

1 EXT. KATHMANDU, NEPAL - AERIAL - NIGHT 1

We fly over present day Kathmandu.

2 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ CENTRAL COMPOUND - NIGHT 2

Emerging from late-night MIST, an ORANGE-ROBED FIGURE strides past AN ANCIENT TREE. A HOOD hides his face.

One by one, TWELVE APPRENTICES emerge from the shadows and fall in behind their leader. They silently head toward an ORNATE BUILDING.

2A INT. LOWER LIBRARY - NIGHT 2A

A LIBRARIAN is up late, putting away books. He turns and sees an Apprentice at the end of the aisle.

LIBRARIAN

You can't be in here at this hour.

The Apprentice doesn't move. Behind him, another Apprentice gestures and shakes TWO ROPES OF LIGHT from his bare hands.

The Librarian spins around, getting scared now. Other Apprentices appear, also shaking out ropes of light, surrounding him. Then suddenly...

...FLASHES and SPARKS FLY as they all strike at once, a well-trained team. The ropes of light wrap around the Librarian's wrists and ankles, completely immobilizing him.

Wrenching the light ropes, the librarian is lifted up off his feet, arms and legs stretched wide.

The ORANGE-ROBED FIGURE approaches, sliding a CEREMONIAL BOWL beneath the head of the Librarian. He pulls back his hood. We see the face of THE ZEALOT KAECILIUS, a fierce looking sorcerer.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

(a terrified whisper)

W-what are you gonna do...?

KAECILIUS

Whatever is required.

Kaecilius swings a weapon of light. IN SHADOW we see the glowing light cut off the Librarian's head.

3 INT. LOWER LIBRARY/NARTHEX - NIGHT 3

Kaecilius approaches a bookshelf and removes an ANCIENT VOLUME (*THE BOOK OF CAGLIOSTRO*).

With BLOOD-STAINED FINGERS, he turns to the back, RIPS OUT TWO PAGES, and stares at them reverently.

3A OMITTED 3A

3B INT. LOWER LIBRARY/NARTHEX 3B

Kaecilius leads the way into A PENTAGONAL ROOM with three LARGE SANCTUM GATES, walking toward one of the gates.

Kaecilius places his hands upon the gates and they SHIMMER WITH LIGHT, then they slowly begin to OPEN.

YELLOW-ROBED FIGURE (O.S.)
Z E A L O T!

Kaecilius and the Apprentices turn to see the Figure, now standing at the foot of the stairs. Kaecilius turns back to see the gate still slowly opening.

KAECILIUS
Come on.

The figure walks toward them as the gate finally opens.

Kaecilius and his followers RUN through the gates.

4 EXT. LONDON SANCTUM - DAYTIME - CONTINUOUS 4

Exiting the London Sanctum, Kaecilius and the other Zealots hurry down the street.

5 EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS 5

The Zealots all rush past modern day pedestrians and cars, looking strangely out of place. People STARE as they hurry past. Kaecilius, still leading the way, ducks into...

5A EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS 5A

As the Zealots rush forward, A CIRCLE OF SPARKS begins to appear at the end of the alley, blocking the way.

The center of this GATEWAY is A MIRROR IMAGE. Staring into it, the Zealots see themselves and the alleyway behind them.

Kaecilius turn around to see THE YELLOW-ROBED FIGURE at the far end of the alleyway, spinning the circular gateway of sparks with the aid of the SLING-RING on her hand.

With a gesture, the Figure commands the gateway to engulf the entire alley.

The alleyway is now much greyer-looking, and a backwards reflection of itself - so the Yellow-Robed Figure is still directly in front of them.

Kaecilius looks at nearby SIGNS, their letters all BACKWARDS.

The Yellow-Robed Figure makes a grand gesture, and THE BUILDINGS on both sides of the ZEALOTS begin to WARP AND BEND, as does the ASPHALT BENEATH THEIR FEET.

Seeing this impossibility, Kaecilius's eyes burn with rage.

KAECILIUS
HYPOCRITE!

The ENTIRE ALLEYWAY BENDS SIDEWAYS, forcing them downward, toward the awaiting Yellow-Robed Figure. One building lands behind them and begins to roll forward.

Kaecilius conjures two ORANGE SCYTHES OF LIGHT, his weapon of choice. Some of the other Apprentices also conjure weapons of light, the others wield FIGHTING RELICS.

They Charge the Yellow Robed Figure, attacking. The figure, hands behind its back, begins kicking the Zealots as they attack. Two zealots lash the ankles of the Zealot with LUMINOUS WHIPS but the Zealots leaps, pulling the zealots to the ground with their own whips.

The Yellow-Robed Figure removes TWO LUMINOUS FIGHTING FANS.

As the physical space around them SWIRLS and COMPRESSES DOWNWARD.

A furious fight ensues in this psychedelic, mind-bending space.

Apprentices are dropping quickly, cut down by the furious blades of the gravity-defying Yellow-Robed Figure, several being caught and crushed beneath the rolling landscape of the building.

The Figure shifts the gravity again, the Zealots sliding off the side of the building. Kaecilius and the Zealots hang on for dear life, falling off one by one. Kaecilius begins spinning an ESCAPE GATEWAY with his own sling-ring, zealots dropping through it as they fall.

Five of the remaining Apprentices escape through the gateway.

He glares at the Yellow-Robed Figure, eyes filled with hate, then he leaps through his own gateway. It CLOSES behind him.

The Figure gestures, and the bending space returns to normal. The Figure walks down the side of the building, and summons another mirror gateway. She walks through it reappearing again in the normal London alleyway, alone.

From behind, the YELLOW-ROBED FIGURE puts away the fighting fans then lowers the robe's hood, revealing a scarred scalp.

The Figure walks away, down the empty London street.

6-7

OMITTED

6-7

CUT TO BLACK.

We hear the sound of RUNNING WATER, then FADE BACK IN ON:

8

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - SCRUB ROOM - DAY

8

A PAIR OF HANDS beneath a faucet, washing vigorously with SURGICAL SCRUB...

DOCTOR STEPHEN STRANGE - clean-shaven with a touch of gray at his temples - holds up his hands for a moment's inspection: they're flawless and steady as Rodin marble.

He pulls on gloves then stares at himself in the mirror: Confident. Self-assured. Knows exactly who he is.

9

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATER #1 - DAY

9

The assisting physicians and nurses are already in the early stages of surgery as Strange enters, all smiles and swagger.

Standing over the patient are two women: DR. VARMA, a fellow neurosurgeon, and DR. BRUNER, an anesthesiologist.

Strange takes his place at the head of the patient. As the surgery starts, so does the usual, good-natured banter:

STRANGE

Doctor Bruner.

BRUNER

Stephen.

STRANGE

Only my friends and ex-lovers call me Stephen.

VARMA

No flirting in the O.R., Dr. Strange.

STRANGE

Absolutely. No flirting. Unless you
were flirting with me, Dr. Bruner?

BRUNER

This is not my flirting face.

She dead pan stares at him over her mask.

BRUNER (CONT'D)

THIS is my flirting face.

It's exactly the same.

STRANGE

Be still my beating heart.

VARMA

Don't encourage him. We can all barely
fit in here with his ego as it is.

STRANGE

You wound me, Dr. Varma. Yesterday
you said my ego could fill up this
hospital - now I'm only a measly
room.

She'd keep going but Strange is done, switches his focus...

STRANGE

Billy! What challenge do you have
for us today?

BILLY, a burly MALE NURSE, presses play on an iPod and a
track begins playing - Chuck Mangione's *Feels So Good* - a
classic smooth jazz hit. The song plays through the scene.

STRANGE

Are you messing with me, Billy?

NURSE BILLY

No, doctor.

STRANGE

Nineteen seventy-seven. Chuck
Mangione, *Feels So Good*. Honestly,
you promised this one would be hard.

BILLY

Hah! It's nineteen seventy-eight.

STRANGE

No, Billy. While *Feels So Good* may have charted in seventy-eight, the album was released in December... of seventy-seven.

BILLY

But Wikipedia-

STRANGE

- Check it again.

BRUNER

It can wait.

STRANGE

And let the Damoclean Sword of doubt loom over my colleagues through such a delicate procedure? Hardly.

VARMA

Where do you store all this useless information?

STRANGE

Useless? The man charted a top 10 hit with a *Flugelhorn*. Is there any word in the English language more fun to say than *Flugelhorn*?

BRUNER

Slangwhanger.

VARMA

Scrotum.

STRANGE

(relishing the sound of it)
Flugelhorn.

VARMA

I always thought this was a trumpet.

BRUNER

Same thing Kenny G plays.

STRANGE

No, that's a sopran- ah, now you're messing with me.

BRUNER

When I can.

STRANGE

Status, Billy?

BILLY
 (holds up his phone)
 Nineteen Seventy-seven.

Varma groans as Bruner makes a disgusted "ugh" sound.

Finished with the quick procedure, Strange turns to A GALLERY OF MEDICAL STUDENTS watching him from behind glass.

STRANGE
 And that's how you save a life
 before your coffee gets cold.

They all CLAP. He takes a very small bow (in good humor). He's arrogant but charming.

CHRISTINE PALMER, beautiful and fierce in bloodstained scrubs, enters and stands at the doorway.

Christine has a tablet under her arm and looks very serious, motions for Strange.

VARMA
 I got this, Stephen. You've done your bit.
 We'll close up for you.

Strange nods and steps aside. Varma slips in like a pro.

10 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

10

STRANGE
 What is it?

She gives Strange her tablet. He pages through the charts.

CHRISTINE
 A GSW.

STRANGE
 Amazing you kept him alive. He's
 Apneoeic, failed the brain stem
 reflexes and the apnoea test.

He shakes his head helplessly: nothing to be done. This patient's gone. Then he sees an X-ray, and frowns.

STRANGE
 I think I found the problem, Dr.
 Palmer. You left a bullet in his head.

CHRISTINE
 It's impinging on the medulla.
 I needed a specialist. But Nic
 diagnosed brain death.

Strange flips to an MRI image, stares.

STRANGE
That's not right.

Strange looks up with electric urgency. He and Christine share a look of understanding. They simultaneously turn and run down the hall.

11 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

11

A PATIENT lays in a hospital bed on life support.

DR. NICODEMUS WEST, an elite surgeon with dark hair, serious eyes, and the entitled air of an Ivy League plutocrat, is prepping a procedure with a team of physicians.

Strange and Christine arrive, out of breath.

STRANGE
I need a Craniotomy set in Trauma, stat!

CHRISTINE
Dr. West. What are you doing?

WEST
Organ harvest. He's a donor.

CHRISTINE
I didn't agree to that!

WEST
I don't need you to. We've already called brain death.

Strange shoulders past him.

STRANGE
Prematurely.
(to assisting nurses)
Get him prepped for a sub-occipital craniotomy.

West stares at Strange in bewilderment.

WEST
I'm neurosurgeon on call and I'm not about to let you operate on a dead man.

Strange holds out the tablet computer with the X-ray.

STRANGE
What do you see?

West scowls at the X-ray impatiently:

WEST

A bullet.

STRANGE

A *perfect* bullet. A perfect bullet that punched through bone. It should be deformed. It's not. That means it's been hardened.

West shakes his head, bewildered.

STRANGE

You harden a bullet by alloying the lead with antimony - a toxic metal. And if it's leached directly into the cerebral spinal fluid-

WEST

(getting it)

-Rapid onset central nervous system shutdown like a massive drug overdose.

STRANGE

And if it's close enough to the *medulla* - massive shutdown causing loss of brain stem reflexes mimicking brain death.

(off West's horrified look)

The patient's not dead. But he *is* dying.

(smug)

Still want to harvest his organs?

Strange strides away. West follows, practically begging:

WEST

I'll assist you.

STRANGE

Dr. Palmer will assist me.

12 INT. OPERATING THEATER #2 - MINUTES LATER

12

Strange drills into the patient's skull. Christine at his side. West watches, shamefaced, a few steps back.

Christine speaks so only Strange can hear.

CHRISTINE

Thank you.

STRANGE

Thank me when it works.

This is a very different Strange than the one we've just seen. He's not jocular at all. He's focused, direct.

Christine assists, handing him various instruments without him asking - they work together like a well-oiled machine.

Every bit of gore is obscured by a flurry of bodies.

CHRISTINE
Image guidance, stat.

STRANGE
There's no time for that.

CHRISTINE
You can't do it free-hand.

STRANGE
I can and I will.

WEST
This isn't a time for showing off,
Strange.

Strange speaks while making a super precise cut.

STRANGE
How about ten minutes ago, when you
called the wrong time of death?

West shrinks back.

It's so quiet we hear West's expensive watch tic off seconds.

STRANGE
Cranial nerves appear intact. Dr.
West, please cover your watch.

West complies, and now there is total silence.

STRANGE
Rongeur.

Taking the instrument, Strange exhales like a sniper about to take his shot... then he carefully extracts the bullet.

After a moment, he leans back, letting the bullet drop into a metal kidney dish with a loud CLANK.

14

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM / HALLWAY - DAY

14

Strange and Christine talking to a family. We are too far away to hear what is being said but we see Strange calmly explaining...

...suddenly the mother breaks down, hugs him with thanks. He is not rude, smiles, but he is not warm with her.

ON STRANGE AND CHRISTINE as they walk away from the family...

CHRISTINE

That's the good part.

STRANGE

For you.

CHRISTINE

And for you, let me guess, humiliating Doctor West in the operating room? You didn't have to do that.

STRANGE

I didn't have to save his patient, either. Sometimes I just can't help myself.

CHRISTINE

Nic's a good doctor.

STRANGE

You're a good doctor. You saw it, didn't you? The bullet?

CHRISTINE

Not the bullet toxicity. But the shape, yeah. It felt wrong. I needed a second opinion.

STRANGE

You had a second opinion. What you needed was a competent one.

CHRISTINE

All the more reason you should be my neurosurgeon on call. You could make such a difference.

STRANGE

(incredulous)

I can't work in your butcher shop.

CHRISTINE

Hey.

STRANGE

I'm fusing transected spinal cords. Stimulating neurogenesis in the central nervous system. My work will save thousands for years to come. In the ER you get to save one drunk fool with a gun.

She knows not to bite that hook.

CHRISTINE

You're right. In the ER we only save lives. There's no fame, no CNN interviews...

He doesn't take THAT hook.

CHRISTINE

Guess I'll have to stick with Nic.

STRANGE

Wait a minute, are you guys...

CHRISTINE

Are we what?

STRANGE

Sleeping together. I'm sorry, I thought that was implicit.

CHRISTINE

Explicit, actually. And, no. I have a very strict rule against dating colleagues. I call it the Strange Policy.

STRANGE

At least something's been named after me. I invent a laminectomy procedure, but for whatever reason no one wants to call it the Strange Technique.

CHRISTINE

We invented that technique.

STRANGE

Regardless, I am quite flattered by your policy. And all this time I thought the only thing you got out of our relationship was my Radiohead concert tee.

CHRISTINE

Which you're not getting back. Now if you'll excuse me, I must break the news to the family that the famous Doctor Stephen Strange has saved the day. Yet again.

She starts to go.

STRANGE

Christine, wait.

She turns back. For a moment, at least, he lets his guard down.

STRANGE

I really miss that shirt.

CHRISTINE

Stephen...

STRANGE

I have a presentation at the Neurological Society tonight, if you'd like to come...

CHRISTINE

Another speaking engagement. How romantic.

STRANGE

You used to love going to these things with me. We had fun.

CHRISTINE

You had fun. They weren't about *us*, they were about *you*.

STRANGE

They weren't *only* about me.

CHRISTINE

(matter of fact)

Stephen, *everything* is about you.

He watches her go. And for the first time we see REAL vulnerability come up in him... Regret...

STRANGE

(to self)

I thought we had fun...

Then he closes it off, goes back to charming...

STRANGE (CONT'D)
 (yelling to Christine)
 We could always hyphenate, you know?
 (mumbles to himself)
 The Strange-Palmer Technique.

CHRISTINE
 (over her shoulder)
 Palmer-Strange.

15 INT. STRANGE'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

15

Strange stares at himself in the mirror, cool, confident. He shaves his face with a steady hand - a surgeon-like precision.

Strange is dressed to the nines in a tux, putting the finishing touches on his bow tie. He then turns to his watch winding case, which houses a number of expensive time pieces.

He reaches for one, but then changes his mind and picks out another. He reads the inscription: *Time will tell how much I love you. Christine.* He straps it on, matter of fact.

We pull back, revealing Strange's apartment - luxurious, expensive, rife with art. Medical files across the table, on top of the piano. A large bookcase FULL OF AWARDS.

Strange reaches over for a pair of tongs, picks up two ice cubes and drops them into a Waterford highball glass. He then pours not alcohol but MINERAL WATER into the glass.

Finishing a Bach Concerto at the piano, he gets up and wanders to the window. Sipping the mineral water, Strange takes in the spectacular view of the city. He revels in this quiet moment, self-satisfied.

He glances at his watch, then quickly downs the water and exits.

16 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

16

A high-dollar SPORTS CAR rolls out of the parking garage: Strange behind the wheel. He speeds away with a squeal of rubber and the throaty roar of 1,200 horsepower.

17 EXT. WESTSIDE HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

17

Turning on satellite radio, Strange skips through channels.

STRANGE
 No. No. No. Definitely not.

Then he runs across *Feels So Good*.

STRANGE
 Sorry synchronicity, not tonight...
 (beat)
Flugelhorn.

Strange keeps skipping tracks, finally landing on The Kinks' *You Really Got Me*. He turns it up and punches the gas.

18 EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON 18

Strange crosses the George Washington Bridge.

19 INT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DUSK TO NIGHT 19

The sports car rockets along a mountain highway, a sheer cliff on one side. The roads are empty: the views magnificent.

Strange drives like he does everything: fast and expertly, with no margin for error.

His CELL PHONE rings. He turns down the music and answers it, clicking the phone onto SPEAKER MODE.

STRANGE
 Go ahead.

He chats with his ASSISTANT as he drives: she's young, bright, and crisply professional.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
 Thirty-five year old Marine
 Colonel, paralyzed. Crushed his
 lower spine in some kind of
 experimental armor. Mid thoracic
 burst fracture.

STRANGE
 Isn't there an app for that?
 Pretend I'm the world's best
 neurosurgeon and gimme something
 worth my time.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)
 We have a sixty-eight year old
 female with an advanced brainstem
 glioma?

STRANGE
 You want me to screw up my perfect
 record? Refer her to Doctor West,
 that way when she dies no one will
 notice. C'mon Claire, I believe in
 you!

The Kinks' track ends, and Strange begins to SCROLL through more music tracks, looking for the next perfect song just as he accelerates around a SLOW-MOVING VEHICLE.

In front of him, another car pulls into his own lane! He downshifts and SLAMS on his brakes-

The impressive combination of man and machine manages to pull back behind the slow-moving vehicle just in time.

The oncoming car zooms past. That was close.

ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Twenty-two year old female with an electronic implant in her brain to control schizophrenia. Struck by lightning.

STRANGE

Send me the -

DING! The MRI pic posts on Strange's phone just as RAINDROPS begin to hit the windshield. Strange turns on the wipers.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

MRI, got it.
(glancing at the image)
So the lightning cauterized the
brain around the-

Impatient and annoyed he accelerates around the slow-moving vehicle again.

STRANGE

This isn't just good, this is
publishable -

Strange misjudges the shift back into his own lane...

...and he CLIPS the front of the slow-moving vehicle!
Strange's car SLIDES, and its front end NAILS a SIGNPOST!

The car SPINS OUT OF CONTROL!

With ultra-violent speed, then SMASHES through a guard rail and PLUNGES off the overpass.

It drops twenty-five feet and hits a vacant road below - but with so much momentum, the car FLIPS AND ROLLS, tumbling like a Formula One race car disaster, down into...

- 20 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT AREA - CONTINUOUS 20
- Plunging toward the DARK RIVER WATER, the sports car strikes a METAL SECURITY FENCE. The hood compresses like an accordion, and the windshield SHATTERS as it's skewered by a metal post.
- What's left of the crumpled car comes to rest, half-submerged in the cold water.
- 20A INT. STRANGE'S CAR - SAME 20A
- He's bloody, disoriented, going to pass out.
- The water is coming in the car's broken windows, lapping over his lower body.
- He stares at the water - confused, shaken...
- THERE'S A GIRL UNDER THE WATER.. She's about nine, blonde. A pink princess sweatshirt. Looking at Strange, eyes wide - her mouth open.
- 20B FLASHBACK: EXT. LAKE / BEACH HOUSE - DAY 20B
- JUST JAGGED IMAGES...
- THAT SAME GIRL - in the same pink princess sweatshirt, jeans, in a kayak on a local lake - behind her adults at a party on the beach. She stands up in the kayak, the boat rocking. She's showing off for us, wiggling her butt, laughing - but then.
- The Kayak tips and she goes into the water.
- YOUNG STRANGE (12)
- Donna!
- She's struggling in the water. He dives in, swims towards her, hands cutting through the water.
- One moment of her panicked eyes on him, then she's under the water. We only hear his panicked breath. She's sinking.
- 20C EXT. LAKE / BEACH HOUSE - DAY 20C
- YOUNG STRANGE ON THE PRIVATE BEACH of a wealthy lake home. He's soaked, helpless - watching. A MAN'S HANDS pumping at Donna's chest - doing CPR - trying to bring back life.
- The man is wet, in a three piece suit, an expensive watch. He blows air into Donna's mouth.

His mother is on her knees, at her daughter's side.

STRANGE'S MOTHER
Not Donna! No, no. Not her...

Strange's father glares at him.

STRANGE'S FATHER
How could you let this happen?!

Young Strange can't bare it. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

21 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

21

CLOSE ON STRANGE'S EYELIDS

Pale and blood-streaked. Brightly lit. His eyes SNAP OPEN - but his vision is cloudy.

White lights rise before him. An angelic shape looms close.

CHRISTINE
Stephen?

Strange blinks. The focus sharpens.

Ceiling lights slide by overhead: he's in a hospital hallway. Christine leans over him in scrubs. Her face taut with worry.

CHRISTINE
You've been in an accident. We got you stabilized but you're going into surgery.

Surgery?! What for? Strange tries to ask, but there's an oxygen mask over his mouth. He can't speak.

CHRISTINE
Nic will take good care of you.

Nic West leans over the gurney with a jaunty grin. Strange's eyes go wide in dismay. *Not Nic West!*

WEST
Don't worry, old man. We'll save your hands.

My what?! Strange lifts his head despite the restraints and anaesthesia. He looks down. Where his hands should be, there are wads of blood-soaked gauze, not shaped like hands at all.

Christine stops at the doors to the operating room. West and his team carry on, wheeling Strange inside feet-first.

Strange is shouting No! NO! as he goes through the doors, but all that gets past the breathing tube is a strangled moan...

...and then the drugs drag him down into blackness...

22

STRANGE'S DREAM

22

Darkness seethes like a storm. This is surgery experienced by an unconscious mind. Waves of red fire. Spiderweb cracks of ultraviolet agony.

THE SOUND OF His mother's agonized moaning wail starts weaving among the images.

Metal scrapes bone. Liquid drips. Voices murmur.

AN IMAGE - STRANGE AS A GROWN MAN, in his suit, at that lake beach, wet - now he is the one giving Donna CPR. His panic growing but so is his determination -

ON HIS HANDS pressing into that small chest...He WON'T lose her...

23

INT. DELUXE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

23

Strange awakens with a hissing breath.

He lies in a high-end hospital bed: a private room in the hospital's most expensive wing. A beautiful day outside.

His hands hang in front of him, suspended from a metal frame. His fingers locked in place by external fixators screwed into his bones. What skin peeks out around the bandages is crosshatched with black sutures.

Christine sleeps in a chair beside him, still in scrubs.

Strange stares at his ruined hands - his breathing ragged.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)
It's gonna be okay.

His breathing has roused her. She steps close to him. But Strange can't take his eyes off his hands.

STRANGE
(hoarsely)
What did they do?

CHRISTINE
They rushed you in by chopper, but it took a while to find you: the golden hours for nerve damage went by while you were still in the car.

STRANGE
WHAT DID THEY DO?!

The shout rips painfully out of his throat. She stiffens, fighting emotion. She doesn't want to be this messenger. But they're doctors: she can't deny him the truth.

CHRISTINE
Eleven stainless steel pins in the bones. Multiple torn ligaments. Severe nerve damage in both hands. Nic did everything he could to -

STRANGE
(horrificed)
- Nic?

A light flickers out in his eyes: she's reading the death sentence for the life he knows.

CHRISTINE
(she braces herself)
He worked on you for eleven hours.

STRANGE
- My God, look at these fixators.

CHRISTINE
No one could have done better -

STRANGE
(snarling)
- I'd have done better.

She understands the shock, what's happening to him. She steps forward, puts her hand on his shoulder.

CHRISTINE
I'm sorry...
(her voice breaking)
You weren't available...

Strange stares at the wall, his hands suspended in their torture racks.

24 INT. OPERATING THEATER #2 - DAY

24

Christine watches a grim Strange roll back into surgery, hands still heavy with fixators and hung from a frame.

25 INT. DELUXE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 25

Strange lies in his hospital bed. His hands on the blanket - free of metal fixators now but now encased in thermoplastic splints and heavily wrapped.

Christine sits beside him. Strange is like a statue, his eyes a million miles away.

26 INT. DELUXE HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 26

Strange sits up, a tablet computer propped in front of him. He swipes through pages with a fingertip, painfully. X-ray and MRI images of his hands. Studying his own case file.

27 INT. DELUXE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 27

Nic West and Varma look on as Christine unwraps Strange's hands. The moment of truth.

His hands are revealed: crisscrossed by angry red scars. As he lifts them to examine them, they TREMBLE UNCONTROLLABLY.

Strange is destroyed by the sight.

STRANGE

No.

WEST

You've been in splints for months.
Give your body time.

Strange's eyes rake across all of them - West, Varma, even Christine - and his voice is harsh with hatred:

STRANGE

You've ruined me.

Strange stares out the window. No one knows quite what to say.

28 INT. HOSPITAL MEETING ROOM - DAY 28

Strange sits ALONE as DR. HAJIMOTO makes a presentation. ON SCREEN: a computer model of Strange's hand.

HAJIMOTO

I propose osteotomes to the second
and third metacarpals and grafting
the ulnar nerve at the wrist.....

29 INT. OPERATING THEATER #2 - DAY 29

Christine comes into the viewing room - watches Hajimoto operate. An X-RAY MONITOR shows the surgical instruments inside Strange's hand...

30 INT. HOSPITAL BOARD ROOM - DAY 30

Strange sits with a team of doctors, hands mummified in bandages.

Across the table, DRs. GARRISON and WEISS field questions.

WEISS

Dr. Strange, those tissues are still healing.

STRANGE

So pass a stent down the brachial artery into the radial artery...

GARRISON

(looks at Weiss)

It's possible. Experimental and expensive... but possible.

INT. OPERATING THEATER #2 - DAY

31 Strange lies unconscious as they wheel him out of surgery. Christine stands looking down at him, and in this unguarded moment she strokes his hair. 31

She steps away as Strange is wheeled toward recovery.

32 INT. STRANGE'S APARTMENT - DAY 32

Fall. Months later. Rain hammers the windows.

Strange sits at his dining room table, most of his art and furniture now gone. All that's left is the dining room table with all its unused chairs and that book shelf full of awards.

He's unshaven and wild-haired. Stains on his clothes. He's in the middle of a video call on a laptop, while he tries to write something on a piece of paper... It's clearly painful but he is determined.

ONSCREEN: a FRENCH DOCTOR in consultation. Deeply skeptical.

FRENCH DOCTOR (ONSCREEN)

Who would say yes? The best have tried and failed. I'm sorry.

STRANGE
Etienne. Wait.

FRENCH DOCTOR (ONSCREEN)
Bonne chance, mon ami.

STRANGE
No, WAIT!

But he's gone. Strange slams the laptop hard enough to hurt his hand. He looks at the paper and clears the table - computer and paper clattering the ground.

The apartment door opens - It's Christine. She is wet from the rain but red cheeked, fresh - so full of life in comparison to Strange. She has grocery bags. She's talking as she comes in.

CHRISTINE
They didn't have any brie, which is just as well, really -

She sees the computer on the floor, his state.

CHRISTINE
He won't do it.

STRANGE
(shakes his head no)
He's a hack.
(continues writing)
There's a new procedure in Tokyo.
They culture donor stem cells and
3D-print a scaffold...

CHRISTINE
You've always spent money as fast as you've made it. Now you're spending money you don't have.

STRANGE
I just need a small loan. 200,000.

CHRISTINE
Maybe it's time to consider stopping -

STRANGE
- No. It's exactly the time NOT to stop because you see, I'm not any better.

CHRISTINE
Stephen. This isn't medicine anymore. It's mania.... Some things can't be fixed.

STRANGE
(his expression darkens)
...Life without my work -

CHRISTINE
- Is still life, Stephen. This isn't
the end. There are other things that
can give your life meaning.

STRANGE
Oh, like what? Like you?

Christine takes a beat. She's mustering all her patience.

CHRISTINE
This is the part where you apologize.

STRANGE
And this is the part where you
leave.

Containing her fury, she stands up to leave.

CHRISTINE
I can't watch you do this to
yourself anymore.

STRANGE
Too difficult for you, is it?

CHRISTINE
Yes, it is. It breaks my heart. To
see you this way.

STRANGE
Don't pity me.

CHRISTINE
I'm not -

STRANGE
- Why are you here Christine?
Bringing me cheese and wine like
we're old friends. Having a picnic.
We aren't friends Christine. We
were barely lovers.

That hits her. As he rages at her she doesn't crack, but we
can see in her eyes how much he is hurting her.

STRANGE
You always liked a sob story. Spend
your weekends rescuing dogs.
(MORE)

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Is that what I am now, poor Stephen
Strange charity case - he finally
needs me! Another dreg of humanity
for you to work on. Patch 'em up
and send 'em back into the world,
HEARTS just HUMMING! You CARE SO
MUCH, don't you?

Beat as she takes him in...

CHRISTINE

Goodbye, Stephen.

She leaves. He watches her go with hollow eyes. Strange sits
in the cavernous apartment that was once his home. Alone.

We PUSH IN to the piece of paper on the ground, and now we
can see what he was writing on that paper - HIS NAME. Over
and over - written in huge, shaky childlike letters.

33 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

33

Strange washes his hands, scrubbing them as if he were going
into surgery. He winces at the pain, then dries off his hands.

He looks down at a razor on the counter, picks it up, raising
it to his cheek. His hands tremble like he has Parkinson's.
The razor dances inches from his cheek.

He throws the razor, grabs HIS HANDS and tries with sheer
will to stop their shaking... He stares in the mirror at
himself. Different. Broken.

33A INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

33A

Kaecilius and the Zealots slip through the narrow passages of
the creepy structure. Skeletons adorn the walls, skulls
stacked atop each other six deep.

NERVOUS ZEALOT

What if this doesn't work?

KAECILIUS

It will work.

NERVOUS ZEALOT

You seem so sure.

KAECILIUS

My faith is strong.

NERVOUS ZEALOT

This isn't about faith. It's about
whether or not you've deciphered
the Cagliostro rituals correctly.
If you're wrong -

KAECILIUS

-If I am wrong, then he will ignore
us and we will each die our own
slow, natural deaths.

They gather in a circle. Kaecilius looks down at the pages he
ripped from the Book of Cagliostro, then looks up at the sky.

KAECILIUS

But we're not the ones knocking. He
is. And he's waiting for someone
like us to let him in.

He closes the book, closes his eyes and raises his head to
the sky. He begins chanting in an ancient dialect. The other
Zealots chant join in.

The only word we understand is DORMAMMU.

ZEALOTS TOGETHER

Dormammu Dormammu Dormammu...

Kaecilius screams. A small circle in his forehead flares up.
It is the symbol of Dormammu.

The Blonde Zealot chants, then she screams and the symbol
burns on her head.

The Brunette Zealot screams, the symbol burning on her head.

The Tall Zealot screams, the symbol burning on his head.

The Strong Zealot screams, the symbol burning on his head.

The Nervous Zealot looks more fearful than excited. He
chants. But nothing happens. He opens his eyes and looks at
Kaecilius, terror-stricken.

KAECILIUS

I was wrong...

Kaecilius slides his hands together forming a SPACESHARD
SWORD out of thin air.

KAECILIUS

...Your death won't be natural
after all.

ALT

(MORE)

KAECILIUS (CONT'D)
 ...Your death will come far sooner
 than we thought.

Kaecilius drives the shard into the nervous Zealot's heart.

CUT TO:

34 OMITTED 34

35 INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY FACILITY - DAY 35

A medical facility for the poor and uninsured. Fluorescent lights, chipped steel furniture, 1960s industrial tile.

Strange, his beard and hair shaggy, sits with a BRAWNY THERAPIST: a blue-collar, no-nonsense type.

Strange's scars have faded, but the tremor's still there. The therapist massages the hand, manipulating each finger.

BRAWNY THERAPIST
 Squeeze my hand, now... harder.
 Show me your strength.

Strange complies, gasping and humbled. It's the most human contact he's had in a long time.

STRANGE
 This is useless.

BRAWNY THERAPIST
 It's not useless. You can do this.

STRANGE
 (bitterly)
 Right. Let me ask you, Bachelor's Degree: have you ever known anyone with nerve damage this extensive to "do *this*" and actually recover?

The therapist thinks for a moment, then nods.

BRAWNY THERAPIST
 One.

Strange looks at the therapist, curious.

BRAWNY THERAPIST
 Factory accident. Broke his back. Paralyzed. His legs, wasted away. He had pain in his shoulders from the wheelchair. Came in three times a week. Then one day he stopped coming. I thought he died.
 (MORE)

BRAWNY THERAPIST (CONT'D)
A few years later, he walked past
me on the street.

STRANGE
Walked...?

BRAWNY THERAPIST
Yeah. Walked.

STRANGE
(after a moment)
What was the patient's name?

BRAWNY THERAPIST
Pangborn, I think.

STRANGE
Pangborn...?
(thinks a beat)
Not Jonathan Pangborn.

35A INT. STRANGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

35A

That book shelf still there, everything else gone...

Strange crashes through file boxes looking for something.

He finds what he is looking for. He holds an MRI up to the
light, it shakes in his hands. His eyes flicker with a faint
light hope.

36 EXT. SKATEPARK - DAY

36

Strange walks up to a group of older men playing basketball on a
court. Strange recognizes one of them: JONATHAN PANGBORN.

Pangborn watches Strange's approach uneasily. Strange stops
before him, staring.

STRANGE
Jonathan Pangborn. You were a C7-C8
spinal cord injury. Complete.

Pangborn glances at the others to see if Strange has been
overheard. Takes a few steps away and speaks with quiet
intensity:

PANGBORN
Who are you?

STRANGE
You were paralyzed, mid-chest down.
Partial paralysis in both hands.

PANGBORN
I don't know you.

Strange catches himself, turning down the intensity.

STRANGE
My name's Stephen Strange. I'm a
surgeon. I was a surgeon. But...

He pulls his hands out of his overcoat pockets and holds them
up. Pangborn takes in the macabre scars. The tremor.

PANGBORN
Actually, I do know you. I came to
your office. I never got past your
assistant.

STRANGE
You were untreatable.

PANGBORN
No glory for you in that, right -

Strange isn't going to be hooked, he pushes on...

STRANGE
Yet you came back from a place
there's no way back from. I... I'm
trying to find my own way back.

Compassion in Pangborn's eyes now. He studies Strange, debating
how much to say. His friends call him back to the game: he
waves them off. Walks a few steps farther away with Strange.

PANGBORN
I'd given up on my body. I thought,
*my mind's all I have left: let me at
least elevate that.* So I sat with
gurus and wise-women. Strangers
carried me up mountains to see holy
men. And finally I found my teacher,
in an unexpected place. And my mind
was elevated, and my spirit deepened,
and most unexpectedly...

STRANGE
(desperate to believe)
Your body was healed.

PANGBORN
Yes. There were deeper secrets to
learn there - but I didn't have the
strength to receive them. There
were lessons, obligations...

(MORE)

PANGBORN (CONT'D)
truths I wasn't ready for. So I
 chose to settle for my miracle and
 go home.

He smiles, deeply feeling both the blessing and the loss.

PANGBORN
 The place you're looking for is
 called *Kamar-Taj*. But the cost
 there is high. Higher than you
 think.

STRANGE
 How much?

PANGBORN
 I'm not talking about *money*. That's
 all I can tell you. It's more than
 I should...
 (beat)
 Good luck.

36A OMITTED 36A

37 EXT. KATHMANDU, NEPAL - AERIAL - DAY 37

We fly over ancient Kathmandu. Beyond the sprawling rooftops
 the white peaks of the Himalayas gleam on the horizon.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER - KATHMANDU, NEPAL

38 EXT. KATHMANDU - CITY STREETS - DAY 38

Cars, trucks, motorscooters and bicycles swarm the streets.
 This is a 2000-year-old city grown into a metropolis of two
 million souls. Gaudily painted apartment buildings jostle
 with ancient shrines. Holy men sit by the side of the road.

Strange walks a crowded street, his overcoat travel-worn. Long
 beard and hair, matted and dirty. A battered backpack hangs
 from his shoulders. His palms wrapped in dirty bandages.

39 EXT. CROWDED ALLEYWAY - DAY 39

Moving through the crowd, Strange stares up at SIGNS targeting
 English-speaking tourists and Everest pilgrims: "Mystical
 Mountain Treks" "Enlightenment Spa & Massage" "Chakra Bar".

