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Doctor Strange

By Jon Spaihts

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Master Kaecilius.

That ritual will bring you only sorrow.

Hypocrite!

Challenge round, Billy.

Oh, come on, Billy.

You've got to be messing with me.

No, doctor.

Feels So Good, Chuck Mangione, 1977.

Seriously, Billy, you said this one
would be hard. - Hah! It's 1978.

No, Billy, while Feels So Good
may have charted in 1978,
the album was released in December, 1977.
No, no. Wikipedia says the...

- Check again.

When did you...? - Where do you
store all this useless information?

Useless? The man charted a
top ten hit with a Flugelhorn.

- Status, Billy? - 1977.

- Oh! Please.

I hate you.

Woah! "Feels so good", doesn't it?

Oh, I... I've got this, Stephen. You've
done your bit. Go ahead, we'll close up.

- What is that?

- GSW.

It's amazing you kept him alive.

Apneic, further brain stem
testing after reflex test...

I think I found the problem, Dr. Palmer.
You left a bullet in his head.

- Thanks. It's impinging on the medulla.

I needed a specialist to
diagnose brain death.

Something about that
doesn't feel right to me.

We have to run.

Dr. West! What are you doing? Hey!

- Organ harvesting. He's a donor.

Slow down. I did not agree to that.

- I don't

need you to. We've already

called brain death.

Too premature. We need to get him prepped for a suboccipital craniotomy.

I'm not going to let you operate on a dead man. - What do you see?

A bullet?

- A perfect bullet. It's been hardened.

You harden a bullet by alloying lead with antimony.

A toxic metal. And as it leaks directly into the cerebral spinal fluid...

Rapid-onset central nervous system shutdown. - We need to go.

The patient's not dead, but he's dying.

Do you still want to harvest his organs?

I'll assist you.

- No! Dr. Palmer will assist me.

Thank you.

Image status, STAT.

- We do not have time for that.

You can't do it by hand.

- I can and I will.

This isn't the time for showing off, Strange.

How about ten minutes ago, when you called the wrong time of death?

Cranial nerves intact.

Dr. West, cover your watch.

You know, you didn't have to humiliate him in front of everyone.

I didn't have to save his patient either. But,

you know, sometimes I just can't help myself.

Nick is a great doctor.

- You came to me.

Yeah, well, I needed a second opinion.

- You had a second opinion.

What you needed was a competent one.

- Well, all the more reason why you should be my neurosurgeon on call.

You could make such a difference.

I can't work in your butcher shop.

- Hey! Look, he...
Look, I'm using trans-sectioned
spinal cords to
stimulate neurogenesis in
the central nervous system.
My work is at least going to
save thousands for years to come.
In the ER, I get to save one
drunk idiot with a gun.
Yeah, you're right. In the ER,
you're only saving lives.
There's no fame,
there's no CNN interviews...
Well, I guess I'll have to stick with Nick.
Oh, wait a minute. You're not...
you guys aren't...
What? - Sleeping together. Sorry, I
thought that was implicit in my disgust.
Explicit, actually.
And no, I have a very strict rule
against dating colleagues.
Oh really?
- I call it the Strange policy.
Oh, good! I'm glad something
is named after me.
You know, I invented a
laminectomy procedure,
and yet, somehow, no one seems to want
to call it the Strange technique.
We invented that technique.
- You know, I
gotta say, I'm very
flattered by your policy.
Look, I'm talking tonight at a
Neurological Society dinner. Come with me.
Another speaking engagement? So romantic.
You used to love going
to those things with me.
We had fun together.
- No. You've had fun.
They weren't about us, they were about you.
- Not only about me.
- Stephen. Everything is about you.
Maybe we can hyphenate.

Strange-Palmer technique.
Palmer-Strange.
Billy! What have you got for me?
I've got a 35-year-old Air Force colonel.
Crushed his lower spine
in some kind of experimental armor.
Mid-thoracic vertebral fracture.
Well, I could help, but
so can 50 other people.
Find me something worth my time.
I have a 68-year-old female
with an advanced brain stem glioma.
Yeah, you want me to screw up
my perfect record? Definitely not.
How about a 22-year-old
female with an electronic
implant in her brain to control
schizophrenia struck by lightning?
That does sound interesting.
Could you send me the... got it.
Hey.
It's okay. It's going to be okay.
What did they do?
They rushed you in a chopper.
But it took a little while to find you.
Golden hours for nerve damage went by
while you were in the car.
What did they do?!?
11 stainless steel pins in the bones.
Multiple torn ligaments.
Severe nerve damage in both hands.
You were on the table for 11 hours.
Look at these fixators.
No one could have done better.
I could have done better.
No. No.
- Give your body time to heal.
You ruined me.
How long until I'm...
Dr. Strange... those tissues
are still healing.
So speed it up. Pass the stent under the
brachial artery under the radial artery.
It's possible.

