

DARKWING DUCK

"ADUCKYPHOBIA"

Script

(22 Minutes)

(Prod. #4308-021)

Written by

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SE:KH

WALT DISNEY PICTURES

DARKWING DUCK
"ADUCKYPHOBIA"
(Prod. #4308-021)

Cast of Characters

DARKWING DUCK - Normal at first, then with SIX ARMS. The arms are just like his normal ones, sleeves and all. When he becomes "ARACHNO-DUCK" Darkwing gets a new costume.

LAUNCHPAD
GOSALYN
HONKER

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

PROFESSOR MOLIARTY - One scene in radiation suit, the rest in his usual garb.

HENCHMOLES - All identical, all stupid. Four with giant, nail-studded, meat tenderizer-type clubs. Otherwise, the same thugs as in #4308-007. (NOTE: They wear little helmets)

HENCHMOLE #1 - At one point, he wears a radiation suit with a transparent helmet.

HENCHMOLE #2 - No lines - one pained moan. At one point, he wears a radiation suit with a transparent helmet.

HENCHMOLE #3 - One line.

WEBSTER - First a tiny spider, then grows to Honker's size. Cute. He speaks in a slow, dim-witted voice.

SNOOZING GUARD - Possible re-use. No lines; just a snore.

FIERCE DOG - Possible re-use. One bark.

BIZARRE ALIEN - No lines.

TINY SPIDER - Possible re-use from #4308-008. Different from Webster. No lines.

WEBSTER-LIKE SPIDER - Identical to Webster when he was tiny.

TERRIFIED FAN STORE CLERK - Possible re-use. No lines.

NOTE TO MR. STONES RE.: LAYOUT RE-USE

If Mr. Stones is willing to remit 20% of all funds saved on new character designs and layouts, Mr. Langdale and Mr. Hopps are willing to make minor revisions in the script allowing the entire story be played on a lifeboat, with no land in sight. And no clouds. Or waves. Just a blue background.

40% and it will all be done with a voice-over in a blackout.

60% and we don't write it at all.

DARKWING DUCK
 "ADUCKYPHOBIA"
 (Prod. # 4308-021)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of large, impersonal-looking research facility (possible re-use Communication Center #4308-009) atop a hill. A MYSTERIOUS MOUND moves toward the building, as if something were tunneling underground.

CLOSER, FAVORING GATED ENTRANCE (re-use #4308-009 or #4308-032) - A GUARD snoozes. The mound moves past him, leaving a RAISED TRAIL.

GUARD
 (COMICAL SNORE)

ON MOUND - PAN with it as the mound runs into a TREE <BONK!>. Making a semi-circle around the tree, the mound continues for a distance and then plows more forcefully into a POST <CLANK!>. It moves around the post, now with a slight drunken weave and continues OUT OF SHOT.

ON GUARD DOG (re-use #4308-013) - The mound ENTERS SHOT, staggering, and runs into the guard dog (re-use if possible), which BARKS menacingly chasing after the mound.

DOG
 (BARKS)

WIDER - The barking guard dog chases the mound which disappears under the wall of the research facility.

DOG (CONT)
 (BARKS)

The dog runs head first <THWAP> into the wall and flattens.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

PUSH IN on the mound as it enters a white sterile lab. Enlarging, it opens and TWO IDENTICAL HENCHMOLES in RADIATION SUITS leap out, one with a PICKAX and one with a SHOVEL. Brandishing these tools as weapons, their heads dart to and fro, alert for any sign of trouble. Their faces can be seen clearly through their TRANSPARENT PLASTIC HEADGEAR.

ON HENCHMOLE #1 - He looks down into the open hole.

HENCHMOLE #1
 Yoo-hoo, Professor Moliarty,
 we're in da lab!

CLOSE ON MOUND - PROFESSOR MOLIARTY climbs out. He also wears a radiation suit but carries his headgear under his arm and is wearing sunglasses.

MOLIARTY
 No thanks to you, clumsy oafs!

WIDER - Moliarty looks at the Henchmoles and shakes his head.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
 Oooo, what I wouldn't give for a
 decent Lackey!

ANGLE ON DOOR WITH A COMPLICATED-LOOKING LOCK - The door bears a large and ominous RADIATION SYMBOL (possible re-use from #4308-009). Moliarty ENTERS SHOT and swiftly measures the lock with CALIPERS, then punches away at a CALCULATOR <KLIK-TIK-KLIK>. Finally, he puts his ear to the lock like a safe-cracker.

MOLIARTY
 Ah-hah!

ON MOLIARTY - Smiling, he pulls out an enormous MALLET from behind his back and <SMASHES> the lock.

TIGHT ON LOCK - It <CRACKS>, then crumbles <TINKLE>.

ON MOLIARTY - Putting on his headgear, he opens the door. From inside, there is a STRANGE PURPLE GLOW. Basking in the glow, he walks through the door OUT OF SHOT.

MOLIARTY
 Aaahh!

INT. RADIATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Moliarty enters an industrial-looking room, followed by the awed Henchmoles carrying a METAL BOX. Moliarty points to a large stack of BRIGHTLY GLOWING PURPLE INGOTS.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
 There it is, boys. Canardium!

Moliarty watches as the Henchmoles load some GLOWING ingots into the metal box.

MOLIARTY
 The one radioactive isotope
 powerful enough to fuel my latest
 ingenious device.

ON HENCHMOLE #1 - He looks up from loading the box.

HENCHMOLE #1

Yeah, but why do we gotta wear dese sweaty suits?

LOW ANGLE ON MOLIARTY with the open door in the background.

MOLIARTY

This is powerful radiation, you nitwit!

PUSH IN on a TINY SPIDER - hereafter referred to as WEBSTER - crawling through open door and onto an untouched stack of ingots. Unseen, he begins to GLOW slightly.

MOLIARTY (CONT OS)

It could kill you... or worse!

WIDE - Moliarty takes the box of GLOWING carnardium, <SLAMS> the lid shut impatiently, and disappears through the open door.

MOLIARTY

Now, come on!

INT. RESEARCH LAB - CONTINUOUS

Carrying the metal box, Moliarty steps out of the radiation chamber followed by the two Henchmoles who quickly close door behind them.

MOLIARTY (CONT)

Soon, the surface dwellers will fear the might of Professor Moliarty!

ON MOLIARTY - He raises the metal box triumphantly above his head.

MOLIARTY

And the world will be my oyster!

DARKWING (OS)

Oysters are out of season, Moliarty!

FAST PAN TO DARKWING DUCK - Across the room. He is posed heroically. LAUNCHPAD peeks out from behind him.

LAUNCHPAD

Yeah, so maybe you'd better just clam up!

Darkwing shoots Launchpad a quick, annoyed glance.

WIDER TO INCLUDE MOLIARTY AND HIS HENCHMOLES - Moliarty points to DW and LP as the Henchmoles grab their pick and shovel.

MOLIARTY

It's that interfering duck! Get him!

ON HENCHMOLES - PAN as they leap into martial-arts poses, holding their pick and shovel like staffs.

HENCHMOLES

(in unison)

HAI-YAHH!!

ON DARKWING - He bounds OUT OF SHOT with a cry.

DARKWING

HAI-YEEE!!

ON HENCHMOLES - They look up as Darkwing comes down INTO SHOT on them. The moment he hits, A CLOUD OF DUST rises to hide the <NOISY COMBAT>. Hands, feet, mole & duck heads, shovel and pickaxe occasionally protrude from the melee.

DARKWING/HENCHMOLES

(GRUNTS AND KARATE YELLS)

WIDER - Launchpad watches, smiling smugly, until a hand reaches out and pulls him inside the <NOISY COMBAT> cloud.

DARKWING/HENCHMOLES (CONT)

(GRUNTS AND KARATE YELLS)

LAUNCHPAD

YAAAGH!

ON MOLIARTY - Up against the wall, watching the <OS MELEE>, he looks around for an escape route. Desperate, and right next to the radiation chamber door, he opens it.

MOLIARTY

Blast!

INT. RADIATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Panting, Moliarty darts in, and <SLAMS> the door, bracing his back against it.

MOLIARTY

That infernal duck always has to spoil my fun!

Suddenly, Moliarty turns to look OS, startled by:

WEBSTER (O.S.)
(HICCUP)

MOLIARTY'S POV - GLOWING, Webster, the tiny spider grows larger with each hiccup. He expands to about HONKER's size, swelling until his face FILLS THE FRAME, then STOPS GROWING AND GLOWING. He is cute and goofy, despite his eight legs and exoskeleton.

WEBSTER
(SEVERAL HICCUPS)

WIDE - Webster looks himself over and Moliarty reacts in wide-eyed panic, running straight through the closed door <CRASH>, leaving a mole shaped hole.

WEBSTER
Geez, look how big I got, huh?

MOLIARTY
YAAAHH!