Finally, he stops in front of one. "Holy Tours! Himalayan
 Healing! Find Peace! Find Yourself!"

Strange rolls his eyes and moves on toward...

40

EXT. SWAYAMBHUNATH STUPA - DAY

40

Strange circles a huge temple along with hundreds of locals. The Buddhists spin PRAYER WHEELS as they pass, and so does Strange, absently turning them with his bandaged hand.

He slows while passing by A LINE OF TOURISTS waiting to receive a blessing from AN OLD BUDDHIST MONK. Strange sighs, but presses on, speaking to locals as he passes them by...

STRANGE

Kamar-Taj...? Excuse me, do you
know where I can find Kamar-Taj?

A HOODED MAN with his back to Strange turns his head slightly, as if listening. He wears a GREEN ROBE similar to the one Kaecilius wore in the opening scene.

No one gives him the time of day... until an IMPOVERISHED CHILD limps toward him with the aid of a single CRUTCH.

CHILD

Kamar-Taj...?

STRANGE

Yes! You speak English?

CHILD

(holds out his hand)
Kamar-Taj?

STRANGE

I'm broke, kid. I spent my last
dollar just getting here.

CHILD

Kamar. Taj.

STRANGE

You don't speak English.

Strange considers for a moment, staring at the few remaining bills in his wallet, then pulls out a Nepalese bill and hands it to the kid. The kid points with a finger.

STRANGE

(looks in that direction)
A thousand rupees for you to point
East. Thanks, lame homeless beggar kid.

The kid studies Strange a beat, sizing him up.

CHILD

You homeless, not me. You beggar,
not me.

STRANGE

(busted)

Yeah, okay. And I'm the lame one too.

The kid laughs, then...

CHILD

Patan Durbar Square.

STRANGE

Patan Durbar Square?

He nods, then limps off into the crowd.

As Strange wanders off, we see the Hooded Man has been watching his interaction with the child. He begins to follow Strange.

41 EXT. PASHUPATI - DAY

41

Strange hikes down stone steps and across a bridge. Cows wander freely in the streets as monkeys hop about the old temple structures, steps onto a bridge.

He stops a PRIEST to ask for directions. The priest points him deeper into the city.

42 EXT. PATAN DURBAR SQUARE / KATHMANDU SIDE STREET - DAY

42

A complex of palaces and temples. Strange crosses the sacred compound on foot. He pauses, sensing he's being watched.

THE ROBED MAN eyes Strange from a distance. Strange looks back - but the Robed Man is gone.

43 EXT. NARROW LANE - DAY

43

A cobbled alley deep in the labyrinth of the city. Strange trudges down the street, a beaten man. He passes a DOG limping with a BROKEN LEG. Forgetting his own pain for a moment, Strange pauses and walks back to the dog.

He looks down at it.

STRANGE

I've got a friend who goes for your type.

44 EXT. NARROW LANE - LATER

44

With shaky hands, Strange ties off a MAKESHIFT SPLINT for the dog using pieces of his backpack.

The ROBED MAN witnesses this act of healing, then disappears into the shadows.

Strange gently places the dog down on the ground. It raises a front paw, as if to shake.

STRANGE

You shake now, but wait 'till you
get my bill. How's your insurance?

The dog runs off, leg now set to heal properly with time. Strange's slight smile turns bittersweet. He is reminded of the abilities he once had, but at this rate is unlikely ever to have again.

As he continues down the alley, he sees a LARGE GUY approaching from the other end. The New Yorker in Strange tells him that something's not right.

He casually looks over his shoulder and sees a SKINNY GUY bringing up the rear. Then a BEARDED GUY steps out of a doorway, blocking Strange from taking another step.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

I don't have any money.

BEARDED GUY

Your watch.

Indeed, Strange is wearing the watch Christine had given him.

STRANGE

No. Please. It's all I have left.

BEARDED GUY

Your watch.

He holds out his hand for the watch. Strange isn't about to give it up. The Bearded Guy just LAUGHS. While Strange's face may show determination, he's holding his shaky, heavily bandaged hand over his watch.

The Bearded Guy rips the backpack from Strange's shoulder. The Skinny Guy lunges for the watch. Strange turns to run, but he's blocked by the Large Guy. They grab at the watch while Strange twists and turns, trying to hide his wrist from them.

They punch and kick Strange, who groans with each blow. The watch slides off Strange's wrist into the Skinny Guy's hands when...

The ROBED MAN strides bold and confident around the corner. The MAN expertly takes on the three muggers, delivering a flurry of punches and kicks that sends them flying to the ground. The Bearded Man and his accomplices take off running another direction.

The Robed Man removes his hood... We see facial scars and a menacing gaze. This is MORDO. Strange looks up at him from where he lies in the dirt.

Strange struggles to his feet on his own, gasping.

STRANGE

My watch.

Mordo holds up the watch, coolly triumphant, having stolen it back from the thieves. He inspects it, then tosses it to Strange.

Strange looks at the watch and sighs. It is broken, no longer ticking, the glass cracked.

MORDO

It's a nice bracelet

STRANGE

It's a watch.

MORDO

Not anymore.

Strange looks up.

MORDO (CONT'D)

You said you were looking for Kamar-Taj.

For the first time, a glimmer of hope on Strange's face.

45 EXT. STREET OFF PATAN DURBAR SQUARE - DAY 45

Strange and Mordo turn down a side street.

46 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ DOOR - DAY 46

Mordo silently leads Strange down another narrow alley. They approach an ANCIENT TEMPLE hidden away on this tiny lane. Here, in stone alcoves, sit HOLY MEN called *sadhus* with long beards, matted hair and painted faces.

Much to Strange's confusion, Mordo passes them by. He finally stops in front of a blank stone wall. A simple wooden door in a different structure that's not part of the ancient temple.

MORDO
Kamar-Taj.

STRANGE
You sure you have the right place?
(pointing to the ancient
temple they just passed)
That one looks a little more "Kamar-
Tajey".

Mordo looks Strange in the eye for a long moment.

MORDO
I once stood in your place, and I
too was disrespectful. So might I
offer a piece of advice?

Strange nods.

MORDO
Forget everything you think you know.

And with that, Mordo swings open the door. Strange steps
through...

47 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ COURTYARD - DAY

47

...And finds an interior that appears way bigger than the
modest door would indicate.

IT'S A MYSTIC ACADEMY: ancient *bahals* - ceremonial courtyards
- bustling with contemporary activity. Like a cross between a
monastery and a Google campus, in the heart of Kathmandu.

Strange sees men and women from around the world studying
mysticism. Some meditate. Others practice martial arts.
Distant voices chant in dead languages.

But there are modern touches: sneakers and sunglasses among the
traditional clothes. One student wears earbuds. Another passes
by carrying an armful of musty scrolls and a tablet computer.

48 INT. KAMAR-TAJ - SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

48

Mordo stops before the grandest building in the complex.

MORDO
The Sanctuary of our teacher.
The Ancient One.

STRANGE
Really? "The Ancient One?"

Mordo calmly stops as Strange quickly regrets his words.

STRANGE

Right, forget everything I think I know. Sorry.

Mordo leads Strange inside: a vaulted hall lined with stone columns. Now *this* looks like a temple.

Across the room is an OLD NEPALESE MAN with a long beard, his hands tucked inside a long ornate robe.

FOUR WOMEN move in from the sides of the room, quickly tending to Strange. One takes his coat while another gestures for him to sit. A third sets down a tray of tea while the last one pours.

STRANGE

(to the Old Nepalese Man)

Thank you for seeing me.

The woman pouring him tea answers:

ANCIENT ONE

You're welcome.

Strange, startled, turns to her: an androgynous face that is slender and pale, neither young nor old, her head bald and scarred.

MORDO

(gestures toward her)

The Ancient One.

ANCIENT ONE

Thank you, Master Mordo.

Mordo nods and takes a step back.

ANCIENT ONE

Mr. Strange.

STRANGE

Doctor, actually.

The Ancient One smiles.

ANCIENT ONE

Not anymore though, right? I mean, that's why you're here.

As he lifts his tea, she sees the copious scars on his hands.

ANCIENT ONE

You've undergone many procedures. Seven, from the looks of it.

STRANGE
(stunned)
Yes.

Strange takes a sip of tea to cover his surprise. The quality of the tea distracts him.

STRANGE
That's...good tea.

ANCIENT ONE
Yes.

STRANGE
Did you heal a man named Pangborn?
A paralyzed man?

ANCIENT ONE
In a way.

STRANGE
You helped him to walk again.

ANCIENT ONE
Yes.

STRANGE
I was astonished. How could you
have corrected a complete C7-C8
spinal cord injury?

ANCIENT ONE
I didn't correct it. He couldn't
walk. I convinced him that he
could.

STRANGE
You're not suggesting his problem
was psychosomatic?

The Ancient One shakes her head.

ANCIENT ONE
When you reattach a severed nerve,
is it you that heals it back
together, or the body?

STRANGE
It's the cells.

ANCIENT ONE
And cells are only programmed to
put themselves back together in
very specific ways.

STRANGE

Right.

ANCIENT ONE

What if I told you that your body
can be convinced to put itself back
together in all sorts of ways?

Strange is suddenly energized with hope.

STRANGE

You're talking about cellular
regeneration. Bleeding edge medical
tech. Is that why you're working
here, without a governing medical
board? Just how experimental is
your treatment?

She glances at Mordo, amused by the man he has brought to her.

ANCIENT ONE

Quite.

STRANGE

So you've figured out how to
reprogram nerve cells to heal
themselves?

ANCIENT ONE

No, Mr. Strange. I know how to
reorient the spirit to better heal
the body.

STRANGE

(deflated)

The spirit heals the body.

She smiles with a nod and sips her tea. He doesn't believe
this but NEEDS to believe this.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Okay. How do we do that, where do
we start...?

The ancient one stands and walks over to a LARGE BOOK atop a
table. She flips to a page depicting a tapestry of THE
EASTERN MAP OF THE BODY: seven chakras down the centerline,
and a complex constellation of pressure points.

Strange starts to laugh. Savagely, bitterly.

ANCIENT ONE

You don't like that map.

STRANGE

I've seen it before...in gift shops.

The Ancient One flips to another page, this time showing a similarly sized representation of the body's nervous system.

ANCIENT ONE

Perhaps you prefer this one.

She flips again, revealing an MRI image of the human body.

ANCIENT ONE

Or this one.

STRANGE

An MRI? Are you kidding?

ANCIENT ONE

Each of those maps was drawn by someone who could see in part, but not the whole.

STRANGE

I spent my last dollar getting here. One-way ticket. And you talk of healing through belief. Let me tell you what I believe. Pangborn's injury couldn't have been complete. He must have had nerve fibers left, a bridge.

He turns on the Ancient One like a prosecutor.

STRANGE

So he has a spontaneous remission in your little *ashram*; and you take the credit. Tell people it's your power. All they have to do is give up their worldly goods and join your little cult!

(snarling)

Miracles for everyone!

Mordo looks mortified at the way Strange is speaking to his Master. But the Ancient One remains inscrutable.

ANCIENT ONE

No. Not for everyone.

STRANGE

Only the believers, right?

ANCIENT ONE

You're a man looking at the world through a keyhole.

(MORE)

ANCIENT ONE (CONT'D)

And you've spent your whole life trying to widen that keyhole, to see more, to know more. And now, when hearing that it can be widened in ways you can't imagine, you reject the possibility.

STRANGE

I reject it because I don't believe in fairy tales about chakras or energy or the power of belief. There's no such thing as *spirit*. We are made of *matter* and nothing more.

ANCIENT ONE

You think too little of yourself.

STRANGE

No, you think yourself too great. You're no different than me - just another tiny, momentary speck within an indifferent universe.

ANCIENT ONE

You judge the universe with paltry perception. And to The Multiverse, you are utterly blind.

STRANGE

(with contempt)
The Multiverse?

ANCIENT ONE

The reality you know is but one of many.

His anger building, Strange's voice drips with sarcasm:

STRANGE

Oh *really*...? And where are they?

ANCIENT ONE

All around you. Everywhere and elsewhere, and sometimes nowhere at all. *Free your mind...*

(beat)

...and the rest will follow.

STRANGE

EN VOGUE?! My God, this is all a big joke!

(enraged)

You bumper sticker spouting scam artist! You *charlatan*.

(MORE)

STRANGE (CONT'D)
Muggers take my wallet, and when I
get here, you magically know my
name! You think you see through me?
Well, you don't...

Strange advances on her, furious, finger pointed in accusation.

STRANGE
I...see...through you.

He jabs her in the breastbone with his finger. Mistake.

The Ancient One snatches Strange's hand, twists it into a
wrist-lock and immobilizes him where he stands.

Then the Ancient One twists aside, and WHAM! With the palm of
her hand, SHE SHOVES STRANGE'S SOUL OUT OF HIS BODY!

Strange staggers back - HIS GHOSTLY ASTRAL FORM is now
entirely separated from his physical body.

His physical body slumps unconscious. The teacup falls and
shatters.

Mordo - with startling speed and strength - catches Strange's
physical body by the lapel with one hand and holds it upright
like it's a limp ragdoll.

Strange looks at his own ASTRAL HANDS - they are semi-
translucent and luminous with glowing lines of light.

The Ancient One gestures toward Strange, and his astral form
suddenly RUSHES BACK INTO HIS PHYSICAL BODY.

Stunned and gasping for air, he struggles back up to his feet.

STRANGE
What did you just do to me?

ANCIENT ONE
I pushed your astral form out of
your physical form.

Strange scowls. Disoriented and perplexed, he looks down at
the broken cup, the puddle of tea.

STRANGE
What's in the tea? Psilocybin? LSD?

ANCIENT ONE
It's just tea.
(then, confessing)
With a little honey.

STRANGE
(disoriented)
W-what just happened?

ANCIENT ONE
For a moment, you entered the *Astral Dimension* - a place where the soul exists apart from the body. For we are more than measure of our matter. We are spirits in the material world.

STRANGE
Why are you doing this?

ANCIENT ONE
To show you just how much you don't know.

And now, in a flash, she steps up to Strange and places her thumb on his forehead.

ANCIENT ONE
...Open your eye.

Suddenly, THE FLOOR SHIFTS, and he SLIDES DOWN IT, kicking for traction, screaming as he goes.

STRANGE
Ahhhhhhh!

Strange slides all the way to the far wall, then CRASHES through a window, and is suddenly in -

49 EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

49

Strange is now shooting through the empty void of space, flipping end-over-end, surrounded by DISTANT STAR FIELDS.

STRANGE
AHHHHHHHHH! OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!

He flails about, trying helplessly to stop his weightless spin.

Strange hurtles into Earth orbit, far above the atmosphere. Bewildered and panicking.

STRANGE
This isn't real, this isn't real...

A BUTTERFLY flutters past, impossibly, in the cold of space.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
What is real?

Strange reaches out to touch the butterfly. Spacetime SQUEEZES and SNAPS -- and shoots him over the horizon.

He hurtles down a cosmic wormhole.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
What mysteries lie beyond the reach
of your senses?

MORDO (V.O.)
His heart-rate is getting
dangerously high.

STRANGE
Oh, gee! I wonder why!

Strange slams back into a chair in the Ancient One's chamber.

ANCIENT ONE
He looks all right to me.

Spacetime STRETCHES and SNAPS, and Strange is off again.

He hurtles through a technicolor space, trailing light.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
You barely understand the laws of
your own universe.

Strange flails his limbs, trailing streamers of color.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
At the speed of light, space and
time become One.

The streaks of light fuse into a mystic circle.

Strange hangs above a QUANTUM WORMHOLE. Shattering into a string of particulate ghosts...

ANCIENT ONE
At the quantum level the impossible
...*happens*.

He blasts down the quantum wormhole, his body bursting into particles and re-forming...

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
Things can be real and unreal.
Move backward and forward in time.

A grey FRACTAL WORMHOLE churns through infinite cycles in the darkness. Strange falls into its center.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
Deeper still, at the root of
existence -- mind and matter meet.

Strange emerges into a FRACTAL WONDERLAND, to find the universe itself a refraction of him. His face, his hands. He is pulled into the transformation. Melding and changing.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
Thoughts shape reality. This is my
science, greater than all the
others. Some call it sorcery.

Transformed, Strange seems transported. Enlightened.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
But there's more. This universe is
only one of an infinite number.

Strange falls into his own eye --

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
Welcome...to the Multiverse.

Strange soars over a world of beautiful, explosive energy.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
Worlds without end. Some benevolent
and life-giving.

Strange crashes into a crystalline universe that reflects and refracts itself forever...

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
Others cold and indifferent.

Smashing through crystal, Strange enters the DARK DIMENSION.
A graveyard of shattered worlds. A realm of death.

ANCIENT ONE
While some are filled with malice
and hunger. Dark places where
powers older than time lie ravenous
and waiting.

A demonic form rises behind a ruined world!

Strange SCREAMS -- his scream itself becoming an infinite tunnel down which he falls into darkness.

Strange floats in the void, transported.

ANCIENT ONE (V.O.)
Who are you in this vast
Multiverse, Mr. Strange?

He is buffeted by a mystic wind. He falls down a psychedelic well -- plummeting back to Earth.

Strange crashes to the floor in the Ancient One's chamber. Wild-eyed and staring, transformed. He lifts trembling hands.

STRANGE

Teach me.

The Ancient One stares down at him.

ANCIENT ONE

No.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - MOMENTS LATER

56

HAMIR (the old Nepalese man Strange mistook for the Ancient One) SHOVES STRANGE HARD, back out onto the street.

He falls to the pavement... to have been so close...

STRANGE

No, no.

INT. NARTHEX - DAY

The Ancient One stands in the center of the Narthex, the command center of Kamar-Taj (with the three Sanctum Gates seen in the prologue).

They scan a MAP projected onto the ceiling. Sacred geometric LINES OF LIGHT run across the globe.

We follow Mordo into the Narthex to find the Ancient One in hushed conference with the three SANCTUM MASTERS in the middle of the room. As he approaches:

ANCIENT ONE

Thank you, Masters. Please return to your Sanctums.

She touches the control pillar: the circular SEALS on the three Sanctum Gates GLOW -- and the Gates OPEN with a scintillation of magic.

The Sanctum Masters pass through the doorways with a dazzling ZIMMY-ZAM and vanish. The Gates close, resuming their normal appearance.

The Ancient One addresses Mordo without turning around.

ANCIENT ONE (CONT'D)
You think I was wrong to cast him
out.

MORDO
Five hours later he's still on your
doorstep. There's a strength in
him.

She turns to face him.

ANCIENT ONE
Stubbornness. Arrogance. Ambition.
I've seen it before.

MORDO
(with sudden
understanding)
He reminds you of Kaecilius.

She nods.

ANCIENT ONE
I cannot lead another gifted
student to power, just to lose him
to the darkness.

Mordo steps closer, his eyes shining with devotion: he
believes in her completely.

