

**DARKMAN**

Written by

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**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  
Continental's.

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

**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,

11

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.

**ÆÇ**

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 end 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

**2 0 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-DEEEEE -- we hear the automatic wind of a camera and its strobe recharging.

B-DEEEEEE! B-DEEEEEE! We get rapid-fire left and right nose profiles.

### **22**

#### **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 front the camera and instantly hits a button nt of ut. thenfro eof o

### **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

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.

9.

**27**

**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**

32

**32 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

12.

32

32 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.

**MAYBEOI**

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.

**YAKITITO**

**KE**

No, always you ask me question to ma  
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.

**YAKITITO**

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:**

**33 INT. HUNT CLUB LOBBY- DAY**

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**

14.

33

**33 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. interrupts his son's introduction.

**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 will pause for a beautiful voman...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  
1982. California Beaujolais.

**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**

34

**34 CONTINUED (3)**

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**

19.

35

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 steward's 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

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**

**CONTINUED'**

22.

**41**

**41 CONTINUED**

**PEYTON**

**(SMILING)**

Okay, Yakitito, you made your  
point...Yakitito--  
Yakitito is out of control.

**YAKITITO**

Dr. Westlake punch the wall! Dr.  
Westlake punch the wall!

**PEYTON**

**(CONCERNED)**

Quickly .The function of sinusoidal  
currents in electrogenesis?  
The basketball appears in Yakitito's hands.

**YAKITITO**

You Punch You answer the  
quesiton.  
flinches,  
to c h t winds back to toss u B e i ball pump -faked  
to cat ch t he ball. t ever comes-- Yakitito

**T N**

**CUT TO:**

**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 Kugerands 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**

discretely 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 toward Taaf him reveal

**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**

**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 'A€¢**

**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**

take in of her. Twoice

tak cati nal

essono heomonotonousltone ofoatnarrator 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. The origins of love.

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.

**DISSOLVE 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 an i;½EuRl eti;½ y heircloveamakingi;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 Bellasarius. 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**

(Revised Scene is 2-17-89)

33.

**55 CONTINUED**

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

**PEYTON**

The sound of the closing door echos. 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  
briskl y down the sunny sidewalk, stopping at the  
intersection to  
sig nal 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.

34.

58

58 CONTINUED

**JULIE**

Marriage--well, we could do that--of course, there's our careers--I men, I'm just starting to get things going at the firm. And, you know, I kind of like having my own

**PLACE --**

**PEYTON**

'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.

**JULIE**

**(FLUSTERED)**

i--i can't talk about this now...

59

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

**PEYTON**

Julie, I'm asking you to marry me.

60

**60 THE CABBIE**

leans out of the cab to Julie.

**CABBIE**

He got a ring?

**JULIE**

**END A**

Peyton, you didn't go out and you? lot of money on a ring, di

**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.

s 2-17-89)

**(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? allfof?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 Bellasarios--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**

**67 CONTINUED (3)**

Julie smiles.

**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**

40.

67 CONTINUED (4)

**STRACK**

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

68 INT. HALLWAY OF STRACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Julie exits the office area and gets into an elevator.

69

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 raises Hasboitleare 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**

Smiley

reveals the entire gang; Corky Corcoran and a grinning 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 Bellasaurious 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 as 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.

80

**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--  
KAAABOOOOMMMM!!! 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.

**B96 JULIE B 96**

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

**P96**

**P96 - PEYTON'S BUILDING BURNS**

like a hay stack. Offscreen sirens WAIL.

**B 97 WIDER SHOT - JULIE - BLUE SCREEN B97**

She stands in shock as.

**P97 PEYTON'S BUILDING BURNS P97**

**98**

**98 BITS OF CHARRED PAPER - MINIATURE - SLOW MOTION**

float-past her and the burning building beyond.

**P99**

**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.

99A

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 of 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.

