

DOCTOR STRANGE

CLASSICS

I HAVE FINALLY REACHED MY GOAL! BUT WHAT INCONCEIVABLE WONDER AWAITS ME NOW?

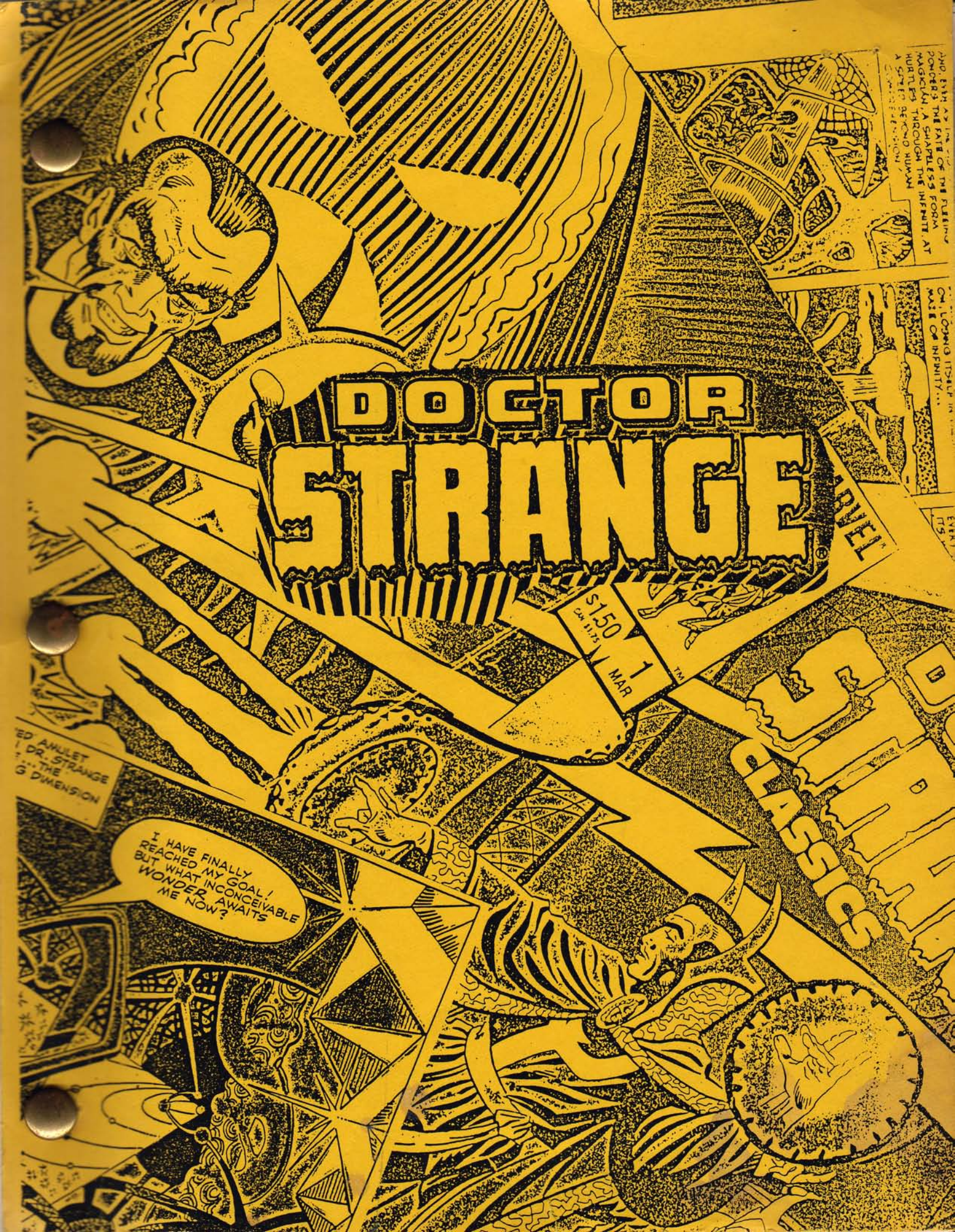
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I DR. STRANGE
THE G DIMENSION

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MAR 1

AND, EVEN AS THE FATE OF THE FUTURE...
PONGER, THE SHAPLET'S FORM AT
MURTERED THROUGH THE INFINITE AT
A CRYSTAL BEYOND HUMAN
A CRYSTAL BEYOND HUMAN

ON LOVING ITSELF...
MADE OF INFINITY...

EVENTS





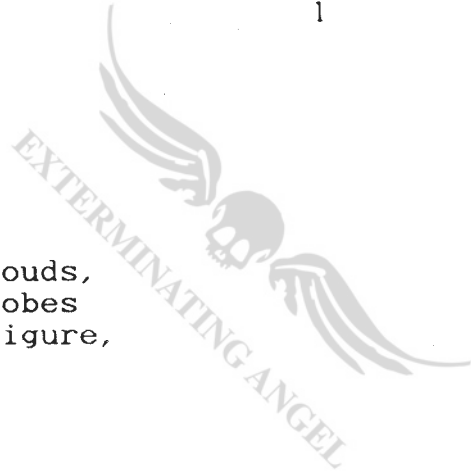
REPRESENTATION:
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SECOND DRAFT

screenplay by ALEX COX

original story by
STAN LEE and ALEX COX

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STONEHENGE EXTERIOR NIGHT

Beneath a moon almost obscured by storm clouds, a silent procession of SIX MEN in hooded robes slowly carries MERLIN - a frail, elderly figure, also robed - towards the centre of the STONE CIRCLE.

TITLE: THE SIXTH CENTURY
 STONEHENGE

STONE CIRCLE EXTERIOR NIGHT

As the wind whips their robes about them, the MEN gently lay their dying burden on the ground. They are surrounded by a hexagonal arrangement of large, BRIGHTLY BURNING TORCHES.

One hooded man, ARKKIN, kneels down beside the ancient sorcerer.

 ARKKIN
 You must not leave us, Merlin.

 MERLIN
 My time has come.

 ARKKIN
 With you gone, who will stand
 against the darkness?

 MERLIN
 You are my successor.
 I have trained you well.

 ARKKIN
 But the one we fear is immortal.
 In time I too shall age
 and die. What then?

 MERLIN
 Another will take your place,
 as you now take mine. The
 chain is eternal. There is
 always another.

LIGHTNING BOLTS flash down. The HOODED MEN cover their eyes with their hoods.

LIGHTNING strikes a direct hit on the stone where MERLIN lies, consuming him in electrical fire and breaking the stone asunder --

The lightning ends. The MEN lift their hoods,
turning to where MERLIN lay.

Only a fading luminescence hangs over the
splintered rock. MERLIN is gone. Forever.

NEW YORK CITY EXTERIOR DAY

A thick pall of brown smog obscures Central Park
and most of the island. Only the tallest buildings
emerge into brilliant spring sunlight..

TWO NEW SKYSCRAPERS dominate the skyline.
Atop one is the word, MORDO.
Atop the other, INDUSTRIES.

TITLE: NEW YORK CITY
1999

23rd & BROADWAY EXTERIOR DAY

Traffic is logjammed in all directions.
Visibility is down to six blocks.
ELECTRIC SIGNS repeat the words, OZONE LEVEL CRITICAL;
LEAVE YOUR CAR AT HOME.

Homeless people wash windows, fire-eat and panhandle
among the cars. An ambulance is stuck in traffic,
sirens blaring, unable to move.

Signs in the opulent store windows read,
HAPPY 21ST CENTURY!! and ADIOS 1999.

It is extremely hot.

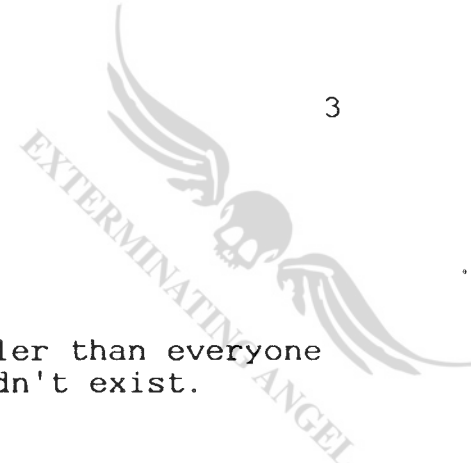
A VAST EXECUTIVE HELICOPTER bursts out of the smog haze
and passes overhead.

HELICOPTER INTERIOR DAY

BYRON MORDO sits in the back of his private chopper
listening to Kiri Te Kanawa singing Mozart's Laudete Dominum.

MORDO is in his 40's, big, powerful, a commanding presence.

He is impassive as his PILOT sets down on the roof of the
FLATIRON BUILDING. Security Men rush towards the bird.



FLATIRON BUILDING INTERIOR DAY

MORDO enters the lobby. He is a head taller than everyone else present and walks as if the crowd didn't exist. He stops to consult the directory.

Next to him a wizened, sickly man is coughing, patting his pockets looking for cigarettes.

MORDO finds what he's looking for -
NORLIN KANDELL ENTERPRISES.

The MAN beside him continues coughing, searching.
MORDO hands him a PACK OF CIGARETTES.

MORDO
Have some of mine.

The MAN nods, coughing, tearing the pack open.
BYRON MORDO smiles.

KANDELL ENTERPRISES INTERIOR DAY

The tiny outer office is completely empty save for a desk, an answering machine and a framed photograph of SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

MORDO pushes a button on the answering machine.

RECORDED VOICE
Welcome to Norlin Kandell Enterprises.
Please state your name and whom
you wish to see, after the tone.

MORDO waits for the tone. Bong.

MORDO
Byron Mordo for Norlin Kandell.

RECORDED VOICE
Thank you.

MORDO waits, impatient. There is nowhere for him to sit. The inner office door slides open.

KANDELL'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

KANDELL sits behind his desk, looking out of the window. His swivel chair is turned so that his back is to MORDO.

MORDO arrogantly tosses his topcoat over the back of a chair and sits down.

KANDELL
I've been expecting you, Mordo.

MORDO
You haven't replied to my offer.

KANDELL slowly swivels round to face MORDO.
He is an ancient, Asian man in a 3-piece tweed suit.

KANDELL
It was an ulitmatum.
I don't respond to ultimatum.

MORDO
You're leveraged out, Kandell.
I can acquire you any time I want.
(KANDELL nods, staring at MORDO.
MORDO becomes uncomfortable)
My Client is in a growth mode.
He needs this territory to expand
into. Don't be a fool --

KANDELL.
When is this "merger" due, Mordo?

MORDO shakes his head.

MORDO
I won't play games. I'm here to ease
you out or take you on board.
The choice is yours.

KANDELL lifts a glass of water to his lips.
He drinks.

MORDO
Damn it, old man. Take the
easy path. Isn't that what
you used to tell your students?

KANDELL lowers the glass. He gazes intently at MORDO.

KANDELL
I'm on the easy path, Mordo.
You're the one who's chosen to
live difficultly.

The glass on the table shatters.

MORDO
(rising)
The Takeover is going ahead.
With or without you.

KANDELL
Don't forget your coat.

FLATIRON BUILDING ROOF EXTERIOR DAY

MORDO emerges and heads for his helicopter.
Security Men open the door for him.

Beside the building a huge CONSTRUCTION CRANE rises.
It bears Mordo's name.

KANDELL'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

KANDELL sits at his desk, concentrating.

A shadow passes across the window.
KANDELL rises --

-- as a GIANT WRECKING BALL crashes through the glass
and brick, demolishing the office --

FLATIRON BUILDING EXTERIOR DAY

The WRECKING BALL hangs from the huge Mordo CRANE.
The ball swings back into space.
It too bears the word, "Mordo".

HELICOPTER INTERIOR DAY

The ground falls away.

MORDO is silent, enveloped in classical music again.

CLOSE IN on his PILOT's neck. The back is covered
with large, yellow scales - like a REPTILE's.

DR STRANGE'S HOUSE EXTERIOR NIGHT

The only residential building left on Bleeker Street,
it is surrounded by fast food joints, record and used
clothing stores, and the occasional fortune teller.

A three-storey brownstone with a large hexagonal
window in the upper floor and a greenish
copper-tinted gable roof.

TV SOUNDS waft to us from within.

TV VOICE

-- estimated as the worst oil
spill of the decade. The slick
is at least seventy miles long
and headed for the coast of --

DR STRANGE'S HOUSE INTERIOR NIGHT

WONG, the manservant of DR STEPHEN STRANGE, sits watching TV in his quarters. Of indeterminate age, Korean, WONG has a shaven head and wears a decorative Japanese robe and peasant pants over an ever-present pair of SNEAKERS.

CLICK! He switches TV STATIONS.

ON SCREEN, a cloud of smoke rises above a burning factory --

TV VOICE 2

-- while the fire at the I.C.A. Chemical Plant in Pakistan is thought to have caused more casualties than the combined disasters of CHERNOBYL and BHOPAL --

CLICK! WONG switches stations once again, flicking through commercials and disasters till he finds --

-- A CHAT SHOW.

ON SCREEN, two guests are involved in an intense discussion. One is an ECCENTRIC AUTHOR with a white suit and cravat. The other is a DASHING, SOMEWHAT ACADEMIC INDIVIDUAL in his late 30's. His brow is deeply lined and his dark eyes have an unsettling intensity. His black hair has turned white at the temples.

He is DOCTOR STRANGE.

ECCENTRIC AUTHOR

I speak to him all the time.

DOCTOR STRANGE

To Ivan the Terrible.

AUTHOR

Yes. It was through Ivan that I was able to predict the fall of Mr Gorbachev and the rise of Mr Yletsin, a full year before they actually took place.

STRANGE

(in fluent Russian)
Do you speak Russian?



AUTHOR
What?

STRANGE
I asked if you spoke Russian.

AUTHOR
No...

STRANGE
You don't speak Russian. Ivan the
Terrible spoke no English. How
to you manage to communicate?

The ECCENTRIC AUTHOR becomes flustered.

The TALK SHOW HOST intervenes.

HOST
Important point, Doctor.
We'll be back after these
equally important words.

BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

A CAR pulls up across the street from the STRANGE RESIDENCE.
In it are THREE HOODS, MANNY, MOE and CURLY,
and an unseen figure, SMOKE.

They study the building. No lights are visible within.

MANNY
No one's home.

SMOKE
Sssso? What are you ssssitting
here for?

CURLY
Let's go.

MANNY, MOE and CURLY get out of the car.
They are extremely big, and wear Armani suits.

They cross the street. MOE knocks on DR STRANGE's
front door with a fist which looks like it could shatter
a boulder.

WONG'S QUARTERS INTERIOR NIGHT

WONG pops a chocolate into his mouth.
He hears a terrific hammering sound downstairs.
He ignores it.

TALK SHOW HOST

(on TV)

You have such beautiful hands.

STRANGE

(on TV)

Why thank you, Oprah.

HOST

I believe those hands were once
severely injured in a tragic
accident, were they not?

STRANGE

It's not much of a story, really.

HOST

Tell us how you overcame that
disability.

BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

MANNY hurls a GARBAGE CAN through DR STRANGE's downstairs
window. He clambers through the broken glass, followed
by MOE and CURLY.

DRAWING ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

CURLY trips over the garbage can.

MOE points to the staircase. The THREE HOODS
tiptoe through the drawing room and up the stairs.

DR STRANGE'S STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

The room is large, hexagonal, lined with ancient
artifacts and religious icons from around the world -
the Far East in particular.

The HOODS enter and their eyes light on a large BOOK sitting
on a bird-shaped LECTERN. The BOOK is a thick, ancient
volume with an ornate leather cover.



They tiptoe stealthily towards the BOOK.

Elsewhere in the house we hear the sound of TV COMMERCIALS.

WONG'S QUARTERS INTERIOR NIGHT

WONG makes himself a pot of tea.

Pinned to the wall among the pictures of the Dalai Lama and the world's great Golf Courses is a POSTCARD depicting the same mountain range we saw in KANDELL's office.

STRANGE (on TV)
 -- no outward damage, but my
 nerves were seriously impaired.
 I had to give up my career
 as a surgeon and start
 all over, as it were...

DR STRANGE'S STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

MOE, MANNY and CURLY gaze greedily down on the ancient tome. MANNY turns the pages.

MANNY
 There ain't no writin'.

MOE shakes his head. CURLY squints.

