

DARKMAN

By

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The following script represents a break down of the approved 124 page screenplay. It has been broken down into specific shots in order to accomodate various department heads. This accounts for its length.

FADE IN:

WHITE LETTERS

against a black background;

"DARKMAN"

The letters blister. Then crack.

1 INT. PIER BUILDING - DAY

1

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 outa my property... Does it matter? Just another tough guy... Yeah, okay...

Another hard-looking man is approaching.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

MAN
They're drivin' up.

Black nods.

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

2 EXT WHARF - DAY

2

We are tracking towards a chain link fence which is swinging open to admit two midnight blue Lincoln Continentals.

The cars stop in the foreground and eight men get out, eerily backlit in the mist of the riverfront.

3 SLOW TRACKING - ROBERT G. DURANT

3

is a well-dressed and immaculately groomed man of forty.

4 SLOW TRACKING - RUDY GUZMAN

4

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 SLOW TRACKING - SKIP NATICK

5

walks with a pronounced limp.

6 SLOW TRACKING - TRUMAYNE JOHNSON MC SAM

6

is a large black man with a quiet, studied cool.

7 SLOW TRACKING - RICK

7

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.

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

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

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

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

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. 12

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.

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 mens' laughter, then cuts in.

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 muscled Eddie Black.
Especially a bunch of fucks.

He flashes a third finger.

BLACK

Number three, if you guys is unhappy
with that, which I can already tell ya
is, then we can cutcha balls off
if that'll be more satisfactory.

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

...I 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.

20 EXT WHARF - DAY - LONG SHOT

Looking down on the lonely waterfront building, we hear Black's screams.

CUT TO:

21 INT WESTLAKE LAB - DAY - AN ENORMOUS EYE

Making jerky little movements this way and that.

EYE'S POV: AN ENORMOUS NOSE

We pull focus through the nose, then back to sharp focus again. The nose fills the screen, every pore a cavern, every blemish a mountain.

EYE

Blinking.

NOSE

The nostrils flare slightly.

EYE

Looking.

NOSE

Still. Suddenly it is hit by a flash of light as -- B-DEEEE -- we hear the automatic wind of a camera and its strobe recharging.

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

22 WIDER

We are in a lab. DR. PEYTON WESTLAKE, an earnest scientist in his early thirties, is straightening up from behind a futuristic looking, tripod-mounted camera. He hits a button on the front of the camera and instantly three prints of the nose feed out.

CONTINUED

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 cylinder, wired to the computer, glows to life.

24

24P A three dimensional holographic image of Yakatito's nose rotates within.

24P

25 Peyton glances from the Imager to the computer. He types on the computer keyboard.

25

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.

27

YAKITITO

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 skin's instability. If the skin would just hold up -- you give me a burn victim and a photograph of his old face -- he'll get more than a nose. We're talking complete reconstruction damaged skin tissue. Maybe even 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 MICROSCOPE P.O.V.

27P

Cells swimming in an agar-protoplasm bath.

28 PEYTON

28

glances to:

29 A COMPUTER MONITOR

29

that is connected to the microscope.

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 PEYTON

30

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 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

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. Maybe I
listen to father, get rich, sell Honda
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.

YAKATITO

Catches the ball.

PEYTON

The most striking characteristic of
thermionic emission.

YAKITITO

Throws the ball away.

YAKITITO

No, always you ask me question to make
me calm down! I no want to calm down!

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED(3)

PEYTON

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

PEYTON

The answer, Yakitito.

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

33

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

33 CONTINUED

33

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 Ballbreaker'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.

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

34 CONTINUED

34

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 HOFFENSTEIN

--Business is business. Deals will
come und 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

JULIE

You're moving in the right direction,
but our offer stands firm. I believe
if anyone had
offered you more than us, you'd be
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.
Pleasant, but hardly worth what you're
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

plucks the bottle from the wine carriage. He peels
back the white cloth to reveal the label: CALIFORNIA
SAN MEDUSO 1982.

34 CONTINUED(3)

34

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 EXT. HUNT CLUB LOBBY - DAY

35

As Julie and the Stracks are leaving, Julie accidentally brushes against the Steward and exchanges a few words.

Strack Jr. had been watching. He approaches the steward.

STRACK JR.

How much did she pay you?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

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 INT WESTLAKE LAB - DAY - A GLASS BEAKER

36

filled with clear fluid. Above it is another beaker
 filled with a brown crystalline substance. Above that is
 an empty beaker.

WHOOOSH!

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

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

37

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

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
Nò, no, I ask her if she marry you. I
Peyton looks through the microscope;

38 MICROSCOPE POV

The cells still pulsate with life.

38

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.

39

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

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 the wall. You answer the
quesiton.

He winds back to toss the ball to Peyton. Peyton flinches, ready
to catch the ball. But it never comes-- Yakitito pump-faked.

CUT TO:

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.

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.

45

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.

46

47 EXT. LIMOUSINE

Strack Sr. bends to examine the tire.

THE TIRE

is now deflated.

STRACK SR.

scowls, and heads toward a run-down men's room. CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY AWAY AND IN FRONT of him to reveal. . .

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...

47

CONTINUED

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. crumpling 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

49 CONTINUED

49

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 EXT. STREET WESTLAKE LAB - NIGHT

50

A cab pulls up in front of an industrial building. Julie gets out and goes through the front door.

51 INT. WESTLAKE LAB BUILDING - NIGHT

51

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 a rat's feet. She proceeds cautiously.

THE LAB DOOR

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

52 INT WESTLAKE LAB - NIGHT

52

...Julie moves tentatively through the lab, increasingly frightened, sensing the presence of another person.

JULIE

Peyton?

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

slides down over the wall in front of her. The voice now takes on the monotonous tone of a narrator of educational films.

VOICE

Love. How does it work? A Westlake - Yanigita presentation.

A smile spreads across Julie's face.

CONTINUED

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

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
Part two. Mating and ritual.
The sunset is replaced by a shot of Julie on a rumpled bed,
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

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 Dark.

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. Love in the Dark theme plays over it, and
eventually fades away.

CONTINUED

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. The lights in the lab come on. Julie turns around. Peyton 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 INT. WESTLAKE LAB - NIGHT

WE PAN along racks of test-tubes. The test-tubes vibrate like wind-chimes, fall still, then vibrate again... OUR PAN HALTS on Peyton and Julie on the fold-out couch, making love. The test-tubes CLATTER to the rhythm of their love-making.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 LATER THAT NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

53

54

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 Bellasarios. 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

55 CONTINUED

JULIE
Bye. I'll call you tonight. Maybe we
can get together.

She exits.

PEYTON

The sound of the closing door echos. He sits alone on the
bed, looking about the empty apartment and lab beyond.

56 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

56

JULIE

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

57 PEYTON

57

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

PEYTON
Julie, wait!

She is opening the cab door when she turns to him.

JULIE
What's the matter?

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

58 JULIE

58

Freezes half in and half out of the cab door. Panicked.

58 CONTINUED

JULIE

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

PEYTON

We're practically living together now. All marriage means is you answer the phone in the morning and if it's my grandmother, you don't have to pretend 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 She starts to get into the cab when Peyton stops her. 59

PEYTON

Julie, I'm asking you to marry me.

60 THE CABBIE

leans out of the cab to Julie. 60

CABBIE

He got a ring?

JULIE

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

PEYTON

Ring? Uh, no, I don't have a ring.

