INT. PIER BUILDING - DAY

BANG!!
A shock chord as we cut from black to a harshly toplit

CLOSE SHOT:
A man is talking into a cellular phone. He is a paunchy but powerful looking black man, bald with a gray fringe. His baldness makes his head look muscular; he is a tough man whose life has been shaped by the violence of the docks. His name is EDDIE BLACK.
In the distance a foghorn moans.
We are pulling back.

BLACK
Yeah. 'Cause he's an asshole. Tell him no... Tell him no too... Him, tell fuck you... Yeah... Uh huh...
The continuing pull back shows that we are inside a huge empty pier building. Black is leaning against the roof of his car, which is parked in the middle of the vast empty space.
The room is lit by bare bulbs, its farthest reaches falling into darkness.

BLACK
No, I'll be a few minutes here. Guy comin' up, thinks he's gonna muscle me outs my property... Does it matter?
Just another tough guy...Yeah, okay...
Another hard-looking man is approaching.

CONTINUED
2.

1 CONTINUED

MAN
They're drivin' up.
Black nods.

BLACK
Get their pieces. We got a surprise
for those fuckers.

2

2 EXT WHARF - DAY
We are tracking towards a chain link fence which is
swinging open to admit two midnight blue Lincoln
Continents.
The cars stop in the foreground and eight men get out,
eerily backlit in the mist of the riverfront.

3

3 SLOW TRACKING - ROBERT G. DURANT
is a well-dressed and immaculately groomed man of forty.

4

4 SLOW TRACKING - RUDY GUZMAN
wears a powder blue, polyester leisure suit. His nose has
been broken several times from his years in the Mexican
boxing league. He was almost a contender.

5

5 SLOW TRACKING - SKIP NATICK
walks with a pronounced limp.

6

6 SLOW TRACKING - TRUMAYNE JOHNSON MC SAM
is a large black man with a quiet, studied cool.
7 SLOW TRACKING - RICK
is a wiry twenty-year old who looks about in short, jerky motions. He huddles in behind the others. He is stylishly dressed, with slicked back, black hair. His protruding Adams apple bobs as he swallows.

3.

B SLOW TRACKING - SMILEY 8
wears a permanent psychotic smile.

9 SLOW TRACKING - PAULY 9
is middle-aged and balding. His spare tire hangs over the edge of his suit pants. He subdues a belch. He raises a bottle of Maalox and slugs down fifty cents worth. A ring of white chalky fluid coats his lips.

10 SLOW TRACKING - CORKY CORCORAN 10
has a thatch of blond hair, he spits out tobacco juice between his wide spaced front teeth.

11 They are approached by a group of fifteen dock workers, Black's men, with massive shoulders and grain-sack bellies. Looks like they just got off their shift and now they're ready to kick some ass.

DOCK WORKER
Okay, against the car, ladies. You're gonna stand for a search.

12 The eight visitors assume the position, placing their hands on the roof of their car. The dock workers pat them down and haul off iron -- lots of it.

DOCK WORKER #2
Bunch a cuties.

DOCK WORKER #3
Put skirts on 'em, I'd marry one.
From the other Dock Workers, hearty male laughter. The visitors bare up in silence.

13 INT PIER BUILDING -- NIGHT 13
As the visitors are led in, into the beams of the car
headlights, escorted by the dock workers. The Dock Workers take up positions around Durant and his men.

4.

14

14 BLACK stands waiting for them. He eyes Skip, the limper.

BLACK

Bum leg?

SKIP

No leg.

BLACK

(CONVERSATIONALLY)

I was engaged to a girl with a wooden leg once. Skip brightens.

SKIP

(INTERESTED)

Yeah? What happened?

BLACK

I hadda break it off.

15

15 The dock workers laugh. Black indulges his wens' laughter, then cuts

BLACK

okay, let's cut the crap here. Durant, I got just three things to say to you. One He holds up a chubby finger.

BLACK

I ain't selling my property. He flashes a second finger.
BLACK
Two. Nobody muscles Eddie Black
Especially a bunch of fucks.
He flashes a third finger.

BLACK

PPY
Number three, if you guys is unha
with that, which I can already
is, then we can cutcha balls of f
if that'll be more satisfactory.

â€¢

6.

19

19 CONTINUED
The last shot echoes away to leave silence -- except for
the arhythmic echoing scuffle of Skip's one shoe, as he
continues to hop in place for balance.
Smiley, after a watchful pause to make sure everyone is
dead, sticks out his left arm at waist level.
Skip grabs the arm for support, stops hopping, and there
is now...total silence.

ROBERT G. DURANT
the elegantly suited leader, takes out a cigar and a
gold-plated cigar trimmer. SNIP--he trims the and of
the cigar, and sticks it in his mouth.
As he walks towards the dumbly apprehensive Black:

DURANT
Now let's consider my points, one by
one...

GUZMAN
puts a full nelson on Black. Trumayne, grabs Black's
right hand and holds it out, fingers splayed, towards
Durant.
DURANT
One...
He slips one of Black's fingers into his cigar trimmer.

DURANT
.1 try not to let my anger get the
better of me.
SNIP! Black screams. As Durant goes for another finger:

DURANT
...Two: I don't always succeed.
SNIP! Black screams. Reaching for another finger:

DURANT
...Three: I've got seven more points.

7.

20

20 EXT WHARF - DAY - LONG SHOT
Looking down on the lonely waterfront building, we hear
Black's screams.

CUT TO:

21 -

21 INT WESTLAKE LAB - DAY - AN ENORMOUS EYE
Making jerky little movements this way and that.

EYE'S POV: AN ENORMOUS NOSE
We pull focus through the nose, then back to sharp focus
again. The nose fills the screen, every pore a cavern,
every blemish a mountain.

EYE
Blinking.

NOSE
The nostrils flare slightly.

EYE
Looking.
NOSE
Still. Suddenly it is hit by a flash of light as -- B-DEEEE -- we hear the automatic wind of a camera and its strobe recharging.
B-DEEEE! B-DEEEE! We get rapid-fire left and right nose profiles.

22 WIDER
We are in a lab. DR. PEYTON WESTLAKE, an earnest scientist in his early thirties, is straightening up from behind a futuristic looking, tripod-mounted camera. He hits a button and instantly hits a button nt of ut.

THREE PRINTS
CONTINUED

S.

22 CONTINUED 22
The nose belongs to YAKITITO YANAGITA a Japanese graduate student wearing a lab smock and glasses with thick, coke bottle lenses.

PEYTON
Now, if everything goes according to plan, in a couple of months your nose will be on the lips of every American...
He is feeding the prints into the input slot of a computer.

22P ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: 22P
The nose is broken down into thousands of points. As each point of the nose is removed from the screen, a number is assigned.

23 PEYTON 23
PEYTON
We've finally got the Imager working how we want it.
24 We pan to the Holographic Imaging Cylinder. The glass 24 cylinder, wired to the computer, glows to life.
24P A three dimensional holographic image of Yakatito's nose rotates within.
25 Peyton glances from the Imager to the computer. He types on the computer keyboard.

PEYTON
Bio-press checks out okay...
He glances to...

26 THE BIO-PRESS 26
As it hums to life. It is a box containing linear rows of densely packed pins. Tiny servo-motors beneath the pins allow each pin to rise or fall individually, per computer command. A smooth synthetic substance is being sprayed evenly atop the surface of the pins. The sprays halts; the wet substance glistens. The densely packed pins rise to programmed heights, molding the solidifying synthetic substance into an exact replica of Yakatito's nose.

YAKITITO
27
No more bunching. Looks perfect.

PEYTON
I don't know about perfect, but it looks like your nose. Down to the millimole... No, the bio-press won't be a problem. It's the synthetic would
skin's instability. If the
A SKINU
just hold up -- Y give me
victim and a photograph of his old
face -- he'll get more than a nose.
We're talking complete reconstruction

MAYBE EVEN
damaged skin tissue.
make him better looking. Hey, what's
the time?

YAKITITO
fumbles for the stopwatch that hangs around his neck.

YAKITITO
Ninety-eight minute and change.

PEYTON
Let's check in our friends.

PEYTON
moves to a microscope.

27P

27P MICROSCOPE P.O.V.
Cells swimming in an agar-protoplasm bath.

28

28 PEYTON

GLANCES TO:

29

29 A COMPUTER MONITOR
that is connected to the microscope.

(REVISED SCENE #'S 2-17-89)

10.

V28" THE COMPUTER SCREEN READS: V28
Amino acid content - 64.0%
Membrane potential - 120 millivolts
DNA content - 00.000047 millimoles
Collagen congeners - 22.8%
29 Peyton punches in some data, and... 29

V29. THE IMAGE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN SPLITS. V29
on the left half, a rotating, three dimensional, computer
generated image of a protein molecule. Beneath it, the

WORD:

EPIDERMIS
On the right half of the screen, another image forms. It is a second molecule. Beneath it, the words:

SYNTHETIC EPIDERMIS

STRUCTURAL MATCH
The molecules rotate in synchronization. A loud beeping tone. Suddenly, the synthetic molecule begins to waver and spin randomly.

30
30 PEYTON

Oh no...

31 VIEW THROUGH MICROSCOPE 31
The unstable cells fragment.

32 INT WESTLAKE LAB 32
Peyton shoves himself away from the microscope.

PEYTON
Fragmentation. Time?
Yakitito checks his stopwatch.

YAKITITO
Ninety-nine minute. Again.

CONTINUED
He stares dumbly at the stopwatch, frozen. He repeats, 

SADLY:

YAKITITO

..Ninety-nine minute. Cells always break up at a ninety-nine minute. He punches away at a keyboard and takes the readout.

PEYTON

Electrolytes, temp and glucose concentration. all normal.

YAKITITO

But still this ninety nine minute. Yakitito makes a notation of the time on a lab sheet.

PEYTON

Pacing, thinking;

PEYTON

Why? What is destabilizing it? Vivification process was cake. Tissue rejection? We licked that. We're close. We're smart guys. So why can't we make these cells stable? Hokay. Let's try a ten percent alkalinity. Get those suckers too drunk to fragment.

YAKITITO

posts the completed lab sheet on a wall covered with hundreds of similar sheets.

YAKITITO

We already try ten. He pokes at a section of lab sheets.

YAKITITO

And twenty. And twenty-two... We try all phase of alkalinity. He punches the wall. CONTINUED
YAKITITO
But still a ninety-nine minute! Three month ago, ninety nine minute. Ten month ago... ninety nine minute...
BAM BAM... Yakitito punches the wall again and again. Peyton calmly taps a plastic dunking bird that slowly bobs.

PEYTON
A word of advice, Yakitito. Don't get emotionally involved. Watch. Analyze. Remain object ---

BAM!
He is cut off as Yakitito punches the wall again and again to punctuate his speech.

YAKITITO
Maybe I am lousy scientist.

MAYBEI
listen to father, get in Anaheim! Get drunk on Sake nightly, forget I am failure!

PEYTON
Quick, Yakitito. A basketball appears in Peyton's hands. He tosses it to CAMERA.

YAKITITO
Catches the ball.

PEYTON
The most striking characteristic of thermionic emission.

YAKITITO
Throws the ball away.
KE
No, always you ask me question to make me calm down! I no want to calm down!

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED (3)

PEYTON
catches the ball, dribbles and throws it back to Yakitito.

PEYTON
The answer, Yakitito.

YAXITITO
snags the ball angrily from the air.

YAKITITO
(FURIOUS)
It is most strongly depending on temperature!
He throws it at Peyton, who grabs it, and pump-fakes Yakitito, not letting him have the ball.

PEYTON
Go on!
Again he pump-fakes. Yakitito flinches.

YAKITITO
This means the temperature of the emitter is not critical as long as it is sufficiently high and as long as pure metals with high operating temperatures such as tungsten or tantalum are used.
Peyton tosses him the ball. Yakitito catches it. Calm now. He blinks.

YAKITITO
Amazing. It work every time.

CUT TO:
LOUIS STRACK SR., a no-nonsense octogenarian, and his son, LOUIS STRACK JR., a powerfully built, debonair fifty, stride into the lobby. They are accompanied by a couple of aides.

CONTINUED

JULIE HASTINGS, a young attractive woman who has apparently been awaiting their arrival rises from a chair and crosses the lobby to greet them. She is dressed in a conservative business suit and carries a briefcase.

JULIE
Mr. Strack, my name is Julie Hastings. I'm here from Pappas and Swain to represent you in the Von Hoffenstein negotiation.

STRACK JR.
How do you do? And please, call me Louis. This is my father who--

STRACK SR.
I don't want some fancy-ass woman to do my negotiating. Where's Herb Gorson?

JULIE
Gorson's tied up in litigation this week. Don't worry--I've done my homework.

STRACK SR.
scowls, ungraciously accepting her.

STRACK SR.

(TO JULIE)
I'll stop worrying when you get Von Balibreaker's price down to sixty million...
He turns and starts striding down the hallway, the others following.

STRACK SR.
.If he goes that low, lock him up.

15.

34

34 INT HUNT CLUB PRIVATE DINING. ROOM - DAY
The Stracks and Julie are seated at a table next to a large picture window that looks out on the bridle path. Jodhpured equestrians gallop past in the distance. Seated across from them are Baron Hugo Von Hoffenstein, a bald, hook-nosed Austrian aristocrat with a patrician air and cold beady eyes. He is accompanied by his attorney Myron Katz. Liveried waiters are just clearing the table and serving coffee.

KATZ
We want to be reasonable here. We said we were interested in selling the pier frontage and we are interested in selling. But frankly Mr. Von .will not be robbed.
Seventy-five strikes us as a fair price for this parcel. We're ready to conclude a deal here and now at that price.

PLEASANTLY:

JULIE
Then I guess we're only missing one
element here.

KATZ

What's that?

JULIE
An interested party.
Strack Jr. tries to suppress a smile.
Waiters bring in the wine and pour a tasting portion for Von Hoffenstein, silent, coldly watchful.
He rolls the wine in his glass, eyes appraising Julie.
He takes a sip, cocks his head, nods.
Wine is poured around.

JULIE
.Mr. Katz, I've found that in the real estate business, three factors determine a property's worth. CONTINUED

- A

16.

34

34 CONTINUED
Katz leans forward, listening.

JULIE
...Location. Location. And...
location. Frankly, you have none of the above. Your fair price is fair for midtown commercial, not for riverfront.

KATZ
It's worth more to your client, given his plans for the area.

JULIE
if my client can spin straw into gold, he'll still pay market price for straw. As a matter of fact--
VON HOFFENSTEEN
--Business is business. Deals will come and go, but ze velt vill pause for a beautiful woman...and a fine wine.

JULIE
Our offer stands at forty-eight.

VON HOFFENSTIEN
Smiles a worldly smile.

VON HOFFINSTIEN
Let us toast a zale at ze price of zixty millions.
Strack Sr. smiles. He starts to raise his glass, preparing to toast.

CAMERA DIPS INCREDIBLY FAST
beneath the table to reveal Julie's high heel as it digs into Strack Sr's toe to silence him.

JULIE
To Von Hoffenstein: CONTINUED

17.

34

34 CONTINUED(2)

JULIE
You're moving in the right direction, but our offer stands firm. I believe if anyone had

BE
offered you more than us, you'd sharing this wine with them. She sips the wine and then, frowning, turns to the wine steward.

JULIE
There's been a mistake. We ordered
a bottle of '67 Beaujolais Maison
Reme. Is that not correct?

STEWARD
Oui madame. '67 Beaujolais Maison
Reme. Is what I have serve.
Julie pleasantly but firmly corrects him.

JULIE
No. You have served us a 1981 or

YOU'RE
Pleasant, but hardly worth
charging...
Strack Sr., frowning, examines the wine. It's news to him.

STEWARD
Please, Madame! I serve the Reme!

IRRITATED:

STRACK SR.
Mine tastes okay.

KATZ
Ms. Hastings, please. The wine is
fine. You're way out of your league
here. I'm sure the wine steward--

VON HOFFENSTEIN

PEELS

FROM

plucks the CALIFORNIA

BACK THE

SAN MEDUSO 1982.

CONTINUED
The wine steward whispers sharply in French to the waiter, then turns back to the table.

STEWARD
Please forgive us. We bring the bel Reme.at once. Gratis.
Julie addresses the baron.

JULIE
At any rate, our offer stands at forty-eight...
As she rises:

JULIE
And if we can't toast, we prefer not to drink. These gentlemen and I have other business to attend to, so if you'll excuse us...
Strack Sr. rises, angrily. He turns to leave with her, murmuring under his breath:

STRACK SR.
I told you to make this deal.
Von Hoffenstein calls after them his wine glass held high:

VON HOFFENSTEIN
Permit me, madame! Too fine a vine not to use for a toast!

CUT TO:

35

35 EXT. HUNT CLUB LOBBY - DAY

As Julie and the Stracks are leaving, Julie accidentally brushes against the Steward and exchanges a few words. Strack Jr. had been watching. He approaches the steward.

STRACK JR.
How much did she pay you?

CONTINUED
35 CONTINUED

STEWARD

(OUTRAGED)
Monsieur, I don't know what you are talking about!

STRACK JR.
For that little trick with the labels.
He takes the stewards fist in his and unfurls the steward's fingers. Revealing--A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.
Strack Jr. turns to Julie's retreating figure and smiles.

CUT TO:

36

36 INT WESTLAKE LAB - DAY - A GLASS BEAKER
filled with clear fluid. Above it is another beaker filled with a brown crystalline substance. Above that is an empty beaker.

WHOOOSH!
The fluid disappears from the bottom beaker and instantly reconstitutes in the top beaker as a steaming brown fluid.

37

A pre-measured amount flows down coiled tubing into a coffee mug; a hand enters to add a dollop of half-and-half...Peyton's hand... He raises the mug of coffee to his lips.
He looks down into his microscope.

PEYTON
.Time, Yakitito.

YAKITITO
Ninety eight minute.
A light goes out, leaving the lab in darkness except for
the glow from the computer screen.

YAKITITO
.Is a bulb. I get a fresh.

CONTINUED

20.

37 CONTINUED
As he rummages in a drawer:

YAKITITO
So, did you ask her?

PEYTON
Tonight.
Out of habit, Peyton glances back to the microscope.

YAKITITO
This is unbelievable! You been saying tonight for weeks and still you don't ask her! Maybe I ask to marry you.

PEYTON
Your father would never approve of me.
Yakitito stares at him in puzzlement. Then:

YAKITITO
216, no, I ask he if gbg marry you. I
Peyton looks through the microscope;

38

38 MICROSCOPE POV
The cells still pulsate with life.

39

39 PEYTON
CRIES OUT;

PEYTON
Time, Yakitito!

YAKITITO
Huh?! One hundred minute!
Peyton grips at the table with excitement.

PEYTON
The cells are holding, Yakitito.

CONTINUED'
23.

42 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 42

Trolling through the city. In the back Strack Sr. and Strack Jr., both reading financial papers. We hold on the two men for a long time. Their utter stillness and silence grows unsettling. Finally:

STRACK JR.
Gold Krugerrands are looking attractive.
Another long pause.

STRACK SR.
Are those the ones with the chocolate centers?
Another pause.

STRACK JR.

(DRILY)
Gold currency, father, as you know.
And yet another pause.

STRACK SR.
Krugerrands. Sounds like a frog trying to burp. Strack Industries will stick with real estate. You remember that.

43 THE LIMO 43
suddenly glides into a rundown Texaco station.

44 INT LIMOUSINE - TEXACO STATION - DAY 44

STRACK SR.
What the hell!

DRIVER
We have a flat, sir. I'm sorry.
STRACK SR.
You should be. This'll come out of your wages.

24.

45

45 EXT. LIMOUSINE

The driver gets out and stoops to examine the tire.