**104 JULIE 104**

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

**105 EXT. GRAVEYARD - LONG-SHOT - DAY 105**

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 106**

**BLUE**

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 107**

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 108**

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**

**109 THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN AND FOUR INTERNS**

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...

54.

114

He jabs a sterilized needle deep into the bandaged knee. 114  
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.

115

PATIENT'S BANDAGED FACE

115

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.

116 I

THE PATIENT'S BANDAGED FACE

116

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.

117 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

117

The resident speaks over his shoulder to the interns as  
they walk.

**CONTINUED**

55.

**117 CONTINUED 117**

**RESIDENT**

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.

**118 THE LOUDSPEAKERS 118**

emit a loud warning tone.

**PUBLIC ADDRESS**

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

**119 THE RESIDENT AND INTERNS 119**

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

**120 INTO HOSPITAL CORRIDOR #2 - TRACKING WITH TWO ORDERLIES**

120

**AND THEIR "CRASH CART"**

as they race pell mell down the hallway, rubbing conductive jelly between the defibrilator paddles.

**121 INTO BURN UNIT - A HOSPITAL CURTAIN 121**

is opened violently by a nurse. Her jaw drops in disbelief. Doctors and technicians rush into the room and freeze.

**122 THE RESIDENT 122**

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

**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**

Juuuulieeeeeee. Heeeeeeeelp  
meeeeeee...

**132**

**132 JULIE**

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

**133**

**133 PEYTON**

removes his offending  
recoils, from her behind his back.

horror-hand and tuck eitlshamefully

**S**

**PEYTON**

**(ALMOST**

**INTELLIGIBLE**

**RASP)**

It's meeeeeee.

**134**

**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**

**(AN INTELLIGIBLE**

**RASP)**

It's me.

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 , Â°theaotherrto thetshadowshof 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. Aeflattttenedf 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 142**

stares at it.

**143 CLOSER ON SPINNING NEWSPAPER 143**

It bears a picture of his own face.

**144 PEYTON'S BANDAGED EYES 144**

widen.

**145 CLOSER ON NEWSPAPER 145**

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

**146 EXT . ALLEY - LONG SHOT- PEYTON 146**

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

**CUT TO:**

**147 INT WESTLAKE LAB/APARTMENT - DAY 147**

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**

**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**

irror reflects his  
moves to a scorched andbigheenn his face a nd and  
gauze from to the  
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 teredaand scarched.i

**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**

61.

154

**154 DURANT'S GOLD LIGHTER**

etal fingers clutch  
Twisted and scorched.  
the lighter and it ey to his on'seskel

155

**155 PEYTON'S EYES**

lose their dull, wounded appearance. Anger builds. hin  
Adrenaline surges. An emotion awakens from deep wit  
the pritive portion of his brain, his "rage spot".

**RAGE!**

He shakes as it floods him.

156

**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

**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

**157A THE CAMERA ROCKETS IN -**

to his dark pupil. Within the blackness, we perceive -

158

**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

**159 ELECTRICAL NERVE IMPULSES**

bombard the barrier, flashing upon this receiving  
I wall of the brain.

**ZAP!**

**FLASH!**

**FLASH!**

(Revised Source s 2-17-89)

**62.**

160 The Twxze images bend back upon one another in startling  
160 succession. We catch glimpses of  
160A volcano erupting, 160A  
160E mathematical formulas, 160B  
160C Julie as lover/goddess/whore: 160C  
160D Explosinus of brick and flame. 160D  
160E Operating room surgeons above us, cutting-- Durant as  
chief 160E  
surgeon— a cigar sticking out through a hole cut in his  
mask...  
160F The leering heads of the Durant gang poke  
throughlaughingk 160F  
fissures in the wall... elongated nec s...  
insanely.  
160G Camera racing in towards Peyton's bandaged face six  
times,Peyton 160G  
same move, superfast  
ranting and raving, shaking rhis a fist r at r the a  
heavens with  
Biblical wrath.  
But we can't hear him. We pull back from his pupil  
to reveal...