MORDO
You didn't lose me. I came to you
with blood on my hands and rage in
my heart. Full of pride and pain. I
wanted the power to defeat all my
enemies -- and instead you taught
me to defeat my demons, and live by
the law.

ANCIENT ONE
We never defeat our demons. We only
learn to live above them.

She's quietly adjourning this meeting. But Mordo won't be
brushed aside. He persists:

MORDO
Kaecilius still has the stolen
pages. If he deciphers them, he
could bring ruin to us all. There
are dark days ahead. Perhaps Kamar-
Taj could use a man like Strange.

The Ancient One turns to Mordo, considering...

58 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ DOOR - EVENING

58

Strange has not gone anywhere. He stands outside the wooden door, yelling over the wall.

STRANGE
Please, open the door!

He Bangs on the door with his bandaged hand and grimaces.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
No! No! No! Please! Please! Don't
shut me out! I have nowhere else to
go! Please!

It's an exhausting truth...He slumps against the door, defeated.

The door BUZZES.

Strange falls backwards into Kamar-Taj as the DOOR OPENS.

59 INT. KAMAR-TAJ - STRANGE'S CELL - EVENING

59

Mordo shows Strange into an austere room with a cot, chest, desk, and books. He presents the room with a gesture.

MORDO
Bathe. Rest. Meditate, if you can.
The Ancient One will send for you.

He hands Strange a card with a handwritten word: *Shamballa*.

STRANGE
What's this? My mantra?

MORDO
Wifi password. We're not savages.

On the desk, there's a leather-bound book: He flips back the cover to find a tablet computer. Mordo leaves.

Strange pulls the watch from his pocket. He turns it over, staring at the inscription. Then he places the watch on the window of his cell.

60 OMITTED

60

61 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - CENTRAL COMPOUND - SPRING MORNING

61

Wearing THE GREY UNIFORM OF A NOVICE, Strange walks past THE ANCIENT TREE, its dark blue flowers in current full bloom.

62

INT. SANCTUARY - SAME

62

Strange walks in uncertainly, hair crudely cropped but still bearded. In the middle of the hall, the Ancient One sits behind a low table.

Strange approaches and sits across from her. Picking up a brush, she paints a graceful RUNE on the paper in front of her.

ANCIENT ONE

The language of the Mystic Arts is as old as civilization. Sorcerers of old called the use of this language *spells*. If that word offends your modern sensibilities, call it a *program*. The source code that shapes reality.

(beat)

We begin with a word.

She lays the brush down. Focuses her eyes on the single rune.

ANCIENT ONE

With the word we focus our thoughts.

She meets Strange's eyes.

ANCIENT ONE (CONT'D)

With thoughts, we focus the body.

She performs a series of gestures with one hand: powerful, graceful, precise. Like martial art. Like dance.

ANCIENT ONE

With the body we harness the spirit...

She gestures again, but now her fingers WRITE LUMINOUS LINES IN THE AIR, sketching runes.

ANCIENT ONE

...and we make our intentions real.

The rune hangs in space between them, hissing with power, illuminating their faces. Strange is stunned. She taps the rune with her finger and it fades away.

She writes a quick series of runes in the air...

ANCIENT ONE

We harness energy drawn from other dimensions in the Multiverse...

She thrusts a palm forward, hammering an INTRICATE MANDALA OF LIGHT into existence. A luminous wheel of calligraphy and mystic symbols. It THROBS and HUMS dangerously.

ANCIENT ONE
...to cast spells, to conjure
shields and weapons...

The spell takes hold, plunging them into a darkness lit only by the mandala.

ANCIENT ONE
...to make magic.

WIND whips through the Sanctuary, plucking at their clothing and hair. The hum grows louder, louder...

The Ancient One closes her fist. The mandala melts away. The Sanctuary returns to normal around them.

Strange is awed, but...

STRANGE
Even if my fingers could do that,
I'd just be waving my hands.
How do I get from here to there?

ANCIENT ONE
How did you ever come to reattach
severed nerves or put a human spine
back together bone by bone?

STRANGE
Study and practice. Years of it.

The Ancient One nods knowingly, and Strange starts to realize just what he's gotten himself into.

ANCIENT ONE
We begin with a word. Any word,
regardless of meaning. Close your
eyes and see it, like a light in
the darkness.

Closing his eyes, Strange says with a whisper...

STRANGE
Flugelhorn.

63 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - ROOFTOP DEFENSE COMPOUND - DAWN

63

AN OVERHEAD VIEW above Kathmandu. The sun is just cresting the mountains, painting the rooftops with golden light. The view is glorious.

Atop the roof, DOZENS OF SORCERERS, including Mordo, practice a martial arts kata, all chanting and moving in unison while making identical runes of light in the air. It's beautiful.

Wong walks between them with the careful stern eyes of an instructor, examining their stances and runes, bellowing out the count as he goes.

Finding Strange, we see that weeks having passed, Strange's hair and beard are longer now.

Strange follows along, struggling to form the shapes with his crippled fingers.

He's in pain, and sees no visible light rune results.

Frustrated, he presses on...

64 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - ROOFTOP DEFENSE COMPOUND - AFTERNOON

64

The sun stands high in the sky: they've been at it for hours. Strange is drenched with sweat. His shaggy beard dripping.

Strange runs through a sequence of fighting stances with Mordo, blocking and sweeping with his arms.

His form looks good, but still no runes of light - unlike the mostly-younger Novices around him.

STRANGE

How is learning Karate going to
help heal my hands?

MORDO

Karate? We're not *ninjas*.
(beat)
Again.

They repeat the sequence of fighting stances.

65 INT. KAMAR-TAJ UPPER LIBRARY - NIGHT

65

Strange enters. Behind the large front counter is WONG, a bald Chinese man with a powerful physique under his simple robe. His eyes are proud. In this place he is king.

WONG

Mr. Strange.

STRANGE

(surprised)
Uh, yes. But please, Stephen. And
you are...

WONG

Wong.

STRANGE
Just Wong? Like Adele?

Wong just stares back at him.

STRANGE
Or... Aristotle...? Drake...?
Bono....? Eminem...?

Ignoring that, Wong starts checking the condition of Strange's returned books. He notes the titles:

WONG
The Book of the Invisible Sun.
Astronomia Nova. The Codex
Imperium. Key of Solomon.

He looks up at Strange, clocking his grey Novice uniform.

WONG
You finished all of these?

Strange nods. Wong motions for Strange to follow, then leads him through the massive library and down a set of stone stairs...

66 INT. LOWER LIBRARY/NARTHEX - CONTINUOUS

66

Wong leads Strange to more shelves of ancient books, beyond which stands the pedestal with *THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO*.

WONG
This section is for Disciples and Masters only, but at my discretion, others may use it.

He hands a heavy TEXTBOOK to Strange.

WONG
You should start with *Maxim's Primer*.
(then)
How's your Sanskrit?

STRANGE
I'm fluent in Google Translate.

Ignoring that, Wong hands him more books.

WONG
Vedic and Classical Sanskrit.

Strange looks up and sees a row of distinctive-looking ANCIENT VOLUMES.

STRANGE

What are those?

WONG

The Ancient One's private collection.

STRANGE

So they are forbidden?

WONG

No knowledge in Kamar-Taj is forbidden. Only certain practices.

Strange removes an ornate volume: *THE BOOK OF CAGLIOSTRO*.

WONG

But those books are far too advanced for anyone other than the Sorcerer Supreme.

Strange sees that several pages have been ripped out.

STRANGE

This one has pages missing.

WONG

The Book of Cagliostro. Two rituals stolen by a former Disciple, The Zealot Kaecilius, just after he strung up the former librarian and relieved him of his head.

(leans in)

I am now the guardian of these books. So if a volume from this collection should be stolen again, I'd know it, and you would be dead before you ever left the compound.

Strange swallows hard, knowing that Wong means it. He tries to lighten the moment:

STRANGE

What if it's just...overdue? Any late fees I should know about? Maiming perhaps? An amputation?

Wong just stares back at him.

STRANGE

You know, people used to think I was funny.

WONG

Did they work for you?

Strange can't answer that. They did.

STRANGE

(uneasy)

Well. Thank you for the books. And the horrifying story. And the threat upon my life.

He picks up the large stack of books and shows himself out.

67

EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - ROOFTOP DEFENSE COMPOUND - MORNING

67

Mordo supervises a group of students, including Strange. Each is using SLING RINGS to carve large, circular gateways in the air. Luminous gateways hang in the air in front of every student but Strange.

MORDO

Visualize. See the destination in your mind. The clearer the picture, the quicker and easier the gateway will come.

The Ancient One appears, and Mordo stops, uneasy that she's seeing Strange's lack of progress. The old Nepalese man we met earlier, HAMIR, stands beside her, arms folded in his robes.

ANCIENT ONE

I would like a moment alone with Mr. Strange.

MORDO

Of course.

Mordo walks the other students out.

The Ancient One and Hamir sit down facing Strange. Strange knows he's failing. Frustration and shame in his face.

STRANGE

My hands -

ANCIENT ONE

- It's not about your hands.

STRANGE

How is *this* not about my hands?!

ANCIENT ONE

Hamir.

Hamir raises his arms, pulling his hands out of his robe - or rather, his *hand*. His other arm ends in a smooth stump a few inches short of a wrist.

Hamir makes passes in the air - writing a calligraphy of light - and Strange plainly sees that *the stump of Hamir's missing hand is drawing runes* as deftly as the living hand. Strange is at once both amazed and humbled.

Hamir finishes the runes. Pulls his arms back into his robe.

ANCIENT ONE

Thank you, Hamir.

Hamir bows and walks away, passing by Mordo, who watches from a distance. The Ancient One looks at Strange.

ANCIENT ONE

It's not about your hands. You cannot beat a river into submission, you have to surrender to its current and use its power as your own.

STRANGE

I control it by surrendering control. That makes no sense.

ANCIENT ONE

Not everything does. Not everything has to. Your intellect has taken you far in life, but it will take you no further. Surrender, Stephen. Silence your ego, and your power will rise.

Strange nods, though he doesn't truly understand this lesson just yet. The Ancient One stands, as does Strange.

The Ancient One draws a gateway in the air with her own sling ring, then walks through it.

ANCIENT ONE

Come with me.

Strange follows...

67A EXT. MT. EVEREST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

67A

Strange and The Ancient One stand atop a slope on Everest, looking down into the valley below. Strange looks above and sees the summit well above them.

ANCIENT ONE

Beautiful.

Together they stare out at the world. Strange wraps his arms around himself for warmth.

STRANGE
Freezing, but beautiful.

ANCIENT ONE
At this temperature the average
person can last thirty minutes
before suffering permanent loss of
function. But you will likely go
into shock within the first two.

She quickly, gracefully, slips back through the Gateway.
Strange dives for it, but it closes before he gets there,
leaving him face first in the snow. Strange jumps to his feet.

STRANGE
No, no, no, no, no.

He begins gesturing at the air with his sling ring. Nothing.

He gestures again. Nothing.

He begins motioning as hard as he can at the air. Still nothing.

67B EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - ROOFTOP DEFENSE COMPOUND

67B

The Ancient One stands in the compound as Mordo approaches.

MORDO
Perhaps I was wrong about him.

ANCIENT ONE
We shall see. Any minute now.

It takes a moment for Mordo to realize exactly what she means.

MORDO
Not again.

The Ancient One smiles coyly.

MORDO
Perhaps I should...

The Ancient One shakes her head.

A GATEWAY OPENS across from them. A shivering Strange falls
out through the gateway, covered in snow and rubbing his arms
for warmth.

He looks up at the Ancient One, frozen, pissed off. Then he
smiles...HE DID IT.

Ever so slightly, the Ancient One smiles.

68-70	OMITTED	68-70
70A	INT. LIBRARY - DAY Strange enters. WONG Mr. Strange. What do you want? STRANGE Books on Astral projection. WONG You're not ready for that. STRANGE Try me Beyonce.	70A
70B	INT. LOWER LIBRARY - LATER Wong reads alone, listening to Beyonce in his headphones. PORTALS form behind him as Strange STEALS several books.	70B
70C	INT. STRANGE'S CELL - PRE-DAWN Strange ASTRAL PROJECTS while reading a book.	70C
71	INT. STRANGE'S CELL - NIGHT At the washbasin, Strange uses scissors to clip his hair, then takes an electric razor and begins to shave, fighting the tremor in his fingers. He shapes the Van Dyke beard, for the first time taking on the character's classic appearance. Strange looks at himself in the mirror: HOLDS OUT HIS HANDS - they tremble but he DID IT... CUT TO:	71
71A	INT. KAMAR-TAJ - STRANGE'S CELL - NIGHT Strange looks at his window sill and sees the watch. He walks over, picks it up, fondling it sentimentally. He picks up his iPad and begins typing an E-mail. It reads <i>Christine, I know it's been...</i> He stops, tries...<i>you're never going to believe...</i> Strange stops, looks around.	71A

STRANGE
How am I supposed to explain this?

72

EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - CENTER COMPOUND - FALL MORNING

72

Wearing THE RED UNIFORM OF AN APPRENTICE, Strange crosses the compound on his way to a training session. September WIND blows blood-orange leaves fallen from The Ancient Tree.

INT. KAMAR-TAJ - SANCTUARY - DAY

Strange, a hope, and reemerging confidence we haven't seen in months, is led into the sanctuary by The Ancient One.

ANCIENT ONE
Once, in this room, you begged me to let you learn, now I'm told you question every lesson, preferring to teach yourself.

STRANGE
Once, I was asked to free my mind, now I'm told to blindly accept rules that make no sense.

ANCIENT ONE
Like the rule against conjuring a gateway in the library?

STRANGE
Wong told on me?

ANCIENT ONE
You'll need a safe space to practice your spells.

The Ancient One gestures and creates a new DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY behind Strange. The center of the gateway looks like a mirror. He stumbles backwards into this new dimension.

ANCIENT ONE
You are now inside *the Mirror Dimension*. Ever-present, but undetected, a reflection of reality as we know it.

Strange waves a hand in front of the face of one of the tea servers. They are oblivious to his presence.

ANCIENT ONE
We use the mirror dimension to train, surveil, sometimes to contain threats.
(MORE)

ANCIENT ONE (CONT'D)

You won't want to be left without
your sling ring here -

STRANGE

Hold it. Sorry. What do you mean by
"threats"?

ANCIENT ONE

Learning of an infinite multiverse
includes learning of infinite
dangers.

STRANGE

Then why aren't you telling me
everything. Why are you teaching me
to kill with sticks, why do your
librarians get beheaded, why is a
Nepalese monastery run by a white
lady, talk about one step forward
and two steps -

The Ancient One waves an arm. The walls in the room begin to
WARP, reality bending out of shape. It becomes an impossible,
Escher-like space - the floor is now also the ceiling.

Strange looks around, agape. Above him, the tea servers move
about, seemingly oblivious to what is happening.

ANCIENT ONE

Because if I told you every single
thing you don't already know, you
would run from here in terror.

STRANGE

(vexed by her naiveté)

...You ...do understand that means
I should just run from here, now,
in preemptive terror.

ANCIENT ONE

Yet you won't. Because of your ego.
Isn't that something. Your refusal
to be weak - by far your greatest
weakness - itself a path to what
will become your greatest power.

73

EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - ROOFTOP DEFENSE COMPOUND - DAY

73

Strange and Mordo prepare for combat drills.

Mordo laces up a pair of fine LEATHER BOOTS. Strange tightens
the cords on his wrist-wraps thoughtfully.

Across the compound, The Ancient One watches another pair of
sorcerers spar.

STRANGE
So how ancient is she, exactly?

MORDO
No one knows the age of the
Sorcerer Supreme. Only that she's
Celtic, and doesn't talk about her
past.

Mordo walks onto the practice floor. Waiting for Strange.

STRANGE
And you follow her, not knowing...?

Strange mirrors him. They circle, feinting. Testing the
distance.

MORDO
I know she is steadfast, and
unpredictable. Merciless, and kind.
She made me what I am. Trust your
teacher.

He whips into a kick that makes Strange leap back.

MORDO (CONT'D)
Don't lose your way.

STRANGE
Like Kaecilius?

He punches hard, driving Mordo back. A flicker of surprise in
Mordo's eyes that Strange knows that name.

MORDO
That's right.

Strange gets in close. They grapple, trading submission
holds.

STRANGE
Did you know him?

MORDO
When he came to us, he had lost
everyone he ever loved. He was
grieving. Broken. He searched for
answers in the mystic arts.

Mordo gets Strange in a chokehold, talking fiercely in his
ear as Strange tries to escape. In the emotion of the subject
matter, things get a little real for a minute.

MORDO (CONT'D)
But he was proud and headstrong.
He questioned the Ancient One.
Rejected her teachings.

Strange drives an elbow into Mordo's ribs and throws Mordo off - both men gasping for breath. They circle.

MORDO (CONT'D)
He left Kamar Taj - and his
disciples followed him like sheep.
Seduced by his false doctrines.

STRANGE
And he stole a forbidden ritual.

MORDO
Yes.

Strange rises out of his fighting stance, lowering his hands.

STRANGE
And what does this ritual do?

Mordo shrugs the question off.

MORDO
No more questions.

He lifts an ancient bronze QUARTERSTAFF from a rack: it comes alive in his hands.

STRANGE
What's that?

Another question. Mordo shakes his head wryly.

MORDO
A relic. Some magic is too powerful
to sustain, so we imbue objects
with it, allowing them to take the
strain when we cannot. This is the
Staff of the Living Tribunal.

He demonstrates its power, making Strange take a step back.

MORDO (CONT'D)
But there are many relics. The Wand
of Watoomb. The Hoary Hosts of
Hoggoth. The Vaulting Boots of
Valtorr.

Strange blinks at the flood of information.

STRANGE

Will there be a quiz?

(ALT)

Should I be memorizing these?

(ALT)

They just roll off the tongue,
don't they?

MORDO

I haven't even mentioned the
Brazier of Bom'Galiath.

Strange laughs.

STRANGE

When do I get a relic?

Mordo spins his staff and advances.

MORDO

When you're ready.

Strange conjures a Rune Shield, circling away.

STRANGE

I feel ready.

MORDO

You're ready when a relic decides
you're ready. For now -- conjure a
weapon.

Hastily Strange tries to pull a weapon from thin air. A
nimbus of power crackles around his hands, but he can't make
it coalesce into a weapon.

He dodges and blocks with his rune shield as Mordo attacks --
still trying and failing to make a weapon materialize.

MORDO (CONT'D)

Faster! Come on! Fight! Like your
life depends on it!

Strange tries again. Fails again.

Mordo leaps high into the air, magical boots flashing, to
come down behind Strange and knock him sprawling.

MORDO (CONT'D)

Because someday it may.

INT. LONDON CATHEDRAL - DAY

73A INT. LONDON CATHEDRAL - DAY

73A

CLOSE ON THE RITUALS as they are unrolled on the pulpit

KAECILIUS

The time has finally come. I have solved the Cagliostro ritual. You may be wondering, why perform the ritual here? Why in this place?