Their POV - the pages are TOTALLY BLANK.


CURLY
 Ain't ours to reason why --

He reaches for the BOOK and lifts it from its pedistal. The THREE HOODS are immediately bathed in brilliant light. They scream.

WONG'S QUARTERS INTERIOR NIGHT

WONG carries his TEA back to the television. He is oblivious to the horrific OFF-SCREEN SCREAMS.

TV HOST
 Dr Strange, you've written, it must be a dozen books on weird events and the Occult. And yet as a reader I get the feeling you don't believe in any of it. Is that right?



EXTERMINATING ANGEL

BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

MANNY, MOE and CURLY come flying out of the drawing room windows.

They land, agog and battered, in the street. Their Armani suits are torn and smoking.

Across the street, SMOKE puts the car in gear and drives away.

DR STRANGE'S VOICE
Well, Oprah, I must confess
I AM something of a Sceptic.

TV STUDIO INTERIOR NIGHT

TANYA ANDERS watches from the Studio audience. An attractive woman in her mid 20's, she looks as if she hasn't slept in a long time.

Her eyes are fixed on DOCTOR STEPHEN STRANGE.

STRANGE
Although one thing I DO believe in is the power of the Human Brain. Did you know we use less than FIVE PERCENT of the capacity of our Unconscious Minds?

TV STUDIO INTERIOR NIGHT

The house lights are up, the audience dispersing. The ECCENTRIC AUTHOR is signing copies of his latest book.

STRANGE is leaving, accompanied by his literary agent, STEPHANIE CURTIS. STEPHANIE is very chic, very high energy, very pissed off.

STEPHANIE
How could you do it to me, Stephen? I move Heaven and Earth to get you on this show and all you do is criticise HIS book! You didn't even mention YOURS!

STRANGE
(oblivious)

Didn't I..? Great Scott.
It must have slipped my mind --

STEPHANIE

You don't need an agent like me,
Stephen. You need a KEEPER!

She hammers the Lift Call button.

STRANGE becomes aware that someone's watching him.
He turns around. It's TANYA ANDERS.

STRANGE

Hi.

TANYA

Doctor Strange, my name is Tanya
Anders and I need to talk to
you about my dreams. I mean,
about one in particular. There's
this void, see, and this place
where these rocks are --

The Elevator Arrive s. STEPHANIE tugs at his sleeve.

STEPHANIE

Let's go, Stephen.

STRANGE

I'd like to help you, ah,
Miss Anders, but dreams
aren't really my department. Why
don't you call my secretary, Wong?
Ask him to recommend a couple of
books on dream analysis --
(scribbling down a number)
-- and maybe a THERAPIST.

STEPHANIE hustles STRANGE into the elevator.

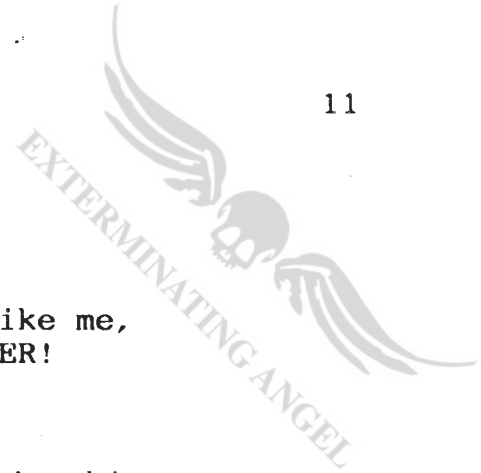
TANYA is left staring at her reflection in
the elevator doors. DESPERATION in her eyes.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER EXTERIOR NIGHT

A LINE OF LIMOUSINES is parked behind the police barricade.
They all have PARKING TICKETS.

MORDO'S HELICOPTER is moored where the ICE
SKATING RINK used to be.

MORDO'S VOICE echoes from LOUDSPEAKERS.



MORDO'S VOICE

Ladies and Gentlemen, I came here tonight from a building that I own. I travelled in my Executive Helicopter. Tomorrow if I go to San Diego or Seattle, it will be by 200 MILE PER HOUR BULLET TRAIN...

ROCKEFELLER BALLROOM

INTERIOR

NIGHT

MORDO stands at the head of a large banquet table. The ballroom is packed with dining INDUSTRIALISTS. He wears a red and gold tuxedo. He is the KEYNOTE SPEAKER and the assembled company hangs on his every word.

MORDO

It has not been easy for me. But it has not been hard, either, coming as I do from the GREATEST ENERGY-CONSUMING NATION IN THE WORLD.

(applause)

But spare a thought, if you will, for the rubber tapper in the Andes, or the components assembler in Bucharest. Who will deny him his democratic right to own a building, to travel to work in his Executive Helicopter? Where will they find the Million Megawatts to power their Bullet Trains?
(the applause grows)

All of us here know the answer. The Third World cannot afford to wait for high-tech windmills and solar cells. But - thanks to the generous IMF LOANS we have secured for them - they can afford the NUCLEAR OPTION NOW!

MASSIVE APPLAUSE.

Pull back to reveal the huge logo of MORDO ECO-NUCLEAR EXPORTS, INC.

"Energy Too Cheap To Meter for the Emerging World."

A RETAINER passes MORDO a portable phone.

MORDO takes the call.

ALL SOUNDS fade away. An icy wind blows from the earpiece. We hear a distant, RANTING ALIEN VOICE. MORDO listens with his head bowed.

MORDO looks afraid.



TAXI INTERIOR NIGHT

DOCTOR STRANGE and his AGENT share a cab.
The traffic moves faster after dark.
It is raining lightly.

STEPHANIE

I mean it, Stephen. Get me that
Outline of the New Book by Tuesday
at the latest. Or it's PHUT!

STRANGE is distracted by the bizarre extremes of wealth
and poverty that surround the CAB.

STEPHANIE

You know what PHUT means don't you
Stephen! PHUT means PHUT! FINITO!

STRANGE taps the DRIVER on the shoulder.

STRANGE

You can drop me here.

BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

A TAXI deposits DOCTOR STRANGE outside a Korean Grocery.
He bends to kiss his AGENT on the cheek.
The door slams and the TAXI speeds away.

KOREAN GROCERY INTERIOR NIGHT

DOCTOR STRANGE surveys the shelves of shaving gear.
There are scores of cans of AEROSOL SHAVING FOAM
and Mordo Industries' SELF-HEATING MORD-EDGE.

PROPRIETOR

Three big dudes in Armani Suits.
Rolling around in the street,
crying like babies. Weird...

STRANGE finally finds an old-style cake of SHAVING SOAP.
He goes to the counter. The Black GUARD by the door
watches a huge banner saying END OF THE CENTURY SALE
going up outside.

GUARD

Ain't New Years still a couple
months away?

STRANGE

It was last time I looked.

STRANGE pauses in the doorway, his eye caught by a CASSETTE TAPE in the tape rack. He pulls it out and looks at it. It is FALLIN' RAIN by LINK WRAY.

He obviously wants it. But the price tag - "SPECIAL OLDIES SALE - \$57" - makes him return it to the shelf.

He exits the store.

BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

DOCTOR STRANGE crosses the street heading for his house.

Something's wrong but at first we don't quite figure it out --- there is NO TRAFFIC on the street.

STEAM begins to pour through all the subway grilles as STRANGE approaches his residence.

TWO CITY WORKERS with orange helmets stare at him with cold, grey, pupil-less eyes.

As STRANGE climbs the steps, he hears the sound of HAMMERING within.

A car slides past him on the wet road and the eerie moment ends.

DR STRANGE'S HALLWAY INTERIOR NIGHT

WONG is hammering a sheet of plywood over the drawing room window as STRANGE enters. STRANGE takes the tool out of WONG's hand and begins hammering the wood himself. He is no more handy than WONG.

STRANGE

Who was it?

WONG

Don't know. Three of them.
Laid hands on Book.

He shakes his head and takes DR STRANGE's topcoat.
DR STRANGE frowns.

WONG

Want cocktail?

STRANGE

Yes, please, Wong. A martini.

WONG nods, takes off with STRANGE's coat.
He turns in the doorway.

WONG

Oh yeah -- Kandell's upstairs.

STRANGE puts down the hammer and the grocery bag,
and hurries past WONG, up the stairs.

STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

KANDELL studies the Book of the Vishanti.
He closes it as STRANGE enters the room.

STRANGE

Master.

KANDELL

Good evening, Doctor Strange.

KANDELL's clothes are covered with brick dust and
shards of glass, but he is calm and unharmed.

STRANGE bows to KANDELL, clasping his hands in front
of him. KANDELL walks over to him, barely aided by
a cane.

KANDELL

The time has come.

STRANGE looks up, visibly alarmed.
KANDELL betrays no emotion.

STRANGE

Three men broke in tonight.
They tried to steal the Book.

KANDELL

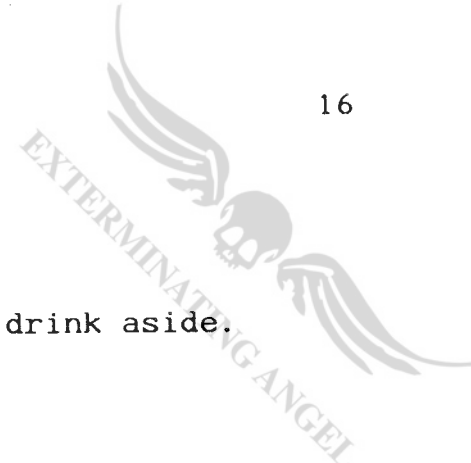
Mordo.

STRANGE

Mordo? But he gave us his word --

KANDELL

He isn't in a position to
remember that. I don't think
he remembers anything.
(he stands at the window,
staring into the street)
He has become Dormammu's Conduit.



WONG, entering with STRANGE's martini,
overhears KANDELL's words. He sets the drink aside.

WONG
Oh, shit.

GREENWICH VILLAGE EXTERIOR NIGHT

Seen from above, the Brownstone and the new developments
which surround the Village. A light glows in the
hexagonal window of the upper room.

STRANGE'S VOICE
By the Crimson Bands of Cyttorak
By the Shades of the Seraphim
Waft the Vapors of Valtorr
By the Omnipotent Oshtur --

A FORK OF LIGHTNING arcs across the sky.

UPPER ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

DOCTOR STRANGE, KANDELL and WONG are seated within a
FIVE-POINTED STAR drawn in salt on the dark wood floor.
A candle burns in a dish of water set at each point
of the star.

We see them from above.

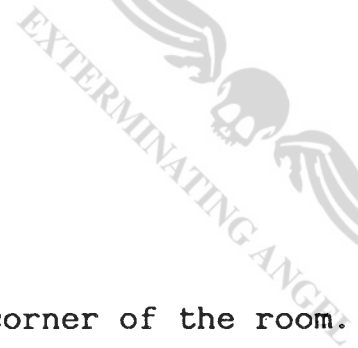
KANDELL and STRANGE are frozen in the lotus position.
STRANGE wears a finely-woven CLOAK with a high collar,
and a gold AMULET in the form of a sleeping EYE.

WONG is awake, wearing a Lakers cap, hunched over a
LAP-TOP COMPUTER surrounded by maps and atlases.

KANDELL
(his ancient voice
resonating powerfully)
Deus Infinitate Me Discipulorem
Res Ipso Loquitur Locus et Hora
Dormammu Rex Terrarum Mundi!

The CAMERA moves from the high angle to a HORIZONTAL one.
As it does so, we become aware that STRANGE and KANDELL
are floating two feet off the ground.

WONG
See anything?



STRANGE
I see... the SUN!

STRANGE'S POV - a tiny SUN rises in the corner of the room.

KANDELL
And I, the MOON.

His POV - the MOON rising behind a bookcase.

STRANGE
I see the Moon, now.

KANDELL
And I, the Sun.

The miniature SUN and MOON approach each other.

STRANGE & KANDELL
(in unison)
Eclipse!

WONG punches his computer keyboard.
Information flicks across the screen.

WONG
(reading)
Eclipse, Total, October 26th!

He takes off his hat and slaps it against his side.
Instantly the IMAGES are dispelled.

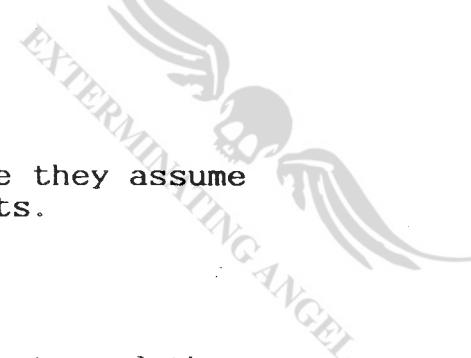
STRANGE floats earthward.

STRANGE
That's three days from today.

WONG
(still computing)
And visible... only from West
USA and Pacific Rim...

KANDELL's eyes are still closed and he appears to be
in a trance. Yet his hand reaches out and deals WONG
and STRANGE each a sharp blow on the shoulder
with his cane.

KANDELL
I suggest we apply all our
energy to the job at hand.



STRANGE and WONG are chastened. At once they assume prayerful postures and resume their chants.

NEWARK, N.J. EXTERIOR NIGHT

We pass over smoking waste-processing plants and the Airport and approach a run-down APARTMENT COMPLEX.

TANYA ANDERS' APARTMENT INTERIOR NIGHT

TANYA sits bolt upright on a sofa surrounded by half-unpacked suitcases and assorted mess. She has not lived here long. The room has H.G. Wells War of the Worlds wallpaper. TANYA stares at the TV, trying not to fall asleep.

TV VOICE

-- to mourn the death of Twinky, the world's last surviving Indian Elephant. In Cambodia, a earthquake measuring 6.7 levelled the Ruins of Angkor Wat --

TANYA's eyelids start to close.
Fade in the sound of INCANTATIONS.

MORDO'S OFFICE INTERIOR NIGHT

MORDO sits behind a massive marble desk. His office is in darkness. BRILLIANT YELLOW LIGHT emanates from his desktop computer and bathes him and the Science and Industry Mural on his office wall.

The light seems to tear at his skin, cracking and wrinkling it. At the same time, MORDO is growing larger, more muscular, his features more defined.

Over the INCANTATIONS we hear the mad, demonic VOICE which summoned him by phone.

TANYA'S APARTMENT INTERIOR NIGHT

TANYA wakes up, screaming. PAN TO the cockroaches scattering across the Martian Walking Machines marching across her walls.

KANDELL opens the door. A gust of cold wind rustles STRANGE's cloak. STRANGE looks up and sees --

-- KANDELL, framed against a MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF THE HIMALAYAS. It is the same mountain range we saw on WONG's postcard and KANDELL's office wall.

But it is real, and it is right outside the door.

We hear wind chimes, and the lowing of a herd of yaks.

KANDELL steps outside and shuts the door.

WONG re-enters the room.

WONG
Where he go?

STRANGE
Home.

WONG
He forgot his stick.

WONG picks up KANDELL's cane and hurries to the attic door. He opens it --

ANGLE ON the dirty copper-green roof covered with dust and pigeon shit. Traffic noise and brown carbon monoxide haze.

WONG
Damn it!
Pretty fast for old feller.

WONG grabs the Book of the Vishanti, heads downstairs. STRANGE follows him.

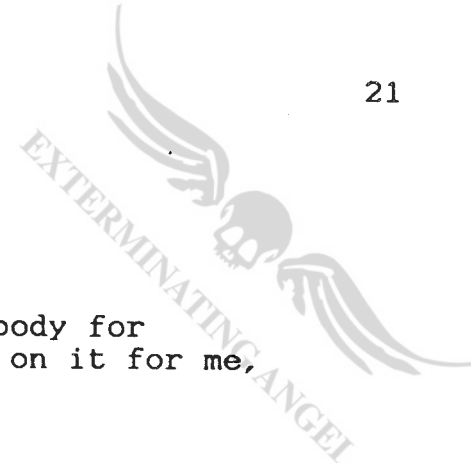
STRANGE
He seems older, though...

WONG
Happens even to the Greatest
Masters. You listen what
he said and get some rest.

They enter the --

STUDY INTERIOR MORNING

WONG draws the curtains, puts the Book of the Vishanti in a wall safe hidden behind a set of false volumes.



STRANGE

I'm going to leave my body for a while. Keep an eye on it for me, will you?

WONG

Sure thing boss!
(warning)
Not be gone long!