Experimental and expensive, but possible.

All I need is possible.

Up.

Up.

Show me your strength.

Ah! It's useless.

- It's not useless, man, you can do this.

Then answer me this, bachelor's degree.

Have you ever known anyone

with nerve damage this severe

to do this, and actually recover?

One guy, yeah. Factory accident, broke

his back. Paralyzed. His leg wasted away.

He had pain in his shoulder

from the wheelchair.

He came in 3 times a week.

But one day he stopped coming.

I thought he was dead.

A few years later, he

walked past me on the street.

He walked? - Yeah, he walked.

- Bullshit. Show me his file.

It can take me a while to pull

the files from the archive.

But if it proves your arrogant ass wrong,
it's worth it.

I looked at all your research.

I read all the papers you've sent,

but... none will work.

I... I don't think you realize

how severe the damage is, I...

Look, here's the thing, I...

- At best, I'd try and fail.

Look, I understand.

Here's the thing. I...

What you want from me is

impossible, Stephen. - Come on...

I've got my own reputation to consider.

- Etienne, wait.

I can't help you...

- No. No, no, wait!

Hi.

He won't do it.

He's a hack.

There's a new procedure in Tokyo.
They culture donor stem cells
and then harvest them and
3D-print a scaffold.
If I could get a loan
together, just...
Stephen...
- A small loan, 200,000.
Stephen. You've always spent money
as fast as you could make it
but now you're spending money
you don't even have.
Maybe it's time to consider stopping.
No. Now is exactly the time not to stop.
Because, you see,
I'm not getting any better!
But this isn't medicine anymore.
This is mania.
Some things just can't be fixed.
Life without my work...
- Is still life.
This isn't the end. There are other things
that can give your life meaning.
Like what? Like you?
And this is the part where you apologize.
This is the part where you leave.
Fine. I can't watch you
do this to yourself anymore.
Too difficult for you, is it?
- Yes.
It is. And it breaks my heart to see
you this way. - No. Don't pity me.
I'm not pitying you.
- Oh yeah? Then what are you doing here?
Bringing cheese and wine as if we're
old friends going for a picnic?
We are not friends, Christine.
We were barely lovers.
You just love a sob story, don't you?
Is that what I am to you now?
Poor Stephen Strange, charity case.
He finally needs me. Another dreg
of humanity for you to work on.
Fix him up and send him back into

the world, heart is just humming...
You care so much! Don't you?!?
Goodbye, Stephen.
Told you so!
Pangborn, J.
Metropolitan General Hospital
Come on, man! Where is the competition?
You talk a lot!
Jonathan Pangborn, C7-C8 spinal
cord injury, complete.
Who are you?
- Paralyzed from the mid-chest down.
Partial paralysis of both hands.
I don't know you.
I'm Stephen Strange. I'm a
neurosurgeon. Was a neurosurgeon.
Actually, you know what, man?
I think I know you.
I came to your office once.
You refused to see me.
I never got past your assistant.
You were untreatable.
- No glory for you in that, right?
You came back from a place
there is no way back from!
I... I'm trying to find my own way back.
Hey, Pangborn, you in it or not?
Alright.
I'd given up on my body.
I thought my mind was
the only thing I had
left. I should at least
try to elevate that.
So I sat with gurus, and sacred women.
Strangers carried me to mountain tops
to see holy men.
And finally, I found my teacher.
And my mind was elevated.
And my spirit deepened.
And somehow...
- Your body healed. - Yes.
And there were deeper
secrets to learn then,
but I did not have the strength

to receive them.
I chose to settle for my miracle,
and I came back home.
The place you're looking for
is called Kamar-Taj.
But the cost is high.
- How much?
I'm not talking about money.
Good luck.
Give me the ball!
Kathmandu, Nepal
Excuse me. Kamar-Taj?
Do you know where Kamar-Taj is?

Sign:

Find Peace! Find Yourself!"
Kamar-Taj?
Kamar-Taj...
Okay.
Guys, I... I don't have any money.
- Your watch.
No, please. It's all I have left.
- Your watch.
Alright.
You're looking for Kamar-Taj?
Really? Are you sure
you got the right place?
That one looks a little more...
Kamar-y Taj-y.
I once stood in your place.
And I, too, was... disrespectful.
So might I offer you some advice?
Forget everything you think you know.
Uh... alright.
The sanctuary of our teacher.
The Ancient One.
The Ancient One?
What's his real name?
Right. Forget everything I
think I know. I'm sorry.
Thank you for... huh!
Okay, that's, uh... a thing...
Thank you.
Hello.