**161 PEYTON 161**

sitting, in the ashes on the floor of his lab/apartment.  
There are no fissures in the walls or ceiling. Peyton is  
framed by the bay window.  
B161 The city lights behind him. during the B161  
psychic rage bur s p st arkle , nignu fallen

**PEYTON'S BANDAGED HAND**

closes over the lighter.  
His mouth twists from it's 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 be trem dslofta reveal  
that we are at a party.

(ReVisect Scene s 2-i7=89 )'Â°

**63.**

**162 CONTIIZED 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 to have you as a member of my permanent staff. 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 good--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 be at the bottom. Well now I'm on top, and I'm offering you

**CONTINUED**

68.

**167 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:**

(Revised Scene Numbers 2-17-89)

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.

70.

**175**

**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  
aguellydhumanssit'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**

**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:**

71.

**178 A SKELETAL CLAW 178**

dragging a kicking, screaming Rick under the bed.

179

**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

**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 DARKMAN 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.

**DARKMAN**

reaches out and delicately touches Julie's hair with a skeletal claw--a twisted reprise of the earlierher scene.

in

instinctively hand. Julie shivers and Darkman quickly y

**R**

a long time. We move in on Darkman, an 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.

**DARKMAN**

**(A WHISPER)**

Julie... Julie continues to sleep.

**DARKMAN**

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 she p cart into the warehouse and disappears into s 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.

**DARKMAN**

(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 an uninsulated 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.

**DARKMAN**

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 in the frame of the picture... The last picture shows Peyton on his shoulder laughing--covering Peyton's hands.

**PEYTON**

throws the album against the wall. He turns back to the original burned photo.

**DARKMAN**

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**

**V190 DARXMAN**

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 notice his hand  
has failed  
Bunsen burner.  
is burning.

**DARKMAN**

and studies the  
pulls his hand away from the lack of normal

**S HIS**

smoldering digits.

**HE FEELS;**

sensation. Quiet

**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 his head up from

his

**A**

and faces the cat. A small, soundless  
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:**

198

**198 PAULY'S HAND**

Well back to reveal it is now a photograph soaking in a shallow tray of developing fluid.

**CONTINUED**

**2-17-89)**

(Revised Scene Numbers

**80.**

**198**

**198 CONTINUED**

**THE CAT**

t a as  
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

**P198 DARKMAN LAB**

**H198**

**H198 THE TURNING HOLOGRAPH OF PEYTON'S HEAD --**  
the features more defined now, more recognizable--

**199**

**199 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.

200

**200 THE BANDAGED HAND**

moves. close to pet the cat.

201

**201 THE CAT**

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

202

**202 COMPUTER INPUT SLOT**

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

V203

**V203 ON COMPUTER SCREEN**

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

(Revised SceTe Is 2-17-89)

81.

P204

**P204 DARK MN LAB**

H204

**H204 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.

205

**205 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 tthe"ke board.siT edsoundeofnbonewst  
together r a 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 chlorofrmedOhgnî;½Theh alarm clocksRlNGSh  
nose. Be struggles. The  
Pauly sinks into a deep chloroform from hisdfaceî;½  
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 shutî;½t.From hiskratty b lack  
Pauly's clothes, latches

**Â€¢**

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  
sh sould be . PTheyskin aulittle i; tighter  
little better.

**83.**

**221**

**2 21 DARKMAN PAULY**

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

**222**

**222 DIGITAL STOP-WATCH**

It TICKS off the seconds.

**223**

**223 DARKMAN PAULY**

**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.

**DARKMAN/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? DARKMAN/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. Although Phhets 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)

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

88.

{

242

242 PAULY/DARM

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

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 rrand sawhe the market  
th ousa e n

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, sometimes, 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?

**STRACK**

I lost her...

**JULIE**

I'm sorry.

