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Darkman III: Die Darkman Die

By Michael Colleary

My name is Peyton Westlake.

I WAS a scientist on the verge
of an amazing liquid skin discovery,
until they took it all away.

(Yells)

They smashed my life
into a million pieces.

Everything was destroyed -
my work, my dreams.. .everything.

(Yells)

They burned away my identity -
leaving me for dead.

(Woman) Take him to the burn unit.

Stat. Just hold on, pal.

I'm with you.

(Westlake) But I wasn't truly dead.

Driven by uncontrollable surges
of adrenaline,

I had the strength of ten men.

I became a monster,

left to lurk in the shadows.

Now science is my only hope.

My synthetic skin formula

gave me back my face...

but only for 99 minutes.

99 minutes...

As I try to rebuild myself, I fight
for those who have no defender.

Now crime has a new enemy.

And justice has a brand new face.

(Ship's horn)

Show time.

Come on, let's move.

So this is yours?

Are you going ecological, Rooker?

Demolition and reclamation,

Johnny Lee. That's where it's at.

Intact, pigeons wouldn't live
in this dump.

In pieces, it's worth millions.

A good businessman follows the money,

Johnny Lee. That's why I diversify -

property, businesses.. .you.

Nico.

Guys...

I don't get it.

Your organisation handles
coke, weed, crack...

But you.. . You show up to supervise
a two-bit shipment of steroids.

I'm not into drugs.

- What the fuck is this shit?

- Strength.

Thank you. Get the rest, Adam.

Hey, good-looking.

Hmm?

Game, set and match.

Always a pleasure doing business
with you, Rooker.

- How's he doing?

- Er, Peter?

The light should've turned this
as blue as a bruise. Shit's been cut.

Are you shorting me?

Fuck. It ain't happenin' on my end.

Of course it's not.

How long have we been

doing business? Five years?

- At least four.

- We've had drinks, swapped jokes...

Did you really think

you could cheat me, Johnny?

Like the taste of that, Rooker?

I pissed in it.

Put that in the car, Adam.. . ADAM!

You flipped, man?

- What the fuck is wrong with you?!

- Jesus, somebody cold clocked me.

What the fuck?!

Get him! He's got the money,

the son of a bitch!

Come back here, you asshole! Hey!

Come here!

God damn you!

God damn you!

Hey!

So it's true.

Get him! Get him!

Jesus!

- I'm gonna get him!

- Who is this guy?

(Screams)

Going down.

Shit!

- You made me look real bad.

- You could do worse.

(Squelching)

(Screams)

Run, coward, run.

(Sinister laugh)

(Car horn)

(PA) 'Medicom Laboratories
is now closing.

'All exits will be locked
in 15 minutes.

- How you doing, Doc?

- What have you got?

The portacom and the gene splicer.

- DNA sequencer?

- I'll work on it.

Is that enough?

That ought to cover it.

I've got a slightly dinged-up
microscope I'll let you have cheap.

- No, I need that sequencer.

- OK, OK. Get back to me.

Yeah, yeah. He was just here.

Yeah, it's on there.

OK, and remember,

you fuckin' owe me. OK.

I know you're out there.

(Train whistle blows)

(Computer)

Welcome back, Dr Westlake.

(Machinery powers up)

All systems running smoothly.

Lab access update - clear
through tunnels four, five, eight.

Tunnel 12, train in transit.

Sensors clear.

(Screeching)

Lab perimeter secure. No irregular

activity in monitored areas.

Good night, Dr Westlake.

Home, sweet home.

(Squelching)

(Computer) Status report -
lab control systems: static.

Liquid-skin system,
cryogenic storage: active capacity.
Hypo-tube processors: idling at 12%.
Systems await your command, Doctor.
Next status report in 30 minutes.

(Miaows)

Hello, kitty. Hello, kitty.

You think I brought you some milk,
don't you? I'm afraid not, my friend.

No, no, no.

Well, back to work.

You handsome devil.

Initiating digital scan
of subject photograph.