61 THE CABBIE

motions for Julie. She leans close. 61

CABBIE

(whispers)

He don't show much sense of commitment.

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 traffic.

64

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.

66 OMIT

67 I/E THE CITY FROM STRACK'S OFFICE - DAY

67

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 into the phone. We hear the door open offscreen and Strack waves the person on into his lush corporate office.

67 INT STRACK'S OFFICE - DAY

67

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 loss is felt by all of us. Can I get you something? Coffee? Brandy?
(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 Bellasarius--it went out over your father's signature. It detailed certain payments--

Strack has gotten up to pace.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

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

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 a cynic--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.

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 his lips, wondering if he can trust her.)

Does the name Robert Durant mean anything to you?

JULIE

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

STRACK

And real-estate. Robert Durant is a competitor for the river-front and knows about that document. He is a criminal, Julie. And he will freely resort to criminal methods to get what he wants.

There's a pause.

JULIE

Well, you're very eloquent, and 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

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 INT. HALLWAY OF STRACK'S OFFICE - DAY 68

Julie exits the office area and gets into an elevator.

69 INT. ELEVATOR STRACK'S BUILDING - DAY 69
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 LOVE IN THE DARK

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

71 CONTINUED

JULIE
Please be there Peyton.

72 INT. WESTLAKE LAB - DAY - PEYTON

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

flashes on in the back of the lab. Pauly's chunky outline is revealed. The middle-aged, balding man raises a bottle of Maalox to his lips. He takes a hearty gulp. His lips are coated with the chalky white fluid.

ANOTHER LIGHT

comes on revealing Trumayne.

ANOTHER LIGHT

Rudy Guzman.

ANOTHER LIGHT

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

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 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 Bellasarius
memorandum and we shall disappear--
like a nightmare before the
breaking day.

PEYTON

(hoarsely)

I don't know what you're talking
about--

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

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 TRUMAYNE AND PAULY

75

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

PEYTON

connects and is electrified. Unable to let go, he shrieks as his body does the electric jitterbug.

S75 CLOSE SHOT PEYTON'S HANDS - STOP MOTION ANIMATION

S75

His skin peels away from the bone under the intense electrical charge.

76 OMIT

OMIT 76

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

77

78 RICK'S FACE

78

Twitches in horror.

79 PEYTON- STUNT DOUBLE - COMPRESSED AIR RIG

79

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.

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

83B SMILEY

grins with delight.

83B

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.

83C

83D DURANT

surveys the wrecked lab, then hands Trumayne his cigar trimmer. Softly:

83D

DURANT
Bring the Asian's fingers.
(aloud; to his
men)
...Gentlemen?

DURANT AND THUGS

exit.

84 PEYTON

lies immobile.

84

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.

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 THE BEAK OF THE DRINKING BIRD 86A

dips closer to the electronic lighter's ignition button...

86B PEYTON 86B

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

86C PEYTON'S CHARRED AND SMOKING HAND 86C

fumbles for the lighter.

86D EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - BIRD BEAK 86D

Closer... closer... contact. The lighter CLICKS.

SILENCE.

86E CLOSE SHOT - SLOW MOTION 400 frames a second. 86E

A tiny spark is born. It grows.

SILENCE.

CONTINUED

86F CONTINUED

86F

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - PEYTON'S PUPIL

widens in fear, then contracts, responding to a bright silent flash.

87 SILENCE - LAB WALL

87

One thousand lab sheets ignite.

88 THE HIDDEN SLIDE PROJECTOR

88

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 SILENCE - SLOW MOTION - PEYTON

89

directly between us and the blast. An intense blue light fades up, brilliantly backlighting Peyton. His stark shadow burns into us.

90 SILENCE - SAM-O-CAM RIG - PEYTON

90

As he is thrust off of his feet, and rocketed through the wall.

91 SILENCE - EXT. PEYTON'S BUILDING - MINIATURE - NIGHT

91

Intense blue light flashes out of the windows and up the chimney into the sky.

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

91A

Silently.

91B It takes a moment for the SOUND of the explosion to catch up with the blast--

91B

KAAABOOOOMMMM!!! Noise that makes the earth shake.

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 - PEYTON'S BUILDING BURNS P96
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 - BITS OF CHARRED PAPER - MINIATURE - SLOW MOTION 98
float past her and the burning building beyond.

P99 THE BURNING BACKGROUND FADES AWAY. P99
Night turns to day as tombstones appear on either side of her. The falling bits of paper change to falling leaves.

99A FALLING BITS OF PAPER (Super against black) SLOW MOTION
Change to falling leaves. 99A

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'll 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 ripplin 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-axled burn platform. Behind him are other bandaged patients, some rotating on burn platforms, some still submerged in their hydro-tanks.

109 THE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN AND FOUR INTERNS

109

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 A BURN NURSE

110

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 ZIIIP! He extends a telescoping steel pointer and indicates a spot just above Peyton's bandaged ear.

111

RESIDENT

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

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

112

113 THE HYDRAULIC BURN PLATFORM

113

continues its slow rotation with the mummified patient now turned sideways.

RESIDENT

No longer receiving impulses of pain, you stick him with a pin...

114 He jabs a sterilized needle deep into the bandaged knee. Interns gasp. The resident leaves the pin in the knee for dramatic effect. 114

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 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

117 CONTINUED

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 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR #2 - TRACKING WITH TWO ORDERLIES AND THEIR "CRASH CART"

120

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

121 INT. 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

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.

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 OMIT

125

126 EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE/EMPTY STREET - DUSK

126

Thunder rumbles and it begins to rain. A delirious Peyton, now wearing a ratty black overcoat, staggers and falls into an oily mud puddle.

127 CLOSE SHOT PEYTON

127

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

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

128

Julie steps from the stylish foyer and opens her umbrella.

PEYTON'S EYES

growing misty. He staggers across the street after her.

129 JULIE

129

terrified at the sight of...

130 A HIDEOUS HAND

130

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

131 DARK FIGURE/PEYTON

131

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

DARK FIGURE/PEYTON
Juuuuulieeeee. Heeeeeeeelp
meeeeeee.....

132 JULIE

132

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

133 PEYTON

133

recoils, from her rejection. He removes his offending horror-hand and tucks it shamefully behind his back.

PEYTON
(almost
intelligible
rasp)
It's meeeeeee!

134 JULIE

134

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

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

PEYTON
(an intelligible
rasp)

It's me.

But she is too far away to hear.

135 HIGH SHOT FROM TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE CITY STREET

135

In the downpour, the two tiny figures below turn and move quickly from one another--one toward the warm lights of the brownstone, the other to the shadows of the alley.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

136

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

137 A LAUGHING COUPLE

137

rush from a posh restaurant, past Peyton, and into a waiting taxi.

138 EXT STREET - TITAN CRANE - WIND FANS - PEYTON'S LONELY EYES

138

follow them. He is overcome with despair. We pull back to such a great distance that Peyton looks like the last man on Earth.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. ALLEY - WIND FANS - NIGHT

139

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

- 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.

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. He 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

moves to a scorched and broken mirror which reflects his bandaged face. He pulls the gauze from his face and peers at his reflection. We are not privy to the sight but it horrifies him. He shakes in a choked sob.

We move down to the ashes to reveal...

A PHOTOGRAPH OF PEYTON AND JULIE

In the photo, Julie is relaxed and beautiful--but Peyton's face is blistered and scorched.