INT. RESEARCH LAB - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

The lab trashed, Darkwing stands atop the two unconscious Henchmoles, posing as Launchpad takes a FLASH photo.

DARKWING
The fan club's gonna love this.

Darkwing and Launchpad react, startled, as the panicked Moliarty runs INTO SHOT, his helmet falling off in the process.

MOLIARTY
AAAH!

ON DARKWING AND MOLIARTY - Moliarty grabs a puzzled DW by the collar and points back over his shoulder at the O.S. chamber.

MOLIARTY
Radiation! Spider! Mutant!
Big-big! Yaah!

DARKWING
(dismissive)
Sure, sure.

ON CHAMBER DOOR - Curious, Webster crawls out through the mole-shaped hole.

WEBSTER
Say, what's all the screamin'
about?

WIDE - Darkwing is surprised, but not afraid. Launchpad and Moliarty are terrified.

LAUNCHPAD
ACK!! A g-giant s-s-spider!

DW shoves Moliarty into Launchpad's arms.

DARKWING
Relax! After all, it's only a
radioactive mutant spider!

ON WEBSTER - Darkwing bounds INTO SHOT, assuming an imposing martial arts stance and startling Webster.

DARKWING
Okay, Buggly! En Garde!

WEBSTER
On what?

WIDER - A startled and slightly scared Webster backs away from DW, who flamboyantly jumps, spins and whirls in the air while doing karate-type moves.

DARKWING
(KARATE YELLS)

WEBSTER
Hey! Careful, you might hurt
somebody.

WIDER TO INCLUDE WEBSTER - Darkwing backs Webster into a corner.

DARKWING
Hai-YAH! Hai-YEE! Hai-YOO!

CLOSER - Darkwing makes a quick jab, and the startled spider bites him <CHOMP> on the thumb.

DARKWING (CONT)
Hai-YOUCH!

WIDE ON SCENE - A concerned Launchpad lets go of the panicked Moliarty and rushes to Darkwing who shakes his THROBBING thumb.

LAUNCHPAD
Er, are you okay, DW?

ON DARKWING - He tries to smile through clenched teeth.

DARKWING
(pained)
Sure, it's just a little spider
bite - (PAINED GROAN).

WEBSTER (OS)
Gee, I'm real sorry, Mister.

WIDE - Webster offers a hand, in fact, several.

WEBSTER
But I thought you were gonna hurt me. Um, how 'bout we shake hands and play nice?

DARKWING
I'm through playing, you aggravating arachnid!

ON WEBSTER - Reacting defensively, Webster shoots a WEB <WHOOSH> by pursing his lips and sending it OUT OF SHOT like silly-string.

DARKWING/LAUNCHPAD (OS)
Hey!/What the...?/Stop!/Yuck!

ON DW AND LAUNCHPAD - Webbed together in a corner of the room, Launchpad and Darkwing struggle to free themselves from the webbing but with no luck.

DARKWING
(struggling)
Umph! This stuff is as strong as steel! Umph!

WIDE ON SCENE - Wide-eyed, Moliarty backs cautiously away from Webster who moves towards him.

WEBSTER
You're not goin' to try to fight me too, are you?

MOLIARTY
Me? No, no, of course not!

ON WEBSTER - Smiling, happily.

WEBSTER
You mean you'll be nice to me!

ON MOLIARTY - nodding and smiling anxiously. He backs up, into the web holding Launchpad and Darkwing.

MOLIARTY
Yes... nice... heh, heh...

WIDER TO INCLUDE DARKWING - He <PLINKS> a strand of webbing causing it to tangle Darkwing's beak, preventing him from speaking.

MOLIARTY

Hmm. Webbing strong as steel, eh?

DARKWING

Mmpht!

MOLIARTY turns TO CAMERA, suddenly smiling deviously.

MOLIARTY

Perhaps I can use this spider!

ON WEBSTER - He looks very child-like as he makes a cat's-cradle with his webbing between two hands.

MOLIARTY (OS)

But can I take advantage of someone so childlike, so innocent...

CLOSE ON MOLIARTY - He lifts his sunglasses and squints TO CAMERA.

MOLIARTY

So perfect!

WIDE - Moliarty turns to Webster and puts on his most obsequious grin.

MOLIARTY

My boy,.. how would you like a job?

Webster scratches his head with several hands.

WEBSTER

Um... do I get a cookie?

MOLIARTY

Oh, I think we can work that out!

ON DARKWING - Moliarty LEANS INTO SHOT and <TWANGS> the web that traps the struggling Darkwing, <SNAPPING> the duck in the beak.

DARKWING

(STRUGGLING GRUNTS)

MOLIARTY

And as for you, Ducky...

WIDE - Smiling, with an arm around Webster, Moliarty looks back at Darkwing and walks OUT OF SHOT. Launchpad looks puzzled.

MOLIARTY

Your problem is...you've got webbed feet!

LAUNCHPAD

Huh?

CLOSER ON LAUNCHPAD AND DARKWING - Launchpad laughs at the joke, nudging Darkwing who scowls. Launchpad's smile disappears.

LAUNCHPAD

Oh, I get it! Webbed feet. Heh, heh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MALLARD HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Launchpad is just finishing up winding a huge wad of bandages around Darkwing's thumb. DW has removed his hat and cape.

DARKWING

It's just a little teeny bite!
We didn't have to come all the way back here!

LAUNCHPAD

Better safe than sorry.

ON FRONT DOOR - GOSALYN enters, talking to HONKER, <SLAMMING> the front door.

GOSALYN

Well, if you can't build a rocket launcher, do you know anything about thermal explosives?

WIDE - GOSALYN notices Darkwing and reacts startled. Then she points to his bandaged thumb.

GOSALYN (CONT)

Oh! Er, hi, Dad. What did you try to fix this time?

TWO SHOT - Irate, Darkwing attempts to pull away from Launchpad but we see his thumb's been tied to LP's.

DARKWING

(struggling)

I was bit by a giant, mutant spider!

ON GOSALYN - Her eyes light up.

GOSALYN
Woah, way COOL!

DARKWING yanks his bandaged thumb away from Launchpad's bandaged thumb, yanking LP OUT OF SHOT <O.S. CRASH>.

DARKWING
Umph! Yeah, but I HATE it when
the bad guy gets away!!

WIDE - Darkwing <KLONKS> his head on the wall in frustration each time he says "HATE." Unnoticed by Darkwing, each time he <KLONKS> his head, a NEW ARM (complete with sleeve) <POPS> out of his side, below his normal arms.

DARKWING
I hate it, I hate it, I hate it,
I hate it!

ON LP - He TAKES amazed, his cap flies up, spins around and falls back on his head.

TWO SHOT - Gosalyn and Honker's mouths drop open, their eyes grow huge, and their feathers frizz out. Gosalyn points at DW.

GOSALYN
D-dad! Y-y-you--

ON DARKWING - He waves a hand dismissively.

DARKWING
I know what you're going to ask:
how could anyone escape from the
dynamically dexterous Darkwing
Duck?

He holds up a hand, palm up.

DARKWING (CONT)
Well, on the one hand---Professor
Moliarty got hold of some
dangerous stuff - canardium!

WIDER - The others exchange stunned looks as Darkwing holds up another hand without lowering the first.

DARKWING (CONT)
And, on the other hand, that
malevolent mole filled in his
tunnel behind him!

ON DARKWING - He holds up a third hand, along with the previous two.

DARKWING (CONT)
And on the other hand, we don't
know wha...wha...

He freezes, looking over all three hands very carefully. PULL BACK as he looks at all six hands. They wave at him.

DARKWING (CONT)
...other hand?!

CLOSER - Darkwing's eyes grow large and his pupils shrink. His speck-like pupils dart around madly, then look AT CAMERA. He takes out a pitch whistle, <BLOWS> it, then clears his throat.

DARKWING
Ahem!

PUSH IN as he opens his mouth impossibly wide and screams.

DARKWING
(SCREAM!)

<<

EXT. CITY OF ST. CANARD - CONTINUOUS/MORNING
WIDE SHOT OF CITY.

DARKWING (OS)
(quieter)
(SCREAM!)

EXT. CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA - CONTINUOUS
WIDE SHOT OF ENTIRE CONTINENT.

DARKWING (OS)
(quieter still)
(SCREAM!)

EXT. EARTH - CONTINUOUS
SHOT OF EARTH FROM SPACE.

DARKWING (OS)
(even quieter)
(SCREAM!)

EXT. SATURNIAN LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS
STEREOTYPICAL SCI-FI HORIZON, with rings in sky.

DARKWING (OS)
(extremely faint,
echoing)
(SCREAM!)

A BIZARRE ALIEN stands up into frame, looking puzzled, and cups a 'hand' to its 'ear.'

>>

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DARKWING TOWER - MORNING
PUSH IN ON TOWER.