THE TIRE

is' NOT flat.

THE DRIVER
discreetly removes a straight-razor from his coat pocket and approaches the tire.

46

46 INT. LIMOUSINE

After a pause, Strack Sr. rises heavily to his feet.

STRACK SR.
Time I took a leak anyway. Damn prostate. There's only one thing I gotta do myself and I gotta do it twenty times a day. Strack Sr. exits the car.

47

47 EXT. LIMOUSINE

Strack Sr. bends to examine the tire.

THE TIRE

is now deflated.

STRACK SR.
ments room. CAMERA MOVES
RUN-DOWN
scowls, and heads ltoward Taaf him r eveal

QUICKLY AWAY AND
Coming toward him, about twenty feet away:

A WELL-DRESSED MAN WITH A NEWSPAPER
walking hurriedly, head bowed to the wind. CAMERA MOVES
BACK TO...

CONTINUED

25.

47 CONTINUED

STRACK SR.
who hobbles directly toward the man. CAMERA SWISHES in
front of Strack Sr. to again reveal.

THE MAN
Closer now. A one-quarter-view of the man's downturned face.
he looks up--revealing DURANT! A terrible malevolent
grin as he lifts his newspaper. We make out the muzzle of a
silencer. CAMERA SWISHES TO.

CLOSE SHOT OF STRACK SR.
A muffled POP as he jerks backward, clutching his chest.

HIGH ANGLE
The two men pass.

48 INT. LIMOUSINE 48
Strack Jr. glances out the window.

49 EXT LIMOUSINE - HIS POV 49
Strack Sr. crumbling to the ground atop a black cable.
A bell sounds continuously within the service station.

DING! DING! DING! DING!

STRACK JR.
Father?

STRACK JR.
races out of the car and rushes over to his father.

STRACK JR.
Father!

STRACK SR.
lies motionless on his stomach. Strack Jr. turns him over, revealing that Strack Sr.'s chest is flooded in BLOOD.

CONTINUED

2-17-1989)
(Revised Scene Numbers
26.

49

49 CONTINUED

A SCREECHING SOUND
as a midnight blue Lincoln Continental races away from the scene.

STRACK JR.
lifts his father. Emotion etched on every line of his face, he cradles the old corpse in his arms, lifting him off the black cable, and the ringing sound is finally silenced.

CUT TO:

50

50 EXT. STREET WESTLAKE LAB - NIGHT

A cab pulls up in front of an industrial building. Julie gets out and goes through the front door.
51 INT. WESTLAKE LAB BUILDING - NIGHT

DARKNESS
Julie ascending a flight of shadowy stairs. The steps creak as she climbs them. We hear the eerie drip, drip, dripping of a water pipe.

JULIE
is uneasy. She halts halfway up the stairs to listen. We hear only the scurry of cautiously.

THE LAB DOOR
Julie reaches the landing and knocks... causing the door to open with a CREAK...

52

52 INT WESTLAKE LAB - NIGHT
...Julie moves tentatively through the lab, increasingly frightened, sensing the presence of another person.

JULIE
Peyton?

CONTINUED 'Ä€¢

27.

52 CONTINUED 52
No answer. As she starts to back towards the door she brushes against a table. Something rolls and SHATTERS on the floor ...a test-tube.

A BEAM OF LIGHT
extends from one wall to the other. Reacting to the shattered test-tube, Julie steps backward into the beam.

CLICK
a photic-sensor picks up the disturbance.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!
Corrugated steel coverings slide down the windows, blocking
out all light from the laboratory... There's a WHIRRING SOUND AS:

SPEAKERS extrude slowly from slots over the windows.

A VOICE fills the room. It is a hollow Voice that echos about the lab.

VOICE Please be seated.
A spotlight SNAPS on, illuminating a chair behind her. Numbly, she sits in it.

A SCREEN tak l in of her. Tvoice tak cati nal essono heomonotonousl tone of oatnarrator ofhedu films.

VOICE ve. ow does it work? A Westlake Yanigita presentation.
A smile spreads across Julie's face.

CONTINUED

28.

52 CONTINUED(2)
A slide is projected on the screen. It shows a sunset over the ocean. Very corny, distorted music over this shot.

VOICE Love. Science is perplexed over this great mystery.
Shot of Peyton and Yakitito in white lab coats, identical looks of perplexity on their, faces. Julie laughs.

VOICE
What are the causes of love? How do we detect its presence? What are its effects? These are some of the questions we will investigate in this lesson.

Again the sunset and distorted music.

VOICE
Part one. je origins 21 ve.
The sunset is replaced by split-screen photos of Peyton and Julie, age twelve. Peyton peers into a test-tube through glasses too big for his face. Julie assumes a mock-debonair pose for the camera.

VOICE
These lovers first met on a seventh grade field trip to the planetarium...
Shot of the night sky, rich with stars and galaxies.

VOICE
While the narrator discussed the origins of the universe, Peyton held Julie's hand.
Shot of a somewhat nerdy Peyton with his arm stiffly around Julie.

CONTINUED

29.

52 CONTINUED (3)

JULIE
You were so slick.

VOICE
Our test-subjects were soon--to use the jargon of teenagers--"going out.
" This "going out" period can be as short as a single date, or as long as a lifetime.
Montage of Peyton and Julie throughout the years.

VOICE
In the case of these two--a rare phenomenon--it lasted twenty years.

JULIE
Although we broke up sixteen times.
Sunset and distorted music.

VOICE

TUA
Part two. Mating rumpled bed,
The sunset is replaced by a shot of Julie on a
working on legal briefs, a camera-faced shadow crossing the
image.

VOICE
Certain objects develop a special,
shared meaning to lovers. Here are
some objects significant to our test
subjects.
Shot of coffee-rings on a table.

VOICE
The coffee rings Peyton tends to
leave. They irritate Julie, and he
leaves them everywhere!
Quick shots. Coffee rings on a lab report. Coffee rings on
a book-shelf. Coffee rings on a wall and ceiling.
Julie laughs.

CONTINUED

30.

52 CONTINUED (4)

VOICE
Yet such minor irritations can
strangely become endearing to the
other mate.

JULIE
Not just yet they haven't.
The slide changes to a shot of a bottle covered in wax.
VOICE
The bottle of Dom Perignon Champagne Julie gave Peyton for his twenty-first birthday. Now it serves as a candle holder.

QUIETLY;

JULIE
I never gave you that. The champagne bottle is replaced by a shot of a record album turning on a player. The music plays over the image.

Haunting.

Romantic.

VOICE
Finally, the single Love in the ark
The song continues. Julie smiles, swept away by it.

VOICE
This song was playing when the two first kissed. A high school prom picture comes up on the screen. Peyton in an awkwardly fitting tux and Julie, a blossoming beauty. In the slide, they have been caught kissing.

VOICE
Now let us leave our test-subjects. The sunset again. ov in the Dark theme plays over it,. and eventually fades away.

CONTINUED

31.

52 CONTINUED(5)

VOICE
Love. It's fundamental nature still eludes modern Science. Yet researchers across the globe continue to study this ancient and powerful
phenomenon. Hoping one day, to unlock love's mystery.
Credits come on. A Westlake/Yanagita Presentation. Etc.

Peyton

The lights in the lab come on. Julie turns around. steps out from behind the slide projector.

PEYTON
Pretty stupid, huh?

JULIE
I thought it was beautiful-

PEYTON
Yakitito helped. I just wanted you to see it. It was just something I wanted you to... know.

JULIE
I know.
Peyton wraps his arms about her. Julie moves close and they kiss.

DISOLVE TO:

53

53 INT. WESTLAKE LAB - NIGHT

The test-tubes vibrate
WE PAN along racks of test-tubes- like wind-chimes, fall still, then vibrate again... OUR PAN e.

FOLD-OUT
HALTS on Peyton anī¿½EuRl etī¿½ y heircloveamakingī¿½v
The test-tubes CLA h thm to th DISSOLVE TO:

54

54 LATER THAT NIGHT
Peyton watches Julie as she sleeps, his shadow crossing her beautiful face. He strokes her hair.

CUT TO:
32.

55 INT WESTLAKE LAB - MORNING 55
Sunshine streams through the sheers of the window onto Julie's shoulder. She sits on the bed going over some papers, her expression increasingly disturbed. Julie punches a number into the phone.

JULIE
.Dale Gorson, please...
Peyton's hand enters with a mug of coffee, which he sets on the papers in front of her.

JULIE
Peyton!
Julie takes the mug away; it has indeed left a brown circle on the topmost memo. Julie smiles at him. Then:

JULIE
Dale? Yes, Julie Hastings... yes, I found some memos researching the Von Hoffenstein deal that I don't think I was supposed to find... From the late Mr. Strack to a guy named Claude Bellasarious. They're records of payments to various people on the zoning commission...
Peyton, behind her, massages her back.

JULIE
.They look like payoffs. Suspicious, at the very least... Well, the way I'd like to proceed is to talk to Strack's son first... Give him the benefit of the doubt. Under the circumstances, it's the least I can do.
She hangs up. Peyton kisses her. She leans back into his arms and closes her eyes blissfully. Reluctantly, she rises and slips on her shoes. Peyton watches her admiring everything about her. She gracefully lays her legal papers in her briefcase and heads for the door. Half way out the door she turns to Peyton.

CONTINUED
33.

55 CONTINUED
Bye. I'll call you tonight. Maybe we can get together.
She exits.

PEYTON
The sound of the closing door echoes. He sits alone on the ksd, looking about the empty apartment and lab beyond.

56 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING 56

JULIE
In an impressive corporate power suit, briefcase in hand, walks briskly down the sunny sidewalk, stopping at the intersection to signal a cab. Suddenly, running up behind her.

57 PEYTON 57
Dressed in jeans and sweatshirt, hurries to catch up to her.

PEYTON
Julie, wait!
She is opening the cab door when she turns to him.

JULIE
What's the matter?

PEYTON
I've been thinking. Maybe we should get married.

58 JULIE 58
Freezes half in and half out of the cab door. Panicked.
Marriage--well, we could do that--of course, there's our careers--I mean, I'm just starting to get things going at the firm. And, you know, I kind of like having my own

PLACE --

'Well, we're practically living together now. All marriage means is you answer the phone in the and if you to pretend grandmother, it's a wrong number. The poor woman's beginning to think she has alzheimer's.

(JFLUSTERED)
i--i can't talk about this now...

She starts to get into the cab when Peyton stops her.

Julie, I'm asking you to marry me.

The cabby leans out of the cab to Julie.

He got a ring?

Peyton, you didn't go out and spend money on a ring, did you?
PEYTON
Ring? Oh, no, I don't have a ring.

61

61 THE CABBIE
motions for Julie. She leans close.

CABBIE

(WHISPERS)
He don't show much sense of commitment.

35.

62 PEYTON 62
Bends down into frame and gives the Cabbie a look that would stop a wristwatch.

63 THE CABBIE 63
responds by starting the meter running.

PEYTON
I mean, I just now finally

REALIZED ---

JULIE
I love you, Peyton...
She climbs into the cab, closes the door.

PEYTON
-Realized how much--

JULIE
(through the open

WINDOW)
but I guess I'm not ready.
64 Julie leans close to kiss him, but the cab pulls into 64 traffic.

65 VIEW THROUGH REAR WINDSHIELD 65
JULIE
Watches Peyton grow smaller as the cab moves off. Julie
looks longingly back at Peyton. Did she make the right
choice? She back once more for Peyton but he is only a
tiny dot in the distance.

(REVISED SCENE

36.

66 OMIT 67

67 I/E THE CITY FROM STRACK'S OFFICE - DAY
From many, many stories up. We are pulling back.

STRACK'S VOICE
Yes, go ahead, put a buy on the
Kugerands... Thank you for your
sympathy, Franz. He was a great man.
And as long as Strack Industries
flourishes my father lives on.
The pull back shows Strack behind his power desk, talking
nd Strack
into the phone.
waves the person on into his lush corporateoffice

67

67 INT STRACK'S OFFICE - DAY

STRACK
Very good. Thank you.
He hangs up.

STRACK
Miss Hastings. Have a seat.

JULIE
Thank you for seeing me, Mr. Strack...
I'm -- sorry about your father. I
heard last night.
STRACK
My father was a great man, and his

CAN GET
loss is felt by
you something? allfo?us.

(FAINT SMILE)
Maison Reme 1967?

JULIE
No thank you. Mr. Strack, I've been
going over some documents and I came
across something that puzzled me. It's
a memo from your office to a Mr.
Claude Bellasarious--it went out over
your father's signature. It detailed

CERTAIN PAYMENTS--
Strack has gotten up to pace.

CONTINUED

37.

67

67 CONTINUED

STRACK
Yes yes, I know the memo.
Julie continues, hesitantly:

JULIE
...It seems like the payments... were-

STRACK
They were pay-offs. To the zoning
commission. Bribes, to call a spade a
spade.
He gives her an appraising look.

STRACK
.Does that shock you?
JULIE

(QUIETLY)
No. In fact I'd surmised as much.

STRACK
But it disappoints you.

JULIE
Well it's hardly my place to--

STRACK
That's right, it's not your place. Yet I value your good opinion.

JULIE
Surely you don't expect me to endorse it.

STRACK
Course not. I'm sure my father never intended for you to know about it. I'm sorry if He's compromised you in any way. But I am asking you to understand. I'm not going to bore you with that old speech about how we all have to swim in the same pond. But you know as well as I that

CONTINUED

38.

67 CONTINUED (2)

STRACK (CONT'D)
not so much as one mini-mall ever went up in this city without some grease being laid into the palms downtown. You're not naive; you know it's a cost of doing business. Ordinarily you don't have to face it. Well, I face it, and a lot worse,
into acynic—that's the easy way out, and I'm tougher than that. Strack gestures towards a table-top architectural model of the Riverfront Development.

**STRACK**

Take a look at that model, Julie. That was my father's dream. Now it's my dream. Acres of riverfront reclaimed from decay, thousands of jobs created, a building block—a very large building block—laid for the future. Not such a bad dream, as dreams go. And if the price of realizing that dream is the occasional distasteful chore, well...

**(BEAT)**

. the point is my father is well beyond the reach of the law, but that memo could embarrass Strack enterprises.

**JULIE**

All right, you're point is well taken. But the fact remains that I'm in possession of evidence of the commission of a crime. You can no more ask me to destroy it than I could ask you to destroy one of your buildings.

**STRACK**

Let me suggest this. You excuse yourself for a few minutes, go to the ladies' room, leaving your briefcase here. What happens to the memorandum while it's in my custody is my responsibility.

**CONTINUED**

39.
JULIE
I wish it were that simple. First of all, I don't have the memo with me. Even if I did--

STRACK
It isn't safe to have that document.

JULIE
Are you threatening me?

STRACK
moves closer, touching her arm.

STRACK
I'm trying to protect you. Does. (He hesitates, pursing st her.) his lips, wondering if he can tru Does the name Robert Durant mean anything to you?

JULIE
He's an underworld figure-- racketeering, drugs.

STRACK
A And real-estate. Robert Durant is competitor for the river-front and knows about that document. He is a criminal, Julie. And he will freelyat resort to criminal methods to get he wants. There's a pause.

JULIE

AND
Well, you're very eloquent, frankly I'm not certain what I should do. You'll have to trust me for a day or so to figure this out.

CONTINUED
Is that the most I can extract from you?

FIRMLY:

JULIE

For now.

STRACK

I believe it is. Well then, my dear, I'm in your hands.

CUT TO:

68

INT. HALLWAY OF STRACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Julie exits the office area and gets into an elevator.

69

INT. ELEVATOR STRACK'S BUILDING - DAY

JULIE AND TWO ELDER WOMEN
descend in the elevator. Music is piped in from overhead speakers. it takes a moment before Julie realizes what she's hearing:

The song IM IR =E DARE
Haunting. Sad. As Julie listens, she becomes more and more affected.

OLD WOMAN #1
And you know he never said one bad word to that girl. He never done wrong by her. She's sure sorry now. He was a rare one.

OLD WOMAN #2
Well, you find someone who loves you,
like Jim loved her, you shouldn't give 'em up so easy.

CLOSE ON JULIE
The women's remarks are not lost on her.

CUT TO:

41.

70 INT WESTLAKE LAB - DAY 70
Peyton stands over the projected microscope image on the computer monitor.

PEYTON
Time?

YAIKITITO
Ninety-six minute.
A pause.

YAKITITO
So, did you ask her?

PEYTON

(EMBARRASSED)
Not yet, Yakitito, not yet. Time.

YAKITITO
This is unbelievable! Every day--

PEYTON
Time, Yakitito.

YAKITITO
It still ninety six minute! Sounds to me that maybe you didn't ask her. Maybe your afraid?

PEYTON
Look, I asked her. She said no, okay? Well, she actually said "I don't know".
Peyton stands and stretches. The telephone rings, Peyton moves to answer it.

**PEYTON**
I'll get it.

71 EXT PAYPHONE - DAY - JULIE 71
is beaming as she stands at a pay phone waiting for Peyton to answer.

CONTINUED

42.

?1 CONTINUED 71

**JULIE**
please be there Peyton.

72 INT. WESTLAKE LAB - DAY - PEYTON 72
reaches for the phone when.

**A HAND**
Juts out of the shadows and clutches at Peyton's wrist!

**VOICE**
Don't bother.

**PEYTON**
We hold on his shocked face as the phone rings and then stops.

**CLICK!**
A light hits Peyton's face. He turns to look.

**HIS POV**

**A TENSOR LIGHT**
Pauly's chunky outline flashes on in the back of the lab. is revealed. The middle-aged, balding man raisesHasboitleare of Maalox to his lips. hearty gulp. hiteafluid, coated with the chalky w
ANOTHER LIGHT comes on revealing Trumayne.

ANOTHER LIGHT Rudy Guzman.

ANOTHER LIGHT reveals the entire gang; Corky Corcoran and a grinning Smiley stand side by side. Near them, Skip. In the very back is Rick, looking a little green around the gills.

(Revused Scene Is 2-17-89)

43.

72 CONTINUED

PEYTON looks wildly about.

HIS POV Panning from Skip to Rudy to Trumayne to--Pauly's fist, being launched directly into the camera.

73

73 PEYTON is knocked back across the lab table. Glassware and equipment fly.

PAULY pulls him up and slams him into the wall.

PEYTON sags down, then hauls himself to his knees to behold:

GOLD CIGAR TRIMMER SNIP!--trimming the end of a cigar, which is then brought to the mouth of...

ROBERT G. DURANT towering above.

DURANT
No foolish heroics, if you please. We have come only for documents; tell us where to find the Bellasarious memorandum and we shall disappear—like a nightmare before the breaking day.

PEYTON

(HOARSELY)
I don't know what you're talking about--

44.

73 CONTINUED
BAM--BAM--Pauly has grabbed him by the hair and rams his head into the wall twice.

74 DURANT 74
looking sadly down.

DURANT
The Bellasaurious memorandum if you please...

PEYTON
I told you, I don't know what you're talking about! CRACKLE--Yakatito Yanagita is thrust into frame, his mouth stretched wide under the plastic bag that covers his head.

DURANT
. Should your houseboy's predicament not jog your memory, you may bid him Godspeed.

PEYTON
Stop it! Let him breathe!

DURANT
(DRILY)
You heard the doctor: Ventilate him.
Rick steps forward, unholstering a gun. Pointing it at
the spot where Yakatito's mouth gapes under the plastic.

PEYTON
surges forward but a vicious backhand blow from Pauly
sends him back to the floor.
He raises his face just as--BAM--an orange flash plays
on Peyton's horrified features. THUNK! Yakatito drops
into frame in front of him.

CONTINUED

2-17-89)
(Revised scene is
45.