STRANGE slumps into a big armchair.

He starts to lean his head against his hand. His body freezes up before the motion is complete. For a moment all is still. Then --

-- A BLACK & WHITE IMAGE OF DOCTOR STRANGE bursts out of his body and swoops upward, passing unobstructed through the wall.

ABOVE GREENWICH VILLAGE EXTERIOR MORNING

Liberated from the tired burden of its physical being, DR STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM spirals upwards, rising high above his house.

Though the streets are crowded, no one observes his invisible MONOCHROMATIC SELF as it floats effortlessly above the city, pondering the next move.

DR STRANGE eyes the TWIN SKYSCRAPERS bearing the MORDO INDUSTRIES logo, rising from what was once Harlem.

Decision made, he streaks towards the TOWERS.

MORDO'S OUTER OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

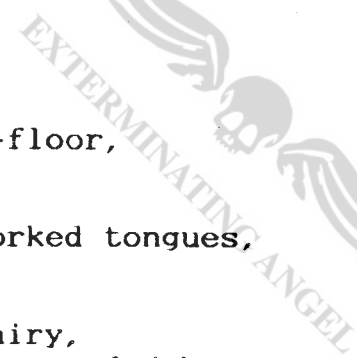
We track through a large open-plan space.

The walls are decorated with the names and logos of the many Mordo Industries Subsidiaries. Colour photographs depict their diverse functions -- TOBACCO FARMING, AEROSOL SPRAY MANUFACTURE, STRIP MINES, RAINFOREST-FELLING PROGRAMS, NUCLEAR EXPORTS TO THE THIRD WORLD...

A crowd of anxious MINIONS waits outside the door to the only private office in the place. MORDO can be heard within.

MORDO O/S

Pathetic amateurs!
What the Hell went wrong?



MORDO glares at the FOUR OCCUPANTS of his top-floor, corner-window office.

They are FOUR MEDIAEVAL DEMONS. They have forked tongues, cloven hoofs and horns. They are --

- BEELZEBUB, Lord of the Flies. Huge and hairy, with bug eyes and bristling antennae. Surrounded by buzzing insects.
- ASMODEUS, a handsome androgynous figure which sometimes is a woman, at other times a man. Clad always in black and white. Feet of a cock.
- MOLOCH, a compact, reptilian demon covered in yellow scales (the same scales we saw on the neck of MORDO's PILOT). The Destroyer.
- BAAL, alias "SMOKE". The Prince of Lies and Concealment. A being of wispy vapour with red eyes glowing like coals within.

BAAL

The Housse was protected by a ssspell.
We underesstimated its defencessss.

MOLOCH

(belching fire)
You shoulda let ME take care of it.

BAAL

My insstructions were to sssteal
the old man's sssorcerousss books,
not to assssassssinate him!

ASMODEUS

What's the matter, Mordo? Getting
sentimental about your old teacher?

MORDO

Silence!

A tap at the door. MORDO buzzes his secretary in.

Instantly his DEMON FAMILIARS are transformed into their human incarnations - PEDICURIST, PILOT, ACCOUNTANT and CHIEF OF LEGAL AFFAIRS.

SECRETARY

The Chairman of the Board of General
Motors is waiting in reception.
Also the Brazilian President.

MORDO ignores her. He prowls among his MINIONS.
She follows dutifully.

MORDO

In three days our Most Important
Client will be here. He will
expect everything to be JUST SO!
He will accept NO EXCUSES --
(aware that his SECRETARY
is dogging him)
-- What?

SECRETARY

Budapest called. They've had a
First-Stage Brown-Out. The
Mayor is trying to blame our
Aluminum Waste operation.

MORDO

Sue him. And double the output.

She exits smartly. As she passes the window,
we catch a glimpse of DR STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM outside.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING DAY

-- clinging like an astral fly to the glass,
peering into MORDO'S CORNER OFFICE, upside down.

He sees the SECRETARY leave. He is
unfazed as the DEMONS resume their real selves.

Then MORDO's desktop computer starts to smoke
and DR STRANGE slips through the window glass into --

MORDO'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

All eyes are fixed on the COMPUTER SCREEN.
The DEMONS gather around MORDO to bathe in the
emanating yellow brilliance.

DORMAMMU'S VOICE IS HEARD.

It is deep, resonant and commanding,
the voice of a great RULER and WARLORD.
It is also the voice of the ranting DEMON
from TANYA's dream.

DORMAMMU'S VOICE

Well, Mordo?

The DEMONS bow their heads respectfully.
MORDO stares straight into the screen.

MORDO
All is prepared, Dormammu.

DORMAMMU'S VOICE
And the Ancient One?

MORDO
Old and infirm.
He is of no consequence.

STRANGE'S PSYCHIC PRESENCE passes through the room.
A couple of the demons look up and sniff the air.

BAAL
He's lying. Mordo tried to steal
his mystic texts. He got his
asssss kicked...

MORDO glowers at BAAL, swirling smokily around him.

DORMAMMU
Mordo, you are a fool.

MORDO opens his mouth to speak. The YELLOW LIGHT roots
him to the spot. MORDO can barely breathe.

MORDO
Master --

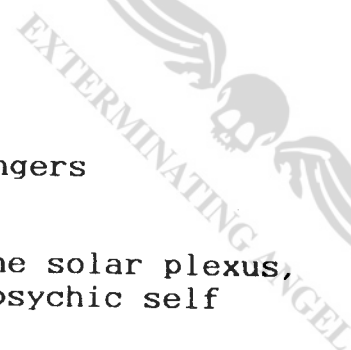
DORMAMMU
I won't be beaten by the Ancient Ones
this time, Mordo. I've waited for this
for 200,000 years. The Old Man must die!

The light tightens its grip on MORDO.
MORDO's ribs begin to crack.

MORDO
Dormammu - I swear -
In three days --

DORMAMMU
Silence! Don't you know
that even now his PUPIL'S ASTRAL PRESENCE
is here, spying on you?

LIGHTNING FLASH. The DEMONS begin to bay and howl.
The yellow light vanishes and MORDO jumps back,
shouting an ancient spell in Sanskrit.



BRIGHT LIGHT from the tips of MORDO's fingers surges forth and rakes the room.

It strikes DR STRANGE's astral form in the solar plexus, revealing his presence and knocking his psychic self spinning. The DEMONS hiss and howl.

MORDO
Strange! Well, this is going
to be a pleasure...

STRANGE vanishes.

The DEMONS look at MORDO and at each other.
The hairs on their bristly heads stand up --

-- CRASH!! A BARRAGE of LIGHTNING BOLTS and EERIE RAYS pour through the ceiling, setting the room ablaze.

Everything electrical SHORT-CIRCUITS.

The desktop Computer, hit by forked lightning, EXPLODES.

ABOVE THE BUILDING DAY

DOCTOR STRANGE hangs in the air with his arms outstretched.

WAVES OF ENERGY in which lightning spontaneously forms flow from his fingertips into the SKYSCRAPER below. Beads of ASTRAL SWEAT break out on his forehead. This massive psychic blast is draining his energy fast.

MORDO'S OUTER OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

Computer terminals blaze.
The sprinkler system activates.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GENERAL MOTORS and the PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL run for their lives.

MORDO'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

All is smoke, flame, crackling electrical discharges and pouring water. MORDO stands at his burning desk, furiously emitting ENERGY RAYS of his own.

Huge black-veined WINGS burst through the fabric of BEELZEBUB's suit. MOLOCH bundles up the lightning bolts and hurls them back at STRANGE.

ABOVE THE BUILDING DAY

STRANGE dodges the rays and the ball lightning.

Suddenly he is wrapped in SMOKE.

Blindly he hurtles away from the MORDO BUILDING, leaving the top floor ablaze.

MORDO'S OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

MORDO stares through the shattered window at STRANGE's diminishing astral form.

MORDO

May the Vapors of Valtorr
blind his eyes! Get him!!

BEELZEBUB takes to the air and crashes through the window, buzzing after STRANGE.

MOLOCH's astral form bursts from his body and streaks off beside his brother demon.

ABOVE NEW YORK

STRANGE wrestles with BAAL's ethereal smoky substance. It is choking him.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees the astral form of MOLOCH and the black shadow of BEELZEBUB flapping towards him.

He shouts a rapid incantation --

-- and his astral self shatters as if it were a mirror. A THOUSAND ASTRAL STRANGES blossom like a rocket, flying in all directions.

BAAL/SMOKE is left holding nothing.

MOLOCH expands, his astral self ballooning out across the sky.

BEELZEBUB bursts apart. A MILLION FLIES emerge.



HUDSON RIVER EXTERIOR DAY

Most of the mirror-images of STRANGE dissolve in mid-air.

Several thousand plop beneath the surface of the Hudson River.

Buzzing furiously, the MYRIAD FLIES follow the images into the polluted water.

MOLOCH spreads, vast and bulbous in the sky.

NEWARK AIRPORT EXTERIOR DAY

DR STRANGE'S "REAL" ASTRAL FORM emerges from the River and darts beneath the undercarriage of a TAXI-ING JET. The PLANE accelerates down the Runway.

As the 747 lifts off, STRANGE streaks on through the airport fence towards a TALL FEATURELESS APT. COMPLEX --

TANYA'S APARTMENT INTERIOR DAY

TANYA runs water from the hot tap into a cup of instant coffee granules.

Exhausted, totally defeated, she carries the cup into her little room and sits down on a chair littered with newspapers and clothes.

She stares at the PILE OF PILLS lying on a magazine cover. It is an old copy of the Greenpeace magazine and deals with GLOBAL WARMING.

TANYA reaches for the pills.
She takes a HANDFULL --

-- Suddenly DOCTOR STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM comes barrelling through the wall of her apartment.

TANYA screams.

DOCTOR STRANGE is half way through the building before he realises she has seen him! In spite of the pressing danger he hangs a 180 degree turn and REAPPEARS in TANYA's tiny apartment.

He sees the PILLS in her hands.

STRANGE

I wouldn't do that if I were you.
There aren't enough to kill you.
You'll just feel terrible.
Chin up! Ciao.

TANYA screams and drops the pills.

DOCTOR STRANGE utters an Inca shrinking spell in Quechua - immediately his MONOCHROMATIC FORM shrinks till it is smaller than the floorboard molecules, and falls through the floor.

TANYA shakes her head.

TANYA

No. No. No no no no no!

She grabs the PILLS and runs with them into the BATHROOM. Struggles with the grimy, opaque window, throwing it open and tossing the PILLS into the WASTE RECYCLING PLANT below.

She pauses, catching her breath, forcing herself to calm down. Concentrating all her energy --

TANYA

That's it. It's over.
It's going to stop right now.

Then she looks up and sees the GIANT FIGURE of MOLOCH floating in the sky. Seconds later a wave of angry FLIES batters the window, blocking out the sight.

GREENWICH VILLAGE EXTERIOR DUSK

The sun sets, tinted green by the pollutant haze. Global Warming Update boards compete with Happy New Century signs on every street corner. Continuous car horns.

STUDY INTERIOR DUSK

DR STRANGE'S BODY sits just as it did when he left it, chin frozen a couple of inches from the waiting hand.

A TINY PINPOINT OF LIGHT - DR STRANGE's shrunken astral form - enters the room and darts into the body, just above the nape of the neck.

DR STRANGE's chin lands in his hand.

His eyes open. He strokes his chin.
Decides he needs a shave.

BEDROOM INTERIOR DUSK

Lined with books and artifacts.

STRANGE enters. WONG is ironing his CLOAK,
watching a portable TV.

TV VOICE

A freak storm broke office windows
in Uptown Manhattan today and
cost traders upwards of two billion
dollars when their computers went down.
In New Jersey, a horde of giant flies --

STRANGE turns off the TV. WONG frowns.

WONG

Gone far too long, Stephen.
Five hours. Very dangerous!

STRANGE

Never mind about me. Have
you heard from Kandell?

WONG

No. Hear plenty from Electric
People, though.

He waves a red bordered "Final Demand" under STRANGE's
nose. STRANGE waves it away.

STRANGE

Wong, this is deadly serious.
Dormammu's given Mordo instructions
to kill the Old Man.

WONG

Kandell?

STRANGE nods. He locates the shaving soap.
WONG turns the taps on for him.

WONG

Kandell already knows, I guess.

STRANGE

Undoubtedly. And he's always prepared.

They stare into the mirror, filled with doubt.

WONG
His place is like a Fortress.

STRANGE
I must go there right away.

The doorbell rings. STRANGE cuts himself.

STRANGE
Damn it! Why don't you
change my razor blades?

WONG
Economy measure.
You invite company?

HALLWAY INTERIOR DUSK

WONG pads downstairs. Beside the front door is a small
altar where a candle burns with a yellow flame.
WONG unbolts the door.

TANYA ANDERS stands on STRANGE's doorstep,
clutching a long-playing record in a bag.

WONG
Yes?

TANYA
I'm here to see Dr Strange.

She pushes past him, into the hall.

DR STRANGE appears at the head of the stairs,
tucking in a new roll neck sweater.
He has a pice of paper stuck to his cut cheek.

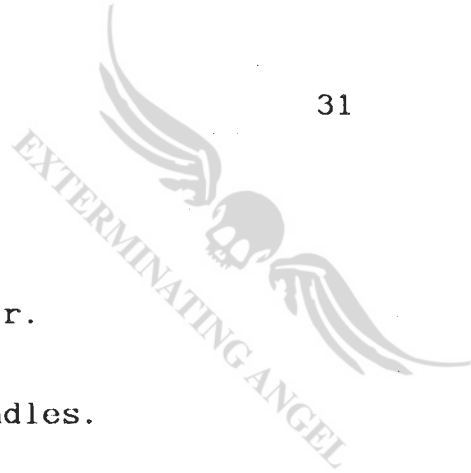
STRANGE
Miss Anders?

TANYA
Ms. Anders, Doctor Strange.

STRANGE
I'm very sorry, Ms. Anders, but
I don't have any time right now --

TANYA
Who's DORMAMMU?

WONG and STRANGE exchange a glance. WONG shuts the door.



STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

TANYA sits on the sofa, STRANGE in a chair.
He peers at her intently.

The room is dark and WONG is lighting candles.
An eerie yellow light hangs in the sky.

TANYA indicates the record in its bag.

TANYA
I brought you a present.

She hands him the plastic bag. He opens it.
Inside is an LP copy of Link Wray's Fallin' Rain.
STRANGE frowns.

STRANGE
I bought this yesterday.
Almost bought it.

WONG enters with a beer and a mineral water.

TANYA
I don't know anything about it,
I just liked the guy's face.
(she takes the beer)

STRANGE
Where did you hear the name Dormammu?

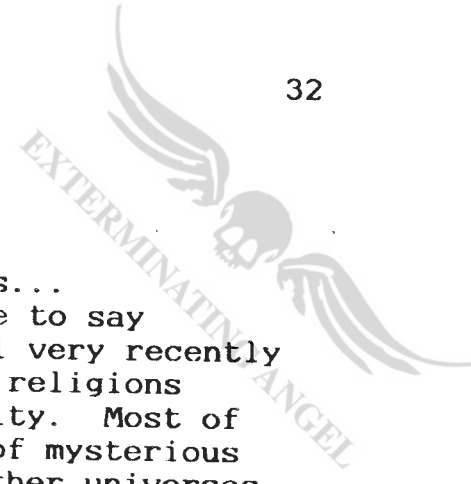
TANYA
I knew it was a name.
Does it mean, like, the Devil?
Cause I checked it out, you know,
thinking it might be a traditional
demon like Mammon or Zabulon?
There was no reference.

STRANGE
Dormammu isn't listed yet.

TANYA
No, but he plans to be, right?

STRANGE
Tanya, something's going on here.
If I'm going to find out what,
you have to tell me --
Where did you hear that name?

TANYA
(suddenly scared)
In my dream.



STRANGE

Dormammu is a being who exists...
how shall I put this? I have to say
outside of our reality. Until very recently
all the main philosophies and religions
believed in an Alternate Reality. Most of
the World's mythologies tell of mysterious
travellers who crossed into other universes,
and of a race of Ancient Ones who guard
the gateways to those unknown worlds.

TANYA

And D...

STRANGE

Dormammu is the Master of another realm
- a Dark Dimension. Unfortunately,
he is greedy and his eyes are
fixed on Earth.