153

153 PEYTON

grabs the picture. In a fire ravaged voice;

PEYTON

Do you still love me, now? When I'm just some repulsive thing you can no longer recognize? When I sicken you? When you run. . .

A GLINT catches his eye. He turns.

61.

154 DURANT'S GOLD LIGHTER

154

Twisted and scorched. Peyton's skeletal fingers clutch the lighter and lift it to his eyes.

155 PEYTON'S EYES

155

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

RAGE!

He shakes as it floods him.

156 A VEIN

156

stands out on his forehead, swelling with blood, heaving to the frantic pace of his heart... He clutches his head.

157 CRACK!

157

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

157A THE CAMERA ROCKETS IN

157A

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

158 THE OPTIC NERVE - MINIATURE - COMPUTER CONTROL RIG

158

OUR VIEW moves deeper along the nerve till we come to the Arterial Plexus. We follow the pulsating arteries as they wind back, through the darker corridors of his brain, to the blood brain barrier.

159 ELECTRICAL NERVE IMPULSES

159

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

ZAP!

FLASH!

FLASH!

- 160 The ~~nerve~~ images bend back upon one another in startling succession. We catch glimpses of 160
- 160A volcanoes erupting, 160A
- 160B mathematical formulas, 160B
- 160C Julie as lover/goddess/whore! 160C
- 160D Explosions of brick and flame. 160D
- 160E Operating room surgeons above us, cutting-- Durant as chief surgeon, a cigar sticking out through a hole cut in his mask... 160E
- 160F The leering heads of the Durant gang poke through fissures in the wall... elongated necks...laughing insanely. 160F
- 160G Camera racing in towards Peyton's bandaged face six times, same move, superfast ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-rap beat. Peyton ranting and raving, shaking his fist at the heavens with Biblical wrath. 160G

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 sparkle behind him. Somehow, during the psychic rage burst, night has fallen. B161

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 be the innards of a trombone--we are pulling back from its bell to reveal that we are at a party.

162 CONTINUED

162

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

CONTINUED PULL BACK

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

ON THE TABLE

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

THE GOVERNOR

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

LOUD APPLAUSE

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

GOVERNOR

(to Strack)

As usual, Louis, you get the first piece of the action.

LAUGHTER...Strack takes a bite from the building's top floors.

GOVERNOR

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

STRACK

(to the crowd)

He's talking about my campaign contribution--

LOUD LAUGHTER. The Governor waves it away.

GOVERNOR

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

163 INT. WOMAN'S POWDER ROOM

163

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 GRAND BALLROOM - THE STAIRS - NIGHT- LONG SHOT

164

A beautiful woman floats down a set of marble stairs.

165 HEADS TURN.

165

It's...

166 JULIE

166

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

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

166 CONTINUED(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!

167 ON THE DANCE FLOOR

JULIE

finally smiles.

STRACK

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.

JULIE

That's very flattering, but my commitments to Pappas and Swain--

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 it. I know you, Hastings. You're ready for something big. You know why 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

We both know what it's like to be on the bottom. Well now I'm going to the top, and I'm offering you a ride up.

CONTINUED

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 he 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:

- 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....
- S174 WOODEN BLINDS S174
The wind gusts, causing the shutters to clatter.

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 darkness. It chills Rick to the core. Guttural, vaguely human, it's the fire-ravaged laugh of the Darkman.

Rick calls to the shadows;

RICK
(hysterical)
What do you want?

DARKMAN
We're gonna play a little game. It's called show and tell. First, you tell me everything.

177

177 FROM THE BLACKNESS

Something charred and twisted emerges. It's Darkman's burnt skeletal claw. A hideous sight, seen now for the first time. A deranged digit extends to stroke Rick's face, then retracts into the darkness.

DARKMAN
Uh huh. Then I show you... how to scream.

A terrifying pause. Then:

Rick SCREAMS as his legs fall out from under him. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO REVEAL:

178 A SKELETAL CLAW 178

dragging a kicking, screaming Rick under the bed.

179 UNDER THE BED - HORIZONTAL VIEW OF BANDAGED DARKMAN 179

nose to nose with Rick. Darkman peels the bandages from his mouth to reveal a gaping maw of burnt, crooked teeth.

DARKMAN
(fire-ravaged
voice)

You always knew there was something
like me under the bed.

CUT TO:

180 INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - LATER 180

A CORNER OF RICK'S ROOM - PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED

A badly beaten Rick hurls through frame and slams
into the corner.

181 DARKMAN'S SKELETAL FISTS 181

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.

181 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 EXT. NIGHT - ROW OF STONE GARGOYLES

182

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:

DARKMAN
I've been bad.

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

183 INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

183

The light of a street-lamp dimly illuminates Julie, asleep in bed. She sighs in her sleep and gently turns away from some disquieting presence in her dream. 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

183 CONTINUED

THE DARKMAN

stands over the bed, swathed in bandages, staring. A few chords from Love in the Dark play over the image. But distorted now, ominous.

DARKMAN

reaches out and delicately touches Julie's hair with a skeletal claw--a twisted reprise of the earlier scene. Julie shivers and instinctively recoils in her sleep. Darkman quickly removes the offending hand.

Darkman stands motionless for a long time. We move in on 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 obscuring his face in the photograph. He closes his eyes. Then quietly:

PEYTON

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

JULIE

suddenly sits up from a dream and cries;

JULIE

Peyton...?

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

183

HER POV

The curtains flutter in the wind. She is alone.

CUT TO:

184 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

184

DARKMAN'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.

185 INT WAREHOUSE

BLACKNESS

The steel door slides open, letting in bright sunlight, revealing the interior of a deserted warehouse.

THE DARKMAN

appears silhouetted in the doorway. He pushes the shopping cart into the warehouse and disappears into the darkness. He steps into a shaft of light. CAMERA PANS up his old black shoes, ratty black coat, past dangling gauze, to the bandaged face of the Darkman. He surveys the cavernous interior.

A SPOTTED CAT

meows at his feet. He reaches down to stroke it. The cat scratches him and runs off with a shriek.

LONG SHOT - DARKMAN

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 insulated cord to the metal base of one of the cylinders.

CONTINUED

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 partially--one cut off by someone's shoulder, another by the frame of the picture... The last picture shows Julie on his shoulder laughing--covering Peyton's eyes with her 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 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

OUR VIEW moves across a slummy version of Dr. Peyton Westlake's lab--reassembled by Darkman.

DARKMAN

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

V187

V187 ON THE SCREEN

appears a line drawing of the photograph. As Peyton punches in information:

OMIT

188
P189
H189

188 OMIT
P189 DARKMAN LAB
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 DARKMAN

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. Scale: 1.38 millimoles = 8.7 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. Darkman lifts his head and sniffs at a wisp of smoke. CAMERA PANS WITH HIS

CONTINUED

192 CONTINUED

GLANCE TO...

HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND

boney fingers poke through the bandages as he gently swirls a test tube of liquid skin over the flame of a Bunsen burner. He has failed to notice that his hand is burning.

DARKMAN

pulls his hand away from the flame and studies the smoldering digits. He is stunned by his lack of normal human sensation. Quietly;

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

H193 HOLOGRAM

In the time that has passed, the image of Peyton's face is growing more clear.

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, still studying his gnarled knuckles. Sunlight pours in the lab from a small ceiling window. He turns quickly and faces the cat. A small, sound bubbles up from his ravaged larynx; A deep, awful laugh...