GOSALYN (OS)
Lemme get this straight...

INT. DARKWING TOWER - CONTINUOUS
CLOSE ON HONKER - In front of a stack of open reference books, he pulls another book from his back pack and hurriedly flips through it.

GOSALYN (CONT OS)
You got bit by a radioactive spider as big as me.

PAN TO LAUNCHPAD - Using a HAND-CRANKED WINCH, bolted to the floor, to raise up the Thunderquack <CRANK, CRANK>.

GOSALYN (CONT OS)
And you didn't even stop to put disinfectant on it?!

CLOSE ON GOSALYN - She throws her arms up over her head.

GOSALYN (CONT)
No fair! You'd have me in the emergency ward faster'n you could say 'rabies!'

<<

ON DARKWING - Sitting, vexed. His six arms each point a scolding finger. (NOTE: The upper two arms are his normal ones, the lower four are the new ones.)

DARKWING
Look, I'm the Dad - I'm supposed to do the lecturing!

>>

WIDE ON SCENE - Launchpad finishes winching <CRANK, CRANK> up the Thunderquack and motions toward Honker surrounded by books.

LAUNCHPAD
Er, DW, before Honker finds a cure, could you give me a hand?

WIDER TO INCLUDE DARKWING - Launchpad looks over at DW and chuckles.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT)

Or maybe two or three? (CHUCKLE)

ON DARKWING - Annoyed, he is about to speak when two of his new arms grab his neck and begin choking him. His tongue sticks straight out.

DARKWING

Gaaak! I...I can't control...

WIDER - Darkwing finally yanks the hands from his neck with his normal arms.

DARKWING

Will you stop it?!

ON HONKER - He stops <FLIPPING> through his book and looks up.

WIDER TO INCLUDE DARKWING - Darkwing looks at Honker.

DARKWING

Not you!

His arms all point at one another.

DARKWING

These!

ON DARKWING - One of the arms twiddles his 'lips,' making him sound like he's underwater.

DARKWING

(Twiddled 'lips')

It's as if they had minds of their own!

He <SLAPS> away the twiddling hand with one of his normal hands.

HONKER (OS)

Um... ah... Mr. Mallard?

ON HONKER - He points a finger at an open page.

HONKER (CONT)

I, er, um, think I found something.

Darkwing <ZIPS> INTO SHOT, begging for information. All six hands are clasped in entreaty.

DARKWING

What? What? What?!

CLOSE ON HONKER - He looks away, shyly.

HONKER

Well, I er, that is, um, you
see...

DARKWING gestures frantically with his six arms.

DARKWING

HONKER! OUT WITH IT!!

ON HONKER - He takes a deep breath and then rapidly blurts out his info.

HONKER

(DEEP BREATH) You need the venom
from another spider to make the
antidote.

DARKWING <CLAPS> his many hands and rubs them.

DARKWING

Great! Quick, grab a spider and
get to work!

GOSALYN (OS)

We can't grab any ol' spider.

ON GOSALYN - She points to Honker's open book.

GOSALYN (CONT)

It's got to be the exact same
kind as the one that bit you!

ON DARKWING - He throws all six of his hands in the air.

DARKWING

So? How hard can that be?

Darkwing turns to go, only to be held back by one of his errant arms, which clutches the winch.

DARKWING

Let's go...whoa!

WIDE - Darkwing struggles to pull his arm off the winch but to no avail.

DARKWING

(struggling)

Hey! Umph! Leggo! Umph!

Suddenly, there's an obnoxious <O.S. CLAXON>, and an O.S. RED FLASHING LIGHT. Startled, everyone turns to look O.S.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN - As the screen STOPS FLASHING RED and the <CLAXON> STOPS sounding, a map of St. Canard appears, with a flashing red dot.

DARKWING (OS)

Uh-oh!

ON DARKWING - He points to the computer screen with one hand.

DARKWING (CONT)

Trouble at the mall!

WIDER TO INCLUDE LAUNCHPAD - Darkwing points to Launchpad with a second hand.

DARKWING (CONT)

It looks like my trusty sidekick...

WIDER - Darkwing points to Honker and Gosalyn with a third and a fourth hand.

DARKWING (CONT)

...will have to go with you two to identify the spider.

ON DARKWING - He points to himself with his fifth hand while still struggling to loosen his sixth's hand's grip on the winch.

DARKWING (CONT)

(struggling)

While I - umph! - hasten to the mall - ungh! - to thwart evil!

CLOSER - Putting his feet against the winch for more leverage, Darkwing strains to pull his hand free of the winch.

DARKWING (CONT)

(struggling)

Umph! And, uh, maybe buy some more gloves!

WIDE - Gosalyn motions to Darkwing's arms as he struggles.

GOSALYN

Are you crazy?! We've got to get you back to normal first!

DARKWING

(struggling)

Sorry, but - umph - crime waits for no duck, Gosalyn!

ON DARKWING - Still furiously trying to loosen the arm's grasp on the winch.

DARKWING
(struggling)
I can't let a little thing like -
umph - extra limbs stop me from -
umph - vanquishing villains!

WIDER - Darkwing tries to walk off, but the arm still holds tight, jerking him back. Fed up, he screams at the arm.

DARKWING
Oomph! Let... go!

CLOSE ON DARKWING - The arm lets go of the winch, spreading its fingers wide. Darkwing smiles.

ON WINCH - The handle spins freely <WHIR>.

ON DARKWING - The smile gone, he looks up O.S. in alarm.

DARKWING
Uh-oh.

Reaching behind his back, he quickly puts on a CONSTRUCTION HELMET and braces in anticipation.

WIDER - The Thunderquack drops INTO SHOT <CRASH!> on DW (CAMERA SHAKE).

CLOCK-WIPE TO:

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INT. MALLARD ATTIC - DAY

Covered in COBWEBS and looking tired, displeased, and somewhat nauseous; Launchpad holds out a TINY SPIDER. It doesn't look much like Webster. It's rather gruesome looking.

LAUNCHPAD
Ugh... okay, spider number one
hundred and fourteen...

WIDE - Honker measures the spider with CALIPERS, then turns to peer into a BOOK that Gosalyn holds open.

LAUNCHPAD
Well? Does this one match?

Honker looks up and SHAKES HIS HEAD, disappointed.

ON GOSALYN - Frustrated, Gosalyn <SLAMS> the book shut, almost smashing the spider.

GOSALYN

Honker, are you sure the antidote has to come from a spider exactly like the one that bit my dad?

CLOSE ON HONKER - he nods a woeful yes.

WIDE ON SCENE - Launchpad, sighs, wiping cobwebs from his body.

LAUNCHPAD

(SIGH) I was afraid he wouldn't say that.

SPIDER-WIPE TO:

>>

EXT. ST. CANARD MALL - DAY

ESTABLISHING - front of mall (re-use layout from 4308-006).

WEBSTER (OS)

Um, Professor, Professor...

INT. ST. CANARD MALL - CONTINUOUS

PUSH IN on front of FAN STORE. Fans in the window (where possible, re-use mall interiors from #4308-023).

WEBSTER (OS)

Are you sure taking all these fan blades is a nice thing to do?

INT. FAN STORE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A PANIC-STRICKEN CLERK (possible re-use), webbed up behind the counter. Only his eyes move as we PULL BACK to reveal MANY FANS, all with their BLADES REMOVED.

WEBSTER (CONT OS)

I mean, it don't seem so nice.

PULL BACK further to show Moliarty directing Webster and two Henchmoles, who are throwing fan blades <CLANK> into a large, SACK made of WEBBING. The moles all wear SUNGLASSES. Moliarty smiles sweetly at Webster.

MOLIARTY

Of course it's nice! Now, hurry up!!

ON MOLIARTY AND HENCHMOLE #1 - Moliarty grabs Henchmole #1 by the collar, his smile disappearing instantly.

MOLIARTY

(sotto)

All this 'NICENESS' is driving me crazy! If I didn't need this pacifist pest's super-strong webbing for my plan, I'd...

Moliarty turns his eyes skyward and begins to WRING THE HENCHMOLE'S NECK unconsciously.

HENCHMOLE #1

(CHOKE)

WIDER - Webster pokes his head INTO SHOT in the background and taps Moliarty on the shoulder. Surprised, Moliarty lets go of Henchmole #1, who falls to the floor with a <THUD>.

MOLIARTY

Huh?!

WEBSTER

Um, when we finish can we have some chokit cake? Huh? Can we, can we, huh?

ON HENCHMOLE #1 - Holding his throat, he looks up, eagerly.

HENCHMOLE #1

(COUGH) Yeah! Us too, boss!

WIDE - Moliarty angrily spins to face Webster.

MOLIARTY

Now, listen here, you...

Suddenly, a FAN BLADE <THWOCKS> INTO SHOT and into the wall between Moliarty and Webster; like an arrow in a bad western. They both turn and look O.S., stunned to:

DARKWING (OS)

Aw, come on, Professor, let them eat cake!