The Zealots stand before him, listening.

KAECILIUS (CONT'D)

Look around you. This beautiful old building is a testament to man's longing for the eternal. The vaulted ceilings, the stained glass windows, they draw your eyes up and out, toward the heavens...until you are compelled to ask, "is anybody out there...?" It's the right question to ask. Modern science asks the same thing. Lose the stained glass, put in a telescope, and this cathedral's an observatory. Still searching the heavens for an answer. *An answer that does not come.*

He holds up the Cagliostro ritual.

KAECILIUS (CONT'D)

Because the answer...*is right here.*

He steps off the stage and forms a circle with the Zealots.

They chant in an ancient dialect. The Zealots join in.

With a series of gestures, Kaecilius paints a LUMINOUS LIGHT RUNE in the air: THE SYMBOL OF DORMAMMU.

ZEALOTS

Dormammu Dormammu Dormammu...

The combined power of their chanting begins to take effect.

They look up to the vaulted church ceiling as it begins to darken and swirl with stars. The roof opens, shattering away piece by piece like glass shattering in slow motion.

We peer into the rotating Dark Dimension.

The Zealots look on in awe.

KAECILIUS
Dormammu, we've come to bargain.

A booming voice calls from the vastness before them.

DORMAMMU
What do you have to offer me that I
cannot take for myself?

KAECILIUS
Our absolute devotion. We are an
extension of your will. We seek
only you and your eternal life.

As our view into the Dark Dimension continues to rotate, we
now get a *glimpse* of Dormammu - an enormous glowing EYE.

DORMAMMU
There is a barrier between my world
and yours, held in place by places
of power.

KAECILIUS
The Sanctums.

DORMAMMU
Destroy two of these Sanctums, so
that I may bring your world into
mine. Into a dimension beyond time.
Earth will become part of the One.
Eternal life not just for you, but
for all. The end of death.

KAECILIUS
Great and beautiful Dormammu. We
are your zealots and we will do
whatever you require. But we lack
the power to destroy the Sanctums.

We now see Dormammu's MOUTH as he speaks:

DORMAMMU
Then receive it.

The opening to the Dark Dimension CLOSES as energy ripples
through the zealots, transforming them into their new Dark
Dimensional form. Kaecilius looks down at his body, admiring
his new form. He smirks, delighted in what he has become.

He reaches out for the wall, admiring his own fingers, then
GESTURES deliberately...

THE HUGE CHURCH WALLS SHIFT, stretching and turning back into
themselves like thick taffy churning in a folding machine.

And THE FLOOR begins to SWIRL with hallucinogenic patterns of real matter, moving in what should be impossible ways.

THE ENTIRE SURREAL-LOOKING CATHEDRAL IS NOW MORPHING, SWIRLING, and RESHAPING.

Kaecilius smiles, reveling in his newfound power, as the Zealots look around in wonder.

74 EXT. KAMAR-TAJ - CENTER COMPOUND - WINTER NIGHT

74

Wearing the THE BLUE UNIFORM OF A DISCIPLE, Strange walks through cold December rain carrying a stack of books. He passes the Ancient Tree, now completely bare of leaves.

On his belt is a SLING-RING, worn by all Masters and Disciples.

75 INT. LOWER LIBRARY/NARTHEX - NIGHT

75

Strange's sits, eating an apple, *THE BOOK OF CAGLIOSTRO* open before him. CLOSE ON THE PAGE: AN IMAGE OF THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO.

Strange looks around, seemingly nervous that someone may be watching, but he is all alone.

STRANGE

Wong?

Taking advantage of Wong's absence, Strange gets up, removes The Eye of Agamotto from its pedestal, then sits back down at the table.

Opening the center of the Eye, he sees A GREEN GEM.

He places his half eaten apple on the table, then makes a dramatic gesture - the air around the apple RIPPLES.

With another gesture, small green runes appear around his wrist and he focuses a beam of green light on the apple, SHUTTling THE APPLE THROUGH TIME!

Gesturing left to right, the apple has six bites...three bites...and then it's whole...

...Gesturing right to left, the apple has three bites...six bites...then it's eaten to the core...

...an even more dramatic gesture and the apple AGES AND ROTS before Strange's eyes. He shuttles back to a whole apple again.

On the desk he slides The Book of Cagliostro into place, and also SHUTTLES THE BOOK THROUGH TIME. Gesturing right to left, the book grows slightly more new-looking, and then...

THE MISSING PAGES APPEAR

Strange studies them, his expression darkening.

Strange looks at the apple, then at the book, and then at HIS OWN HANDS.

He ponders them for a moment, eyes widening with hope, then he begins to place one of them into the light of the Eye...

...And some of the scars begin to recede.

MORDO (O.S.)

STOP!

Strange's hand falls and his head whips around. MORDO stands in the doorway, WONG peering over his shoulder - eyes full of alarm and amazement.

The growing fracture COLLAPSES, vanishing with a LOUD CRACK!

Wong and Mordo both stare at each other, startled by the occurrence. They both storm into the room.

MORDO

STOP! You reckless fool!

(furious)

Tampering with continuum probabilities is forbidden!

STRANGE

I just...I did it exactly as the book said!

WONG

And what did the book say about the dangers of performing that ritual?

STRANGE

I don't know, I hadn't actually gotten to that part yet.

MORDO

Temporal manipulation can create branches in timelines! Unstable dimensional openings! Spacial paradoxes! Time loops! Want to get stuck reliving the same moment over and over forever? Or never having existed at all?

Strange flips another page in the book.

STRANGE

(mumbling to self)

They really should put the warnings
before the spell.

WONG

Your curiosity could have gotten
you killed. You weren't
manipulating space-time continuum,
you were *breaking* it. We do not
tamper with natural law, we defend
it.

Wong, unlike Mordo, is now more curious than angry.

MORDO

How did you even do that? Where did
you learn the litany of spells
required to even understand it?

Strange motions - a dozen or more books, stacked and
sprawling across his table.

STRANGE

I have a photographic memory. It's
how I got my M.D. and Ph.D at the
same time.

MORDO

What you just did takes more than a
good memory.

WONG

You were born for the mystic arts.

STRANGE

(bitterly)

And yet my hands still shake.

WONG

For now, yes.

STRANGE

Not forever?

MORDO

We're not prophets.

STRANGE

You keep telling me what we're not.
When are you going to start telling
me what we are?

INT. NARTHEX - MOMENTS LATER

Strange, Mordo, and Wong enter. Above them, the luminous mystical map of Earth. The planet's surface is criss-crossed by ley lines and meridians of mystic power.

WONG

While heroes like the Avengers protect the world from physical dangers, we sorcerers safeguard it against more mystical threats. The Ancient One is the latest in a long line of Sorcerers Supreme, going back thousands of years to the father of the Mystic Arts: the mighty Agamotto - the same sorcerer who created the Eye which you so recklessly borrowed.

Wong points at the mystical map.

WONG (CONT'D)

Agamotto built three Sanctums in places of power. Where great cities now stand.

In three places, where ley lines converge, CITIES illuminate.

Wong points to the three Sanctum Gates around the Narthex:

WONG (CONT'D)

That door leads to the Hong Kong Sanctum. That door to the New York Sanctum, and that one to the London Sanctum.

Strange turns, taking in the Gates with new eyes.

WONG (CONT'D)

Together, the Sanctums generate a protective shield around our world.

The shield appears on the map, wrapping the Earth in a protective veil.

MORDO

The Sanctums guard the world - and we sorcerers guard the Sanctums.

STRANGE

Guard the world from what?

WONG

Other-dimensional beings who threaten our universe.

STRANGE
Like Dormammu.

Wong and Mordo stiffen.

MORDO
Where did you learn that name?

He looks at them, perplexed by their intense reaction.

STRANGE
From the book, just now.

Wong looks at Mordo. Mordo nods. Wong touches the control pillar. A terrifying vision unfolds overhead:

WONG
Dormammu dwells in the Dark
Dimension, beyond time. He is the
Devourer. A being of infinite power
and endless hunger. He absorbs
entire worlds into his Dark
Dimension. And he hungers for Earth
most of all, with its wellsprings
of power and billions of souls.

Strange stares at him in horrified realization.

STRANGE
The pages Kaecilius stole...?

Wong nods grimly.

WONG
A ritual to contact Dormammu and
draw power from the Dark Dimension.

Strange doesn't like the sound of that.

STRANGE
Guys, I came here for healing. Not
to fight in some mystic war.

An electric sound splits the air: a sorcerous ALARM.

Wong looks up. On the luminous globe, the mystical seal representing the London Sanctum throbs with red light.

WONG
London!

They spin to face the London Sanctum Gate.

FLASH! The London Gate opens magically.

SOL RAMA, Master of the London Sanctum, runs toward them - his face bloody and panicked. A SPACE SHARD flies out from the gate, spearing him through the chest.

Sol Rama falls into the Narthex - revealing behind him a POWERFUL FIGURE standing in the London Sanctum, his hands shining with malevolent magic. KAECILIUS. He's in the midst of some occult incantation. Power gathering around him.

MORDO

Kaecilius!

Kaecilius SLAMS HIS FIST into the floor.

BOOOOM! An EARTH-SHAKING EXPLOSION in the London Sanctum ROCKS the Narthex. Broken masonry blasts into the Narthex from the London Gate.

Strange is BLOWN BACKWARD, crashing into the New York Sanctum Gate -- and THROUGH IT with a FLASH of magical power.

76-79 OMITTED

76-79

80 INT. STONE ROOM - DAY

80

Strange lies on the floor, ears ringing, struggling in pain.

He pushes himself to his feet, wobbly, trying to get his bearings. He's beaten to hell and clearly injured by the blast.

He looks around: Before him is the now-closed gateway back to Kamar-Taj, blocked by a massive amount of RUBBLE.

Winching in pain, he stands, stranded, unsure what to do.

He removes his sling-ring, but then amidst the rubble, he sees THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO, blown through with him.

Warily, he reattaches his sling-ring and picks up the Eye.

STRANGE

(warily, he calls out)

Hello? Mordo? Anyone else here?

He sees A DOORWAY nearby.

81 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - FOYER - DAY

81

He steps through a short hallway into A FOYER, then opens the FRONT DOOR and looks around...

82 EXT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - DAY

82

IT'S NEW YORK CITY!

Strange stares in amazement. He looks left and right to orient himself.

STRANGE
(dumbfounded)
Greenwich Village...?

People go by. Hipsters. Tourists. A pair of architects arguing in Spanish. A model in a strappy dress. All of them stare at Strange in his bizarre Kamar-Taj clothing.

Turning back toward the three-story building, he sees A ROUND WINDOW, its inner frames forming the SYMBOL OF THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM. He walks back inside.

83 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

83

Strange heads up the ornate staircase.

84 INT. SECOND FLOOR - ROTUNDA OF GATEWAY WINDOWS - CONTINUOUS

84

A large, circular room with THREE PANORAMIC WINDOWS. One looks out across the A MISTY FOREST. One into A TEMPEST-TOSSED OCEAN. The last: THE SNOW-CAPPED ANDES.

Opening the middle window, Strange hears the loud roar of the Pacific, and feels a cool salt-water breeze on his face. This is no illusion.

These windows are visible gateways to other parts of the world.

He spots A CONTROL PAD in the window's molding frame. He CLICKS it, and the view outside the window CHANGES abruptly from the ocean to A VAST DESERT.

85 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - THE CHAMBER OF RELICS - CONTINUOUS

85

Strange enters the room. Walls lined with ARTIFACTS AND RELICS: Swords and daggers. Helmets and amulets. Chalice and cauldrons.

Sitting in the center of the room, in a lotus position, his eyes closed deep in a trance, is Daniel Drumm. His eyes shoot open as Strange approaches, his astral form reconnecting with his physical body, startling Strange.

STRANGE
I was in the library narthex. There
was an explosion. They -

Drum nods.

DRUMM

I saw them. In the Astral Plane.

He stands to his feet.

DRUMM

They're here.

- The DOOR CHIMES ring. Drumm wears a sour expression.

DRUMM

Stay here. Whatever they have
become, you are no match for.

86

INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

86

Standing at the front door, looking through the glass, Drumm sees KAECILIUS and his Zealot followers, their faces transformed by the Dark Dimension.

Kaecilius gestures. The door and surrounding walls begin to WARP. Drumm backs up and takes a defensive stance.

Strange appears at the top of the staircase peering down from the shadows in stunned silence as the front door MOVES FORWARD into the foyer. Kaecilius and his Zealot followers slip around the door and enter the room.

DRUMM

(to himself)

Kaecilius.

KAECILIUS

Daniel. I see they made you Master
of this Sanctum.

DRUMM

And you know what that means.

KAECILIUS

That you'll die protecting it.

Spying from above, Strange watches as Kaecilius gathers his Zealots in a circle around Drumm in the Sanctum foyer, summoning spaceshards.

The Zealots descend upon Daniel quickly, brutally. The fight is quick and deadly. Drumm deflects a few blows and lands a few solid shots, but is felled by several blades at once. He falls to his knees.

STRANGE

Stop!

The Zealots looks up at Strange. Kaecilius smiles and raises his blade to deliver the killing blow.

KAECILIUS

How long have you been at Kamar-Taj, Mister...

STRANGE

Doctor.

KAECILIUS

...Mister Doctor?

STRANGE

It's Strange.

KAECILIUS

Yes, but who am I to judge?

Kaecilius kills Drumm in an instant.

STRANGE

No!

Both the BLONDE and STRONG Zealot attack. Defying gravity, they run UP THE WALLS toward Strange.

Strange wraps a LUMINOUS WHIP around the Blonde Zealot's legs, yanks her away from himself.

He then wraps the whip around a VASE and hurls it at the Strong Zealot.

Kaecilius sees Strange and, without hesitation, hurls a SPACE SHARD at him. Strange messily deflects it with a LUMINOUS WHIP.

Strange scrambles to his feet and retreats back into the...

87 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - LONG CORRIDOR - DAY

87

As Strange runs down the hallway it stretches and extends. The floor beneath Strange warps and bends, so that he's getting nowhere. Kaecilius smirks at Strange.

KAECILIUS

This really is as fun as it looks.

Strange spreads his arms and snaps them forward: RUNE SHIELDS flash into existence around his hands, sizzling with power.

STRANGE
Fun's over.

And then...one of the rune shields flickers out...*so much for that badass retort.*

Strange snaps his arm forward several times, trying to get the rune shield back, but it merely flickers like a Zippo lighter that won't light.

Reaching Strange, Kaecilius flips upside down, onto the ceiling, the other two spring up and move along the walls.

Strange fights like a cornered animal: blocking with a rune shield in one hand while lashing out with the whip in the other...

...but the limits of Strange's training show as he accumulates physical damage: slashed clothes, cuts and bruises.

The Strong Zealot radically tilts gravity in the hall, back and forth, BANGING Strange hard against the floor, ceiling, and both walls.

Then he tilts gravity toward himself. Strange grabs hold of a WALL SCONCE to keep himself from sliding down.

As the hall appears to reach a ninety-degree angle, Strange sees the Blonde Zealot directly "below" him at the far end of the hallway: directly behind her is the Rotunda of Windows.

Strange lets himself fall.

He cannons into the Blonde Zealot with both feet, blasting her into the Rotunda and backward through the glass window.

88 EXT. VAST DESERT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 88

The Blonde Zealot tumbles downward, landing atop a SAND DUNE.

89 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - HALL OF WINDOWS - CONTINUOUS 89

Through the window, we see the Blonde Zealot scrambling desperately up the sandy slope.

But then Strange quickly spins the dial and suddenly SHE'S GONE - the whole scene replaced by a storm in A TROPICAL RAINFOREST. Rain sprays through the broken window.

The Strong Zealot screams, then lunges at Strange again. Strange Grapples him, flipping him back into the rainforest, buying precious seconds.

He spins the control pad on the frame of the window. It changes again, this time to a view of the Grand Canyon.

90 EXT. VAST DESERT - DAY 90

Turning in place, the Blonde Zealot sees no sign of civilization - she's now stranded halfway around the world.

91 OMITTED 91

92 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - HALL OF WINDOWS 92

Strange now turns to Kaecilius. Kaecilius knocks Strange onto his back. Strange sees a nearby vase, which he immediately kicks at Kaecilius, hitting him. The blow knocks Kaecilius off balance. Strange is finally able to break free, getting up and running...

With Kaecilius hot on his heels, Strange hurries up the stairs and into the...

93 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - THE CHAMBER OF RELICS - CONTINUOUS 93

Strange sees something familiar close by.

STRANGE
The Brazier of Bom'Galiath!

He grabs it, turns to face Kaecilius, but hesitates...

KAECILIUS
You don't know how to use that, do you?

Strange thinks about this, then CHUCKS IT at Kaecilius, who easily dodges the brass bowl as he runs along the wall.

They begin to FIGHT, Strange managing to disarm one of Kaecilius's scythes. Kaecilius delivers a blow knocking Strange to the floor.

Kaecilius punts Strange through a glass case of relics.

He knocks Strange back into the case holding the CLOAK OF LEVITATION. It blocks several strikes from the Zealot.

Kaecilius lunges again, knocking Strange down the staircase. The cloak soars down the stairs after him.

Kaecilius turns, smiles...but then the smile vanishes.

From up the staircase floats Strange, the billowing cloak around his shoulders.

He floats above the room, silhouetted by his signature window, getting his hero moment. He's taken on the fully-formed classic comic look.

KAECILIUS

The Cloak of Levitation, 12th century design by the Weaver Enitharmon. Has a mind of its own.

STRANGE

I guess it likes me.

Not that Strange knows how to use the thing just yet. HE can't quite get the hang of how the cloak works, and as it turns out, the cloak does have a mind of its own.

As Kaecilius charges at Strange, slashing at him, the cloak YANKS Strange backwards - his shoes drag across the floor.

Strange conjures a whip, attacking Kaecilius with it.

The cape hurls Strange into Kaecilius, and they both fall to the ground.

A swift hand-to-hand exchange, Strange almost on the ropes...

Seeing AN AXE RELIC, Strange reaches for it, but the cloak pulls him back. Strange wrestles with the cloak, but it won't let him grab the axe. Instead, the cloak keeps pulling him toward a different object...

THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK. Strange looks down, recognizing it. Now these he knows about! He throws them at Kaecilius.

Like a living thing, its shackles quickly seize Kaecilius: arms and legs, waist and throat - and bind him to the floor. He struggles in vain.

STRANGE

The Crimson Bands of Cyttorak. Forged by the smithies of Babylon three thousand years ago. Strong stuff.

The sanctum is silent. Strange catches his breath.

Strange releases the shackle on his mouth. Eyes closed, palms up, Kaecilius starts to CHANT like he did in the opening scene.

STRANGE

Stop it.

The Zealot keeps chanting.

STRANGE
I said *stop it*.

