.  
It's over. It's all over.  
I failed you.  
Don't be hard on yourself.  
Everything's going to be all right.  
Johnson, that business  
we were talking about.  
Get right on it.  
Yes, sir.  
Just look at what they've done.  
They are criminals.  
OCP won't own this city for long.  
And I'll see to that.  
I'll take it to the streets  
and the people.  
What has it come to?  
Businessmen can buy our rights  
like stock?  
You don't realize what we're losing!  
- Right here, sir!  
- Give us a statement!  
Dozens are dead.  
Is this your idea of a better life?  
- Was this an experiment of some kind?  
- He was crazy. How did it happen?  
- Did you build it to take control?  
- How do you account for this disaster?  
Will OCP make reparations  
to the victims?  
That son of a bitch  
is getting away with it.  
We can't even touch him.  
Patience, Lewis.  
We're only human.