TANYA

What does he want?

STRANGE

To enslave the Planet. Extract its
spiritual life, its psychic resources.
Exact his tribute for a thousand years.
Perhaps you saw the details in your dream.

TANYA nods. She is shaking, clinging to her beer.

TANYA

It was a Nightmare, not a dream.
Was that Dormammu today, in the sky?

STRANGE

Just one of his familiars.
Dormammu isn't part of our reality -
yet.

TANYA

And you? What are you?
What were you doing in my room?

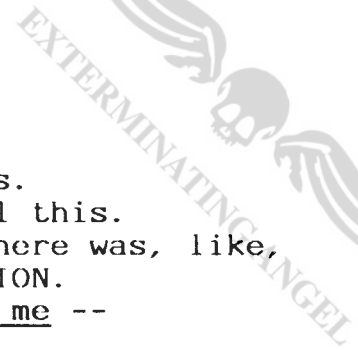
STRANGE

I am a student of the mystic arts.
A pupil of the Ancient Sorcerer
who guards the borders of our sanity.
Today you saw... my soul.

TANYA buries her face in her hands. WONG whispers to STRANGE.

STRANGE

Tanya, I know this is difficult for you --



TANYA
 You're damned right it is.
 I didn't want to hear all this.
 I came here to be told there was, like,
 like, a LOGICAL EXPLANATION.
 I wanted you to reassure me --

STRANGE
 There is no reassurance.
 We're on the edge of an abyss.

TANYA sobs, hiding her face.
 WONG sits beside her on the couch.

TANYA
 Leave me alone!

WONG
 Tanya, I very sorry but we need
 to know all that we can about
 Dormammu's Plan. You must
tell us your dream.

OPEN SEA EXTERIOR NIGHT

MORDO stands on the deck of an AIRCRAFT CARRIER.
 He is dressed in an ADMIRAL'S WHITES.

He has the clipped, self-assured bearing
 of a career military man.

He is interviewed by a REPORTER.

MORDO
 As we approach the Marshall Islands,
 we are prepared for COMBAT.
 But we do not seek it. Ours is a
 MISSION OF ECOLOGICAL RENEWAL, after all.

They watch as SEVERAL SAILORS push large rounded DRUMS
 off the deck.

REPORTER
 What's in the barrels, Commodore?

MORDO
 Dolphin food.

CLOSE ANGLE on the SAILORS pushing the huge drums,
 which glow softly. Stencilled on the drums are huge
 RADIATION WARNING SIGNS.

ANGLE ON THE OCEAN --

-- as the Radioactive Barrels disappear below the surf.

TANYA'S VOICE

My dream starts in darkness.
There's a voice, shouting a name.
The name is always the same.
You know the name.

STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

TANYA rises from the big armchair.
WONG and STRANGE exchange another glance.
Eyes closed, she moves towards the bookcase and
slips the concealed catch which hides the WALL SAFE.

TANYA

Then all the voices in the world are
shouting it, and I'm scared, because
I'm not shouting and I'm the ONLY ONE.

TANYA places the Book of the Vishanti on its lectern
and begins to turn the pages.

WONG examines the safe which TANYA
has just opened with her eyes closed.

TANYA

(the voice of a sleepwalker)
Then in the darkness there are letters
glowing, and even though they're in a
foreign language, it's a language
that I know. And I read them aloud.

STRANGE and WONG approach the BOOK and stare at it.
Beneath TANYA's fingers ANCIENT SANSKRIT LETTERS APPEAR.

TANYA

(eyes still closed,
"reading" with her fingers)
There is a Mountain Range...

TIBET EXTERIOR DAY

The magnificent Kumunoso-Djo Range spreads before us,
an endless series of snow-capped ridges rising above
high, cultivated plains.

MONKS toil in the fields. Heads shaven, they wear
traditional Buddhist priestly garb.

At the edge of the plain smoke rises from the chimneys
of a Chinese GARRISON TOWN.

TANYA'S VOICE
 Where the range ends, there is a
 Monastery. The Monastery
 of the Kuminoso-Djo.

STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

A gust of wind throws open a window with a CRASH!
 WONG and STRANGE jump. Rain gusts in.
 TANYA, in a trance state, keeps "reading".

TANYA
 A false man appears.

Suddenly the far walls of the study fall away.
 STRANGE and WONG are transfixed by a bright vision of
 the HIMALAYAS in sunlight. A middle-aged MAN in
 peasant garb is running up the mountain trail.

WONG
 Is this her dream or is she
 reading from the Book?

STRANGE
 (concentrating)
 It's both.

TANYA
 The false man feigns great fear
 and is admitted at the Monastery gate.

SHOCK CUT from STRANGE and WONG to --

MONASTERY GATE EXTERIOR DAY

KANDELL, in priestly robes, looks up from his industrious
 weeding. He sees the MAN approaching with TWO MONKS.

KANDELL rises and talks to the MAN, in Tibetan.

TANYA'S VOICE
 The false man is shielded by a
 powerful sorcery. The Ancient
One is fooled.

STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

STRANGE assumes the lotus position, concentrates on
 trying to make mental contact with his MASTER.

WONG watches as --

MOUNTAIN TRAIL EXTERIOR DAY

-- KANDELL sprints down the precipitous trail.
Though he is very old, he moves with great alacrity,
relying lightly on another cane.
His feet are as accurate as a goat's.

CULTIVATED FIELDS EXTERIOR DAY

KANDELL speedwalks through the fields.

The MONKS stop work and prostrate themselves
as he passes.

GARRISON TOWN EXTERIOR DAY

KANDELL passes the ruins of another monastery.
This one is covered with Chinese slogans and looks
like it has been used for SHELLING PRACTICE.

There is a ROADBLOCK up ahead.

KANDELL pauses to pick an ORCHID, then marches
briskly towards the MILITARY ENCAMPMENT.

ROADBLOCK EXTERIOR DAY

-- manned by CHINESE SOLDIERS and a TANK.
When they see KANDELL coming, the SOLDIERS grow pale.

KANDELL
Okay, you goons.
Release the family.

The SOLDIERS exchange frightened glances.
They are mostly teenage conscripts, with a SERGEANT of 25.

KANDELL
You have taken a Tibetan priest
and his family into custody.
Release them at once
or face the consequences.

All the SOLDIERS take a step back.
The SERGEANT shouts at them, then removes his
cap and approaches KANDELL gingerly.

SERGEANT
We haven't arrested anyone,
Ancient One. We're doing
just like you told us.
Not bothering anyone.



The SOLDIERS shout agreement, trembling.
KANDELL narrows his eyes and quickly probes
their minds. He is surprised.

He glances at the GARRISON, with its logging/sawmill
operation and prefabricated huts. There is lots of
construction work and diesel generators and a busy
motor pool.

KANDELL
Don't you find it noisy here?

One by one, all the ENGINES and GENERATORS and POWER TOOLS
FALL SILENT. The CHIMNEYS cease to smoke.

KANDELL
You boys be careful now.

KANDELL walks away. Stroking his goatee, he pauses
by the ORCHID BUSH. The ORCHID reattaches to the stem.

The SOLDIERS stare at this, astonished.
Behind them, a FIGURE appears out of the air.

It is MOLOCH - clad in black riot gear with a visor
which hides his face.

Suddenly a HORDE OF FLIES come buzzing from the orchids,
swarming around KANDELL.

KANDELL swats at the flies. He hears the CLICK of a
safety catch and sees MOLOCH levelling his gun.

KANDELL catches the first of MOLOCH's bullets in mid-air.

Suddenly SMOKE surrounds him, and he cannot distinguish
the BULLETS from the FLIES.

KANDELL is hit. He falls.

STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

STRANGE is wracked with agony.

STRANGE
MASTER!

He drops to the floor, BLACK AND WHITE ASTRAL FORM
unfolding from his body.

TANYA
All has happened as Dormammu willed.
The Demon grows more powerful by the hour.

STRANGE vanishes --



ROADBLOCK, TIBET EXTERIOR DAY

KANDELL has fallen in the road.

The SOLDIERS have taken cover behind their tank.

The GIANT FIGURE in RIOT GEAR walks over to check KANDELL's body. KANDELL lies still.

MOLOCH lifts the visor of his RIOT SHIELD.

SMOKE wafts upward, followed by the hideously buzzing FLIES.

MOLOCH licks his reptile lips and DISAPPEARS.

DOCTOR STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM arrives.

(This is too much for the SOLDIERS, who drop their weapons and run away.)

DOCTOR STRANGE bends beside KANDELL's body. Very professional, he checks KANDELL's vital signs.

KANDELL is still breathing.

KANDELL

Dr Strange... How pleasant...
to find you at my side.

STRANGE

Don't speak, Master. Lie still.

KANDELL

Don't waste your energy on me,
my boy. This is shushigaki.

STRANGE

Master, don't talk.
You're gonna be --

KANDELL sighs.

STRANGE knows that the Ancient One's soul is about to leave its human repository.

STRANGE

(desperately)

Master, don't leave us now!
Without you, who will stand
against the Darkness?



KANDELL
(a whisper)
You will.

STRANGE
(aghast)
I cannot. I am only one man.
Mortal.

KANDELL
I trained only two pupils, Stephen.
You and Mordo. Would you have
Mordo be SUPREME SORCERER OF EARTH?

STRANGE is stricken. KANDELL passes away.

Thunder. Storm clouds are gathering behind the Monastery.
Distant lightning forks down.

STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

While half way around the world, WONG and TANYA -
- her trance over - stare at the frozen human form of
DOCTOR STRANGE. It returns to life, wracked by sobs.

Downstairs a clock starts to chime.

BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

ASMODEUS stands at a pay phone across the street.
In female form this time, eyeing the House.

ASMODEUS
Yeah, Strange the writer.
177A Bleeker Street. It's a
sex thing, ritual cult murders.
Sure, I don't mind holding...

IRON MOUNTAIN INTERIOR NIGHT

MORDO, in civilian garb, stands beneath the Big Board at
N.O.R.A.D. High Command. MOLOCH, BEELZEBUB and BAAL are
with him, besuited and eminently respectable.

Above them, SIX BIG CLOCKS tell the time in Tokyo,
Iron Mountain, New York, Berlin, Moscow and Bei Jing.
The clocks all move on, one minute, to the hour.
MORDO smiles. MOLOCH licks his lips with his forked tongue.

MORDO
Two more days.

NEW YORK CITY EXTERIOR NIGHT

Executive Helicopters flutter back and forth across the island. The MORDO TOWERS are all aglow.

The CLOUDS IN THE NIGHT SKY reflect the sodium vapour and neon lamps. They seem to take the form of an ENORMOUS, SMOKING, SKULL-LIKE FACE...

GREENWICH VILLAGE EXTERIOR DAWN

The sun appears. Another unnaturally hot, dry day begins. The sky is brown with smog.

STRANGE'S BEDROOM INTERIOR MORNING

WONG looks through the door.

DOCTOR STRANGE is sleeping fitfully. He is drawn and bathed in sweat. WONG exits, leaving the door ajar.

KITCHEN INTERIOR MORNING

TANYA is trying to make coffee. The bag of beans runs out before the grinder is half full. She starts looking in closets. WONG enters.

TANYA

How is he?

WONG

Sleeping now. Took a while.
He's like you. Afraid of dream.

TANYA

Telling him made it worse,
didn't it? He found out
but he couldn't do a thing.

She tries to light the stove. Nothing.
The GAS BILL is taped to the closet in front of her.

WONG

Not worse, better. Good for
Doctor to be at his side.
(eyeing her)
You gonna get tired soon?
Go to sleep, maybe?

TANYA

I don't plan to, no.

WONG lights up a camping stove and starts preparing TEA.

WONG

You should go to sleep and dream
where Dormammu's gonna arrive.

TANYA

I don't want to dream about Dormammu.

WONG

You dream good or we see him
for real. Try some of this
wormskin tea. GOOD FOR SLEEP.

The doorbell rings. WONG frowns.
Heads for the hall. TANYA pours the tea away
and starts preparing coffee.

BLEEKER STREET

EXTERIOR

MORNING

Two obvious VICE COPS stand on DR STRANGE's doorstep.
The COPS look pretty pleased with themselves.
They wear their best leather jackets.

A CHANNEL 11 news van is parked across the street.
A CHANNEL 6 news vehicle is unloading on the corner.

WONG slides open a small panel in the door.

WONG

Go away!

COP 1

Stephen Strange.

WONG

Wrong house! Go away!

COP 2

(flashing a warrant)
C'mon, Charley Chan. Open the door.

HALLWAY

INTERIOR

MORNING

WONG slams the sliding panel. He glances at the candles
on the altar by the door. Two of them are now burning
bright blue.

The COPS hammer on the door. WONG sighs and opens it.



TANYA appears at the bottom of the stairs.
The COPS march in.

COP 1
Where's Strange?

TANYA
He's out of town. I'm Mrs
Strange, and this is our secretary,
Wong. What do you want?

COP 2 pokes around downstairs.
COP 1 walks upstairs. TANYA follows him.

COP 1
What does Mr Strange
get up to, Mrs Strange?

TANYA
That's DOCTOR Strange.

COP 2
Doctor of what?

WONG
Medicine. Has PhD in Surgery from
Harvard. You been college, Joe?

The COP scowls at WONG.

STUDY INTERIOR DAY

The COP enters. He peers round the drapes into
the street. TANYA sees the TV CREWS outside.

TANYA
I thought the TV and the police
worked separately.

COP 1
We picked up three fellers last
night. Big fellers. They were
all messed up. Said they'd been
tortured by your hubby.
(he picks up a Mayan
Sacrificial knife)
Seems like your hubby told 'em
he was the Bowery Decapitator.

TANYA
That's ridiculous. Everybody
knows the Bowery Decapitator
was a COP.

SUDDENLY SCREAMS ARE HEARD. They are the screams of DOCTOR STRANGE, waking from a nightmare.

The COP runs for the second flight of stairs --

HALLWAY INTERIOR MORNING

COP 2 hears the screams and starts to draw his gun.
WONG throws up his hands, shouting a mystical incantation.

COP 2 freezes with his gun half-drawn.

STUDY INTERIOR MORNING

COP 1 freezes, too, in mid-step and mid-smile.

TANYA runs past him, up the stairs.

BEDROOM INTERIOR MORNING

DR STRANGE sits up in bed, breathing harshly, clutching his throat. TANYA enters.

TANYA
Are you okay?

STRANGE
I saw him... He's right outside...
He was reaching in...

STRANGE is distraught. TANYA starts going through his closets, tossing his clothes.

STRANGE
What are you doing?

TANYA
We have to get out of here.
You're in some pretty heavy
trouble with the cops.

TANYA pulls a pair of dress pants from his drawer and measures them against herself. She stuffs them in a hold-all.

STRANGE
The Police - ?

STUDY INTERIOR DAY

STRANGE and TANYA enter the study carrying the hold-all and a suitcase. STRANGE eyes the frozen COP.

TANYA
What happened to Miami Vice?

STRANGE
It's a Spell of Immobility.
Wong must have done it.

STRANGE goes to the wall safe.

TANYA looks out of the window --

HER POV -- the NEWS CREWS and the CARS are frozen in the street below. There is no immediate sound.

TANYA
He must have thrown it pretty wide.

STRANGE opens a secret panel in the back wall of the safe. From it he extracts the AMULET with the sleeping eye. He slips its chain around his neck, concealing the EYE beneath his roll-neck sweater.

They head downstairs.

HALLWAY INTERIOR MORNING

In the hall, they find WONG and the SECOND COP.
Both are frozen. COP 2 is aiming his pistol at WONG.

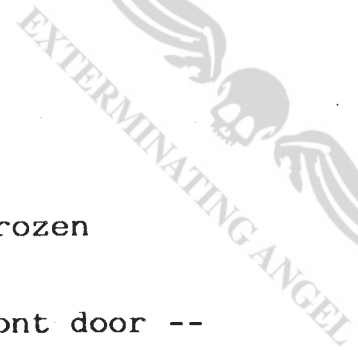
STRANGE
(sighing)
He certainly did.

STRANGE starts trying to prize the COP's gun from his hand.

TANYA
Can't you do anything for him?

STRANGE
You mean selectively reverse the spell? Not enough time.