Digitisation complete.

Beginning three-dimensional
photographic imaging.

Completed.

(Crackling)

Implementing skin matrix formula,
number 3,714.

(Bubbling)

Maybe this will be the one.

(Computer) Estimated
photosensitivity index: unknown.

Begin countdown.

(Sighs)

(Alarm clock rings)

99 minutes, plus...

They're holding! They're holding!

(Laughs)

We did it! We did it!

We broke the 99-minute barrier!

(Laughs)

We did it! We did it! We did it!

(Rings)

(TV) Unfortunately,
time does march on.

(Computer)

Photosensitivity reaction.

Skin matrix breakdown at 99 minutes.

Failure, 99 minutes. Failure.

(TV) I hate the way I look,

but what can I do?

Introducing Sudden Youth,

a breakthrough for everyone with...

(Yells)

(Piano plays gently)

Let us review, shall we, gentlemen?

We need a replacement for Mr Lee.

I'm down \$100,000.

And an open casket is definitely out
for Adam's funeral.

- Nico?

- The drugs were ruined.

Ah!

My merchandise, my money and poor

Adam, all lost because of one man.

What could we do? He was tossing us
around like we were nothing.

You're less than nothing.

You're pathetic.

Give me five men as strong as him
and I could own this town.

Peter?

(TV) .. Diane Platts

at the high school. Diane?

Thanks, Bill.

I'm at a local high school

where another student,

a football player, has died

from the abuse of illegal steroids.

It's another tragic case in

what is now being called Roid Rage.

For more, here's Paul Raney.

With Tuesday's race for district
attorney beginning to heat up,

showing a commanding lead,

Ryan Mitchell seems certain to win.

Earlier today he outlined

his proposed war on drugs.

(Mitchell)

The FBI has traced the drugs
to an organised crime ring
working in our city.

Elect me your new district attorney
and I will see
that this dangerous element
leaking this insidious drug
onto the streets,
that these animals...

Animals?!

Who's he calling an animal?..!

Nico.

The election's a week away
and he behaves as if he's already in.

Well, he's got balls,

I'll give him that.

The polls give him ten points over
our man. He says he has big plans...

- Governor, senator...

- I've got my own plans for Mitchell.

Daddy, look, my new dress!

- Not now, Jenny!

- (Woman) Peter?!

I thought I told you not to interrupt
me when I was discussing business.

- Sorry, I thought...

- Don't think, Angela, please.

It just gets you in trouble.

What's that she's wearing?

That's her costume

for the school play.

If you ever spent more than five
minutes with her, you'd know that.

Now, gentlemen.

Mr Mitchell.

Dissolution at 99 minutes...

Perimeter violation.

- Alert, intruder in passage.

- What have we here?

Alert! Intruder! Intruder!

Let's find out.

- You scared me.

- How did you find me?

- With this.

- Ah! A tracking device.
I planted it in the crate
you took from Medicom.
I've been trying
to find you for months.
You're very smart.
I hope you're smart enough
to find your way back.
Please! Dr Westlake!
Just hear me out.
My name is Bridget Thorne.
Dr Bridget Thorne.
I attended you at County Medical.
Attended? (Laughs)
Should I thank you or kill you?
You were nearly dead
when they brought you in.
In terrible pain.
We had no choice.
We had to sever your thalamic nerve.
I know you can't feel anything
any more.
- But now your burns have healed...
- Healed?!
Does this look healed, Doctor?
I've already seen what's
beneath the mask, but go ahead.
I believe I can repair
your nervous system.
- Impossible. It's never been done.
- Not yet.
But I've developed a new micro
surgery procedure. My own design.
- All I need is a subject.
- You mean a human lab rat.
- Right?
- I won't lie.
Go home, Doctor.
You're wasting your time.
But if we can repair your nerves,
you'll be able to feel again.
Think about the contribution
we'll make
in the study of the nervous system.