Kaecilius opens his eyes and lowers his hands.

KAECILIUS
You *cannot* stop this, Mister
Doctor..

STRANGE
I've already stopped you and I
don't even know what *this* is.

KAECILIUS
It is the end and the beginning.
The many becoming the few becoming
the One.

STRANGE
Look, if you're not going to start
making sense, I'm just going to
have to put this thing back on-

KAECILIUS
Tell me, Mister Doctor -

STRANGE
- Okay, let me at least get one
thing to make sense: the name is
Doctor Stephen Strange.

KAECILIUS
You're a doctor. A *scientist*. You
know the laws of nature. All things
age. All things die. In the end,
our sun burns out. Our universe
grows cold and perishes. But the
Dark Dimension, it is a place
beyond time.

STRANGE
That's it, I'm putting this back
on.

KAECILIUS
This world doesn't have to die,
Doctor.

This gives Strange pause. Tears well up in The Zealot's eyes
and he speaks with sublime, other-worldly passion:

KAECILIUS
This world can take its rightful
place alongside so many others. As
part of the One.
(MORE)

KAECILIUS (CONT'D)

The great and beautiful One. And we
can *all live. Forever.*

STRANGE

And what do you get out of this new
age dimensional utopia?

KAECILIUS

The same as you. The same as
everyone. Life. Eternal life.
People think in terms of good and
evil, when really *time* is the true
enemy of us all. Time kills
everything.

STRANGE

And what of those you kill?

KAECILIUS

Tiny, momentary specks within an
indifferent universe.

Strange reels, his own words thrown back at him.

KAECILIUS

(off Strange's reaction)

Yes. YES! You see. You see what
we're doing!

Tears of devotional ecstasy stream down Kaecilius's face, but
his voice remains steady.

KAECILIUS

Humanity longs for the eternal, for
a world beyond time, because *time* is
what enslaves us. Time in an *insult!*
Death is an *insult!* We don't seek to
rule this world, we seek to *save* it.
To hand it over to Dormammu, who is
the intent of all evolution, the *why*
of all existence.

STRANGE

The Sorcerer Supreme defends existence.

KAECILIUS

The Sorcerer Supreme.

(beat)

What was it that brought you to
Kamar Taj, Doctor? Was it
enlightenment? Power?

Strange absently glances down at his hands.

KAECILIUS

You came to be healed. As did we all, in our own way. Kamar Taj is a place that collects broken things. We all come with the promise of being healed and instead the Ancient One gives us parlor tricks. The real magic she keeps for herself. You ever wonder how she's managed to live so long?

STRANGE

I've seen the rituals. In the Book of Cagliostro.

KAECILIUS

So you know. What the Ancient One hoards, *Dormammu* gives freely. Life everlasting. Without pain. Without want.

Strange stares at him, entranced, pondering the unexpected significance of his words. And then...

STRANGE

Look at you, grotesque and deranged. You didn't get your healing, so now you've sold your soul to get it.

KAECILIUS

No. I got my healing, and yet I'm still going to die one day. No matter what we do, we all die. But we don't have to. Not in his kingdom.

STRANGE

Dormammu has made you a murderer. How good can his kingdom be?

KAECILIUS

Tell me Doctor Strange, is the world what it ought to be? Death. Chaos. Pain. That's the existence your Sorcerer Supreme has sworn to protect. She's not protecting us. She's imprisoning us. She's betrayed us all.

Kaecilius laughs.

STRANGE

You think that's funny?

KAECILIUS

No, not that. What's funny is that
you've lost your sling-ring.

Strange taps his belt. The sling-ring is GONE...

...and then A SPACESHARD DAGGER PUNCTURES THROUGH HIS CHEST,
blood blooming on his shirt!

Behind him is the Strong Zealot, soaking wet, having just
stabbed Strange. Then he reaches for Strange and angrily
hurls him down the stairs.

94

INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - LONG HALLWAY - DAY

94

One hand clamped over his wound, Strange struggles forward.

The Zealot scrambles to his feet, then stalks Strange down
the corridor, ROCKING GRAVITY back and forth, slamming
Strange into the walls.

Scrambling backwards, he staggers down the hall.

The Zealot looms over him, a dagger in his hand. As he closes
in for the kill...

The Cloak of Levitation FLIES OFF STRANGE'S SHOULDERS AND
HITS the Zealot with staggering force, FLIPPING his body to
the ground as it WRAPS ITSELF AROUND HIS HEAD.

The Zealot pulls at the cloak, now smothering him, and the
Cloak starts MERCILESSLY BANGING HIS HEAD on the ground.

Staggering to his feet, Strange takes back his sling-ring
from the Zealot and gestures with both hands.

SPARKS FLY and LUMINOUS STRANDS OF WIRE fly out from the
spinning relic, carving A RING OF LIGHT out of the air...

...within the circle of light, we begin to see into...

95

INT. LARGE STORAGE CLOSET - SAME

95

In the middle of the dark closet, STRANGE'S GATEWAY OPENS - A
DIMENSIONAL CIRCLE FLOATS in the middle of the room.

Strange stumbles through it, he's now somewhere completely
different.

Gripping his wound tightly, he scrambles out the closet door
and into...

96

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

96

A white corridor. Bystanders see him and react with surprised bewilderment at this odd man wearing the ornate clothing of a Kamar-Taj Disciple, and bleeding out all over it. Strange leans against a wall leaving a BLOODY HAND PRINT.

Eventually, A DOCTOR sees him and quickly approaches...

DOCTOR
Sir, can I help you?

STRANGE
Christine Palmer. Where is she?

STRANGE IS NOW IN HIS OLD HOSPITAL.

DOCTOR
We need to get you on a -

STRANGE
- WHERE IS SHE?!

DOCTOR
She's with a patient. Down the hall.

Strange staggers off, weakening, his consciousness fading. Then he sees her, walking out of a room with a set of carts in hand.

STRANGE
Doctor Palmer.

She looks up from the charts.

CHRISTINE
Stephen?
(clocking Stephen)
Oh my god.

STRANGE
Get me into surgery now. Just you.

CHRISTINE
I can't just -

STRANGE
- NOW! We haven't much time.

Christine shoulders him as they shuffle toward a nearby operating theater, Christine doing most of the work.

CHRISTINE
What happened? What are you wearing?

STRANGE
 Stabbed. Cardiac tamponade.

She taps his chest.

CHRISTINE
 Chest cavity is clear.

97 INT. OPERATING THEATER #3 - CONTINUOUS

97

Christine lays Strange on a table, struggling to remain conscious. Tears well up in Christine's eyes.

STRANGE
 (weakly)
 The blood is in the...pericardial
 sac.

CHRISTINE
 No! No! No! You bastard! You don't
 get to just walk back in here and
 die!

EMERGING IN HIS ASTRAL FORM, Strange watches Christine as she works on his body, but she can't see him.

A few sensors stuck to his chest. His skin swabbed with antiseptic. An IV bag dripping plasma into his arm.

Christine pushes aside the garish piece of jewelry Stephen is now wearing (the Eye of Agamotto) and uses an ultrasound to see how much blood is surrounding his heart.

She picks up a surgical needle. Prepares to insert it into his chest.

With an effort of will, STRANGE MAKES HIS ASTRAL BODY VISIBLE - a less luminous, more ghostly form appears across the table.

STRANGE
 A little higher.

Christine jumps and SHRIEKS in terror.

STRANGE
 Please, be careful with the needle.

CHRISTINE
 (a strangled whisper)
 Stephen...! W-what am I seeing?

STRANGE
 My astral body.

She looks in confusion at his body on the table, then back at his visible astral form.

CHRISTINE
Are you...*dead*?

The scarcely audible heartbeat - still visible on the monitor - suddenly DROPS.

STRANGE
I will be if you don't work quickly.

She nods - but she's frozen in shock.

STRANGE
Christine. I'm dying.

Strange reaches into his physical chest with astral fingers and feels around.

STRANGE
A little higher up.

CHRISTINE
Okay. Got it. Okay.

Her professionalism kicks in, breaking her paralysis. She inserts the needle and begins draining blood out of the sac.

CHRISTINE
I've never seen a wound like this - what were you stabbed with...?

98 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - LONG HALLWAY

98

Still suffering punishment by the Cloak of Levitation, the Strong Zealot is close to losing consciousness...

...so he ASTRAL PROJECTS OUT OF HIS HUMAN BODY, and we see his DIMENSIONALIZED FORM ENTER THE ASTRAL DIMENSION.

He's not a luminous figure like Strange, but a black silhouette wrapped in seething tracteries of light.

99 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - CLOSET - SAME

99

Through the floating gateway in the closet we still see into...

THE SANCTUM HALLWAY

THE STRONG ZEALOT'S ASTRAL FORM FLOATS down the Sanctum hallway.

He passes through the circular gateway, through the hospital's closet door, then out into the corridor in search of Strange.

He floats down the hallway, looking in each room before spotting the BLOODY HANDPRINT on the wall.

100 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATER #3 - DAY

100

Having filled the syringe, Christine pulls it out and expels the blood into a kidney dish.

She reinserts the syringe and continues draining blood.

STRANGE'S POV: The Strong Zealot's eerie-looking, dimensionalized astral form floats into the operating theater through the wall behind Christine.

Now Strange looks like *he's* seen a ghost.

STRANGE

I'm going to vanish now. Keep me
alive, will you?

His visible astral body winks out. Christine looks around nervously - the operating room is empty and quiet as the grave.

He looks from Strange's astral form to his body on the table.

STRONG ZEALOT

Almost dead.

STRANGE

Almost.

Strange launches a spinning kick that sends the Zealot flying across the room into the wall. The Strong Zealot rebounds and counterattacks with startling speed.

Christine cannot see the astral forms of Strange and the Strong Zealot locked in gravity-defying combat.

Their astral bodies float like ghosts, passing through walls, chairs, floors, and tabletops - but with effort or force they can stop, stand, grab or slightly interact with any of these.

But they are completely tangible to each other: their battle is brutally physical.

The fight carries them right THROUGH Christine, Strange's body, and the operating table. Christine SHIVERS at the ghostly contact - sending jitters through to her syringe - which plunges deeper than she intended.

CHRISTINE
(sweating, nervous)
Shit.

Distracted, Strange shoots her a look.

STRANGE
Shit? What was shit? Don't say shit.

The Zealot seizes him, lifts him high and SMASHES him down, driving him half-way through the floor.

As their battle continues throughout the hospital...

- Nic West bangs the candy machine, annoyed that his bag of Doritos is caught on the dispensing coil. A blow from the fight knocks the Doritos loose. Nic grabs them, oblivious to the battle around him.

As he begins to walk away, the Zealot sends Strange's astral body smashing into the machine, knocking all of the candy and chips loose.

Nic looks both ways, then quickly grabs a few then scurries away, thinking he was the cause of the mischief, hoping no one notices.

- Stan Lee is having a physical, unaware of the fight all around him. Strange is dragged back through the floor into the operating theater.

Christine finishes draining the blood - but his heart's still struggling, his heartbeat slow and weak.

CHRISTINE
Come on, come on...

As she withdraws the syringe, the Zealot is gaining the upper hand on Strange.

STRONG ZEALOT
You're weakening.

The Zealot slams Strange into a glass cabinet full of bottles.

Christine looks up and sees the bottles rattling atop their shelves. The camera whips around 180 degrees as Christine sees all sorts of movement and rattling items around the room.

Unnerved, she struggles to keep her focus on Strange's body.

Back to the astral fight as the Zealot slams Strange around the room before kneeling him in the face.

...and at the operating table, a SHRILL WHINE from the monitor as his heart stops beating - the steady long drone of death. BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

STRANGE IS FLATLINING.

The effect on his astral form is immediate, as if his oxygen's been cut off. He gets dizzy and weak. His luminosity dims.

AT THE OPERATING TABLE

Christine reacts with instinctive expertise. She drags a crash cart to the table, pulls the defibrillator paddles and starts charging them.

ACROSS THE ROOM

The Zealot seizes Strange by the head with crushing force.

STRONG ZEALOT
Kill the spirit and the body
follows.

AT THE OPERATING TABLE

Christine presses the paddles to Strange's chest and hits him. His body bucks.

ACROSS THE ROOM

LIGHTNING ERUPTS FROM STRANGE'S ASTRAL FORM - blasting the Zealot across the room. He falls, convulsing.

AT THE OPERATING TABLE

The monitor resumes its reassuring *BEEP* as Strange's heart starts beating again. Christine checks him carefully.

Strange's ghost appears beside her again, making her jump.

STRANGE
Hit me again.

CHRISTINE
Jesus, stop doing that!

STRANGE
Just hit me again!

CHRISTINE
But your heart's beating!

STRANGE
- I know, just do it!

He disappears.

Across the room, the Zealot struggles to his feet and Strange drives him back against the wall - half-embedding the Zealot's astral form in the tiles. He struggles.

Christine hits Strange's body with the defibrillator again. Strange's astral form ERUPTS LIKE A DYNAMO.

The heart monitor SHORTS OUT in a small shower of SPARKS.

The blast of energy TEARS THE ZEALOT'S ASTRAL FORM APART - shredding it into wisps of darkness that scatter and fade.

Lights and machines around the room flicker and the monitor erupts in a shower of sparks.

101 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - LONG HALLWAY - DAY 101

The Cloak of Levitation releases THE ZEALOT'S PHYSICAL BODY as it tenses up then collapses from the destruction of his astral form.

The Zealot takes a last breath, his eyes glazing over. HE'S DEAD.

102 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATER #3 - DAY 102

Everything is suddenly calm here. No astral forms. No heart monitor.

It's completely still and quiet.

Christine stares at Strange's body in silence, then leans in close to see if he is breathing. *Is he dead...?*

She warily raises the paddles, unsure if she should hit Strange again...

...and then he AWAKENS, GASPING loudly for air, startling Christine one last time.

CHRISTINE
Oh god! You're back!

She embraces him. He returns the hug weakly.

He sits up, shaky.

STRANGE
I have to go.

CHRISTINE
Your heart just stopped! Lie down!

A command. He stops.

CHRISTINE

I'm the doctor. You're the patient.

She's surprised when he does it.

CHRISTINE

Okay, you just listened to me. Now
I know something is wrong. You've
been gone a year, show up here
flying out of your body...

He smiles as she sutures him up.

STRANGE

I missed you too.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Christine. For
everything. I treated you horribly.
You were right. I couldn't see you.
I couldn't let myself... need you.
You put up with a lot. Deserve more.

Now she gets angry because this is what she's always wanted
to hear.

CHRISTINE

STOP. Just stop. You're clearly in
shock.

He laughs and it hurts. She instinctively puts her hands on him.

CHRISTINE

What the hell is going on here?
Where have you been?

STRANGE

Kathmandu.

CHRISTINE

That's not a place people go.
That's a Bob Seger song.

STRANGE

It's both, actually. 1975,
Beautiful Loser. Side one.

She ties off the stitches and Strange sits up, pulling wires
off himself.

CHRISTINE

Stephen you can't -

STRANGE

- Please. If I ever meant anything to you, trust me now. I need to get out of here.

She hesitates, then helps him to his feet, physically supporting him as he walks out into...

103 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

103

Strange hobbles down the hallway with Christine supporting him.

CHRISTINE

This is insane. Where are you going? Tell the truth.

STRANGE

There's a powerful sorcerer who gave himself over to an ancient entity, can bend the very laws of physics, and tried very hard to kill me. I left him chained up in Greenwich Village, and the fastest way back there is through a gateway using the Mirror Dimension that I opened in the mop closet.

CHRISTINE

Fine, don't tell me.

They enter the STORAGE CLOSET, and Christine sees the dimensional gateway back to Sanctum Sanctorum, still afloat in mid-air.

STRANGE

But I really do have to go.

Strange steps inside the gateway, smiles at her and then it closes, leaving Christine alone in the empty janitor's closet, trying to wrap her mind around the impossible.

Behind her, a broom falls, landing with loud BANG, and she jumps yet again.

104 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - LONG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

104

Strange walks down the corridor where the Cloak of Levitation now floats upright above THE STRONG ZEALOT'S BODY.

Strange stops and checks his vitals. Dead.

Visibly upset at this, Strange paces back and forth for a moment, unsure what to do next.

Finally, he angrily GRABS the cloak, throws it back around his shoulders and heads upstairs...

105 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - THE CHAMBER OF RELICS - CONTINUOUS

105

Strange finds Kaecilius gone, escaped. Instead, he now sees Mordo and The Ancient One standing and over the discarded Crimson Bands of Cyttorak, staring at him in shock.

MORDO
(overjoyed)
By the Vishanti, Strange, you're okay!

STRANGE
A relative term, but yes.

Strange coughs weakly. He's in bad shape, badly beaten and totally exhausted. The Cloak flutters behind him. The Ancient One eyes it curiously.

MORDO
It likes you.

STRANGE
It would seem so.

ANCIENT ONE
No small feat. It's a fickle thing.

STRANGE
(looking at the Bands)
He's escaped.

ANCIENT ONE
Kaecilius?

STRANGE
Yes. He can fold space and matter at will.

MORDO
Because they draw power from the Dark Dimension.

ANCIENT ONE
They fold space and matter outside the mirror dimensions?

STRANGE
Yes.

ANCIENT ONE
How many more?

STRANGE

Two. I stranded one in the desert.

ANCIENT ONE

And the other?

STRANGE

(his expression darkens)
His body is in the hall. Master
Drumm's is in the foyer.

The Ancient One nods solemnly.

MORDO

He's been taken back to Kamar-Taj.

ANCIENT ONE

The London Sanctum has fallen. Only
New York and Hong Kong remain to
keep the Constant operational.

MORDO

If this Sanctum had fallen, too -

ANCIENT ONE

(impressed)
-It didn't.
(to Strange)
You defended the New York Sanctum
from attack, captured one of its
assailants and lived to tell the
tale. With its master gone, it
needs another. The Sanctum
Sanctorum is yours, *Master Strange*.

Mordo looks on, proud. But Strange seems oddly in shock.

STRANGE

No...
(beat)
NO!

Strange stands, his voice spiked with unexpected anger:

STRANGE

It's Doctor Strange. Not *Master*
Strange, not *Mister* Strange...
Doctor Strange.
(points toward the hall)
I *killed* a man! As a doctor I swore
an oath to *do no harm*, and I just
killed a man. I can't do that
again. I became a doctor to *save*
lives, not take them!

ANCIENT ONE

You became a doctor to save one
life above all others - your own.

STRANGE

(with contempt)

Still seeing through me, are you,
nameless one?

The Ancient One cocks her head at the odd slight.

ANCIENT ONE

You saved the lives of thousands,
but every medical miracle
perpetuated the inflation of your
ego, the delusion that you can
control *anything* - even death -
which *no one* can control. Not even
the great *Doctor Stephen Strange*.

Strange is startled by her penetrating insight, but he still
comes right back at her.

STRANGE

Not even Dormammu? He offers
immortality.