74 CONTINUED

RICK
With a trembling hand he holsters the gun. He withdraws
a bottle of pills from his jacket. He shakes out two and
swallows them dry.

TRUMAYNE
emerges from the bedroom.

TRUMAYNE
Bingo!
He waves the coffee-stained document that he has found.

DURANT
Fine...

.75

75 TRUMAYNE AND PAULY
grab Peyton and ram him into the two electrodes that lead
to a reservoir of blue fluid.

PEYTON
s connects and is electrified. Unable to let go, he
shrieks a s his body

S75

S75 CLOSE SHOT PEYTON'S HANDS - STOP MOTION ANIMATION
His skin peels away from the bone under the intense electrical charge. OMIT 76

76 OMIT 77
77 Peyton opens his mouth, but no sounds come out.

78

78 RICK'S FACE
Twitches in horror.

79

79 PEYTON- STUNT DOUBLE - COMPRESSED AIR RIG
He screams as his hands burst into flame. The electrodes that he clutches SNAP and fall into the reservoir of blue fluid which instantly CRACKLES-

V

(Revised Scene #s 2-17-89)

46.
80 FLASHES of white current light up Smiley's beaming face.

81 PEYTON . 81
collapses to the floor, atop his flaming hands, smothering them.

82 DURANT 82
calmly puts out his cigar and opens the valve on a green tank labeled: OXYGEN. Then another: ACETYLENE. He places his electronic lighter under the beak of the drinking bird. Like an oil rig, the bird's beak bobs closer and closer to the switch on the lighter.

PEYTON
pulls himself to his knees, cradling the smoking claws that were his hands. Durant lifts him to his feet.
DURANT
Please, Remain calm. Let's keep this orderly. Resistance now would only prompt acts of pointless cruelty.
Durant gestures with a quick movement with his head.

GUZMAN AND PAULY
grab firmly ahold of Peyton's legs. They rush him forward and dunk his head into the electrified bath of blue fluid.

83 INSIDE THE BATH PEYTON 83
face upside-down, eyes bulging. Underwater electrical sparks course past him. SCREAM bubbles erupt from his mouth.

83A PEYTON - PUPPET HEAD 83A
The charged blue fluid eats into his skin.

CONTINUED

s 2-17-89)

(REVISED SCENE

47.

83B

83B SMILEY
grins with delight.

83C

83C PEYTON AND THE ELECTRIFIED BATH
The SCREAM subsides as the electricity short circuits and shuts down. Peyton's limp body falls out of frame.

83D

83D DURANT
surveys the wrecked lab, then hands Trumayne his cigar trimmer. Softly:
DURANT
Bring the Asian's fingers.
(aloud; to his

MEN)
.Gentlemen?

DURANT AND THUGS
exit.

84

84 PEYTON
lies immobile.

THE OPEN GAS VALVES
HISS, filling the room with the explosive mix of oxygen and acetylene.

THE DRINKING BIRD'S
beak inches closer to the ignition button on the lighter.

PEYTON
stirs slightly, his breath a twisted WHEEZE. Slowly, he comes to his knees. Head and hands trailing smoke, he crawls toward the bobbing bird and lighter.

(Revised Scene Is 2-17-89)

48.

85 EXT WESTLAKE LAB/APARTMENT BUILDING - TWILIGHT 85
A Midnight blue 1989 Continental pulls away. A cab pulls up. Julie emerges from the cab and fishes in her purse for the fare. The headlights of the limo sweep over her and away.

86 PEYTON 86-
drags himself past the bay windows to within a foot of the bobbing bird. The HISSING of the gas is loud.

86A
86A THE BEAK OF THE DRINKING BIRD
dips closer to the electronic lighter's ignition
button...

86B

86B PEYTON
crawls to the base of the table which holds the bobbing
bird and lighter.

86C

86C PEYTON'S CHARRED AND SMOKING HAND
fumbles for the lighter.

86D

86D EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - BIRD BEAK
Closer... closer... contact. The lighter CLICKS.

SILENCE.

86E

86E CLOSE SHOT - SLOW MOTION 400 frames a second.
A tiny spark is born. It grows.

SILENCE.

CONTINUED

(Revised Scene s 2-17-89)

49.

86'

86F CONTINUED

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - PEYTON'S PUPIL
widens in fear, then contracts, responding to a bright
silent flash.

37

87 SILENCE - LAB WALL
One thousand lab sheets ignite.
BE

88 THE HIDDEN SLIDE PROJECTOR
is triggered. On the screen flash the slides from the Peyton/Yakitito presentation... images of Peyton and Julie...The split-screen picture of the two lovers melts as the screen

BURSTS INTO FLAMES

89

89 SILENCE - SLOW MOTION - PEYTON
directly between us and the blast. An intense blue light fades up, brilliantly backlighting Peyton. His stark shadow burns into us.

90

90 SILENCE - SAM-O-CAM RIG - PEYTON
As he is thrust off of his feet, and rocketed through the wall.

91

91 SILENCE - EXT. PEYTON'S BUILDING - MINIATURE - NIGHT
Intense blue light flashes out of the windows and up the chimney into the sky.

91A
91A Peyton's rag doll body spins end over end, upward towards the stars. Silently.

91B
91B It takes a moment for the SOUND of the explosion to catch up with the blast--KAAAAABOOOMMMM!!! Noise that makes the earth shake.

(Revised Scene #s 2-17-89)

50.

92 EXT. STREET - NIGHT- JULIE 92
is knocked to the sidewalk by the shock wave. A flaming chair and large bricks rain down around her.

93 THE SKY - PEYTON DUMMY - NIGHT 93
Peyton's flaming body plummets toward the earth like a comet.

94 EXT. RIVER - PEYTON STUNT DOUBLE - NIGHT 94
Peyton splashes to the fire-lit water.

95 EXT. RIVER - CLOSER ON PEYTON - NIGHT 95
He floats like a dead man, flaming debris from the building SPLASHING down around him. With a GROAN, he sinks beneath the murky water.

96 JULIE B 96
Julie pulls herself to her feet. She stands in utter shock in a downpour of forks, knives and spoons. Before her.

96 - PEYTON'S BUILDING BURNS
like a hay stack. Offscreen sirens WAIL.

B 97 WIDER SHOT - JULIE - BLUE SCREEN B97
She stands in shock as.

97 PEYTON'S BUILDING BURNS P97

98

98 BITS OF CHARRED PAPER - MINIATURE - SLOW MOTION
float-past her and the burning building beyond.

99

THE BURNING BACKGROUND FADES AWAY.
Night turns to day as tombstones appear on either side of her. The falling bits of paper change to falling leaves.

(Revised Scene s's 2-17-89) 51.
99A FALLING BITS OF PAPER (Super against black) SLOW MOTION

Change to falling leaves.

B99. . JULIE - BLUE SCREEN B99
She remains in the exact same position. Her business
suit becomes a black suit of mourning.

100 EXT. GRAVEYARD - CLOSE SHOT - JULIE - DAY 100

Her expression of shock has not changed. In front or
her, A MARKER. It reads: "PEYTON WESTLAKE". CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO REVEAL.

101 A LIMOUSINE DRIVER 101
leans against his limousine, looking bored. He turns
to the Gravedigger, an older man, dressed in soiled work
overalls who props himself up on his shovel.

LIMO DRIVER
Didn't see you workin' out there.

GRAVEDIGGER
Never found the guy's body, just an
ear. Don't take long to bury that.
Now sometimes when this happens
folks']]. be lookin' for a discount.
But see, it ain't the diggin' that
your payin' for, It's the real estate.
They watch as...

102 JULIE 102
buttons her coat and straightens herself, attempting to
gain resolve. She will put this behind her. She walks
toward the limousine but is suddenly hammered by grief.
Her gait wavers. Racked by sobbing, she falls.
Tears stream from her eyes as she clutches at the grass.

103 A PRIEST 103
helps her to her feet.

52.
104 JULIE
raises her tear soaked face and we see the extent of her suffering.

105 EXT. GRAVEYARD - LONG-SHOT - DAY
The tiny figure of the Priest as he places a consoling arm around her. They walk off to the waiting car.

SLOW FADE OUT:

106 FADE IN: INT HOSPITAL BURN UNIT- DAY
The undifferentiated blue resolves itself, as a rippling blue fluid, resembling the acid bath in Peyton's lab. A form emerges from it's depths; a completely bandaged head breaks the surface of the fluid.

107 WIDER
A patient is lifted from a hydro tank, the complex water vessel in which burn patients are treated. He lies perfectly still, hands and face swathed in gauze; A 20th-century mummy. Tubes and wires poke from his body. We hear the steady beeping of a cardiogram.

108 MASKED BURN NURSES
carefully strap the mummy onto a hydraulically powered, multi-axied burn platform. Behind him are other bandaged patients, some rotating on burn platforms, some still submerged in their hydro-tanks.

53.

109

THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN AND FOUR INTERN
saunter over to the hydraulic bed where nurses adjust the patient's I.V. tubing.

RESIDENT
Here we have a 25-30 year-old-male, no I.D., no medical history. Fished the
guy out of the river with burns covering over forty percent of his body. His hands and face were the most severe.

110

110 A BURN NURSE
pushes a button. Motors grinding, the hydraulic platform rotates, slowly spinning the mummified man. For a brief moment he is upside down.

RESIDENT
Ten years ago, pain from the burns would have been intolerable. The guy would have spent the rest of his screaming. Now we use the Rangeveritz technique; quite simply, we sever his spino-thalamic nerve...

111
111 ziiip! He extends a telescoping steel pointer and to n's bandaged ear.
  indicates a spot just above Pey

RESIDENT
  Here. Which, as you know, transmits neural-impulses of pain and vibratory sense to the brain.

112,
112 ziiip! He collapses the pointer and returns it to his pocket.

113

113 THE HYDRAULIC BURN PLATFORM
continues its slow rotation with the mummified patient now turned sideways.

RESIDENT
No longer receiving impulses of pain, you stick him with a pin...
He jabs a sterilized needle deep into the bandaged knee. Interns gasp. The resident leaves the pin in the knee for dramatic effect.

RESIDENT
.and he can't even feel it. With a sharp practiced motion, he plucks out the pin.

PATIENT'S BANDAGED FACE

His eyes still closed. No response.

RESIDENT
Of course, there are serious emotional side effects to this operation. When the body ceases to feel, when so much sensory input is lost, the patient becomes alienated. The mind, cut off from its regular diet of input, has a never-satisfied thirst; alienation gives rise to loneliness, anger; uncontrolled rage is not uncommon. And the rage problem is exacerbated by the chemical effect of severing the nerve. Now, surges of adrenaline flow unchecked through body and brain--giving him the strength of dozen men. Hence the leather restraints. The resident turns and heads for the door. The interns follow behind like ducklings.

THE PATIENT'S BANDAGED FACE

But as it rotates into frame and clangs to a halt. Between the bandages, the eyes pop open, blue and fiercely lucid. It's Peyton. He has heard everything.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

The resident speaks over his shoulder to the interns as they walk.
Naturally, we give him every chance of recovery.
He waves his hands about in futile circles letting the interns know that this is the party line.

.RESIDENT

Remain optimistic... inspire confidence... Talk to him about rehabilitation potential...
Personally? I give him a nine on the buzzard scale.

THE LOUDSPEAKERS emit a loud warning tone.

PUBLIC ADDRESS
Code Blue, Burn Unit. All doctors report. Code Blue, Burn Unit.

THE RESIDENT AND INTERNS freeze for a half-moment, turn and race back the way they came.

INTO HOSPITAL CORRIDOR #2 - TRACKING WITH TWO ORDERLIES AND THEIR "CRASH CART"
as they race pell mell down the hallway, rubbing conductive jelly between the defibrillator paddles.

INTO BURN UNIT - A HOSPITAL CURTAIN is opened violently by a nurse. Her jaw drops in disbelief. Doctors and technicians rush into the room and freeze.
is the last to arrive. He can't see above the heads of the technicians and interns.

CONTINUED

(Revised Scene Numbers 2-17-89)

56.

122 CONTINUED

RESIDENT
Alright, move. I'm in charge here!
Lemme through!
He pushes his way to the front of the crowd and blinks stupidly at the camera.

123 PEYTON'S HYDRAULIC PLATFORM. 123
Loose bandages, torn leather restraints, and tangled E.K.G. wires dangle aimlessly in the wind; a bright flash of lightning illuminates the empty hydraulic bed.

I

124 THE RESIDENT'S HAIR 124
is suddenly blown back by a gust of wind. Confused, he looks up from the bed and out the open window.

B124 THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW B124
Dark storm clouds billow over the city. Thunder crashes.

125

125 OMIT

126 EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE/EMPTY STREET - DUSK 126
Thunder rumbles and it begins to rain. A delirious Peyton, now wearing a ratty black overcoat, staggers and falls into an oily mud puddle.

127 CLOSE SHOT PEYTON 127
He slowly raises his bandaged face from the mud. Desperate eyes peer out from a slit in the muddied bandages. He forces himself to stand and move onward.
He stops in his tracks.

128 HIS POV ACROSS THE STREET - JULIE'S BROWNSTONE APARTMENT

Julie steps from the stylish foyer and opens her umbrella.

PEYTON'S EYES
growing misty. He staggers across the street after her.

57.

129

129 JULIE
terrified at the sight of...

130

130 A HIDEOUS HAND
clutching at her shoulder. Scarred tendons and hand bones poke from unraveling bandages. They grip tighter seeking help. Repulsed, Julie spins to see.

131

131 DARK FIGURE/PEYTON
A vague, unrecognizable shape in the shadows. From it comes the awful sound of an inhuman voice, an unintelligible guttural rasp:

DARK FIGURE/PEYTON
Juuuuulieeeee. Heeeeeeelp
meeeeeee... 

132

132 JULIE
A gasp caught in her throat, backs away...

133

133 PEYTON
removes his offending recoils, from her behind his back.
It's meeeeee.

3.34 JULIE
moves quickly away, her hand protecting her throat. Her fear is mixed with pity as she turns away from this monstrous man.

CONTINUED

58.

134

134 CONTINUED

PEYTON

(ALMOST INTELLIGIBLE RASP)

It's meeeeee.
But she is too far away to hear.

135

135 HIGH SHOT FROM TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE CITY STREET
In the downpour, the two tiny figures below turn and warm move quickly from of the browns t, at the other to the shadow of the alleys

CUT TO:
136

136 EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

A bandaged Peyton emerges from a cloud of fog in the worsening rain.

137

137 A LAUGHING COUPLE
rush from a posh restaurant, past Peyton, and into a waiting taxi.

138

138 EXT STREET – TITAN CRANE – WIND FANS – PEYTON’S LONELY

EYES
despair. pull
t follow them. He s overcome looks like the last
d distance that Peyton
to such a great t
man on Earth.

CUT TO:

139

139 EXT. ALLEY – WIND FANS – NIGHT

Rain pounds the surface of the alley, hurricane hard.
Gutterspouts gush torrents of water. Aeflattenf wind, cardboard box is whisked away by a revealing...

(Revised Scene Numbers 2-17-89)

59.

140 PEYTON 140

who has been huddling beneath it. A lost man. He coughs and stares blankly at...

141 A SEWER DRAIN 141
inches from his face. Rain water spins round and round in a whirlpool. A scrap of newspaper is swept into the current.

142 PEYTON

stares at it.

143 CLOSER ON SPINNING NEWSPAPER

It bears a picture of his own face.

144 PEYTON'S BANDAGED EYES

widen.

145 CLOSER ON NEWSPAPER

It snags on a stick, revealing the picture's headline: SCIENTIST DIES IN ACCIDENTAL BLAST/Body still missing.

146 EXT. ALLEY - LONG SHOT - PEYTON

lying in the alley, staring at the whirlpool. It rains.

CUT TO:

147 INT. WESTLAKE LAB/APARTMENT - DAY

The charred door falls toward us, and into the ashes of Peyton's lab/apartment.

B147 I/E WESTLAKE LAB/WALL HOLE - DAY B147

Outside lab.

60.

148

148 PEYTON

stands in the doorway wearing the black tattered overcoat and bandages. He gapes at the wreckage of his former world.

149

149 YAKATITO'S COKE-BOTTLE EYEGlasses

twisted from the heat.
150 PEYTON
Picks up an overturned end table and sets it right. 'Re, has started to pick up an overturned chair when the futility of it hits him.

151

151 HIS BANDAGED FINGERS
relax, letting the charred chair fall back into the ashes.

152

152 PEYTON
i rorr reflects his
moves to a scorched and bandaged face. He pulls
peers at his reflection. We are not privy but it horrifies him. He shakes in a choked sob.
We move down to the ashes to reveal...

A PHOTOGRAPH OF PEYTON AND JULIE
and ful -but
In the photo,
J is lbli tered and scarched.

PEYTON'S FACE 153

S S

153 PEYTON
grabs the picture. In a fire ravaged voice;

PEYTON
When I'm W
Do you still love me, now W can no u
just some repulsive thing yo
longer recognize? When I sicken YOU.
When you run.
A GLINT catches his eye. He turns.

#s 2-17-89)

(REVISED 5ZENE)
154 DURANT'S GOLD LIGHTER
etal fingers clutch
Twisted and scorched.
the lighter and it ey to his on'seskel

155 PEYTON'S EYES
lose their dull, wounded appearance. Anger builds. hin
Adrenaline surges. An emotion awakens from deep wit
the pritative portion of his brain, his "rage spot".

RAGE!
He shakes as it floods him.

156 A VEIN
stands out on his forehead, swelling with blood, heaving ad.
to the frantic pace of his heart... He clutches his he

157 CRACK!
Gigantic radiating fissures appear in the walls... the
ceiling... the floor... everywhere Peyton looks. He turns
to us suddenly. THE CAMERA ROCKETS IN to his dark pupil.
Within the blackness, we perceive--

157A THE CAMERA ROCKETS IN -
to his dark pupil. Within the blackness, we perceive -

158 THE OPTIC NERVE - MINIATURE - COMPUTER CONTROL RIG
OUR VIEW moves deeper along the nerve till we come to o the
Arterial Plexus. We follow the pulsating arteries
they wind back, through the darker corridors of his
brain, to the blood brain barrier.

159 ELECTRICAL NERVE IMPULSES
bombard the barrier, flashing upon this receiving
I wall of the brain.
THE TWXZE IMAGES BEND BACK UPON ONE ANOTHER IN STARTLING SUCCESSION. WE CATCH GLIMPSES OF:

160A VOLCANO ERUPTING
160B EXPLOSINUS OF BRICK AND FLAME
160C JULIE AS LOVER/GODDESS/WHORE
160D EXPLOSINUS OF BRICK AND FLAME
160E OPERATING ROOM SURGEONS ABOVE US, CUTTING-- DURANT AS CHIEF
160F A CIGAR STICKING OUT THROUGH A HOLE CUT IN HIS MASK
160G FISSURES IN THE WALL... ELONGATED NECROS... INSANELY.
160H CAMERA RACING IN TOWARDS PEYTON'S BANDAGED FACE SIX TIMES,
160I SAME MOVE, SUPERFAST
160J RANTING AND RAVING, SHAKING HIS FIST AT THE HEAVENS WITH BIBLICAL WRATH.
160K BUT WE CAN'T HEAR HIM. WE PULL BACK FROM HIS PUPIL TO REVEAL...