STRANGE pulls the .38 REVOLVER loose. The COP's finger breaks. STRANGE is mortified. He quickly spits and blows on the fractured digit, fixing it.



STREET EXTERIOR DAY

Everyone on the street is motionless.
Traffic is halted. A flock of pigeons is frozen
in mid-air.

DOCTOR STRANGE and TANYA step through the front door --

TANYA

Is all of New York like this?

STRANGE

No, just a couple of bl --

He steps onto a pavement that isn't there!
Quickly he jumps back, grabbing TANYA's arm.

STRANGE

Tanya we've been tricked
we have to get back to the House --

He turns, drawing her with him --

-- BUT THE WHOLE ENVIRONMENT HAS CHANGED.

The perspective of the street has shifted.
STRANGE's doorstep is now several blocks away, his House
tiny in the distance. The buildings across the street
rise up and threaten to engulf them.

TANYA

What's happeningggggg?

STRANGE

The cops. The whole thing was a trick
to draw us out of the House.
MORDO'S DEMONSSSSS --

Their voices shift along with the surroundings.
A fierce wind blows. A buzzing of great wings is heard.

Far down the street we see a GIANT FLY
approaching against a scarlet sky.

STRANGE and TANYA run along the endless concrete
strip of doorstep towards his house.

STRANGE

Hurry --

Then the wind picks him up and he falls, hanging onto TANYA, grabbing with his hand for something --

-- A PIECE OF CHALK. TANYA screams.
The giant demon BEELZEBUB is almost upon them.
STRANGE starts scrawling on the concrete.

TANYA
What are you DRAWING FOR?

In the nick of time STRANGE completes the FIVE-POINTED STAR which neatly surrounds them. He pulls the EYE AMULET from his sweater. Holds it between himself and BEELZEBUB.
The AMULET glows.

STRANGE
By the All-Seeing Eye of Agamotto,
Demon, return to him who summoned you
- and may the Vapors of Valtorr singe your
carapace and scald your scaly wings!

The DEMON screams. Its bloodshot wings begin to burn.
It turns tail, blasting them with the heat --

- The twisted landscape rushes back at them.
TANYA covers her eyes --

HALLWAY INTERIOR DAY

STRANGE and TANYA crash back through the door into real time.

COP 2 and WONG are still frozen.

TANYA
What the hell was that?

STRANGE
Hell is just what it was, I'm
afriad. The trick in those situations
is to stay within the Pentagram.
Demons can't make it through,
and you can banish them. But if you
step outside --
(he makes a throat-cutting gesture.
TANYA winces)
Shall we try again?

TANYA
Oh, why not?

She motions him to precede her.



BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR DAY

STRANGE opens his front door.

The scene is the same, but now the pigeons' wings are fluttering slightly. STRANGE puts the EYE AMULET away.

STRANGE

All clear.

They hit the street, and turn the first corner. Behind them, the intersection jolts back to life. TV CREWS run up STRANGE's steps. A bicycle whizzes past them. CAR HORNS start up.

ITUXI FOREST EXTERIOR DAY

One of the last surviving rain forests in the World. Giant rubber trees bonded together with vast creepers dwarf the MORDO TRUCKS and EARTH MOVERS which are clearing an eight-lane highway through the pristine jungle.

MORDO stands in a lumberjack shirt and yellow hard hat with a group of ARCHITECTS and SURVEYORS. He is addressing a consortium of DUTCH BUSINESSMEN.

MORDO

Once the ground is cleared it'll be the lushest beef-growing country in the world. Five head for every fifty acres.

The BUSINESSMEN are impressed. A NATIVE is brought forward to be photographed beside MORDO.

MORDO

And the best thing about the deal is that we're allotting 20 acres to Chief Ituxi here as a World Ecological Preserve.

BAAL approaches in his human guise. He wears a badge saying MORDO ECO-INDUSTRIES: HI! I'M BILLY.

BAAL

Y'got a communication coming in, chief. Urgent.

MORDO leaves the popping flashbulbs, heads for his --



TRAILER INTERIOR DAY

MORDO goes to one of the humming FAX MACHINES.
The message is emerging in letters of blood red.

Message: FIND HIM

MORDO

Every time he uses his magic
he reveals himself --

Message: FIND HIM!

MORDO

I'll have him by the end of today
- tomorrow at the latest -

A GOUT OF FLAME emerges from the fax machine.
MORDO chokes. His collar catches fire.

DORMAMMU'S VOICE

FIND HIM NOW!

BUS INTERIOR DAY

A CITY BUS creeps very slowly towards 42nd Street.
It is packed with sweating commuters, the very poor,
and kids with elaborate Radios and Portable Video
Devices which encircle their heads.

TANYA

What do you mean, we don't
need to have a PLAN?
How are we get out of this?

STRANGE

We don't need to act.
We just have to stay receptive.

Outside, kids are hawking the afternoon tabloid New York Times.
The headline reads, POLICE SEEK WRITER IN BIZARRE MURDER TRAIL.
DR STRANGE'S PICTURE is on the front page.

Ahead of them, a vast neon sign reads,
TOKYORAIL PRESENTS GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

TANYA pulls his coat.

TANYA

Receive this, Doc:
You gotta leave town.

STATION PLATFORM INTERIOR DAY

STRANGE and TANYA push through the Metal Detector and onto the platform, which teems with VENDORS, SOLDIERS IN UNIFORM and TOURISTS. They approach the BULLET TRAIN.

TANYA

When you get to the end of the line, call me. I've got a friend who lives in Canada. I'm thinking I might go up there and --

STRANGE

Tanya, you can't avoid Dormammu by going to Canada. If he makes it through, the whole world's going to know. Canada included.

TANYA

Well what do you suggest, Doctor Decapitator?

STRANGE

Come with me, of course.

TANYA

Straight up? No funny business?

STRANGE puts his hand on his heart and bows. The great silver TokyoRail AmeriLiner whistles and a synthetic voice calls "All Aboard".

They board the train.

OBSERVATION CAR INTERIOR DAY

STRANGE and TANYA sit at the counter. She has a beer, the DOCTOR tea. She tries to figure out where they're going by studying their IMMENSELY COMPLICATED TICKETS.

The city of New Jersey flashes by outside, a blur at 180mph. The Manhattan skyline recedes into the smoggy haze.

TANYA

You really don't know where we're going?

STRANGE

Nope. I just got us two tickets on the first train out.

TANYA
You're an impulsive fellow,
aren't you Doctor?

STRANGE
Under the circumstances
you can call me Stephen.

TANYA
(playing with him)
Pardon? I didn't hear you.

STRANGE
I said under the circumstances
you can call me DOC.

She shakes her head, more mystified than ever,
but also a lot more at her ease. The CONDUCTOR passes.

TANYA
Excuse me, what's our first stop?

CONDUCTOR
(imperturbable)
Los Angeles!

TANYA
And how long does that take us?

CONDUCTOR
A day and a half.

She looks at STRANGE.

TANYA
A day and a half?

STRANGE
(nods)
A day and a half.

TANYA
Oh boy. Barman, I'll have
another beer.

EAST TEXAS EXTERIOR DUSK

The BULLET TRAIN streaks through the desert
kicking up a plume of dust. The sun has set.
HEAT LIGHTNING.

COACH INTERIOR NIGHT

Most of the passengers sleep. TANYA watches the storm.

TANYA

I love the lightning. I used
to work for a Weather Company out here.
We had storms like this all Summer.

STRANGE

You were a fortune teller?

TANYA

We did real good until the weather
went completely crazy back in '94.
When all those new ozone holes
opened up over the major cities --
Who could have predicted that?
Or ACID SNOW?

STRANGE

You never could predict the weather.
People just thought you could.

TANYA

If Dormammu... If he succeeds...

STRANGE

He must not succeed.

TANYA

Yeah, but if he does. What'll it
be like? For Earth, I mean.

STRANGE

Dormammu's elemental. Like the weather.
One day the planet could be like this
desert - blasted dry. The next day he
could alter the molecular structure of
the air and drown everything.
He could turn the sea to mercury.
He could submit every living thing
to torture. And then deny
them death. He could --

TANYA

OK. OK.

She stares at the lightning crackling on the horizon.
QUIZ SHOWS flicker on the seatback TV screens.

DOCTOR STRANGE's eyes are closed. TANYA's are open.

STRANGE
Tanya, if there's anything that
you see... in your dream...

TANYA
(falling asleep)
I'm not... sleepy...

TANYA'S DREAM

A vivid red landscape with a red/yellow sky.

Rocks burst from the burning ground. They are shaped
like arms and heads and shoulders. Everything is RED.
Black/orange dust billows around them.

Four VAST CORNERS of ROCK converge --
-- turning DAY to NIGHT.

CUT TO --

COACH INTERIOR DAWN

TANYA jolting awake in her coach chair.

The train has stopped. Directly outside her window
is a creaking rusty railroad sign
which says, "FOUR CORNERS".

TANYA grabs DOCTOR STRANGE's arm.

FOUR CORNERS EXTERIOR DAWN

The ENGINEER and CONDUCTOR are trying to shove a COW
off the tracks as DOCTOR STRANGE and TANYA ANDERS
scramble down from the train.

Their door slides shut and the steps retract into the
liner's metal hull.

STRANGE carries his overnight bag. They look around.

It is a dilapidated twenties station on an abandoned road.

TANYA walks up to the faded wooden "tourist marker".
This is the Only Place Where Four Contiguous States Meet.
The old brass GRAPHIC ETCHING echoes the last image
of TANYA's dream.



STRANGE
Tell me again.

TANYA
I saw rocks rising from the ground.
They were enormous. They had
human faces. Human forms.
There were four of them, all
crashed together at the corners...

She points at the FOUR CORNERS sign.
She feels very stupid.

They both look at the TRAIN. The COW is off the tracks
now and the CREW are boarding. Synthetic whistle.

TANYA
Maybe we should get back on.

The BULLET TRAIN lurches forward and hurtles on its way.
Dust blows through the station.

DR STRANGE takes a stick and throws it in the air.
It lands, pointing in no particular direction.

The SUN comes up.

STRANGE
Whenever possible,
follow your instincts.

He heads off walking in the direction of the stick.
TANYA follows.

DESERT EXTERIOR DAY

They follow tire tracks along a shallow creek bed.
A desert of red rocks heats up above them.

TWO LANE BLACKTOP EXTERIOR DAY

STRANGE and TANYA wait beside the road.
It is extremely hot. There is no shade.
TANYA sits on the ground.

They both stare fixedly at an old CONVERTIBLE
approaching out of the heat haze.

TANYA

He won't stop. He's not real
anyway. He's a mirage.

STRANGE strokes his chin, in an unconscious imitation
of KANDELL, his former Master.

STRANGE

You should cut down on the
pessimism, Tanya. It's stunting
your spiritual growth.

TANYA

Thank you for your concern.
However, I do not plan to enlarge
my spirit in the foreseeable future.

STRANGE sticks out his thumb.
The CONVERTIBLE gets closer.
TANYA reluctantly sticks hers out, too.

The convertible stops. It is an '68 Impala, driven by a
dashing young Apache, BENNY.

BENNY

Where you headed?

STRANGE

Well... There wouldn't be an area of
red earth and distinctive, manlike
rock formations anywhere around here,
would there?

BENNY

You mean the Valley of the Gods?
Yeah, I passed it about 30 miles back.

STRANGE and TANYA weigh up the prospect of a 30-mile hike.
BENNY jerks a thumb at the passenger seat.

BENNY

Want me to give you a ride?

IMPALA INT/EXT DAY

BENNY heads back down the long stretch with
STRANGE and TANYA on the bench seat next to him.

Tall red dunes on either side.

BENNY

Never been to Valley of the Gods before? You're in for a TRIP. I never take the Interstate, man. For me this is the only road there is. Seen the commercial for the new Tucker? They made it right here.

STRANGE grips TANYA's hand. She squeezes back. He becomes self-conscious and lets go.

BENNY

They make all the big TV commercials out here. American Methanol. Alco-Pops. Mord-Air...

The IMPALA crests the rise, to reveal --

THE VALLEY OF THE GODS EXTERIOR DAY

A wide mesa of red sand from which enormous ROCK FORMATIONS rise. They have the forms of human hands and fingers, and the backs of dinosaurs.

BENNY

Not too shabby...

STRANGE stares at TANYA. TANYA sighs.

TANYA

This isn't it.

STRANGE gazes at the massive panorama, filled with frustration. On the horizon, black smoke drifts from a Smelting Factory.

STRANGE

There are emanations, though.

BENNY

You bet there are. This whole area used to be an inland sea. Two thousand five hundred years ago, the Navajo navy docked here.

STRANGE gets out of the car.

STRANGE

Please excuse me for a second.

Carrying his bag, he heads down a narrow trail and disappears behind a butte.

BENNY

He your boyfriend?

TANYA

No. He's on a furlough from the Mental Hospital. I'm taking him to see the brain surgeon.

BENNY nods.

BENNY

You guys must be from L.A.

A LONELY SPOT

-- behind a GIANT FINGER OF ROCK. STRANGE sketches a pentagram in the sand. He opens his overnight bag and dons the Cloak of Levitation. Standing withing the pentagram, he casts a spell.

Immediately he rises several inches from the ground.

STRANGE

Can you hear me, Wong?

HOLDING TANK, N.Y.C. JAIL INTERIOR DAY

WONG sits cross-legged in a chalk pentagram of his own. SEVERAL PRISONERS watch him doubtfully.

WONG opens his eyes. He sees a holographic vision of DR STRANGE before him, like an image of a Mediaeval Saint.

WONG

Not only hear, but see too.
Must be lucky day.

STRANGE'S IMAGE

Where are you?

WONG

In Tombs. Got busted for breaking a cop's finger.

STRANGE

Great Scott, Wong. I'm terribly sorry --

WONG

No big deal. Your agent says she'll bail me out after hair fix. Any luck?

STRANGE'S IMAGE

All dead ends so far.
What about Mordo?

WONG

He left New York. Gone up north.
(He concentrates)
Chicago.

BOARD OF TRADE, CHICAGO INTERIOR DAY

We look down, from the visitor's gallery, at the busy trading floor. HUNDREDS OF TRADERS are bidding beneath the big boards which announce futures and the markets around the world.

MORDO is at the centre of a group of industrious, shirt-sleeved BROKERS.

TRADING FLOOR INTERIOR DAY

Suddenly we see the scene for what it really is -- the Nerve Centre of DORMAMMU'S WAR AGAINST EARTH.

The big boards which appeared to read "futures" now display FAMINE, POLLUTION, and WAR.

BEELZEBUB, ASMODEUS and MOLOCH superintend ocean dumping, ozone depletion and arms sales respectively.

BAAL, in a trader's blazer, hurries up to MORDO.

BAAL

We've located Strange. He's making contact with his man Wong.
(wheedling)
Let me sssssee to it?

MORDO glances at the big digital COUNTDOWN CLOCK. It reads, 18.00 HOURS AND COUNTING.

MORDO

Take out the woman first.

BAAL wafts smokily away.

VALLEY OF THE GODS EXTERIOR DAY

TANYA sits in the Chevy, smoking cigarettes.
BENNY produces THREE KACHINA DOLLS from
the trunk. He presents them to her very seriously.

TANYA
They're cute. Did you make
'em yourself?

BENNY
Yeah. My people made 'em.

TANYA
The Navajo.

BENNY
I'm not Navajo. I'm Jicarilla Apache.

TANYA
These dolls were made by the Apache?

BENNY
These dolls are Hopi from New
Mexico. School kids on
the Reservation make 'em.

TANYA
This tag says it was made
in the E.E.C.

BENNY stares at the SHADOW OF A CLOUD
wafting across the mesa towards them.

BENNY
Normally they cost \$50 apiece --

TANYA
Is there a bar around here?

The shadow flits towards them.
We share its POV - hurtling towards the car.

BENNY
Not on the Res. There's one
about twenty miles THAT WAY,
over by the Smelter.
I'll give you two for 35 bucks.

He dangles one of the dolls appealingly.
THE SHADOW passes directly over them.

BENNY
They're called Kachina Dolls.
They bring good luck.

A SHADOW PASSES OVER THEM.

The DOLL's painted eyes swivel and fix on TANYA.
TANYA jolts back with a shout.