CUT TO:

196 EXT. ONASSIS CONEY ISLAND RESTAURANT- DAY

196

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

197A

CLICK--freezes the moment.

197B CLICK--Pauly moving away, carrying the briefcase.

197B

CLICK--he looks to his right, and

CLICK--to his left.

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

197C

MATCHING CUT TO:

198 PAULY'S HAND

198

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

CONTINUED

198 CONTINUED

198

THE CAT

enters frame, atop a lab table. Camera tracks with it as it passes between rows of photographs of Pauly's face and hands which hang dripping from a clothesline. On another 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 THE TURNING HOLOGRAPH OF PEYTON'S HEAD --

H198

the features more defined now, more recognizable--

199 THE CAT

199

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 THE BANDAGED HAND

200

moves close to pet the cat.

201 THE CAT

201

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

202 COMPUTER INPUT SLOT

202

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

V203 ON COMPUTER SCREEN

V203

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

- 81.
- P204 DARKMAN LAB P204
- H204 WITHIN THE SLIGHTLY SCORCHED GLASS CYLINDER H204
- A hologram of Pauly's hand flickers to life, turning in sync with the one on the computer screen.
- 205 THE SALVAGED BIO-PRESS 205
- 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 DARKMAN'S BANDAGED HANDS 206
- enter frame; he unwraps the bandages.
- 207 USED HAND BANDAGES 207
- form a pile atop the lab table.
- 208 A FORCEPS 208
- removes what looks like a wet, flesh colored surgical glove from the Bio-Press.
- 209 The nasty bone digits of Darkman's hand snake into the glove. 209
- 210 DARKMAN 210
- 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 DARKMAN'S "NEW" HAND 211
- begins unraveling the bandages that cover his head.
- 212 THE CAT 212
- is looking up from a defensive crouch. Back arched, it starts to back away.

213

213 COMPUTER KEYBOARD

One "Pauly hand" and one singed skeleton claw type together at the keyboard. The sound of bone striking plastic is strange and unnerving.

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

216 A GLOVED HAND

presses a chloroformed handkerchief over his mouth and nose. He struggles. O.S. The alarm clock RINGS. As Pauly sinks into a deep sleep, the bell winds down. The gloved hand removes the chloroform from his face.

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

removes a suitcase from the closet. He packs it with Pauly's clothes, latches it shut. From his ratty black overcoat, he removes. . .

219

219 TWO FIRST CLASS AIRLINE TICKETS

He places them atop the suitcase.

220

220 INT. PAULY'S BATHROOM - DAY

The mummified Darkman is reflected in the mirror. He carefully unwraps the bandages from his face. The face beneath is Pauly's. Just a little more perfect than it should be. The skin a little tighter, the complexion a little better.

221 DARKMAN/PAULY

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

221

222 DIGITAL STOP-WATCH

It TICKS off the seconds.

222

223 DARKMAN/PAULY

Pockets the watch and smiles into the mirror. He opens the medicine cabinet and splashes a handful of Pauly's cologne.

223

CUT TO:

224 INT. ONASSIS CONEY ISLAND RESTAURANT - DAY

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

224

225 DIGITAL STOP-WATCH

It reads: 35 minutes. He pockets the watch as:

225

226 SKIP AND GUZMAN

enter. They take seats across from him. Skip seems angry.

226

SKIP

Durant wants to know where Rick is.
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

226 CONTINUED

DARKMAN/PAULY

shrugs an exaggerated "how-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 INT. PAULY'S BEDROOM - DAY PAULY? DARKMAN/PAULY? 227

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 CRASH! 228

The door is kicked off its hinges revealing GUZMAN.

229 PAULY

is sitting up in bed. Although he's just waking up, he is dressed in a suit and tie. Pauly touches his clothes, 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)-

I musta overslept. I'm sorry, I guess I missed the pick-up, huh?

DURANT

Where is the money, Pauly?

PAULY

(desperate)
What money? I didn't make the pick-up.

Durant crosses to the suitcase and picks up one of the airline tickets. His smile is strained.

CONTINUED

229 CONTINUED

DURANT
 Rio... And first class. How
 delightful.
 (picks up other
 ticket)
 Ah, 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 DURANT

tucks the tickets into Pauly's jacket.

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

231 EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

PAULY - STUNT DOUBLE

CRASH!!!

Pauly CRASHES through the window on the 23rd floor.

232 EXT. HIGH RISE - DAY

PAULY DUMMY

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

(Revised scene numbers 2-17-89)

		87.
B233	CLOSE ON PAULY - BLUE SCREEN	B233
	Falling, trying to find the air to shriek as. . .	
P234	THE SKYSCRAPER	P234
	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	SHOCKED WOMAN'S P.O.V.	238
	PANNING from dead Pauly to living Pauly/Darkman, who sits and watches calmly.	
239	THE WOMAN	239
	SHRIEKS and SHRIEKS. She has to be restrained by the crowd.	
240	PAULY/DARKMAN	240
	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	THE STOPWATCH	241
	It reads: 98 minutes	

242 PAULY/DARKMAN

still clutching the briefcase of cash, jogs into the cool dark of an alley. A thin wisp of smoke trails behind him as he disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

243 INT. JULIE'S APT.

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

JULIE

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

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

STRACK

Thank you, whiskey neat.

He takes off his coat.

STRACK

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

JULIE

It's on the etagere...

Strack has already found it and is dialing.

STRACK

Franz... Louis Strack here. What did gold close at in Zurich?... Interesting... Make a play for fifty-thousand Krugerrands when the market opens in the morning.

Strack hangs up the phone and turns towards Julie.

CONTINUED

243 CONTINUED

STRACK
I haven't felt this alive since the days of the Silver Puts and Calls. 'Course you're too young to remember that. I guess I'm just an over-the-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
I like that. I like that fine. You don't let me get away with anything.

He sighs and sits down on the sofa, sips his drink and looks across at Julie.

STRACK
You know, as much as I'd like to think differently, I suppose I'm not above the occasional childish bid for attention.

Julie smiles.

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 they think you want to hear--in short, they rob you of your humanity... but you'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

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

243 CONTINUED(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 PULL BACK

244

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

244A THE DARKMAN

244A

Hidden in the shadowy bushes. His face is flooded with pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

S245 INT. DARKMAN'S WAREHOUSE

S245

SKELETAL FINGERS

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

CUT TO:

246 AN EYE

246

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

CUT TO:

247 SYNTHETIC SKIN MOLECULES

247

enlarged a million times, configured in an agar
protoplasm bath.

CUT TO:

248

248 THE EYE

floating, the pupil darting nervously about.

DARKMAN (VO)
(fire-ravaged
voice)
Okay... okay... remain stable ...rema-

249

249 SYNTHETIC SKIN MOLECULES

fragment.

250

250 DIGITAL STOPWATCH

It reads: 99 minutes.

S251

S251 SKELETAL FINGERS

halt in mid tap. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal. . .

252

252 DARKMAN

frozen, above the microscope.

253

253 THE CAT

MEOWS in fear.

S254

S254 DARKMAN

looks at his carbonized claws in disgust. They clutch
at his bandaged skull. He stands suddenly and shouts
to the empty warehouse:

261 DARKMAN

261

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

S262 DARKMAN'S REFLECTION

S262

in the puddle. It is the image of a madman.