WHIP PAN ACROSS ROOM TO DW - He has his cape wrapped around himself, Dracula-like. He look towards a nearby pile of fan blade.

DARKWING

Fan-blades, eh?! Well, it'll be chilly enough where you're going...

CLOSE ON DARKWING - Striking a menacing pose, he <FLAPS> his cape wide open. We only see his top two arms.

DARKWING
...the cooler!

ON MOLES AND SPIDER - they gasp, wide-eyed at the OS Darkwing.

MOLES & WEBSTER
(in unison)
(GASP)

ON DARKWING - He looks down and discovers he's revealed his extra arms. He quickly closes the cape, embarrassed. The arms strain at it, causing it to billow oddly.

DARKWING
Whoops!

CLOSE ON MOLIARTY - Shocked, he lifts his sunglasses and rubs his eyes.

MOLIARTY
I'll never get used to this surface-world light! For a second it looked like he had six arms!

BACK TO DARKWING - His arms free themselves of the cape. Two of the new arms start choking him again.

DARKWING
Woah! Down boys! URK!

Darkwing <SLAPS> at the arms and they let go of his throat.

ON MOLES AND SPIDER - They take in amazement. The Henchmoles point, incredulous.

HENCHMOLE #1
He does have six arms!

<<
ON DARKWING - He puts all his hands on his hips, indignant.

DARKWING
So, I've got a few extra arms!
What's the big deal?

WIDE - Moliarty motions the two Henchmoles toward Darkwing. >>

MOLIARTY
This is just another one of his lame duck tricks! Now, get him!

ON DARKWING - He strikes a karate stance with all six arms as the two Henchmoles ENTER SHOT and freeze.

DARKWING

Hi-yah! Prepare to be pummeled!

CLOSE ON HENCHMOLES - They back away, afraid.

ON DARKWING - His new hands begin <PUNCHING> him in the face.

DARKWING

Argh! Oof! Ouch! Gak! Eep!

ON HENCHMOLES - They look at each other and grin, moving toward Darkwing, their confidence renewed.

BACK TO DARKWING - He struggles to restrain his four new hands with his two normal hands.

DARKWING

(struggling)

Er,.. umph - gotta go now!

WIDE - Darkwing runs out of the store, <PUNCHING> himself.

DARKWING

Argh! Oof! Ouch! Gak! Eep!

<<

INT. MALL/EXT. FAN STORE - CONTINUOUS/DAY

Chased by the two Henchmoles, Darkwing - still being choked by four of his hands - stops alongside a trashcan.

DARKWING

(CHOKE)

ON DARKWING - With his normal/upper two hands, he grabs the trashcan and <SLAMS> it down over Henchmole #2 just as he runs INTO SHOT, so that the mole's head sticks out the bottom.

HENCHMOLE #2

(PAINED MOAN)

CLOSE ON DARKWING - As soon as he's done this, one of his lower arms pulls a LARGE HAMMER out from behind his back and starts <POUNDING> on his FOOT with it.

DARKWING

Hey! Ow! Cut it out! Stop!

WIDER - Darkwing dances around, trying to grab the hammer with his normal arms as it <WHAPS> at his feet.

DARKWING (CONT)

Gimme that! Why, I oughta! Ow!

ON HENCHMOLE #1 - Holding a LARGE POTTED PLANT over his head, he smiles as Darkwing dances <WHAP, WHAP> INTO SHOT.

DARKWING (CONT)

Ooo! Will you quit? Yeouch!

HENCHMOLE #1

Adios, Darkwing Dodo!

Darkwing's hammer-wielding arm daintily pops the surprised mole <GONG!> on his helmeted head.

CLOSE ON MOLE - The mole puts his hands over his face, releasing the (O.S.) potted plant.

HENCHMOLE #1

Oook!

WIDER TO REVEAL - The plant, HANGING ABOVE HIS HEAD - defying gravity - just long enough for the Mole's eyes to peek out from between spread fingers and stare straight AT CAMERA.

HENCHMOLE #1

Mistake!

The plant FALLS, flattening the Henchmole's head <WHAMMO!>.

WIDER TO INCLUDE DARKWING - The Henchmole goes goony-eyed, grinning, tongue sticking out. He slowly starts to sway <CREAK>, then abruptly TOPPLES floor <WHAM!>. The plant slowly rolls O.S. and Darkwing turns to his arm and hammer.

DARKWING

Uh... thanks!

ON ARM - It <TWIRLS> the hammer like a six-shooter.

WIDE ON DARKWING - He looks at all of his arms.

DARKWING

So, can we cooperate now, guys?

One hand makes the "O.K." sign, forming a circle with the thumb and index finger; then another makes a "thumbs up" gesture; and a third makes the "V" peace-sign.

DARKWING

Good! Now, let's mangle that maniacal mole!

CLOSE ON DARKWING - He looks around, scratching his head with one hand and rubbing his chin with another.

DARKWING (CONT)

Hmm...Which way did he go?

WIDE - Darkwing's arms point in six different directions and he rolls his eyes upward as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

>>

INT. MALL - DAY

CLOSE ON FLOOR - PAN ALONG a line of ICE CREAM CONES, half-eaten COOKIES, empty SODA CANS, and an occasional FAN BLADE.

DARKWING (OS)

Up against a mole with an attitude and a spider with an appetite, Darkwing Duck - that multi-talented...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL DARKWING - Holding three magnifying glasses in three hands while using his other hands to pick up and examine the aforementioned debris. He <TROMPS> along, his face about two inches from the ground.

DARKWING (CONT)

And now multi-armed...master of mystery - searches for a hole in the armor of his enemies' elusive enterprise.

UPSHOT ON DARKWING - Peering down O.S. through the three magnifying glasses, his face comically distorted.

DARKWING (CONT)

And he finds it!

WIDER - Darkwing stands at the edge of a mole-hole.

DARKWING

The hole, that is!

He holds his beak and jumps in butt-first, one index finger raised, the way someone who hates water might jump into a pool.

DARKWING

(nasal)

Onward and downward!

INT. CAVERNOUS AREA (RE-USE FROM #4308-007) - CONTINUOUS/DAY

It's dark. Darkwing tumbles out of a hole in the upper part of the cavern and lands on the ground with a <THUMP!>, rolling OUT OF SHOT.

DARKWING (PARTIAL OS)

Oof! Eeech! Yeouch! Yaaa!

ON DARKWING - He <ROLLS> to his feet and TEETERS back and forth over the edge of a LARGE HOLE IN THE FLOOR, flailing with all six arms to keep his balance and not fall in.

DARKWING

Oopsie!

He regains his balance, just in time to hear:

MOLIARTY (OS)

Ah, Darkwing Dweeb!

POV DW - FAST TRUCK IN ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER. Webster has an ICE CREAM CONE in one hand, a COOKIE in another, a SODA in a third, and holds a SACK OF FAN BLADES with a fourth.

MOLIARTY (CONT)

My, my, aren't we the lucky ducky?

ON MOLIARTY - He grabs the sack of fans and <WHIRLS> it over his head threateningly.

MOLIARTY

Up until now, that is!

WIDER - Darkwing strikes a karate pose with all six arms as Moliarty continues to <WHIRL> his sack of fans.

DARKWING

Enough, you felonious fiend!

In a flurry of arms, Darkwing attacks Moliarty <BIFF! SMACKO!>, kicking up a huge CLOUD OF DUST into which they disappear.

DARKWING/MOLIARTY (O.S.)

Hai-yah!/Oof!/Aargh!/Take that!

ON WEBSTER - His many hands held to his mouth nervously, he watches as the CLOUD OF DUST passes THROUGH SHOT - arms and legs flailing in and out <BIFF! SMACKO!>

DARKWING/MOLIARTY (CONT O.S.)

(ASSORTED FIGHT SOUNDS)

ON DUST CLOUD - The <FIGHTING> stops and the dust clears, revealing Moliarty unscathed and Darkwing tangled in his own arms.

DARKWING

(losing enthusiasm)
And that...and that...and...

ON DARKWING - He looks down at his dilemma. It's as if he were wearing a straight-jacket from which only his feet, head and one hand protrude. He struggles, but to no avail.

DARKWING (CONT)

(struggling)

Oh, come on guys, I thought we were going to cooperate!

WIDER TO INCLUDE MOLIARTY - He smiles menacingly, stepping closer to Darkwing, his clawlike hands grasping.

MOLIARTY

Is the poor, sweet ducky stuck?
Here, let me UNTANGLE YOU!!

ON MOLIARTY - His delight is interrupted by Webster putting a few hands on his shoulder.

WEBSTER

You're not going to hurt him are you?

MOLIARTY

(angry)

Of course, I'm going to...