Too late. The DOLL jumps from BENNY's hands and
head-butts him. The SECOND DOLL stands on the seat
and turns the key in the ignition.
A THIRD grabs TANYA's seat belt, locking her in.

She screams --

IN THE LONELY SPOT

DCOTOR STRANGE hangs several feet in the air,
in profound meditation.

We hear the Chevy motor roar, the scream grow fainter.

IMPALA INTERIOR DAY

The CAR hurtles through the desert, steered by
ONE OF THE DOLLS. The SECOND DOLL stands on the
gas pedal, holding it to the metal.

The THIRD DOLL holds TANYA's seat belt tightly shut.

BENNY is unconscious. TANNYA is trapped.
The DOLLS laugh.

IN THE LONELY SPOT

DR STRANGE floats in his meditative trance.

The Chevy can hardly be heard. Suddenly his eyes open.

DESERT EXTERIOR DAY

The car races towards the rim of a dry-river canyon.

A shadow follows. It is the AIRBORNE FORM
of DOCTOR STRANGE.

STRANGE

By the Shade of the Seraphim --

Strange looses a wave of benign PSYCHIC ENERGY.
The DESERT PLANTS respond.

Turning and twisting, the cholla cactus and creosote bushes reach out and grab the wheels of the speeding car.

Several bushes are uprooted. But the plants hang on, spinning and tangling in the wheel wells. FOUR TUMBLEWEEDS roll up and wrap around the axles.

The car slows.

IMPALA INTERIOR DAY

The KACHINAS gun the motor, but the wheels are caught fast. The car slews sideways --

PRECIPICE EXTERIOR DAY

-- coming to rest half-on, half-off, the edge of the ravine, held in place by a tangle of desert plants.

The KACHINA DOLLS jump out and start to run away.

STRANGE swoops down and BLASTS THEM with a powerful ray.

BAAL screams, abandoning the dolls and wafting up at him --

STRANGE

May the Crimson Bands of Cyttorak
encircle and consign you to
your Dark Dimension --

CRACK! CRACK! The solid crimson bands of ancient lore encircle BAAL, creating a boxlike trap through which not even the DEMON's ethereal substance can pass.

STRANGE alights, directing the box with closing motions of his hands. His cloak billows around him.

TANYA struggles out of the seat belt.

STRANGE

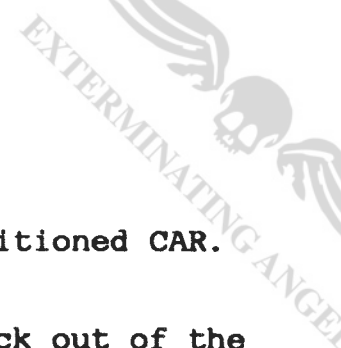
-- never, in the name of Ragorr, to return.

The BOX-LIKE TRAP speeds skyward, disappearing like a COMET.

STRANGE gathers up the dolls. BENNY rubs his head. TANYA gets as far away from the CAR and STRANGE as she can.

BENNY

What happened to my Chevy?



STRANGE
Permit me.

STRANGE walks over to the precariously positioned CAR.
He eyeballs it and makes a HAND GESTURE --

-- the CACTI and BRANCHES drag the Chevy back out of the
ravine.

BANNY and TANYA watch agog as the DESERT PLANTS turn the car
completely around and set it pointing down an old
wagon trail. The longest branches dust the seats.

TANYA
(yelling at STRANGE)
That's it, man! I've had enough
of this insanity! No more running
hiding jumping dolls and cactus shit
for me! I quit!

STRANGE gets annoyed. He lifts a hand, palm open,
and blows a cloud of pink light at her.

(Its benign appearance indicates that it is the non-lethal,
sleep-inducing Mist of Forgetfulness)

TANYA makes a mystic gesture of her own
and blocks it.

The mist bounces off the rocks, wafting away
and knocking out a couple of bunnies.

STRANGE
Where did you learn to do that?

TANYA
I didn't learn to do that.
It's just a gesture,
something I do.
Stay away from me.

STRANGE
This is extraordinary.
I knew you were precognitive
but this is... A manifestation
of the Ninth Laotian Tao...
unprecedented...

TANYA
What are you saying?

BENNY

He's telling you you're a witch.

TANYA

I need a beer. Right now.

BAR EXTERIOR AFTERNOON

The Mordo Industries Smelter loom large on the horizon.

TANYA and STRANGE climb out of BENNY's Chevy.
BENNY turns in the dirt road and heads back past
the sign saying Kayenta Navajo Reservation.

Ahead of them is a prefabricated structure whose paint
and plaster have been scoured off by the fumes that billow
from the Smelter's eight chimneys.

An extinct Neon Sign says, Bar! Fun!
TRUCKS and EIGHTEEN WHEELERS are parked outside.

The CACTUS are all dead and brittle-white.

TANYA

If there's a phone in here,
I'm calling a Taxi and it's Adios.
You do what you want. I'm watching
the end of the world on TV in a motel.
By the Pool.

STRANGE opens the bar door for her.
His Cloak flaps in the wind. TANYA is limping.

Their POV --

BAR INTERIOR AFTERNOON

-- populated by TEN HEAVY LOOKING DUDES,
a BARTENDER and an OLD INDIAN.

The DUDES are mostly shift workers from the Mordo
Plant. Their baseball caps say things like IN SEARCH
OF ENEMIES.

The OLD INDIAN is putting money in the Juke Box.
He wears a black Resistol hat with eagle feathers.

TANYA and DOC approach the bar.
The HEAVIES stare intently at his CLOAK.

She shakes her head, avoiding looking at the EVIL DUDES.
DOC appears oblivious. Someone else whistles.

STRANGE

Can I order a couple breakfasts,
barman? Say, two scrambled eggs
with bagels, no lox?

The BARMAN stares at the BIG TRUCKER approaching.

TANYA

(whispering in DOC's ear)
Doc, if there's any trouble you
can, you know, wipe the floor with these
guys, can't you?

STRANGE

Unfortunately, no.
If I use any magic, Mordo's demons
will be down on us again.
(to the BARMAN)
A beer and a dry martini, please.

The TRUCKER looms over DOC and TANYA.

TRUCKER

They don't serve freaks here.
Especially freaks in capes.

STRANGE

This isn't a cape, it's a Cloak.

THE TRUCKER does not understand.
He grunts and aims a ROUNDHOUSE PUNCH at DOC's head --

The OLD INDIAN purses his lips and blows --

-- and the HUGE TRUCKER is lifted off his feet by a terrific
wind and hurtled the length of the bar and out the batwing
doors, caught up in the EYE of a HURRICANE.

The other TRUCKERS and PLANT WORKERS follow, hurled
spluttering and screaming out into the desert wastes.

Silence falls. DOC, TANYA, and the OLD INDIAN remain.
The BARMAN appears from beneath the bar.

BARMAN

I don't have Martini Mix, mister.
Will a beer be ok?

STRANGE nods. TANYA shakes her head.

OLD INDIAN
You must be Doc Strange.

STRANGE and TANYA nod.

A song comes on the Wurlitzer juke box.
It is Link Wray's Fallin' Rain.

STRANGE
That's right. And you - ?

OLD INDIAN
You don't know me, but I heard
about you on the ether wave.
(his eyes dart skywards
for a moment)
You got your work cut out for you,
and no mistake.
(he extends a hand)

Name's Joe Ten Wives.

They shake hands.

STRANGE
Stephen Strange. And this is --

TEN WIVES
The lady whose feet hurt.
Why don't you both sit down?

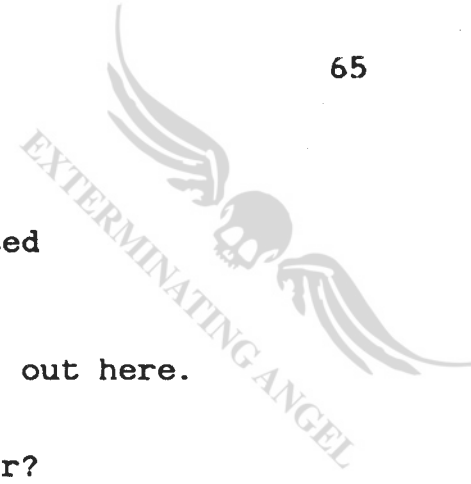
TANYA sits down, already detesting the OLD MAN.
The BARTENDER hurries over with their beers.

STRANGE
Joe, you know of a special place
with certain rocks out here?
Rocks like human hands and faces?
A medicine place...

TEN WIVES shakes his head. It appears he knows
exactly what DOC is on about.

TEN WIVES
It's not here.
(STRANGE offers him a beer.
JOE TEN WIVES declines)
Place you're looking for is
a water place. You have to
get with the water gods about it.





ANGLE ON TANYA, utterly bored and frustrated with this gibberish.

TEN WIVES
Ain't too many water gods out here.

STRANGE
What about gods of the air?

TANYA
Let go of my foot!

ANGLE ON TEN WIVES' gnarled old hands gripping one of TANYA's bruised and blistered feet.

TEN WIVES
You know what your problem is?
You had a small stroke when
you were in the crib, and you
lost track of your MEDICINE ANIMAL.

TANYA
My problem is my feet are so
swollen I can't put my shoes on.

TEN WIVES rubs her feet and blows on them, humming.

TANYA
Let 'em go.

He lets go. Her feet have un-swollen.
The blisters are gone.

TEN WIVES
Gods of the air? Oh yeah.
We got 'em.

DESERT EXTERIOR NIGHT

STRANGE and TANYA stand with TEN WIVES in the centre of a ring of Navajo in ceremonial garb.

TEN WIVES starts to sing.

Heat lightning flickers on the horizon,
lighting up the VAST BUTTE behind them.

It begins to RAIN.

TANYA
Doc, the old man's gonna catch a COLD.

THE RAIN FAST BECOMES A DOWNPOUR.

TEN WIVES keeps singing and dancing.
The NAVAJO keep dancing too. DOC stares at the lightning.

TANYA runs for the shelter of the cars.

She passes through the ring of dancing Navajo and --

-- lightning and thunder crash simultaneously in front of her. The white image of QUETZALCOATL - the plumed serpent, thirty eight feet tall - appears over her head.

TEN WIVES sings louder, more frenziedly.
TANYA freezes, staring into the eyes of the GOD.

The giant bird-reptile raises a scaled, feathered claw and points directly at TANYA.

QUETZALCOATL
Nefertiti, Wayquey Ahkenaten --

CRASH! Behind TANYA a bolt of lightning hits TEN WIVES. The SERPENT'S IMAGE vanishes.

TEN WIVES crumples to the earth.

STRANGE rushes to the old man's side.
He feels for a pulse. There is none.

STRANGE
Damn you, Mordo! Not again!

He turns the body over, pounds the old man's heart.
Even though he his task is hopeless.

The rain dies suddenly. LAUGHTER.

The FACE OF MORDO appears - dwarf-image of the HEAD OF DORMAMMU which appeared in the sky over New York.

MORDO
Yes, Strange. Again. And it is
JUST BEGINNING.

LAUGHTER rackets around the buttes, crackling off power cables and the radio of a pickup truck.

Offended, the earth of the HOLY PLACE rumbles.
A slab of butte dislodges. The LAUGHTER fades away.

KAYENTA MOTEL EXTERIOR NIGHT

A humble motel. A light burns in the furthest cabin.
The Tribal Taxi pulls away. Rain falls in
the swimming pool.

MOTEL ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

DR STRANGE takes a big salt-shaker from their GROCERY BAG
and sprinkles a PENTAGRAM around TANYA's bed.
TANYA takes a bottle of brandy from the bag.

Rain courses down the window, making eerie
patterns down the shade.

TANYA

You're supposed to use garlic.

STRANGE

That's for vampires.

TANYA

Oh.

She offers him a shot of brandy in the plastic room cup.
He declines.

STRANGE

"Survey the sky and trace the
shadow of the bird..."

He puzzles over KANDELL's words.
Repeats them to himself --

TANYA

Forget it, Doc. You're out of
luck. You haven't found out what
you needed to know. And now --

(consults her watch)

You're almost out of time.
What's Nefertiti, by the way?

STRANGE

Nefertiti was the wife of an
Egyptian god-king called Ahkenaten.
Some said she was the greatest
sorceress in the world.

Survey the sky... Survey the sky...
I'm going to leave my body for a while.

TANYA

Be my guest.

TANYA turns up the volume on the television.
She adjusts the air conditioning to MAXIMUM.

STRANGE

Would you mind keeping an eye
on it for me? You're safe
as long as you remain within the salt.
While I'm gone you might try
something the Zen scholars do --
it's called mushin no shin and
it means "empty your mind".

TANYA

If it's all the same to you
I'll watch TV.

STRANGE

Tanya, I can't tell you
how important this is --

TANYA

No, you're right, you can't.
You go and do your thing, Doc.
I'm gonna sit right here and
watch "Mr Ed".

STRANGE

If you could see inside you,
you'd see a tremendous psychic
energy going to waste --

TAN/YA

Are you looking inside me?!
Cut it out. You freak.

STRANGE

Dormammu isn't here just yet.
There is still time --

TANYA

Time for Mr Ed.

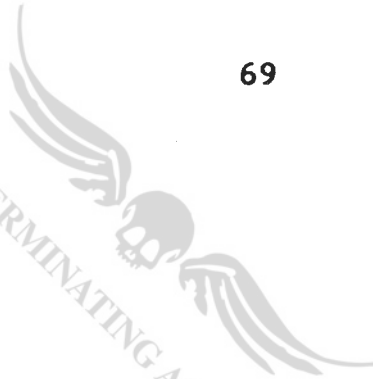
She turns up the volume on the TV.
The familiar theme plays. TANYA's hands are shaking.

STRANGE sighs. Never has he felt so hopeful and so
far from victory at the same moment.

He dons his Cloak and amulet and sits down in the narrow
space between the bed and the TV. He starts to levitate.

TANYA

Be careful, Doc.



EXTERMINATING ANGEL

STRANGE
May the Seraphim protect you.

TANYA
And may the Vishanti softly
speak thy name.

STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM flickers away.
TANYA frowns.

KAYENTA MOTEL EXTERIOR NIGHT

His monochromatic ASTRAL FORM slips through
the roof of the cabin and vanishes into the low cloud.

Thunder rumbles.

MOTEL ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

TANYA approaches DR STRANGE's frozen form.
His chest moves lightly up and down.

She feels his pulse. Impulsively, she gives him a kiss
on the cheek.

MORDO'S VOICE
How touching. Mind if I watch?

TANYA screams and jumps up.

The FACE OF MORDO stares at her from the TV SCREEN.

MORDO
I really am surprised at him.
This is the stupidest move
he could have made.

Outside, the sound of MOTORCYCLES is heard.

TANYA runs through the protective pentagram to the door --
She throws it open to reveal --

A DEMON MOTORCYCLE GANG, led by the barely human
incarnations of BEELZEBUB, MOLOCH and ASMODEUS.

KAYENTA MOTEL EXTERIOR NIGHT

TANYA makes a break for it, on foot.
MORDO'S LAUGHTER echoes from the TV within.

ASMODEUS pursues TANYA into the desert
on a black & white checkered Hog.

MOLOCH emerges from the cabin, carrying DOC's
body, which he tosses aboard BEELZEBUB's trike.

ASMODEUS, screeching with ghastly laughter,
sweeps up TANYA and hauls her aboard his demon sickle.
The UNEARTHLY BIKERS, urged on by MORDO's incantations,
rev their engines and take off --

-- BURNING A PATH ACROSS THE SKY.

UPPER ATMOSPHERE EXTERIOR NIGHT/DAY

DOCTOR STRANGE's ASTRAL FORM hangs in the
upper atmosphere.

Below is the black globe of Earth at night,
pinpricked by thousands of cities. To the east,
we see the blue crescent of the Earth at sunrise.

The black backdrop of the Known Universe
hangs all around.

DOCTOR STRANGE is at peace, deep in meditation or prayer.
An ancient, defunct Spy Satellite spirals by.

HIS POV --

A bright light, like a satellite, but gently
pulsing, passing across the surface of the Night
Planet towards Day.

ANGLE ON

The AMULET that hangs around the neck of the physical
DOCTOR STRANGE. It pulses gently.

PULL BACK to reveal DOCTOR STRANGE'S BODY
tossed aboard an airborne demon motor trike.

