

**DARKWING DUCK**

**"BAD TIDINGS"**  
(formerly "Bad Vibrations")

**Script**

**(22 minutes)**

**(4308-038)**

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"BAD TIDINGS"  
(4308-038)  
Cast List

DARKWING DUCK - also wears beachcomber gear: loud Hawaiian shirt, puka necklace, lei, grass skirt - plus his hat and mask - when on the island. Also seen in space suit.

GRYZLIKOFF - also seen in space suit.

J. GANDER HOOTER

STEELBEAK - also seen in space suit.

EGG MEN #1 - Re-use design. A few <OOFs>. Also seen in space suit.

EGG MEN #2 - Identical to #1. A few <OOFs>. Also seen in space suit.

SHARK - Re-use. A few <CHOMPS>.

"BAD TIDINGS"  
(4308-038)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. AUDOBON BAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

PUSH IN DRAMATIC ANGLE - bridge, FULL MOON <GLOWS> behind it.

1. DARKWING (O.S.)

Darkwing Duck, protector of the  
innocent and tormentor of the  
guilty - had done his job well.

CLOSER ON - DARKWING, perched on TOWER SPIRE, wind blowing his  
cape, the MOON silhouetting him. He paces, mysterious - then  
stops, puzzling, disappointed with self.

2. DARKWING

He had washed the city clean of  
crime like a... a damp mop? Not  
very dramatic. A sponge?  
Scouring pad? Squeegee?

WIDER - DW brightens with an idea, starts over. Behind him,  
there's a TIDAL WAVE welling up - heading for bridge. DW  
turns, notices wave after "like a..." - does EYE-BULGING TAKE.

3. DARKWING

I got it! He had washed the city  
clean like a --

(shocked as he sees  
it)

-- TIDAL WAVE?!?!?!?

Before DW can run, wave <CRASHES> THROUGH FRAME.

WATER RECEDES TO REVEAL - DW crawls, GRUMBLING, from within a  
TANGLED PILE OF SEAWEED, angrily pulling kelp off himself.

4. DARKWING

(irked grumbling)

Unusual for this time of year.  
We don't generally get tidal  
waves until...

CLOSER - he stops, reacts to O.S. <FISH FLOPPING> sound.

FLASHQUACK - flops like fish out of water. DW leans INTO SHOT.

5. DARKWING

Hello - a Flashquack message?

DW - glances furtively, pulls out waterlogged NOTE, tosses Flashquack aside - wrings out note like a towel - then reads:

6. DARKWING

(reads)

Urgent. Come to SHUSH immediately. Your assistance is urgently required in an urgent matter. Repeat: urgent.

DW - looks TO CAMERA, concerned.

7. DARKWING

(TO CAMERA)

Sounds like it could be urgent.

EXT. SHUSH HQ - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING - PUSH IN - on building, toward a lighted window.

8. HOOTER (O.S.)

We have an urgent situation, Darkwing Duck.

INT. HOOTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HOOTER - at desk, serious, solemn, addressing O.S. DW.

9. HOOTER

There's been a flood of tidal waves, worldwide.

SODDEN DW - <WRINGS> hat out, water POURS on feet of GRYZLIKOFF - who stands next to DW. Gryz steps back, SNARLING at DW.

10. DARKWING

Er, ah, yes, J. Gander - I heard something about it.

DW puts limp, damp hat on - turns to Gryz with a cocky smirk.

11. DARKWING

Obviously caused by volcanic activity with a seismic force of 7.3 or greater, with an epicenter in the southern hemisphere.

WIDE - Hooter shakes head no. Gryz SMIRKS at DW.

12. HOOTER

A most impressive deduction, Darkwing, but no.



13. GRYZLIKOFF  
(triumphant snotty  
snort)

Ha!

DW - droops; Gryz GRINS, enjoying it; DW gets cocky again:

14. DARKWING  
(droops, then cocky  
again)  
Ah... then they were undoubtedly  
created by a hurricane occurring  
over the equator during an el  
nino effect!

GRYZ - grins even more broadly, reveling in DW's discomfort.

15. GRYZLIKOFF  
Nyet - yet again.

WIDE - Hooter shakes his again - no.

16. HOOTER  
These waves are not natural  
disasters.

Darkwing raises a finger, pipes in enthusiastically:

17. DARKWING  
Which leads me to conclude they  
must be unnatural disasters!

18. HOOTER  
Most unnatural indeed! Show him  
the note, Agent Gryzlikoff.

GRYZ - produces a note, holds it up.

19. GRYZLIKOFF  
This was received from FOWL, the  
Fiendish Organization for World  
Larceny.

DW - grabs for note, but Gryz WHISKS it from his grasp - DW  
falling FACE-FIRST, O.S.

20. DARKWING  
I know what it stands for!  
(falling face-first)  
Ooomph!

GRYZ - sneers down at him.

21. GRYZLIKOFF  
Is authorized for viewing by eyes  
of SHUSH personnel only!

ANGLE - Heading back to his desk, Hooter smiles, DW gets up.

22. HOOTER  
I'll authorize an exception to  
the regulation, Agent Gryzlikoff.  
Darkwing may see the ransom note.

GRYZ - FROWNS, DW smirks.

23. GRYZLIKOFF  
(angered)  
Da - fine - here. *ooh*

Checking that Hooter isn't looking, Gryz SMASHES the note INTO  
DW's face - <PUSHING> DW violently O.S. <O.S. CRASH>

ANGLE - DW SMASHES into wall, slides to floor (leaving CRACKED  
PLASTER SILHOUETTE of self). He peels note from face, reads.

24. DARKWING  
Hmm, they threaten devastation of  
the planet unless 90 kazillion  
dollars is turned over to them  
within 72 hours.

ANGLE - Hooter turns, nodding, as DW reenters scene.

25. HOOTER  
(nods, again solemn)  
Now you see why we need your  
help.

DW stares blankly, then shrugs, reaches into his pockets, pulls  
out a few crumpled bills.

26. DARKWING  
Guess I could kick in a few  
bucks...

HOOTER - steps toward the HUGE GLOBE near window.

27. HOOTER  
It's your expertise we need,  
Darkwing - not your money.

28. DARKWING  
(embarrassed)  
Ah, uh, yes, of course, my  
expertise - can't put a price tag  
on that, no sir.

Embarrassed, DW quickly STUFFS the bills back in pocket. Hooter points to spot on globe - in mid-ocean.

29. HOOTER  
You'll fly to the source of the waves, here...

Hooter turns, PUSHES BUTTON: PANELS PART to reveal TECHNICAL DRAWING of high-tech, Flying Wing, the STEALTH SHUTTLE.

30. HOOTER  
...in the Stealth Shuttle - a top secret vehicle developed for the space program.

DW nods, picks up the telephone on Hooter's desk.

31. DARKWING  
As soon as I summon my sidekick and crack pilot - Launchpad McQuack - I'll be ready to go.

DW - starts dialing the phone. Hooter shakes his head, no.

32. HOOTER  
This vehicle is so highly complex, so highly advanced, it can only be flown by one person - the Shuttle's test pilot.

GRYZ - proudly points to self.

33. GRYZLIKOFF  
Who is me.

DW - holds phone away from ear, does HUGE SURPRISE TAKE.

34. DARKWING  
Hold the phone! I'm not flying anywhere with laughing boy!

ANGLE - DW <STALKS> toward smiling GRYZLIKOFF, still holding phone receiver, the cord <STRETCHING>.

35. GRYZLIKOFF  
Good. You do not belong on SHUSH mission, anyway.

HOOTER - heads for his desk.