Uh, thank you.
And thank you.
Uh, thank you, Ancient One...
for... seeing me...
You're very welcome.
The Ancient One. - Thank you, Master
Mordo. Thank you, Master Hamir!
Mr. Strange!
Doctor, actually.
- Well, no. Not anymore, surely.
Isn't that why you're here?
You've undergone many procedures.
Seven, right?
- Yeah...
Good tea.
Did you heal a man named
Pangborn? A paralyzed man.
In a way.
- You helped him to walk again.
Yes. - How do you correct a
complete C7-C8 spinal cord injury?
Oh, I didn't correct it.
He couldn't walk;
I convinced him that he could.
You're not suggesting
it was psychosomatic?
When you reattach a
severed nerve, is it you
who heals it back
together or the body?
It's the cells.
- And the cells are only programmed
to put themselves together
in very specific ways.
That's right. - What if I told you
that your own body could be convinced
to put itself back together
in all sorts of ways?
You're talking about
cellular regeneration.
That's... bleeding-edge medical tech.
Is that why you're working here,
without a governing medical board?
I mean... just how experimental

is your treatment?
Quite.
So, you figured out a way to
reprogram nerve cells to self-heal?
No, Mr. Strange.
I know how to reorient the spirit
to better heal the body.
Spirit... to heal the body.
Huh. A... Al... Al... alright.
How do we do that? Where do we start?
Don't like that map?
Oh, no. It's... it's very good.
It's just...
you know, I've seen it before.
In gift shops.
And what about this one?
- Acupuncture, great. - Yeah?
What about... that one?
You're showing me an MRI scan?
I can not believe this.
Each of those maps was drawn up by someone
who could see in part, but not the whole.
I spent my last dollar getting here
on a one-way ticket, and you're talking
to me about healing through belief?
You're a man who's looking
at the world through a keyhole,
and you spent your whole life
trying to widen that keyhole.
To see more, know more. And now,
on hearing that it can be widened
in ways you can't imagine,
you reject the possibility?
No, I reject it because I do
not believe in fairy tales
about chakras, or energy,
or the power of belief.
There is no such thing as spirit!
We are made of matter, and nothing more.
We're just another tiny, momentary speck
within an indifferent universe.
You think too little of yourself.
- Oh, you think you see through me, do you?
Well, you don't. But I see through you!!!

What did you just do to me?!? - I pushed
your astral form out of your physical form.
What's in that tea? Psilocybin? LSD?
Just tea.
With a little honey.
What just happened? - For a moment,
you entered the astral dimension.
What?? - A place where the soul
exists apart from the body.
Why are you doing this to me?
- To show you just how much you don't know.
Open your eye.
No! No... No! Shit!
Oh god! Oh god! Oh god!
This isn't real it isn't real it isn't
His heart rate are getting
dangerously high.
He looks alright to me.
You think you know how the world works?
You think that this material
universe is all there is?
What is real?
What mysteries lie beyond
the reach of your senses?
At the root of existence,
mind and matter meet.
Thoughts shape reality.
This universe is only one
of an infinite number.
Worlds without end.
Some benevolent and life-giving;
Others filled with malice and hunger.
Dark places, where powers
older than time lie...
ravenous... and waiting.
Who are you in this vast multiverse,
Mr. Strange?
Have you seen that before in a gift shop?
Teach me!
No.
No... No!
No, no, no, no no no no!
No! Open the door! Please!
Thank you, Masters.

You think I'm wrong to cast him out?
5 hours later, he's still on your doorstep.
There's a strength to him.
Stubbornness, arrogance, ambition...
I've seen it all before.
He reminds you of Kaecilius?
I can not lead another
gifted student to power,
only to lose him to the darkness.
You didn't lose me. I wanted
the power to defeat my enemies.
You gave me the power
to defeat my demons.
And to live within the natural law.
We never lose our demons, Mordo.
We only learn to live above them.
Kaecilius still has the stolen pages.
If he deciphers them,
he could bring ruin upon us all.
There may be dark days ahead.
Perhaps Kamar-Taj could
use a man like Strange.
Don't shut me out.
I've nowhere else to go.
Thank you.
Bed.
Rest.
Meditate...
if you can.
The Ancient One will send for you.
Uh, what's this? My mantra?
The Wi-Fi password.
We're not savages.
Time will tell how much I love you.
- Christine
The language of the mystic arts
is as old as civilization.
The sorcerers of antiquity called
the use of this language "spells".
But if that word offends
your modern sensibilities,
you can call it "program".
The source code that shapes reality.
We harness energy

drawn from other dimensions
of the multiverse,
to cast spells,
conjure shields
and weapons
to make magic.
But... even if my fingers could do that,
My hands would just be
waving in the air. I mean,
how do I get from here to there?
How did you get to
reattach severed nerves,
and put a human spine
back together bone by bone?
Study and practice. Years of it.
Hey.
Mr. Strange.
- Uh... Stephen, please.
- And you are?
- Wong. - Wong.
Just Wong? Like... Adele?
Or... Aristotle.
Drake. Bono.
Eminem.
The book of the invisible sun.
Astronomia Nova.
Codex Imperium.
Key of Solomon.
You finished all of this?
- Yup.
Come with me.
- Alright.
This section is for Masters only.
But at my discretion,
others may use it.
We should start with Maxim's Primer.
How is your Sanskrit?
I'm fluent in Google Translate.
Read it. Classical Sanskrit.
What are those?
The Ancient One's private collection.
So they're forbidden?
No knowledge in Kamar-Taj is forbidden.
Only certain practices.

Those books are far too advanced for
anyone other than the Sorcerer Supreme.
This one's got pages missing.
That's the book of Cagliostro.
The study of time.
One of the rituals was
stolen by a former Master.
A zealot called Kaecilius.
Just after he strung up
the former librarian,
and relieved him of his head.
I'm now the guardian of these books.
So if a volume from this collection
should be stolen again, I'd know it.
And you'd be dead before
you ever left the compound.
What if it's just overdue? You know?
Any... late fees I should know about?
Maybe, perhaps, uhm...
Uh, you know, people used
to think that I was funny.
Did they work for you?
Alright. Well, it's been
lovely talking to you, thank
you for the books and for
the horrifying story
and for the threat upon my life.
Now we receive the power to destroy
the one who betrayed us.
The one who betrays the world.
Mastery of the sling ring is
essential to the mystic arts.
They allow us to travel
throughout the multiverse.
All you need to do is focus.
Visualize.
See the destination in your mind.
Look beyond the world in front of you.
Imagine every detail.
The clearer the picture,
the quicker, and easier,
the gateway will come.
And stop.
I'd like a moment alone

with Mr. Strange.
Of course.
My hands.
- It's not about your hands.
How is this not about my hands?
Master Hamir.
Thank you, Master Hamir.
You cannot beat a river into submission.
You have to surrender to its current,
and use its power as your own.
I... I control it by surrendering control?
That doesn't make any sense.
Not everything does.
Not everything has to.
Your intellect has
taken you far in life.
But it will take you no further.
Surrender, Stephen.
Silence your ego
and your power will rise.
Come with me.
Wait. Is this...
- Everest.
It's beautiful. - Yeah, you're right.
Beautiful. It's freezing, but... beautiful.
At this temperature,
a person can last for 13 minutes
before suffering permanent
loss of function. - Great.
But you will likely go into shock
within the first 2 minutes. - What?
Surrender, Stephen.
- No, no!!! Don't!
How is our new recruit?
- We shall see.
Any second now.
No, not again.
Maybe I should...
Stephen.
- Wong.
What do you want, Strange?
- Books on astral projection.
You're not ready for that.
- Try me, Beyond.

Come on. You've heard of her.
She's a huge star, right?
Do you ever laugh?
Oh come on, just
give me the book, huh?
No.
Once, in this room,
you begged me to let you learn.
Now I'm told you question every lesson,
prefering to teach yourself.
Once, in this room,
you told me to open my eyes.
Now I'm being told to blindly
accept rules that make no sense.
Like the rule against conjuring
a gateway in the library?
Wong told on me? - You're advancing
quickly with your sorcery skills.
You need a safe space
to practice your spells.
You are now inside the Mirror Dimension.
Ever present but undetected.
The real world isn't affected
by what happens here.
We use the Mirror Dimension
to train, surveil,
and sometimes to contain threats.
You don't want to be stuck
in here without your sling ring.
Hold on. Sorry, what
do you mean, threats?
Learning of an infinite multiverse
included learning of infinite dangers.
And if I told you everything
else that you don't
already know, you'd run
from here in terror.
So, just how ancient is she?
No one knows the age of
the Sorcerer Supreme.
Only that she is Celtic
and never talks about her past.
You follow her even though you don't know?
I know that she's steadfast,

but unpredictable.
Merciless, yet kind.
She made me what I am.
Trust your teacher.
And don't lose your way.
Like Kaecilius?
- That's right.
You knew him.
When he first came to us,
he'd lost everyone he ever loved.
He was a grieving and broken man,
searching for answers in the mystic arts.
A brilliant student, but
he was proud, headstrong.
Questioned the Ancient One,
rejected our teaching.
He left Kamar-Taj.
His disciples followed him like sheep
seduced by false doctrine.
He stole the forbidden ritual, right?
- Yeah.
What did it do?
No more questions.
What's that?
- That's a question.
This is a relic.
Some magic is too powerful to sustain,
so we imbue objects with it.
Allowing them to take
the strain we can not.
This is the Staff of the Living Tribunal.
There are many relics.
The Wand of Watoomb.
The Bolting Boots of Voltor.
They just roll off the tongue, don't they?
When do I get my relic?
When you're ready.
- I think I'm ready.
You're ready when the relic
decides you're ready.
For now,
conjure a weapon.
Yeah.
Fight! Fight like

your life depended on it!
Because one day, it may.
Christine
I'm emailing you one more time to
Wong?
Okay.
First, open the Eye of Agamotto.
Alright.
Oh my.
Dormammu.
The Dark Dimension.
Eternal life?
Stop!!!
Tampering with the continuum
of probability is forbidden!
I... I wa... I was just doing
exactly what it said in the book!
And what did the book say about
the dangers of performing that ritual?
Yeah, I don't know. I hadn't
gotten to that part yet.
Temporal manipulations can
create branches in time.
Unstable dimensional openings.
Spacious paradoxes! Time loops!!!
You want to get stuck reliving the
same moment over, and over, forever,
or never having existed at all?
They really should put the
warnings before that stuff.
Your curiosity could
have gotten you killed.
You weren't manipulating
the space-time continuum,
you were wrecking it.
We do not tamper with
natural law. We defend it.
How did you learn to do that?
Where did you learn the litany of spells
required to even understand it?
I've got a photographic memory. It's how I
got my M.D. and Ph.D. at the same time.
What you just did
takes more than a good memory.

You were born for the mystic arts.
And yet, my hands still shake.
- For now, yes.
Not forever?
- We're not prophets.
When do you start telling me what we are?
While heroes like the Avengers
protect the world from physical dangers,
we sorcerers safeguard it
against more mystical threats.
The Ancient One is the latest
in a long line of Sorcerers Supreme
Going back thousands of years
to the father of the mystic arts,
the mighty Agamotto.
The same sorcerer who created the eye
you so recklessly borrowed.
Agamotto built 3 Sanctums
in places of power,
where great cities now stand.
That door leads to the Hong Kong Sanctum,
that door to the New York Sanctum.
That one, to the London Sanctum.
Together, the Sanctums generate a
protective shield around our world.
The Sanctums protect the
world, and we sorcerers
protect the Sanctums.
- From what?
Other-dimensional beings
that threaten our universe.
Like Dormammu?
Where did you learn that name?
I just read it in the book
of Cagliostro. Why?
Dormammu dwells in the Dark Dimension.
Beyond time.
He is the cosmic conquerer,
the destroyer of worlds.
A being of infinite power
and endless hunger,
on a quest to invade every universe
and bring all worlds into
his Dark Dimension.

And he hungers for Earth most of all.
The pages that Kaecilius stole.
A ritual to contact Dormammu and
draw power from the Dark Dimension.
Uuuh... okay. Okay.
I... time-out. I... I came
here to heal my hands,
not to fight in some mystical war.
London.
Kaecilius!
No!!!
Wong? Mordo?
177A Bleecker Street
Hello?
Hello?
Daniel. I see they made you
Master of the Sanctum.
Do you know what that means?
That you'll die protecting it.
Stop!
How long have you been
at Kamar-TaJ, Mister...?
Doctor.
- Just Doctor?
- It's Strange.
Maybe. Who am I to judge?
You don't know how to use that, do you?
What?
You'll die here.
- Oh, stop it.
I said, stop it!
You cannot stop this, Mr. Doctor. - Why...
look, I don't even know what "this" is.
It's the end and the beginning.
The many becoming the few,
becoming the One.
Look, if you're not going
to start making sense,
I'm just going to have to
put this thing back on.
Tell me, Mr. Doctor.
Alright, look. My name
is Dr. Stephen Strange.
You are a doctor?

- Yes. - A scientist.
You understand the laws of nature.
All things age. All things die.
In the end, our sun burns out,
our universe grows cold and perishes.
But the Dark Dimension...
it's a place beyond time.
That's it. I'm putting this thing back on.
This world doesn't have to die, Doctor.
This world can take its rightful
place among so many others,
as part of the One.
The great and beautiful One.
And we can all live forever.
Really?
What do you have to gain out of
this New Age dimensional utopia?
The same as you. The same as
everyone. Life. Eternal life.
People think in terms of good and evil,
but really, time is the true enemy
of us all. Time kills everything.
What about the people you killed?
Tiny, momentary specks within
an indifferent universe.
Yes. You see,
you see what we're doing?
The world is not what it ought to be.
Humanity longs for the eternal,
for a world beyond time, because
time is what enslaves us.
Time is an insult.
Death is an insult.
Doctor...
We don't seek to rule this world.
We seek to save it, to
hand it over to Dormammu,
who is the intent of all evolution,
the Why of all existence.
The Sorcerer Supreme defends existence.
What was it that brought you to Kamar-Taj,
Doctor? Was it enlightenment?
Power?
You came to be healed, as did we all.

Kamar-Taj is a place that
collects broken things.
We all come with the
promise of being healed,
but instead, the Ancient One
gives us parlor tricks.
The real magic she keeps for herself.
Have you ever wondered how she
managed to live this long?
I... I saw the rituals in
the book of Cagliostro.
So, you know.
The ritual gives me the power to overthrow
the Ancient One and tear her Sanctums down,
to let the Dark Dimension in.
Because what the Ancient One
hoards, Dormammu gives freely.
Life, everlasting.
He is not the destroyer of worlds,
Doctor, he is the savior of worlds.
No. I mean, come on.
Look at your face.
Dormammu made you a murderer.
Just how good can his kingdom be?
You think that's funny?
No. No, Doctor.
What's funny is that you've
lost your sling ring.
Sir, can I help you?
- Dr. Palmer, where is she?
Sir, we need to... - Where is she?
- At the nurses station.
Christine!
Stephen? Oh my god. What...
- We need to get
me on an operation table now.
Just you.
Now! I don't have any time!
What happened?
- Stabbed. Cardiac tamponade.
What are you wearing?
The chest cavity is clear.
- The blood... is in the pericardial sac.
No. No no no no no no no!

Stephen! Stephen!
Just a little higher.
Please be careful with the needle.
Stephen?
Oh lord, oh lord. What am I seeing?
- My astral body.
Are you dead?
- No, Christine, but I am dying.
Right. Right.
Yeah. Alright.
I've... I've never seen
a wound like this before.
What were you stabbed with?
I don't know.
I'm going to have to vanish now.
- No, I...
Keep me alive, will you?
Okay! Okay.
Oh shit!
Charging to 200 Joule
Stephen, come on.
Hit me again!
- Stop doing that!
Up the voltage and hit me again.
No, your heart is beating!
- Just do it!
Oh god!
Are you ok?
- Hey there.
Okay.
After all this time,
you just show up here,
flying out of your body?
- Yeah, I know.
I missed you too, by the way.
I wrote 2 emails, but
you never responded.
Why would I?
Christine, I am so, so sorry.
For all of it.
And you were right,
I was a complete asshole.
I treated you so horribly
and you deserved so much more.

- Stop. You... you're clearly in shock.
I mean, what the hell is happening?
Where have you been?
Well, after Western medicine failed me,
I headed East, and I
ended up in Kathmandu.
Kathmandu?

- Yeah.

What, like the Bob Seger song?

- 1975, Beautiful Loser, side A. And then,
I went to a place called Kamar-Taj
and I talked to someone
called the Ancient One, and...

Oh. So you joined a cult.

- No, I didn't. Not exactly. I mean,
they did teach me to tap into powers
that I never even knew existed.

Yeah, that sounds like a cult.

- It's not a cult.

Well, that's what a cultist would say.

- Oh, no.

Wait, Stephen... what do
you think you're doing?

I'm late for a cult meeting.

This is insane.

- Yeah.

Where are you going?

Uhm...

- Just tell me the truth?

Well, a powerful sorcerer, who gave
himself over to an ancient entity
who can bend the very laws of physics,
tried very hard to kill me,
but I left him chained up
in Greenwich Village,
and the quickest way back there
is through a dimensional gateway
that I opened up in the mop closet.

- Okay. Don't tell me. Fine.

I really do have to go.

Strange!

You're okay.

- A relative term, but yeah, I'm okay.
The Cloak of Levitation.

It came to you.
No minor feat.
It's a fickle thing.
He's escaped.
- Kaecilius? - Yeah.
He can fold space and matter at will.
He folds matter outside the mirror
dimension? In the real world? - Yeah.
How many more?
- Two.
I stranded one in the desert. - And the
other? - His body was in the hall.
Master Drumm was in the foyer.
- He's been taken back to Kamar-Taj.
The London Sanctum has fallen.
Only New York and Hong Kong remain now
to shield us from the Dark Dimension.
You defended the New York
Sanctum from attack.
With its Master gone, it needs another,
Master Strange.
No.
It is Dr. Strange.
Not Master Strange, not Mr. Strange,
Doctor Strange.
When I became a doctor,
I swore an oath to do no harm.
And I have just killed a man!
I'm not doing that again.
I became a doctor to save
lives, not take them.
You become a doctor to save
one life above all others.
Your own.
Still seeing through me, are you?
- I see what I've always seen.
Your overinflated ego.
You want to go back to the delusion
that you can control anything,
even death, which no one can control.
Not even the great doctor
Stephen Strange.
Not even Dormammu?
He offers immortality.

