

DARKWING DUCK

"COMIC BOOK CAPER"

Script

(22 minutes)

(4308-036)

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WALT DISNEY TELEVISION

"COMIC BOOK CAPER"

(4308-036)

CAST LIST

DARKWING DUCK
LAUNCHPAD
GOSALYN
BINKIE

MEGAVOLT

PUBLISHER - Portly, a wide plastic smile.

SLUG MONSTER - Giant Jell-O-like monster. 5 stories tall, until it shrinks to normal slug size (same design, different scale). ASSORTED NON-VERBAL SOUNDS.

LITTLE RUNNING GAG - a small dog-face, one-feathered headdress. NO LINES.

BUSTER BUNNY - a too cute rabbit, later seen in cape and mask as Super Bunny. NO LINES.

ROBIN REDBREAST - cute bird. ASSORTED CHIRPS.

TWO HORSES - No lines.

"Comic Book Caper"
(4308-036)

FADE IN:

EXT. ST. CANARD - ALLEY - [COMIC BOOK]

DRAMATIC ANGLE - PUSHING IN, TILTING, ON MEGAVOLT - crazed and ready for battle, <SPARKS POPPING> off his LIGHTNING GUN, his battery pack, etc. STARK, SURREAL SHADOWS. <OVERBLOWN, MELODRAMATIC MUSIC! OMINOUS!>

MEGAVOLT

So how do you wanna go, Darkwing
- regular or extra-crispy?

CANTED ANGLE - PUSHING IN ON DARKWING - trapped, splayed against an alley wall, looking horrified, cowardly, <KNEES KNOCKING> like castanets. With Megavolt's SHADOW, huge and menacing, LOOMING, covering him.

DARKWING

(teeth-chattering
nervousness)

What about - peacefully? - in my
sleep? - at an obscenely old age?

ABRUPTLY WIDE - EXTREME UP ANGLE - as MV levels his lightning gun and <BLASTS> - DW <DUCKS IN A FLASH>, pulling his head INTO his collar - and the gun <SHOOTS> a hole in the wall (where DW's head was).

CANTED PUSH IN - as DW's head rises from collar, his mouth opening 6 times wider than usual as he lets out a spectacularly cowardly WAIL:

DARKWING

(cowardly WAILING)

Heeelllppp, heellpp, oh, somebody
please help me!!!

WIDE WEIRD ANGLE - EMPHASIZING the STARK SHADOWS - as DW begins to <ZIP> away, BLURRING, Megavolt still SHOOTING <LIGHTNING BOLTS> at him, when...

DARKWING (V.O.)

(furious yell)

HOLD IT!!!

ACTION FREEZES - with DW a departing BLUR, MV's <LIGHTNING BOLTS> stopping in mid-SIZZLE. BACKGROUNDS take on a different look, stark, primary colors - the CHARACTERS change, too, into INKED DRAWINGS filled in with simple colors. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL - it's a COMIC BOOK: A PANEL surrounds the action - PULL BACK FARTHER to see other panels with action from the preceding shots.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE

ON - COMIC BOOK COVER (to be seen again) - it shows DW cowering from the looming shadow of Megavolt. Comic Book WHISKS DOWN - TO REVEAL - DARKWING as he sputters, completely taken aback.

DARKWING
(stunned)
I can't believe this!!!
(sputtering; at a
loss)
It's--! it's--!

WIDE - REVEALING INTERIOR of plush office of Awesome Comic Book Corporation. The PUBLISHER (portly, smarmy, a plastic smile) sits behind fancy wooden desk.

PUBLISHER
It's gripping, isn't it? We here
at the Awesome Comic Book
Corporation have the very highest
of hopes for this issue!

He leans forward, clasping his hands, smiling, looking "confidential," smelling money.

PUBLISHER
Frankly, Mr. Darkwing - we smell
a blockbuster hit!

DW - leans forward, too, hand-to-mouth: "confidential" (then he becomes furious.)

DARKWING
Oh, it's not hard to smell this
thing, sir.
(sudden fury)
BECAUSE IT STINKS!!!

WIDER - Darkwing waves comic book in Publisher's face (Publisher JOLTS, a BIG SHOCK TAKE).

PUBLISHER
Is there something... wrong with
it?

DARKWING's - fury grows - his arms flailing as he wildly waves the comic book.

DARKWING
 (hot)
 Wrong? Oh, no, nothing's wrong.
 (hotter)
 Except absolutely everything!
 (hottest)
 This thing has nothing to do with reality!!!

ANGLE - the VERY NERVOUS Publisher pulls at his collar, smiles nervously.

PUBLISHER
 (growing nervous)
 We... perhaps took some dramatic license - um, merely to humanize the character, you understand.

WIDE - DW stands over Publisher. DW is so enraged he <BREATHS> like a Chuck Jones BULL, fierce.

DARKWING
 <BETWEEN DEEP, FIERCE, BULL-
 ABOUT-TO-CHARGE BREATHS> Your dramatic license has just been revoked.

The Publisher SINKS in his chair, very nervous.

PUBLISHER
 (still more nervous)
 You see, we, ah, felt you might seem, er... too courageous, too daring, too... larger than life.

DW - leans close in Publisher's face, teeth gritted in extreme anger.

DARKWING
 (gritted teeth)
 Well, of course - that's what a hero is!

FOLLOW - DW <STOMPS> around the room, arms flailing, irate!

DARKWING
 This thing would ruin me! I'd be a laughingstock! No villain would cower before me again!

DW - stops by desk, waving comic book at Publisher.

DARKWING
 Look, bub - little,
 impressionable children all over
 the world will be reading this!

DW suddenly looks concerned, worried about the future.

DARKWING
 (genuine concern)
 How can they pattern their lives
 after me if they think I'm a
 coward?

WIDER - DW goes ANGRY again and <WHAPS> the rolled comic on the desk.

DARKWING
 (fury again)
 If you're gonna do a comic book
 based on my life, you're gonna do
 it right!!!

The Publisher sinks, disappearing from view.

DARKWING
 There's only one person I trust
 with a job like this!

DARKWING - smiles to camera, suddenly very calm and smug.

DARKWING
 (TO CAMERA; smug)
 And that's me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGLE - AT DOOR - Drake is trying to close it on Gosalyn and LP.

GOSALYN
 Aw, c'mon, Dad, I wanna see it!

DRAKE
 Nobody sees that garbage until I
 fix it!

Drake has a shoulder to the door, trying to PUSH IT SHUT - Gosalyn and LP are still trying to get in - LP sticking his head around the door.

LAUNCHPAD
 Maybe we can help ya, DW!

Drake really <STRAINS> against the door now, pushing it SHUT despite its BULGING from their pushing.

DRAKE
(through <STRAINING>)
You can help by leaving me alone!

<KAWHAM!> the door closes. Drake leans against it, exhausted by the effort.

DRAKE
Whew!
(to self)
I'm gonna need complete
concentration to save this
fiasco.

DRAKE - returns to desk with old TYPEWRITER on it, shakes his head over the task before him.

DRAKE
Because we're looking at a total
rewrite here - from page one,
word one.

He sits, inserts paper in typewriter, smiles.

DRAKE
Fortunately - I'm just the one
with the honesty, the
objectivity, to give it the
gritty realism it needs.

He begins <TYPING> with one uncertain finger.

DRAKE
In a word, Darkwing Duck was...

He stares into space, puzzling.

DRAKE
Hmmm, does "phenommmal" have one
f or two?

PUSH IN - as he shrugs, continues <PLINKING> at the keys, one by one...

WIPE TO:

COMIC BOOK PANELS (NIGHT)

ON - PANEL (simple background, or none at all) showing DARKWING leaping DRAMATICALLY TOWARD VIEWER, cape flowing. (INKED DRAWING, simple colors.)

DRAKE (V.O.)
The gloriously perfect
crimefighter... Hmmm.

PAN TO - NEW PANEL - showing DW looking DANGEROUS, cape swirling around him, very exaggerated.

DRAKE (V.O.)
The extraordinarily magnificent
crimefighter?

PAN TO - NEW PANEL - with DW posed melodramatically showing of his profile, John Barrymore style.

DRAKE (V.O.)
Painfully handsome?

PAN TO - NEW PANEL - DW shrugging TO CAMERA.

DRAKE (V.O.)
<SIGH> So many adjectives, so
little time.

WHIP PAN ACROSS 2
PANELS (GENERIC
ST. CANARD
SCENES?) TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

PANEL - INKED DRAWING - showing DW entering, DETERMINED, through bathroom door, LP behind him. The INK LINES lighten as...

DRAKE (V.O.)
Darkwing Duck arrived to
investigate the mysterious
disappearance of Safety Inspector
#16!

...the SCENE ANIMATES, as DW begins immediately SCANNING every inch of the room: ZIPPING AROUND ROOM, he checks the medicine cabinet, under the sink, climbs LP's shoulders to check ceiling light fixture. He sees something O.S., smiles, triumphant.

DARKWING
Ah ha!

ON - large, person-shaped hole in the bathroom wall. DW ZIPS over, examining hole.

DARKWING
He was obviously blown through
his bathroom wall by some unknown
force.

ANGLE - LP steps up, looking puzzled.

LAUNCHPAD

The Safety inspector had an accident? But they're usually so careful.

DW looks certain, assured!

DARKWING

No, Launchpad, this was no accident!

DW - finds a hair dryer, inspects the blackened nozzle, <CLICKING> the switch on and off.

DARKWING

Hmmm, there's something not quite right with this hair dryer...

LP - notices that the hair dryer has been unplugged.

LAUNCHPAD

(helpfully)

Well, no wonder, DW - it's not plugged in.

ANGLE - LP plugs it back in. DW holds dryer in front of his face. A <HURRICANE BLAST> propels DW through wall.

DARKWING (V.O.)

The hero began by, er, uh, recreating the crime.

CLOSE ON HOLE - DW's head slowly rises: His hat is distorted back, his face blown out of whack; he is still holding hair dryer.

DARKWING

(slurred; dazed)

Launchpad, I believe this appliance was tampered with.

He falls back into the hole, as we...

PAN FROM SCENE, REVEALING PANEL BORDERING IT -

SWEEP ACROSS TO
NEXT PANEL:

EXT. ST. CANARD - VARIOUS - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK PANELS]
PANEL - STILL SHOT - INKED DRAWING - showing DW & LP in RATCATCHER, ZOOMING, BLURRING, down the street.

DARKWING (V.O.)
 And then, other mysterious
 "accidents" began occurring!

PAN TO - NEXT PANEL - STILL SHOT - INKED DRAWING - showing DOG-FACE cringing, ARMS RAISED to protect self, as a TOASTER violently fires PIECES of TOAST at him.

DARKWING (V.O.)
 Later that evening, a top-ranking
 official was attacked by a
 toaster oven.

PAN TO - NEXT PANEL - INKED, STILL SHOT - Ratcatcher ZOOMS down street.

DARKWING (V.O.)
 Then another had a run-in with an
 electric shoe-horn!

SCENE ANIMATES - Ratcatcher RACING along, DW addressing LP.

DARKWING
 Launchpad, there's only one
 person capable of creating all
 these electrical disasters...

CLOSE ON DW'S - look of certainty and determination.

DARKWING
 And that's my archvillainous
 archrival - Megavolt!

<O.S. KNOCK-KNOCK> DW's look turns to puzzlement.

DARKWING
 Get this engine checked, will
 you? It's knocking.

INT. DRAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

DRAKE - stops <TYPING>, scratches his head, puzzled.

DRAKE
 (very puzzled)
 I don't remember any engine
 knocking.

<O.S. KNOCK-KNOCK> Drake looks dryly to camera.

DRAKE
 (TO CAMERA)
 Oh - the door.

ON DOOR - Drake opens it to reveal COY Gosalyn, holding out a glass of lemonade.

GOSALYN

I made you some lemonade, Dad.
Thought it might get the creative
juices flowing.

WIDE - She hands him the glass, SIDLES toward desk, trying to sneak a look at page in typewriter. Drake drinks the glass.

DRAKE

Thank you, dear. <GLUG, GLUG,
GLUG!> Molding a literary
masterpiece does dry the...

CLOSE ON DRAKE - as his EYES turn RED, SMOKE SHOOTS from his ears.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

(weakly)

...throat?

Drake grabs his throat, gasps out:

DRAKE

(gasps as if poisoned)
What's in this!?!?

GOSALYN - looks innocent as DW runs a CIRCLE in the room, TRAILING SMOKE <SFX: STEAM WHISTLE, FIRE ALARM, BELLS!>

GOSALYN

Just lemons, Dad.
(fake concern)
Unless those were jalepenos...?

WIDE - Drake <SHOOTs> from the room. Gosalyn shrugs, turns to typewriter.

GOSALYN

Must've been jalepenos.

UP SHOT FROM TYPEWRITER - She scans the page.

GOSALYN

(reading; to self)
MUMBLE, MUMBLE, MUMBLE...

She stops, frowning.

GOSALYN

Oh, great, Dad - this is about as exciting as watching cement dry.

ANGLE - Gosalyn sits down. She shakes her head sadly.

GOSALYN

Guess he's just too close to the material.

She begins <PLINKING> away at the typewriter keys.

EXT. ST. CANARD - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

PANEL (seen above) with DW & LP in Ratcatcher. (NOT ANIMATED)

PAN TO PANEL - showing the NIGHT SKY, star-filled. (NOT ANIMATED)

GOSALYN (V.O.)

Having run out of food on Mars...

PAN TO PANEL - showing FIERY COMET-LIKE OBJECT <ZOOMING> across sky. (NOT ANIMATED)

GOSALYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...the Giant Flesh-Eating Slug Monster...

PAN TO PANEL - showing FIERY OBJECT descending toward skyline of St. Canard. (NOT ANIMATED)

GOSALYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...has come to Earth, to satisfy its gruesome appetite!

PAN TO PANEL - EXT. STREET - PANEL ANIMATES - as, in a <METEOR SHOWER OF SPARKS>, a SLUG MONSTER <ZOOMS> in for a landing, blocking street. It <SPLATS>, then RISES to full height of 5 stories, body undulating like Jell-o, one tremendous slug. Ratcatcher <BRAKES> to avoid hitting it <SFX: BRAKES SQUEAL.>

RATCATCHER - swerves to avoid monster.

LAUNCHPAD

Look out, Darkwing!! A Giant Slug Monster from Mars!!!

WIDE - Darkwing zips the Ratcatcher INTO REVERSE a second before the Slug <CHOMPS> down.

SLUG MONSTER

<BIG CHOMPING SOUND>

The Slug bites air, the Ratchcatcher stopped, backed against a wall, close by.

DARKWING
No, Launchpad! It's a Giant
Flesh-Eating Slug Monster from
Mars.

ANGLE - DW and LP <LEAP> off the Ratcatcher. The towering Slug Monster CLOSES IN.

DARKWING
Megavolt will just have to wait
while I save the planet from this
menace!

ANGLE - DW <LEAPS> feet-first, to karate kick the Slug...

DARKWING
(karate yell)
Heeeeeeyaaaaa --
(becomes a scream)
-- aaaaaaiiiiiieeee...!!!

...as he SINKS into the gelatinous thing, is <SPROINGED> back, shooting O.S. and up.

SLUG MONSTER
<DISGUSTING, SLURPING CHUCKLE>

ANGLE - FLYING IN from O.S., DW <KERSPLATS!> into a BILLBOARD (advertising the new DARKWING DUCK comic book, same design as SCENE 1) on the side of a building.

DARKWING
Oooooomph!

He slides down, dropping O.S.

ANGLE - DW falls to the sidewalk, by LP. LP looks up, shaking his head in dread, as the Slug Monster CRAWLS CLOSER.

LAUNCHPAD
(pure dread)
What a way to go - done in by a
plain old garden pest.

DW brightens.

DARKWING
Launchpad, you've given me an
idea! I'll be right back!

ANGLE - DW <ZIPS> O.S., a blur. LP looks up and O.S. petrified. Half a BEAT, then DW <ZIPS> back in, another blur.

DARKWING
(quick & confidential)
Got a couple of bucks on you?

LP hands him a five, DW <ZIPS> back O.S. LP <TREMBLES> as the Slug's HUGE SHADOW covers him.

WIDER - REVEALING Slug Monster very near LP, when DW <ZIPS> back in, carrying a SACK:

DARKWING
(triumphant)
What's the one thing a slimy,
slithering slug fears most?!

UP ANGLE - the Slug CLOSES in.

SLUG MONSTER
<MORE DISGUSTING, SLURPING
SOUNDS>

ANGLE - DW <WHIPS> a container of salt from the sack, tosses sack aside.

DARKWING
Common household salt!

He loads the container into his GAS GUN, aims.

LAUNCHPAD
Uh, DW - don't I have some change
comin'?

DW frowns, digs in pocket, hands LP coins.

DARKWING
Sorry - I didn't get a receipt.

DW re-aims gas gun, <FIRES>.

WIDE - the container arcs into the air, above the Slug, then <EXPLODES!>. Salt FALLS like snow. The Slug looks up, terrified.

SLUG MONSTER
<PANIC, CONCERN: HUH?!?>

The Slug cringes, then <SHRINKS> from view. DW & LP step up.

SLUG MONSTER
<HIGH-PITCHED WHIMPER>

CLOSE ON - tiny Slug at DW's feet.

SLUG MONSTER
<WHIMPER CONTINUES>

ANGLE - DW raises his foot to stomp it, and it <SCOOTs> O.S.

SLUG MONSTER
<DOG-LIKE YELPING>

DARKWING
One order of escargot, to go!

DW & LP - climb back on the Ratcatcher.

DARKWING
Now to take care of that power
hungry Megavolt.

DW <KICK-STARTS> the cycle <ENGINE ROARS!>

INT. DRAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY
GOSALYN - looks VERY GLEEFUL.

GOSALYN
Oh, boy, this is writing!
What'll I put in next!?
(sick glee)
Maybe a zombie with a huge axe or
a...!

She STOPS, looking worried, when she hears...

DRAKE (O.S.)
<VERY DELIBERATELY CLEARING HIS
THROAT>

REVEAL - Drake standing behind her, arms crossed, <TAPPING HIS
FOOT>. She whips around.

DRAKE
I do hate to interrupt, but -
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!

GOSALYN - gets up, frowning.

GOSALYN
Hey - love to stay and chat, Dad
- but my bike's double-parked.

ANGLE - she SHOOTs from the room. He frowns, SCOOPS up
typewriter and paper.

DRAKE
 (desperation creeping
 in)
 I'm gonna have to find someplace
 I won't be disturbed!

He starts out.

BLACKNESS

AS WE HEAR <CLANGING, BUMPING, BANGING>.

DRAKE (O.S.)
 (toe stubbing pain)
 Ow! Oooof!

INT. ATTIC - DAY

ANGLE - as light <CLICKS> on to reveal cluttered attic. Drake carries typewriter and paper to OLD CHEST, sets them there, pulls up ratty chair to sit in.

DRAKE
 Now to get my train of thought
 back on track...

He starts <THUNK, THUNK, THUNKING> the keys.

EXT. ST. CANARD - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

PANEL - DRAMATIC UP SHOT OF SKYSCRAPER - ANIMATES when <LIGHTNING-LIKE FLASHES> illuminate side of building.

DARKWING (O.S.)
 Unless I miss my guess, that's
 the sparky spouting of Megavolt
 himself!

ANGLE - ON STREET - Darkwing and Launchpad <ZOOM> along in the Ratcatcher. A traffic light blinks on and off, RED, GREEN, YELLOW, RED, GREEN, completely at random.

DARKWING
 He's playing with the city power
 lines!

The Ratcatcher SHOOTS through the intersection, as a CAR <SCREECHES> to a stop, barely missing the cycle. <CAR HORN, BRAKE SQUEAL>

DARKWING
 (quickly; to driver)
 Watch where you're goin', bub!

Another car <SCREECHES> to a stop from other side of intersection. <CAR HORN, BRAKE SQUEAL>

DARKWING

Roadhog!

ANGLE - ON BANK BUILDING - <LIGHTNING FLASHES> illuminating its WINDOWS.

DARKWING (O.S.)

So plughead is pillaging the Daylight Savings and Loan!

ANGLE - DW <SCREEECHES> the Ratcatcher to a HALT in front of BANK - yells up to top floors.

DARKWING

It's all over, Megavolt! I'm putting you behind bars in a dry cell!

EXT. BANK BUILDING - Megavolt appears at window, looking out and down.

MEGAVOLT

Over my dead batteries!

MV <SHOOTS> a LIGHTNING BOLT BLAST O.S.

MEGAVOLT

Eat amperes, duck!

DW - dodges the BOLT, which BOUNCES off the sidewalk and O.S.

DARKWING

Haven't you heard that crime doesn't pay?

MV - gestures wildly, insanely.

MEGAVOLT

The fools left me no choice!

He FIRES another LIGHTNING BOLT.

MEGAVOLT

Just because I missed paying a power bill or two, they're threatening to shut me off--

(growing intensity/
insanity

--in the middle of the greatest scheme of my career!!!

ANGLE - LP nods in sympathy.

LAUNCHPAD
(sympathetically)
Yeah, that'd be just like them.

DW dodges the new lightning bolt, which ZIPS between his legs (he rises, legs STRETCHING/DISTORTING to let it pass under him).

DARKWING
I'm gonna stop that high-voltage
low-life if it's the last thing
I--

ANGLE - an arrow-like LIGHTNING BOLT <SHOOT> in, DW ducking, as it zings just over his head.

LAUNCHPAD
(very casual)
Uh, DW...

DW dodges another bolt, spinning as it almost nicks him.

DARKWING
What is it, Launchpad?

DW dodges TWO MORE BOLTS, twisting his body nearly into an "S" shape as the bolts shoot by.

LAUNCHPAD
Do you know much about washin'
machines?

DW is shocked, turns to LP.i

DARKWING
(shocked by the
inappropriateness)
What!?!

INT. ATTIC - DAY

DRAKE - JOLTS, stops <TYPING> - irked by the interruption as Launchpad steps up.

LAUNCHPAD
Well, I was wonderin' - if I
dropped a box of soap in the
washer...

ANGLE - LP, looking awkward, joins DW by the desk.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)

And the lid was stuck shut with the thing on high... what would happen?

Drake ponders.

DRAKE

I suppose the washer might explode in a mountain of suds.

Suddenly the room is ROCKED by an <O.S. EXPLOSION>. LP shakes his head, sighing.

LAUNCHPAD

(sighs)

I was afraid it'd be somethin' like that.

WIDE - Drake ROCKETS out, ZIPPING down the attic stairs - then, half a beat later, he POPS back up at stairway:

DRAKE

Stay here, Launchpad, and don't let anybody see that!

ANGLE - LP wanders to the manuscript, smiling proudly.

LAUNCHPAD

(admiringly)

Boy, that DW's really somethin' - starrin' in his own comic book. Just like Mickey Mouse...

He sits, head propped on hand, looking at page in typewriter.

LAUNCHPAD

(wistful)

I always did like those Wild Western comic books myself.

He CASUALLY <PLINKS> a key with the other hand.

LAUNCHPAD

(wistfuller)

Never see those anymore...

Casually, he <PLINKS> another key, head still propped dreamily on his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. CANARD - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

COMIC BOOK PANEL - STILL SHOT - INKED DRAWING - showing DW dodging incoming lightning as in last shot of earlier scene.

LAUNCHPAD (O.S.)
 Somethin' like Death Valley
 Darkwing, now that'd be great...

PAN TO NEXT PANEL - STILL SHOT - INKED DRAWING - TIGHT CLOSE UP
 - of DW's wide-eyed reaction to lightning bolts.

PAN TO NEXT PANEL - STILL SHOT - showing LIGHTNING BOLT
 <FWINGING> through air. PANEL ANIMATES as bolt <ZIPS> through
 space, CHANGING INTO... a wood-shaft arrow! [BACKGROUND
 dissolves from NIGHT TO DAY.]

EXT. WESTERN DESERT - DAY - [COMIC BOOK]

ANGLE - DW & LP, now in cowboy gear, on horseback, looking up
 as <FWING!> a wood-shaft arrow shoots in, lodging in DW's 10+
 gallon hat.

DARKWING
 (twangy western
 accent)
 It's that renegade, Big Chief
 Power Bill!

Darkwing grimaces at the sound of his last line, leans to LP on
 the next horse over.

DARKWING
 Say, sidekick - do I sound
 different to you?

LAUNCHPAD
 (twangier western
 sidekick's accent)
 Nope, I reckon you shore 'nuff
 sound same as ever, hee, hee!

DW nods to self.

DARKWING
 Guess it was just my imagination.

WIDE TO INCLUDE - MESA (or rock or whatever). DW yells to top
 of rocks.

DARKWING
 You might as well give up, you
 yellow-bellied sidewinder!

ANGLE - MV rises into view, in Indian headdress, draws back on
 bow.

MEGAVOLT

(stilted)

Will be many moons over Miami
before Big Chief gives up!

MV shoots another arrow.

ANGLE - this 2nd arrow <FWINGS> into DW'S 10+ gallon hat. DW & LP <JUMP> from their horses, finding cover behind a rock. The HORSES TAKE in fear, jump for cover, too. DW & LP peer up from behind rock, LP looking at arrow in DW's hat.

LAUNCHPAD

The brave's pretty brave for a
coward.

DARKWING

(yells O.S.)

Are you comin' peaceful-like or
am I--

He suddenly stops when a CUSTARD PIE <FWAPS> into his face from nowhere. DW, annoyed, wipes the pie from his face.

DARKWING

(annoyed)

What's this - Custard's last
stand?

MV - laughs, scoffing, down at DW.

MEGAVOLT

Ha! That my assistant--

A PINT-SIZED, ONE-FEATHERED DOG-FACE (looks so little like an Indian, the thought would never enter your mind!) stands up, next to Megavolt.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)

--Little Running Gag.

DW - peers from behind rock.

DARKWING

Surrender, Big Chief! You're
surrounded by an army of 12,000
soldiers!

DW leans to LP, whispering.

DARKWING
(whispered aside to
LP)

An old military ploy we call
lying.

MV - loads another arrow.

MEGAVOLT
Duck born with silver spoon in
mouth speaks with forked tongue!
If you can dish it out, I can
take it!

DW & LP peer up from behind rock, DW leaning to LP.

DARKWING
(quick aside)
Much more of this, and I'll have
a full place setting.

DW's look goes firm, he rises, defiant, from behind the rock.
He dramatically draws his gas gun (in a gunslinger action).

DARKWING
(firm)
I'm givin' you one kilowatt-hour
to--

MEGAVOLT - frowns, loads arrow, fires bow, loads arrow, fires
bow, loads arrow, fires bow, until the ACTION becomes a BLUR.

ON DW - as arrow, arrow, arrow, arrow, arrow, <FWING, FWING,
FWING, FWING, FWINGS> into his hat. A pause - then the 10+
gallon hat DEFLATES like a punctured balloon <SFX: RASPBERRY>.

DARKWING
Er, then again, considering the
shoddy treatment your people have
historically received, perhaps we
could drop the whole matter...?

MEGAVOLT - loads arrow, fires bow, loads arrow, fires bow,
ACTION BLURRING (repeat earlier animation).

ANGLE - DW is <DANCING> to avoid the arrows <FWINGING> by -
when, from nowhere, a giant "R" is STAMPED ONTO SCENE, then,
quickly, a giant "L," "Q," "T," "F," "S," "W," "X," until the
frame is, quickly, COMPLETELY COVERED.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

LP - FROWNS at the jammed typewriter, his fingers TANGLED among the keys. He climbs up to brace his feet against the typewriter, trying to PULL himself free.

LAUNCHPAD
<STRAINING TO FREE HIS FINGERS>

Drake rushes into shot.

DRAKE
(suspicious)
Launchpad, are you reading my comic book?!

LAUNCHPAD
<STRAINING TO FREE FINGERS> Who
- me?

ANGLE - LP FLIES free and O.S. Annoyed, Drake picks up typewriter and pages, heads out.

DRAKE
I gotta find somewhere I can get some privacy.

WIDE - Drake stalks O.S.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

DRAKE - has set up the typewriter on a STACK OF BOXES, is using an old barrel as a chair.

DRAKE
Where was I? Oh, yeah, I'd just chased Megavolt to the power company building...

UP SHOT FROM TYPEWRITER - Drake goes back to work, looking puzzled as he reacts to the page.

DRAKE
Where I was going to finish him off, and...
(puzzled)
...and why am I wearing a cowboy hat?
(shrugs it off)
Must've been a typo.

He shrugs, then starts <TYPING>.

EXT. POWER COMPANY HQ - SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]
 DW - wears deflated COWBOY HAT - until it disappears in a <PUFF OF SMOKE!> - replaced by his regular hat. He looks around, puzzled.

DARKWING
 (puzzled by the hat
 trick)

Huh...?

EXTREME ANGLE TO REVEAL - Power Co. HQ: a towering skyscraper. Recovering, DW turns to MEGAVOLT, who stands near front doors, defiant.

DARKWING
 This is it, Megavolt - I'm
 pulling the plug on you!

MEGAVOLT
 That's doubtful, duck! There's
 no stopping the unstoppable!

MEGAVOLT - TWISTS a dial on the device.

MEGAVOLT
 (insane laughter)
 Because, you see, I've just
 perfected my New, Improved,
 Patent Pending, Remote Control!

ANGLE - MV waves the control triumphantly, as a SIDEWALK ELEVATOR'S DOORS fly open - sending DW & LP <FLYING> O.S.

MEGAVOLT
 I can now vary the electric
 company's power output at will!

DW & LP - <KERSPLAT!> against a WALL with LARGE POSTER (advertising the new DARKWING DUCK comic book, same design as SCENE 1) - then slide down, onto the sidewalk, as MV <ZIPS> up, laughs, defiant.

MEGAVOLT (CONT)
 I can create black-outs, brown-
 outs, white-outs and the dreaded
 plaid-outs!

ANGLE - Megavolt <ZIPS> back to Power Co., stopping at front door.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)

With controlled power surges, I
can transform all household
appliances into the soldiers of
my private army!

INT. POWER CO. HQ - ELEVATORS - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

ANGLE - Megavolt steps in elevator, whose doors slide closed
just as... DW & LP <ZIP> up, DW pushing button. 2nd set of
doors open, they zoom in.

INT. ELEVATOR - [COMIC BOOK]

ON BOTH - Darkwing presses the up button.

MEGAVOLT (O.S.)
(through elevator
speaker)

Going... up?

<SFX: RACING CAR PASSING> DW & LP are KNOCKED the floor,
flattened like pancakes.

LAUNCHPAD

Whoa! This is what I call an
express elevator.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - series of LIGHTS illuminate on side of building,
tracking the elevator's course as it ROCKETS UP.

INT. ELEVATOR - [COMIC BOOK]

DW & LP are flattened to floor until...

LAUNCHPAD

Uh, DW, you sure you know how
to...

<SFX: BRAKES SQUEAL> and the fly up, their bodies indenting
into the ceiling.

LAUNCHPAD

(compressed voice)
...run this thing?

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - same lights track the elevator's SPEED OF LIGHT DESCENT.

MEGAVOLT (O.S.)

Going down!

INT. ELEVATOR - [COMIC BOOK]

DW & LP - <SLAM TO FLOOR> as we hear <SFX: BRAKES SQUEAL!>

MEGAVOLT (O.S.)

I hope you have elevator
insurance.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - The elevator TAKES OFF AGAIN, the lights TRACKING it - the lights reach the top floor and the elevator <EXPLODES> through the roof.

DARKWING/LAUNCHPAD (O.S.)

Yiiiiieeeee!/Yeeaaaagggghhh!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - ELEVATOR roars upward, out of SHOT.

<<

EXT. OUTERSPACE - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - The earth and moon hang in the background. The elevator shoots out from the planet and grows larger and larger as it comes closer to the CAMERA. It stops, hangs in mid-air for three beats, then falls back toward earth.>>

EXT. SKY - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - ELEVATOR <PLUMMETS> TOWARD the ground like a rock.

INT. ELEVATOR

ANGLE - plastered to the ceiling, DW turns to LP.

DARKWING

A 14 mile drop at something
approaching the speed of light...
We may be in for a rough landing,
Launchpad...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - ELEVATOR <ZOOMS> earthward.

DARKWING/LAUNCHPAD

Iiiiiieeeeeee!/Eeeeeaaaaagghhh!

It burns like a METEOR as it ZOOMS earthward...!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I

ACT IIEXT. SKY - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - ELEVATOR, trailing its comet tail of sparks, <PLUMMETS>
TOWARD the ground, closer, closer, closer...

DARKWING/LAUNCHPAD (O.S.)
Yeeeeaaaaghhhh!!!/Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!

BINKIE (O.S.)
(sing-song)
Mr. Mallard...! Yoo-hoooooo, Mr.
Mallard.

Elevator <JERKS> to a stop, <BRAKES SCREE-SCREE-SCREECHING!>

INT. GARAGE - DAY

DRAKE - finger poised to strike a key, looks up from
typewriter, face dropping in dread.

DARKWING
(to self)
Oh no, not that saccharine
suburbanite...

BINKIE - enters, holding a cup.

BINKIE
Oh, Mr. Mallard! Well, there you
are! I've been looking all over
for you!

DRAKE's - eyes are rolling upward, in complete and absolute
resignation.

DRAKE
(morbid resignation)
Yes - Mrs. Muddlefoot?

ANGLE - Drake buries head in hands as Binkie steps up to him.

BINKIE (CONT'D)
I wonder if you might have some
ground cinnamon we could borrow?

DRAKE - addresses CAMERA.

DRAKE
Did Hemingway have this problem?

Drake leans in closer to the CAMERA.

DRAKE
 (whispering)
 Of course not. He didn't live
 next door to the Muddlefoots.

WIDE ON BOTH - Drake turns to Binkie.

DRAKE
 (angry)
 I'll get you a whole cinnamon
 tree!!!

Drake STORMS OUT. Binkie FLUTTERS, calls after him.

BINKIE
 Oh, thank you, but half a cup
 will do!

ANGLE - Binkie turns, notices typewriter.

BINKIE
 Oh, and what's this? Why, it's a
 comic book - how darling!

CLOSER - Binkie sits, reads the manuscript, is shocked.

BINKIE
 (shocked by what she
 sees)
 Oh-- oh me! Oh my! Such
 violence!

She shakes her head, tsk-tsking.

BINKIE
 (tsk-tsk)
 Why - with reading material like
 this - it's no wonder so many
 children grow up to be cruel,
 despotic dictators!

She gingerly positions herself on barrel, smiling.

BINKIE
 Now - how can I make this a
 little less deplorable and a
 little more... adorable? I know!

She <TYPES>.

BINKIE
 It was a beautiful spring
 morning...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY - [COMIC BOOK]
 WIDE SHOT - A shining sun in the sky, Mr. Robin Redbreast perched in a tree.

ROBIN
 (syrup)
 <CHIRP, CHIRP, CHIRP!>

ANGLE - BUSTER BUNNY, a disgustingly cute little rabbit hops in from O.S. and looks up at Robin Redbreast.

BINKIE (V.O.)
 ...and little Buster Bunny was as happy as could be. He happily hip-hop-hip-hopped up to Robin Redbreast and said...

BUNNY - suddenly adopts tough-guy pose - leaning, arm propped on tree.

BUNNY/DRAKE (O.S.)
 (Drake's firm voice)
 Would you mind clearing out of here? I'd like to be alone.

ROBIN REDBREAST - STOPS <CHIRPING>, looks very puzzled.

BINKIE (O.S.)
 Oh, my goodness no! He didn't say that!

BUNNY - drops snarling pose, happily hops circle around tree.

BINKIE (V.O.)
 The little bunny turned to the birdie and said...

Bunny takes tough-guy, snarling pose.

BUNNY/DRAKE (V.O.)
 (Drake's gritted-teeth voice)

You don't want to make me lose my temper - do you?

BIRD - frightened, flies up to a HIGHER BRANCH.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

BINKIE - She frowns at page, shaking head, terribly confused.

BINKIE

No... No, he didn't say that either.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - Drake behind her, tapping his foot, holding a cup of cinnamon. Jolting, Binkie turns.

BINKIE

Oh, why-- you're back - and so soon.

Drake hands Binkie the cinnamon, then, in one mighty swoop, picks up typewriter & manuscript and STALKS OUT.

DRAKE

I guess there's only one place I can be SURE I won't be disturbed!

WIPE TO:

EXT. DARKWING TOWER - NIGHT

ON LEDGE - outside spire WINDOW. Now in his Darkwing attire, the beleaguered genius rubs his hands, gleeful. He SIPS from a CERAMIC COFFEE MUG.

DARKWING

At last, I can finish this thing in peace!

ANGLE - He sets his COFFEE MUG on top of the stack of papers

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY - [COMIC BOOK]

WIDE - Bunny and Bird SHOOT O.S. as there's a <SFX: BOMB WHISTLE APPROACH!> The Elevator <CRASHES> into the knoll, pulling GRASS, the TREE into its bomb-crater hole.

CLOSER ON HOLE - DW & LP, battered-looking, dazed, peer up from the edge.

DARKWING

Luckily, we landed softly in this... this...

Puzzled, he turns to LP.

DARKWING

(puzzled)

Say, Launchpad, where are we anyway?

LP looks around, shrugs.

LAUNCHPAD

Ya got me, DW - but it sure is...
cute.

ANGLE - DW starts crawling from the hole, frowning, turning to look O.S. left, and...

DARKWING

We have to find Megavolt before--
<Ooomph!>

<KERSPLAT!> He's suddenly hit in the face with a CUSTARD PIE.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - Little Running Gag, hands clasped behind his back, rocking on his heels. DW wipes the pie from his face.

DARKWING

I may have to kill that guy.

DW - climbs from the hole annoyed - Little Running Gag turns, scampers O.S.

LAUNCHPAD

Aw, don't be too hard on him, DW
- he's just a...

DARKWING

(cuts him off)

I know, I know! He's just a
little running gag!

Waving LP off, DW doesn't watch where he's going - and he RUNS STRAIGHT INTO a 10 foot tall COFFEE MUG (exactly matching design of one Drake put on the manuscript). <VIBRATING KABOOOOONG!> DW detours around the unusual obstacle, WHIPS out his gas gun, attaching rope with grappling hook.

DARKWING

C'mon, Launchpad, we have to
defuse that maniac Megavolt!

DW <FIRES> the gun, the rope uncoiling up and O.S.; it hooks on something O.S., upper left hand of frame. DW pulls checking tightness of rope. LP grabs onto rope, too, and they SWING O.S.

SWEEP ACROSS COMIC
BOOK PANELS TO:

INT. POWER COMPANY HQ - OFFICE - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

PUSH IN - ON ROOM, a spacious, modern office. Megavolt sits at big desk in the center of room, feet propped up.

MEGAVOLT

Ha! They called me mad, they called me insane - and they were right! But I'm running things now!

ANGLE - DW & LP <SWING> into the room, through the WINDOW.

DARKWING

Your mad scheme will never work, you egomaniacal electron!

ANGLE - DW advances - Megavolt SPINS around in the chair, WHIPS out his REMOTE CONTROL, twisting a DIAL.

MEGAVOLT

For your information - it already has!

GOOSE-NECKED TABLE LAMP - <SNAKES> out, coiling around LP's waist, pinning his arms to his side.

WIDE - Megavolt twists another dial. A LARGE UPRIGHT VACUUM CLEANER - <ROARS> into action, <ZOOMING> toward DW, who takes off running.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)

You see, I was on my way over here to pay my power bill...

ANGLE - VACUUM <PLOWS> into DW, knocking him onto his butt. MV twists the dial again. The Vacuum QUICKLY CIRCLES DW, its cord wrapping around his mid-section, <SQUEEZING> him.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)

After "borrowing" the money from the bank.

CLOSER - DW's face CONTORTS as he's <SQUEEZED, his torso DISTORTING.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)

And I thought, Hey, why not just take over the place?

MEGAVOLT - wildly waves the remote control.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me - I have a city to dominate!

MEGAVOLT - ZIPS from the room.

DW - grimaces as the cord WRAPS TIGHTER, the vacuum still circling. DW <SQUIRMS>, trying to extend his foot.

DARKWING
(scrunched voice)
If I could just get to the
reverse switch...

But he's getting SQUEEZED so severely, he can't move...

EXT. DARKWING TOWER - NIGHT

ON LEDGE - DW SMILES, rubbing his hands gleefully.

DARKWING
(very gleeful)
The drama, the tension, it's
unbearable!

ANGLE - DW looks up dreamily.

DARKWING
I won't be surprised if I get the
Pulitzer for this comic book!

INT. POWER CO. HQ - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

ANGLE - as the vacuum circles, DW struggles to reach out his foot and KICK its switch! With a <JERK!>, the vacuum REVERSES, quickly uncoiling the cord. DW <LEAPS> up, triumphant - but distinctly hour-glass in shape.

DARKWING
I did it!

He looks down at his tiny waist, looks up to CAMERA.

DARKWING
(TO CAMERA)
And took a good 17 inches off my
waistline in the process!

ANGLE - DW PULLS the lamp plug from the wall socket, LP dropping free as the lamp goes limp.

DARKWING
Now to short circuit that
lunatic!

DW <ZIPS> O.S. too...

ON WINDOW - as DW leaps up to the ledge, LP arriving.

DARKWING
C'mon, Launchpad! Let's get
dangerous!

LP - looks out the window.

LAUNCHPAD
Do we have to get that dangerous,
DW?

<DOWN SHOT - on STREET, dizzying floors below [if available].>

LAUNCHPAD
Couldn't we just take the...

DW grabs LP's arm, DIVES out the window, WHISKING LP with him.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT'D)
(becomes an O.S. yell)
...staaaaaaiiiiiirs...?

EXT. POWER CO. HQ - STREET - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]
ANGLE - Megavolt SAUNTERS away from building, confident.

MEGAVOLT
(to self; cocky)
The whole city mine! - and to
think, I never even finished
reform school!

SUDDENLY, DW (LP clinging to his waist) PARACHUTES in, using
his cape as a 'chute - landing so he blocks MV's path. MV
<JOLTS!>

MEGAVOLT
You again!?

DARKWING
That's far enough, sparkplug
breath!

ANGLE - DW <LEAPS> to KARATE KICK the control from MV's hand.

FOLLOW - control <FLIPPING> through the air, landing...

ANGLE - ...in DW's - casually outstretched hand. Megavolt is
FURIOUS!

MEGAVOLT
Give me that, it's private
property!

MV - REACHES for the remote control - but DW WEB-KICKS him, athletically fighting him back.

EXT. DARKWING TOWER - NIGHT

ANGLE - DW is THRILLED, excited, caught up in the action, SHADOW-BOXING!

DARKWING
Atta boy, Darkwing! Get him!
Teach the lousy thug a lesson!
Show him who--

He MIMES a BIG WALLOP, a RIGHT HOOK, which KNOCKS the stack of pages OFF THE LEDGE! DW sputters as he sees them FLUTTERING away!

DARKWING
(sputtering - then
shock)
who-- who-- whoooooooooooooe!!!!

ANGLE - he jumps up, reaches out - too far and he slips, catching himself and DANGLING precariously over the ledge.

DARKWING
My masterpiece!

ANGLE REVEALING - dizzying distance below. DW climbs, scrambling, back onto the ledge.

DARKWING
My baby!!!

EXT. ST. CANARD - SKYLINE - NIGHT

WIDE - as several manuscript pages WAFT BY - heading across town.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

The pages swirl around the lighthouse and then enter through an open window at the top.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE

CLOSE ON MEGAVOLT - gazing lovingly O.S.

MEGAVOLT
Oh, my sweet darling, you are the
ampere of my eye.

WIDER TO REVEAL - Megavolt holding and talking to a LIGHT BULB. Just then, a page of DW's manuscript drifts in, plastering over Megavolt's face.

MEGAVOLT
Mmpgh! What's this!?

He pulls the page from his face and reads, as more pages flutter to his feet.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)
(puzzled)
A comic book...?

Megavolt stands, reading, furious!

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)
A comic book starring Darkwing Duck!? What's the world coming to!?

He reads on, growing angrier.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)
<READING: MUMBLE, MUMBLE, MUMBLE>
No! No, this is wrong, all wrong!

He stalks across room, kicking up the papers on the floor.

MEGAVOLT (CONT'D)
And in definite need of repair!

MV - puts paper in ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER, picks up microphone, dictates his version of the story, the typewriter <TYPING> by itself.

MEGAVOLT
As Darkwing Duck and the misunderstood genius, Megavolt, struggle for the Remote Control Device...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POWER CO. HQ - STREET - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

ANGLE - DW & Megavolt STRUGGLE for the device. It slips from DW's hand, Megavolt FLYING head over heels backward.

ANGLE - MV gets up, triumphant, and aims it at himself.

MEGAVOLT
I've had all I'm gonna take from you, duck!

MEGAVOLT - Sparks fly from the Remote Control Device. A <TINY BOLT OF LIGHTNING> shoots from it, hitting MV in chest. MV <LIGHTS UP>, GLOWING BLUE, up as the energy races through his body. When it stops, he PULSATES, slightly distorting his form... then begins to grow!

WIDE - MV <GROWS>. DW & LP back away from him. MV <GROWS... and GROWS... and GROWS!!!> He's grows TEN TIMES his regular size!

MEGAVOLT

Behold! I am the new, the improved... Mega-Maximum-Mondo-Megavolt. <MANIACAL LAUGHTER>

He SMILES, evil, ADVANCING on comparatively tiny DW & LP.

MEGAVOLT

And you, duck, are toast.

DW & LP - look horrified as Mondo-Megavolt's HUGE SHADOW covers them...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II

ACT IIIEXT. POWER CO. HQ - STREET - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]

ANGLE - Mondo-Megavolt looms ominously over DW & LP, stepping closer <RESOUNDING, EARTHSHAKING FOOTSTEPS!> DW & LP are backed to a wall.

DW - seems unfazed by the new Megavolt.

DARKWING

(calmly)

It would appear, Launchpad, that our best hope would be...

A bolt of lightning <CRASHES> right next to them. DW JOLTS!

DARKWING

...a tactical retreat!

DW & LP <ZIP> O.S.

MEGAVOLT - runs, taking his huge, <EARTHSHAKING> steps, then LEAPS UP and O.S.

EXT. ST. CANARD - STREET - DAY - [COMIC BOOK]

ANGLE - STREET CORNER - DW & LP ZIP around corner, PLASTERING themselves against a BOOKSTORE WINDOW (inside, on prominent display, the DARKWING DUCK COMIC BOOK). They're winded, panting.

DARKWING

(breathless; winded)

Don't worry, Launchpad. Megavolt may have superior size, he may have superior power - but I have superior intellect!

WIDE - as Megavolt comes <CRASHING> ONTO the street nearby, his feet buckling the pavement. He immediately SHOOTS a <HUGE LIGHTNING BOLT> which OBLITERATES the mailbox next to DW & LP.

DW - considers the smouldering remains of the mailbox.

DARKWING

Then again, let's not undersell size and power...

WIDE - DW & LP take off down the street, as Mondo-Megavolt FIRES <LIGHTNING BOLTS>. The BOLTS <EXPLODE> around them, blowing up a telephone pole, a tree.

ANGLE - DW & LP dash into a (generic) building.

ANGLE - Mondo-Megavolt <BLASTS> the building with LIGHTNING.

BUILDING - goes up in a POOF OF SMOKE, smoke clearing to reveal a BURNED MATCHSTICK SUPERSTRUCTURE - tiny DW & LP hiding in a corner.

DARKWING
(tiny)

...uh oh...

UPSHOT - Mondo-Megavolt LOOMS, TOWERING, over them.

CLOSER - DW, eyes wide in panic, turns to look left, and... a CUSTARD PIE <SPLATS!> in DW's face. DW wipes the pie away, turns, and we - PULL BACK TO REVEAL - Little Running Gag standing there, hands clasped behind his back, rocking on his heels.

DARKWING
(dryly)

I was wondering what happened to you.

Running Gag turns, TODDLES O.S. DW & LP <ZOOM> O.S. in the other direction.

DW & LP - <ZIP> into street, DW throwing a manhole cover off; they duck into sewer.

DARKWING (O.S.)
(echoing)

We're safe down here, Launchpad.
He's too big to fit in.

WIDE - Mondo-Megavolt shoots a <BOLT> of white hot electricity into the open manhole. FARTHER DOWN THE STREET, another manhole cover <EXPLODES> up, DW & LP flying out - trailing smoke.

DARKWING/LAUNCHPAD

Yeeehooooo!/Aaaarrgghh!

ANGLE - DW & LP scurry down the street, <BOLTS> of LIGHTNING hitting around them, tearing up the pavement.

EXT. ST. CANARD - ALLEY - DAY

(same alley as scene 1, comic book) FOLLOW - DW as he follows a trail of pages, picking them up one at a time.

DARKWING
(grumbling)

Why can't I get a break?! This thing's due tomorrow!

DW - reaches for another page when a GUST OF WIND whips it away, sending it skyward. DW watches its ascent.

DARKWING

Even the wind's against me.

DW looks up after the page.

UPSHOT - Lighthouse silhouetted against the moonlight, the drifting page floats in an open window.

DARKWING (..S.)

...Hmmm, this place looks familiar.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

MEGAVOLT - is at typewriter as new page FLUTTERS by. He plucks it from the air - smiles, gleeful.

MEGAVOLT

At last I can tell the story the way it should've happened!

DARKWING (O.S.)

Tampering with my masterpiece, eh?

MV spins around, shocked.

MEGAVOLT

Don't you know how to knock?!?

ANGLE - DW leaps in, from windowsill.

DARKWING

Your little game is over, you revolting revisionist!

DW - stalks over to MV grabs the page MV is holding.

DARKWING

Give it back so I can finish off the scene where I finish you off.

Megavolt grabs the page back.

MEGAVOLT

Wrong! In the last scene, I'm gonna finish you off!

DW scoffs, rolling his eyes.

DARKWING
 Sorry, pal. This thing's
 reality-based - you don't stand a
 chance against me!

Megavolt smirks.

MEGAVOLT
 That's what you think, you
 hackneyed hack!

Megavolt waves toward typewriter.

MEGAVOLT
 In this edition, I'm now ten
 times bigger and more powerful!

ANGLE - DW, abashed, leaps over to typewriter..

DARKWING
 What!?! Lemme see that.

DW grabs for the sheet. MV points out the change.

MEGAVOLT
 Right there...

QUICK INSERT: EXT. ST. CANARD - STREET - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]
 STILL SHOT - MONDO-MEGAVOLT closes in on DW & LP, spitting
 sparks.

LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT
 DW - is stunned.

DARKWING
 (stunned)
 What!?! What kind of science
 fiction are you trying to write?

EXT. ST. CANARD - STREET - NIGHT - [COMIC BOOK]
 ANGLE - Mondo-Megavolt <FIRES A BOLT> at DW & LP.

DARKWING (V.O.)
 If anything, you oughta be twenty
 times SMALLER!

Mondo-Megavolt SHRINKS severely, to UNDER his normal size.

MEGAVOLT (V.O.)
 What do you think you're doing!?
 I'm bigger.

Megavolt SHOOTs back up to previous stature! He takes a step toward DW & LP.

DARKWING (V.O.)

Have it your own way. I can beat you no matter what size shoe you wear!

MONDO-MEGAVOLT - levels his lightning gun at DW & LP.

ANGLE - DW & LP cowering in FOREGROUND - when in bounces... SUPER BUNNY (the cute rabbit from earlier, now in a mask and cape, posing heroically).

DW - slumps in relief.

DARKWING

Whew! Saved by my faithful pet, Super Bunny!

DW frowns, puzzling, pondering.

DARKWING

...Wait a minute. Since when do I have a faithful pet named Super Bunny...?

DW shrugs.

ANGLE - Super Bunny HOPS up to Mondo-Megavolt, <PUNCHES> him in the foot.

ANGLE - Mondo-Megavolt looks down at tiny creature, smiles.

MEGAVOLT

It's a little early for Easter isn't it?

MV - PUNTS the bunny O.S. as though it was a fly.

DW - catches Super Bunny when the rabbit flies in from off-screen. DW holds it up by its cape.

DARKWING

Listen, Super, there's only room for one hero in this comic book and I got the job. So beat it.

DW sets the bunny down. Deflated, the bunny MOPES O.S. DW turns to LP.

DARKWING

Never send a bunny to do a duck's
job.

WIDER - MV is so angry, smaller <BOLTS OF LIGHTNING> fly off
him. He closes in on DW & LP - who back away.

ANGLE - DW & LP are being backed TOWARD A BUILDING. MV closes
in, <FIRING LIGHTNING> which they dodge. LP backs into a door,
turns, opens it.

LAUNCHPAD

In here, DW!

DW & LP - dash through the door, into...

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

ANGLE - DW & LP dash in, heads spinning as they REACT to new
surroundings.

DARKWING

Good going, Launchpad! You've...

WIDE TO REVEAL - From screen LEFT, the giant SLUG MONSTER
enters frame, <CHEWING> the background away to nothing
(WHITENESS remains where he chews.) From screen RIGHT, furious
Mondo-Megavolt enters frame, LIGHTNING POPPING from off his
body.

DARKWING

...gotten us in an even bigger
jam.

SLUG MONSTER

<GIANT CHOMPING, CHEWING SOUNDS>

DW & LP - are caught in the middle, DW's head spinning to see
the slug.

DARKWING

I've heard of chewing the
scenery, but this is ridiculous.

CLOSER - as, suddenly, two horses gallop into shot. DW turns
to LP.

DARKWING

Strange, yes... but I'm not one
to look a gift horse in the
mouth.

ANGLE - DW & LP <LEAP> onto the horses.

DARKWING
Hi-ho, Silver, away!

They take off.

PAN - as they ride between Mondo-Megavolt's legs, right out of the comic book panel. Megavolt angrily SPINS. The Slug Monster continues eating background.

MEGAVOLT
That's cheating!

EXT. WILD WEST - DAY - [COMIC BOOK]
ANGLE - DW & LP ride in on horseback.

DARKWING
Whoa, Silver!

DW & LP jump from the horse (horses gallop O.S.).

WIDE - Mondo-Megavolt STOMPS into scene, shooting <LIGHTNING BOLTS> at them. DW & LP dodge the incoming electricity.

MEGAVOLT
All right, duck! This is gonna be your final scene!

WIDE - DW & LP dance to avoid LIGHTNING ZAPS.

LAUNCHPAD
(petrified)
Looks like he's got us this time,
DW!

DW - looks firm, resolved.

DARKWING
(heroic)
Ha! I don't know the meaning of the word defeat, Launchpad!

LP - dances, too, avoiding <BOLTS>.

LAUNCHPAD
Well, it's this situation where you're pretty well beat, and...

DW - looks O.S., sees something, brightens!

DARKWING
Ah, ha!

FOLLOW - DW runs over to... the 10 FOOT COFFEE MUG. LP races up, too.

DARKWING
Just what we need right now, a
refreshing cup of coffee!

ANGLE - Mondo-Megavolt TAKES <EARTH-CRUNCHING> STEPS TOWARD CAMERA.

DW starts PUSHING at the cup, LP helping.

DARKWING
(straining)
Push, Launchpad...!

WIDER - DW & LP tilt the cup, spilling a tidal wave of coffee, just as Mondo-Megavolt arrives.

DARKWING
Taste java, battery brain.

The wave of coffee hits Mondo-Megavolt's feet - he <SHORTS> out in a spectacular <SHOWER OF SPARKS!>

MEGAVOLT
Ahhhh! I've been... percolated.

<FLYING SPARKS> FILL THE FRAME, as we...

QUICKLY DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT
MEGAVOLT - sputters sparks of frustration.

MEGAVOLT
(petulant child)
It's not fair! How come you get
to win?

MV <SLUMPS> the sparks sputter out, as DW smiles - cocky.

DARKWING
Because, villain, it's my comic
book.

DW - tucks the manuscript under his arm.

DARKWING
I'd love to chew the fat, but I'm
late for a date with comic book
immortality.

ANGLE - Pausing at door, tosses out:

DARKWING
See you in the funny papers, pal!

WIPE TO:

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - DAY

WIDE - on office. DW waits (for what he's sure will be an enthusiastic response) as the Publisher reads manuscript. Publisher finishes, sets the last page atop a stack.

PUBLISHER

Well...

DW - rises from chair, eager.

DARKWING
(eager)

Yes?

PUBLISHER - snarls at him.

PUBLISHER
(snarls)

I hate it.

DW'S - face drops.

DARKWING
(disbelieving)

No!

WIDE - Publisher grows more vehement.

PUBLISHER
Yes. I'm also repelled,
repulsed, reviled and revolted by
it.

ANGLE - DW sinks back into his chair.

PUBLISHER (CONT'D)
In addition, I loathe and abhor
it - not to mention despising and
detesting it!

DW sinks even DEEPER into the seat.

PUBLISHER (CONT'D)
(upbeat)

However...

DW - pops up out of the folds of the chair, hanging on the Publisher's last word.

DARKWING
 (hanging on the word)
 However...?

PUBLISHER - pontificating.

PUBLISHER
 ...however, I am intrigued by the
 rabbit character and plan to spin
 off a new comic book - The
 Adventures of Super Bunny!

WIDE - DW is disbelieving.

DARKWING
 (sputters)
 Bunny?! Rabbit?! Why, of all
 the...!

DW stands, straightening his cape, recovering his dignity.

DARKWING
 (recovering dignity)
 Ahem! Sir, I have only one
 response to this development.

He turns, puts fingers to mouth for a:

DARKWING
 <WHISTLES - AS IF HAILING A TAXI>

PUBLISHER - looks confused - and then a CUSTARD PIE <KERSPLATS>
 in his face.

WIDE - Little Running Gag stands by DW. DW tucks manuscript
 under one arm, starts out, Running Gag following.

DARKWING
 C'mon, Little Running Gag...

WIDE ON DOOR - as DW walks toward door, a hand on Little
 Running Gag's head.

DARKWING
 Let's see if we can sell this
 epic to Disney. Maybe they'll
 make a TV series out of it.

They depart, through door.

FADE OUT:

THE END