36. HOOTER  
(gently reprimanding)  
Now, now, Agent Gryzlikoff...



Behind Hooter, IN A FLASH, Gryz GRABS phone cord, WRAPS it around DW's middle, PULLS it TIGHT, SQUEEZING DW out of shape.

37. DARKWING  
<MUFFLED SQUEALS OF PAIN>

38. HOOTER  
...Darkwing Duck's skills and expertise will certainly prove invaluable to you...

ANGLE - Gryz grabs a section of cord, <WHIPS> it, <WHIPPING> DW OUT the WINDOW. Gryz plays the cord like a YO-YO, DW disappearing at windowsill, reappearing, disappearing, reappearing, as Hooter continues, unaware:

39. HOOTER  
That's why I want the two of you working as a team.

ANGLE - Hooter begins to turn - Gryz QUICKLY (IN A REAL FLASH) <WHIPS> DW back in, <WHIPS> the cord loose, DW <SPINNING> wildly. Gryz <CLAMPS> a hand down on DW's head, STOPS him from spinning - just as Hooter turns to them:

40. HOOTER  
Is that clear?

CLOSER - chastised Gryzlikoff looks down - then looks whiny.

41. GRYZLIKOFF  
As bowl of potato soup, sir.  
(whining)  
But this is important mission.  
He hasn't got what it takes.

DW ENTERS FRAME, LEANING angrily in Gryz' face.

42. DARKWING  
I've got so much of what it takes, I need extra luggage to carry it all.

WIDE - DW leans back cockily, rests an elbow on huge GLOBE. Gryz reaches in, gives the globe a fierce spin, which sends DW hurtling out the open window.

43. DARKWING  
(becomes a yell)  
I'll show you what grace under fire is all about,  
Gryzlikooooofffff...!



ON WINDOW - there's an <O.S. CRASH and CAMERA SHAKE> - then, tattered DW crawls back in, and shakily salutes Hooter.

44. DARKWING  
(drunken slur)  
No FOWL agents anywhere. Check.

Then he falls flat on his face, out of shot. <THUNK>

WIPE TO:

INT. SHUSH R & D DEPT. - LATER

ANGLE - Gryz & Hooter by TABLE covered with lab gadgetry. DW tries to join them, but Gryz keeps shifting to BLOCK DW.

45. HOOTER  
Our Research staff has designed some new equipment which you may find useful.

DW finally <PUSHES> past Gryz, as Hooter hands him WRISTWATCH.

46. HOOTER  
This wristwatch, for instance, is actually a highly-compact yet very destructive grenade...

ON DW - not listening, busily shaking watch, holding it to ear.

47. DARKWING  
(to himself)  
Hmm. Seems to be running ten minutes slow...

WIDE - Hooter demonstrates:

48. HOOTER  
To set off the grenade, you pull out the stem...

Self-absorbed, DW pulls the stem and resets the time.

49. DARKWING  
That's more like it.

50. HOOTER  
...then push it back in.

<CLICK> as DW pushes the stem back in. Then... <KA-BOOM!>

CLOSER - Smoke clears: smouldering, singed DW shakily salutes.

51. DARKWING  
(drunken slur)  
Equipment in working order.  
Check.

Then he falls forward, O.S. <THUD> Gryz steps in, leans down, O.S., picks DW up by scruff of neck (he's no longer singed).

52. GRYZLIKOFF  
Pay attention.

*Pick up*

ANGLE - Hooter points O.S.

53. HOOTER  
And over here, a common ball  
point pen capable of firing long-  
range surface-to-air missiles.

Hooter heads O.S. Gryz starts to follow, as does DW, but Gryz stops as they're passing a jar filled with colorful CAPSULES. Gryz smiles to self as he points at it.

54. GRYZLIKOFF  
Please not to touch. Regulations  
say jelly beans are for enjoyment  
of authorized SHUSH personnel  
only.

Gryz casts a sly look at DW, who's eyeing the capsules, then exits frame. DW looks toward O.S. Gryz, frowning.

55. DARKWING  
(grumbling; to self)  
Hmph, you and your regulations.

DW looks surreptitiously O.S., checking for witnesses, then reaches into the jar:

56. DARKWING  
Nobody's gonna care if I eat just  
a couple...

DW - GRABS a HUGE handful, POPS them in his mouth, CHEEKS BULGING, swallows them. Hooter runs back in frame.

57. HOOTER  
Darkwing! Those are dehydrated  
food capsules! You've swallowed  
the equivalent of five full  
course dinners!

ANGLE - smiling DW <PATS> his stomach.

58. DARKWING  
Really? I don't even feel...

DW's stomach <BALLOONS> to ludicrous proportions: balloon rises, then drops like an ANVIL so his own gut covers his feet.

59. DARKWING  
(miserable)  
...full.

CLOSE ON DW - looking sick.

60. DARKWING  
Anybody got a bicarb...?

DW falls forward, O.S. <THUD>. Hooter steps up, looking concerned, addressing O.S. DW.

61. HOOTER  
Darkwing, please, you must remember...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY OVER OCEAN - DAY - LATER  
HOLD ON - empty sky. Then, Stealth Shuttle <ZOOMS> by, heading toward horizon.

62. HOOTER (O.S.)  
...that the fate of the world,  
civilized and otherwise, depends  
upon you and Agent Gryzlikoff!

INT. SHUTTLE  
ANGLE - in co-pilot seat, DW turns to Gryz, who pilots Shuttle.

63. DARKWING  
Let's face it, Gryz, we're stuck  
in this thing together. We  
oughta try to get along.

DW looks over at him, hopefully, but Gryz just STARES straight ahead, frowning.

64. DARKWING  
Where's it written that we can't  
be friends?

Gryz reaches into pocket, pulls out regulation book (small, black), holds it open close in DW's face.

65. GRYZLIKOFF  
Page 41, regulation 1738C.

CLOSE - on DW pushing book back enough to read; he's surprised.



66. DARKWING

Oh - I see.

Gryz puts book back in pocket. DW turns to look out window, drums his fingers, bored, then brightens, turns to Gryz:

67. DARKWING

Say, Gryz... you hear the one about the polar bear who walked into a candy store and - ?

68. GRYZLIKOFF

Stifle your mouth. Unauthorized conversation is strictly against regulation.

DW looks miserably out the window.

69. DARKWING

Yeah, yeah. You and your regulations.

DW - checks his watch.

70. DARKWING

I wish you'd step on it. It's already 4 in the afternoon and we're still not there.

WIDER - Gryz just laughs.

71. GRYZLIKOFF

Ha! We fly so fast it only feels like we're moving slow.

Gryz points to some dials on the dashboard.

72. GRYZLIKOFF

We have already crossed 17 time zones. It is actually 11 o'clock yesterday morning.

Gryz pulls out his Regulation Book and pushes it in DW's face.

73. GRYZLIKOFF

Regulations say always keep your timepiece set to correct time.

DW grumbles as he pulls watch stem to re-set it: his face falls as, after pushing pin back in, he realizes what he's done.

74. DARKWING  
(annoyed grumbling)  
Oh, all right, fine - there, see,  
I set...  
(drops; weak; tiny)  
...it? Uh - oops.

EXT. SHUTTLE

WIDE - <KABOOM!> Explosion blasts jagged hole in cockpit roof.

INT. SHUTTLE

ANGLE - Smoke clears inside the cockpit to REVEAL SMOULDERING  
DW - who turns, sneering, to Gryz.

75. DARKWING  
(slow burn)  
You - and your regulations.

WIDER TO REVEAL - SINGED Gryz; furious, he points:

76. GRYZLIKOFF  
(furious)  
Self-activated auto-radar device  
is gone!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE - wrecked, smouldering dashboard.

GRYZ - grabs DW by neck, SQUEEZES so hard DW's neck elongates.

77. DARKWING  
<STRANGLED URK!>

78. GRYZLIKOFF  
(furious)  
Without device, longitudinal  
azimuth of spherical coordinate  
is unknown!

Gryz releases him, DW's elongated neck still shows finger  
contours. DW reaches up, pushes head back down.

79. DARKWING  
Okay - now try it in English.

GRYZ - looks incredibly worried.

80. GRYZLIKOFF  
I don't know which is way we go!

DW - smirks, enjoying Gryz' discomfort (for a while).

81. DARKWING  
(enjoying tormenting  
Gryz)

Oh - so, in other words, you  
wouldn't even know if we were  
going east or west or up or--

OTS - DW glances out window as they break through clouds.

PUSH IN ON SMALL ISLAND - they head straight down for it.

82. DARKWING  
(screams)  
Down! We're going down!!!

DW jumps into Gryz's lap and struggles to turn the wheel right  
while Gryz struggles to turn left.

83. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
Turn Right!/No, left!

*OVER LAP*

VERY FAST PUSH IN - on the tiny island.

INT. STEELBEAK'S UNDERGROUND LAIR - SAME TIME

PAN - high-tech equipment in a cave, GIANT CLOCK on wall, large  
map with arrows pointing to continents, FOWL flag. PAN 2 EGG  
MEN furiously punching buttons on BLINKING NASA-LIKE CONSOLE.

84. STEELBEAK (O.S.)  
In another 48 hours, FOWL High  
Command is gonna be 90 kazillion  
dollars richer!

PAN TO STEELBEAK - laying on lavish chaise, casually brushing  
his comb back.

85. STEELBEAK  
Might be a good time to ask for a  
raise.

<O.S. BOMB WHISTLE APPROACH, GROWING LOUDER> Steelbeak JUMPS  
UP at the <O.S. KEEERASH!> Dust DRIFTS DOWN.

86. STEELBEAK  
Yo! What was that?!

WIDE - Egg Man #1 runs to PERISCOPE, looks in, turning with it.

EXT. ISLAND

PERISCOPE MATTE PAN - of the typical desert island. PAN STOPS  
as a COCONUT drops into sand at base of palm tree, bouncing off  
2 other coconuts <CLUNK>.



INT. STEELBEAK'S LAIR

ANGLE - Egg Man #1 turns from periscope, shrugs to Steelbeak - who steps up.

87. EGG MAN #1  
I think it was a coconut, boss.

STEELBEAK - uses fist to <SMASH> Egg Man #1's helmet/head down into his shoulder.

88. STEELBEAK  
Lemme see that!

He pushes now-headless Egg Man #1 O.S. <O.S. CRASH>, looks into periscope, turning with it.

EXT. ISLAND

PAN UP - very, very tall tree - TO REVEAL STEALTH SHUTTLE <CRASHED> amidst the densely-fronded (?) top.

89. GRYZLIKOFF (O.S.)  
(raging)  
You've kaputtet entire craft and  
nearly expired our lives!

EXT. SHUTTLE

ANGLE - Fronds FILL BG. DW calmly steps out.

90. DARKWING  
Calm down, will ya? Just be  
grateful these bushes cushioned  
our landing.  
(then; as he falls  
O.S.)  
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaagh...!!!

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

PERISCOPE MATTE PANS AREA - PASSES DW CRASHED headfirst into sand, at base of palm tree. PERISCOPE MATTE <WHIPS> BACK AS DW <STRUGGLES> to pull self free, gets up, dusting self.

ANGLE - PERISCOPE, protruding from sand, <REACTS> as if alive, lens bulging out like an eyeball. We hear filtered O.S. voice.

91. STEELBEAK (O.S.)  
Oh, not him again. Darkwing  
Doofus is a bedbug in the  
mattress of my existence!

(STILL THROUGH MATTE) DW looks up, as a SHADOW covers him, his face dropping.

92. DARKWING  
 (becomes tiny)  
 Watch yourself, Gryz. That first  
 step's... a...

Gryz comes crashing down atop him, SMASHING him back into sand.

93. DARKWING (O.S.)  
 (smash-voiced)  
 ...doozy.

INT. STEELBEAK'S LAIR

ANGLE - irked-looking Steelbeak pulls back from periscope. Still-headless Egg Man #1 STAGGERS back in, arms groping then finding his head and pulling it back out, <POP!>

94. STEELBEAK  
 (peeved)  
 Agent Gryzlyface, too?!?

Steelbeak casually SLAMS fist back on Egg Man's head, again pushing it back into collar, then turns back to periscope.

EXT. ISLAND

GRYZ - gets up from sand, dusting self, REVEALING flattened DW.

95. GRYZLIKOFF  
 Thank you for breaking my fall.  
 At least you are good for  
 something.

95A - *W, ne*  
 ANGLE - DW <STRAINS>, then <POPS> back into shape, steps away from Gryz, smouldering with anger. Then, reacting to an O.S. <CREAKING>, DW looks up, registers concern.

96. DARKWING  
 Better step aside, Gryz.

97. GRYZLIKOFF  
 (scoffs)  
 Why? So I can get hit by  
 dropping coconut?

98. DARKWING  
 No. The Shuttle is about to--

WIDE - DW points up: Shuttle crashes down on Gryz, burying him.

99. DARKWING  
 ...fall.

ANGLE - <METALLIC CREAKS> as tattered Gryzlikoff painfully pulls himself out of wreckage, stands up shakily and salutes.

100. GRYZLIKOFF

(dazed)

Landing gear in working order.  
Check.

Gryz topples forward, OUT OF SHOT... DW reacts to VIDEO  
MONITOR in Shuttle CRACKLING to life <SFX: O.S. STATIC>

101. HOOTER (O.S.)

Agent Gryzlikoff...? Darkwing  
Duck...? Are you there?

INT. WRECKED SHUTTLE

Hooter's face appears on SCREEN as DW moves into frame, too.

102. DARKWING

We're here, J. Gander - wherever  
here is.

GRYZ - crawls into Shuttle, pushing DW aside.

103. GRYZLIKOFF

Shuttle was severely damaged due  
to grossly incompetent bungling  
of noodlenut.

DW PUSHES his way back into frame.

104. DARKWING

Noodlenut? Who're you calling  
noodlenut!?

ON SCREEN - Hooter looks harried.

105. HOOTER

Gentlemen, please! If FOWL'S mad  
plan is not stopped, the world as  
we know it will be destroyed!

ANGLE - Gryz points accusing finger at DW: DW reacts, petulant.

106. GRYZ

If world as we know it is  
destroyed, is his fault!

107. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF

Is not!/Is too!/Not!/Is!

108. HOOTER (O.S.)

You must stop this squabbling!

OTS ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCREEN - Hooter looks very harried.



109. HOOTER  
You must work as a team!

DW & GRYZ - looks chastised.

INT. STEELBEAK'S LAIR - SAME TIME

STEELBEAK draws back from periscope, turns angrily to Egg Man #1.

110. STEELBEAK  
So those two wanna stop my mad plan, huh?

Steelbeak casually <POUNDS> Egg Man #1 on helmet/head, harder this time, pile-driving him into cavern floor. Steelbeak grins, sinisterly.

111. STEELBEAK  
Maybe it's time this team had a little coaching.

ANGLE - Egg Men #1 climbs half out of hole he was driven into. Steelbeak nonchalantly SMASHES him back in with a foot. Using Egg Man's head as footrest, Steelbeak smiles evilly.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

SHUTTLE - DW & Gyz crawl out, DW looking determined.

112. DARKWING  
J. Gander's right. We can't fight when the whole world's depending on us!

DW's - enthusiasm grows; he's becoming evangelical.

113. DARKWING  
We have to put aside our petty differences and work as a team! We have to call a truce!

114. GRYZLIKOFF  
(eager puppy)  
Da, comrade, da!

GRYZ - nods enthusiastically, a convert. They SHAKE hands.

115. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
Truce?/Truce!/Partners?/Partners!

116. GRYZLIKOFF  
What do we do first?!

DW reaches up to put an arm around Gryz, who keeps nodding.

117. DARKWING  
Well, it'll be dark soon, so we have to build a shelter. You go chop down 15 very tall palm trees.

118. GRYZLIKOFF  
Da, right!

119. DARKWING  
We also have to eat, so when you're done, gather a couple dozen coconuts. Well...? Get to it, partner!

FOLLOW GRYZ - <MARCHING> away, determined.

120. GRYZLIKOFF  
(determined)  
Da, da, right! Chop 15 palm trees, gather 2 dozen coconuts, and...

CLOSER - Gryz SLOWS... then STOPS, scratches chin, THINKING. A BEAT of that, then he SEETHES, SHOULDERS HEAVING, EYEBALLS BLOODSHOT RED.

121. GRYZLIKOFF  
<DEEP, FIERCE, BULL-ABOUT-TO-CHARGE BREATHS>

WIDER - Gryz turns, FISTS CLENCHING, UNCLENCHING - as he STALKS back in direction we came.

DW - is (suddenly) wearing Hawaiian shirt, puka beads, lei, grass skirt, stretched out in HAMMOCK, SIPPING TROPICAL-LOOKING DRINK. Gently swinging hammock is attached, by rope & pulley, to hinged pole with palm fronds tied at end, making a FAN.

122. DARKWING  
<HUMS HAWAIIAN-SOUNDING TUNE>

SHADOW - slowly COVERS him; he becomes aware, looks up, sees...  
SEETHING GRYZ - stands over him.

123. GRYZLIKOFF  
And what is it you are to be doing, comrade partner?

ANGLE - DW sits up, looks irritated, throws his hands up:

124. DARKWING  
(irritated by the  
ingrate)  
Well, somebody's gotta guard the  
shuttle, don't they?!

GRYZ's - fierce look FALLS.

Oh... 125. GRYZLIKOFF

Gryz nods, exits, still nodding.

126. GRYZLIKOFF  
Da, comrade, da, of course!

DW - settles back into the hammock.

127. DARKWING  
I can play that guy like a  
ukelele. <AGAIN HUMS HAWAIIAN  
TUNE - WHICH THEN TRAILS OFF, AS  
IF IN DOUBT>

Suddenly DW sits up, puzzling, looking worried, TO CAMERA.

128. DARKWING  
(TO CAMERA; doubting  
self)  
But is it right...?

WIDER - he gets up, starts pacing.

129. DARKWING  
I finally gain his trust, I  
become his friend. And what do I  
do?

CLOSER - DW turns to CAMERA, looking VERY GUILTY.

130. DARKWING  
(TO CAMERA)  
I betray that trust...

WIDER - DW paces, growing frantic with self-anger, arms  
flailing to emphasize his words:

131. DARKWING  
I take advantage of the fact that  
his IQ is measured in decimal  
points..

DRAMATIC ANGLE - DW stops, a crescendo, throwing up his arms,  
falling to his knees, then burying his head in his hands.



132. DARKWING  
I should be ashamed of myself!

CLOSER - DW looks TO CAMERA, entirely matter-of-fact.

133. DARKWING  
(matter-of-fact)  
But somehow I'm not.

ABRUPT WIDE - in a fluid ZIP, he leaps back into hammock, grabbing up drink, again totally relaxed.

134. DARKWING  
<HUMS HAWAIIAN TUNE>

SUDDENLY a PALM TREE <CRASHES> inches from DW - who JUMPS from hammock, calls out to O.S. Gryz.

135. DARKWING  
Hey, watch it, Gryz, old friend.  
You nearly beaned me.

GRYZ - has only chopped halfway through tree, turns to O.S. DW.

136. GRYZLIKOFF *calls*  
I didn't do anything, comrade.

SNAP PAN - to Steelbeak watching over 2 EGG MEN, who hold TWO-MAN SAW: They're beside the stump of a felled palm tree.

137. STEELBEAK  
(gloating, to himself)  
No, but we did.

ON DW - He's a little peeved as he calls to O.S. Gryz.

138. DARKWING  
Well, whatever you didn't do,  
don't do it again.

2ND TREE <CRASHES> IN. DW has to SWAN-DIVE for safety, landing headfirst in sand. He stands, angrily puts hands on hips.

139. DARKWING  
(calls out, peeved)  
Hey, accidents can happen, but  
this is getting ridiculous.

GRYZ - sticks his head out from behind the trees.

140. GRYZLIKOFF

But I did nothing, comrade. I hope you are not calling me a liar, old amigo mine?

Gryz disappears behind tree again.

141. DARKWING

(softening)

Well, no. But be careful. Okay?

DW - tree falls on him - <BOING-NG-NG-NG!> - BOUNCING as it <NAILS> him into the sand. He crawls from under it, furious.

142. DARKWING

(seething)

All right, that does it!

DW - spits on palms, grabs a nearby axe and QUICKLY <WHACKS> at a tree, until just a hair's width holds it up. DW looks at Camera as he pushes the tree so it timbers O.S. <KER-RAACK>

143. DARKWING

Now to answer that age-old question: If a tree falls on a bear in the woods, does it make a sound?

An O.S. <THUNK> as it beans O.S. Gryzlikoff.

144. GRYZLIKOFF (O.S.)

<PAINED SCREAM!>

145. DARKWING

And yes, that is definitely a sound.

CUT TO STEELBEAK - Observing the O.S. action, triumphant.

146. STEELBEAK

That oughta heat the cold war back up...

BACK ON DW - Gryzlikoff storms over angrily, arms wide.

147. GRYZLIKOFF

I am going to squeeze the tar and feathers out of you!

As Gryz comes at DW, he suddenly stops his attack and softens.

148. GRYZLIKOFF

Wait. What am I doing? We are palsy-walsy, right?

CLOSER - Gryz pulls DW to him in a friendly but crushing hug.

149. DARKWING  
(scrunched)

Right.

150. GRYZLIKOFF  
So we forget this little tiff and  
let nylons be nylons, right?

*wooh*  
✓

Carried away by his emotions, Gryz SQUEEZES harder.

151. DARKWING  
(more scrunched)

Right.

WIPE TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

DW - uses machete to WHACK coconut in two; he grabs half, turns and, like BASKETBALL PLAYER, tosses it over shoulder to Gryz.

152. DARKWING  
Hey, Gryz! Allez-oop!

GRYZ - is sitting by crackling fire in front of RICKETY SHELTER when coconut half <THUNKS> onto his head.

153. GRYZLIKOFF  
Why do you throw coconut onto my  
head, comrade?

DW - steps over, drinking from other half.

154. DARKWING  
You're supposed to catch it!  
When I 'allez,' you 'oop.'

GRYZ - consults regulation book.

155. GRYZLIKOFF  
Such fun and games are not  
covered in regulations.

DW grabs the book from Gryz, tosses it O.S.

156. DARKWING  
This thing's no good, Gryz!

ANGLE - Gryz dives into frame, catching his precious book before it even hits ground. DW steps up, gesturing broadly.



157. DARKWING  
 You gotta stop, smell the roses,  
 tomorrow is another day, loosen  
 up for once in your life!

GRYZ - passes back by, shaking his head - pointing to watch.

158. GRYZLIKOFF  
 Regulations say now is five  
 minutes past official bedtime. I  
 must hit haystack.

GRYZ EXITS into shelter, passing DW - who's enthusiasm disappears as he shakes his head sadly.

159. DARKWING  
 I'd hate to be marooned on a  
 desert island with him.

He stops, looking puzzled, looks to CAMERA - helpless.

160. DARKWING  
 (TO CAMERA)  
 Oh, yeah... I am marooned on a  
 desert island with him.

PAN UP TO - microphone hanging down from a tree.

INT. STEELBEAK'S LAIR - SAME TIME

WIDE - EGG MAN #1 CLICKS off tape recorder, SNIPS tape, hands it to Egg Man #2, who's almost buried under tape already. Egg Man #1 <SFX: HI-SPEED REWINDS> tape, plays it back, as Egg Man #2 SPLICES bits of tape together. Steelbeak watches.

161. DARKWING'S VOICE (TAPE RECORDED)  
 ...get rid of... tomorrow...  
 Gryzlik...

In FAST MOTION, Egg Man #1 SNIPS off more pieces, throws them to #2, who splices them together, Egg Man #1 taking spliced pieces, putting them back on recorder, playing it:

162. DARKWING'S VOICE (TAPE RECORDED)  
 Tomorrow I'll get rid of  
 Gryzlikoff for good.

Steelbeak is pleased.

163. STEELBEAK  
 Nice edit, if I do say so myself.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

ON HAMMOCK - Gryz lays SLEEPING. Steelbeak pokes his head up at window and holds up a little stereo speaker.

164. DARKWING'S VOICE (TAPE PLAYBACK)  
 Tomorrow I get rid of Gryzlikoff  
 for good.

GRYZ' - eyes pop open in TOTAL SHOCK as Steelbeak ducks down.  
 Gryz bolts upright, FURIOUS, and looks out window at O.S. DW.

DW - chops coconuts with axe; Gryz enters shot, in silhouette.

165. GRYZLIKOFF  
 So duck thinks he pulls fast one  
 on bear, eh?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHELTER - MORNING

ANGLE - contented DW inhales as he steps out, stretching.

166. DARKWING  
 Ah! Where are you, Gryz? Fixing  
 breakfast?

DW scans, until his eyes bug out in reaction to O.S. sight.

167. DARKWING  
 I like my eggs over easy with  
 hash br--HUH?!

POV - Gryz is out in ocean, paddling away on makeshift raft.

DW - runs to edge of beach, screams and jumps up and down.

168. DARKWING  
 Hey, Gryzlikoff! Come back here!

ANGLE - Gryz rows farther - DW grows smaller, voice fainter.

169. DARKWING  
 You'll never get away with this!  
 (a distant echo)  
 Gryzlikoff, come baaaaaaaack...!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. ISLAND/OCEAN - DAY

GRYZLIKOFF - strenuously rows and rows with makeshift oars.

170. GRYZLIKOFF

<GRUNTS/EXERTION> Lucky for me I  
worked as part-time boatman on  
Volga River during high school.

CLOSE - GRYZ finally stops rowing and puts down the oars.

171. GRYZLIKOFF

He'll never catch me now. No one  
can swim that far.

Gryz reacts with alarm to DW's O.S. VOICE.

172. DARKWING

Unless it's someone who swam the  
Channel twice...

DW climbs onto the raft.

173. DARKWING

...while wearing a straitjacket.

Gryz stands, grabs one of the makeshift oars to keep DW at bay.

174. GRYZLIKOFF

Stay back. I know you wanted to  
get rid of me.

175. DARKWING

Me?! Was it me who skipped out  
on a raft?!?

DW grabs the other oar.

176. DARKWING

En garde!

They do two-handed fencing with the oars. <CLACK CLACK>

WIDER - they continue their "swordfight" with such vehemence,  
they don't realize the raft is sinking. They still parry and  
thrust as water level quickly rises to their knees, chest, neck  
and then they're submerged OUT OF SHOT.

176A. Ad lib



177. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
 (becoming BUBBLING)  
 Take that, you backstabbing  
 bear!/Ha! I finished first in  
 kindergarten fencing class!

DW & GRYZ - have sunk from view.

WIPE TO:

BEACH - DW & Gryz crawl up, flop onto beach, exhausted.

178. GRYZLIKOFF  
 <PANT - WHEEZE>

179. DARKWING  
 Okay <PANT> that's it <COUGH>.  
 This is where I draw the line.

FLIP TO:

EXT. BEACH - LATER

CLOSE ON - PAINT BRUSH painting WHITE LINE across sand. FOLLOW  
 AS BRUSH - paints onto a PAIR OF SHOES.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - DW holding bucket of white paint. He  
 looks up from the shoes to see Gryz, standing there scowling.

180. DARKWING  
 Here's the deal, Gryzlikoff.  
 (pointing)  
 This is my side of the island,  
 that's your side.

WIDE ON ISLAND TO REVEAL - a continuous WHITE LINE has been  
 painted ACROSS rocks, trees, shrubs, sand.

ANGLE TO REVEAL - SHUTTLE is also bisected by white line. DW &  
 Gryz step to it, on opposite sides of line.

181. GRYZLIKOFF  
 While you have been involved in  
 childish painting project, I have  
 almost repaired shuttle.

182. DARKWING  
 So long as you don't touch any  
 part of it on my side! Deal?

DW & GRYZ - lean so they're in each other's faces, feet still  
 on proper sides of line - so they're leaning at impossible  
 angles.

183. GRYZLIKOFF  
 (fierce agreement)  
 Deal!

184. DARKWING  
(yells back)

Deal!!

PALM TREE - Steelbeak steps out, smiling, smug.

185. STEELBEAK  
Do I detect a note of tension in  
this relationship?

He reaches behind tree, pulls out Egg Man, and...

186. STEELBEAK  
Let's see what help we can be...

...Steelbeak nonchalantly RAMS Egg Man's head into tree <THUNK>  
- then Steelbeak steps back behind tree, reaches out, WHISKS  
Egg Man back behind it.

ANGLE - DW and Gryz are SNEERING at each other when a COCONUT  
drops in, bounces, lands POISED mostly on DW's side of line.  
Both GRAB for it, each getting one end.

187. GRYZLIKOFF  
Get your hands off coconut.

188. DARKWING  
No - you let go!

Gryz points up to tree, shaking his finger, blood boiling.

189. GRYZLIKOFF  
It fell off this tree, so it is  
mine.

DW points to the sand, HIS blood boiling.

190. DARKWING  
And it fell onto my side of the  
island, so it's mine.

They're having a TUG-OF-WAR.

191. GRYZLIKOFF/DARKWING  
Is not!/Is too!/ Not!/Too!

192. HOOTER (O.S. FILTERED)  
Darkwing! Gryzlikoff!

IN A FLASH, they stop struggling, ZIP over to...

INT. WRECKED SHUTTLE

(Interior also bisected by the white line) - DW & Gryz ZIP in, sitting on either side of line, in the pilot's and passenger's seat, now wearing SMARMY SMILES.

193. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
(in unison; Eddie  
Haskell-style smarmy)  
Yes, J. Gander?

TV SCREEN <CRACKLES> to life with picture of Hooter, bisected by white line.

194. HOOTER (FILTERED)  
FOWL's deadline is drawing nearer  
by the second!

DW & GRYZ - nod, in unison.

195. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
(in unison again; same  
smarmy tone)  
Yes, J. Gander.

ON SCREEN - Hooter looks firm.

196. HOOTER (O.S. FILTERED)  
You must cooperate to repair the  
shuttle's instruments!

ANGLE - Gryz grabs monitor, angles it toward himself, points to DW.

197. GRYZLIKOFF  
Is not my fault! Is his!

*auto feared*

DW - grabs for monitor, angles it to himself, points at Gryz.

198. DARKWING  
Ah, he's full of borscht! It's  
all his fault!

ON SCREEN - Hooter looks FREAKED as <ELECTRICAL BZZZAP! -  
CRACKLE! - POP!>

199. HOOTER (FILTERED)  
Gentlemen--

The SCREEN BREAKS IN HALF, smoke billowing.

DW & GRYZ - each hold half the monitor, wires dangling from it.



200. DARKWING  
Well, you've really done it now,  
comrade!

201. GRYZLIKOFF  
You are responsible for this!

DW - notices something O.S.: alarmed look crosses his face.

202. DARKWING  
Gryzlikoff, look!

GRYZ - smirks.

203. GRYZLIKOFF  
Ha! I am not falling for that.  
Is oldest trick in booklet.

WIDE - huge SHADOW engulfs them and a huge <ROAR> is heard,  
Gryz looks up and both he and DW wear terrified expressions.

TIDAL WAVE - rises out of the ocean a hundred feet high.

GRYZ AND DW - run to try and escape the wave.

204. DARKWING/GRYZ  
<PANICKED YELPS>

WAVE - crashes ferociously onto the beach, then washes out to  
sea, leaving nothing on the beach except the Shuttle. All is  
quiet for a beat, till we hear some O.S. <COUGHING>.

ANGLE ON - entrance of a cave. PUSH IN.

205. DARKWING (O.S.)  
<SPUTTERING COUGH>

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE - Inside cave, DW and Gryz are thoroughly entangled in  
seaweed, driftwood and each other. They untangle and stand up.

206. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
<GRUNTS OF EXERTION>

DW - tilts his head, hits it, and out pours a bunch of water.  
Gryz has a fishtail protruding from his ear.

207. DARKWING  
Not that I care, but you've got a  
fish in your ear.

Gryzlikoff stares blankly, shrugs and points to his ear.

208. GRYZLIKOFF  
I cannot hear you. I've got a  
fish in my ear.

GRYZ - strenuously pulls on the tail <STRAINING PLUNGER> then  
<KER-PLOP> as an impossibly large tuna comes out.

DW - looks O.S. and cocks a shrewd eyebrow.

209. DARKWING  
Hello. Ancient cave paintings.

ANGLE - DW leans CLOSE to ludicrously inspect the "cave  
paintings" which are actually games of Tic Tac Toe.

210. DARKWING  
These strange grids are no doubt  
a primitive attempt at  
mathematics...

DW leans in so close, his beak FLATTENS against wall.

211. DARKWING  
Using my knowledge of prehistoric  
painting techniques, I'd say  
these were done about...

DW suddenly moves away from the wall, reacting miserably to the  
fact that his BEAK is goopy with wet paint.

212. DARKWING  
(miserably)  
...ten minutes ago.

213. GRYZLIKOFF  
I will see where they lead.

GRYZ - starts off, DW hurrying to step in front of him.

214. DARKWING  
I'll see where they lead, thank  
you very much!

Pushing and shoving, DW & Gryz FOLLOW Tic Tac Toe games on the  
wall until there's a bend in the cave, which they peer around.

POV - ON TWO EGG MEN playing Tic Tac Toe on the cave wall.

215. DARKWING  
(whispers)  
Steelbeak's Egg Men. I should've  
known that yokester was behind  
all this!

ON EGG MEN - They react as DW steps out and startles them.

216. DARKWING  
(sing song)

Oh, boys?

It only takes a second for the Egg Men to recover from their shock and crouch down like linebackers.

ANGLE - the Egg Men hit Gryz and DW low, back-flipping our two heroes who hit the ground with a THUNK. DW turns to Gryz.

217. DARKWING  
Okay, Gryz! How about a little teamwork? A little allez oop?

GRYZ - makes a derisive face as he gets up.

218. GRYZLIKOFF  
Bah, I do not need the allez or the oop.

GRYZ - grabs Egg Man #1 and throws him aside, so Egg Man #1 knocks into DW, just as DW is trying to get up.

219. DARKWING  
Ooof. Thanks a lot, "comrade."  
I needed that.

DW - gets up and goes after Egg Man #1.

220. DARKWING  
Now watch me! You might learn something.

DW webkicks Egg Man #1, who splats into the wall.

GRYZ - gets into a crouch, arms folded like Russian dancer.

221. GRYZLIKOFF  
This is how we do it in old country.

Gryz kicks out a leg, knocking Egg Man #2 into a wall.

WIDE - with both Egg Men crumpled at base of wall. DW & Gryz turn to each other, dusting selves. DW extends a hand to shake. Gryz extends hand, catches self, pulls hand back.

222. GRYZLIKOFF  
Comrade, wait. Does this mean we are once more friends?



223. DARKWING  
(it's a possibility)  
Well...

DW & GRYZ - each look thoughtful, thinking, then look at each other, then grimace and shake their heads, no.

224. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
(in unison)  
Naaaaaah!

225. STEELBEAK (O.S.)  
Yeah, that's more like it!

ANGLE - They spin to see Steelbeak standing behind them, OVERSIZED GUN trained on them.

226. STEELBEAK  
For a minute, I thought things  
were gonna get mushy. Now,  
c'mon!

INT. STEELBEAK'S LAIR - NIGHT

REVEAL - DW & GRYZ each with hands tied together above their heads, they dangle a few feet off the ground - by rope connected through overhead pulley to two SANDBAGS. Steelbeak steps up, flanked by his Egg Men.

227. STEELBEAK  
I wanna thank you boys for buyin'  
me the time I needed.

CLOSER - DW and Gryz exchange embarrassed looks.

228. STEELBEAK  
Now I can blow this joint and get  
ready for the big washout.

STEELBEAK - pulls a lever and a panel in the floor, directly under DW and Gryz, slides open, REVEALING a SHARK FIN circling in water. (DW and Gryz dangle over the hole, held aloft by the rope which is weighted by sandbags.)

229. DARKWING  
But I thought this island was  
your headquarters.

230. STEELBEAK  
Lemme make it simple for a  
simpleton like you.

ANGLE - Steelbeak pulls a lever and the lair's ceiling irises open, revealing the NIGHT SKY above them.

231. STEELBEAK  
There's only one force in the  
galaxy strong enough to control  
the tides.

ANGLE - Steelbeak points up at the full moon, which is shining  
down through the leaves of a coconut tree.

232. DARKWING  
(puzzled)  
Coconuts?

STEELBEAK - who has moved to the SANDBAG COUNTERWEIGHTS, rolls  
his eyes in disbelief.

233. STEELBEAK  
No, the moon, the moon!

Steelbeak BITES through the sandbags, and the sand starts  
leaking out.

ANGLE - DW and Gryz are LOWERING toward the shark.

WIDE - Steelbeak CLIMBS into a SLEEK, COMPACT ROCKETSHIP.

234. STEELBEAK  
See you never!

WIDE - rocket <BLASTS OFF>, up and out through irised ceiling.

ON DW & GRYZ - As the sand runs out of the sandbags, our heroes  
are slowly being lowered down toward the shark pool.

235. GRYZLIKOFF  
Well, here is another fine mess  
you have got us in, comrade.

ON DW'S reaction, we...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STEELBEAK'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

SAND - runs out of the bags...

ANGLE - ...lowering DW and Gryz toward the shark pool.

236. DARKWING

My fault? This is all your  
fault.

ANGLE - SHARK jumps up, but can't get close enough.

237. SHARK

<CHOMPING SOUND>

238. GRYZLIKOFF

Ha! No way, noodlenik! Was your  
fault!

239. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF

Yours!/Yours!/Yours!/Yours!

DW - scrunches up his body, raising his feet as the SHARK jumps  
up, CHOMPING.

240. SHARK

<CHOMP>

241. DARKWING

Uh, Gryz, is this really the time  
to be assigning blame?

DW - looks worriedly down to the pool.

242. DARKWING

(worried)

I mean, um, what say we call a  
little truce and be friends?

243. GRYZLIKOFF

We tried truce before, and it was  
failure.

GRYZ - QUICKLY folds himself up to avoid the Shark as it rises  
from the water, CHOMPS down on what would have been Gryz' lower  
body.

244. SHARK

<CHOMP>



245. GRYZLIKOFF  
But I have no objection to  
another try, comrade friend.

DW - nods, determined.

246. DARKWING  
Good. At the count of three,  
we'll swing to the right.

247. GRYZLIKOFF  
(starts to argue)  
Nyet! We swing left!

WIDE - each fighting to swing HIS way, DW and Gryz rock back  
and forth, building momentum.

248. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
Right, I said!/No, left, comrade  
fool!

ANGLE - they swing in such a violent circle, the rope <SNAPS>  
and they fly INTO CAMERA, BLACKING OUT FRAME. <O.S. CRASH>

WIPE TO:

EXT. ISLAND - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT  
ON WRECKED SHUTTLE - DW hurries up to Shuttle, Gryz following.

249. DARKWING  
Is the Shuttle working?

Gryz shrugs and follows DW who hurries into Shuttle.

250. GRYZLIKOFF  
Is in ninety percent of working  
order. Why?

DW - points at moon shining down through palm fronds.

251. DARKWING  
Because we have to go up there  
and stop Steelbeak!

Gryz pulls out and waves his regulation book.

252. GRYZLIKOFF  
Impossible.                   Quadruplicate  
requisition forms are needed just  
to leave the hemisphere.

DW reaches the Shuttle and starts to climb in the cockpit.

253. GRYZLIKOFF  
To leave the stratosphere, the  
paperwork would be astrological.

254. DARKWING  
Suit yourself, Gryz. Now excuse  
me while I go save the world.

255. GRYZLIKOFF  
Whose leg are you yanking? You  
can't fly the Shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

DW - is boggled by the array of controls. He pulls a knob.

256. DARKWING  
Now let's see... this should be  
the ignition.

ANGLE - Windshield wipers go on. DW pulls another two knobs.

257. DARKWING  
Hmm, then it must be this one,  
or this...

The <HORN BLARES> then the windows go up and down. Finally DW  
pushes a button that makes the <ENGINES ROAR> to life.

258. DARKWING  
Aha.

EXT. SHUTTLE

DW - leans out the window cockily at Gryz.

259. DARKWING  
Didn't think I could do it, did  
you?

The Shuttle lurches backwards OUT OF SHOT.

260. DARKWING (ON/OS)  
Whooooaaaooaa!

GRYZ - reacts with an expression of disbelief as the Shuttle  
comes hopping forward INTO SHOT like a frog. <BWOING BWOING>  
It stops hopping for a second, DW leans out:

261. DARKWING  
This thing has way too much play  
in the clutch.

The shuttle HOPS O.S. <SFX: GEARS CRUNCHING>

WIDE - Gryz pulls HUGE, COILED ROPE from pocket, starts TWIRLING it in a LASSO. The Shuttle BUCKS and BOUNCES like a Bronco.

Gryz follows it, careful not to get too close when it REARS UP, like a scene from THE MISFITS. When the Shuttle is reared up, nose in the air, Gryz lassoes it. The Shuttle SHOOTs out of shot, WHISKING Gryz with it.

INT. SHUTTLE

ANGLE - DW is FIGHTING the controls when Gryz jumps into the craft, pushes DW out of pilot's seat.

262. GRYZLIKOFF

I must be crazy for doing this.

DW grins.

263. DARKWING

Welcome aboard, comrade.

EXT. ISLAND

HIGH DOWN ANGLE - as the Shuttle <ROARS> up, INTO CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

The Shuttle glides through space.

INT. SHUTTLE - SAME TIME

GRYZ - frowns. (He and DW are now wearing space suits, but no helmets.)

264. GRYZLIKOFF

I just realize. I do not have proper coordinates to find moon.

DW points through the window at the moon which looms largely.

265. DARKWING

Just aim for that huge white ball taking up half the sky.

DW checks his watch.

266. DARKWING

And step on it, Gryz. The FOWL deadline is almost here.

EXT. SPACE

SHUTTLE - <ZOOMS> toward the moon, EXTREMELY FAST.

INT. SHUTTLE

OTS DW - ON THE MOON - As it races toward them.



267. DARKWING

Uh... just a suggestion, comrade,  
but you might wanna start hitting  
the brakes about now.

268. GRYZLIKOFF

Funny you should mention that.  
Remember I said shuttle is ninety  
percent fixed?

269. DARKWING

Yeah, so?

270. GRYZLIKOFF

Brakes are in other ten percent.

EXT. MOON - CONTINUOUS

WIDE - Shuttle hurtles down toward MOON'S SURFACE.

INT. SHUTTLE

ANGLE - DW & GRYZ are being FORCED back in their seats by the  
gravity.

271. DARKWING

(under G-force strain)

Okay, keep calm, no need to  
panic. All we need is a map.

DW - STRUGGLES, reaches forward, gets a MAP. He opens map, it  
PLASTERS onto his face, he pushes it away, points for Gryz.

272. DARKWING

We're in luck. The Sea of  
Tranquility is to the left.  
We'll just splash down in its  
gentle waters.

GRYZ - is G-forced severely back into his seat, but he  
STRUGGLES to maintain control of the craft.

273. GRYZLIKOFF

Are you sure moon has gentle  
waters, comrade?

EXT. SPACE

ANGLE - Shuttle <ROARS> away from camera...

274. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF

Ieeeeeeeeee...!/Yeeeeeeeeagh...!

...to <CRASH> onto MOON'S SURFACE - a tiny puff of smoke (like  
a falling coyote).

EXT. MOON'S SURFACE

ANGLE - on the SMASHED, WRECKED, SMOULDERING SHUTTLE, half buried like an arrow in the dirt.

275. DARKWING (O.S.)

That map company's gonna hear  
from me! Sea of Tranquility, my  
beak!

INT. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE - DW and Gryz are lying in a heap in the smoking, ruined cockpit. As they disentangle themselves, Gryz opens a compartment and pulls out two space helmets.

276. GRYZLIKOFF

Here is oxygen helmet, comrade  
friend.

Gryz and DW each put on their helmets.

277. DARKWING

Thanks, pal.

Gryz opens the door of the cockpit and prepares to step out.

278. GRYZLIKOFF

Now - I am about to become first  
SHUSH agent on moon.

DW pulls him back, smiling, calmly.

279. DARKWING

Wait just a minute, partner.

GRYZ - turns to him, curious.

280. GRYZLIKOFF

What is problem, comrade buddy?

281. DARKWING

I just think I oughta go first,  
that's all.

DW - starts to step out.

282. DARKWING

I mean, why should you get all  
the glory?

Gryz WHISKS him back.

283. GRYZLIKOFF

(still friendly)  
Because I am on staff.

Gryz starts out, DW PULLS him back in.

284. GRYZLIKOFF  
While you are only freelancer.

DW pulls Gryz back, then Gryz pulls DW back, then they both try to SQUEEZE out at once.

285. DARKWING/GRYZLIKOFF  
<STRAINING TO GET OUT DOOR>

They're struggling KNOCKS them back inside. DW holds up his hands, as in let's put a stop to this.

286. DARKWING  
Okay, look - let's don't get started again. Why don't we just settle this like adults?

287. GRYZ  
Agreed. I'll take odds.

288. DARKWING  
I'll take evens.

They each make a fist and do the children's choosing game.

289. DARKWING  
Once, twice, three... shoot.

ANGLE ON HANDS - They each put out one finger.

290. DARKWING  
Evens. I win.

DW - puffs up, self-important.

291. DARKWING  
Now if you'll excuse me, I'm about to boldly go where no mallard has gone.

DW - starts to step out of the Shuttle.

292. DARKWING  
One small step for Darkwing Duck,  
one giant leap for--

WIDE - As soon as DW hits the lunar surface, the extreme light gravity causes him to pogo upward high into the sky.

293. DARKWING  
...Whooaaaaa!!!



DW - <BREAST STROKES> through space, "swimming" back to the Shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLE - MINUTE LATER

DW - SCRAMBLES in. Gryz smirks.

294. GRYZLIKOFF

Nice moves, comrade. On earth,  
you would get contract with  
professional basketball team.

DW - plasters self against wall, HEART visibly POUNDING.

295. DARKWING

(heavy breathing from  
horror)

We need something to counteract  
the light gravity.

DW - ponders... then snaps his fingers, has an idea.

296. DARKWING

Hmmm... Anymore of those borscht  
and herring stew capsules?!

Gryz brightens and produces a handful.

297. GRYZLIKOFF

Da! There is always room for  
herring.

They each take a few of the capsules. <KETTLEDUM> Gryz pats  
his stomach happily, as DW repeats earlier DISTORTION: his  
stomach BALLOONS, RISES, then settles as he FEET EXPAND. DW  
pats his stomach painfully.

EXT. MOON - CONTINUOUS

WIDE - they step out onto the surface and are able to walk  
normally (DW's distorted form is back to normal).

298. DARKWING

Now to nail Steelbeak.

GRYZ - pulls out his Regulation Book.

299. GRYZLIKOFF

Let me consult regulation book  
for proper procedure.

DW - grabs the book away, tucking it inside his space suit  
(breast pocket region).

300. DARKWING  
There's no time for that! IN  
another five minutes, half the  
cities on earth are gonna be  
humongous water parks!

EXT. STEELBEAK'S LUNAR OPERATION - SAME TIME

ANGLE - in space suit, Steelbeak steps to SIMPLE control panel  
at base of radar dish. The 2 Egg Men, also in space suits,  
follow him.

301. STEELBEAK  
And now it's time to make some  
waves!

He reaches for a button, when suddenly...

302. DARKWING (O.S.)  
That's far enough, Steelbeak!

STEELBEAK - spins around, furious.

303. STEELBEAK  
Well, you do get around, don't  
you?

WIDE - Steelbeak PUSHES a button and the huge RADAR DISH turns  
to aim at little DW.

304. STEELBEAK  
Did you know that your body is 90  
percent water?

VISIBLE RAYS suddenly <Z-Z-ZAP!> from it, hitting DW in chest..

305. STEELBEAK  
Right now your internal organs  
are swelling and pulling apart.

DW - SMILES as the rays hit him in the chest.

306. DARKWING  
And I feel fabulous.

STEELBEAK - hits buttons, frantic, confused, the ray FADING.

307. STEELBEAK  
What went wrong?!

GRYZ - peers up from around lunar formation.

308. GRYZLIKOFF  
Why you were unaffected by deadly  
ray?

DW - pulls Gryz's regulation book out of his breast pocket, the  
place where the ray hit.

309. DARKWING  
Guess your regulation book's good  
for something after all.

GRYZ comes over and DW hands him the book, Gryz seeing the  
CIRCLE BURNED in its center by the ray. Gryz is furious.

310. GRYZLIKOFF  
Look what you have done!  
Unauthorized damage of regulation  
book is strictly against  
regulations!

DW & GRYZ - are snarling at each other, Gryz cradling  
regulation book to his heart.

311. GRYZLIKOFF  
This is very serious breach of  
official rules!

312. DARKWING  
Maybe you'd be happier if--!

They TURN, sensing something, and see...

ANGLE - Steelbeak is AIMING the HUGE RAY at them again.

DW & GRYZ - look at each other, questioningly.

313. GRYZLIKOFF  
Uh... is time for yet another  
truce, comrade?

ANGLE - DW nods. Gryz bends over, hooks hands together forming  
a basket.

314. GRYZLIKOFF  
Allez oop, Darkwing Duck.

DW - steps onto the basket made by Gryz's hand and Gryz flips  
DW up into the air, so DW somersaults and...

315. DARKWING  
Here's where the tide turns,  
Steelbeak!

ANGLE - ...knocks Steelbeak away from radar with a flying kick.



316. STEELBEAK

Eeeyoof!

ANGLE - Steelbeak gets knocked silly against a lunar formation. He calls to his 2 Egg Men.

317. STEELBEAK

Egg Men! Scramble those  
poachers!

WIDE - the 2 Egg Men get in attack formation (again like FOOTBALL PLAYERS).

ANGLE - Gryz joins DW.

ANGLE - the Egg Men CHARGE, racing TOWARD CAMERA.

ANGLE - DW turns to Gryz.

318. DARKWING

C'mon, comrade. Let's get  
dangerous!

DW & Gryz stand back to back, hook arms and get into a crouch. The Egg Men run into scene. DW & Gryz kick outward in Russian-style dance, KICKING the Egg Men O.S.

319. EGG MAN #1 & #2

<OOOOF! UMPH!>

ANGLE - Steelbeak scrambles up a towering lunar formation.

320. STEELBEAK

I'm outta here.

Steelbeak DIVES over the rocks, disappearing behind them - then, a nanu-second later, Steelbeak's spaceship is lifting off with him in it. He leans out of the window and shakes his fist.

321. STEELBEAK

Next time we meet, you won't be  
so lucky, Darkwing Dufus.

ANGLE INCLUDES - DW & GRYZ standing, looking up, as Steelbeak's spaceship flies off into space.

322. DARKWING

Well, Steelbeak might've gotten  
away, but we saved the world.  
Not a bad day's work, Gryz.

Gryz nods.

323. GRYZLIKOFF

Da. You do good old-country  
dance, comrade.

They shake hands.

324. DARKWING

Thanks. You were pretty good  
yourself on that allez-oop.

WIDE - Gryz wraps and arm around DW's shoulder, SQUEEZES,  
SCRUNCHING DW.

325. GRYZLIKOFF

From now on we bury the hatchback  
and work together as colleagues,  
da?

326. DARKWING

(scrunched)

Da, I'm all for it.

ANGLE - Gryz releases him, and they head back toward wrecked  
Shuttle.

327. GRYZLIKOFF

That is good. Because it could  
be months before we are rescued.

They're small in the distance...

328. DARKWING

Don't be silly. We'll use  
Steelbeak's equipment to radio an  
SOS.

329. GRYZLIKOFF

Nyet. Is against regulations to  
use lunar airwaves. Any  
noodlenut knows that.

330. DARKWING

Who are you calling a noodlenut?  
Listen, borscht brain, let me  
tell you a thing or three...!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

WIDE - from far away in space, looking at the moon from a  
distance. WE SEE that a WHITE LINE has been painted down its  
MIDDLE.

331. DARKWING (O.S.)  
...and you stay on your side!

FADE OUT

THE END