Strack strains to conceal the bitterness of his grief.

**STRACK**

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 CONTMOUE D (3 )**

**STRACK**

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

**JULIE**

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.

**STRACK**

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. is an  
shatters crates with the pipe and  
again, but halts as he sees his reflection in the  
growing puddle.

**S262 -**

S262 DARIQ'IANÂ€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!**

**DARMAN**

**--TO GET--**

**BAM!**

**DABXMAN**

**--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,**

**S265 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.**

P2 7 0 DARKMAN LAB P2r

**H270 DAR 'IAN 11270**

moves toward his old self, staring in wonder. Love JIII  
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**

**97.**

**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 an fine. I...

**276**

**27 6 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.

98.

279

**279 HIS SYNTHETIC CHEEK**

is melting where the bright sunlight has burned through r  
the dapple of graveyard trees. A bubbling skin bliste  
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 g  
hand clamped to his face, plunging on towards the soothin  
darkness of the woods.

**CUT TO:**

283

**283 INT. A BEDROOM**

The lights are romantically dim.

**CONTINUED**

99.

283

283 CONTINUID

**PEYTON AID JULIE**

move into each others' 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. ve in 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**

**285 CONTIN**

He grasps a offscreen object with the tweezers and it removes it from the formaldehyde solution. He pats dry with a white cloth.

**DURANT (O.S.)**

Get Rudy on the phone. Uh huh.  
Rudy ... Listen. Just shut up and listen. You get a little gift from Chinatown, today? No? Well that coney that Pauly took is really stingin' my ass... Uh huh. No. We do it my way. You Tell Hung Fat that I'm coming by tomorrow to make the pick-up personally. Either he coughs green or he becomes part of my collection.

**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 -  
h He closes the cover  
S Someestill wi

**T**

**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:

**DARKMAN**

**(FIRE-RAVAGED**

**VOICE)**

Run for your life.

**THE MUGGERS**

flee in fear.

**DARKMAN**

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

**CUT TO:**

**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**

**0 .**  
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**

i:1/2cw. f

(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**

**P290**

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:

290

**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 292 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**

106.

**293 CONTINUED**

**DURANT**

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**

(Revised Scene Is 2-17-89)

107.

**295 CONTINUA**

**THE MANDARIN**

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 FAT**

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 FAT**

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!

**HUNG 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.

**HUNG 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. The Darkman has just snipped and puffs. He lights

**HUNG 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.

301

301

**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 DURWT**

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/ DARMAN**

**SHOOT HIM!!!**

**GUZMAN**

draws his gun and waits, sweating.

**REAL DURANT**

**T O**

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/DARKMAN**

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 filled 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!**

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 TH33NG**

is slims and translucent. Durant holds it to the light. It's the mask of his own face. It smolders and melts. He flLigs 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**

119.

314 CONTINUED I

**GUZMAN**

**(WHINING)**

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**

120.

**314 CONTINUED (2)**

**TRUMAYNE**

Okay.

**315**

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. 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.

121.

317

317 TRUM1

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)

122.

317

**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)

...: **B318 CONTIN D**

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 scaranf char. Without the benefit of gums or lips, the entire 3ength of his teeth are exposed down to the root, connecting crookedly to the jaw bone. One ear remains intact, the other a burnt hole. Only the rudimentary cartilage forms the nose. But it is the wild eyeballs protruding obscenely from the bone of their sockets, that tell the 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 toward 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.

**CONTINUED**

124.

319 CONTINUED

**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)

127.

**322 CONTINUED**

**WOOOOOOODOOOOOOOOOOOOOI!1!!11**

Durant looks wildly over his shoulder as he runs for his life.

**323**

**323 THE TRAILF**

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

**324**

**324 THE FRONT WHEELS OF THE TRAIN**

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

**B325**

**B325 TRACKING WITH DARKMAN'S BONEY JAW**

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

**326**

**326 PULLING DURANT**

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.