S263 DARKMAN

S263

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.

I'VE GOT-- DARKMAN

BAM!

--TO GET-- DARKMAN

BAM!

--CONTROL! DARKMAN

BAM!

He takes in a deep breath and concentrates on his. . .

264 HAND

264

He forces it to unclench.

I got to keep a lid on it. DARKMAN

The pipe falls.

S200

S265 DARKMAN

moves to a cooler light.

DARKMAN

(quiet)

Control the rage. Analyze. Wait.
Think objectively. I'm a scientist.
I'm a scientist.

He stares at. . .

266 THE HUNDREDS OF LAB SHEETS

266

the piles of discarded petri dishes.

S267 DARKMAN

S267

With less conviction:

DARKMAN

...I'm... a scientist.

Suddenly:

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

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

268 THE COMPUTER SCREEN

268

flashes a message--RECONSTITUTION COMPLETE. At the
same time:

P269 DARKMAN LAB

P269

H269 THE HOLOGRAM

H269

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

P270 DARKMAN LAB

96.

P2

H270 DARKMAN

H270

moves toward his old self, staring in wonder. Love in the Dark theme comes on the sound track as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

271 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - WIDE SHOT OF JULIE

271

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

272 PEYTON'S MARKER

272

Julie reaches down and places a wreath of flowers on it. Her eyes tear.

VOICE (O.S.)

Julie.

She spins to face this intruder into her quiet grief.

273 HER POV

273

Peyton--his face restored, the Peyton she knew -- smiling warmly at her.

274 JULIE

274

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

QUICK FADE TO BLACK.

275 QUICK FADE IN; PEYTON

275

is gently slapping the side of Julie's face. Gradually Julie regains consciousness.

JULIE
(thickly)
Peyton... Peyton...

CONTINUED

275 CONTINUED

PEYTON

Julie...

JULIE

Is it really...?

PEYTON

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

JULIE

I thought you were dead...

PEYTON

I was in a burn ward -- a coma -- dead
to the world. I -- I was burned.
Bad.

JULIE

You look the same. You look fine.

PEYTON

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

276 OMIT

276

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

277

PEYTON

I -- I needed to see you. I needed to
know if things could be the same with
us.

JULIE

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

PEYTON

Please, Julie. I'll tell you
everything. I just need a little
time.

278 PEYTON'S EYES

278

widen in alarm. He turns one side of his face sharply
away from Julie.

279

279 HIS SYNTHETIC CHEEK

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

JULIE

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

280

280 PEYTON

is lurching to his feet.

PEYTON

Sweetheart. . . I'm sorry.

281

281 JULIE

is stunned, bewildered.

JULIE

Peyton...

282

282 HER P.O.V. - LOW ANGLE - PEYTON

is already hotfooting it away across the Graveyard, one hand clamped to his face, plunging on towards the soothing darkness of the woods.

CUT TO:

283

283 INT. A BEDROOM

The lights are romantically dim.

CONTINUED

283 CONTINUED

283

PEYTON AND 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. Love 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.
Julie's eyes open. She reels back...then lets out an
EAR-PIERCING SCREAM OF PRIMAL TERROR.

CUT TO:

284 THE DARKMAN

284

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

CUT TO:

285 INT. DURANT'S HOUSE

285

Professional hands busily performing the process of
taxidermy. CAMERA PANS UP TO. . .Durant, cradling a
telephone to his shoulder, talking as he works.

DURANT (O.S.)

(gruff)

It's Durant. Robert G. Durant.

CONTINUED

285 CONTINUED

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

professionally preserved and arranged in neat little rows. Some still with rings. He closes the cover of the box.

286 EXT. DURANT'S HOME - NIGHT

286

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

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 lightning, 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

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 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY - PEYTON AND JULIE

287

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 JULIE'S HAND

288

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

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

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.

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

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 Durant enters frame holding a stack of frozen pizzas. He sets them on the counter before the lone clerk.

291

CLERK

Wanna bag for that?

DURANT

That would be just fine for me.

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

292

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
CLOSE SHOT--DURANT

293

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

CONTINUED

293 CONTINUED

DURANT

Yeah, I'm Robert G. Durant...

The camera is pulling back to reveal that he is standing in the open doorway of his home, facing two 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 INT. MIDNIGHT BLUE CONTINENTAL - DAY

294

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 EXT CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

295

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.

DARKMAN/DURANT

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

CLOSE ON WATCH

It reads; 90 minutes.

CONTINUED

295 CONTINUED

THE DARKMAN

follows fuzman into the restaurant.

CUT TO:

296 EXT. POLICE STATION

296

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

Jumps into a waiting taxi cab and bellows at the driver:

DURANT

The Mandarin! Fast!

The cab PEELS out.

CUT TO:

297 INT. MANDARIN RESTAURANT - DAY

297

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

297 CONTINUED

HUNG FAT

... Or do me the greater honor of
remaining on your feet!

DURANT/DARKMAN

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.

THE DARKMAN

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

297 CONTINUED(2)

HUNG FAT

...The white powder no longer flows in
its 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 miserable 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

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. He closes his eyes and sighs. He removes a cigar from his breast pocket.

With his eyes closed:

DARKMAN

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 Darkman has just snipped the cigar to a third of its former size. He lights it and puffs.

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 EXT. STREET

298

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

CUT TO:

299 INT. MANDARIN CUISINE
DURANT/DARKMAN'S CIGAR

299

is extinguished in an ashtray as a briefcase is set down alongside it. Placed there by ...

A BURLY CHINESE 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.

DURANT/DARKMAN and GUZMAN

head for the revolving doors.

300 DURANT/DARKMAN'S FACE

300

A tiny skin blister has bubbled up on his light-sensitive facial mask. His hand comes up to smooth it out.

301

BODY GUARD (O.S.)

301

HEY YOU!

DURANT/DARKMAN

spins, caught.

CONTINUED

301 CONTINUED

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 EXT MANDARIN RESTAURANT - REAL DURANT

302

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 INT MANDARIN RESTAURANT - DURANT/DARKMAN

303

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

303 CONTINUED

REAL DURANT

whose disbelieving face moves closer to get a better look.

THE TWO DURANTS

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

GUZMAN
stands upon the sidewalk, gaping in wonder.

GUZMAN
Dios Mio! Aye que papa!

DURANT/DARKMAN

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

DURANT/DARKMAN
SHOOT HIM!!!

GUZMAN

draws his gun and waits, sweating.

REAL DURANT

spins past the incredulous Guzman who stands ready to shoot him. Real Durant points to the Durant behind him.

REAL DURANT
SHOOT HIM!!!

The revolving doors whirl faster. Round he goes.

GUZMAN

nods, recalibrates his orders and stands ready to fire.

CONTINUED

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

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.

B304 STANDING DURANT

B304

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!!