Hurtling towards DAYBREAK.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

SOUTH SEA ISLAND EXTERIOR DAY

An idyllic paradise of green rolling hills above a limitless, choppy blue sea.

We PAN across the pristine landscape till we come to a tractor-hewn dirt road and a barbed-wire fence from which a sign hangs:

MORDO INDUSTRIES
PETROLEUM EXPLORATION SITE
SERVING THE FUTURE
PRESERVING THE PAST.

The sound of MOTORCYCLES is heard.

MORDO emerges from the PREFABRICATED HUT surrounded by OIL DERRICKS.

MORDO has grown another six inches.

His skin is stretched tightly across his face and his enormous, bony hands.

He wears a safari suit and carries a pair of binoculars.

He watches with evident pleasure as the gates swing open to admit --

THE DEMON MOTORCYCLE GANG.

TANYA jumps down and runs at MORDO, punches him on the jugular. He isn't fazed.

TANYA
Asshole! Peeping tom! Freak!

MORDO brushes her aside. He approaches DR STRANGE's inert human form. The hot engine of the trike has burned the DOCTOR's arm.

MORDO
(crooning)
Doctor Strange. At last...
How long since he left his body?

Five hours.

MORDO
Oh, excellent...
(shouting in STRANGE's ear)
How does it feel to know your
body's going to ROT and FALL APART?
To realise you're doomed to wander the
Cosmos, a LOST SOUL for all Eternity?



MORDO tweaks STRANGE's nose. He grabs STRANGE by the hair, prepares to slap him.

MORDO
NOT GOOD, huh?

TANYA intervenes, jumping on MORDO's back and biting his neck.

TANYA
You're a pretty tough guy, aren't you? Beating up on a body when the owner's ABSENT! Well I've got news for you, you big monkey. You blew it!!

MORDO cranes his neck around to gaze at her.

MORDO
What do you mean?

TANYA
I know where Dormammu's gonna try and break through, see. And this isn't the place.

MORDO shrugs her off and heads towards his HUT.

TANYA
Yeah, walk away! You fool. You're the one who's defeated. Dormammu's aiming for a place where the ROCKS have HUMAN FACES and this ain't it!

MORDO disappears into his hut and shuts the door.
TANYA turns and stares defiantly at the DEMON BIKERS.

They grin at her. MOLOCH jerks his thumb towards the little hill outside the gate.

With a sinking feeling in her stomach, TANYA walks unhindered through the gate and up the little hill.

From the top of it, she has a fine view of --

THE GIANT STONE HEADS OF EASTER ISLAND.

UPPER ATMOSPHERE EXTERIOR DAY/NIGHT

DR STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM hangs motionless in the lotus position. His lips do not move, but we hear his voice, powerful and reverberating, intoning an ANCIENT SPELL --

STRANGE'S VOICE

Oh, Huarakan
Kukulcan
Gukumatz
Tlaloc
Magnificent Coatlicue
Quetzalcoatl
Telcatlipoca
Oh Centeotl
Brahma
Buddha
Kandell
Nefertiti
Merlin
Arkkin
Past and Future Sorcerers of Earth --

Below him, behind the huge disc of Earth,
MOONRISE has begun.

STRANGE'S VOICE

Now, as 1000 years ago, and 2000,
and 100,000, come to the aid
of an unworthy planet, Earth.

Around him, the STARS begin to move --
forming a PENTAGRAM within a HEXAGON...

EASTER ISLAND EXTERIOR DAY

TANYA sits on the little hill.

In MORDO'S COMPOUND, the DEMONS bat DOCTOR STRANGE's body around, as cats would a mouse. His arm is burned, his lip is cut, his face badly bruised.

HUT INTERIOR DAY

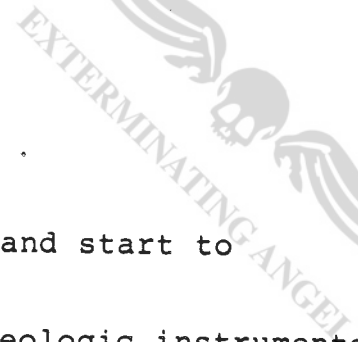
MORDO makes his last conference call.

He stares at the banks of tiny TV monitors showing the eager faces of his PARTNERS in all manner of dealings.

MORDO

Friends, in precisely 20 minutes
time I want you to know...
you're all fired.

Their faces register confusion, blankness or fear.



MORDO smiles and hangs up the phone.
The SCREENS all go blank.

MORDO's smile is hideous - his lips crack and start to
bleed - his blood is yellowish-green.

Suddenly there is an EARTH TREMOR. His geologic instruments
rattle. MORDO rises, hurries for the door.

EASTER ISLAND EXTERIOR DAY

MORDO reappears.

His DEMONS and MINIONS leap to attention.

Like a general at the head of his column, MORDO marches
through the gate, followed by his grotesque gang.

The last two DEMONS drag the body of DOCTOR STRANGE.
Dimly, his EYE AMULET still glows.

Atop the little hill, TANYA, in despair, stares
at the sun.

THE ECLIPSE HAS BEGUN.

STRATOSPHERE EXTERIOR NIGHT/DAY

DR STRANGE opens his astral eyes.
He is at peace, strengthened by his period of rest
and prayer.

Below, the LIGHT OF THE AMULET glows on a tiny island
in the Pacific, marking the position of his human form.

DR STRANGE stretches, and executes a graceful, flowing
dive towards the LIGHT.

His astral form having no physical substance,
there is no limit to his speed.

EASTER ISLAND EXTERIOR DAY

A TOUR GUIDE leads his party of TOURISTS among the
enormous, human faces of the Standing Stones.

THUNDER.

TOUR GUIDE

You will be able to view
the Eclipse from here.
But please remember, don't
stare directly at the sun...

On the hill behind the TOURISTS, MORDO'S MINIONS appear.
They form a triangular pattern with MORDO at the
epicenter. TWO DEMONS seize TANYA. TWO OTHERS hold
the human form of DOCTOR STRANGE.

TOURIST

What are those people in
costume doing?

TOUR GUIDE

No one knows the secret of the
Easter Island Heads: what people
carved them, or for what purpose.
However, Modern Science has
determined that --

More thunder. The sky is rapidly becoming cloudy.

The DAY darkens more rapidly as the MOON passes
across the SUN.

MORDO

(beginning his incantation)
DORMAMMU, DOMINUS KTERKRARUM MUNDI,
HORA GLORIA IPSO RES LOQUATUR EST!

LIGHTNING. Big raindrops.
The TOURISTS run for their bus.

TANYA's head throbs in intense pain.
She looks past MORDO at DR STRANGE's body.
STRANGE's astral self has been gone far too long
and it is obviously in a bad way.

MORE LIGHTNING. The MOON almost covers the SUN.

Another earthquake rumble is heard.

And suddenly, incredibly, the ECTOPLASMIC, GHOSTLIKE IMAGES
of the EASTER ISLAND HEADS separate from their physical
forms and start to move towards each other --
converging around the largest, most impressive head of all.

The MOON obscures the SUN.

And, driven by a vast and hideous intelligence from beyond this planet, A HUGE STONE BODY forces the HEAD out of the earth, and writhing the GIANT STATUE starts to tear apart the day/night sky - the very fabric of the Universe itself --

TOURIST BUS INTERIOR DAY

The TOURISTS sit aboard their bus with the rain sleeting down outside, obscuring everything.

Oblivious, they buy plaster Mickey Mice and try on native hats.

EASTER ISLAND EXTERIOR DAY

For a few seconds the HOLE IN THE SKY closes around the STATUE's hands. The STATUE roars in pain.

The PAIN in TANYA's head is agonizing. MORDO and HIS MINIONS keep up their daemonic shouting of DORMAMMU's name. Her dream is coming true.

Then the RIP opens again, revealing a SHIMMERING AURA OF FLAME encircling the statue's head, casting a GHASTLY GLOW over the landscape.

And a voice so cold and merciless that it seems to emanate from the stygian depths of hell is heard --

DORMAMMU

Now it begins.

MORDO

Yes, Dormammu! Your Millenium!
A Thousand Years of Terror for Mankind!

The MINIONS are ecstatic. Quivering with pleasure, MORDO grabs hold of TANYA and the senseless form of DR STRANGE.

MORDO

Behold, Master! The first of
200 Billion Human Sacrifices!

DR STRANGE opens his eyes. His astral self is reunited with his battered body. He winks at TANYA.

STRANGE

Don't bet on it.

STRANGE utters a powerful spell, consigning the nearest DEMONS to a distant dimension. MORDO stumbles, almost falls.

TANYA

DOC!!

STRANGE throws out both arms, emitting rays of brilliant intensity. The DEMONS shrink in fear.

MORDO

You have gained nothing! NOTHING!!

A BOLT OF WHITE LIGHTNING flashes from the EYE around STRANGE's neck, knocking MORDO on his ass.

STRANGE turns his attention to the MONSTROUS MASTER DEMON.

STRANGE

Too late, Dormammu. You're a day late and a dollar short, as usual.

DORMAMMU'S BURNING HEAD FLARES UP IN ANGER.

DORMAMMU

YOU are too late. I am already here. You are alone.

STRANGE

The Forces of Light are never alone.
(throwing up his hands)
By Quetzalcoatl, by Telcatlipoca,
by the Centeotl, by the Seraphim --

St Elmo's Fire crackles up and down the STONE GIANT. The flickering fire which is DORMAMMU is partially extinguished by the electrical charge.

STRANGE

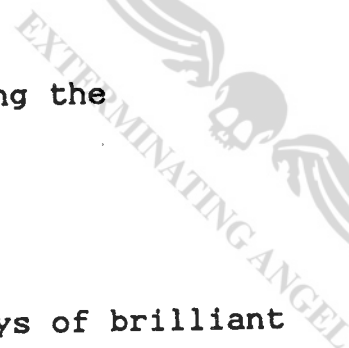
In the names of Juarakan,
of Kukulcan, of the Magnificent
Coatlicue, Mother of All the Gods --

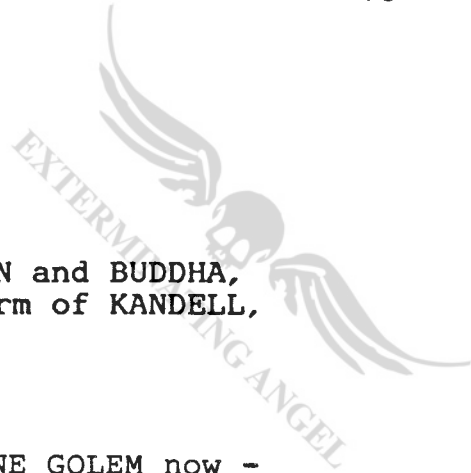
With each name, LIGHTNING flashes from the Firmament and strikes the statue. The fire of DORMAMMU peels away and pours back towards the RIP in the dimension.

One of the GIANT's stone hands falls away.

TANYA struggles with her CAPTORS. STRANGE keeps up his chant. LIGHTNING strikes the giant again. It stumbles.

And as he calls their names, the ASTRAL FORMS of former SUPREME SORCERERS appear in the air around DR STRANGE - forming a pentagram and hexagon of POINTS OF LIGHT, like atoms in a molecule, girding their mystic power to his.





We recognise QUETZALCOATL, MERLIN, ARKKAN and BUDDHA, and next to him the glimmering astral form of KANDELL, the Ancient One.

DORMAMMU roars in anguish.

Almost completely separated from the STONE GOLEM now - DORMAMMU pours back through the rip in reality as the GIANT gropes blindly in the air with his remaining hand.

Another BOLT takes a huge chunk from his granite flank.

A typhoon rages through the island. Suddenly the SUN appears.

MORDO realises the game is up. He runs towards the flickering gap between dimensions.

MORDO
Take me with you, Lord!
I've served you well --
Don't leave me!

DORMAMMU'S MAD EYES peer at MORDO through the gap. For a second it looks as if the STONE GIANT will crush him. Then it points to TANYA.

MORDO understands. He grabs her, freeing her from the clutch of his disintegrating DEMONS. Clutching her to his side, he steps into the enormous stone paw --

STRANGE
No, Mordo! Dormammu, I command you --

MORDO
See you later, Strange.

The GIANT reaches up and hands MORDO and TANYA through the gap to DORMAMMU.

WHAP!!! The fissure in reality snaps shut.

DORMAMMU is gone. His demons have vanished or become centipedes or salamanders, scurrying to get out of the brightening SUN. The landscape glows.

The rip in the dimensional barrier flickers like the dying radiance of a radium-painted watch.

STRANGE tears off his shirt. He wraps it around his burned and blistered arm. He steps towards the RIP.

The IMAGES of the ANCIENT SORCERERS are gone.
Only that of MERLIN still hangs faintly in the air.

MERLIN

Do not attempt to follow,
Sorcerer. You can do nothing
for her on the Other Side.

STRANGE peers into the glimmering remnants of the
fissure. Through them, only darkness and distant
GREEN FIRE are visible.

He takes a step towards the gap.

MERLIN's image shakes its head.
It strokes its beard, as KANDELL was wont to,
and disappears.

STRANGE takes a step closer to the unknown.

Above him, the HUGE STONE IDOL, frozen now,
begins to creak and slip sideways, towards him --

STRANGE steps into the ABYSMAL GAP.

The STATUE crashes down where he once stood.
It breaks apart, shoulders and legs separating
from the trunk, arms rolling away.

The TOURISTS emerge from their buses.

BLACKNESS

STRANGE hurtles through total darkness.

Occasionally around him there are bright explosions
of green and yellow light.

Suddenly FOUR CORNERS of pitch blackness slide apart
and DOCTOR STRANGE is through the Barrier
and in --

-- THE DARK DIMENSION.

THE DARK DIMENSION

The DARK DIMENSION cannot be described.

It exceeds the maddest nightmares of Dali, Tanguy or DeChirico. The rules of physics don't apply here. Nor do the rules of perspective. Nor do any rules at all.

(Fortunately what cannot be described can be drawn, and the D.D. was copiously illustrated by Steve Ditko in STRANGE TALES numbers 133 to 141)

DR STRANGE comes to rest on a platform/pathway winding through a forest of strange patterns, mutating colours, shifting geometric shapes.

The pathway splits in three directions, leading to three VAST ORNATE DOORS.

STRANGE pauses at the crossroads, concentrates his energy. A beam of light from the AMULET reveals two of the paths to be HALLUCINATIONS - pitfalls concealing a bottomless abyss.

STRANGE takes the real path.
GREAT DOORS swing open and admit him to --

DORMAMMU'S THRONE ROOM

Not a room in any confining sense, but another, distinct "corner" of the Dark Dimension.

DOORWAYS to other dimensions are constantly opening and closing here, briefly revealing weird, exotic worlds.

STRANGE follows the undulating path towards DORMAMMU.

DORMAMMU sits brooding on a floating throne of geometric crystal. His head is still a MASS OF FIRE in which white, skull-like eyes are visible.

DORMAMMU
Welcome, Sorcerer.

STRANGE
Where is Tanya Anders?



DORMAMMU
tanyanders..?

DORMAMMU holds out his hands. In one palm, a RAINBOW appears. In the other, a miniature NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

STRANGE
Cut the parlour tricks, Dormammu.
I've come for my friend.

DORMAMMU closes his palms. The VISIONS vanish.

DORMAMMU
Surely you mean Baron Mordo.
You studied together, didn't you?
Lived as closely as brothers...

An image of MORDO and the YOUNGER STRANGE appears.
STRANGE and MORDO sit in meditative poses before KANDELL.

STRANGE dispells the vision with the wave of a hand.

STRANGE
Mordo betrayed our Master and
dishonoured our school.
He is your brother now.
The woman, Dormammu.

DORMAMMU
You want her? Have her.--

TANYA appears in a "doorway" overhead.
She is unharmed but cannot hear or be heard.
She is imprisoned in a soundless CRYSTAL TRAP.
The doors slams and she is gone again.

DORMAMMU
-- after you fight for her.

STRANGE looks DORMAMMU in the eye.

STRANGE
Okay. Let's go.

DORMAMMU
Not with me, Strange. I am the
Master here. With one blink
I can destroy you.
(he yawns)
I can destroy everything.

STRANGE

Get to the point, Dormammu.
Who am I to fight?