ANCIENT ONE

(measured)

It is our fear of death that gives
Dormammu life. He feeds off it.

STRANGE

As you feed off him?

The Ancient One narrows her eyes at Strange.

STRANGE

You talk to *me* about controlling
death? Well, I know how *you* do it.
I've seen the missing rituals in
the Book of Cagliostro.

ANCIENT ONE

Measure your next words very
carefully, *Doctor*.

STRANGE

Because you might not like them?

ANCIENT ONE

Because you may not know of what
you speak.

MORDO
(to the Ancient One)
What is he talking about?

STRANGE
(eyes on the Ancient One)
I'm talking about her long life.
The source of her "immortality."
She draws power from the Dark
Dimension to stay alive.

Mordo is shocked.

MORDO
That's not true.

STRANGE
I've seen the rituals. Worked them
out. I know how you do it.

ANCIENT ONE
You've deciphered Cagliostro's
Rituals?

STRANGE
Yes.

ANCIENT ONE
And you've done nothing with them?

STRANGE
Those rituals should be lost and
stay lost. Even to you.

She narrows her eyes at Strange, inscrutable.

ANCIENT ONE
The Zealots will be back. You'll
need reinforcements.

Then she exits the room. Strange turns to Mordo.

STRANGE
She's not who you think she is.

Mordo's mind is spinning, his world unraveling. He looks
bitterly at Strange.

MORDO
You don't get to say that. You've
no idea the responsibility that
rests on her shoulders.

STRANGE
I don't want to know.

MORDO
You're a coward.

STRANGE
Because I'm not a killer?

MORDO
You took an oath to save lives?
These Zealots will snuff us all out
and you can't muster the strength
to snuff them first?

STRANGE
What do you think I just did?

MORDO
Saved your own life and then whined
about it like an injured dog.

STRANGE
You think you could have done it so
easily?

Mordo steps angrily toward Strange, standing nose to nose.

MORDO
You have no idea of the things I've
done. The things I've seen. Even
before I came to Kamar Taj. The
answer is yes. Without hesitation.

Mordo's eyes are cold, merciless. He's looking at Strange as
if he could kill him where he stands.

MORDO
If taking their lives means saving
this world, I will do just that.

STRANGE
Even if there's another way?

MORDO
There is no other way.

STRANGE
You lack imagination.

MORDO
And you lack a spine.

And then the room *literally* begins to slowly spin. Strange
and Mordo see the walls SUBTLY MANDLEBROTting as reality
bends out of shape. They exchange worried looks.

MORDO
They're back.

Mordo slips out of the room, Strange close behind.

106

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

106

The two Sorcerers move to the top of the stairs. Beneath them stand the Zealots.

MORDO
We have to end this. Now. Are you
ready to do what must be done?

Anxious, Strange thinks hard, looking for another option.

The Zealots begin to gesture grandly in unison, fracturing space to destroy the Sanctum.

Mordo leaps over the railing with his boots and Strange takes to the air with his cloak. Mordo brings a boot down on two of the Zealots, driving them into the floor.

Strange flies straight for Kaecilius, who grabs him, using Strange's momentum to fling him across the room.

Strange comes inches away from slamming into the ceiling, but the Cloak of Levitation stops him.

Strange pulls out a sling-ring and makes a circular gesture, creating a large gateway ring on the ceiling.

Then suddenly, Strange drops down, pulling the gateway over himself and everyone in the room.

Kaecilius unleashes a torrent of energy into the floor to destroy the sanctum.

MORDO
No!

But nothing happens. The Zealots and Mordo look around the room, everything now tinted grey.

STRANGE
The Mirror Dimension. You can't
effect the real world in here.

Kaecilius reaches for his sling-ring on his belt, but it's not there. He looks up, startled.

Strange smiles wryly holding the sling-ring in his hand. He still has his own tucked into his belt.

STRANGE
Who's laughing now?

KAECILIUS
I am.

Kaecilius extends his arms and begins mandlebrotting the foyer, the room shrinking, the walls closing in dangerously on Mordo and Strange.

Strange lunges out the open door, Mordo close behind.

107 EXT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - THE MIRROR DIMENSION - SNOW 107

Strange and Mordo exit, look back at the Sanctum Sanctorum and see it warp and bend.

Everything around them looks grey and de-saturated. Sound is muted. Streets signs read backwards instead of forwards, as if looking at them in a mirror.

Strange and Mordo RUN.

108 EXT. NEW YORK INTERSECTION - DAY 108

They slow to a stop at an intersection. THE INTERSECTIONS SHIFTS, becoming impossibly twisted and fractured like an extreme Escher painting.

MORDO
You fool! Their connection to the Dark Dimension makes them much more powerful than us in here.

STRANGE
We're not staying here. They are.

Now Strange and Mordo now turn to see...

...Kaecilius and three of his Zealots approaching.

MORDO
They might not be able to affect the real world, but they can still kill us. This wasn't cleverness. It was suicide.

STRANGE
What?! Then what do we do?

MORDO
We run.

They run across the intersection. Using his sling-ring Strange attempts to conjure a gateway... but *KAECILIUS FOLDS THE WHOLE CITY NINETY DEGREES! STRANGE SLAMS DOWN HARD ONTO THE SIDE OF A CITY BUS!*

Inside the bus, a girl obliviously reads a copy of Infinite Jest, it's title mirrored backwards.

Strange and Mordo look back, see the gateway fizzle and the Zealots closing in. They both leap high onto...

109 EXT. TALL BUILDINGS - CONTINUOUS 109

Strange and Mordo run along the side of the building. Kaecilius gestures and we see *ANOTHER RADICAL GRAVITY SHIFT - STRANGE AND MORDO ARE THROWN HIGH UP ON THE OPPOSING BANK BUILDING.*

Kaecilius leaps and lands on the bank building, causing ripples like waves to cascade across the glass.

Strange and Mordo are tossed around in the waves.

110 OMITTED 110

111 OMITTED 111

112-114 OMITTED 112-114

115 OMITTED 115

116 OMITTED 116

117 EXT. BANK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 117

Kaecilius gestures and the building twists like a rung out dishrag, the top yawning open and splitting down the sides. Strange and Mordo continue running up the splitting building, which is bending down toward the street.

118 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS 118

Strange and Mordo fall off the side of the building, hit the street hard, tumbling side by side, and run. They look up to see Zealots raining down on them.

They *LEAP INTO MAJOR TRAFFIC.*

Strange and Mordo run into a side street.

THE STREET AND SIDEWALK ROTATES AND A SPEEDING SUBWAY TRAIN RUSHES TOWARD STRANGE, corkscrewing on the now-twisted track!

THE TRAIN SLAMS INTO STRANGE, knocking him onto...

119 EXT. A SMALL ESCHER HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 119

An Escher highway. Strange hits the bridge hard, then stumbles to his feet amid traffic.

He looks up and sees Mordo leaning over the other side of the highway. Mordo looks furious, as if to say "Look what you've gotten us into."

Exhausted, they keep moving.

120 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS 120

The Zealots walk together, enraged.

They all three GESTURE dramatically, in unison.

121 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS 121

Back with Strange and Mordo.

STRANGE

I need to stop. Catch my breath.

They look back as *THE CITY SINKS DOWN A HOLE, then FRACTURES. THE WHOLE WORLD IS SPLIT APART!*

Looking back, Strange and Mordo see the Zealots approaching, more calmly now, confident that the end of the chase is near.

The twisting landscape turns upright, casting Mordo and Strange over the railing, down into the abstract space below...

122 EXT. FRACTURED CITY - CONTINUOUS 122

They land on the side of a building.

STRANGE

This was a mistake. We're not getting out of here, are we?

Mordo shakes his head.

The ground rotates, and Strange and Mordo fall into a mandelbrot world of a cathedral, brownstones, fire escapes and highrises.

The swirling space compresses even more, the chase devolving into a disorienting Escher-like nightmare for Strange.

Mordo fights the Brunette Zealot and the Tall Zealot. Kaecilius LEAPS TOWARD STRANGE, knocking him to the ground and swiping back his sling ring from Strange's belt. Then he crafts a space shard and brings it down on Strange's head...

..but Strange is suddenly yanked away from Kaecilius's reach. Strange looks around in shock.

Kaecilius looks around, confused. This isn't his doing. He looks at his Zealots, who are similarly carried away.

THE ANCIENT ONE ARRIVES, HOLDING HER GLORIOUS LUMINOUS FANS.

The world transforms into a space confined by swirling buildings so that the ZEALOTS are trapped with the Ancient One.

Mordo stares, realizing the Ancient One has swept him and Strange out of danger - by warping reality like Kaecilius.

ANCIENT ONE

Kaecilius! This ends here.

Mordo stares at her. Seeing the Dark Rune glowing on her brow, as it does on Kaecilius and the other Zealots.

MORDO

(horrified)

It's true...she draws power from the Dark Dimension.

The Ancient One sees the shock on his face, and it wounds her. But Kaecilius snarls at her, pulling her attention. Pain and betrayal in his voice. Emotional wounds still raw.

KAECILIUS

I came to you broken. Lost. In need. I trusted you to be my teacher. And you fed me lies.

Strange starts to move toward Kaecilius -- but Mordo holds him back. He wants to hear this out.

ANCIENT ONE

I was trying to protect you.

KAECILIUS

From the truth?

ANCIENT ONE

No, Kaecilius. From yourself.

KAECILIUS

I have a new teacher now. And he has shown me the everlasting promise of the Dark Dimension. The promise you conceal from the world.

ANCIENT ONE

Dormammu deceives you. You have no idea what he truly is. What he'll do to you.

KAECILIUS

Your words have no power anymore. My eyes have seen the infinite.

ANCIENT ONE

You've seen a delusion.

KAECILIUS

Liar!

He and the Zealots charge her. She takes them all on at once.

In a furious blur of speed, power, strength and skill, she flips, dodges, slices, and kicks, delivering two or three blows for every one that she blocks. She is a thing to behold.

The Tall Zealot steps in close, making an overly-aggressive move. The Ancient One spins around him, slicing his neck. The Brunette Zealot flies into a rage and attacks the Ancient One.

KAECILIUS spins A GATEWAY back to reality while eyeing A FAST-MOVING BUILDING.

Timing it just right, he delivers a single focused blow to the Ancient One. She's knocked backwards, her HEAD SMACKING HARD against the corner of the fast moving building.

Kaecilius SLIDES the gateway in front of her - she topples through it like a pinwheel, FALLING OUT OF THE MIRROR DIMENSION.

Mordo and Strange follow behind her. The Ancient One flails like a ragdoll, unconscious, falling to the earth.

Strange reaches desperately for her, but the cloak keeps tugging at him, trying to keep him from falling to his death. As they close in on the ground, the cloak stops Strange mid fall.

The Ancient One crashes through a glass awning and lands hard on the pavement.

123 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

123

The Ancient One crashes through a glass awning and lands hard on the pavement.

Strange watches in horror and disbelief.

STRANGE

Get to the Sanctum. Stop them. I'll save her.

Mordo thinks about it for a second.

MORDO

Go.

124 INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

124

A VIOLENT SNOWSTORM now rages outside the hospital.

Strange races down the hallway with Christine. Along with a nurse they're pushing a gurney with the Ancient One on it.

One of her staff starts breathing for the Ancient One with a positive-pressure bag. The crash cart rolls up.

STRANGE

It's not fibrillation. She has a stunned myocardium.

CHRISTINE

Neurogenic?

STRANGE

Yes. Can I scrub in?

Christine nods, then looks to an attending nurse.

CHRISTINE

Get Dr. West.

She shoots a glance at Strange who nods in return.

125 INT. OPERATING THEATER #1 - DAY

125

We return to the place we first met Strange. A large operating theater. Christine, Strange and DR. WEST work on the Ancient One on a table in the middle of the room.

Strange has a scalpel in his hand. His hand shakes with slight tremors. He looks up at West.

STRANGE

Nic?

He offers him the scalpel. West hesitates, then nods, taking the scalpel.

Alarms suddenly BEEP and WHINE: the Ancient One's vital signs are taking a hit. Christine is baffled.

CHRISTINE
(calls out)
We're losing her.

STRANGE
No. Increase her oxygen to -

NURSE BILLY
- Her pupils have dilated.

Strange reacts, looking at the readout.

STRANGE
No brain activity...?

Strange steps back in shock. West moves in to assist.

Strange closes his eyes, deep in focus. Then his body begins to fall, as if fainting, as his astral form stands where his body once stood.

TIME SLOWS. Strange's body falls in super slow motion as everything in the room comes grinding to a near-complete halt.

He sees the astral form of the Ancient One standing across the room, staring back at his astral form.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Get back in there! We need you!

The Ancient One shakes her head silently.

STRANGE
Come on! You're dying!

The Ancient One turns and FLOATS through the door out into the hallway. Strange gives chase.

126 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

126

Strange sees the Ancient One as she turns down another hallway. He rushes after her. The chase leads through admitting and out through the front doors.

127 EXT. HOSPITAL - BALCONY - DAY

127

The astral form of the Ancient One stands at the edge of the overhang, staring out into the snow.

Time is going so slow that the snowflakes hang in the air, descending slowly in sheets. A distant helicopter is held in place, its rotor blades barely moving.

STRANGE

You have to return to your body.
You don't have time.

ANCIENT ONE

Time is relative...

She glances back toward the hospital.

ANCIENT ONE

...Your body hasn't even hit the floor yet.

STRANGE

How do you -

ANCIENT ONE

- I've spent many years peering through time, looking at this very moment. Examining it. Trying to find a way around it. But I can't see past it. I've prevented countless terrible futures. But every time I do, I'm always left with another. And they always lead me here, no further.

STRANGE

(realizing)

You think this is where you die.

She nods.

ANCIENT ONE

You wonder what I see in your future.

STRANGE

No, I... Yes.

ANCIENT ONE

I told you, I never saw your future. Only its possibilities. You have such capacity for goodness - for greatness.

(MORE)

ANCIENT ONE (CONT'D)

You've always excelled, not because you craved success, but because you were *afraid* of failing. Again.

STRANGE

It's what made me a great doctor.

ANCIENT ONE

It's what *kept* you from greatness - from learning the simplest and most significant lesson of them all.

STRANGE

Which is?

ANCIENT ONE

It's not about you.

Strange absorbs that like a physical blow. He knows she is right. The Ancient One looks up at the sky.

ANCIENT ONE

When you first came to me, you asked me how I was able to heal Jonathan Pangborn. I didn't. He channels dimensional energy directly into his own body?

STRANGE

He was using magic to walk?

ANCIENT ONE

Constantly. He had a choice. To return to his own life, or to serve something greater than himself.

Strange realizes.

STRANGE

So I could have my hands back. My old life?

ANCIENT ONE

You could. And the world would be all the lesser for it. I've hated drawing power from the Dark Dimension, but as you well know sometimes one must break the rules in order to serve the greater good.

STRANGE

Mordo won't see it that way.

ANCIENT ONE

Mordo's soul is still rigid and unmovable, forged by the fires of his youth. Your soul is...flexible. When the night-wind comes, you will bend with it. Mordo, I fear, may break. He needs your flexibility, jsut as you need his strength. Only together do you stand a chance of stopping Dormammu.

Still staring forward, she takes Strange's hand.

ANCIENT ONE

It's been a lonely 700 years. We are not meant to live this long. Death is what gives life meaning - to know that your days are numbered, that your time is short. I cheated death to protect this world, but my soul has suffered for it. I've been waiting so long for someone to relieve me, to take my place, to free me to move on. You'd think after all this time, I'd be ready. But look at me, stretching one moment into a thousand, just so I can watch the snow.

She lets go of his hand. Strange's turns, and she is gone.

128 INT. OPERATING THEATER #1 - DAY

128

Strange's body is still falling to the floor in extreme slow-motion.

His astral form SLAMS into his physical form - because of the Ancient One's slowing of time, his body has barely slumped, and everyone else is too focused on the patient to have even noticed.

Strange jolts to attention just as the Ancient One flat-lines.

WEST

We're not losing her!

Strange watches West's start chest compressions - West's hands on The Ancient One's chest.

128A FLASHBACK VISION

128A

The man in the suit's hands on Donna's chest...Her mother's wails...Donna so pale...

128B BACK IN HOSPITAL... Strange looking at The Ancient One's pale 128B
face. He removes his mask, his face calm.

STRANGE
(to himself)
She's gone...

He steps forward... lays his hand on West's arm...

STRANGE
It's over. Let her go.

West and Christine look at him.

STRANGE
You did everything you could.

All activity ceases. The room is now silent.

He glances up at the clock.

STRANGE
Time of death, 9:32 AM.

129 INT. ADJACENT SCRUB ROOM - DAY 129

Stephen joins Christine at the sink, scrubbing out. Now washing his hands with care, like they are a part of him...however damaged.

CHRISTINE
Are you okay?

She means the physical wound, and that he just lost someone...

His answer is to take her wet hands in his. Study them.

CHRISTINE
I don't understand what's happening.

STRANGE
(gently)
I know.

She leans into him, her head against his. He leans into her... It's a quiet, intimate moment.

STRANGE
If you were to ask me what future I wanted, I'd say to wake up to you every morning. To be there to help you with your work. Then to sleep next to you each night... maybe rescue a few dogs...

She laughs, doesn't break the embrace.

STRANGE
(quiet, like a secret)
To love you...

She closes her eyes. Has waited so long to hear it. But then...

STRANGE
I have to go. And I can't come back
this time...

Shocked, she looks up at him.

CHRISTINE
No.

STRANGE
You told me once that losing my
hands didn't have to be the end.
That it could be a beginning.

And now there are tears in her eyes - because he is so certain and present and human with her, and that means this is real, he is going...and she must accept this...

CHRISTINE
Because there's more than one way
to save lives...

STRANGE
A harder way.

She looks at the cloak on the wall.

CHRISTINE
A weirder way.

They both smile - because otherwise this will be too hard.
She has to say it.

CHRISTINE
I don't want you to go.

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)
Doctor Palmer to the E.R. please,
Doctor Palmer to the E.R...

Strange smiles slightly at the irony - her having to back now to her own life as a doctor. She leans in and gently kisses him on the cheek, then quietly leaves the room.

He pulls on his cloak then stares at himself in the same scrub mirror we first saw him in: Transformed. Surrendered. Knows exactly who he is. He flips up the collar and leaves.

129A INT. HONK KONG RELIC ROOM - DAY

129A

Several Masters and Acolytes move quickly through the room, taking defensive positions.

Several hands grab relics off the walls.

Tina Minoru storms into the room. Wong follows close behind her.

WONG

This is it. This is what we train for.

Minoru grabs a Relic Cane from the wall and raises it offensively. Wong grabs a staff from the wall.

WONG

No one steps foot in this Sanctum.
No one.

130 EXT. HONG KONG - NIGHT

130

Kaecilius, the Brunette Zealot and the Blonde Zealot step through A SLING-RING GATEWAY from a vast desert onto the Hong Kong Street.