P304 GUZMAN

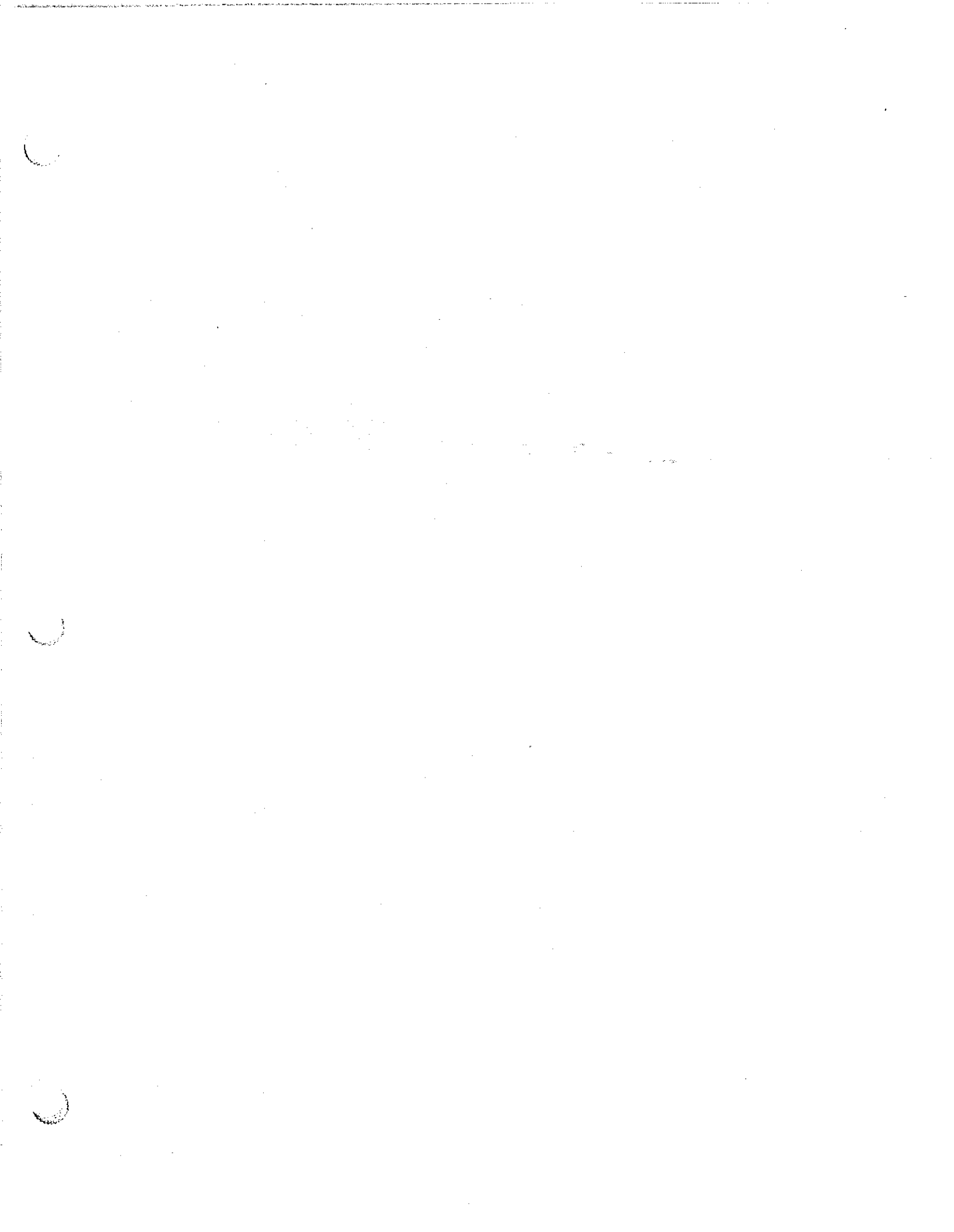
P304

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

305 STANDING DURANT

305

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



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!

307 THE COIN OPERATED NEWSSTAND 307

next to the Darkman explodes in a shower of glass. We hear the frightened screams of pedestrians as they scatter.

308 DARKMAN'S FACE 308

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

309 DURANT AND GUZMAN 309

follow after the Darkman. They are joined by a gun-toting Trumayne. All three of them fire at once.

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

310 INT. SUBWAY - STAIRS TO THE TRAIN PLATFORM 310

Darkman takes a bullet in the arm. Although he can't feel it, the impact knocks him down the concrete stairs. He touches his wound and his hand comes away bloody.

CLOSE SHOT - DARKMAN/DURANT

His smoking face reveals no pain, only puzzlement. He vaults over the turnstile and races down the platform.

311 INT. SUBWAY - STAIRS TO THE TRAIN PLATFORM 311
DURANT, RUDY, AND TRUMAYNE

note the blood as they reload.

DURANT

Got you.

CONTINUED

311 CONTINUED

They jump the turnstile with guns drawn and look about for the Darkman. Commuters scatter.

Durant spots something lying on the platform. He picks it up.

THE THING

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

312 THE MELTING FACIAL MASK

312

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 GUZMAN AND TRUMAYNE

313

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 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

314

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

CONTINUED

314 CONTINUED

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

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

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

He listens.

Silence.

TRUMAYNE

Gettin' jumpy. Like Rick.

A faint cough comes from the blackness ahead.

TRUMAYNE

raises the penlight.

THE FEEBLE LIGHT BEAM

cannot pierce the darkness. Trumayne bends down and picks up the bottle, keeping his fearful eyes on the darkness ahead.

The cough again.

TRUMAYNE

heaves the bottle at the sound.

316 SLOW MOTION - WINE BOTTLE

as it tumbles end over end into the darkness.

316

317 TRUMAYNE

317

waits for the crash, ready to fire at anything that moves.

HIS POV

Blackness. No sound.

TRUMAYNE

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

HIS POV

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

317 CONTINUED

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. Crazy with fear. The illumination fades.

GUN BARREL

spins and spits sparks--BLAM!

ANOTHER TUNNEL

illuminated--empty. The light fades.

GUN BARREL

BLAM!

P318 TUNNEL (Melting)

P318

B318 THE DARKMAN. . . ILLUMINATED. . . UNMASKED!

B318

The split-second flash has caught him pouncing in mid-air.

CONTINUED

B318 CONTINUED

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 head is a hairless skull, covered with random bits of scar and char. Without the benefit of gums or lips, the entire length 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 DURANT AND GUZMAN

319

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

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

322 CONTINUED

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

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

323 THE TRAIN

323

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

324 THE FRONT WHEELS OF THE TRAIN

324

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

B325 TRACKING WITH DARKMAN'S BONEY JAW

B325

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

326 PULLING DURANT

326

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 HIS POV - A SECTION OF RAISED SUBWAY TRACK

327

in the middle of the track, a shallow depression.

328 DURANT'S FEET

328

running only a shoe's length ahead of the sparking wheel.

329 PULLING DURANT

329

as he desperately leaps for the depression in the tracks. He appears to go down right under the train.

330 UNDER THE TRACK - DURANT

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

VROOOOOOOOM!

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 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:

332 INT. WAREHOUSE

332

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 JULIE

333

beautiful as ever.

JULIE

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

334 Back to the monster face:

334

DARKMAN

(intense)

Can I--can I see you?

CLINK! The bullet is dislodged from the wound and drops on the table.

CUT TO:

335 PEOPLE SCREAMING

335

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

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

335 CONTINUED(2)

Peyton stares 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

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 PEYTON'S VEIN

336

pulses.

337

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

337

ATTENDANT
No 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.

338 BRIEF CUTS

338

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

339 PEYTON

339

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 offscreen, we hear the attendant's voice:

ATTENDANT
You heard me, weirdo. Get lost!

341 CRACK!

341

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

342 PEYTON'S FACE

342

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

343 PEOPLE SCREAMING

343

344 HORSES BOBBING

344

345 CLOWN LAUGHING, DOING A JIG IN A FUNNY HAT

345

346 ROCKET BACK OUT TO:

346

PEYTON

Screaming. A skin blister bubbles on his cheek.