It's our fear of death
that gives Dormammu life.
He feeds off it.
- Like you feed on him?
You talk to me about controlling death.
Well, I know how you do it.
I've seen the missing rituals
from the book of Cagliostro.
Measure your next words
very carefully, doctor.
Because you might not like them?
Because you may not know
of what you speak.
What is he talking about?
- I'm talking about her long life.
The source of her immortality.
She draws power from the
Dark Dimension to stay alive.
That's not true. - I've seen the
rituals and worked them out.
I know how you do it.
Once they regroup,
the zealots will be back.
You'll need reinforcements.
She is not who you think she is.
- You don't have the right to say that.
You have no idea of the
responsibility that rests
upon her shoulders.
- No, and I don't want to know.
You're a coward.
- Because I'm not a killer?
- These zealots will
snuff us all out,
and you can muster the strength
to snuff them out first?
What do you think I just did?
- You saved your own life!
And then whined about
it like a wounded dog.
- When you would have
done it so easily?
You have no idea.
The things I've done...

And the answer is yes.
Without hesitation.
- Even if there's another way?
There is no other way.
- You lack imagination.
No, Stephen. You lack a spine.
They're back.
We have to end this. Now!
Strange! Get down here and fight!
The Mirror Dimension.
You can't affect the
real world in here.
Who's laughing now, asshole?
I am.
They've got no sling ring. I mean,
they can't escape, right?
Run!
Their connection to the
Dark Dimension makes
them more powerful in
the Mirror Dimension.
They can't affect the real world,
but they can still kill us.
This wasn't clever. This was suicide!
That is hilarious.
This was a mistake.
It's true.
She does draw power from
the Dark Dimension.
Kaecilius.
I came to you, broken,
lost, bleeding.
I trusted you to be my teacher,
and you fed me lies.
I tried to protect you.
- From the truth? - From yourself.
I have a new teacher now.
- Dormammu deceives you.
You have no idea of what he truly is.
His eternal life is not
paradise, but torment. - Liar.
Christine!!!
- Are you kidding me?
Oh my god.

No fibrillation...
It's neurogenic?
- Yes.
Nick?
We need to relieve the
pressure on her brain.
She still drops. - We're losing her!
- You need to increase her oxygen!
I need a crash cart!
- Her pupils are dilated!
No reflexes.
I'm not reading any brain activity.
What are you doing?
You're dying!
You have to return to your body now.
You don't have time.
Time is relative. Your body
hasn't even hit the floor yet.
I've spent so many years
peering through time,
looking at this exact moment.
But I can't see past it.
I've prevented countless terrible futures.
And after each one, there's always another.
And they all lead here,
but never further.
- You think this is where you die.
Do you wonder what I see in your future?
- No.
Yes. - I never saw your future.
Only its possibilities.
You have such a capacity for goodness.
You always excelled,
but not because you crave success,
but because of your fear of failure.
It's what made me a great doctor.
It's precisely what kept
you from greatness.
Arrogance and fear still keep you
from learning the simplest and
most significant lesson of all.
Which is?
It's not about you.
When you first came to me,

you asked me how I was able
to heal Jonathan Pangborn.
I didn't.
He channels dimensional energy
directly into his own body.
He uses magic to walk.
- Constantly.
He had a choice,
to return to to his own life
or to serve something greater than himself.
So, I could have my hands back again?
My old life?
You could.
And the world would be
all the lesser for it.
I've hated drawing power
from the Dark Dimension.
But as you well know, sometimes one
must break the rules
in order to serve the greater good.
- Mordo won't see it that way.
Mordo's soul is rigid and unmovable,
forged by the fires of his youth.
He needs your flexibility,
just as you need his strength.
Only together do you stand a
chance of stopping Dormammu.
I'm not ready.
No one ever is.
We don't get to choose our time.
Death is what gives life meaning.
To know your days are numbered,
your time is short.
You'd think after all
this time I'd be ready.
But look at me,
stretching one moment out into a thousand,
just so I can watch the snow.
Are you okay?
I don't understand what's happening.
- I know.
But I have to go right now.
You said that losing my hands
didn't have to be the end,

that it could be a beginning.
- Yeah.
Because there are other ways to save lives.
A harder way.
A weirder way.
Dr. Palmer, the ER, please.
Dr. Palmer, the ER.
I don't want to let you go.
Stop.
Hong Kong
Choose your weapon wisely.
No one steps foot in this Sanctum.
No one.
Kaecilius. - You're on the
wrong side of history, Wong.
She's dead.
- You were right.
She wasn't who I thought she was.
She was complicated.
Complicated?
The Dark Dimension is volatile.
Dangerous.
What if it overtook her?
She taught us it was forbidden,
while she drew on its power
to steal centuries of life.
She did what she thought was right.
The bill comes due.
Don't you see?
Her transgressions led
the zealots to Dormammu.
Kaecilius was her fault.
And here we are, in the
consequence of her deception.
A world on fire.
- Mordo, London Sanctum has fallen.
And New York has been attacked. Twice.
You know where they're going next.
Hong Kong. - You told me once to
fight as if my life depended on it,
because one day, it might.
Well, today is that day.
I can not defeat them alone.
The Sanctum has already fallen.

The Dark Dimension.
Dormammu is coming.
It's too late.
Nothing can stop him.
Not necessarily.
No.
Spells working.
We got a second chance.
No!
Wong!
I'm breaking the laws of nature, I know.
Well, don't stop now.
When the Sanctum is restored, they will
attack again. We have to defend it.
Come on!
Get up, Strange. Get up and fight!
We will finish this.
You can't fight the inevitable.
Isn't it beautiful?
A world beyond time.
Beyond death.
Beyond time...
Strange!
He's gone.
Stephen Strange has left
to surrender to his power.
Dormammu! I've come to bargain.
You've come to die.
Your world is now my
world, like all worlds.
Dormammu! I've come to bargain.
You've come to die.
Your world is now my world...
What is this?
Illusion? - No, this is real.
- Good.
Dormammu! I've come to bargain.
You... what is happening?
Just as you gave Kaecilius
powers from your dimension,
I've brought a little power from mine.
This is time.
An endless looped time.
You dare!

Dormammu! I've come to bargain.
You cannot do this forever.
Actually, I can.
This is how things are now.
You and me, trapped in
this moment, endlessly.
Then you will spend eternity dying.
Yeah. But everyone on Earth will live.
But you will suffer.
Pain is an old friend.
Dormammu!
I've come to bargain.
- End this!
Dormammu!... Dormammu!...
Dormammu!...
You will never win.
No...
But I can lose.
Again, and again, and again,
and again, forever.
And that makes you my prisoner.
- No.
Stop! Make this stop!!!
Set me free!
- No.
I've come to bargain.
Oh, what do you want?
Take your zealots from the Earth.
End your assault on my world.
Never come back.
Do it, and I'll break the loop.
Get up, Strange.
Get up and fight!
We will finish this.
Isn't it beautiful?
A world beyond time.
Beyond death.
What have you done?
- I made a bargain.
What is this? - Well, it's, uh...
it's everything you ever wanted.
Eternal life as part of the One.
You're not going to like it.
I think he really should have

stolen the whole book,
because the warnings...
the warnings come after the spells.
Oh, that's funny.
We did it.
Yes.
Yes, we did it.
By also violating the natural laws.
Look around you. It's over.
You still think there will be
no consequences, Strange?
No price to pay?
We broke our rules, just like her.
The bill comes due.
Always.
A reckoning.
I will follow this path no longer.
Yeah, it's okay.
Wise choice.
You'll wear the eye of Agamotto
once you've mastered its powers.
Until then,
best not to walk the streets
wearing an infinity stone.
A what? - You have a gift for the mystic
arts, but you still have much to learn.
Word of the Ancient One's death
will spread through the multiverse.
The Earth has no Sorcerer
Supreme to defend it.
We must be ready.
- We'll be ready.
So, Earth has wizards now, huh?
Tea?
- I don't drink tea.
What do you drink?
Not tea.
So, I keep a watchlist
of individuals and beings
from other realms that may
be a threat to this world.
Your adopted brother, Loki,
is one of those beings.
A worthy inclusion.

- Yeah.

So, why bring him here to New York?

That's a long story.

A family drama, that kind of thing,
but... we're looking for my father.

Oh, okay. So, if you've found Odin,
you all will return to Asgard, probably?

Oh, yes. Probably.

- Alright.

Let me help you.

Can I help you?

They carried you into
Kamar-Taj on a strecher.

Look at you now.

- Pangborn.

- Mordo.

So, what can I do for you? Man!

You been away many months now
and I heard a revelation.

The true purpose of a sorcerer is to
twist things out of there proper shape.

Stealing power, providing nature...
like you.

I stolen nothing. This is my power. Mine.

Power... has a purpose.

Why you doing this?

Because I see it long last
was wrong with the world.

Too many sorcerers.