TWO SHOT - Restraining himself, Moliarty smiles at Webster, patting him on the head before turning the spider around and giving him a friendly yet forceful shove OUT OF SHOT.

MOLIARTY (CONT)

(calm)

Not hurt him. Now, why don't you run along?

WIDE - Moliarty turns back to DW and - with a malevolent sneer - <PUNTS> the still-tangled mallard OUT OF SHOT.

MOLIARTY (CONT)

While I show our little feathered friend the way out! Umph!

ON DEEP DARK HOLE - Darkwing flies INTO SHOT and <FWOOPS> disappears right into it.

DARKWING

Yaaaaa....!

INT. DARK CAVERN (RE-USE #4308-007) - CONTINUOUS/DAY

It may be day, but it's dark down here. The cavern walls and a hole - high above - are faintly visible. Darkwing falls out of the hole INTO SHOT, and bounces a few times <BASKETBALL BOINGS> before coming to rest.

CLOSE ON DARKWING - Still tangled in his arms, he squints around the dark cavern.

DARKWING

I like dark as well as the next
duck but this is going too far!

With his one free hand, he LIGHTS a match <WHOOSH>. PULL BACK as the dim light REVEALS that he's surrounded by FOUR IDENTICAL HENCHMOLES, wielding GIGANTIC NAIL-STUDED CLUBS. Darkwing's beak twitches slightly. One of the moles leans down and daintily BLOWS OUT the match <POOF>. THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

DARKWING (O.S.)
(tiny voice)

...yike!

FADE OUT
UNNECESSARY

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DARK CAVERN - CONTINUOUS/DAY

It is dark. The four moles are dimly visible. They are in a huddled around something on the ground, their backs to CAMERA.

HENCHMOLE #3

Dat oughta teach Darkwing Duck ta
mess wit Professor Moliarty!

WIDER - The other moles grunt agreement as they all move OUT OF SHOT, carrying their broken and battered nail-studded clubs.

MOLES

(in unison)

(GRUNTS OF AGREEMENT)

PUSH IN on Darkwing's battered hat lying on the ground. Six arms stick out from it, like a giant starfish. Slowly, the arms raise the hat up. A foot pops <POIT> out from underneath, then another <POIT>.

WIDER - The hat staggers around a bit, then - with great deliberation - all six hands grab the hat and start straining to pull upward. With an enormous <SUCTION CUP POP>, the hat pulls free, revealing Darkwing's bruised head and accordion-like <ROIINNG> torso.

DARKWING

(STRAINING GRUNT)

DARKWING looks angrily at his six hands as he accordions <ROIIIINNG> up and down.

DARKWING

That does it! No arms of mine
are gonna make a monkey outta
Darkwing Duck.

CLOSER - One of the arms quickly reaches OUT OF SHOT and then pulls a BANANA back INTO SHOT, sticking it in DW's mouth <POP>. He <SPITS> it out angrily.

DARKWING

(SPIT) Very funny!

WEB WIPE TO:

INT. SEWER - EVENING

Eyes darting about, nervously, Launchpad leads Gosalyn and Honker as they walk down a creepy sewer tunnel. We hear creepy, imagination-stimulating <SCRABBLING NOISES>.

GOSALYN

I hope that guy at the pet store was right about lotsa spiders being in here.

CLOSER ON LP - Still walking, he turns back nervously to Gosalyn and Honker following him in the background.

LAUNCHPAD

M-m-me too!

ON LARGE SPIDER WEB - LP walks INTO SHOT and right into the WEB, getting tangled. Screaming, he drops his light.

LAUNCHPAD

(SHORT SCREAM)

WIDE - Struggling in the webbing, a panicked Launchpad points O.S. as the kids try to untangle him.

LAUNCHPAD

L-L-LOOK!!

FAST PAN over to wall of sewer. We see the HUGE SHADOW of a spider the size of a house!

GOSALYN (O.S.)

(SHORT SCREAM) A giant spider!

BACK TO LAUNCHPAD AND KIDS - Wide-eyed with fear, Gosalyn and LP look up at the O.S. shadow.

GOSALYN (CONT)

I-I promise I'll never step on a spider again. Ever. Honest.

HONKER tugs on Gosalyn's sleeve and points down O.S.

ON SHADOW - QUICK PAN DOWN from the shadow to its source, a WEBSTER-LIKE SPIDER right in front of Launchpad's dropped flashlight.

GOSALYN (OS)

(UGH!) A spider - squish it!

WIDE - Pulling free from the webbing, Launchpad points down at the tiny spider.

LAUNCHPAD
 Hey, it looks like the little
 spider that bit DW!

ON LAUNCHPAD - He takes TO CAMERA.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT)
EXACTLY like it!

WIDER - They turn to face each other, stunned, then spin and
 point at the Spider.

LAUNCHPAD/GOSALYN/HONKER
 GET HIM!!

CLOSE ON SPIDER - Its eyes get bigger than its body and we...

WEB-WIPE TO:

EXT. DARKWING TOWER - DAY
 PUSH IN ON TOWER as we hear:

DARKWING (OS)
 Number three-umph! Number four-
 umph!

INT. DARKWING TOWER - CONTINUOUS/DAY
 TIGHT ON PUNCHING BAG - We hear the O.S. Darkwing call out a
 number before each fist comes INTO SHOT and <THWOPS> the bag.

DARKWING (CONT OS)
 Number five-umph! Number six-
 umph!

WIDER - Darkwing's lower arms assail the bag <THWOP, THWOP>,
 while his upper, normal arms are crossed.

DARKWING (CONT)
 Number three-umph! Number four-
 umph!

He smiles triumphantly TO CAMERA.

DARKWING
 Not bad, and all it took was a
 little Darkwing discipline!

ON LAB TABLE (re-use from #4308-002) - Upon the table are a
 TOWEL and a BOTTLE OF MINERAL WATER. DW walks INTO SHOT.

DARKWING
 Number Three, towel!

The hand so designated GRABS the towel off the counter and WIPES DW's face.

DARKWING
Number Six, mineral water!

Number Six PICKS UP the bottle and POURS it on him <SPLOOSH!>.

DARKWING
GAK! Number Six, you fumble-
fingers!

CLOSE ON DARKWING - Soaked, he takes TO CAMERA, embarrassed.

DARKWING
Heh, heh,.. still a few bugs to
work out.

WIDER - Number Six GRABS one of the table's drawers, jerking Darkwing down as it OPENS the drawer.

DARKWING
Number Six?!

ON DRAWER - As Darkwing tries to restrain it, the arm RUMMAGES THROUGH the drawer, TOSSING assorted items OUT OF SHOT <OS CLANG, BING, BANG>; a BLENDER, a FRENCH HORN, an ANVIL, a CAT... Finally, Number Six holds up:

DARKWING
A Geiger counter?! Number Six,
what do I want with a...

WIDER ON DARKWING - He pauses in mid-thought and brightens.

DARKWING
Of course! What better way to
track a radioactive, mutant
spider!

With Darkwing smiling, Number Six and an upper arm shake hands.

DARKWING (CONT)
Number Six - you're Number One!

LIGHTNING WIPE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON DW'S FEET (re-use) - PAN as they creep across a ROOF TOP (also re-use if possible).

DARKWING (OS)
 The Malignant Mark of the
 Miscreant Mole Menace lies across
 the city like a shadow.

PULL BACK so that more of the building below Darkwing is visible, but we still only see his feet.

DARKWING (CONT)(O.S.)
 And only one superhero has what
 it takes to stop him... only one
 crimefighter is, er, handy
 enough.

PAN DOWN - To the Ratcatcher, parked next to the building, with the Geiger counter tied to the front of it.

DARKWING (CONT OS)
 Who is this champion of justice?
 No, not Darkwing Duck! He's...

Darkwing leaps down INTO SHOT alongside the Ratcatcher. He wears a NEW COSTUME: red and black with a white-eyed cowl; capeless, with spider designs on the chest and head.

DARKWING (CONT)
 ...ARACHNO-DUCK!!

CLOSER - He poses heroically and ADDRESSES CAMERA.

DARKWING (CONT)
 You heard right... Arachno-Duck!

NEW ANGLE, WIDER - He leaps onto the Ratcatcher and starts it. The engine <REVS>.

DARKWING
 (shouts)
 Number Five, helmet!

CLOSER - Arm Number Five grabs DW's helmet and puts it on his head <THWOP>.

DARKWING
 (shouts)
 Number Six, gear shift!

WIDER - Number Six reaches down O.S. and shifts <KAH-CHUNK!> - but into reverse. Darkwing BLURS <RRRRR> backwards OUT OF SHOT. There's a loud <OS CRASH>, followed by an angry and frustrated:

DARKWING (OS)
 Number Six!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY STREET - DAY

ON DARKWING - <RACING> along in the Ratcatcher. Number Six points excitedly to the loudly <CLICKING> Geiger counter.

DARKWING

Yes, Number Six, it appears that we are closing in on that radioactive rabble rouser!

WIDER - Rounding a corner <SQUEAL>, DW finds himself racing toward a huge pile-up of cars, trucks and buses.

DARKWING

Yaaaaaa...!

PAN WITH DARKWING as he swerves <SKREE!>, <SKIDS>, spins, and hits the back of a streamlined sportscar <WHUMP>, which launches him into the air like a ramp <WHOOSH> and OUT OF SHOT.

CLOSE ON DARKWING - All his hands cover his eyes in fear.

DARKWING (O.S.)

Whooooaa...!

ON GIANT WEB - Strung between TWO TALL BUILDINGS, the web stops the Ratcatcher and Darkwing as they fly INTO SHOT <THWAP>.

DARKWING (CONT)

Ooof!

CLOSER - Stuck between cycle and web, Darkwing looks around as he struggles to get loose.

DARKWING

(struggling)

Hmmm... A giant web?! This could be a clue!

PAN WEB TO SHOW several small propeller planes stuck in the super strong webbing.

DARKWING (OS)

Ah-ha! A plethora of planes with their propellers purloined!

ON DARKWING - He counts the following off on his fingers.

DARKWING

First canardium, then fan blades, and, now, propellers!

One of his hands <TAPS> him on the head.

DARKWING
Yes, Number Six?

NUMBER SIX points up, frantically. Darkwing looks up and cringes.

DARKWING
Uh-oh.

POV DARKWING - In the distance, a HELICOPTER (may re-use from 4308-016) flies TOWARD CAMERA <WHUPPA-WHUPPA-WHUPPA!> (NOTE: helicopter sounds continue until further notice).

CLOSER ON HELICOPTER - Through the windshield we see that Moliarty is the pilot. Webster sits next to him.

WIDE - The helicopter <WHUPPA-WHUPPA!> swerves toward Darkwing.

ON DW - He manages to squeeze out from between bike and web just as the helicopter SWINGS INTO SHOT in the foreground.

DARKWING
(STRUGGLING GRUNTS)

WIDE - Darkwing tries to leap out of the 'copter's path, but one arm won't let go. He <POUNDS> on the arm.

DARKWING
Umph-umph! Number Six! Let go!

CLOSER - He is sweating profusely as the 'copter approaches.

DARKWING (CONT)
(Frantic)
Number Six!! Let go of the...

He splutters as WEBBING shoots out of his mouth and all over his hands.

DARKWING
...wwlpfft! (RASPBERRY NOISE)

DARKWING looks down at the webbing - which looks like silly string (and not puke) - in his hands.

DARKWING
Now, what? Webbing?! Just what I need!

Abruptly, the helicopter's <OS WHUPPA-WHUPPA> gets much louder and Darkwing looks up in alarm to see...

POV DARKWING - The helicopter heading straight TOWARD CAMERA.

BACK TO DARKWING - His eyes bug.

DARKWING
YAAAAAAA! This is...

Webbing shoots from his mouth OUT OF SHOT.

DARKWING (CONT)
...wmmphht! (RASPBERRY)

WIDE ON HELICOPTER - The webbing flies INTO SHOT, hitting its blades, and stopping them <WHUPPA-WHUPPA-GLUG-CHUG-KLUNK!>. The helicopter remains suspended for A BEAT, then falls <ZIP> abruptly OUT OF SHOT, leaving a <PUFF> of smoke <OS CRASH!>.

CLOSE ON DARKWING - He <SLAPS> all his hands over his mouth in shock. He removes his hands, and tentatively purses his beak. He starts pulling out a continuous strand of string-like webbing with his fingers, and TAKES TO CAMERA, impressed.

DARKWING
(RASPBERRY)

WIDE ON HELICOPTER - It's on the pile of cars, a little bent. Moliarty and Webster are frantically tearing webbing from the blades.

MOLIARTY/WEBSTER
(GRUNTS OF EXERTION)

Moliarty and Webster react surprised as Darkwing <SWOOPS> down INTO SHOT on a strand of web.

DARKWING
Ah-HAH!

ON DARKWING - He draws his gas-gun from behind his back, aiming it at the O.S. duo.

ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER - They quickly put all their hands up.

BACK TO DARKWING - He looks down at his gas gun, laughs cockily, and puts the gun away.

DARKWING
Ha! I don't need this to take care of the likes of you!

WIDE - Moliarty and Webster exchange puzzled looks as Darkwing puts all his hands on his hips, striking a bold pose.

DARKWING (CONT)
I am... Arachno-Duck!!

CLOSE ON DARKWING - He takes a deep breath, tilts his head back, purses his beak, and blows big time. His eyes bulge wide as his head jerks around, spewing webbing wildly up OUT OF SHOT.

DARKWING
(BIG INHALE) (LONG RASPBERRY)

ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER - They exchange puzzled looks.

BACK TO CLOSE ON DARKWING - Exhausted, he stops spewing webbing and shakes his head and looks down.

DARKWING
(SPUTTERING OUT RASPBERRY) (HEAD
SHAKING LIP SPUTTER)

PULL BACK to reveal that Darkwing is tangled from the neck down in webbing.

DARKWING
Rats...

WIDER TO INCLUDE MOLIARTY - He looks at Darkwing who struggles in the webbing.

MOLIARTY
I'm sure there's a fascinating
explanation for all of this.

ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER - Moliarty turns to Webster and shoves him into the damaged helicopter.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
But we've got a plane to catch!
In fact, we've got several planes
to catch!

WIDE ON HELICOPTER - It starts up somewhat unsteadily <COUGH-WHUPPA-COUGH!> and takes off, EXITING SHOT.

<< ON DARKWING - He looks up at the OS <WHUPPA> helicopter until an arm taps him on the shoulder.

CLOSER - Darkwing looks to the arm which holds something out to him.

DARKWING
No, I don't want any gum, Number
Six!

WEB WIPE TO:

INT. MOLIARTY'S CAVERN - EVENING

Two Henchmoles are up on scaffolding, working on what looks like a GIANT FORK with too many tines. All the fan blades and propellers are mounted on it.

MOLIARTY (OS)

At last, my Wind-O-Matic is complete!

PAN DOWN TO CANARDIUM GENERATOR - It's a big, blocky thing with two giant TESLA COILS on top and a DOOR in the side.

MOLIARTY (CONT OS)

The canardium generator will power the blades and propellers creating a wind so powerful...

CONTINUE TO PAN TO MOLIARTY - He is at his PODIUM. It has a row of FOOT-LONG LEVERS along its top. (NOTE: The Wind-O-Matic, the podium and the generator are all on the CIRCULAR ELEVATOR in the middle of the cavern. The Wind-O-Matic is right IN THE CENTER. Its blades and propellers point AWAY from the generator and the podium.)

MOLIARTY (CONT)

It will wipe every surface dweller OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!!!

ON MOLIARTY - He rubs his hands together excitedly.

MOLIARTY

Only those who live underground will survive!

ON WEBSTER - He ENTERS, playing catch with a baseball (he wears a glove on one hand), spinning a yo-yo, and dragging a kite.

WEBSTER

Hiya, Professor!! Wanna teach me how to fly a kite?

WIDER TO INCLUDE MOLIARTY - Absorbed in his gloating, he winces at the sound of Webster's voice.

MOLIARTY

Leave me alone, you brainless, infantile, little...

ON MOLIARTY - Realizing he's lost his temper, Moliarty <SLAPS> a hand to his mouth. He rubs his face, <STRETCHING> it, then lets go. It <SNAPS> back <BOING!>.

TWO SHOT - Smiling sweetly, Moliarty takes a lollipop from his pocket, hands it to Webster, then waves him away.

MOLIARTY

(sweetly)

Look, have a lolly! We'll play later.

Moliarty reacts, startled to:

DARKWING (OS)

But I want to play now!

WHIP PAN to Darkwing, still dressed as Arachno-Duck. He tosses the Geiger counter aside.

DARKWING

That's right, it's me... Arachno Duck! Ready to make your skin crawl!

CLOSE ON MOLIARTY - He stomps his foot.

MOLIARTY

Curses!

ON DARKWING - He points several accusing fingers at Moliarty.

DARKWING

Okay, bub! Eat web!

CLOSE - DW inhales and purses his beak, BLOWS but nothing happens. Frantically, he blows several more times, still nothing.

DARKWING

(DEEP INHALE) (BIG BLOW/SEVERAL FRANTIC BLOWS) Ah, I see.

He turns TO CAMERA.

DARKWING (CONT)

Out of webbing. A setback.

ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER - Moliarty turns to Webster and motions to the O.S. Darkwing.

MOLIARTY

If it's webbing you want maybe we can help you.

WIDE - Webster buries Darkwing in a stream of webbing <WHOOSH>.

DARKWING (PARTIAL O.S.)
(partially muffled)
YAAAAAAA! (AD-LIB SOUNDS OF BEING
CAUGHT IN DISGUSTING WEB-MESS)

PUSH IN on the webbed heap that is Darkwing as we...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:INT. MOLIARTY'S CAVERN - NIGHT

TIGHT ON DARKWING - Still dressed as Arachno-Duck, our webbed up hero glowers.

MOLIARTY (OS)
 Congratulations, Ducky!

PULL BACK to include Webster and Moliarty, who holds a loose end of Darkwing's webbing with one hand pushes a lever forward <KAH-CHUNK!> with the other. There is a deep mechanical <RUMBLE>.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
 You're about to be the first surface-dweller obliterated by my diabolical invention!

WIDE - The elevator platform rises <RUMBLE-CHUG-WHIRR>.

MOLIARTY (OS)
 (shouting)
 Behold! Moliarty's amazing Wind-O-Matic!

ON DARKWING - He looks up and gasps.

DARKWING
 (GASP!)

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

With a cacophony of mechanical sounds <WHIRR, CLICK, CLANK, KACHUNK, ZOوبا, ZOوبا, P-TING!>, a huge DOOR slides open in the ground. The elevator platform comes up and stops level with the ground. Darkwing, Moliarty and Webster are now outside.

DARKWING (OS)
 (shouting)
 Nice special effects, Moliarty.

CLOSE ON DARKWING - He's impressed.

DARKWING (CONT)
 But you'll never get away with it!
 (sotto)
 Whatever 'it' is.

ON MOLIARTY - He grabs a lever.

MOLIARTY
 Sorry, "Arachno-Yuck!" I've
ALREADY gotten away with it!

He thrusts the lever forward <KAH-CHUNK!>.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
 Adieu!

ON GENERATOR - A brilliant ARC OF ELECTRICITY shoots between the two coils <CRACKLE & HUM>.

ON THE WIND-O-MATIC - The propellers and blades start turning <VROOOM!> <WIND SOUND>. (NOTE: wind sound continues until further notice, getting louder, forcing everyone to speak over it.) The two Henchmoles, still working on the scaffolding, are blown OUT OF SHOT.

HENCHMOLES
 Yaaa...!

WIDE - Darkwing is blown into the air. Moliarty and Webster, being upwind, remain unaffected by the tempest. Moliarty, holding the strand of Darkwing's webbing, flies him like a kite.

DARKWING
 YAAAAAAA!!

ON DARKWING - He flails, up in the air. The wind blows bits of webbing off of him.

DARKWING
 HOMINA-HOMINA-HOMINA-HOMINA!!

ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER - letting the webbing play out into the air, Moliarty hands the strand to a concerned Webster.

MOLIARTY
 Now, hold tight.

WEBSTER
 But isn't this dangerous?

WIDE - Moliarty shrugs as Webster holds the webbing.

MOLIARTY
 Hey, you're the one who wanted to fly a kite!!

EXT. THUNDERQUACK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT
 PUSH IN on the Thunderquack as it flies over the city. <OS BLEEP-BLEEP>.

INT. THUNDERQUACK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CONSOLE RADAR SCREEN - A schematic of the Ratcatcher flashes on the screen as it <BLEEP-BLEEPS>. PULL BACK to reveal Launchpad, Honker and Gosalyn, who points enthusiastically at the screen.

GOSALYN (PARTIAL OS)
According to this homing thingy
the Ratcatcher's real close!

ON HONKER - He points at Darkwing floating outside the window. Darkwing waves frantically, lips moving inaudibly.

HONKER
Um, Gosalyn...

WIDER - Looking, Gosalyn takes, amazed.

GOSALYN
Dad?!

ON COCKPIT CREW - They react startled as the canopy to the Thunderquack is suddenly blown <WHOOSH> off <RIIIPPP> by a tremendous wind.

ON LAUNCHPAD - Wind blown, he looks up, smiling nervously.

LAUNCHPAD
Heh, heh! Er, seems to be
getting a tad gusty up here!

EXT. THUNDERQUACK - CONTINUOUS/NIGHT

Flying alongside the webbed Darkwing, the Thunderquack is caught in the Wind-O-Matic's wind storm <WHOOSH>.

ON THUNDERQUACK - Its wings shear off <RIPPP> and it goes into a downward spin.

<< ON LAUNCHPAD AND KIDS - Launchpad struggles to pull on the steering wheel as they all react with wide-eyed panic.

LAUNCHPAD
(GRUNTS OF EXERTION)

GOSALYN/HONKER
Woooooaaaa.....!

WIDE - Wingless and topless, the Thunderquack spins straight down.

GOSALYN/HONKER (CONT OS)
Woooooaaaa.....!

ON LAUNCHPAD - Struggling to pull back the wheel, he finally succeeds.

LAUNCHPAD
(GRUNTS OF EXERTION) Oof!

WIDE - At the last possible moment, inches from the ground, the spiraling Thunderquack levels off.

ON LAUNCHPAD AND KIDS - They relax, smiling relieved.

LP/GOSALYN/HONKER
(RELIEVED SIGHS)

>>

WIDER ON THUNDERQUACK - Abruptly, the wingless Thunderquack drops OUT OF SHOT like a stone <DESCENDING TONE - OS CRASH!>.

ON THUNDERQUACK - It's about fifty feet downwind of the platform. It's wrecked.

MOLIARTY (OS)
(LAUGHTER) Hey, Ducky!

ON MOLIARTY TO INCLUDE DARKWING - Moliarty looks up at the distant Darkwing.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
Looks like the cavalry's here!

ON THUNDERQUACK - LP, Gosalyn, and Honker stagger out, dazed. Although they're below the main force of the machine, the <WIND> is strong. They have to lean into it for balance.

ON LAUNCHPAD - He leans closer to squint at the O.S. Darkwing.

LAUNCHPAD
(yelling)
Er, hey, DW, nice outfit!

ON DARKWING - Buffeted by the <WIND>, he rolls his eyes upward.

ON GOSALYN - Struggling against the wind, she yells O.S. at DW as she holds up the tiny spider.

GOSALYN
(shouting)
Don't worry! We found the spider!

ON SPIDER - It's instantly <WHOOSHED> OUT OF SHOT by the wind.

GOSALYN (OS)
Whoopsy...

WIDE ON LP AND KIDS - They chase after it, but are blown into the air and OUT OF SHOT as the <WIND> increases in strength.

LAUNCHPAD (O.S.)

Grab it!!

LP/GOSALYN/HONKER (PARTIAL O.S.)

Whooooaaa.....!

ON LAUNCHPAD - He grabs a lamp post as he's <BLOWN> past it.

LAUNCHPAD

Oof!

ON LAUNCHPAD'S LEGS - Gosalyn flies by and grabs hold of one leg, then Honker flies by and grabs the other. They all hang on for dear life, flapping in the <WIND> like a wind sock.

GOSALYN/HONKER

Oof!/Oof!

ON MOLIARTY - He looks up at the O.S. Darkwing.

MOLIARTY

Wave bye-bye to your cheering section, Ducky!

MOLIARTY'S POV - The <WIND> is so strong, most of Darkwing's webbing has been blown off of him. He desperately holds on to one strand which is wrapped around his waist.

MOLIARTY (CONT OS)

I hope you've got plenty of flight insurance.

ON MOLIARTY - He takes out a pair of scissors with a dramatic flourish. They GLINT in the light <ZING!>. He smiles AT CAMERA, chuckling.

MOLIARTY

Heh, heh, I do believe I'm going to enjoy this.

CLOSE ON SCISSORS - They <SNIP, SNIP> the air.

ON WEBSTER - Concerned, he waves several arms in protest.

WEBSTER

Hey, wait! You might hurt him!

TWO SHOT - Moliarty turns on Webster as he tries to <SNIP> the strand of webbing the spider holds.

MOLIARTY

Wrong, you big pest! I will hurt him!

ON WEBSTER - He waggles a finger at the O.S. mole, while pulling the strand of webbing towards him.

WEBSTER

Say! I don't think you're the nice mole you said you were.

ON MOLIARTY - He smiles broadly at Webster.

MOLIARTY

BINGO!

WIDER - Moliarty leans right in Webster's face and points O.S. with a sweeping, melodramatic gesture.

MOLIARTY

And if you don't like it, you can join THEM!

POV WEBSTER - LP and the kids hold onto the lamp post with all their might, trying to avoid being <BLOWN> away in the gale.

LP/GOSALYN/HONKER

(SCREAMS)

CLOSE ON WEBSTER - Gulping, nervously, he looks away. He stares at the floor, shuffling his feet, holding the web strand out.

WEBSTER

Um, (GULP!) - no thanks.

CLOSE ON MOLIARTY - He smiles a huge, evil smile.

MOLIARTY

Hah! I knew you'd see it my way!