352 Another skin blister opens. 352

JULIE
Peyton! No!

PEYTON
Take it!

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

JULIE
Please!

PEYTON
TAKE THE FUCKING ELEPHANT!!

354 She is looking at him, frozen in horror. 354

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

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

PEYTON
... Forgive me!

He runs off, the fuzzy pink elephant still clasped,
forgotten, beneath one arm.

357 Julie runs after him. 357

JULIE
Peyton!

358 EXT. STREET 358

DARKMAN

disappears around a corner, trailing thin wisps of
smoke.

- 359 EXT. WAREHOUSE - ALLEY 359
Darkman rushes down the darkened alley, unlocks the warehouse door and rushes inside. CAMERA PANS TO:
- 360 JULIE 360
who has seen it all from the shadows.
- 361 INT. WAREHOUSE 361
There's A HORRIBLE RIPPING NOISE. Darkman is destroying something, flailing his arms....
...CREAK.
- 362 DARKMAN'S EYES 362
roll toward the noise. He steps back into the shadows.
- 363 INT. WAREHOUSE 363
Julie slips through a warehouse window. She is confronted by rack upon rack of clothing, shoes, body padding, and wigs. The place looks like the wardrobe room of a major studio.
- JULIE
Peyton?!
- 364 No answer. She cautiously advances. Her eyes fall upon something that makes her gasp. 364
- 365 THE PINK ELEPHANT 365
ripped to shreds, it's white stuffing all over the place.
- 366 He moves forward towards a darkened corner of the lab. 366

CONTINUED

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.

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.

368 Beyond, two lab tables, made of old doors, which hang suspended from the ceiling by chains. Atop them, test tubes, and beakers of liquid skin. In the place of the bunsen burner, there sits a propane torch. The salvaged bucket seat of an 66' Ford Mustang serves as the lab chair.

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 JULIE

backs away frightened, right into. . .

THE LIMP AND WRINKLED HEAD OF PEYTON

hanging from a hook.

371 JULIE

her hand trembles as she lifts the eyeless face into frame. She forces herself to examine it closely. Her revulsion gives way to pity. She brings it into the beam of light.

(Revised scene numbers 2-17-89)

138.

S372 JULIE'S HAND HOLDS THE MASK .

S372

Accompanied by the sound of BUZZING FLIES and
SIZZLING Skin blisters boil furiously. She drops it
a scream

373 She steadies herself against the computer table
There are tears in her eyes. Trembling, she turns to
face the darkness.

373

374 DARKMAN

374

Presses himself into the shadows.

JULIE
Peyton. . .?

375 DARKMAN

375

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 DARKMAN

376

shamed, to be both coward and monster, clutches his
bony hand to his skull.

JULIE
You had no right--

377 Tears stream down Julie's face but she is too upset
to brush them away. She moves forward.

377

JULIE
Coward!

378 She angrily shoves the computer off the table. It
crashes to the ground, sparking.

378

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 DARKMAN

379

He is shaken by a silent sob. More of his face falls
into light, illuminating leathery neck muscles and
hideous bone.

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.

380

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 CLOSE ON DARKMAN

381

his eyes expressing a ray of hope he didn't think
possible until now. O.S. We hear the sound of
RETREATING FOOTSTEPS.

DARKMAN

(too quietly to
hear)

Julie...

(then louder; in

Julie.

382 But Julie is gone.

382

CUT TO:

383 INT. STRACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

383

Strack, 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 Krugerands.

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.

CONTINUED

383 CONTINUED

Strack's eyes dart nervously to the door.

STRACK
(hoarsely)

Sh...
(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 INT. STRACK'S LUXURIOUS STUDY- DAY

384

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 Fliedermouse 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

384 CONTINUED

JULIE

You know about Peyton, the man I was seeing--

STRACK

Of course--

JULIE

Louis, he's alive. He's back. He was burned, horribly, horribly burned--I don't understand what happened but I know he needs my help.

Strack is visibly taken aback. He sets the brandy down.

STRACK

...Your news has a bittersweet flavor... Of course I'm very happy for you. If there's anything I can do-- the finest medical care can be at your disposal--burn therapy, reconstructive surgery. How badly was he... mutilated?

Julie has broken down. She sits down on Strack's sofa, her body wracked with sobs.

STRACK

... Where is he, Julie?

JULIE

He's living in an abandoned warehouse. He's alone... he needs me.

The phone RINGS. Strack crosses to the desk and picks it up.

STRACK

Not now!... Who?... All right, I'll take it in the other room.

He looks up at Julie.

CONTINUED

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

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

387 CONTINUED

STRACK
I suppose this is goodbye then.

Julie stares hatefully at him for a beat, then hurries out the door.

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.

388

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.

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

388 CONTINUED

DURANT
Westlake? He's dead. I saw to it
myself.

STRACK
He's alive. I don't like loose ends,
Robert. Finish it.

DURANT
Okay. Where is he?

Strack smiles.

STRACK
I believe we have a guide.

CUT TO:

389 EXT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

389

A cab stops across the street from the warehouse and
Julie emerges.

TRACKING WITH JULIE

as she crosses the street. The street is silent,
desolate... Suddenly from out of nowhere,

A MIDNIGHT BLUE CONTINENTAL - UNDERCRANKED
races toward her, about to run her over--

THE CONTINENTAL - UNDERCRANKED
SCREECHES to a stop, only inches from her.

CONTINUED

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 INT. WAREHOUSE

390

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 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF

391

The bandaged Darkman climbs up onto the roof from the
service ladder.

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA!!

The rooftop is riddled by bullets.

CONTINUED

391 CONTINUED

391

A HELICOPTER

rises suddenly into frame, over the edge of the roof. Leaning from the copter is Corky. He fires a machine gun, pounding the roof with gunfire.

392 INT. HELICOPTER

392

hovering over the roof of the warehouse. Durant, Skip and Corky inside.

DURANT

Peg 'em!

393 EXT. ROOF

393

Darkman rushes to the service ladder and climbs quickly down into the warehouse.

394 INT. WAREHOUSE

394

A DOOR

is kicked open as Smiley and Guzman enter, guns blazing, shooting the lab to hell. The gunfire stops and the lab is quiet.

Guzman speaks quietly into a 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 of the warehouse. Then, signals for Smiley to advance one way. He will go another.

They split up.

403

403 SMILEY

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

404

404 Footsteps. Coming closer through the darkness.

DURANT'S VOICE
(from the walkee-
talkee)

Come in, Smiley, come in! Come--

CLICK.

405 Smiley turns off the walkee-talkee. The footsteps are almost atop him. He takes aim.

405

406 SMILEY'S P.O.V. - A SECOND SMILEY racing out of the darkness at him.

406

407 SMILEY

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

407

BLAMMITY-BLAM!
BLAMMITY-BLAM!
BLAMMITY-BLAM!

408 THE MASKED SMILEY

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

408

409 SMILEY

peels back the mask with the barrel of his gun revealing. . . GUZMAN!!

409

410 SMILEY

410

loses his smile. A third Smiley stands slowly into frame behind the spooked Smiley.

SMILEY #3/DARKMAN
Good shootin'.

411 SMILEY

411

looks from the dead Smiley to his triplicate and SHRIEKS! But it's mercifully cut short as the Darkman is upon him.