Nobody will ever have
to go through this again.
Let me tell you something,
Doctor Bridget Thorne.
It's been a while since I've cared
for anybody and I'm not starting now.
- Just trust me.
- Why? Because you're a doctor?
No. Because I care.
- Your facility is fully equipped?
- The best, I promise.
I'm not interested in your promises,
I'm interested in your lab.
I need a DNA sequencer for research.
I have a Pace Tower 9000.
Top of the line.
As much log-time as I want?
Yes.
And we can be there in 20 minutes.
It's quiet, it's private,
and you won't believe
the deal I got on the rent.
Well, it certainly is spacious.
Who pays for this?
I wish I could say it was university
money or a genius grant.
Truth is Daddy pays for everything.
That must be nice.
He's always believed in my work.
Synthetic skin? Wow!
- This is really quite brilliant.
- Yeah, for 99 minutes.
Then it's a total failure.
Why?
Light waves break down the cells.
That's why I need your sequencer.
To find a formula
that will be permanent.
I don't need your pity.
I don't pity you, Peyton.
I just want you to know.. .that you
don't have to wear a mask for me.
Comparative study of DNA matrix
test formula 101, 102 and 106.

Mark.

You sure don't waste any time,
do you?

What's on the disk?

My work - study, research.

Somehow this survived the fire.

Maybe you should make a back up.

Maybe I should pass it around town,
let everybody have a crack at it.

Hey, I'm on your side, remember?

I'm sorry.

It's all right.

Come on, time for your check-up.

Just hold on, pal. I'm with you.

(Screams)

(Bridget) So you want to feel again?

(Bridget) You're a freak!

Nothing but a freak!

(Bridget laughs demonically)

(Westlake screams incoherently)

(Gasps)

Bridget?

Bridget? Where are you?

Let's get to work.

DNA sequencing - stable.

3-2-1-6-1.

Molecular balance

and structure - holding.

Matrix alignment appears coherent.

(Laughs)

- Peyton!

- Huh?

- You're awake!

- Bridget, it worked!

It what?!

You shouldn't feel sensation
for at least a week.

Not that. Come, take a look at this.

I must've been almost there
when my lab was destroyed.

With the data on disk

the DNA sequencer was able to arrange
the cells in the correct pattern.

I don't understand.

Voila! Liquid skin cells.

- How long have they lasted?

- 300 minutes and counting.

(Laughs)

I've been synthesising a sample and

I've got almost enough for my face.

- Have you tested it?

- Watch. Hold this.

Cheers, Doctor.

Now watch closely.

Yes.

(Westlake laughs)

Ah!

You've perfected liquid skin.

I don't even know

how it works, Bridget,

but by tomorrow,

I'll have the secret...

and the skin.

I was wrong to doubt you.

I had a nightmare.

I dreamt you were laughing at me,

trying to hurt me.

- But now I know the truth...

- The truth is it was no dream!

What?!

Say hello to Daddy.

No!

(High-pitched bleep)

Good job.

You'll make a believer out of me yet.

- What did you do to me?

- The operation was a great success.

I reconnected your thalamic nerve,

all right.

Reconnected it to this.

What do you want?

I want my \$100,000 dollars you stole.

But since I can't have it,

I'll take you in trade.

No! Not my work! No!

(Screams)

(Bridget laughs evilly)

(Water drips)

(Yells)
(Bridget) I reconnected
your thalamic nerve, all right.
(Rooker cackles) Nothing but a freak!
(Westlake) No! No! No!
Gotta get out.
He's out.
Learn to shoot, you bunch of gummers!
Hello!
- Hey, French fry!
- Ah, no.
Do it.
He made it!
- What do you want from me?
- Your strength.
- And if I don't give it?
- I destroy your research.
And you'll always look
like the bottom of a shoe.
I'll kill you! (Screams)
You see,
it goes something like this...
you can either be a good boy, or...
I can give you more of this.
Personally, I'd be a good boy.
His strength increases with stress.
With luck, the obstacle course
pushed him to a ten.
Get him on the table. I want a blood
sample while he's still amped up.
I trusted you!
Life's a bitch.. .and so am I.
- (Sighs) Ah, women.
- Never touch them.
Shh!
(Yells)
You! Why me?
No ID, no face, no prints.
You were the perfect subject...
until you disappeared
from the hospital.
Rooker thought I was scamming him,
till you appeared at his steroid buy.
You are a doctor! A healer!

By using your adrenal samples,
I can synthesise a black market drug
that'll make Rooker's steroids
look like rat piss.

(Laughs)

- You're selling it?

- Just think. Football, boxing...

Almost any sport.

Do you know what that's worth?

I can fund

a dozen research facilities.

- Creating more of me?

- Oh, no...

Better than you.

I'm nobody's lab rat,

do you understand?

I have successfully replicated

Dr Westlake's strength and stamina

in each of my control animals.

The subjects show

radically increased strength.

(Rat squeals)

(Cat growls)

(Rattling and thudding)

What's he doing to that cat?

(Cat screams)

Now, that's a rat.

(Yells)

I trusted you!

Yes.

(Cackles)

Yeah...

(Yells)

(Crackles and whirrs)

Now I've got you.

So it's all there?

Chemical matrix,

metabolic rate, DNA spool...

Give that to any half decent lab and

we'll have a synthetic on the street

by the end of the week.

EK, waste the freak, please.

Thank you.

I need my boys ready by Tuesday.

Not a problem.

You guarantee they'll be
as strong as Westlake?

I guarantee they'll make you happy.

And happy as they make you,
I'll make you happier.

You want to do it in the lab?

Yes, please.

I love when you say please.

Son of a bitch.

Hey, man! Where are you?

You can hide from me...

but you can't...

hide from this.

(Yells)

- You ain't so tough.

- Tough enough.

(Yells in agony)

(Laughs) You've got an eyeful!

(Bridget moans with pleasure)

Peter?

Angela.

(Laughs) You know Dr Thorne. She's
in the industrial reclamation field.
I'm sure she knows all about thrash.
Actually, I have a PhD in it.

Thank you, Doctor.

You have some, um.. .L ipstick.

How many times have you promised me
no more affairs?

And I keep believing you.

- What is it you want?

- Jenny.

She loves you, Peter.

You hardly see her any more.

- She NEEDS you...

- Peter.. . Peter, we have a problem.

Go home, Angela.

We'll discuss this later.

Put him out, please.

This Westlake

is beginning to piss me off.

So this is where you hide, Rooker.

(Angela) 'Where's Mr Bunny?

Oh, he was hiding, huh?'

- Why does he hide, huh?

- Will Daddy kiss me good night?

Not tonight, honey, OK?

Daddy doesn't love us any more.

Does he, Mom?

(Sighs) Oh, honey.

It's not that...

Daddy has just been very distracted
by his work lately.

But things will get better.

I promise, OK?

- What about tomorrow night?

- Don't worry. He'll be here, OK?

(Camera clicks)

- Damn!

- You hear something?

Yeah.. .your mouth.

Shut up.

(Phone rings)

(Nico) Hello,

Peter Rooker's residence.

He what?

I don't give a shit about Mitchell.

(Nico) We'll deal with him.

Just do it.

This election's got everybody crazy.

I want you to clear my schedule,
everything.

Bridget's doing it tomorrow night.

Everything, Peter?

(Nico) Tomorrow?

What about the other thing
here at the house?

- Cancel it.

- That might cause complications.

(Rooker) Just do it.

(Nico) Peter, it wouldn't be wise.

(Westlake) My skin.

Can you stall them till I get here?

- Of course.

- Thank you, Nico.

Gotcha!

(Rooker's voice) Cancel it.

(Nico's voice)

That might cause complications.

(Rooker) Just do it.

Do you think you can stall them
till I get here?

(Nico) Of course.

(Rooker) Thank you, Nico. I want you
to clear my schedule, everything.

- Bridget's doing it tomorrow.

- (Nico) Tomorrow?

(Computer) Initiating digital scan
of subject photograph.

Digitisation complete.

(Rooker) Do you think
you can stall them till I get here?

(Nico) Of course.

(Rooker) Thank you, Nico.

I want you to clear
my schedule, everything.

- Bridget's doing it tomorrow.

- (Nico) Tomorrow? What about.. .?

(Assumes voice) Do you think
you can stall them.. .? No!

(Rewinds tape)

(Rooker) Do you think
you can stall them.. .?

Do you think
you can stall them.. .? No!

(Rewinds tape)

(Rooker) Do you think
you can stall.. .?

(In Rooker's voice)

Do you think you can stall them.. .?

(Laughs)

Yes.

(Computer) Beginning three
dimensional photographic imaging.
It's time to meet your match, Rooker.

(Sinister laugh)

(Computer) Completed.

Massive perimeter violation.

Multiple intruders in Quadrant B.

Alert. Intruder alert.

You've come for me.

(Computer) Subject mask
synthesis complete.
Implementing skin matrix formula
number 2,714.
Alert. Inner perimeter violated.
(EK) What's that noise?
(Man) It's coming right at us.
(Westlake laughs)
- Incoming. Look out!
- Out of the way!
(Nico) Son of a bitch!
Whoa!
(Westlake yells)
- You missed!
- I'll make it up, Mr Rooker.
Yes, you will.
The serum appears to replicate
Westlake's condition...
by re-aligning
the central nervous system...
causing augmented strength...
fomenting rapid healing.
It remains to be seen
if the synthetic
causes the same psychological trauma
as seen in subject Westlake.
Daddy? Oh, I'm sorry, Daddy.
Don't get mad.
- Why would I?
- You're sleeping at your office.
- Right, Daddy?
- Yeah, that's...
That's right, Jenny.
Why don't you go back to bed?
Yes, Daddy.
Daddy, may I have some
hot chocolate, please?
- You know where it is.
- But it's dark.
Haven't you ever been afraid
of the dark?
OK, Jenny,
but Daddy doesn't have much time.
(All) Surprise!

(All) # Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday, dear Peter.. . #
Didn't expect you so soon.
Everything all right?
Yes.
Thanks for showing up.
Peter, please. Everybody's watching.
Sorry. Would you like a drink?
(Song begins)
Doesn't that song remind you
of our wedding?
We danced all night.
I couldn't find you all night.
You and my maid of honour.
And you forgot
your wedding ring again.
At least you had the sense
to leave her there, too.
- Peter, are you all right?
- Yes...yes.
Attention, everybody.
I propose a toast to the guest
of honour, my nephew Peter.
(All cheer)
Rooker is fixated
on taking out Mitchell
and selling the drug on the street.
But the more I think about it...
legitimate medicine offers
a virtually unlimited profit.
The underground's peanuts compared
to international pharmaceuticals.
Well, I'll just have to
talk him into it.
Like I've talked him
into everything else.
Note - call my sources in the drug
industry and get ball park...
(Pants) You scared me.
How long have you been here?
Is there a problem?
No, no.
Shall we begin?

Let's.

(Chatter)

(Woman) Wonderful party, Peter.

It's time, Peter.

Everybody wants to hear you play.

- Play?

- For sure.

There's never been a celebration

at which my nephew

has not insisted on playing a sonata

on his treasured baby grand,

and there never will be, right?

Right, yeah.

Play.

Come on, Daddy. Play.

(Applause)

Go on, Peter.

Come on, Peter. Play.

Play.

Oh, here he goes.

(Applause)

- Uh-huh.

- OK.

(# Pop Goes the Weasel)

So, this shot...

It's going to make us strong, right?

As an ox - to match your IQ.

She wants to match my IQ.

Joey, Joey, Joey...

I'm worried the serum may have

psychological side effects.

- Meaning?

- We're talking about a new science.

Westlake's nervous system

is different.

They may become belligerent. You

might not be able to control them.

Let me worry about that -

just make them strong.

(# Pop Goes the Weasel)

(Door bell)

- Warrant?

- Read it and weep, big mouth.

(Police) Everybody stay

where they are.

Take this. Peter?

What's Mitchell doing here?

He's here as a civilian observer
until Tuesday's election,
when he officially goes to work
smashing your boss's operation.

Tear this place apart.

What's going on, Peter?

(Policeman)

I'll be in the kitchen. Excuse me.

I gave them a sedative
to keep them quiet

while their nervous systems
adjust to the drug.

Happy birthday, sweetheart.

I'll bring you a piece of cake.

It's an intimidation thing.

They're trying to make you look weak
in front of everyone. Stay strong.

Look, Mitchell,

I don't want any trouble.

That's something you should have
thought of a long time ago.

I'm bringing you down.

Let's not make a big thing.

For a good deal,

I'll name every criminal operation
in town, how's that?

- Peter? What are you doing?

- I'm not going to jail for anyone.

It looks like our informant
was mistaken.

The house is clean.

I apologise for any inconvenience.

Thank you. OK, fellas, let's go.

- I'll call after the election.

- I think we can do business.

Jenny, it's your bedtime.

Come on, Daddy.

I've got something for you.

For your birthday. Come on,

Daddy, open it. It's for you.

- It's beautiful.

- I made it myself.
You did?
Good night, Daddy.
I love you. Happy birthday.
Thank you.
Where's my disk?
What is it you want, Peter?
Tucking Jenny in?
Playing duets, when you'd never let
her near that piano?
You finally want a divorce,
don't you?
(Beeping)
You want everyone to see you're a
great father so you'll get custody?
Damn it, look at me.
You are not taking Jenny
away from me.
(Whispers) No!
- Peter?
- I gotta go.
Is it too much to ask for you
to come see Jenny's play tomorrow?
Where's everybody going?
It's my birthday.
See you in hell, Rooker.
What? Someone burn the cake?
You'll be lucky
if that's all we burn, Rooker.
Nico, what's going on?
Peter, I know you know what you're
doing but this is serious shit.
What?
You just told Mitchell you'd give up
all our people if he cut you a deal.
- Mitchell?!.
- And the whole police force!
- Peter?
- WHAT!?
Good night.
I closed up the safe.
The safe?!
It's Westlake, you idiot!
Westlake?!

(Thug) Come on!

- Man, I feel fucking great!

- (All) Yeah!

You are losing!

Not any more, Joey!

They're every bit as strong as
Westlake on only half the dose.

- Imagine them at full strength.

- I am.

Street punks. They think guns make
them strong. Well, they're wrong.

You want to make a point stick,
you use your fists.

That's enough, children.

Westlake, that son of a bitch
was in my home.

Sold me out

to Mitchell and the cops.

No matter what, I'll be there
tomorrow, when he takes that stage
and opens his fat mouth to thank
those people for electing him DA.

I'll stand and watch these hopped-up
punks rip him limb from limb.

How could the beast tell her?

For the first time he was frightened.

Sorry I'm late.

- Don't be afraid.

- I'm not afraid of anything.

- You dance well.

- As do you, sir.

Get out!

Get OUT!

(Roars)

For how could a monstrous creature
ever hope for the love of a woman?
Much less one so beautiful? How could
the beast tell her the truth?

- I think you were just wonderful!

- Thank you, Mommy.

I didn't think you'd make it.

I came for you and Jenny.

That's all we ever wanted, Peter.

I don't believe it, Jenny's play,

dinner at Chez Royale.

My God!

What has come over you, Peter?

- Hi, Angela!

- Hi!

Jimmy, you were so good!

So was Jenny.

I want to introduce you
to my husband.

Peter?

- Another time.

- Yeah, sure.

Bye, Jimmy.

Mom, where did Dad go?

I don't know, honey.

Come on, let's go home.

I don't care about them. I can't
care. I want my disk back, my work.

It's my life.

Ah, Jenny.

God help me.

(Angela) The whole week before
she couldn't eat, she couldn't sleep,
she was so excited.

(Laughs)

Mrs Rooker?

Can I speak with you
for a moment, please?

Phyllis, I'll talk to you later. Yes?

It's you and Jenny, you have to
get away from your husband.

Excuse me?

I know you don't recognise me,
but I've been to your home.

(Bell rings)

Let me explain.

My name is Peyton Westlake.

- Westlake?

- Yes.

I'm a scientist.

- I know your husband...

- Jenny!

- I've been perfecting a liquid skin.

- Get in, honey.

I can make masks
to make me look like other people.
Is this a joke?
You're not listening.
It was me that held your hand
at Jenny's play.
You're crazy.
The beast was lucky to have
such a beauty.
Mommy, who's this?
Honey, be quiet.
- I was with my husband.
- No. You were with me.
Oh, my God!
Search your heart, Angela.
Angela, please! Take Jenny and get
away from him while you still can.
He's dangerous!
- Who was that?
- I don't know, honey.
I don't know.
- Honey, go up and do your homework.
- OK, Mom.
Peter?
Peter!
Nico, ah... where's Peter?
I have to talk to him.
He sent me to pick you up.
You're meeting him for dinner,
remember? Chez Royale.
Right.
I found Westlake
and synthesised the drug.
Now that I've given you everything
you wanted...
I want what's mine.
- I remember.
- Tell me again.
I take my wife to her favourite
restaurant, Chez Royale.
And then?
I order her favourite Burgundy.
I don't care about Angela, I can't.
I don't care about anybody else.

I don't give a damn
about anybody else.

(Rooker) 'He brings the Burgundy.

I make a heartfelt toast.

(Bridget) Something goes wrong?

(Rooker) Something terrible.

But it looks like
a retribution hit.

NO!

(Rooker) Retribution hit.

(Evil cackling)

Peyton!

(Chattering)

Angela!

- You look beautiful.

- Thank you.

They're beautiful.

Angela. I've been wanting
to do this for a long time.

I'm sorry I missed Jenny's play.

I got tied up in a meeting.

- I'll make it up to her.

- But.. .you were late...

I'll make it up to you, too,
I promise.

Merango, we'll have the burgundy now,
thank you.

Dr Peyton Westlake
came to see me today.

Hmm.. . Now, isn't that interesting?

So it's all true, isn't it, Peter?

Isn't it?

(Computer)

Maximum acceleration achieved.

Peter, I'm leaving you.

You and your affairs
and your dirty business deals.

And I'm taking Jenny with me.

I don't think so, Angela.

(Everyone screams)

That woman, she.. . she...

She was my mistress.

You had her killed in front of me.

I did it for you, Angela.

I want us to make a new start.

- Please!

- You're insane!

Go!

She's going to get Jenny. Follow her
and bring them both to the site.

I have to go and vote now.

Bridget. Where has he taken her?

I guess he knew all along

I was using him.

Where is Rooker?

Mitchell's.. .hit...

(Siren approaches)

- Shall we get pumped up?

- Yeah, gimme that.

OK.

Come on, come on. Mack, move it.

Rooker. What the hell

are you doing here?

I'm here to celebrate the victory.

I don't know what you're up to, but
until you testify, we still got you.

Yes, you do.

Keep an eye on him.

Confidence is running high tonight
in the Mitchell camp.

Early results point
towards a landslide win.

Mitchell's strong-man image
seems to have hit a responsive chord
among the voters.

Security check, sir.

Sorry, but we have to check everyone.

Better than expected.

Cool off.

We are ready, Mr Rooker.

I will not fail you again.

Of course not. You know what to do.

Wait till Mitchell is centre stage,
the cameras rolling,
then rip his fucking head off.

Exactly.

(Compere) Ladies and gentlemen,
can I have your attention, please?

Candidates Truste and Vans have just
conceded the race to Ryan Mitchell!