The gateway closes, and they stride down the center of a neon lit avenue, heading straight toward the HONG KONG SANCTUM.

WONG stands guard before them, the Wand of Watoomb in hand.

WONG

Kaecilius.

KAECILIUS

Wong. You're on the wrong side of history.

WONG

And you're on the wrong side of my relic!

Kaecilius and the Zealots conjure spaceshard daggers.

Wong SPINS the Wand in hand until it creates an eldritch duplicate of itself.

He 'throws' the eldritch duplicate at the Zealots, guiding it towards his targets with the physical wand still in hand.

One by one the eldritch wand knocks the Zealots and Kaecilius from their feet leaving Wong the last man standing.

131 INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - NARTHEX - DAY

131

Mordo stands at the damaged control pillar. It sparks under his fingers. The Hong Kong and New York Gates are in ruins.

Strange emerges from a sling-ring portal behind him. Moving with urgency. His heart heavy with the news he carries.

STRANGE

Mordo. She's dead. It's up to us now.

Mordo takes that in silently. Staring at the cracked pillar.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Mordo.

Mordo finally looks at him.

MORDO

You were right. She wasn't who I thought she was.

STRANGE

She was complicated.

MORDO

She told us the Dark Dimension was forbidden - while she drew on its power. Stealing centuries of life.

STRANGE

She did what she thought was right.

MORDO

To gamble with the fate of the world? The Dark Dimension is volatile. Dangerous. What if it overtook her?

STRANGE

It didn't. She protected Earth for 700 years. Mordo -

MORDO

A price will always be paid, Strange. The bill comes due. Her transgression led the zealots to Dormammu. Kaecilius is her fault. And here is the consequence of her deception. A world on fire.

Strange shakes his head. There's no time for this.

STRANGE

Mordo. The London Sanctum is gone.
Twice the zealots have attacked New
York and failed. You know where
they'll go next.

The words sink in. Mordo comes into focus.

MORDO

Hong Kong.

STRANGE

We need to go and help Wong defend
that Sanctum.

Mordo nods. Pulling himself together. He creates a gateway
with his slingring.

131A INT. CHAMBER OF RELICS - DAY

131A

Montage: Boots are laced. Straps pulled. Belts tightened.
Relics grabbed.

Prepared to protect the Hong Kong Sanctum, ready to defend
the entire world, they step through the gateway into...

132 EXT. HONG KONG - NIGHT

132

MASSIVE DESTRUCTION. Smoke rises over skyscrapers. Chaos on
the ground: Police cars and ambulances, survivors staggering
out of the dust. The Hong Kong Sanctum is GONE.

Strange and Mordo emerge from a sling-ring portal - and
stare, stupefied by the devastation all around them.

STRANGE

The Sanctum's already fallen!

We see the shattered Sanctum a hundred yards away -- its Seal
Window cracked in two.

From the broken Sanctum, A MASSIVE DIMENSIONAL FRACTURE
stretches upward, splitting the sky. Within the fracture, is
a brutal infinity. A swirling kaleidoscope of galactic depth
and other-dimensional psychotropic violence.

It spreads as they watch -- advancing across the city.
Dragging the world into a colder, stranger universe.

MORDO

(stunned)

The Dark Dimension. Dormammu is
coming.

STRANGE

We have to stop him.

Mordo stares at him incredulously. Despairing.

MORDO

Impossible. No force in this
universe can stop him.

KAECILIUS appears out of the haze, walking toward them
flanked by the two female zealots. He calls out, elated.

KAECILIUS

Mister Doctor! Salvation is upon
us! What's done is done!

Behind him the Dark Dimension rolls closer like a tidal wave.
An electrifying thought strikes Strange.

STRANGE

Not this time.

(ALT)

Until it's undone.

He joins his hands in a mystic gesture - and the Eye of
Agamotto opens on his chest. Strange begins to build the
luminous gauntlet of time around his hand.

Kaecilius sees it - and grasps his intention.

KAECILIUS

No!

He charges toward Strange, conjuring a shard as he runs --

But just as he's about to strike, Strange completes the
gauntlet of light, and does the forbidden...

TIME SLOWS. THEN STOPS.

Kaecilius is inches from Strange's face. Mordo is frozen in
time as well.

And then, with a third dramatic gesture...

TIME REVERSES.

The Zealots begin to move BACKWARDS, away from Strange.
Strange places one hand on Mordo, and releases him by
gesturing with the other..

As everything moves backwards, only Strange and Mordo move
forward, immune to the reversed timestream. Strange grimaces
with effort, reversing of time putting a great strain on him.

On all sides, first responders race backwards away from the disaster. Smoke drains downward out of the sky. The air is filled with the eerie noise of reversed audio.

Survivors limp backward into the dust, lowering themselves to the ground and pushing themselves back into the wreckage.

Mordo points. The Zealots walk backwards toward ground zero.

Strange's Cloak billows and Mordo's boots glow as they leap ahead of the Zealots, but behind them, Kaecilius turns his head to watch them go!

With a mighty effort, Kaecilius fights the timeflow - and RIPS HIMSELF FREE! Then the Blonde Zealot and the Brunette Zealot also break free.

Moving forward now, through retrograde time, the Zealots follow the sorcerers.

Things grow increasingly violent: debris begins to un-shatter and fly into the air, back into place upon buildings.

A first responder running in reverse crashes into Strange, spinning him around to see that Kaecilius has freed himself from the time stream and is pursuing them.

And time begins to reverse again. A dead woman on the street skids off the ground, soars through the air and back through the windshield of a moving car she was ejected from.

Now on his feet, Strange grapples with Kaecilius as the world violently rebuilds around them.

Mordo hits the deck. A hurtling steel girder shears off a lamppost over his head.

NEON STREET SIGNS violently FLY BACKWARDS back into place, re-illuminating as they reattach to surrounding buildings.

CARS FLY IN REVERSE at the sorcerers from all directions, nearly crushing them inside a massive ball of twisted steel.

Mordo knocks the Brunette Zealot into the street. A manhole cover reversing through time strikes her in the skull, sending her reeling backwards into a reforming aquarium, trapping her.

Mordo and the Blonde Zealot then battle atop reforming bamboo scaffolding. He uses his staff to fling her into a rebuilding apartment, trapping her on the other side of a window.

He steps to the edge of the scaffolding and sees clouds of dust and smoke billow past. Strange is in trouble below.

He and Kaecilius fight to the death in an arena of smoke, barely able to see a foot in front of them.

Mordo LEAPS from the scaffolding and attacks Kaecilius with his relic chain-staff knocking him INTO A BROKEN CONCRETE WALL JUST AS IT RE-FORMS, *TRAPPING KAECILIUS IN THE CONCRETE LIKE A FLY IN AMBER.*

A HUGE FALLEN SKYSCRAPER slowly rises up above, reassembling itself in a geyser of steel, concrete and glass.

And now they all see it:

THE HONG KONG SANCTUM

It's starting to reconstitute just in front of a still-rising SKYSCRAPER. Around it, radiating blast damage and piles of debris.

And then in the destruction below, they see WONG - dead, impaled by the previously fallen debris.

STRANGE

Wong!

Like everything else, the event reverses: Wong is brought back to life as if nothing happened. Strange places a hand on him and releases him from the time stream.

Wong looks around, disoriented. Sees time flowing backward.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Breaking the laws of nature, I know.

Wong looks at the spot where he was killed and resurrected. Looks back at Strange with wide eyes.

WONG

Don't stop now!

STRANGE

When the Sanctum's restored, they'll attack it again. We have to defend it. Come on!

Strange, Wong and Mordo are now close to the dimensional fracture at the front of the still re-assembling Sanctum. They rush towards it.

Kaecilius lays his hands on the imprisoning concrete: the wall groans and cracks as he warps space and gravity.

The concrete around Kaecilius shatters, freeing him.

Vengeful and bloodthirsty, eyes full of rage, Kaecilius goes on the extreme offensive, gesturing with his hands and unleashing a massive mandelbrotting attack, knocking all of our heroes to their feet.

TIME STOPS.

The skyscraper toppling above the Hong Kong Sanctum freezes at a 45 degree angle, halfway back to normal.

Mordo and Wong look around at the frozen world. Horrified. The time continuum has been broken.

Mordo struggles to his feet.

WONG

Get up, Strange!

Kaecilius stands over them, triumphant.

KAECILIUS

You can't fight the inevitable.
Isn't it beautiful? A world beyond
time. Beyond death.

Strange stares into the DARK DIMENSION, awestruck. He struggles up to one knee.

STRANGE

(sudden insight)
Beyond time.

He knows that to enter the Dark Dimension is death. But he's not afraid...

...He FLIES INTO IT.

MORDO

Strange! No!

133 EXT. THE DARK DIMENSION - NIGHT

133

Strange enters Dormammu's realm.

For the moment, it's a blood-red void. Vast structures fill the sky: BULBOUS, PULSATING SPHERES connected by twisting filaments, like neurons scaled to the size of mountains.

It is both unspeakably alien and beautiful at the same time.

Strange marvels at the dimension sprawling out before him, a universe where the very laws of physics differ from our own.

Strange skulks through the alien landscape.

Everything trembles and the entire dimension groans with an unearthly tenor. Bulbous spheres in the sky grow sharp gray spines.

Dormammu announces himself with apocalyptic violence. A FIREBALL the size of a house hurtles toward Strange.

Strange conjures a rune shield big enough to shelter his whole body. He rides out the impact unharmed - but daunted. This is devastating power.

Dormammu comes to him.

Like an angry god approaching through a nightmare wonderland, his inhuman visage looms over Strange.

A colossal figure, veined with moving motes of light. An entity who devours universes. Who swallows souls by the million.

Strange steps forward.

STRANGE

Dormammu.

He inspects Strange with inscrutable interest.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

I've come to bargain.

Dormammu speaks, his voice deep and slow as distant thunder.

DORMAMMU

You've come to die. Your world is now my world. Like all worlds. All things.

He thrusts out a titanic hand. Strange is ENGULFED IN FLAME!

He burns horribly, ROARING IN AGONY - DYING...!

The bulbous spheres in the sky grow sharp gray SPINES. The world flashes back a moment.

Strange once again stands intact on the alien fields of the Dark Dimension, exactly as he had moments ago, holding the Eye of Agamotto in his hand.

A FIREBALL the size of a house hurtles toward him. He conjures a rune shield big enough to shelter his whole body.

Dormammu comes to him.

STRANGE

Dormammu.

He inspects Strange with inscrutable interest.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
I've come to bargain.

DORMAMMU
You've come to die. Your world is
now my -

He realizes he's repeating a moment he's lived before. Stops.
Stares at Strange, standing before him: alive and unburned.

DORMAMMU (CONT'D)
What is this? Illusion?

STRANGE
No. This is real.

DORMAMMU
Good.

He smiles cruelly. LONG NEEDLES THRUST ACROSS THE SKY -
impaling Strange where he hangs in the air. He SCREAMS!

STRANGE
(breathing hard)
Dormammu. I've come to bargain.

DORMAMMU
You've come to die -

He's repeating the moment again. There stands Strange in
front of him, unbloodied and alive. Confusion.

DORMAMMU (CONT'D)
What is happening?

STRANGE
You gave Kaecilius powers from your
universe to warp reality in our
world. Now I've brought you a
little something from my universe.
This... is time.
(beat)
Endless. Looped. Time.

DORMAMMU
You DARE!

He batters Strange with fists like skyscrapers.

STRANGE
Dormammu. I've come to bargain.

DORMAMMU

You've come to d--
 (catching himself)
 You can not do this forever.

STRANGE

This is how things are now. You and
 me. Trapped in this moment.

DORMAMMU

You'll die. over and over.

STRANGE

Yes. But everyone else on Earth
 will live.

DORMAMMU

You'll suffer.

STRANGE

Pain is an old friend.

Dormammu blasts Strange with a fireball of luminous energy.
 Strange protects himself behind a rune shield, the heat
 excruciating, eventually destroying him.

TIME RESETS.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Dormammu!

Strange is impaled by large spike.

TIME RESETS AGAIN.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

(haggard)
 I've come to bargain.

DORMAMMU

End this!

STRANGE

Never.

Dormammu crushes him with his massive fist.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Dormammu...

Impaled by spikes.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

I've...

Stabbed by tentacles.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Come...

Strangled by them...

STRANGE (CONT'D)

To...

Crushed by a flying moon.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Bargain!

Sliced in two by flying crystal shards.

Strange is like a man bearing up under the lash -- reborn each time in perfect health but with the crucible of his own agony fresh in his memory. Death upon death.

Reborn once more, he faces the dark god with a weary laugh.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Dormammu --

Dormammu doesn't wait. An instant barrage of fiery bolts. Strange defends himself with rune shields and a protective sphere -- barely surviving.

He falls, bloodied and battered. Gasping for breath.

DORMAMMU

You can never win.

Strange pushes himself off the ground, weakly.

STRANGE

No.

He looks up, his face bloodied. Speaks with mounting anger:

STRANGE (CONT'D)

But I can lose to you again and again and again -- forever. And that makes you my prisoner.

DORMAMMU

Set me free!

STRANGE

No. I've come to bargain.

Dormammu GROWLS in frustrated fury.

DORMAMMU
What do you want?

134

INT. HONG KONG STREET - SAME

134

The city is still frozen in a moment of time.

Again we hear Kaecilius say:

KAECILIUS
You can't fight the inevitable.
Isn't it beautiful? A world beyond
time. Beyond death.

As he speaks, Strange descends behind him, cloak billowing.

Kaecilius spins, disoriented, to discover Strange behind him now. He knows something mysterious has happened.

KAECILIUS (CONT'D)
What have you done?

Suddenly Kaecilius's body begins to TRANSFORM, bending and darkening in a monstrous metamorphosis.

Kaecilius reacts in horror.

KAECILIUS (CONT'D)
What is this?!

The two female Zealots begin to transform as well.

STRANGE
It's what you always wanted.

The change climbs Kaecilius's body toward his face.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
Eternal life -- as part of the One.
(he grins)
You're not going to like it.

KAECILIUS
No. No!

The three zealots, still transforming, rise off the ground toward the rift in the sky. Crying out in bestial voices.

Wong shouts after them.

WONG
You should have stolen the whole
book! The warnings come AFTER the
spells!

The Zealots are SUCKED INTO THE DIMENSIONAL FRACTURE...

135 EXT. THE DARK DIMENSION - NIGHT 135

We follow the Zealots as they fall deeper into the abyss, transforming into mouthless, single-eyed MINDLESS ONES!!

A lobotomized form of immortality.

136 EXT. ABOVE HONG KONG STREET - CONTINUOUS 136

Strange looks at Hong Kong, still frozen mid-catastrophe.

STRANGE

Time to set things right.

The Eye of Agamotto illuminates: the time-turning runes encircle his wrist. He finally continues the time-reversal.

Before them the top floor Sanctum windows are blown out: a white disk of magical fire is contracting in reverse.

The Skyscraper continues its full ascent back up into place, straightening, its windows filling with an upward rain of shattered glass. And then the skyscraper is intact.

The explosion that felled the skyscraper retracts into the Hong Kong Sanctum as the mystic building reconstitutes. The disk of fire sucking back into the Inner Sanctum.

Last of all the Great Seal window comes together - and all is made whole. The backward flow of time STOPS.

137 EXT. HONG KONG STREET - CONTINUOUS 137

Strange deactivates the Eye of Agamotto. Time flows forward again. Back to normal.

Strange, Mordo, and Wong look around. Life on the street continues as if nothing ever happened.

Beside them, a little boy walks with an ice-cream cone. Again a scooter whizzes by. Again his mother pulls him to safety. Wong stares: he's seen this moment before. They're back at the beginning. But now there are no zealots coming to shatter the city's peace.

Wong looks at Strange with something like reverence.

WONG

You did it.

Strange sighs wearily.

MORDO

You violated natural law. You
think there'll be no consequences?
No price to pay?

STRANGE

Look around. It's over.

MORDO

The bill will come due, Strange.
There will be a reckoning.

He turns and walks away.

EXT. KATHMANDU - DAY

The sun rises over the beautiful, chaotic city

INT. KAMAR TAJ - NARTHEX - DAY

Strange stands in the Narthex. His wounds healed. The Narthex
repaired and made whole.

He stands before the pillar where the Eye of Agamotto goes.
The Eye still hangs around his neck: he reaches for the
mystic amulet -- and hesitates.

The Cloak of Levitation releases itself from his shoulders,
floating up a few inches to clear the way for him to remove
the Eye of Agamotto.

He takes it off and sets it atop its pillar where it belongs.
The Cloak settles back on his shoulders.

WONG (O.S.)

Wise choice.

Strange turns to see Wong standing beside him.

WONG (CONT'D)

You will wear the Eye of Agamotto
when you have mastered its powers.
Until then -- best not to walk the
streets wearing an Infinity Stone.

STRANGE

A what?

Wong snorts and shakes his head ruefully.

WONG

You may have a gift for the mystic
arts -- but you still have much to
learn.

He grows serious, looking at the mystic map overhead: all three Sanctums gleaming one more. Earth's shield restored.

WONG (CONT'D)

Word of the Ancient One's death
will spread through the multiverse.
Earth has no Sorcerer Supreme to
defend it. Trouble will come.
We must be ready.

STRANGE

We'll be ready.

139

INT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - THE CHAMBER OF RELICS - DAY

139

Strange walks through the chamber of relics. As he reaches the great Seal Window, Wong enters carrying a stack of books.

WONG

The Ancient One's private
collection. For your studies.

He arches his aching back.

WONG (CONT'D)

I think I may have pulled
something, *Doctor*.

STRANGE

I'll write you a prescription for
100mg of *quit your whining*.

Wong gives Strange a deadpan look.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

One day you are gonna laugh!

Wong continues his deadpan look. Strange shifts uncomfortably, looking sheepish.

WONG

Mordo?

STRANGE

No sign of him.

WONG

He'll return. When he's ready. As
the Stones sang, *Time is on Our
Side...*

STRANGE

Actually, that song was written by Jerry Ragovoy under the pseudonym *Norman Meade*, and was first recorded by jazz trombonist Kai Winding and his Orchestra in 1963, a year before the Stones.

WONG

Irma Thomas covered it before The Stones.

STRANGE

I... I didn't know that.

Wong takes a triumphant sip of tea.

WONG

That was oddly satisfying.

He exits. Strange grins.

Strange walks over to the Sanctum window, staring out at the city. We look up at him from outside the window. He's a different man now. Confident. Burdened. Lonely.

Strange reaches into his pocket and pulls out the watch. He looks down at it for a moment. It is still cracked, broken.

He pulls the watch onto this wrist. His hands, however, still shake.

EXT. SANCTUM SANCTORUM - SEAL WINDOW - DAY

We look in at Strange as he gazes out -- craning up and back until the glittering sweep of New York City fills the screen.

The world now under the protection of Doctor Strange.

FADE OUT: