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Doctor Strange

By Greg Johnson

Frank! What the hell was that thing?
I don't know!
Run!
Chuck! Chuck!
No! No!
Someone help me!
There's something down here!
Get me out! Get me out! Help!
Help me!
Come on!
Come on!
The beast is shrouded. Use the eye.
It has tasted flesh.
We must not let it escape.
Agreed.
I will conceal our efforts.
What the hell?
Lucy, the legs!
No beast has ever come this close
to the sanctum before.
Mordo, does this not concern you?
The creature is dead.
I will leave the worrying to you.
What?
He saw us?
Yes.
Through your spell?
It would appear so.
"DOCTOR STRANGE"
Dr. Strange, wait!
Doctor!
Dr. Strange.
Man, it's been chaos,
absolute chaos.
Maybe I should check
your phone battery,
because I left you several...
Well, anyway,
just a couple of patient files to go over.
Five minutes. Tops.
I'm only here for rounds, Cory.
Uh, Miss Latansie, acute aphasia,
migraines, facial nerve paralysis.
Referred by the Third Street

clinic downtown.

Insurance?

Well, their deductible's
fairly substantial, but...

- Income?

- Modest.

Okay, low, but...

Cory, you have screened
these cases, haven't you?

Yes, but...

Would a medical journal
be interested in Miss Latansie?

- No, but...

- Then neither am I.

You love your job, don't you?

I'm living the dream.

Stephen, good.

When I saw Cory sulking out there,
I knew you were in.

Oliver.

What an unexpected pleasure.

Please, sit down.

How's the grind?

Turning me into hamburger.

What can I do to help?

Seriously?

Absolutely.

Good, because as you know,
part of my job as administrator
is to keep this hospital
running smoothly.

So it helps if members
of my senior staff
aren't trying to, uh,
strangle one another.

And?

People want to strangle you, Stephen.

Dr. Atwater for one.

She's been to see me again.

That woman has issues.

Yes, she does.

And they're all with you.

Look, I know you two
have a personal history...

Oliver, that has nothing
to do with this.

Fine.

But she calls you to the coma ward
for consults, you ignore her,
she rattles my cage, I rattle yours...

Please, let's just...

stop the dance, Stephen.

Okay. I promise I'll schedule her in.

She's waiting for you now.

Perfect.

I can't believe it.

The great Dr. Strange
has descended from his lofty tower
to slum in the coma ward.

Don't get used to it.

This hospital didn't hire me
to handle ordinary cases.

I almost forgot how grumpy you get
when you miss your morning
coffee and colonic.

Let me clarify
the economics for you, Gina.

Sensational patients
bring recognition.

Recognition brings money,
and money keeps

Wellhaven's doors open.

You should be thanking me.

Oh, Stephen.

What happened to you?

Don't you care anymore?

Caring is not a luxury I can afford.

I get the hopeless cases, remember?

I know.

That's why I need you.

The patient's name is Camille.

Gina, she's 12.

Yeah, I know you don't treat children,
but this is a special case.

Mrs. Carranza, this is Dr. Strange...

one of the world's
finest neurosurgeons
and a specialist in

aberrant brain maladies.
What symptoms did she present
prior to losing consciousness?
She had nightmares.
That's unfortunate,
but I'm not a dream-reader.
Stephen, please.
Gina, these are my tools.
She needs a psychoanalyst,
not a surgeon.
It's not just nightmares.
It's her brain.
Look. This was taken seven days ago.
An embolism.
And this was taken this morning.
That's right.
Eight more in one week.
I've never seen anything like this.
Well, I have.
Something's going on in there.
Camille? Camille.
Can you hear me?
The nightmares.
What... what did she see?
What?
What did she see in her nightmares?
A face.
She always saw a burning face.
So that's it?
Children in mysterious comas
don't make the grade
for the great Dr. Strange?
I am sick of this hospital
feeding your monster ego.
It's time you start giving back.
No! No!
I'm sorry.
I can't help you.
- Oh!
- Sorry.
Lipstick?
Since when does my
little sister wear lipstick?
Hey, give it back, moron.

Aw, come on.
I just want to help you.
Get away from me!
Oh, admit it. You look way better.
You are so dead.
Get off of me!
No!
April! You okay?
April.
In today's top story,
the third tornado this month
strikes the city
in an escalation of violent...
And in other news,
the fate of two city workers
remains a mystery
as an unexplained blast...
Stephen?
Here. Have some water.
The children...
What?
The ones in the road.
Did I... hit any of them?
Stephen, there weren't
any children.
Witnesses say you just lost control.
No, I...
but I saw...
You've been under for three days.
You're just a little confused.
Good news is
you're going to be okay.
Three days?
Oh, God.
I want to see my chart.
I really think...
Show it to me.
Show it to me now.
Listen, Stephen,
nothing is absolute
in the world of medicine.
You know that.
Save it.
I'll be lucky if can open a door,

let alone hold a scalpel.
You're still a doctor,
and you don't need a scalpel
to heal people.
You think I had this coming,
don't you?
Stephen, please.
Just go.
Pardon me.
Wonderful to see you again,
Dr. Strange.
Would you like assistance
getting into your residence?
No.
There you are, sir.
Let me know
if you need anything else.
Oliver, there's got to be someone.
There's always someone
who will take your money, Stephen,
but that doesn't qualify them
to treat your hands.
I'll take that chance!
I don't care how experimental
or how expensive.
I need some options.
Please.
Help me.
All right.
I've heard of a doctor in Berlin.
Why don't you start there?
The procedure is very expensive.
We can see you six weeks from now.
"NEW STRIDES IN THE FIELD
OF NERVE REATTACHMENT"
Sorry, but the damage is too severe.
There is a specialist:
Very good, but very expensive.
I am afraid we can't extend
your bill any further, sir.
We must have
the payment now.
Regrettably, Doctor,
your credit has been declined.

I'm sorry, Stephen,
but Oliver is still unavailable.
I'm sure he'll call you back
the first chance he gets.
There's just nothing we can do.
We've done all we can.
The damage is too severe.
The damage is too severe.
I'm sorry.
You're out of options.
Out of options.
Nothing we can do.
There's nothing we can do.
- Nothing.
- Nothing we can do.
- Nothing.
- Nothing.
What?
Dr. Strange.
Who's there?
I am Wong.
How do you know my name?
I know a great deal about you...
what you have been through
and what you are attempting to do now.
Do not lose hope, Dr. Strange,
for healing awaits you.
Where?
In Tibet.
Tibet?
How am I supposed to get there?
I have nothing.
You have all that is needed,
and this will guide you there.
Why are you helping me?
Gina.
Wait! Gina.
Don't be frightened.
Stephen? Are you all right?
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.
I just...
I need your help.
What is it?
I have to get to Tibet.

Why in the world would you...
Please.
I'm begging you.
Okay.
What do you need?
I made it.
One journey ends...
as another begins.
This way. It is not much further.
Where are we going?
All questions will
be answered shortly.
Do as I do.
Who is this?
The Ancient One.
How long must I wait?
Be patient.
An audience with the sorcerer supreme
is an honor that cannot be rushed.
Please.
I've come so far.
Step back.
All I want is the cure
I was promised.
You can only heal
the wounds of the flesh
once you have healed
the wounds of the soul.
Spiritual guidance?
That's what you're offering?
But he told me
you could fix my hands.
I cannot.
For the cure you seek is within you.
I don't understand.
Then you have made this journey in vain.
Wait!
Please...
I've tried everything.
No. You have not.
The question is, are you willing to?
Yes.
Then you may stay.
Thank you.

Come.
But where am I
supposed to sleep?
Here.
On the floor?
Comfort is a privilege,
one that is earned.
You start work in the morning.
You look nervous.
I have never faced
these creatures before.
Well, relax.
Shadowhounds are nothing.
I've killed dozens of 'em.
What has happened?
Shadowhounds.
I will accompany you.
Oh? And what of your duties
as nursemaid?
Even when I was
your nursemaid, Mordo,
I still accomplished
all that was required of me.
Stay in the light.
That is where they are most vulnerable.
I do not see them.
They hunt in shadow
and in great numbers.
How do we lure them out?
We already have.
Spread out!
Adena!
Where are you?
Show yourselves, you vermin!
Oh, there you are.
Come on, then!
What are they doing?
Gathering.
And so we wait.
When we can smell their breath,
only then do we strike.
Prepare yourselves.
Hello?
Wong?

Excuse me.
I, uh...
I was told to begin work
this morning.
Then you may begin.
You want me to scrub the floor?
I would do it, but I am an old man.
I don't understand.
How am I supposed
to hold the brushes?
That is between you
and the brushes.
Where are the others?
They fought bravely,
but were lost, Ancient One.
The creatures move
with increasing confidence.
They seek their master,
and Dormammu's influence
grows stronger by the day.
How is that possible?
I have seen the gateway.
The dark dimension remains sealed.
Dormammu has not come through.
Yes, but I fear
he knows something we do not.
- Doctor...
- Please.
She will not survive without surgery.
And there's little hope
that she'll survive with it.
Let me tell you something.
Hope is the only thing
keeping her together.
I'm not letting you take that away.
What'd he say?
Forget him.
He's not the right doctor for you.
You've said that about the last three.
Listen to me, April.
We're gonna wait six months.
By then, I'll be your doctor,
and we'll deal with this once and for all.
You're gonna be my doctor?

Oh, man.
Now I'm really in trouble.
Wait until you get my bill.
Look, I don't know why you think
this is helping me,
because it isn't!
My hands... are getting worse!
They should not be
the measure of your progress.
What is, then?
It isn't the wall.
You guys keep rebuilding it.
Just tell me.
When can I use these again?
This is not about your hands.
It never has been.
Listen to me.
I am a doctor!
I need my hands!
No. You do not.
Then there's no reason
for me to be here.
Let him go.
But, Ancient One, he will not survive.
That is his choice.
In the end, he must find
his own way back.
Okay, April,
You should be feeling
a little more relaxed.
I'm not scared.
And you shouldn't be.
Because I'm gonna
take care of you.
How do I look?
You could use some more lipstick.
Okay, we're ready.
Now, when you wake up,
you'll feel a little groggy,
but you'll be all better.
I am scared.
April, you're gonna be fine.
I promise.
No!

Love...
Loss...
pain.
They are stones in the wall
that block your path, Stephen.
What... Are you...
Are you really here?
See the wall for what it is,
and then tear it down,
for the truth is waiting.
What truth?
That your sister
could not be saved.
How can you say that?
She died on my table.
She trusted me!
You are a natural healer, Stephen,
but not all lives
are destined to be saved.
It was out of your hands.
I don't believe that.
And that is what has
chained you to this place.
Accept the truth...
and break free.
You stand at the foot of the wall.
What is your next move?
You helped him?
Just a little.
He is ready.
Master, what is it? What do you see?
Chinou... two of them.
They advance on the sanctum.
They will attack
from opposite sides.
I will assemble teams.
No, Mordo.
It will take all of you
to stop even one.
Begin with the nearest threat,
and then on to the next.
But, Master, I believe
we are strong enough
to engage them on both fronts.

Believe what you will,
but do as you are commanded.
From here, we divide
into two teams.
Stephen.
Not quitting. Just resting.
This gets more difficult
every day.
Only as difficult as you allow.
I'd say gravity and solid mass
have a little something to say about it, too.
You perceive these stones to be heavy.
Therefore, they are.
But to the chosen few...
weight is meaningless.
How do you do these things?
By learning to accept
the unacceptable.
Pull the rope again,
and I will assist.
Hey!
You perceived
it was without weight,
so it became weightless.
Matter is energy
which is all around us.
Sorcery is simply the art
of wielding that energy.
A weapon forged from air?
Tell me, is it real?
Doesn't look like it.
This time, you believed it was real.
Control the forces
around your hands,
and limitations become irrelevant.
What happened to the wall?
You perceived it,
so it was there.
But now you have accepted
the unacceptable,
and the wall
no longer blocks your path.
It is time you see what lies beyond.
Blue! Demara!

Throw up a containment spell!
Mordo, their spell will not stop it!
Tell them to move out of the way!
No! It will hold!
I've got you.
Are you all right?
I'll be fine.
So many innocent lives,
and four of our own.
Our brothers, our sisters...
their bodies lie at your feet, Mordo!
We were victorious.
The chinou was slain,
and the sanctum was defended.
I regret nothing.
You have lost sight
of our purpose, Mordo.
You focus only on the battle.
But we are protectors,
not warriors.
Yet we fight a war,
so perhaps a warrior
should take the lead.
Mordo!
You feel I should step down, Mordo.
You are ill.
Your time draws near.
I believe Dormammu
knows this,
and it's the reason
he is making his move now.
You may be correct,
but the position
of sorcerer supreme
was never destined to be yours.
If that was ever in question,
your recent actions
have proven this point!
You would offer it
to someone else?
Who? I deserve to know.
One who does not seek it.
So then what is my role here?
To train him.

As commanded.
I am sorry for my part
in what has happened, Master.
You were misled, my son.
As for Mordo,
I fear he must be watched.
Have you ever held a blade in your life?
To save lives, yes,
but not to take them.
I'm sorry, Mordo.
I didn't mean to...
You insect!
That's quite enough, Mordo.
Why do you interfere?
You are here to train him,
not kill him.
What good is a sorcerer supreme
who cannot defend himself?
What did he mean by that?
Unimportant for now.
What is important
is what you have just accomplished.
Which is what, making him mad?
No. That is easy.
What is difficult is your ability
to absorb Mordo's magic
and then turn it against him...
a unique gift granted to very few.
Mordo obviously didn't appreciate it.
Which is why I will be taking over
your training.
No argument from me.
Wong, what's going on?
The Ancient One will explain
when we reach the city.
The city?
But how are we going to get there?
What just happened?
We're here. That's all it takes.
You had me trek
all the way to Tibet
when you had a back door
the whole time?
You could not have gone

this way until now.
Come. There is more to see.
The space we occupy here on Earth
is shared by many others...
entire worlds.
We are not aware of them,
for they exist
in separate dimensions.
However...
each dimension has a gateway,
one that leads only to this place:
The sanctum sanctorum.
It is called the nexus...
the center of all other dimensions.
As sorcerers,
it has become our duty
to defend it.
From what?
Dormammu.
He consists of corrupted magic,
and dwells in the dark dimension,
a world consumed
by his brutal appetite.
Dormammu crossed over long ago
with a legion of creatures,
and seized the nexus.
This gave him control
over all other dimensions.
But you stopped him.
Not us... the Ancient One.
He drove Dormammu
back into his own world
and sealed the gateway.
And his creatures?
We have slain all but one.
The wing mark.
It will only awaken on the day
of its master's return.
Where is it now?
On its way to the city.
But you're pretty confident
Dormammu can't break
through this, right?
He cannot,

but his influence on the creatures
is unmistakable.
He is coming... somehow.
Do you feel it?
Step away from the nexus,
Stephen.
But if he answers here, then we...
What was that?
Dormammu.
I've seen that face before.
You what?
Where?
In the hospital
when I examined a child.
She was in a coma,
and I saw what she saw.
A child?
Yes, but she wasn't the only one.
There were many,
all having nightmares
of that same face.
Yes.
The answer is there.
In dreams, the pure mind of a child
can sometimes see
through the veil
of other dimensions.
Dormammu has found a way
to reach through that veil.
But, Ancient One,
what does this mean?
If enough veils are passed,
it is a way into our world:
Through the windows of the mind.
We have but one option:
Kill the children before
he can come through.
No, Mordo.
That is never an option.
Wait.
If I could wake them up,
what would happen then?
The windows of the mind
would close.

Go. Try.
We will remain behind
to defend the sanctum.
I will go with him
in case a warrior is needed.
Here.
I have something for you.
Stephen?
The number of patients has tripled.
What are you doing?
Checking other hospitals.
I want to see how widespread this is.
Every coma ward,
they're filled to capacity.
It's okay, Camille.
It's over.
The wing mark.
It is here.
You're safe now.
You dare enter my realm?
I come to offer my help.
Why turn away
from the Ancient One?
Because the Ancient One
has turned away from me.
I could imprison you here...
like the children.
Then Dr. Strange
would then release me,
like the children.
And what is it you offer?
Mordo! Something's wrong.
I think Dormammu
is making his move.
Mordo! We have to...
Are you injured?
I'm okay.
What happened to Mordo?
He has joined Dormammu.
Miro! Adena!
The creature is upon us!
Prepare yourselves.
Adena, home.
Retreat to safety.

No. I will not leave you, Master.
I see you have found
your true place, Mordo...
as the lap dog of Dormammu.
Master!
No.
No!
Not my master.
Wong, we have to find Mordo.
You will need the Eye... of Agamotto
to find him and his master.
But that belongs
to the sorcerer supreme.
Exactly.
And with it, you can unlock the power
that dwells deep within you.
No. Not me.
I don't want it.
Which is why it is your destiny.
So the torch has been passed.
And now it will be extinguished!
Not before the Ancient One is avenged.
Wong!
Bow to the true master, Strange.
My master is dead.
And you will soon follow.
You have failed me.
Wong!
Go, Stephen.
You are all that is left.
Dormammu must be stopped!
Come! The gateway is now open.
Spread into the night.
Feast! Multiply!
For this world is ours!
Who are you?
I'm Dr. Strange,
sorcerer supreme!
You are a child fighting a god!
Yes!
Stephen, listen to me.
Dormammu is a creature
of pure magic.
Use that against him!

Pure magic. Pure magic!
You wield the power of a god?
Then give it to me... all of it!
No! It's not possible!
Well, that is not what I meant,
but nice work, Stephen.
The creatures.
They're still out there.
And we will have long days ahead.
Stephen?
You look...
You look great.
Things have changed for me.
I'm so glad.
But how did you know I was here?
You always come here, Gina.
Wait. Your hand.
It's healed. How did it...
It's a long story.
But I want you to know
that you were right.
It is time I start giving back.
I don't understand.
You will.
Stephen?
Are you all right?
Yes.
I am.
How's the scouting been going?
Very good.
I have discovered
several new prospects...
young, but very promising.
One in particular...
a woman named Clea.