412 INT. HELICOPTER

412

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

412 CONTINUED

The pilot lowers the throttle stick and

412A the chopper swoops down.

412A

413 A WHIRL OF PEBBLES

413

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 INT. WAREHOUSE

414

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 INT. HELICOPTER

415

Static on the walkee-talkee, then:

CONTINUED

415 CONTINUED

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...

WHOMP!—a bandaged hand slams into Durant's chest to grab him and start hauling him towards the door.

The Darkman is dragging him out towards the roof.

PILOT
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!

Durant slashes the Darkman's arm with the door:

DURANT
TAKE HER UP!

416 The helicopter starts rising.

416

DARKMAN

is yanked from his feet.

THE HELICOPTER

climbs, lifting the Darkman clear of the rooftop.

CUT TO:

417 INT. WAREHOUSE

417

Skip and Corky stand frozen. A small sound. They turn:

H417 THE PLASTIC BIRD

H417

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.

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...

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
EXT. SKY - PANNING DOWN.

P422

P423 MINIATURE - EXT WAREHOUSE -

P423

--KA-BOOM! The roof below him blows.

B424 BLUE SCREEN -

B424

The Darkman's arm is almost torn from it's socket by the snap of the ladder but he hangs on tight.

425 INT. HELICOPTER

425

The force of the explosion ROCKS the helicopter. The pilot loses control and the helicopter spins wildly in rapid 360s like the speeded up arms of a clock.

B426 DARKMAN

B426

is barely able to hold onto the ladder. Below him,

P426 the tiny city is a spinning blur of metal and asphalt and glass.

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.

429 SMASH!

429

THE DARKMAN

is hurled through the window of an office on the 70th floor of a skyscraper.

430 INT. OFFICE

430

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 Suddenly, the faces start to recede... SMASH!... The Darkman is yanked back out the window, breaking the remaining glass.

431

432 ON THE STREET BELOW

432

pedestrians scurry from the rain of falling glass. Camera swishes up to reveal...

433 THE HELICOPTER

433

as it roars away from the skyscraper at an insane angle, the pilot having finally managed to regain some control.

DURANT

Dip him!

434 THE HELICOPTER

434

angles sharply toward a busy freeway.

435 DARKMAN

435

is dipped into oncoming traffic. He barely clears the roof of a Cadillac by swinging his legs above it.

436 THE HELICOPTER

436

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 THE HELICOPTER

437

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 DARKMAN

438

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 DARKMAN'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.

439 HELICOPTER

439

Looking forward over Durant's and pilot's shoulders.
The pilot has the stick. We are rushing directly
towards an overpass.

DURANT

UP! PULL UP!

440 TRUCK ROOF

440

The ladder snaps taut against the hook.

HELICOPTER

We are about to be obliterated.

441 Pilot is yanking on the collective; the chopper whines.

441

PILOT

SHE WON'T GO!!

P441 THE OVERPASS

P441

rushing up.

P442 TRUCK ROOF

P442

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

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

B442

P443 OVERPASS

P443

taking up the entire screen.

--impact--KABOOM!

P444 TUNNEL

P444

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

B444

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

444A

CUT TO:

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

445 CONTINUED

DURANT

The man's a cockroach. You think you
kill him, and he pops up someplace
else.

A beat.

STRACK

I 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 INT. A CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - NIGHT

B446

RATTLING up the steel skeleton of a skyscraper,

P446 stars all around us.

P44

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

P446 CONTINUED

Strack gestures broadly with one arm.

STRACK

...It was just me and the Indians, no one else crazy enough to run around up here, against the wind, four-fifty an hour. Sure I resented it, but now-- call me crazy--sometimes I miss it, it sharpens your wits. Life on the edge. Five inches wide. Two hundred fifty feet down. High steel...

He turns to face Durant. There's a gun in his hand.

STRACK

You don't have any kids, Robert.

DURANT

What are you talking about?

STRACK

Or should I say, Doctor Westlake?

DURANT

I'm Durant! Robert G. Durant!

STRACK

Then I'm going to make a mistake.

There's a long beat. The vein begins to pulse on Durant's temple. His eyes grow predatory, evil.

DURANT/DARKMAN

(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

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 I 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/DARKMAN

(rasps)

Go to hell.

STRACK

Eventually, eventually...

He proceeds nimbly along the beam.

CONTINUED

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. I only destroy to build something better, whereas you... ah, here we are.

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.

447

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--SQUISHHHRIPPP!! -- tears his face off, tossing it over the edge..

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 pungy pit of steel spikes in the open foundation below. Finally it lands--splat--pierced through the eye by one of the rusty re-bars.

448

449 JULIE

449

gazes at Darkman's ghastly visage for the first time, overcome by horror and repulsion. Darkman's vein pulses like crazy.

Strack's tone is almost admiring:

STRACK

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

449 CONTINUED

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

Louis!

Strack turns around.

450 STRACK SR.

450

stands behind him, glaring angrily.

STRACK JR.

Father?

STRACK SR.
 (horrible rasp)
 I should've snuffed you out at birth!

With that Strack Sr. rips off his own face, exposing
 the enraged visage of Darkman... Strack reaches for
 his gun.

451 BAM!

451

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

STRACK AND DARKMAN

battle it out on the narrow girder, hundreds of feet of
 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

451 CONTINUED

451

A RIVET GUN

only a few inches from his grasp.

DARKMAN

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.

ZMMMMMM! ZMMMMMMMMMM!

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.

452

453 STRACK

453

STRACK

Now you get to watch your girl-friend die.

He moves toward a terrified Julie.

DARKMAN

SHRIEKS and reality melts around him as he tastes the hot soup of rage.

- 454 CRACK! 454
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. 456
- 457 The gold coins fall away to reveal Peyton's unscathed 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. 457
- 458 Peyton's face liquefies and flows off his head to reveal the face of the Darkman. 458
- 459 A drop of liquid Peyton falls upon... A cube of ice. It bursts into flames. 459
- 460 The camera races back from Darkman's eye... his vein pulsing madly. 460
- 461 DARKMAN'S RIVETED HAND 461
insensitive to pain, he pulls, every sinew concentrated on the task. GGGGGGGMMMMNNNNNNRRRR! A horrible grating sounds as the first rivet rips through steel... One hand is freed. GGGGGGGMMMMNNNNNNRRRRRR! ...The other is freed.
- 462 STRACK 462
with his back to him, doesn't have a chance to turn as:

CONTINUED

462 CONTINUED

DARKMAN

pounces.

He lifts him full into the air. Strack's legs and arms flail impotently.

DARKMAN

ARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Darkman hurls him up, up into the air.

463 Strack rises helpless, flailing his limbs... then begins to fall, yards away from the girder. 463

464 He spins, end over end, to--PPHHHHFFTHHMP!--be impaled on the rebars many floors below, next to Durant's face. 464

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

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

465 CONTINUED(2)

DARKMAN

What we had--our life together--it
belonged in the light of day.

He disappears into the darkness.

JULIE

Peyton!

Darkman's voice floats back as he stalks away:

DARKMAN

Peyton is gone...

466 He heads into the shadows. At the edge of the darkness
he pulls a mask from his coat and disappears behind a
construction trailer. A pedestrian reappears on the other
side. 466

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

snaps open a switch-blade. A second set of arms grabs
the street person and spins him around, revealing-- 467

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