161 PEYTON SITTING, IN THE ASHES ON THE FLOOR OF HIS LAB/APARTMENT.
161B THERE ARE NO FISSURES IN THE WALLS OR CEILING. PEYTON IS FRAMED BY THE BAY WINDOW.
161C THE CITY LIGHTS BEHIND HIM. DURING THE PSYCHIC RAGE BURSTS OF BRICK AND FLAME, NIGNU FALLEN

PEYTON'S BANDAGED HAND CLOSES OVER THE LIGHTER.
161D HIS MOUTH TWISTS FROM ITS PAINED GRIMACE, PAST THE NEUTRAL POSITION, FORMING A TINY SMILE. HIS EYES GLEAM
wickedly. A foghorn moans from the river.
The Darkman is born.

162 BLACKOUT - INT GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 162
The blackness turns out to innards trombone—we are pulling back to reveal that we are at a party.

(Revisited Scene s 2-i7=89 )'

63.

162 CONTINUED 162
The band plays, many couples dance, others chat around the bar. The bandleader wraps up the song. Polite applause.

CONTINUED PULL BACK
reveals the beaming face of GOVERNOR BRYANT a red-faced man in his late forties. He sits at the head of a crowded table.

ON THE TABLE
a huge cake, elaborately constructed in the sleek shape of a sleek, modern skyline. The same as the model on Strack's desk.

THE GOVERNOR
cuts one of the skyscrapers neatly in half with the knife.

LOUD APPLAUSE
The Governor passes the piece to LOUIS STRACK JR. who sits at his side.

GOVERNOR
(TO STRACK)
As usual, Louis, you get the first piece of the action.
LAUGHTER...Strack takes a bite from the building's top floors.

GOVERNOR
Louis, I want to take this
opportunity to express my gratitude,
my extreme gratitude--

STRACK
(to the crowd)
He's talking about my campaign

CONTRIBUTION--
LOUD LAUGHTER. The Governor waves it away.

GOVERNOR
I'm talking about the Riverside
development program. Louis, you've
breathed new life into a neighborhood
long ago lost to the democrats.

64.

163

163 INT. WOMAN'S POWDER ROOM

The band is faintly heard. Julie stands before the mirror
and practices a convincing smile. Beside her, a young
woman pouts to the mirror as she applies lipstick. The
woman exits through the tiled archway. Her shadow meets
that of a man's. Julie watches the happy shadows embrace,
 kiss and move off. She stands immobilized, overcome.

164

164 GRAND BALLROOM - THE STAIRS --NIGHT- LONG SHOT
A beautiful woman floats down a set of marble stairs.

165

165 HEADS TURN.
It's...

166

166 JULIE
wearing a tight fitting, formal black dress. She
forces a smile. She looks unhappy, but she looks good.
She sits at a bar a little away from the party area.

JULIE
Vodka and lime, please. A double.
A business man, flushed with drink, observes her.
He moves to the seat beside her.

BUSINESSMAN
Drowning your sorrows, eh?

JULIE
Just giving them something to swim around in.
She drinks the vodka quickly. She sighs.

BUSINESSMAN
Why don' ya tell all your troubles to old Jimbo?

JULIE
Please remove your hand.
The businessman has his hand on her thigh; it crawls upward. CONTINUED

65.

166 CONTINUED 166

ANOTHER HAND
clamps firmly down on his shoulder and spins him around.

BUSINESSMAN

(ANGRY)
Hey, what the--

LOUIS STRACK, JR.
stands before him. Distinguished and dapper, looking 'better than ever. He gives his famous grin. It's worth a million dollars.

STRACK
Ferguson, you've had too much to drink.
BUSINESSMAN
Right away, Mr. Strack.
Chastened, he beats a hasty retreat. Strack turns to Julie.

JULIE
Thanks for getting rid of that guy.

STRACK
Thank you for coming. I'm glad you're here.
He takes her by the arm and starts to lead her across the crowded floor.

STRACK
I haven't wanted to bother you during your period of grief, but I have to know whether you've come to a decision regarding the Belasarius Memorandum.

CONTINUED

66.

166 CONTRUD(2)

JULIE
The decision's been made for both of us. The papers were destroyed in the fire. I want to forget all about that--

STRACK

(THINKS)
The fire-- the whole thing. I'm quite disturbed by it. I can't help but wonder.

JULIE
What?

STRACK
Do you remember when I mentioned a
certain competitor of mine, Robert G. Durant?

JULIE
No. No. I've considered it. but the police ruled out arson. It burned hot. A gas fire. There was an acetylene leak -- the tiniest spark COULD HAVE--
She breaks off, getting choked up. Strack's manner is sympathetic and solemn.

STRACK
Believe me, I am no stranger to the frustration and anguish that comes from the loss of a loved one. He forces himself to rally his spirits.

STRACK
My dear, there's no cure for grief EXCEPT TIME--
He takes—her by the hand.

STRACK
...But there is something that eases the symptoms. It's called...
He sweeps her out onto the dance floor.

STRACK
.Dancing!

67.

167

167 ON THE DANCE FLOOR

JULIE
finally smiles.

STRACK
UR
Julie, I was quite impressed with your performance in the von Hoffenstein negotiations. Outstanding. I believe in instinct. I like yours. I want you to think about something. No need to decide now. But I'd like staff. you as a member of my permanent
That's very flattering, my

BUT SWAIN--
commitments to Pappas

STRACK
I've already spoken to Ed Pappas.

JULIE
(HOTLY)
You had no right--

STRACK
Don't be childish, I had every right. He doesn't want to lose you--said he'll fight tooth and nail to keep you at the firm. Good! I like a good scrap! If it's not worth fighting for it's not worth having. Just consider that I won't be outbid. Think about

T
it. I know you, Hastings. You're why ready for something g-we understand each other?
(takes her arm)
Because we both worked for it. We both sweated for it. He increases his grip and lowers his voice, taking her into his confidence.

STRACK

E
We both know what it's like to bethe o the bottom. Well now I'm o ridt ut. top, and I m offering you

CONTINUED
JULIE resents being gripped and lectured to and yet... she senses in Strack, a power and magnetism that holds her.

JULIE I'll consider it...

Strack smiles. As he sweeps her around, her eye catches something. Her face tightens.

JULIE Mr. Strack, I don't want to alarm you, but who is that man, speaking with the Governor?

STRACK turns to look.

STRACK (SEETHING)

What's bg doing here?

SWISH PAN from Strack's frozen expression... through a blur of dancers to:

ROBERT DURANT chatting with the governor. He catches Strack's eye.

STRACK Holds eye contact for a moment.

STRACK That, my dear, is Robert Durant.

DURANT smiles.

CUT TO:
69.

168 EXT RICK'S APARTMENT 168
Rick's car pulls in. He climbs out and walks toward the front door of his building. The sound of a foot on gravel. He glances behind him.

169 RICK'S CAR 169
in the shadowy lot. Nothing else.

170 RICK 170
turns his head swiftly to a passing shadow.

171 EMPTY STREET 171
Wind gusts dead leaves across the pavement.

172 RICK 172
shudders. Shaking off his nerves. He fishes about in his breast pocket and removes a bottle of prescription pills.

RICK
I gotta take it easy.
He pops two into his mouth, and swallows them dry. He enters the apartment building.

173 INT. RICK'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- LATER 173
Rick lies asleep. The TV is on in the background, playing LOUD STATIC. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS TO...

5174

S174 WOODEN BLINDS
The wind gusts, causing the shutters to clatter.
175 **A CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY**
as the TV snaps 'off.

176

176 **RICK**
jerks awake. The place is suddenly totally dark.

**RICK**

**(NERVES FRYING)**
Who's there?
He gets up, looks around.
A small and evil laugh reverberates in the
aguelydhumanssit'st
chills Rick to the core. Guttural,
the fire-ravaged laugh of the Darkman.
Rick calls to the shadows;

**RICK**

**(HYSTERICAL)**
What do you want?

**DARKMAN**

**OU**
We're gonna play a little game. It's tell
called show and tell. First, y
me everything.

177

**FROM THE BLACKNESS**
Something charred and twisted emerges. It's Darforn's n the
burnt skeletal claw. A hideous sight, see
first time. A deranged digit da tends to stroke Rick's
face, then retracts into the

**DARKMAN**
Uh huh. Then I show you... how to
scream.
A terrifying pause. Then:
Rick SCREAMS as his legs fall out from under him. **CAMERA**

**PANS DOWN TO REVEAL:**
178 A SKELETAL CLAW 178
dragging a kicking, screaming Rick under the bed.

179 UNDER THE BED - HORIZONTAL VIEW OF BANDAGED DARKMAN
nose to nose with Rick. Darkman peels the bandages from
his mouth to reveal a gaping maw of burnt, crooked teeth.

DAR MAN

(FIRE-RAVAGED
VOICE)
You always knew there was something
like me under the bed.

CUT TO:

180 INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - LATER 180

A CORNER OF RICK'S ROOM - PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED
A badly beaten Rick hurls through frame and slams
into the corner.

181 DARKMAN'S SKELETAL FISTS
smash into the wall like flying pile drivers around

RICK'S HEAD:

SMASH!

SMASH!

SMASH!

SMASH!
Plaster cracks and flies. Rick's bleeding face twitches
in fear, on sanity's edge.

RICK

(WHIMPERING)
But I gave you the names. Where they lived... I told you everything. Darkman's eyes leer at us.

72.

182 CONTINUED

DARKMAN

(SYMPATHETICALLY)

I know you did...
The eyes come close. Closer.

DARKMAN

(with dark joy)

.but let's pretend you didn't.

His skeletal claw clamps down over the camera lens-

BLACKNESS.

CUT TO:

182

182 EXT. NIGHT - ROW OF STONE GARGOYLES

perched high atop a building. The bandaged Darkman is also there, flanked by the stone creatures. He is ringing his hands together in angst.

Fire ravaged voice:

DARINAN

I've been bad.

He looks to the moody sky. Inky clouds drift past overhead.

183

183 INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The light of a street-lamp dimly illuminates Julie, asleep in bed. She sighs in her sleep and gently her dream.

turns away from some disquieting presence in
Or is it in the room? We hear the click of a lock, wind rushes in... then stillness.

A DEFORMED SHADOW
crawls along the wall, dropping down over Julie's form.

CONTINUED

13.

183 CONTINUED
THE DAR1N A few swathed in bandages, staring.
stands over the bed, y la over the age' But chords- from Love in the Dark p
distorted now, ominous.

DARKNAN
reaches out and delicately touches Julie's hair with a skeletal claw--a twisted reprise of the earlier her scene.
in
instinctively hand.
Julie shivers and Darkaâ“an quickly y

R
a long time. We move in on Darkman stands motionless for
his face. The bandages below his eyes are moist. The
Darkman brushes at the tear-stained bandages with the
back of his gnarled hand.

DARIOMAN

(A WHISPER)
Julie...
Julie continues to sleep.

DARK MAN
I need you.
He glances down to...

CLOSE SHOT - PHOTO OF PEYTON AND JULIE
He tries to brush away the burn-matter obring his
face in the photograph. He closes his eyes then

QUIETLY;

PEYTON
my face back. Even
I've got to have
if it's only for ninety-nine minutes.

JULIE
suddenly sits up from a dream and cries;

JULIE
Peyton...

CONTINUED

74.

183

183 CONTINUED

HER POV
The curtains flutter in the wind. She is alone.

CUT TO:

184

184 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

DAR MAN'S POV - OVER A SHOPPING CART
People give him a wide berth on the sidewalk as they pass by.

A MOTHER
Protectively pulls her child back, away from the cart. We turn off, into.

AN ALLEYWAY
as it twists, and grows narrow.
TRACKING WITH THE SHOPPING CART
As it winds through the alley. It's filled with charred electronics salvaged from the wreckage of Peyton's lab; beakers, tubing, computer parts, walkman tape recorder, the holographic cylinder and bio-press. The shopping cart bangs to a halt against a CONDEMNED sign upon a steel door.

A BOLT CUTTER
is raised from the cart.

SNIP.

75.

185

185 INT WAREHOUSE

BLACKNESS
&wylight,

BRIHT
The steel door slides open, dletting eserted iwa rehouse revealing the interior

THE DARKMAN
appears silhouetted in the doorway. He pushes the shop cart into the warehouse and disappears into a shaft of light. CAMERA past th t he darkness. darkness. He steps ra tt y up his old an.
to andaged f
dangling gauze,
He surveys the cavernous interior.

A SPOTTED CAT
down stroke it. The cat meows at his feet. He off with reaches shtoe scratches him and runs

LONG SHOT - DARIN
looks about the place, satisfied.
(in a fire-

RAVAGED VOICE)

Home.

CUT TO:

DEEP IN THE GROUND
A flash-light clicks on revealing an elaborate system
of high voltage cylinders...

DARKMAN

carefully connects one end of nanorinsulated cord to the
metal base of one of the Y

CONTINUED

76.

185

185 CONTINUED

DARKMAN' S BANDAGED HAND

Throws a switch.

A SINGLE BULB

flickers on in the far rear of the warehouse casting the
Darkman's face half in light, half shadow.
With his skeletal claw, he strokes his bandaged chin.

DART AN

All I need is one, clear, picture.
He moves to a salvaged photograph album.

AS HE FLIPS THROUGH THE PAGES

we see that most of the photographs are bubbled with
charcoal. The few that aren't show Peyton's face only by
partially--one cut off by someone's shoulder, another e
the frame of the picture... The last picture eyes Juli er
on his shoulder laughing--coveriPg Peyt
hands.
PEYTON
throws the album against the wall. He turns back to the
original burned photo.

DARXMAN
This'll have to do.

DISSOLVE TO:

186

186 TNT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT
OUR VIEW moves across a slummy version of Dr. Peyton
Westlake's lab—reassembled by Darkman.

DAR MW
slides the charred photo of himself through the input
slot of a computer.

2-17-89)
(Revised Some is
77.

V187

V187 ON THE SCREEN
appears a line drawing of the photograph. As Peyton
punches in information:

OMIT 188

IS$ OMIT

P189 DARKMN LAB H189.

H189 A HOLOGRAPH OF PEYTON'S FACE
materializes in a slightly scorched glass cylinder,
revolving in sync to the image on the computer screen.
The face is partially charred, malformed—like the
photograph, except in three dimensions.

V190
taps in data that appears on the computer screen:
Extrapolate left lower quadrant "C" to lower quadrant "D." Extrapolate quadrant "F" to quadrant "E." Ignore light variables.
8.7 millimoles.
Scale: 1.38 millimoles
Etc.
The computer HUMS AND BEEPS... The screen blanks and the following information appears.
Reconstitution will take 71 hours and 57 minutes.

P191
P191 OUR VIEW curves up to:

H191

H191 THE HOLOGRAPH
Before our very eyes, it changes slightly--growing imperceptibly more detailed, sharper.

DISSOLVE TO:

192

192 DARKMAN
Preparing a batch of liquid skin. He peers down into the microscope. One hand holding something just off frame. Darkaman lifts his head and sniffs at a wisp of smoke. CAMERA PANS WITH HIS

CONTINUED

2-17-89)
(Revised scene numbers 78.

192

192 CONTINUED

GLANCE TO...
His OUTSTRETCHED HAND
boney fingers poke through the bandages as he gently skin
over the flame of a
swirls a test tube to no tice is hand
has l f ailed
Bunsen unsen burner.
is burning.

DARKMAN
and studie s the
pulls his hand aY ois the lack o o ormal rmal
S HIS
smoldering digits. n

HE ETLY;
sensation. Qui

DARKMAN
My hands. They took my hands.
He sits on the lab stool studying his charred palms in
the dark. P193

P193 DARKMAN LAB H 193

H 193 HOLOGRAM
In the time that has passed, the image of Peyton's face
is growing more

194

194 THE COMPUTER SCREEN BESIDE IT READS;
Reconstruction will take 61 hours and
11 minutes.

CAMERA PANS TO.

195

195 DARKMAN
sitting on the lab stool in the exact same position, in
still studying his gnarled knuckles. Sunlight pours quickly
the lab from a small ceiling window. He turns bles up from
his

A
and faces the cat. A small, soundh.u
ravaged larynx; A deep,

CUT TO:
(Revised Scene numbers 2-17-89)

79.

196

196 EXT. ONASSIS CONEY ISLAND RESTAURANT– DAY

COMPRESSED SHOT
through window of restaurant. The extreme telephoto shows us Pauly eating a chili dog at a booth. He's looking for somebody.

SKIP and GUZMAN enter the restaurant and take the seats across from him. Guzman slides a briefcase under the table to Pauly. Pauly downs the butt end of the chili dog and washes it down with a Maalox chaser. He takes the briefcase and exits.

CLICK--freezes all three as they exit in black and white.

197 REVERSE – EXT ALLEY – DAY 197

DARKMAN disguised as a bagman, in an alley across the street from the restaurant, peering through a camera.

HIS POV

197A
197A Skip and Guzman going in one direction, Pauly in another.

CLICK--freezes the moment.

197B
197E CLICK--Pauly moving away, carrying the briefcase.
CLICK--he looks to his right, and
CLICK--to his left.

197C
197C CLOSE-UP: PAULY'S HAND swinging slightly as it carries the briefcase. The final CLICK of the shutter is heard

ON THE MATCHING CUT TO:
PAULY'S HAND
Well back to reveal it is now a photograph soaking in a shallow tray of developing fluid.

CONTINUED

THE CAT
enters frame, atop a lab table. Camera tracks Si ac ne. On an other e it passes between rows of photographs of Pauly' hands which hang dripping from a clothesli clothes-line are pictures of all the other gang members, taken at different places and times.

The cat leaps straight through. P198

DARKMAN LAB

THE TURNING HOLOGRAPH OF PEYTON'S HEAD -- the features more defined now, more recognizable--

THE CAT
lands on another lab table, where it suddenly halts and arches it's spotted back as a bandaged. hand sets down an opened can of tuna. The cat moves to the tuna but looks up fearfully.
THE BANDAGED RAND moves close to pet the cat.

THE CAT scratches at the hand and spits. The hand withdraws. The cat eats the tuna warily.

COMPUTER INPUT SLOT
Front and side-view photos of Pauly's hand are sucked into a second charred and patched-up computer.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN
's hand is being filled in with A line drawing of Pauly contours and subtle shading.

(Revised ScTe Is 2-17-89)

DARK MN LAB

WITHIN THE SLIGHTLY SCORCHED GLASS CYLINDER
A hologram of Pauly's hand flickers to life, turning in sync with the one on the computer screen.

THE SALVAGED BIO-PRESS
Synthetic skin is sprayed onto the surface of the press. The pins in the press rise to computer-determined heights, molding the hardening synthetic skin.
206

206 DARKMAN'S BANDAGED HANDS
enter frame; he unwraps the bandages.

207

207 USED HAND BANDAGES
form a pile atop the lab table.

208

208 A FORCEPS
removes what looks like a wet, flesh colored surgical
glove from the Bio-Press.

209

209 The nasty bone digits of Darkman's hand snake into the
glove.

210

210 DARKMAN
smooths the wrinkled synthetic skin and holds up his
"new" hand. It is a flawless imitation of Pauly's.
He raises it to his eyes. They-shine fiercely.

211

211 DARKMAN'S "NEW" HAND
begins unraveling the bandages that cover his head.

212

212 THE CAT
is looking up from a defensive crouch. Back arched, it
starts to back away.

82.

213

213 COMPUTER KEYBOARD
E

and one king
One "Pauly the"ke board. siT edsound of n bonewst
together ra h ving. ri
y and unner
plastic. is strange

214

214 ON COMPUTER MONITOR
A line drawing of Pauly's face appears. It turns into:

215

215 A MATCHING CLOSE SHOT---THE REAL PAULY
in his bed sleeping. A shadow passes over him.

216

23.6 A GLOVED HAND

ANADS

ief over hi
presses a chloroformedOhgni Theh alarm clocks Ring Sh
nose. Be struggles. The
Pauly sinks into a deep chloroform from hisdface It
gloved hand removes the
The only sound is the TICKING of the clock.
We PULL BACK to reveal that we are:

217

217 INT. PAULY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The bandaged figure of the Darkman stands over an
unconscious Pauly.

218

218 DARKMAN

IT WITH

THE
removes a suitcase shuti From hiskratty b lack
Pauly's clothes, latches

Å€Ç
overcoat, he removes.

219
219 TWO FIRST CLASS AIRLINE TICKETS
He places them atop the suitcase.

220

220 INT. PAULY'S BATHROOM - DAY

R- HE

FACE
The mummified Darkman is reflected
carefully unwraps the than it
is 's, the complexion a
should be. Pthey skin a little tighter
little better.

83.

221

2 21 DARXMANIPAULY
pulls the stop-watch from his pocket and starts it.

222

222 DIGITAL STOP-WATCH
It TICKS off the seconds.

223

223 DARKMANJPAULY

HE
s t e k c o P to watch a handfulrof Pauly'ss
the medicine cabinet
cologne.

CUT TO:

224

- DAY -
224 INT. ONASSIS CONEY ISLAND RESTAURANT

Darkman/Pauly sits alone at the booth. He checks the artificial skin on his hand, then glances to his stop-watch.

225

225 DIGITAL STOP-WATCH
It reads: 35 minutes. He pockets the watch as:

226

226 SKIP AND GUZMAN
enter. They take seats across from him. Skip seems angry.

Skip is.

Durant wants to know where Rick
He's really hot about it--really hot.
Don't ask me why--the old man really
likes Rick. You know
where Rick is?
He is looking at Darkman/Pauly.

CONTINUED

84.

1

226 CONTINUED

DARKMAN/PAULY
shrugs an exaggerated "haw-would-I-know?" Guzman is too angry to notice.

Guzman
Durant piss me off. How de hell
should we know where Rick is? What
are we, de baby-sitter?
He places the briefcase on the floor and is about to slide it across, but hesitates. He eyes Darkman/Pauly suspiciously.
GUZMAN
You okay, Pauly? You looking funny.

DARXMAN/PAULY
shrugs, reaches into his pocket, pulls out a bottle of Maalox, and takes a slug. Guzman slides the briefcase across the floor to Darkman/Pauly. Darkman/Pauly, without saying a word, takes the briefcase and exits.

SKIP
What's with him?

CUT TO:

227

227 INT. PAULY'S BEDROOM - DAY PAULY? DARXMAN/PAULY?

blinks several times, stares quizzically around him, looking confused. PAULY'S POV--His own bedroom, blurry, spinning slightly. As the room starts to settle:

228

228 CRASH!
The door is kicked off its hinges revealing GUZMAN.

85.

229

229 PAULY
is sitting up in bed. AlthoughPhhets just hwaking s c is dressed in a suit and tie. lothes, then looks quizzically up at Guzman.

GUZMAN
lifts Pauly from the bed and shoves him into a chair. Pauly looks up to see:

DURANT
glaring down at him.
DURANT
Pauly... we've been very concerned about you. Pauly doesn't have a clue. But the display of muscle isn't lost on him. He clutches at his sore head and

MOANS:

PAULY
Hey, Mr. Durant...

(GLANCES AT CLOCK) -

y, I guess
I musts overslept. I'm sorr
I missed the pick-up, huh?

DURANT
Where is the money, Pauly?

PAULY
(desperate) p.
What money? I didn't make the pick-u
Durant crosses to the suitcase and picks up one of the airline tickets. His smile is strained.

CONTINUED

86.

229 CONTINUED

DURANT
Rio... And first class. How delightful.
(picks up other TICKET)

n A , and one for Rick. Well, this explains his disappearance. Durant glances to Guzman who opens Pauly's PACKED SUITCASE.
PAULY
Hey, I don't know nothing about that... I--

DURANT
Where is the money, Pauly?

PAULY
What money?! I swear to God, Mr. Durant, I didn't make the pick-up! I been right here sleepin'... Jesus, I swear to God!!

230

230 DURANT
tucks the tickets into Pauly's jacket.

DURANT
Well, Pauly, I wouldn't want you to miss your flight.

213

231 EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

PAULY - STUNT DOUBLE

CRASH!!!
Pauly CRASHES through the window on the 23rd floor.

232

232 EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

PAULY DUMMY
His body twists in the air, hurtling toward the ground.

(Revised scene numbers 2-17-89)

87

B233 CLOSE ON PAULY - BLUE SCREEN 8233
Falling, trying to find the air to shriek as.

P234

P234 THE SKYSCRAPER
blurs past.

235 PAULY'S P.O.V 235
the sidewalk rushes up at us with increasing velocity...

236 EXT. STREET – DAY 236

Pauly's body hits the sidewalk with a THUD. His dead eyes stare out at us, bewildered.

237 A SHOCKED WOMAN 237
looks up from Pauly's dead face to a nearby park-bench.

238

238 SHOCKED WOMAN'S P.O.V.
PANNING from dead Pauly to living Pauly/Darkman, who sits and watches calmly.

239

239 THE WOMAN
SHRIEKS and SHRIEKS. She has to be. restrained by the crowd.

240

240 PAULY/DARKMAN
Turns away from the crowd of gawkers gathering around the body. His eyes widen in alarm. His synthetic cheek is melting where the bright sunlight hits it. A bubbling skin blister cracks open and smokes. His hand covers the blister. He pulls the stopwatch from his pocket.

241

241 THE STOPWATCH
It reads: 98 minutes
still clutching the briefcase of cash, jogs into the cool dark of an alley. A thin wisp of smoke trails behind to the darkness.

him as he disappears in

CUT TO:

243 INT. JULIE'S APT.

Julie is shrugging off her coat to reveal a stunning evening dress. She heads across the room toward a rolling bar.

JULIE
I want to thank you for a lovely evening, Louis. It's been a long time since I've been able to really enjoy myself—to forget... Can I offer you a drink?

We pan the room to reveal Strack, just inside the front door.

STRACK
Thank you, whiskey neat.

He takes off his coat.

STRACK
...Would it be all right if I used your telephone?

JULIE
It's on the etagere...

Strack has already found it and is dialing.

STRACK

DID
Franz... Louis Strack here what gold close at in Zurich?
play...for fifty-

Insai ou nd Kru

nd Krug rrandsawhe the market th ousa e
orning.
opens in the m
Strack. hangs up the phone and turns towards Julie.

CONTINUED

89.

243 CONTIRU

STRACK
E haven't felt this alive since the
days of the Silver Puts and
t o remember Calls.
'Course you're too you

AN OVER-THE-
that. I guess I'm jus
hill financier trying to recapture a
few moments from his glory days.
Julie hands Strack a drink.

JULIE
Don't be childish, Louis, it's
unbecoming to fish for compliments.
Strack laughs good-naturedly.

STRACK
like that ine. You
away fanything.
don't eleame get
He sighs and sits down on the sofa, sips his drink and

T
looks across at Julie.

STRACK

NK
You know, as much as I'd like to thi
differently, i suppose I'm not above
the occasional childish bid for
attention.
Juliesmiles.
JULIE
Like anyone else.

STRACK
Like anyone else indeed. in all respects. It's difficult, sometiimess, being in a position of power--people defer to you, people tell you what short , , they think you want o ur humanity... â€¢ they rob you of y ou'll accuse me of pleading for sympathy again.

JULIE
No, I understand...

CONTINUED

243 CONTINUED(2)

STRACK
turns away, setting his drink on a coaster. He notices Peyton's gift.

THE MUSIC BOX
He opens the top. The LOVE IN THE DARK THEME plays.

JULIE AND STRACK
listen. Julie is affected by it. She sets down the drink.

JULIE
..Were you ever married, Louis?

STRACK
Yes. Once upon a time. Married and in love -- deeply, deeply in love...

JULIE
I
What happened?
I lost her...

I'm sorry.
Strack strains to conceal the bitterness of his grief.

Private aircraft. over the Smokeys.
Painless. Quick. utterly pointless.
You can fight a disease. Another man?
You can fight that too. But this...
Quietly, _within himself:

CONTINUED

...(Revised Scene #s 2-17-89)

91.

243 CONTINUE D (3 )

...I don't like things I can't fight.
Their eyes meet, both united by loss.

It must have been a terrible time. I
wondered how you understood. About
me. You've been very patient. And
very kind.
Strack smiles warmly. He takes her hand.

God help us when there's no more room
in this world for a little kindness...

244

244 PULL BACK
Through the window of Julie's apartment as Strack draws
Julie into an embrace, to reveal:

244A
244A THE DAREMAN
Hidden in the shadowy bushes. His face is flooded with pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

S245

S245 INT. DARKMAN'S WAREHOUSE

SKELETAL FINGERS
impatiently TAP!-TAP!-TAP! upon the lab table.

CUT TO:

246

246 AN EYE
It fills the screen. The pupil a black abyss. The capillaries red rivers.

CUTTO: -

2-17-89)
(Revised Scene Is

92.

R

247

247 SYNTHETIC SKIN MOLECULES
enlarged a million times, configured in an agar protoplasm bath.

CUT TO:

248

248 THE EYE
floating, the pupil darting nervously about.
DARXM (VO)

(FIRE-RAVAGED
voice) le . rema-
Okay... okay... remain stab

249

249 SYNTHETIC SKIN MOLECULES
fragment.

250

250 DIGITAL STOPWATCH

T
It reads: 99 minutes.

S251

5251 SKELETAL FINGERS
al.
halt in mid tap. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reve

252

252 DARFMAN
frozen, above the microscope.

253

253 THE CAT
MEOWS in fear.

5254

5254 DARKMAN
CLU TCH

SHOUTS
looks at his carbonized claws in disgust. They
at his bandaged skull. He stands suddenly and
to the empty warehouse:
(Revised Scene #s 2-17-89)

93.

6.3

DABBXAN

S255

I'VE BEEN ROBBED! THOSE BASTARDS
TOOK... everything.

256

256 THE C=
arches its back in fear.

DABXMAN

(ANGUISH)
.she couldn't even bear to look at
me . . .

S257

S257 DARKMM
spins sharply to the cat, the vein on his temple
pulsates.

DARKMAN

.WHAT AM I, SOME KIND OF CIRCUS
FREAK!?

I 46

258 THE CAT
bounds away with a cry, seeking shelter behind a
crate.

S259

S259 DARKMAN
calls after it;

DAR114M
Is that it?! Maybe I should be
wearing some funny little hat!
He does an angry jig for the cat.
DARKMAN
Pay five bucks. SEE THE DANCING
FREAK!

260

260 THE CAT
pokes its head out to watch.

(Revised scene nuders 2-17-89) 94.

261

261 DARKMAI
rips a water pipe from the wall with a terrible The
wrenching. sound., Water gushes out. It is an
shatters crates with the pipe and
again, but halts as he sees his reflection in the
growing puddle.

S262 -
S262 DARIQ'IANEC'S REFLECTION
in the puddle. It is the image of a madman. S263

S263 DARKMAN
staggers to a post, his-bandaged face caught half in
light and shadow--a man at war with inner demons.
He slams his head against the post.

DARKMAN
I'VE GOT--

BAM!

DARKMAN

--TO GET--

BAM!

DARKMAN

--CONTROL!
BAM!
He takes in a deep breath and concentrates on his.

264

264 HAND
He forces it to unclench.

DARIQ(AN
I got to keep a lid on it.
The pipe falls.

95.

S2L,

$265 DARKMAN
moves to a cooler light.

DAR MAN

(QUIET)
Control the rage. Analyze. Wait.
Think objectively. I'm a scientist.
I'm a scientist.
He stares at.

266

266 THE HUNDREDS OF LAB SHEETS
the piles of discarded petri dishes.

S267

S267 DARKMAN
With less conviction:

DARKMAN
.I'm... a scientist.

SUDDENLY:

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...
Darkman turns. CAMERA SWISHES; At the end of the lab:

268

268 THE COMPUTER SCREEN
flashes a message--RECONSTITUTION COMPLETE. At the
SAME TIME:

P269

P269 DARIMM LAB

H269

H269 THE HOLOGRAM
of Peyton's head ceases to revolve. Every element of
Peyton's face is exactly as we remember it. He smiles
charmingly at Darkman.

(Revised Scene is 2-17-89)

96.

P270 DARKMAN LAB P2r

H270 DAR 'IAN 11270
moves toward his old self, staring in wonder. Love JII
th Dark theme comes on the sound track as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

271 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - WIDE SHOT OF JULIE 272

walking along a quiet path. THE MUSIC continues...Julie
stops. She stares misty-eyed at...

272 PEYTON'S MARKER 272
Julie reaches down and places a wreath of flowers on it.
Her eyes tear.

VOICE (O.S.)
Julie.
She spins to face this intruder into her quiet grief.

273 HER POV 273
Peyton--his face restored,' the Peyton she knew -- smiling warmly at her.

274 JULIE 274
Staring. She takes a step towards him. She stops, immobilized. Her jaw drops. Her eyes roll up into her head and she faints.

QUICK FADE TO BLACK.

275 QUICK FADE IN; PEYTON 275
is gently slapping the side of Julie's face. Gradually Julie regains consciousness.

JULIE

(THICKLY)
Peyton... Peyton...

CONTINUED

275 CONTINUED

PEYTON
Julie...

JULIE
Is it really...?

PEYTON
I--I'm sorry... I didn't know how to tell you...

JULIE
I thought you were dead...

PEYTON

DEAD
I was in a burn ward -- was burned. a ae-to the world. I
Bad.
JULIE
You look the same. You look fine.

PEYTON
I am the same. I am fine. I...

276

276 OMIT

"277
277 He glances at his watch.
He grows intense. The Darkman stares through his blue eyes.

I PEYTON

NEEDED

NEEDED TO
e the Z same w with
know if things could i

B
us.

JULIE
Of course they can. But I don't understand. Where ---

PEYTON
e please, rythi I tell You
justl need little

VE RYTH'
time.

278

278 PEYTON'S EYES
widen in alarm. He turns one side of his face sharply away from Julie.
279

279 HIS SYNTHETIC CHEEK
is melting where the bright sunlight has burned through the dapple of graveyard trees. A bubbling skin blisters cracks open and smokes. His hand covers it.

JULIE
Sold me, Peyton. Hold me and never let me go. I've been so unhappy and I want you to hold me forever.

280

280 PEYTON
is lurching to his feet.

PEYTON
Sweetheart. I'm sorry.

281

281 JULIE
is stunned, bewildered.

JULIE
Peyton...

282

282 HER P.O.V. - LOW ANGLE - PEYTON
is already hotfooting it away across the Graveyard, one hand clamped to his face, plunging on towards the soothing darkness of the woods.

CUT TO:

283

283 INT. A BEDROOM
The lights are romantically dim.

CONTINUED
PEYTON AND JULIE
move into each other's arms.

JULIE
Peyton, it's like you were never gone. I'm happy again, and it's like the time in between never happened.

PEYTON
It never happened. It was a bad dream. They kiss passionately. The Dark theme comes on.

OUR VIEW
circles the lovers... as we pass around Julie over to Peyton -- who is no longer Peyton, but transformed into:

THE DARKMAN
his horrible scarred face pressed against Julie's. .then lets out an Julie's eyes open. She reels back.

EAR-PIERCING SCREAM OF PRIMAL TERROR.

CUT TO:

284

284 THE DARKMAN
bolting up from sleep, sweating though his facial bandages. The vein in his temple throbbing, eyes livid as a beast's.

CUT TO:

285

285 INT. DURANT'S HOUSE
Professional hands busily performing the process of .Durant, cradling a taxidermy. CAMERA PANS UP TO. telephone to his shoulder, talking as he works.
DURANT (O.S.)

(GRUFF)
It's Durant. Robert G. Durant.

CONTINUED

285

DURANT'S HANDS
He places the object in a box, lined with red velvet. He takes a long, admiring look. We get only a glimpse.

A COLLECTION OF SIXTEEN FINGERS
and arranged in neat little rows
professionally preserved box -
He closes the cover
S Stateless wi

286

286 EXT. DURANT'S HOME — NIGHT
A shadowy form lurks by a telephone pole by the front of the house.

**PHONE JUNCTURE BOX**
An electronic bug attached to one of the terminals gives off a flashing red light. A wire from the bug leads to...

**A CHARRED WALKMAN TAPE-RECORDER**
Its microcassette spins. Filtered through it we hear Durant's phone conversation continue.

CONTINUED

101.

286

286 CONTINUED

**DURANT'S VOICE (OS)**
it would be a nice addition.

**GUZMAN'S VOICE**
Jew want me to be at your place ... around 8:30?

**DURANT'S VOICE**
That would be just fine for me.
We are tracking off the cassette up a long cord that leads to a pair of headsets worn by Darkman. His eyes glisten through the slits of his bandages.
A set of hands enter frame and crack him viciously across the head. He sprawls backward, caught off guard.

**A SWITCH BLADE**
is shoved against his bandaged throat.

**MUGGER 1 (O.S.)**
Hey shithead, give up the radio. And the money.
Like lightening, a skeletal claw lashes out.

**THE BONY PINCER**
SNAPS closed upon Mugger 2's wrist. The pincer twists sharply and we hear the awful CRACK of the mugger's wrist shattering.

DARKMAN'S EYES
gleam like a shark as it bites.

MUGGER #1
SCREAMS, dropping the switchblade to the pavement.

CONTINUED

102.

286 CONTINUED(2)

DARKMAN
turns to Mugger #2, as he pulls down the bandages from around his mouth, revealing: a terrible maw of black and crooked teeth, attached to a lipless jawbone. It jerks... and words come out:

DARIQRMAN

(FIRE-RAVAGED

VOICE)
Run for your life.

THE MUGGERS
flee in fear.

DARE 4AN
contorts his face into a ghastly interpretation of a smile, and slips back into the shadows.

CUT TO:

Æ¢‡287

287 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY - PEYTON AND JULIE

sit at a table drinking coffee and sharing a slice of pie.
JULIE
But why do you have to stay at this burn center? You can stay at my place now.

288
288 JULIE'S HAND

. closes around Peyton's--real skin on synthetic skin.

PEYTON

(QUICKLY)
No! No, it's best, for now, till all the kinks have been smoothed out ---

CONTINUED

103.

288 CONTINUED

JULIE

- (PUZZLED)
-- kinks.
Peyton glances at his watch. 97 minutes.

JULIE
Peyton, I still don't understand. Why didn't you come back to see me before now?

PEYTON
Well... it's like I told you. The burns left some scars and... I was ashamed. Afraid. I was afraid that you wouldn't want me anymore.

JULIE
Of course I still want you.
PEYTON
But...what if I was...burned. So
horribly burned, that you couldn't
stand to look at me. Couldn't stand
to have me touch you. What then?

JULIE
Well...if that were the case... I
don't know. But why even ask me that?
The point is: You're fine. Your
back. Just like always.
She smiles. Peyton is filled with the warmth of being
accepted and wanted once again.

VIBRANTLY;

PEYTON
Yeah. I am back, aren't I? Just like
always.

289 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 289

We pan past the lab table, cluttered with empty pizza
boxes and a tangled mass of used bandages.

CONTINUED

104.

289 CONTINUED
From offscreen we hear Durant's recorded voice:

DURANT'S VOICE
That would be just fine for me.

THE CAT
sleeps.
We hear the garbled chatter of the audio tape being
rewound.
We are panning past the Walkman, which is wired to
the computer. The tape stops, then, as programmed,
plays again.
DURANT'S VOICE
That would be just fine for me.
We pan past the back of the Darkman's head. The bandages have been removed. Although his face is not visible, the singed hairless back of his skull is. It is not a pretty sight.

R
The Darkman swabs a thick white paste, silvidine burn ointment, upon his skeletal fingers.

DURANT'S VOICE
That would be just fine for me.
The Darkman switches off the desk lamp and removes a mask from a black lightproof bag. He examines it, returns the mask to the bag, then slips it into his coat.
The camera arcs around to see the bottom half of his skeletal face.

DURANT'S VOICE
That would be...
CLICK--the Darkman stops the tape mid-sentence and his own hideously charred mandible finishes it:

DARKMAN
..just fine for me.

CONTINUED

(Revised Scene is 2-17-89)

105.

289 CONTINUED(2)
The impression is good, though slightly thick. The Darkman strokes his jawbone thoughtfully.

CUT TO:
P290 BLACK-AND-WHITE VIEW THROUGH ROTATING SECURITY CAMERA

We are looking at a convenience store from the high angle of a video camera. The harshly lit store has
aisles of cheese whiz, twinkies, shampoos and various other things not found in nature.

290 A digital readout at the bottom of the screen blinks:

7:36 A.M.

291 ENTERS FRAME 291

Her sets them on the counte before the lone erk.

R

CLERK
Wanna bag for that?

DURANT
That would be just fine for me.

292 The clerk bags the pizzas as Durant pulls out a revolver from his suit coat. The clerk takes a Fearful step back.

CLERK
Hey-hey, take it easy, buddy!

DURANT
Name ain't buddy. It's Durant.

He waits for the video security camera to pan to him and stop. He cheats in toward the lens for a good clear close-up that fills the screen.

Robert G. Durant

293 INT DURANT'S HOUSE 293

CLOSE SHOT--DURANT

Matching the previous shot except that it is in color. He is speaking to someone just off camera.

CONTINUED
Yeah, I'm Robert G. Durant...
The camera is pulling back to reveal that he is

TWO
standing in the open doorway of his home, facing cops. He glances at his watch.

DURANT
..But I'm in a hurry. Got a meeting at nine.

COP #1

(SMILING)
You're gonna be late.
As Cop 2 slaps a pair of cuffs on Durant.

CUT TO:

294

294 INT. MIDNIGHT BLUE CONTINENTAL - DAY
Trumayne is driving. We pan from him to Rudy to...

A GOLD CIGAR TRIMMER
Snipping a cigar. We follow it up to the mouth of Robert G. Durant. His temple pulsates faintly.

295

295 EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY
A large sign above the entrance reads: "THE MANDARIN".
The Continental pulls up to the curb. Trumayne waits in the car as Guzman and Darkman/Durant step out into the bright morning sunshine.

DARMAN/DURANT
hesitates, calculating the intensity of the sunlight. He sneaks a glance at his watch.

CLOSE ON WATCH
It reads; 90 minutes.

CONTINUED
107.

295 CONTINUA

THE DAR1 AN
follows L'uzman into the restaurant.

CUT TO:

296

296 EXT. POLICE STATION

The real Durant moves angrily down the steps. His mouthpiece, Marvin Katz, accompanies him.

KATZ
had it all on film. I almost didn't get 'em to post bail.

DURANT
Just keep 'em out of my hair.

KATZ
Hey where you going?

REAL DURANT

THE DRIVER:
Jumps into a waiting taxi cab and bellows at

DURANT
The Mandarin! Fast!
The cab PEELS out.

CUT TO:

297

297 INT. MANDARIN RESTAURANT - DAY

HUNG FAT, dressed in a finely tailored white linen suit and smoking a long brown cigarette, smiles in greeting.

HUNG PAT
Wahbuht! So good of you to favor me with your venerated presence! Please honor me by seating yourself in my
shabby chair!
Darkman/Durant remains impassively standing.

CONTINUED

108.

297 CONTINUED

HUNG PAT
. or do me the greater honor of remaining on your feet!

DURANT/ DARIQIAN
The money.

HUNG PAT
The money! Yes! Wahbuht! How I tremble with shame. How I hide my face.
He elaborately does so with his hands.

GUZMAN
Studies Durant/Darkman with uncertainty. After another beat of uncomfortable silence, he decides to begin for his boss.

GUZMAN
We no here for de bullshit, we here to pick up de money and thas what we do.

F

THE DARIAN
glances up at the harsh fluorescent light. He runs a hand across the artificial flesh'of his face, checking for signs of decomposition. He sneaks a look to his...

WATCH
93 minutes.

HUNG FAT
How I regret having to burden you with my miserable difficulties! I have no
money!
The Darkman's eyes shift. He was not expecting this.
Hung Fat is waiting for an explosion. There is none.
Sensing an advantage, he presses on.

CONTINUED

109.

297 CONTINUED (2)

HUNG FAT
.The white powder no longer flows in his former volume. All a members of
TONG LANGUISH
in poverty...

GUZMAN
Studies the Darkman hard. How can he tolerate this?

HUNG FAT
And of all your unworthy servants, Hung Fat is the most destitute...
As if in response to some silent signal, four enormous and muscular Chinese men enter and stand, arms crossed, in a threatening posture. Even Hung Fat's own minable slaves sometimes ignore his wishes, and attack those people whom Hung Fat cherishes most deeply! Wahbuht, they know nothing of our golden friendship!

GUZMAN
is looking from Hung Fat to Durant/Darkman; what's wrong? Why doesn't he do something?

HUNG FAT
So until that shining day -- may it soon come! -- when I shall once again be able to honor you with bounty, I bid you goodbye! Good bye, Wahbuht! He is shaking his hand, pressing his advantage, invading his physical space and making mockery of him!
HUHNG FAT

.. Wahbuht, goodbye!

RUDY

can't believe his eyes.

CONTINUED

110.

297 CONTINUED (3)

THE DARKMAN
letting Hung Fat pump his hand like an idiot. Hung Fat drops his hand. It dangles lamely at his side. The Darkman walks over to a bamboo chair and slumps. closes his eyes and sighs. He removes a cigar from his breast pocket. With his eyes closed:

DARX24AN
You will bring me the five million dollars by the time I finish this cigar.

HUHNG FAT

BUT WAHBUHT--
SNIP'. Hung Fat flinches at what he sees. The camera pans to the sound. the cigar to a third of its former size. He lights

HUHNG FAT

His mocking smile disappears as he sees...

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT--THE CIGAR'S GLOWING TIP
It fills the bottom of the frame. Above, filling the top half of the frame: The Darkman's evil eyes, through the rippling heat of the cigar. Their intensity pierces the shroud of smoke
and burns holes into Hung Fat's soul.

**HUNG FAT**
dumbly nods. Without a trace of an accent:

**HUNG FAT**
Okay, Bob, you win.

---

298

298 EXT. STET

Durant fps from his taxi, stalled in morning traffic. He pushew his way roughly through the crowd, toward Hung Fat's Mandarin Cuisine at the end of the block.

CUT TO:

299

299 INT. MANTARIN CUISINE

**DURANT/D XNAN'S CIGAR**
is extinguished in an ashtray as a briefcase is set down alongside it. Placed there by

**A BURLY VHINESE WARRIOR**
who takes a step back, alongside Hung Fat.

**DURANT/ DARKMAN**
grabs the case. As he exits the office with Guzman he sneaks a look at:

**THE DIGITAL STOPWATCH**
it reads: 97 minutes. Click. 98 minutes.

DUR. ANT/DART AN and GUZMAN
head for the revolving doors.

300

300 DURANT/ DARKMAN' S FACE
A tiny skin blister has bubbled up on his light-sensitive facial mask. His hand comes up to smooth it out.
BODY GUARD (O.S.)

HEY YOU!

DURANT/DARKMAN

spins, caught. CONTINUED

112.

301 CONTINUE

A BURLY CHINESE BODY-GUARD

approaches quickly, pointing at Durant/Darkman's face.

BODY GUARD

HOLD IT!

He reaches into a pocket, pulls out...

...Durant's monogrammed lighter, which he hands to

Durant/Darkman.

BODY GUARD

Your lighter.

CUT TO:

302

302 EXT MANDARIN RESTAURANT - REAL DURANT

as he runs up to Trumayne and Smiley who are waiting in

the Continental.

REAL DURANT

where is he?!

TRUMAYNE

Where's who?!

REAL DURANT
Guzman.

TRUMAYNE
I thought he was with you!

REAL DURANT
sprints for the restaurant.

.CUT TO:

303

303 INT MANDARIN RESTAURANT - DURANT/DARKMAN
clutching the briefcase as he follows Guzman through the revolving doors. Guzman exits onto the street. But as Durant/Darkman revolves through the door, he slams suddenly to a halt. In the next chamber of the revolving door he sees...

CONTINUED

113.

303 CONTINUED

REAL DURANT
whose disbelieving face moves closer to get a better look.

THE TWO DURANTS
dressed identically, stare at each other through the glass in eerie confrontation.

GUZMAN
stands upon the sidewalk, gaping in wonder.

GUZMAN
Dios Mio! Aye que papa!

DURANT/ DARKMAN
shoves the door forward, dislodging the stunned Real Durant. He rotates past Guzman and points to the Real Durant, revolving behind him.
DURANT/ DARFMAN

SHOOT HIM!!!

GUZMAN
draws his gun and waits, sweating.

REAL DURANT

TO
spins past the incredulous him
to the Durant
shoot him. Real Durant points

REAL DURANT

SHOOT HIM!!!
The revolving doors whirl faster. Round he goes.

GUZMAN
nods, recalibrates his orders and stands ready to fire.

CONTINUED

114.

303 CONTINUED (2)

DURANT/DARKMAN
spins past him.

DURANT/ DARKMAN

SHOOT HIM!!!

GUZMAN
doesn't know who to plug.

304 MOTION CONTROL RIG - DURANT 304
leaps out onto the street.

A SECOND DURANT
leaps out onto the street.
They face each other. Who's who? It's impossible to tell. Only the briefcase of cash distinguishes one from the other.

**THE TWO DURANTS**
go directly for each other's throats. The briefcase falls to the ground. They call to Guzman.

**REAL DURANT**

**DON'T JUST STAND THERE...**
Real Durant's face is spun out of frame and replaced with Durant/Darkman's exact replica.

**DURANT/DARKMAN**

.**DO SOMETHING!!**

**GUZMAN**
waves his gun back and forth, from one Durant to the other.

**CONTINUED**

(Revised Scene #s 2-17-89)

**115.**

**304 CONTINUED**

**DURANT**

slams Durant's face against the brick wall of the restaurant. One Durant falls to the pavement, clutching his head, groggy.

**GUZMAN**

raises an uncertain gun to the standing Durant.

**B3 04**

**B304 STANDING DURANT**

backhands Guzman viciously across the face--CRACK!

**STANDING DURANT**

Son of a bitch set me up with the cops
and you practically hand him the cash!

GUZMAN watches warily as Standing Durant picks up the briefcase.

STANDING DURANT

(FURIOUS WITH)
What the hell you lookin'at?! SHOOT THE BASTARD! !

P3 04

P304 GUZMAN retrains his gun on the fallen Durant who covers his face. But before he fires, he gives a final glance to Standing Durant.

305

305 STANDING DURANT
The sunward side of his face is bubbling and blistering, revealing glimpses of a skull beneath.

116.

306 306

STANDING DURANT/DARKMAN
What are you, deaf?!
He notes a wisp of smoke and knows the jig is up. He slams the briefcase into Guzman's face -- THWACK! -- knocking him to the ground.
The Darkman sprints down the sidewalk through the crowd.

REAL DURANT
climbs to his feet, holding his bleeding head. He backhands Guzman across the face--CRACK! He grabs Guzman's gun and runs after his alter-ego.

GUZMAN woozily pulls a snub nosed .45 from his ankle holster and gamely follows.
DURANT/DARXMAN
races down the street, leaving a thin trail of yellow smoke. He halts at a busy intersection. Cars speed past. No way to cross. He turns to the sound of gunshots.

BLAMMITY-BLAM!

REAL DURANT
gun in hand, and closing fast. A cart filed with crates is wheeled directly in his path. Real Durant gracefully leaps atop the crates, and never letting up his rain of fire, springs from them. While in free-fall, he ejects the spent cartridge and snaps in a fresh clip. He lands firing!

BLAMMITY-BAM!

BLAMMITY-BAM!

BLAMMITY-BAM!

BLAMMITY-BAM!

117.

307

307 THE COIN OPERATED NEWSSTAND

WE
in a shower

NEXT
hear the frightened scatter.

308

308 DARKMAN'S FACE
is in the process of cellular fragmentation. His mask emits tiny jets of blue flame. He runs for a subway entrance.

309
309 DURANT AND GUZMAN
They are gun-follow after the th em fire e at nce. toting T umayne. DAlll three of o

R

BLAMMITY-BAM!
BLAMMITY-BAM!
BLAMMITY-BAM!

310

310 INT. SUBWAY - STAIRS TO THE TRAIN PLATFORM

Darkman takes a bullet in the arm. Although he can't H feel it, the knocks away bloody. his wound He touches 

CLOSE SHOT - DARKMAN/DURANT
His smoking face reveals no pain, only puzzlement. He vaults over the turnstile and races down the platform.

311

311 INT. SUBWAY - STAIRS TO THE TRAIN PLATFORM

DURANT, RUDY, AND TRUMAYNE
note the blood as they reload.

DURANT
Got you.

CONTINUED

118.

311 CONTIB' ED
They ju p the turnstile with guns drawn and look about for the Darkman. Commuters scatter.
Durant spots something lying on the platform. He picks it up.

**THE THING**
is slim and translucent. Durant holds it to the light. It's the mask of his own face. It smolders and melts. He flings it away.

312

312 THE MELTING FACIAL MASK
sticks to the tiled wall of the subway next to Guzman and Trumayne. Durant's nose and cheeks melt together into a sickening goo.

313

313 GUZMAN AND TRUMAYNE
step back, sickened.

**GUZMAN**

(NAUSEATED)
Me cago en Dios, I can no believe dis shit.

**DURANT**
notes drops of blood which lead off the platform and down into the dark subway tunnel.

**RUDY**
We ain't going in dere are we?!
Durant pulls a tiny penlight from his pocket and leaps from the platform onto the track bed.

314

314 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Dark, dank, spooky. Durant carries the penlight. Guzman and Trumayne follow reluctantly.

CONTINUED
Goddamn it man... We follow some pendejo without a face... into a goddamn hole in de ground...

DURANT
holds up his hand commanding silence as they come to an intersection of subway tunnels. Both lead into darkness. They listen, but all is quiet. They speak in hushed tones.

TRUMAYNE
Now what?

DURANT
You go that way. We'll take this one.

TRUMAYNE
doesn't look too thrilled by the prospect of being alone in the tunnels.

TRUMAYNE
Alone?

DURANT
No. Take a fucking squad of marines with you!

DURANT
tosses him the penlight. Hard. Casually he lights a cigar and continues forward.

TRUMAYNE
watches Durant and Guzman disappear down the tunnel. The sound of their footsteps recedes. Trumayne's breathing is shallow. He loosens his necktie and unbuttons his collar. He takes a breath.

CONTINUED
314 CONTINUED(2)

TRUMAYNE

Okay.

315

He advances silently through the tunnel...

TA-CKANG! CLANG!
Trumayne flinches. He points the penlight in the direction of the clanging sound.

HIS POV

IT

An empty wine bottle at his feet is illuminated. It rolls to a stop against the tunnel wall. He listens. Silence.

TRUMAYNE

Gettin' jumpy. Like Rick. A faint cough comes from the blackness ahead.

TRUMAYNE

raises the penlight.

THE FEEBLE LIGHT BEAM
cannot pierce the darkness. Trumayne bends down and picks up the bottle, keeping his fearful eyes on the darkness ahead. The cough again.

TRUMAYNE

heaves the bottle at the sound.

316

316 SLOW MOTION - WINE BOTTLE
as it tumbles end over end into the darkness.
waitsr the crash, ready to fire at anything that moves.. -

HIS
Black. No sound.

TRUMAYNE
still waiting, nerves on edge. Where's the crash?!

HIS POY
The oppressive dark.

TRUMAYNE
shudders Something in the darkness has swallowed the bottle. He begins to back out of the tunnel the way he came.
He freezes in the center of a tunnel intersection at the sound of FOOTSTEPS. Crunching on gravel; Approaching.
He fingers the gun's trigger.
Empty tunnels on all sides.
The FOOTSTEPS quicken.

TRUMAYNE
Mr. Durant?!
Panicked, Trumayne shines his light in front of him.
Empty tunnel.
The FOOTSTEPS come faster, closer.

TRUMAYNE
Guzman?!
He jerks his penlight to the tunnel behind him. Nothing.

CONTINUED

(Revised Scene s 2-17-89)
317 CONTINUE-
To his right... nothing.
To his left... nothing.
He's trying to see all the tunnels at once. He spins
desperately, firing into each of them.

GUN BARREL
spits flame--BLAM!

A TUNNEL
is illuminated by the brilliant flash of the gun. Empty.
The light fades.

GUN BARREL
spins and fires -- BOOM!

TRUMAYNE'S EYES
are lit up. Crazed with fear. The illumination fades.

GUN BARREL
spins and spits sparks--BEAM!

ANOTHER TUNNEL
illuminated--empty. The light fades.

GUN BARREL
BLAM!

P318
P318 TUNNEL (Melting)

B318

B318 THE DARKMAN. . ILLUMINATED. . UNMASKED!
The split-second flash has caught him pouncing in mid-air.

CONTINUED

(Revised Scene . 2-17-89)

123.
For the first time, we see the complete nightmare. Only the upper right quarter of Peyton's face remains intact. Perfect., Handsome. But as for the rest... The 3i,a is a hairless skull, covered with random bits of scaraf char. Without the benefit of gums or lips, the entire length of his teeth are exposed down to the root, connec g crookedly to the jaw bone. One ear remains intact, the other a burnt hole. Only the rudimentary cartile forms the nose. But it is the wild eyeballs protruding obscenely from the bone of their sockets, that tell tba,story. There, lies madness; a dark river of evil rage.

CUT TO:

319

319 DURANT AND GUZMAN
They hear Trumayne's throaty SCREAM, then silence. They run toird the sound. When they arrive, they see only the penlight laying upon the track bed. It's dull glow shines upon the wet walls of the tunnels. Nearby they find the gun and one of Trumayne's shoes.

GUZMAN'S EYES

look like saucers.

DURANT
even looks a little scared.

GUZMAN

Oh shit, man. What did he do, man... eat him?
From the tunnel ahead, FOOTSTEPS approach. The two men squint, attempting to pierce the blackness.

GUZMAN

Trumayne?!
The FOOTSTEPS grow louder. Closer.

GUZMAN

Hey, amigo, dat chew?!
From the darkness, a figure emerges and runs at them.
DURANT AND GUZMAN raise their rods and blast:

**BLAMMITY-BLAM!**

**BLAMMITY-BLAM!**
The dark figure, lurches and collapses upon the ties. A shaft of light reveals it to be...

**TRUMAYNE**
gagged, with his hands tied behind his back, a wild look of terror in his dead eyes.

DURANT AND GUZMAN gape stupidly at the body before them. They glance fearfully to one another through the fog of gunsmoke.

**DURANT**
looks about, gets control, loads a fresh clip into his gun with an echoing SNAP.

**GUZMAN**
waves his arms in surrender.

**GUZMAN**
Good Bye. Das it. I'm outta here...
Durant grabs him.

**DURANT**
Where the hell are you going?

**GUZMAN**
pulls free.

**CONTINUED**

(Revised scene waters 2-17-89)
Durant looks wildly over his shoulder as he runs for his life.

Two thousand tons of unforgiving steel is barreling down upon his. One hundred feet away and closing...Thirty feet Ten...

ROAR atop the track. Durant's feet slower moving, enter view just ahead.

Lit by the flying blue sparks it emits an evil laugh. Tunnel walls zip past in the background.

He runs, the train gigantic behind him. Durant's face is stretched in panic. The cigar is still in his mouth, between clenched teeth. He fixes on something ahead.

327

327 HIS POV - A SECTION OF RAISED SUBWAY TRACK
in the middle of the track, a shallow depression.

328

328 DURANT'S FEET
running only a shoe's length ahead of the sparking wheel.

329

329 PULLING DURANT
as he desperately leaps for the depression in the tracks. He appears to go down right under the train.
UNDER THE TRACK – DURANT
hugging the shallow depression. Is he low enough? The underside of the train comes roaring over us.

VR 0000000000MI
The train begins its long roar past. We hear an AGONIZED SCREAM that is either the train or Durant -- or some ungodly combination.

THE TUNNEL WALL
is illuminated with a flash of light.

WHITE.

BLACK.

WHITE.
from the light pouring out the passing train windows.

TRAIN WHEELS
throw blue sparks into the darkness.

LOW ANGLE
The long subway train rolls into the distance. It's rumble fades.
Quiet. Durant's cigar smoulders on the tracks.

DURANT HIMSELF
rises quietly into frame. His suit is still clean. He appears remarkably unscathed. He runs a hand through his hair, turns and walks slowly along the tracks. That's when we see his back: the train has raked off the fabric of his suit and pants, exposing bare back and buttocks. Somehow maintaining his dignity, Durant picks up the smouldering cigar from the tracks. He takes a puff and moves off.

CUT TO:
Darkman sits with the phone faintly ringing against his ear. Something frantic about him, the vein in his forehead, faintly beating. While he waits for the other party to answer, he cuts into the painless wound on his arm with a surgical instrument, digging for something. Finally Julie's voice comes on:

DARKMAN

JULIE
We cut from Darkman's ravaged monster-face to:

JULIE
-- Peyton! Where have you been? Why haven't you called?

DARKMAN

(INTENSE)
Can I--can I see you?
CLINK! The bullet is dislodged from the wound and drops on the table.

CUT TO:

people screaming
Various close shots of screaming patrons on the Tilt-A-Whirl, their faces hideously distorted by wind, centrifugal force, and their mouths stretched wide to
scream.

**MERRY-GO-ROUND HORSES**

Various close shots of leering horses bobbing up and down.
We are at a carnival.

**CONTINUED**

130.

**335 CONTINUED**

**PEYTON**
laughing, his face restored, walking down the midway, one arm draped over Julie's shoulder. She laughs with him.
Peyton glances at his watch.

**JULIE**
Put away that watch or I'll think you don't like me anymore. Oh, Peyton, let's spend the whole day together -- the whole week!
A beat.

**PEYTON**
I've got to tell you, Julie... I've got to tell you something about -- about me -- how I've changed.
Julie turns.

**PEYTON**
In the fire -- I -- I
A voice offscreen rises above the general noise:

**VOICE (OS)**
See the mutant man, half man, half beast! Witness this prodigy of science with your own eyes!
Peyton whirls around.

**PEYTON'S POV - A SIDESHOW BARKER**
soliciting pedestrians to a side-show.
JULIE
What?

PEYTON
(QUICKLY;
NERVOUS)

Never mind.

JULIE
What's going on, Peyton? What are you keeping from me?

CONTINUED

131.

335 CONT (2)
Peyton Ares at Julie. He can't bring himself to tell her.

PEYTON
(SUDDENLY
IMPULSIVE)
C'mon, I'm going to win you the biggest' fuzziest pinkiest animal doll on that rack. Something you'll-be truly embarrassed to own... and then I've got to run.
They have stopped in front of a booth where softballs get tossed at bottle pyramids. Peyton lays down a dollar and is handed three balls.

JULIE
Why do you always have to run?
Peyton looks at the pyramid, avoiding her look. He throws the first ball; misses. -

PEYTON
I. have my treatment... I'm not a hundred percent cured yet--but I soon
will be.
He throws the second ball; misses.

**JULIE**
Can I take you back to the burn center?
Peyton's vein begins to throb faintly.

**PEYTON**
No! No, please. I don't want you to see me there. I don't want you to think of me as... an invalid or... some kind of f--ff--fff--FREAK!
On that word he throws the last ball with great force. The pyramid explodes.
Peyton, breathing heavily, takes a moment to collect himself, then says quietly to the booth attendant:

**CONTINUED**

132.

**335 CONTINUED(3)**

**PEYTON**
...The pink elephant, please.
The bored attendant, a cigarette dangling from his lower lip, shakes his head.

**ATTENDANT**
Sorry buddy. It don't count if you ain't standing behind that line.

**PEYTON**
I was behind the line.

**ATTENDANT**
Not hardly.

**336**

**336 PEYTON'S VEIN**
pulses.
I was standing right here. Next to my girlfriend. Now. The pink elephant, if you please!

Na way.
Julie tugs at his sleeve.

Peyton, it doesn't matter. Peyton is fighting to contain his rage. in clipped words, between gasps for breath:

It matters. I won a pink elephant. For my girlfriend.

Peyton... It's okay...

Get lost, buddy.

People screaming on the Tilt-A-Whirl. Merry-Go-Round horses bobbing up and down. Calliope music gets louder and louder.

Shaking under the pressure of contained rage, his vein bulging, throbbing. Under his-breath:
PEYTON
The elephant... Quickly!
The attendant unwisely pushes two fingers into Peyton's chest.
We rocket into a close shot of the offending digits.
From of fscreen, we hear the attendant's voice:

ATTENDANT
You heard me, weirdo. Get lost!

CRACK!
The counter dissolves into a million fissures, as do the stuffed animals on the shelves above.

PEYTON'S FACE
Twitching violently, vein swollen to bursting. The camera races into an eyeball to find:

PEOPLE SCREAMING

HORSES BOBBING

CLOWN LAUGHING, DOING A JIG IN A FUNNY HAT

ROCKET BACK OUT TO:

PEYTON
Screaming. A skin blister bubbles on his cheek.
ATTENDANT'S TWO FINGERS
Against Peyton's chest. Peyton grabs them and--CRACK--breaks them.

WIDER
The attendant screams. Peyton screams with him. Julie screams as well.

Peyton reaches for the attendant, lifts him into the air, hurls him into another pyramid, which collapses.

FUZZY PINK ELEPHANT
is yanked violently from the shelf.

shoves it at Julie.
In a voice hoarse with rage:

Take it!

Another skin blister opens.

Peyton! No!

'Take it!
353
His face is starting to send off wisps of smoke.

JULIE
Please!

PEYTON
TAKE THE FUCKING ELEPHANT!!

354
She is looking at him, frozen in horror.

355
His face is erupting into boils, which simmer and pop, giving off bursts of smoke.

356
Peyton stares at her. Rage ebbs. His eyes become haunted. Hoarsely:

PEYTON
Forgive me!
He runs off, the fuzzy pink elephant still clasped, forgotten, beneath one arm.

357
Julie runs after him.

JULIE
Peyton!

358

358 EXT. STREET

DARXMAN
disappears around a corner, trailing thin wisps of smoke.

136.

359 EXT. WAREHOUSE - ALLEY 359
Darkman rushes down the darkened alley, unlocks the warehouse door and rushes inside. CAMERA PANS TO:

360 JULIE 360

who has seen it all from the shadows.

361 INT. WAREHOUSE 361

There's A HORRIBLE RIPPING NOISE. Darkman is destroying something, flailing his arms...

.CREAK.

362 DARKMAN'S EYES 362

roll toward the noise. He steps back into the shadows.

363 INT. WAREHOUSE 363

Julie slips through a warehouse window. She is confronted by rack upon rack of clothing, shoes, body padding, and wigs. The place looks like the wardrobe room of a major studio.

JULIE

Peyton?! 364 No answer. She cautiously advances. Her eyes fall upon something that makes her gasp.

365 THE PINK ELEPHANT 365

ripped to shreds, it's white stuffing all over the place.

366 He moves forward towards a darkened corner of the lab.

CONTINUED
(SWALLOWING HER FEAR)
Peyton?! I need to talk to you.
She halts at a site in front of her.

JULIE
Dear God.

367 THE DARKMAN'S LAB
Beams of light cut through the darkness to reveal it;
The charred holographic imagers, computers, and the rebuilt bio-press all sit atop large wooden crates.

W HICH 368
Beyond, two lab tables, made chains. Oldoors, them hang suspended from the ceiling by tubes, and beakers of liquid skin. In the place of i the bge 66'aF rdpMustangcervesesas salvaged bucketeseathofean o the lab chair.

369

369 THE SPOTTED CAT
eats from a discarded pizza box.
Despite it's eerie nature, the layout and feel of the lab is hauntingly familiar.

370

370 JULIE
backs away frightened, right into.

THE LIMP AND WRINKLED HEAD OF PEYTON
hanging from a hook.

371

371 JULIE
her hand trembles as she lifts the eyeless face into frame. She forces herself to examine it closely. Her the revulsion gives way to pity. She brings it into beam of light.
138.
(Revised scene ambers 2-17-89)

5372

S372 JULIE'S HAND HOLDS THE MASK -
Accompanied by the sound of BUZZING FLIES and SIZZLING Skin blisters boil furiously. She drops it

A SCREAM

373
373 She steadies herself against the computer table. There are tears in her eyes. Trembling, she turns to face the darkness.

374

374 DARKMAN
Presses himself into the shadows.

JULIE

Peyton. .?

375

375 DARKMAN
turns his head sharply. Only the upper right corner of his face falls into the light. The handsome, undamaged portion.

JULIE
Why didn't you tell me? If you loved me, why didn't you tell me?

376

376 DARKMAN
shamed, to be both coward and monster, clutches his bony hand to his skull.

JULIE
You had no right--

377
377 Tears stream down Julie's face but she is too upset to brush them away. She moves forward.
JULIE

coward!

139.

378

378 She angrily shoves the computer off the table. It crashes to the ground, sparking.

JULIE

Do you think it was the face I cared about?! Is that how little you think of me?! Why didn't you come to me?

379

379 DARKMAN

He is shaken by a silent sob. More of his face falls into light, illuminating leathery neck muscles and hideous bone.

380

380 Julie looks about the dark and desolate warehouse. The sight of the bandages. The liquid skin. The charred Peyton/Julie photograph. Her face softens. She feels the Darkman's pain.

QUIETLY;

JULIE

I would have helped you.
She stares into the shadows a long time without speaking.

JULIE

Don't you know I love you, Peyton?
And no matter what--no matter what you've become I'll always love you?

381

381 CLOSE ON DARKMAN

his eyes expressing a ray of hope he didn't think possible until now. O.S. We hear the sound of
RETREATING FOOTSTEPS.

DAR KHAN
(too quietly to
HEAR)
Julie...
(then louder; in
Julie.
)

140.

382
382 But Juba is gone.

CUT TO:

383 INT. EACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Strackâ€ž naked except for a monogrammed bath towel wrapd around his thickening midriff, walks across the plush bedroom of his penthouse apartment. A Mahler symphony plays in the background. He bends to hoist a huge inlaid mahogany chest that rests on a marble stand, 'then, grunting under the strain of the load, he staggers back across the room to the king-sized bed. With a mighty heave he tips the contents of the chest out onto the bed. A torrent of golden ICrugerands. They wash over the bed, so many that some spill over the sides and clatter to the floor. Strack pauses for a beat, staring down at the booty, then reaches down to the towel and lets it drop to the floor. Like a swan he dives. He rolls, luxuriating in the feel of gold against flesh, laughter bubbling from his lips. Gold coins stick to his flushed, sweating flesh, then slough off, leaving their imprint.
Strack makes swimming motions with his arms, laving himself with the golden coins--
A knock at the door.
Strack freezes.

**STRACK**

Huhh??!

**VOICE**

Julie Hasting's to see you, Mr. Strack.

**CONTINUE D**

---

141.

383 CONTINU

Strack's eyes dart nervously to the door.

**STRACK**

(HOARSELY)

lb... (he clears his

THROAT)

Very well... He stands. A coin or two falls from his dimpled ass as he reaches down for his pants.

384

384 INT. STRACK'S LUXURIOUS STUDY- DAY

Strack enters, tying his tie.

**STRACK**

Julie, how sweet of you to come before our appointed hour... but I expected-- you in something a little more formal. Didn't Ruth inform you that we have tickets to Der Fliedermause tonight?

**JULIE**
I can't go, Louis. We have to talk.

STRACK
Excellent! I love to talk. Brandy?

JULIE
Thank you, no.

STRACK
I'll have one;_
As he walks to a bar and pours himself a drink.

STRACK
...Fair warning--it's Napoleon, and
it's quite good--

JULIE
Louis, I can't see you anymore.

STRACK
Darling, settle down. Don't be rash.
As you say, let's talk.

CONTINUED

142.

384 CONTINUED

JULIE
You know about Peyton, the man I was

SEEING--

STRACK

OF COURSE--

JULIE
Louis, he's alive. He's back. He was
burned, horribly, horribly burned--I
don't understand what happened but I
know he needs my help.
Strack is visibly taken aback. He sets the brandy
down.

**STRACK**

Your news has a bittersweet flavor... Of course I'm very happy for you. If there's anything I can do--the finest medical care can be at your disposal--burn therapy, reconstructive surgery. How badly was he... mutilated?

Julie has broken down. She sits down on Strack's sofa, her body wracked with sobs.

**STRACK**

... Where is he, Julie?

**JULIE**

He's living in an abandoned warehouse. He's alone... he needs me.

The phone RINGS. Strack crosses to the desk and picks it up.

**STRACK**

Not now!... Who?... All right, I'll take it in the other room.

He looks up at Julie.

**CONTINUED**

I

143.

384 CONTINUED(2)

**STRACK**

I won't be a moment.

He walks into an adjoining room. He picks up the phone.

**STRACK**

Yes, Franz... And the closing price?...
JULIE
She reaches for a tissue. Next to it is.

HER POV
Strack's briefcase sitting on top of his desk.

JULIE
Wipes a tear from her eyes. She moves closer.

STRACK (OS)
I feel sufficiently diversified...
Franz, it is immaterial to me what the market is doing. I want you to buy...

JULIE'S POV
A sheaf of papers stick up above the mouth of the briefcase.

CLOSE ON THE PAPERS
A dark coffee stain.

BACK TO JULIE
As she pulls the papers from the briefcase.

CONTINUED

144.

384 CONTINUED(3)

STRACK (OS)
Yes, you did hear me correctly. I want you to buy. Ten thousand Krugerands. Fresh ones!

CLOSE ON THE PAPERS

MEMO: FROM THE DESK OF LOUIS STRACK SR.

TO: CLAUDE BELASARIOUS

STRACK'S VOICE
Yes. The Belasario memorandum.
JULIE
whirls to face him. He stands looking down over her shoulder.

STRACK
I'm sorry you had to find that, dear. Our relationship didn't need this further strain.

JULIE
The fire... it wasn't an accident, it was you.

STRACK
Not me personally. I have an employee who does certain things for me, unofficially, off the books. Robert doesn't like to pay taxes.

JULIE
(QUIET)
And now you'll kill me.
Strack_ spreads his arms.

STRACK
Hardly. You have nothing on me, my dear, and you'd find the extremely expensive police department quite unsympathetic.
(A beat).
Julie. Consider the big picture.

CONTINUED

146.

387 CONTINUED

STRACK
I suppose this is goodbye then.
Julie stares hatefully at him for a beat, then hurries out the door.
388
388 Strack moves quickly to the briefcase. He taps his fingers idly on the coffee-stained document. Then he hits a button on his desk-top intercom.

**STRACK**
Send Robert in.
Strack strolls over to the window and stares out at his rising city. OS the door clicks open.

**ROBERT G. DURANT**
enters the room.

**I STRACK**
Robert! I have good news and bad.

**DURANT**
Custom dictates that you render the bad news first.

**STRACK**
You recall the little difficulty with my father and how you resolved it. We have a similar situation with Miss Hastings. It seems Miss Hastings has uncovered some unflattering information about us.

**DURANT**
No problem at all. And the good news?

**STRACK**
Your wife died. I'm joking, of course. No, the good news is that I know who's behind our little troubles of late. When you retrieved my memorandum, you failed to excise the good doctor.

**CONTINUED**

147,

388 **CONTINUED**
DURANT
Westlake? He's dead. I saw to it myself.

STRACK
He's alive. I don't like loose ends, Robert. Finish it.

DURANT
Okay. Where is he?
Strack smiles.

STRACK
I believe we have a guide.

CUT TO:

389 EXT. WAREHOUSE- DAY 389

A cab stops across the street from the warehouse and Julie emerges.

TRACKING WITH JULIE
as she crosses the street. The street is silent, desolate... Suddenly from out of nowhere,

A MIDNIGHT BLUE CONTINENTAL - UNDERCRANKED
races toward her, about to run her over--

THE CONTINENTAL - UNDERCRANKED
SCREECHES to a stop, only inches from her.

CONTINUED

148.

389

389 CONTINUED

JULIE

turns to run.
ANOTHER LINCOLN CONTINENTAL
SCREECHES to a halt behind her, sandwiching her in. She tries to make a break for the warehouse.

JULIE
Peyton!! Guzman races out of one continental, Smiley out the other.

390

390 INT. WAREHOUSE

Darkman rushes to a window just in time to see Julie hustled into one of the Continental's. The car ROARS off.

DARXMAN

JULIE!
He races toward the door.

MACHINE GUN FIRE
shatters the three windows and doors of the warehouse. Darkman climbs a steel rung ladder and heads for the roof.

391

391 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF

The bandaged Darkman climbs up onto the roof from the service ladder.

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA!!
The rooftop is riddled by bullets.

CONTINUED

149.

391

391 CONTINUED
A HELICOPTER
rises suddenly into frame, over the edge of Peres a
roof, leaning, holding a machine gun, p
g the roof with gunfire.

392

392 INT. HELICOPTER
hovering over the roof of the warehouse. Durant, Skip
and Corky inside.

DURANT
Peg 'em!

393

393 EXT. ROOF
Darkman rushes to the service ladder and climbs
quickly down into the warehouse.

394

394 INT. WAREHOUSE

A DOOR
is kicked open as Smiley and Guzman enter, guns blazing, shooting the lab to hell. The gunfire stops and the lab is quiet.
Guzman speaks quietly into a walkie-talkie.

GUZMAN
we're in.

DURANT' S., VOICE
(from the walkie-

TALKIE)
He just went down from the roof.

GUZMAN
Glances above to the darkened rafters of the warehouse. Then, signals for Smiley
way. He will go another.
They split up.
The place is eerily still; we hear only an occasional computer beep.

GUZMAN STARTS:

...Holy San Juan de fuckeen Capistrano!

A DOZEN HUMAN FACES

hang on parallel clothes lines. Durant, Pauly, Skip, and Smiley. In the shadows, their eyeless heads are wrinkled and grotesquely life-like.

Guzman moves through the gallery of faces. A breeze through the open window makes the clothes-line SQUEAK as the faces bob and nod to him.

He stops suddenly. His body shudders at the sight of...

his own. Hanging on a hook.

panics, backs into a rack of clothing, knocking it over. He races past the wigs, the faces...running for his life...

emerge from the darkness and latch around his throat! Guzman is yanked backward into the blackness without so much as a peep.
moves through the dimly lit lab area. Gun out, checking every crevice.

Footsteps. Coming closer through the darkness.

URANT'S VOICE D
(from the walkee-talkee)

Come in, Smiley, come in! Come--

CLICK.

THE FOOTSTEPS

Smiley turns off the walkee-talkee. i m. are almost atop him. He takes a

SMILEY'S P.O.V. - A SECOND SMILEY

racing out of the darkness at him.

is hip to the Darkman's game. He smiles. The gun belches flame at the masked figure.

BLAMMITY-BEAM!

BLAMMITY-BLAM!

BLAMMITY-BLAM!

THE MASKED SMILEY

crumple to the floor. The bottom portion off fece Smileys mask is wrinkled, exposing a portion beneath.

peEjz back the mask with the barrel of his gun revealing. . GUZMAN!!
152.

410

410 SMILEY
loses his smile. A third Smiley stands slowly into frame behind the spooked Smiley.

SMILEY #3/DAPYMAN
Good shootin'.

411

411 SMILEY

TRIPlicate AND
looks from the dead Smiley to his short as the SHRIEKS! But it's mercifully cut Darkman is upon him.

412

412 INT. HELICOPTER

Durant yells into the walkee-talkee with increasing urgency.

DURANT
Guzman, come in! Smiley! Guzman! What the fuck is going on down there?! A burst of STATIC. Then:

DARKMAN' S VOICE
I am. Durant drops the walkee-talkee as if it were something hot.

DURANT
(FURIOUS; TO PILOT)
Take her down!

CONTINUED

(Revised Scene #s 2-17-89)

153.

412 CONTINUED
The pilot lowers the throttle stick and

412A
412A the chopper swoops down.

413

413 A WHIRL CF PEBBLES
as the helicopter descends on the roof of the warehouse.

DURANT
I want that son of a bitch eliminated!
And I don't want his fingers, I want
his fucking head!

SKIP AND CORKY
run out onto the roof, assault rifles in hand.

414

414 INT. WAREHOUSE

Skip and Corky burst inside, freezing into combat crouches.
They advance slowly across the room... not a sound in
the darkness except their footsteps and the occasional
beep of a computer... the air is tense with danger.

SUDDENLY:

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!
Skip and Corky whirl around as iron shutters slam down
over the windows and doors, sealing the lab into an
airtight prison.
OPEN GAS VALVES
HISS, filling the room with the explosive mix of oxygen and acetylene.

415

415 INT. HELICOPTER
Static on the walkee-talkee, then:

CONTINUED

(Revised Scemm#s 2-17-89)

154.

415 CONTIWM

DARKMAN'S VOICE

(EVIL RASP)
You're next.

DURANT
Where are you?!
Pilot.and Durant look toward the entrance of the warehouse. The door is closed. Suddenly...

TO
WHOMPI--a bandaged hand slams into Durant's chest grab him and start hauling him towards the door. The Darkman is dragging him out towards the roof.

PILOT

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!
Durant mashes the Darkman's arm with the door:

DURANT

TAKE HER UP!

416
416 The helicopter starts rising.
DARKMAN
is yanked from his feet.

THE HELICOPTER
climbs, lifting the Darkman clear of the rooftop.

CUT TO:

417

417 INT. WAREHOUSE

Skip and Corky stand frozen. A small sound. They turn:

H417

H417 THE PLASTIC BIRD
it bobs up and down. The same toy that destroyed
Peyton's lab. Durant's lighter lies on a platform just
under the beak of the drinking bird. It bobs closer
and closer to the switch on the lighter, about to make
contact.

(Revised Scene Ms 2-17-89)

155.

417A SKIP 417A
dives for it, snatching it...
.the hand clenches empty air. The bird is a
transparent holograph. Skip turns in horror.
HIS POV--nearby is the
real bird, bobbing in'synch with the holograph.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - THE REAL BIRD'S BEAK
dips closer to the electronic lighter's ignition
button.
Closer... closer...

CUT TO:

418 THE DARKMAN 418
gropes desperately at the floor of the helicopter
for a handhold. His fingertips barely touch a rope
ladder.
419 DURANT 419
slides open the steel door and kicks viciously at his face, knocking him overboard.

420 THE HELICOPTER 420
rising straight up as the Darkman tumbles backwards in free fall, back towards the roof.

- 421 DARKMAN 421
His overcoat flapping as he somersaults down, he throws out one arm and...

(Revised Scene #s 2-17-89)

156.

B422 CLOSE SHOT - BLUE SCREEN - DARKMAN'S HAND B422
...catches the last rung of the rope ladder that trails from the copter. It SNAPS taut as--

P422 BACKGROUND PLATE FOR PREVIOUS SCENE P422

EXT. SKY - PANNING DOWN.

P423 MINIATURE - EXT WAREHOUSE - P423
--KA-BOOM!! The roof below him blows.

B424 BLUE SCREEN B424
The arm is by the snap of

425 INT. HELICOPTER 425
The force of the explosion ROCKS the helicopter. The pilot loses control and the helicopter spins wildly in rapid 360s like the speeded up arms of a clock.

B426 DARKMAN B426
is barely able to hold onto the ladder. Below him, P426 the tiny city is a spinning blur of metal and asphalt and glass.
427 PILOT
He pulls the stick. Gradually the helicopter rights itself.

DURANT

SHAKE HIM!

428 THE HELICOPTER
banks sharply through the concrete canyons—a deadly game of crack the whip.

157.

429

429 SMASH!

THE DEAN
is hurled through the window of an office on the 70th floor of a skyscraper.

430

430 INT. OFFICE
The Darkman, still holding the rope, finds himself on solid ground.

A BOARD MEETING
The executives stare in shock at the Darkman standing on their table.

DARKMAN'S POV
The faces of the executives whirling in a circle like numbers on a roulette wheel.

' 431
431 Suddenly, the faces start to recede... SMASH!... The Darkman is yanked back out the window, breaking the remaining glass.

432

432 ON THE STREET BELOW
pedestrians scurry from the rain of falling glass. Camera swishes up to reveal...

433

433 THE HELICOPTER
as it roars away from the skyscraper at an insane angle, the pilot having finally managed to regain some control.

DURANT
Dip him!

158.

434

434 THE HELICOPTER
angles sharply toward a busy freeway.

435

435 DARKMAN
is dipped into oncoming traffic. He barely clears the roof of a Cadillac by swinging his legs above it.

436

436 THE HELICOPTER
swoops lower.

THE DARICMAN' S LEGS
dangle six feet above the ground, whizzing over the asphalt at 100 miles per hour. The legs part as they pass over a motorcycle, then close again.

437

437 THE HELICOPTER
swoops lower, slamming the Darkman to the pavement. He drags for a moment, a pack of motorcycles WHIZZING past his head. Like a marionette, he's jerked back up right in front of an oncoming 1973 Delta 88 Oldsmobile. He is grazed by the car's hood. His body bounces off the windshield.
438

**438 DARMAN**
is lifted straight into the path of a fast-moving truck. Truck HONKS furiously. Darkman strains his legs. CLOSE-UP: TRACKING over the truck's aluminum roof.

**CLANGITY CLANGITY CLANG**

**THE DARXMAN'S FEET**
run 80 miles an hour along the roof of the truck. Darkman manages to loop the bottom rung of the rope ladder to a steel hook on the truck's cab.

(Revised Sc 9g 2-17-89)

159.

**439**

**439 HELIER**
Looking forward over Durant's and pilot's shoulders. The:pа3at has the stick. We are rushing directly town an overpass.

**DURANT**

UP! PULL UP!

**440**

**440 TRUCK ADOF**
The ladder snaps taut against the hook.

**HE LI C(STER**
We are about to be obliterated.

**441**

441 Pilot is yanking on the collective; the chopper whines.

**PILOT**

SHE WON'T GO!!
THE OVERPASS
rushing up.

TRUCK ROOF
Wind whipping at his coat, looking up at the doomed helicopter, the Darkman bellows in triumph.

Wind whipping at his coat looking up at the doomed helicopter, the Darkman bellows his triumph.

OVERPASS
taking up the entire screen.
--impact--KABOOM!

TUNNEL
Darkman, LAUGHING on the truck, races through the darkness,
flaming debris from the helicopter cascading over the mouth of the tunnel.

INT. STRACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT
Strack sits behind his power desk, talking into the phone..
STRACK
We've consolidated the waterfront, Governor ... Yes, I'm aware there's been some unpleasantness but that's over now. Yes, I'm sure. You sound a little nervous, Bryant. Have a brandy, watch a cop show.
The door opens. A security officer appears.

SECURITY OFFICER
Robert Durant, sir.

STRACK
(PLEASED)
Send him in.

(TO PHONE)
Goodbye, Governor. Everything's taken care of.
He hangs up. We hear the door open and close. Strack's smile vanishes.

ROBERT DURANT
enters. He looks awful--face scorched and bruised, severe limp.

STRACK
You look like hell, Robert.

DURANT
The son of a bitch malfunctioned my helicopter.

STRACK
And Westlake?

CONTINUED

(Revised scene numbers 2-17-89)

161.

445 CONTINUE
DURANT
'f ie man's a cockroach. You think you; tall him, and he pops up someplace, Ise.
A beat.

STRACK
g expect he'll pop up here soon.

(PRESSES INTERCOM)
if Westlake calls, kindly refer him to Strack Towers.

(TO DURANT)
Come, Robert, let us kill the girl.

CUT TO:

B446

B446 INT. A CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

RATTING up the steel skeleton of a skyscraper,
P44
P446 stars all around us.

STRACK
I'm glad you survived, Robert. I'd hate to see your kids deprived of a role-model.

DURANT
They do look up to me.
The elevator grinds to a halt and the two emerge. The lights of the city tremble over the water. A glitter and breadth to the landscape, an urban grandeur.

STRACK
Kids need an example, Robert. When I was a young man my father made me work high steel. That's how he started out, and in his view what was good enough for him was good enough for me...

CONTINUED
162.

P446 CONTINUED
Strack gestures broadly with one arm.

STRACK
...It was just me and the Indians, no one else crazy enough to run around up here, against the wind, four-fifty an hour. Sure I resented it, but now--call me crazy--sometimes I miss it, it sharpens your wits. Life on the edge. Five inches wide. Two hundred fifty feet down. High steel...
He turns to face Durant. There's a gun in his hand.

STRACK
You don't have any kids, Robert.

DURANT
What are you talking about?

STRACK
Or should I say, Doctor Westlake?

DURANT
I'm Durant! Robert G. Durant!

STRACK
Then I'm going to make a mistake.
There's a long beat. The vein begins to pulse on Durant's temple. His eyes grow predatory, evil.

DURANT/ DARMAN

(RASPS)
Where's the girl?
Strack hops nimbly out onto a narrow girder. He smiles back over his shoulder.

STRACK
You want to see the girl? Follow me,
I'll take you to her...
Durant/Darkman follows, taking the first few tentative steps.

CONTINUED
(Revised Scene Is Z-37-89)

163.

P446 CONTINU3?D(2)

STRACK
...I must say, Dr. Westlake, you've certainly worked some mischief. Pretty much wiped out the security arm of Strack Industries. That's okay. I'm a good sport...
He leaps from beam to beam, Durant/Darkman following cautiously behind.

STRACK
...And I can handle my own problems. I do whatever I have to do. In fact, that's how I got my first properties. My wife--late wife--held certain deeds... I sent her on a plane trip over the Smokies and well, let's just say landed on my feet...

(SHRUGS)
.as for my father, well, he was old, I spared him a few miserable years... Yes, we all have dreams, Dr. Westlake, but we don't all have what it takes to realize those dreams.

DURANT/DARKMAN
All I have are nightmares. A beat.

STRACK
Then share my dream. After all, you and I are pretty much the same. We should be working together. Both smart fellows. Similar styles. Same taste in women. I could use a man like you.

DURANT/DART AN

(RASPS)
Go to hell.

**STRACK**
Eventually, eventually...
He proceeds nimbly along the beam.

---

(Revised Scene #s2-17-89)

164.

**P446 CONTINUED(3)**

**STRACK**
I guess you just don't have what it takes. I gather you run around wearing other people's faces now, since yours is so... loathsome.<br>He shrugs.

**STRACK**
].See I could never do that. The world has to take me as I am. And all this tit-for-tat stuff you've been up to. Silly. Living in the past.; only destroy to build something better, whereas You.â€¢<br>ah, here we are.

447
447 Julie stands out on the end of a projecting girder, at the furthest extremity of the growing building. Wind whips at her hair and dress; she clings pathetically to an upright.

**DURANT/DARKMAN**
Julie!<br>Strack laughs.

**STRACK**
Bring on the strings! Young lovers!<br>In peril! Separated by ruthless forces, larger than they!--What a banal tale. In it, I suppose I play
the villain. But wait, Julie--which
of us is the monster here?!
With this he reaches over to Durant and--SQUISHHHHRIPPPP!!
-- tears his face off, tossing it over the edge..

448
448 The face spins down, whooshing end over end, the wind
flapping it this way and that. On the way down it slaps
against the occasional girder, momentarily flattening
out into the recognizable face of Durant, and then peels
away again. It spins downward towards a forest of
reinforcing bars that form a pungi pit of steel spikes
in the open foundation below. Finally it lands--splat--
pierced through the eye by one of the rusty re-bars.

165.

449

449 JULIE
gazes at Darkman's ghastly visage for the first time,
overcome by horror and repulsion. Darkman's vein pulses
like csa y..
Strack's tone is almost admiring:

STR. ACK
You truly are one ugly son of a bitch.

BLAM!
Strack shoots Darkman in the shoulder, hurling him off
the bean. The Darkman tumbles, limbs flailing, bellowing
with rage.

THE WORLD
Spinning upside down--stars, abyss, stars, abyss--

GIRDER
As Darkman's fingertips clamp onto the upper lip of an
I-beam... barely hanging on, vein pulsing.

ON THE UPPER GIRDER
Strack looks down, wind whipping his hair. HIS POV--
nothing. Darkman has been swallowed up by the night.
Pocketing his gun, Strack proceeds toward Julie.
JULIE
recoils as Strack stops in front of her. He touches her hair.

STRACK
(WITH REMORSE)
First my wife, then my father, and now YOU--

He places his hands on her shoulders, preparing to push her off the girder. With intensity:

CONTINUED

166.

449 CONTINUA

STRACK
-It is the tragedy of my life that I always have to kill the ones I love.
As he's about to push her:

A VOICE BEHIND HIM
IDuis!
Strack turns around.

450

4 5 0 STRACK St.
stands behind him, glaring angrily.

STRACK JR.
Father?

STRACK SR.

(HORRIBLE RASP)
I should've snuffed you out at birth!
With that Strack Sr. rips off his own face, exposing the enraged visage of Darkman... Strack reaches for his gun.
**451**

**BAM!**
Darkman mashes his face and the gun flies out of his hand into the darkness below.

**STRACK AND DARXMAN**

OF battle it out on the narrow girder, hundreds of feet sure death on either side of them.

**BAM! BAM! BAM!**
Savage punches send Strack reeling--BAM!--he falls onto the girder... nearby are a bunch of tools... Strack crawls toward them.

**CONTINUED**

---

**167.**

451 CONTI1rn D 451

**A RIVET GUN**
only a few inches from his grasp.

**DARIOM**
swoops onto Strack, pummelling him.

**STRACR'S HAND**
inching painfully toward the rivet gun.

**DARKMAN**
pummelling, lost in the act of his final revenge. He steps back to give a final blow... and slips on some loose rivets, flailing for balance.

**STRACK**
lunges. CLANG! Darkman slams into a vertical bar.

**ZMMMMMM! Z !**

**452**
The rivet gun shoots a bolt through Darkman's wrist, then the other wrist--pinning him to the I-beam...
Strack takes a step backward, exhausted.

453

453 STRACK

STRACK
Now you get to watch your girl-friend die.
He moves toward a terrified Julie.

DARXMAN
SHRIEKS and reality melts around him as he tastes the hot soup of rage.

454 CRACK!
Gigantic fissures appear on all the girders... we spin into Darkman's eyeball to find--

455 THE ULTIMATE RAGE MONTAGE 455
Nightmarish flashes of laughing faces jeering into the camera; Julie and Strack kissing, naked.
456 Strack's face bobs, attached now to the body of the dunking bird, his nose nearing the ignition of a huge lighter. As contact is made the lighter explodes in a shower of gold Krugerands.
457 The gold coins fall away to reveal Peyton's unscathed head, bobbing on a freakish and deformed doll's body.
458 Peyton's face liquefies and flows off his head to reveal the face of the Darkman.
459 A drop of liquid Peyton falls upon... A cube of ice. It bursts into flames.
460 The camera races back from Darkman's eye... his vein pulsing madly.

461 DARXMAN'S RIVETED HAND 461
insensitive to pain, he pulls, every sinew concentrated on the task. GGGGGGGG ! A horrible grating sounds as the first rivet rips through steel... One hand
is freed. GGGGGGG ! .The other is freed.

**462 STRACK 462**

with his back to him, doesn't have a chance to turn as:

CONTINUED

---

169.

**462 CONTINUED**

**DARKMAN**

pounces.

He lifts him full into the air. Strack's legs and arms flail impotently.

**DARKMAN**

ARRRRRRRGGGGGGG!

Darkman hurls him up, up into the air.

463 Strack rises helpless, flailing his limbs... then begins to fall, yards away from the girder.

464 He spins, end over end, to--PPHHHHFFFFFFTHHMP!--be impaled on the rebars many floors below, next to Durant's face.

CUT TO:

**465 INT. CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR 465**

HUMMING at the cut. Darkman and Julie are inside. Darkman remains turned from Julie, facing the shadows. Gently, Julie touches his shoulder to draw him toward her.

**JULIE**

Peyton, I can help.

**DARKMAN**

No one can help.

**JULIE**

I don't care how you look, Peyton! I.
love you. The burns don't matter. There's a long pause. Then Darkman turns the twisted remains of his face toward her. Julie sees them in close-up. CLAMP! The elevator jars to a halt on street level.

CONTINUED

170.

465 CONTINUED

DARKMAN
Take my hand.
Julie stares at the charred skeletal fingers. She overcomes her repulsion and puts her hand in his.

DARKMAN
It disgusts you.

JULIE
No.
Darkman stares at her a long time, anguished, torn.

FINALLY:

DARKMAN
This hand... it used to caress you. Now it can only tear, rip away at things.

JULIE

(ANXIOUS;
PERSUASIVE)
But you'll perfect the skin. You'll get rid of the scars.

DARKMAN
It's not just the scars. I've changed- He grips his skull.

DARKMAN
--inside.
He pulls the elevator open.

**DARKMAN**

*(BEAT)*
I can live with it now, but I don't think anyone else can.

**JULIE**

*(tears in her EYES)*
I want it back. The two of us--the way it was...
Darkman's voice breaks:

CONTINUED

---

171.

**465 CONTINUED (2)**

**DARKMAN**
What we had--our life together--it belonged in the light of day.
He disappears into the darkness.

**JULIE**
Peyton!
Darkman's voice floats back as he stalks away:

**DARKMAN**
Peyton is gone...
466 He heads into the shadows. At the edge of the darkness he pulls a mask from his coat and disappears behind a construction trailer. A pedestrian reappears on the other side.
Julie knows it's!Darkman. She chases after him but he slips into the pedestrian traffic.
The camera hurries down the street with Julie as she desperately searches for him, turning people around, staring at their faces... It begins to snow.
JULIE

Peyton!
She rushes from pedestrian to pedestrian, staring into alien faces in search of the man she loves.

AS WE ROLL END CREDITS
The camera pulls back into the crowd of pedestrians, any one of who could be Darkman... We continue to pull back, down avenues and side-streets, byways, courtyards, wherever the crowd spills, into an alley... As a street-person shuffles into view:

467 A MUSCULAR HAND 467
snaps open a switch-blade. A second set of arms grabs the street person and spins him around, revealing--

172.

467 CONTINUED

THE CHARRED SKULL OF DARKMAN
Wild, half-mad eyes gleam wickedly from boney sockets. Mandibles yank back and, through a lipless smile, he

RASPS:

DARKMAN

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE::

CUT TO BLACK