WIDER - Moliarty once again prepares to cut Darkwing's strand of webbing with the scissors. He looks up O.S.

MOLIARTY

Arivederchi, Ducky!!

CLOSE ON SCISSORS - They <SNIP> the strand of webbing.

ON DARKWING - He flails frantically as he flies off.

DARKWING

(Fading into distance)
YAAAAAAAH!!!

ON WIND-O-MATIC - The strand of webbing gets tangled in one of the propellers <THWPPT>.

ON DARKWING - His flight into oblivion is halted with a jerk on the strand of webbing, pulling him down OUT OF SHOT.

DARKWING

OOF!

NEW ANGLE, ON DARKWING - with the webbing wrapped around his waist, he smiles as he's pulled lower and lower.

DARKWING

Hah! Saved in the nick of time!

CLOSE ON PROPELLER - It's <WINDING> up the webbing.

ON DARKWING - He takes - eyes bulging <BOIIING> - in horror when he sees he's getting pulled toward the <WHIRLING> blades!

ON BLADES - PUSH IN as they spin menacingly <CHOP-CHOP-CHOP!>.

ON DARKWING - as he tries in vain to rip the webbing from his waist, one of his extra arms QUICKLY GRABS his gas-gun and holds it out.

DARKWING

It's out of gas, Number six!

To Darkwing's surprise, the arm throws the gun OUT OF SHOT.

DARKWING

Number Six?!

ON GAS-GUN - <SWOOSHING> through space, end-over-end.

CLOSE ON PODIUM - The gun hits one of the levers <KLOP>, knocking it to back to "OFF."

ON WIND-O-MATIC - There is a <SPUTTERING> noise, like an old car breaking down, as the propellers slow. The <WIND> decreases.

ON DARKWING - He remains suspended - smiling - as the props slow down. He turns to Number Six. It puts its thumbs up.

DARKWING

Smooth move, Number Six!

ON WIND-O-MATIC - It grinds to a halt. The <WIND> stops.

BACK TO DARKWING - His smile vanishes just before his body abruptly drops OUT OF SHOT <ZIP!>. His neck stretches, then his head <SNAPS> OUT OF SHOT also.

DARKWING (PARTIAL O.S.)
(Fading into distance)
YAAAAAAA!

ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER - They look up at the O.S. DW.

DARKWING (PARTIAL O.S.)
(Getting closer)
YAAAAAAA!

Darkwing falls INTO SHOT <SPLAT> in front of Moliarty. He flattens slightly, but bounces up almost immediately into a slightly cock-eyed heroic pose.

ON DARKWING - He shakes his head once, then he's fine.

DARKWING
(GOOGLY NOISE) All right,
Moliarty! Consider yourself
thwarted!

WIDE - LP, Gosalyn and Honker run INTO SHOT.

LAUNCHPAD
Way to go, DW, you've saved the
world again!

CLOSE ON MOLIARTY - He cackles, hysterical.

MOLIARTY
(CAACKLING) Not all of it! In
fact, he just signed this city's
death warrant!

DARKWING LEANS INTO SHOT, fed up.

DARKWING
What are you talking about, you
lunatic?

WIDE - They all react startled at the sound of a deep, powerful <THRUM>, rising in volume and pitch. Moliarty points to the generator as the ground around them begins to SHAKE and <RUMBLE>.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
The real cut-off lever is inside
the generator! All you've done
is disconnect the output lines.

ON GENERATOR - The electrical arc between the coils of the generator is brighter than before, and is increasing in brightness and size. Little sparks shoot off <BZZT!>.

MOLIARTY (CONT OS)

Which, I might add, is causing everything to overload!

ON MOLIARTY - On "kablooey" he throws his arms up and out.

MOLIARTY (CONT) (O.S.)

And that means, any second now...KABLOOEY!

ON DARKWING - Puffing out his chest cockily, all six hands on hips.

DARKWING

Not if Arachno-Duck can help it!

WIDER - Doing a multi-armed CARTWHEEL, Darkwing rolls OUT OF SHOT.

DARKWING

Hi-yah!

ON GENERATOR - Darkwing cartwheels INTO SHOT.

ON DOOR OF GENERATOR - Just as Darkwing puts a hand on the doorknob, a web-line shoots INTO SHOT and snags him!

DARKWING

Umph!

WIDER - Pulling on the other end of the web-line, hand over hand, Webster drags Darkwing away from the door.

WEBSTER

Sorry, but you can't go in there, Mister Duck!

ON DW - He struggles in the web. His arms are free, but he can't move any further. He looks over at the generator.

DARKWING

(struggling)

Are you crazy?! We'll all be killed!!

ON GENERATOR - The arc is BLINDINGLY BRIGHT by now. The <THRUM> is extremely loud, and the generator is in general behaving like KRAKATOA ABOUT TO BLOW.

ON MOLIARTY AND WEBSTER - Turning to Webster, Moliarty <CLAPS> his hands, exceedingly pleased.

MOLIARTY
Good going, my boy!

ON MOLIARTY - Moliarty's glee turns to shock as webbing flies INTO SHOT, trapping him, too.

MOLIARTY
Wha - ACK! - what are you doing,
you nincompoop?!

ON DARKWING - Webster walks INTO SHOT, pointing to a meter above the generator's door. The meter's needle is far into the red.

WEBSTER
You can't go in 'cause there's
dangerous radio actors in there!!

ON LP AND KIDS - Launchpad and Gosalyn are puzzled.

LAUNCHPAD
"Radio actors?"

HONKER
Um, I think he means
radioactivity.

WIDE - Webster passes Darkwing and reaches for the generator door.

WEBSTER
Since I helped the Professor
cause all this trouble...

ON WEBSTER AND DARKWING - Webster turns back to face Darkwing.

WEBSTER (CONT)
I'm the one who's gotta stop it.
After all, it's the nice thing to
do.

ON WEBSTER - He waves three arms before opening the door and entering. He is consumed in a brilliant, PURPLE LIGHT.

WEBSTER (CONT)
Bye...

WIDE ON GENERATOR - It SHUDDERS violently. The <THRUM> suddenly doubles in volume and the arc brightens alarmingly.

EVERYBODY
(BIG GASP!!)

The light from the arc disappears suddenly. The SHAKING STOPS, and the <THRUM> begins to slow and drop sharply in pitch.

EVERYBODY
(BIG SIGH OF RELIEF)

ON GENERATOR DOOR - It slowly swings <CREAK!> open, and a GLOWING Webster walks out, facing Darkwing.

DARKWING
You did it!

Webster opens his mouth and raises a finger as if to speak, but he hiccups instead, and SHRINKS slightly.

WEBSTER
(HICCUP)

ON WEBSTER - the mutant spider rapidly hiccups his way back to his normal, TINY SIZE, and STOPS GLOWING.

WEBSTER
(HICCUP, HICCUP, HICCUP)

Launchpad and the kids step INTO SHOT. Gosalyn carefully picks up the now-tiny spider.

LAUNCHPAD
Er, guess the little guy's back to being an even littler guy!

WIDE ON MOLIARTY - Still struggling in his webbing.

MOLIARTY
(struggling)
OOOOO! This is what I get for trusting a spider!

CLOSER ON MOLIARTY - Losing his balance, he falls to the floor with a <THUD>.

MOLIARTY (CONT)
Oof! I thought I was fooling him, but it turns out I'm the fool!

WIDE ON DARKWING - PUSH IN as he emotes; nauseatingly smug.

DARKWING

O; what a tangled web we weave,
when first we practice to
deceive!

IRIS WIPE TO:

EXT. MALLARD BACKYARD - DAY

A tiny spider - Webster - crawls out of a shoe box and onto some grass. PULL BACK to reveal Gosalyn holding the shoebox with Launchpad and Honker standing alongside her.

LAUNCHPAD (PARTIAL OS)

Too bad your dad wouldn't let you
keep it.

GOSALYN

Yeah!

ON GOSALYN - She watches the spider crawl off.

GOSALYN (CONT)

I coulda really scared the pants
off ol' Mrs. Weisman.

WIDE - Gosalyn shrugs and motions to Honker who holds a vial of colored liquid.

GOSALYN

Oh well, I guess we'd better give
Dad the antidote.

LAUNCHPAD

Er, uh, can't we wait one more
day?

ON LAUNCHPAD - He smiles sheepishly.

LAUNCHPAD (CONT)

I mean, those arms turned out to
be pretty...handy!

INT. MALLARD ABODE - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON DRAKE - Head only. He looks frightfully peeved.

DARKWING

A fine pastime for a
crimefighter!

PULL BACK to reveal he's at the kitchen sink, clad in apron, all six arms busy washing a huge stack of dishes.

DRAKE (CONT)
Hmph! Exploited by my own
family!!

He drops a dish <SMASH!>. Angry, he turns to the offending arm.

DRAKE
Number SIX!!

FADE OUT

THE END