128.

330

**330 UNDER THE TRACK - DURANT**

hugging the shallow depression. Is he low enough? The underside of the train comes roaring over us.

**VR00000000MI**

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.

331

**331 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:**

129.

332

**332 INT. WAREHOUSE**

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:

333

**333 JULIE**

beautiful as ever.

**JULIE**

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

334

334 Back to the monster face:

**DARKMAN**

**(INTENSE)**

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

**CUT TO:**

335

**335 PEOPLE SCREAMING**

Various close shots of screaming patrons on the Tilt-A-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.

337

337

**PEYTON**

I was standing right here. Next to my girlfriend. Now. The pink elephant, .if you please!

**ATTENDANT**

Na way.  
Julie tugs at his sleeve.

**JULIE**

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

**PEYTON**

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

**JULIE**

Peyton... It's okay...

**ATTENDANT**

Get lost, buddy.

133.

338

**338 BRIEF CUTS**

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

339

**339 PEYTONN**

Shaking under the pressure of contained rage, his vein bulging, throbbing. Under his-breath:

340

**340**

**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!

**341**

**341 CRACK!**

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

**342**

**342 PEYTON'S FACE**

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

**343**

**343 PEOPLE SCREAMING**

**344**

**344 HORSES BOBBING**

**345**

**345 CLOWN LAUGHING, DOING A JIG IN A FUNNY HAT**

**346**

**346 ROCKET BACK OUT TO:**

**PEYTON**

Screaming. A skin blister bubbles on his cheek.

134.

347

**347 ATTENDANT'S TWO FINGERS**

Against Peyton's chest. Peyton grabs them and--CRACK--  
breaks them.

348

**348 WIDER**

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

349

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

350

**350 FUZZY PINK ELEPHANT**

is yanked violently from the shelf.

351

**351 PEYTON**

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

**PEYTON**

Take it!

135.

352

352 Another skin blister opens.

**JULIE**

Peyton! No!

**PEYTON**

'Take it!

**353**

353 His face is starting to send off wisps of smoke.

**JULIE**

Please!

**PEYTON**

**TAKE THE FUCKING ELEPHANT!!**

**354**

354 She is looking at him, frozen in horror.

**355**

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

**356**

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**

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 364 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 366 the lab.

**CONTINUED**

137.

**366**

**366 CONTINUED**

**JULIE**

**(SWALLOWING HER**

**FEAR)**

Peyton?! I need to talk to you.  
She halts at a site in front of her.

**JULIE**

Dear God.

**3 67**

**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**

368 Beyond, two lab tables, made chains. olddoors, them hang  
suspended from the ceiling by  
tubes, and beakers of liquid skin. In the place of i  
the bge 66'aF rdpMustangcserveas  
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.

**)11**

**140.**

**382**

382 But Juba is gone.

**CUT TO:**

**383 '**

**383 INT. EACK'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Strack is naked except for a monogrammed bath towel wrapped 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 coins. 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**

Strack43 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, recon-  
structive 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 Belasarius 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**

paces 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.

**DARKMAN**

**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 , o  
undin h h  
machine gun , p  
g t e 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 ps  
blazing, shooting the lab to hell. The gunfire sto  
and the lab is quiet.  
Guzman speaks quietly into a walkee-talkee.

**GUZMAN**

we're in.

**DURANT' S ., VOICE**

(from the walkee-

**TALKEE)**

He just went down from the roof.

**GUZMAN**

Glances above to the darkened rafters ofathence one to  
warehouse. Then, signals for Smiley  
way. He will go another.  
They split up.

150.

**395 GUZMAN'S P.O.V. 395**

The place is eerily still; we hear only an occasional computer beep.

**396 GUZMAN STARTS: 396**

**GUZMAN**

...Holy San Juan de fuckeen  
Capistrano!