A "doorway" opens. MORDO steps out.
But this is a NEW MORDO - three times larger than before,
and definitely no longer human... Eyeless, with huge
NIGHT VISION GOGGLES, clad in green and silver armor.

STRANGE

Hello Mordo.

MORDO

(DORMAMMU's voice)
Goodbye Strange.

ASMODEUS appears through another doorway.
He wears a silver top hat and a checkered cape.

ASMODEUS

You will do battle with Dormammu's
Champion. If you defeat him,
you and the woman can return to
Earth. If you lose, Dormammu
will have your souls for all Eternity.

STRANGE

Either way, the woman gets
to go back.

MORDO

NO!!!

ASMODEUS

Your terms are unacceptable.

STRANGE

They are my only terms.

DORMAMMU roars with laughter.
A thousand demons appear in "doorways" in the air
laughing in sycophantic imitation of their master.

DORMAMMU

Well, I must say you are a
caution, Strange. I've not
encountered such defiance since...
I have never encountered it.
If I let the woman go, will you
give me a better fight?

STRANGE nods. TANYA reappears.

DORMAMMU

It is agreed.

MORDO charges at STRANGE.

STRANGE makes the path beneath him disappear.
MORDO falls through the hole.

STRANGE cleans his fingernails.

DORMAMMU

Round one to Strange. MORDO?

MORDO comes crashing up through the path behind STRANGE.
Furious, he launches a tremendous THREE-POINTED BEAM
OF YELLOW LIGHT.

STRANGE parries, sculpting a SHIELD OF RED LIGHT out
of the air in front of him.

The YELLOW LIGHT fractures and bounces off the RED.
The RED LIGHT buckles.

STRANGE throws back his head and from his forehead burst
FOUR WHITE COMETS of psychic energy.

They dart at MORDO. MORDO throws them off
with shimmering-heat like MENTAL WAVES.--

-- catching DR STRANGE off balance,
almost knocking him down --

His RED SHIELD cracks. He builds ANOTHER ONE,
white and double the size. MORDO's yellow light
turns ORANGE RED --

ANGLE ON DORMAMMU

-- watching with evident pleasure.

Doorways open in the sky behind him, revealing
HUGE BLEACHERS full of DORMAMMU'S CITIZENS,
cheering MORDO or --

ANGLE ON MORDO

-- grunting and belching FIRE.

ANGLE ON STRANGE

-- opening a BLACK HOLE in MORDO's reality.



The HUGE SLICE of warped ANTI-MATTER
threatens to engulf MORDO.

DORMAMMU
Bravo! Bravo!

DORMAMMU snaps his fingers and the ANTI-MATTER
vanishes. MORDO jumps to his feet, enraged.

He unleashes a tremendous ENERGY BARRAGE at STRANGE.
DOCTOR STRANGE jumps back baletically,
building up new GEOMETRIC SHIELDS OF LIGHT.

ANGLE ON TANYA

-- within the trap. It is part-plant, part glass
or crystallized light. She tries to pry apart a
tangle of roots/bars.

Through the glass, we see MORDO advancing on STRANGE --

ANGLE ON MORDO

-- increasing the ENERGY BLAST as STRANGE retreats.

DORMAMMU
That's better, Mordo. On! Get on!

MORDO howls like a pack of wolves
and emits steam like a boiler.

ANGLE ON STRANGE

-- backtracking, building up new inner energy walls
as MORDO's rays shatter the outer ones.

Sweat pours down STRANGE's furrowed brow.
The struggle against MORDO - who is so copiously
helped by DORMAMMU - is taxing DOC greatly.

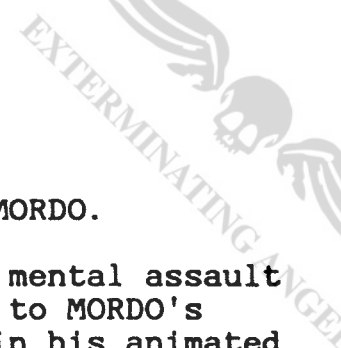
SUDDENLY --

HILLTOP EXTERIOR DAY

STRANGE finds himself standing on a hilltop
overlooking a green plain, a line of volcanoes,
and an endless white beach lined with palms.

STRANGE looks around. He listens.
The only sound is the waves on the shore and
the cry of birds.

CUT BACK TO --



THE DARK DIMENSION

-- where STRANGE is still duelling with MORDO.

STRANGE clears his head and throws a new mental assault at MORDO -- his ASTRAL FORM materializes to MORDO's left -- while he continues to do battle in his animated physical way --

MORDO is momentarily freaked and a wave of multicoloured energy bowls him over.

DORMAMMU catches onto STRANGE's trick.

DORMAMMU

It's not his Astral Form, Mordo.
It's merely a projection.

The frightened MORDO continues to shower BOLTS OF LIGHT at the image. DORMAMMU sighs and makes it disappear.

Instantly DOCTOR STRANGE encircles MORDO with the RINGS OF RAGADORR --

HILLTOP EXTERIOR DAY

DOCTOR STRANGE surveys the plain with all its diverse plant and animal life. Deer graze from fruit trees, mountain lions prowl, big iguanas sun themselves in the dunes. The sky is full of swallows and circling eagles.

DOERMAMMU appears, man-size, at STRANGE's side.

DORMAMMU

Beautiful, isn't it.
See the whales off shore?

ANGLE ON A MAGNIFICENT HERD OF GREY WHALES.

STRANGE breathes the fresh air and nods.

STRANGE

Very nice, yes.

DORMAMMU

(taking him into his confidence)
This is what Earth would be like
if there were no people.

BIG ANGLE ON DORMAMMU

DORMAMMU

Think about it.



BACK IN THE DARK DIMENSION

DORMAMMU leans back in his crystal chair. He stares at a MINIATURE PLANET floating before him, all green and white and blue.

BELOW HIM the battle royale between STRANGE and MORDO rages. But his attention is on his tiny simulacrum of Earth.

DORMAMMU

Mankind is an abomination.
He despoils everything he touches.
His only instinct is to destroy.

ANGLE ON DORMAMMU'S TINY PLANET

-- as we watch, black industrial smoke trails appear. The deserts swell. The forests disappear.

DORMAMMU

I know I'm evil, Strange. But you humans are worse than me because you won't face up to the truth --

The MINIATURE WORLD turns brown. Its oceans dry up. Its blue atmosphere vanishes. DORMAMMU emits a fiery breath which finishes off the planet. consumes the tiny planet.

DORMAMMU

The human race is the most destructive force in the Known Universe.

STRANGE battles fiercely with MORDO, who has snapped the Crimson Bands and retaliated with a thousand rounds of PSYCHIC ENERGY.

DORMAMMU

Help me destroy it, Stephen. You'll be thanked by every other living thing.

STRANGE

Bullshit, Dormmammu. Nobody thinks that but YOU!
Your head's been on fire for long you fried your brains!

ANGLE ON TANYA

-- within the trap. No longer struggling, she concentrates her energy and starts to levitate --

GOTHIC CATHEDRAL INTERIOR DAY

The miniature Earth emerges, green and whole again, from a font of holy water. STRANGE stands beside it in humble clothes. DORMAMMU stands next to him, dressed like a Mediaeval Devil.

They stare at the perfect globe of Earth.

STRANGE

There is a spark, faint though
it may be --

On the tiny planet we see the trails of smoke and spirals of pollution DISAPPEAR.

STRANGE

-- a gleaming spark of divinity
glowing within each of us.

The CATHEDRAL WALL comes crashing down and MORDO storms in, like an express train.

MORDO

I'LL SMASH YOU!!
I'LL SMASH YOU!!

THE DARK DIMENSION

MORDO roars bestially as a flood of energy streams into him from DORMAMMU. He hurls white ANVILS OF LIGHT at STRANGE, hammering him back --

ANGLE ON TANYA

-- returning from her meditative state and opening her eyes to see --

-- HER REFLECTION in the glass of the prison. It wears the feathered, gold, bejewelled head-dress and embroidered bustier of an EGYPTIAN SORCERER-QUEEN.

TANYA

Nefertiti!

BABYLON FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

DR STRANGE wears the square-cut beard and high-collared purple cloak of a Byzantine Emperor.

He reclines on thick cushions, attended by ADMIRING FEMALES and fanned by PORTLY EUNUCHS.

HIS POV --

The steps below him are crowded with BOWING SUBJECTS bearing GIFTS. Beyond them is the Avenue of the Gods, with Temples on one side and Hanging Gardens on the other. The Avenue is packed with MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, all of them bringing gold, slaves, jewelry and every kind of TRIBUTE for STEPHEN STRANGE...

DORMAMMU appears at his side, smoking a cigar.

DORMAMMU

Mordo's poor company, Stephen.
I'd much prefer to have you
running things for me on Earth.

THE DARK DIMENSION

ANGLE ON STRANGE, as MORDO'S RAYS crash through his defences. He backs up, shouting.

STRANGE

NOOOOO!!!

MORDO advances, laughing. DORMAMMU'S DEMONS scream their support from the bleachers.

Suddenly STRANGE drops all his defences and ducks below MORDO'S BARRAGE.

In the absence of an opposing force, MORDO misses his footing. He stumbles --

-- and instantly STRANGE is on top of him, pinning his arms and legs with four blasts of light from the EYE AMULET --

MORDO yells and curses, but is trapped.
STRANGE grabs hold of MORDO's head --

DORMAMMU

Excellent, Strange!
Now finish him.

STRANGE sees a vision of himself, smashing MORDO's head against the ground, green/yellow blood splattering.

STRANGE lets MORDO go, unharmed.

ANGLE ON THE CRYSTAL TRAP

-- shattering. TANYA drifts gently down to the platform beside DOCTOR STRANGE.

ANGLE ON DORMAMMU

-- shaking his head in wonder.

DORMAMMU

I have to hand it to you,
Sorcerer. You won the bet.
(disgusted)
Won it fair and square, too.
Be gone, the pair of you.

STRANGE

I should extract a vow from you.
A promise never to return to Earth.

A wind blows through the Dark Dimension.
Giant blue cactuses appear.

DORMAMMU

Impudent human. Get out of here
before I change my mind.

STRANGE looks DORMAMMU up and down. Right now they seem to be about the same size. STRANGE nods stiffly.

STRANGE

Well, OK. Goodbye.

STRANGE turns, and with TANYA at his side starts walking up the cactus-lined pathway. They can feel DORMAMMU's breath upon their necks.

TANYA

Doc, something's wrong.

STRANGE

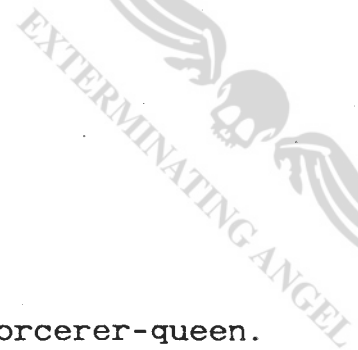
We have to trust him.
He gave us his word.

ANGLE ON DORMAMMU

-- looking up and beckoning to something...

ANGLE ON MOLOCH, THE DESTROYER

-- hurtling like a DIVE BOMBER towards STRANGE and TANYA, screeching a MALIGN INCANTATION --



ANGLE ON TANYA

-- swinging around to face the DEMON.

Suddenly she is clad as NEFERTITI, the sorcerer-queen.

TANYA

Imanaqtintaq
Khaynaniraq
Machasquari
PURIMUNKI!!!

WHITE LIGHT pours from TANYA's outstretched arms,
filling the giant room. MOLOCH collides with
the barrier of light and EXPLODES!

WIDE ANGLE ON THE THRONE ROOM

TWO POWERFUL SPELLS, one TANYA's, the other DORMAMMU's,
crash together, building a blinding wall of
ENERGY and LIGHT.

The WHITE LIGHT spreads till it obscures everything --
DORMAMMU - MORDO - TANYA - DOCTOR STRANGE --

WHITE OUT

HIGHWAY EXTERIOR DUSK

DR STRANGE and TANYA materialize on foot in the fast lane.
They run for the central divider. It is the RUSH HOUR.

TRAFFIC rolls by on both sides.

STRANGE

Where on earth - ?

TANYA

Long Island Expressway ...

It is almost the L.I. Expressway,
but there is something wrong.

Everything - the cars, the sky, the highway, is grey
and slightly blurred. The cars are moving in slow motion.

STRANGE

We haven't made it back yet.
We're in between the Dimensions.
Stuck...

YELLOW HEADLIGHTS wash over them.
AN OLD RAGTOP approaches.

Seized by a premonition, TANYA grips STRANGE's arm.

The CAR is an old dark two-door with a ripped-up black top.
It pulls off the road and stops beside them,
in the diamond lane. The DRIVER winds his window down.

It is KANDELL.

STRANGE

Master...

KANDELL opens the passenger door. STRANGE takes a
step towards the car. KANDELL waves him away.

KANDELL

Nefertiti, Wayquey Ahkenaten.

TANYA lets go of STRANGE's arm.
She walks towards the car.
KANDELL holds the door open.

STRANGE

Master, I don't understand --

KANDELL

She knows who she is now, Stephen.
She doesn't belong here any more.

STRANGE

But, Master --

TANYA

He's right, Stephen. There are
things for me to do. Things I'd
forgotten all about.

STRANGE is desolated. But his stern code, and the
presence of his MASTER'S SPIRIT FORM, prevent him from speaking.

TANYA stares at STRANGE intently. Her eyes glow.

TANYA

I was in darkness for a long time,
Doc. You brought me out of it.

(she kisses him)

Thank you.

STRANGE
 (choking)
 I'll see you later.

TANYA
 Sooner than you think.
 Goodbye.

He reaches for her. TANYA gets into the car.

He is unsurprised to see the Rag Top turn into a pair of BLACK WINGS which carry the old Ford out of the traffic jam and away...

And suddenly STRANGE is on --

THE REAL LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY EXTERIOR DUSK

-- beside the central divider, with LOUD TRUCKS and TRAFFIC rushing by. He is alone.

He lowers his head and starts walking towards the skyline of Manhattan.

BLEEKER STREET EXTERIOR DAY SUNSET

A TAXI deposits DOC outside his place.

The drawing room window is still boarded up, and the House has a melancholy air.

Nailed to the door is a court order, saying "Notice to Pay Rent or Quit".

STRANGE digs in his pockets for his keys.

The TWO VICE COPS appear.

COP 1
 Okay, ya weird freak.
 You're goin' downtown!

STRANGE casts a baleful eye over the COPS. Both stop in their tracks.

STRANGE
 You are both hungry for donuts.
 Go and eat them. Do not
 bother Doctor Strange again.



He makes a mystic gesture.

The COPS immediately turn their backs on him.

COP 1

I'm HUNGRY, man. You HUNGRY?

COP 2

Yeah. Let's grab some DONUTS.

The TWO COPS head across the street for Winchell's.

WONG opens the front door.

He wears a deer-stalker hat and is carrying a SUITCASE and a SET OF GOLF CLUBS.

STRANGE

Wong! Where are you going?

WONG

On vacation, boss.

(shakes his hand warmly)

Good work! Welcome back!

Must pay electric bill at once or cut off. Very bad!

WONG heads down the steps and hails a TAXI.

WONG

Where's the young lady at?

STRANGE

She had... pressing business.

WONG

Good!

(gets into CAB)

Maybe she press your Cloak!

The TAXI rolls away.

STRANGE enters his House.

HALLWAY INTERIOR SUNSET

STRANGE throws his dusty Cloak over the stair rail.

Pinned to the bannister are various bills.

There are two electric bills, with red borders.

There are also lots of notes saying, Call Agent.

STUDY INTERIOR NIGHT

DR STRANGE enters his Study.

He takes the Book of the Vishanti from its lectern, locks it and the EYE of AGAMOTTO in the safe.

The RECORD Tanya gave him is still sitting on the sofa, in its bag.

STRANGE picks up the old RECORD and walks over to the stereo. He switches it on. Puts the RECORD on the turntable, starts switching on the lights --

Suddenly the POWER is cut off and the lights go out. The stereo dies.

STRANGE sits down on the sofa. He examines the record cover in the fading light.

Written on it, in what looks like lipstick, are the words, SOONER THAN YOU THINK.

He stares at the writing.

Then, though the room lights remain extinguished, his Stereo returns to life.

The needle drops and Link Wray's "Fallin' Rain" begins to play.

STRANGE relaxes, comfortable in the dark.

THE END