(Applause and cheering)

(Compere) It's been a long road.

A lot of people worked
very hard for this.

Ryan will be here shortly,
so hold on.

This party's just getting started.

(Whooping and cheering)

Mr Mitchell would like a moment.

He's interested in cutting that deal.

He is?

He'd like to see you now.

I want my disk.

Westlake.

No more games.

I want my disk and the skin.

And what will you do
if I refuse? Kill me?

I don't think so.

You're not a killer.

- I don't know what I am any more.

- No, you don't.

- They're at the site.

- Tell me where.

I'll do better than tell you,

I'll show you, my friend.

All right. All right.

You've all been waiting patiently.

Here he is, your new DA,

Ryan Mitchell!

- Mitchell.

- Yes, live on television...

with their bare hands.

Nothing like a show of strength

to put the fear of God

in the hearts of children.

With Mitchell gone,

I'll be able to sell that serum on

the open market and make millions.

Thanks to Bridget.

You don't care about Mitchell

any more than I do.

(Compere)

Let's hear it for Mr Mitchell!

The people have spoken.

This is your victory.

If you want the disk,
you'll have to come after me.

Offer of a lifetime?

My friends...

(Yells)

Get him out of here!

Get him out of here!

- Keep it moving.

- Get back up.

Come on!

(Computer) Moving on track seven,
approaching transfer.

- Stay still. Everything's OK.

- Please, Jenny shouldn't be here.

Please, don't hurt her.

She has to stay, understand,

Mrs Rooker? She has to stay.

(Nico) I won't hurt her, Mrs Rooker,
just stand still.

Everything will be perfectly OK.

(Angela sobs)

- Angela!

- Peyton!

No need to shout, French fry.

Angela! Jenny! Hold on!

You've been a bad boy!

He's mine, Mack.

Again! You getting too much sun.

(Screams)

Joey!

(Jenny) What's happening?

Fight me, you bastard!

(Westlake) Need a lift, tough guy?

Gotcha!

What the... .?

Whoa!

(Yelling)

Angela!

Hold it right there, Doc!

A gun? Tough guy like you? I thought

you'd want to do this man to man.
Since when were you considered a man?
Freak! (Laughs)
I suppose you're looking for this?
No!
Pretty good shooting, huh? Step back.
And I know you're looking for this.
The only sample.
Just enough for your ugly face.
But I don't think you'll be needing
that any longer, Doc.
Angela.
I couldn't let him hurt you.
Let's get Jenny and go.
NO!
Let me be, Angela. I'm a new man now.
Stronger than ever!
You tried to kill me. My own wife.
That was not nice!
It's your wake-up call, Doc!
(Laughs demonically)
Peter, God, no!
Ride 'em, cowboy!
- Daddy, don't!
- Jenny, get back! Get back!
Don't hurt him, Daddy!
(Screams)
Jenny, please! God, no! God!
(Rooker laughs)
It's OK. It's OK, baby. Just hold on.
God, no! Please.. .please, honey!
(Yells)
Welcome to Rooker World!
My skin!
Gotcha!
You always talk about strength,
but a strong man loves his wife -
takes care of his children.
Come on. Come on.
Gotcha, you bastard!
Peyton!
Good.
Angela, we've gotta get out of here.
It's going to explode!

Come. Come. Let's go.

Let's go. Run!

Run!

(Angela screams)

This is a code three. Burn unit
ready. This is a code three.

- Vital signs OK?

- Yes, Doctor.

Get her to ER.

We'll get the best graft
from here, here and here.

We're not using skin grafts.

- Who the hell are you?

- Dr Westlake, burn specialist.

Everything's going to be OK, Jenny.

- Dr Westlake?

- I have to go.

Wait.

Peyton!

Angela!

Please, don't follow me.

I just want to see you...

the way you really are.

- Why?

- I need to see the man...

the man who saved my child.

Please.

(Bells chime)

Thank you.

As close as she came,
she was still miles away.

So I continued my journeys alone -
into the darkness.