**397 A DOZEN HUMAN FACES 397**

hang on parallel clothes lines. Durant, Pauly, Skip,  
and Smiley. In the shadows, their eyeless heads are  
wrinkled and grotesquely life-like.  
398 Guzman moves through the gallery of faces. A breeze 398  
through the open window makes the clothes-line SQUEAK  
as the faces bob and nod to him.  
399 He stops suddenly. His body shudders at the sight of...

399

**400 A FACE 400**

his own. Hanging on a hook.

**401 GUZMAN 401**

panics, backs into a rack of clothing, knocking it  
over. . he races past the wigs, the faces...running for  
his life...

**402 TWO SKELETAL HANDS 402**

emerge from the darkness and latch around his throat!  
Guzman is yanked backward into the blackness without  
so much as a peep.

151.

**403 SMILEY**

moves through the dimly lit lab area. Gun out, checking every crevice.

**404**

404 Footsteps. Coming closer through the darkness.

**URANT'S VOICE D**

(from the walkee-

**TALKEE)**

Come in, Smiley, come in! Come--

**CLICK.**

**405**

**THE FOOTSTEPS**

405 Smiley turns off the walkee-talkee.  
i m.  
are almost atop him. He takes a

**406**

**406 SMILEY'S P.O.V. - A SECOND SMILEY**

racing out of the darkness at him.

**407**

**407 SMILEY**

is hip to the Darkman's game. He smiles. The gun belches flame at the masked figure.

**BLAMMITY-BEAM!**

**BLAMMITY-BLAM!**

**BLAMMITY-BLAM!**

**408**

**408 THE MASKED SMILEY**

crumples to the floor. The bottom portion off fece Smiley mask is wrinkled, exposing a portion beneath.

**409**

**409 SMILEY**

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 OF 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 Scerm#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 bim 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 SHOT - 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  
glass.

and P426

**427 PILOT 427**

He pulls the stick. Gradually the helicopter rights itself.

**DURANT**

**SHAKE HIM!**

**428 THE HELICOPTER 428**

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 DARKMAN' 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 DARMAN'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:pa3at 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!!**

**P441**

**P441 THE OVERPASS**

rushing up.

**P442**

**P442 TRUCK ROOF**

Wind whipping at his coat, looking up at the doomed helicopter, the Darkman bellows in triumph.

**B442**

B442 Wind whipping at his coat looking up at the doomed helicopter, the Darkman bellows his triumph.

**P443**

**P443 OVERPASS**

taking up the entire screen.  
--impact--KABOOM!

**P444**

**P444 TUNNEL**

**B444**

B444 Darkman, LAUGHING on the truck, races through the darkness,

**444A**

444A flaming debris from the helicopter cascading over the mouth of the tunnel.

**CDT TO:**

160.

**445**

**445 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**

RATTLING 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**

(Revised Scenes 2-17-89)

162.

**P446 CONTIKUED**

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?

**DUR ANT**

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 CONTINUED (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.

**CONTINUED**

(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.  
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€¢  
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!  
Strack laughs.

**STRACK**

Bring on the strings! Young lovers!  
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--SQUISHHHRRIPPP!!  
-- 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 pungent 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 a 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 beam. 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 CONTINUEN**

**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**

DUIS !  
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

**451 BAM!**

Darkman mashes his face and the gun flies out of his hand into the darkness below.

**STRACK AND DARKMAN**

**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.

**STRACK'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.

**ZMMMMM! Z !**

452

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

457

head, bobbing on a freakish and deformed doll's body.

Atop a circus platform, he does an angry jig. He wears a funny little hat.

458 Peyton's face liquefies and flows off his head to

reveal- 458

the face of the Darkman.

459 A drop of liquid Peyton falls upon... A cube of ice. It

459

bursts into flames.

460 The camera races back from Darkman's eye.. his vein pulsing madly. 460

**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. GGGGGG ! .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**

**ARRRRRRRGGGGGG !**

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--PPHHHHFFTHHMP!--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

466

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**