

POST CREDITS SCENE.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY.

TREVOR, the actor who has impersonated the Mandarin, is being escorted by TWO MEN WEARING BLACK SUITS AND SUNGLASSES through a corridor in the police station. TREVOR is in hand cuffs. He is cheerful, nodding at PEOPLE that they pass in the corridor.

They reach the end of the corridor and enter an elevator.

The elevator doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY.

The three men are STANDING INSIDE THE ELEVATOR. The TWO BLACK SUITS are staring silently and grimly forward. TREVOR is in front of them, facing the elevator doors. His cheerfulness has dissipated, and he HUMS TO HIMSELF nervously.

The elevator SHAKES VIOLENTLY, and then COMES TO A STANDSTILL.

TREVOR LOOKS CONFUSED at the TWO BLACK SUITS, who show no reaction.

The elevator SHAKES VIOLENTLY once more, almost knocking TREVOR off his feet.

THEN A SCREECHING, TEARING SOUND.

THE BACK WALL OF THE ELEVATOR IS TORN AWAY VIOLENTLY, revealing pitch darkness.

TREVOR STARES FRIGHTENED at the hole.

The TWO BLACK SUITS PUSH HIM forwards, and the three men STEP INTO THE DARKNESS.

INT. DARK PASSAGE, ELSEWHERE - NIGHT.

The three men SHUFFLE through a dark, low passage; their path is only illuminated by the light coming from the torn open elevator behind them.

They are obviously not in a police station anymore but SOMEWHERE ELSE. The walls are cold granite.

They reach a stairways descending downwards, and they WALK DOWNSTAIRS.

INT. DARK STAIRWAYS, ELSEWHERE - NIGHT.

They DESCEND a huge circling stairway, leading into blackness. There is the impression of immense space.

INT. BOTTOM OF DARK STAIRWAYS, ELSEWHERE - NIGHT.

The three men arrive at the bottom of the stairways. They WALK ONWARDS wordlessly. TREVOR is now positively PANICKED.

INT. DARK TEMPLE, ELSEWHERE - NIGHT.

Cold darkness around them. In the shadows, a vast place, lined by stone pillars. Their steps echo as THEY WALK ACROSS THE COURT TOWARDS THE FAR END. There is an opening in the row of pillars and we see in the pitch darkness TWO FIGURES - one tall one, standing aside. And a indiscernible one, apparently sitting on a huge throne - all hidden in shadows.

They REACH THE FAR END.

The TWO BLACK SUITS PUSH TREVOR to the ground, then they STEP BACK.

The tall figure STEPS FORWARD - it is a CHINESE WOMAN, dressed in a traditional Chinese frock. Her face is blank, expressionless. There is no body movement while she speaks.

TREVOR LOOKS UP, then HASTILY LOOKS DOWN, in utter terror. He PROSTRATES HIMSELF.

TREVOR
Master... Master...

The figure in the shadows, sitting on a giant throne, WAVES A HAND - something BLINKS once, in a purple light on one of his fingers.

The CHINESE WOMAN JERKS once, and there is purple light coming from her mouth, when it opens and she speaks. Her voice is monotonous. Emotionless.

CHINESE WOMAN
You are in the presence of His

Holy and Exalted Highness. Your lord and master awaits your report.

TREVOR

(hastily)

Yes. Yes. Master! - It all went well, Master. It all went well. No one suspects. No one suspects.

He CRAWLS CLOSER, shuffling pathetically on the floor.

TREVOR

Everyone believes that the Mandarin never existed. Even Killian himself thought, that he was the mastermind behind the plan. He died claiming to be the Mandarin. Even he was fooled.

He LOOKS UP, unable to help himself.

A silhouette almost invisible in the shadows of the throne. A tall figure, regal, authoritarian. The figure RAISES his left hand, and we see in the shadows long, slim fingers - each of them adorned by a ring. Each ring different. Alien.

The ring on his left ring finger LIGHTS UP briefly, in a purple light.

The CHINESE WOMAN JERKS her head again, and then words break out of her mouth again, PURPLE LIGHT SPILLING BETWEEN HER LIPS.

CHINESE WOMAN

And what of Stark?

TREVOR

He has withdrawn and all his armors were destroyed. He, too, was fooled to believe that he has defeated his enemies.

Trevor looks up now, LOOKING AT THE SHADOWY FIGURE. The light has slightly brightened, and we can see a tall Chinese man in half shadows, in a splendid traditional Chinese attire - the clothing of an ancient emperor. Similar to the disguise, Trevor himself has been wearing in his disguise as the Mandarin - but much more majestic. The man holds himself in the pose of a king.

Trevor STUTTERS AND WHISPERS.

TREVOR

He, too, was fooled to believe
that there is no Mandarin.

The MANDARIN IS SITTING on his throne, in the shadows of
the huge ancient temple, and NODS. He WAVES his left hand
once more, and one last time a ring BURNS purple.

The CHINESE WOMAN SHIVERS and SPEAKS.

CHINESE WOMAN

Know that His Holy And Exalted
Highness is pleased with your
work. Know that His Holy and
Exalted Highness has no further
use of you.

Trevor JUMPS, BRINGING UP HIS HANDS, realizing in sheer
terror his fate.

TREVOR

Master? No!!

The MANDARIN TURNS HIS LEFT HAND, AND MAKES A FIST. This
time, a ring on his left little finger FLASHES in bright,
ice-blue light.

For a split second, in the light of the ring, we see the
face of the MANDARIN: a cruel, merciless face with the
promise of death in his eyes.

Then a BLAST OF ICY WIND SHOOTS FROM THE RING, and STRIKES
TREVOR. He is instantly FROZEN to an ice sculpture, and a
moment later BURSTS APART in a cloud of ice and snow dust.

The TWO BLACK SUITS BOW, and then silently WALK AWAY.

Then the temple lies still once more. And darkness falls.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

