

**A Family Affair - The Harley Quinn Story**

Written by

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Based on the DC Comics characters;  
Harley Quinn created by Bruce Timm and Paul Dini

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY, THEN - DAY

A typical suburban one-floor home under a clear summer sky. The grass is green. Children gather toward an ice cream truck as parents talk. The ice cream truck's jingle is loud. A YOUNG GIRL, around 6-7 years old, in a green t-shirt, purple pants, and a baseball cap, pokes a stick into an anthill on the dried up front lawn of the worn house. She isn't smiling.

QUINN (V.O.)

When does love stop being love?  
When the ones we love hurt us most.

The kids in front of the ice cream truck get their treats and leave with their parents. A BOY, same age as the girl, walks by the front lawn eating ice cream with a FRIEND of the same age. The friend kicks the mailbox as they stop in front of the house gate as the girl pokes the anthill.

BOY

That's where the Little Looney and  
her crazy family live.

The boy and his friend call out in a teasing tone.

BOY/FRIEND

Little Looney!

The girl hears. She is visibly hurt by the teasing. She starts to tear up, wipes her eyes, gets up, and runs into the house. The kids laugh. The girl slams the door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME, THEN - DAY

The young girl runs down the hall, past an unkempt man in a robe with a beer, her FATHER. The father calls out to the girl as she turns into her bedroom.

FATHER

What did I tell you about running  
in the goddamn house?

The girl throws shut the door of her bedroom, dives into bed, and cries. Footsteps are heard from the other side of the door. It's her father marching up to the bedroom. The doorknob rattles, the girl stops crying and holds her breath. The doorknob rattles more violently.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You unlock this door! Now!

Her father pounds on the door. The girl sits up in her bed and looks frightened as the pounding intensifies. A woman, in t-shirt and sweat pants, the MOTHER, walks up to the father. The pounding stops. The girl exhales.

MOTHER

Cut her some slack. She's just a kid.

There's a moment of silence. A sudden thud is heard from the parent's side of the door, followed by a faint sobbing.

FATHER

Don't you ever tell me what to do, hear? My brat, I get to do what I damn please.

MOTHER

You're a monster!

FATHER

What did you say?

Two more thuds are heard, followed by screaming and a dragging sound. The girl just stares at the door, paralyzed by fear.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I'm tired of you and that little shit bitching and complaining and breaking my damn rules. It's my house! I'm the man here.

There is a loud crashing sound, which causes the girl to flinch. She keeps her eyes closed. She mumbles to herself.

YOUNG GIRL

I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay.

MOTHER

Damn you, Francis!

FATHER

Damn me? Damn me!?

Another crash is heard. The girl flinches again. She sobs under her breath. Metal scrapes on a surface. A loud scream! A thud and the scream is cut off into silence. There's a lengthy period of silence. The girl opens her eyes. Suddenly there's a pounding at the door as if someone charged into it! Another! The door breaks open, and the father barges in with a bloody kitchen knife. The girl screams.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Shut your goddamn mouth, you little shit!

The father rushes at the girl, who springs out of bed, barely able to duck under the father. She tries to run for the door but is grabbed by the arm. The girl grabs a pencil from a nearby dresser as the father drunkenly tries to pull her close.

He falls back on the ground, pulling the girl on him. There's a slight struggle, and then they both stop fighting. Father's legs twitch and a gurgling sound is heard.

The girl gets off the father. We see a pencil in his throat. The girl is covered in blood. She looks at her father and sees what has happened.

At first, she is horrified, but her expression quickly changes into one of detachment and emotional withdrawal as she walks up to her dying father. She stops over him, looks into his eyes, grabs the pencil, and pulls it out. She looks at it, blood stained. Suddenly she stabs him in the throat repeatedly without an expression, until the pencil breaks. She stands over her dead father and just stares at his body, a pool of blood at her feet.

FADE OUT

QUINN (V.O.)

When does love stop being love?

FADE IN

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, LOBBY - NIGHT

A forest surrounds the grim estate that is Arkham Asylum. There are tall doors, long windows, and gargoyles on the roof corners. The assault of rain on the dark, wired asylum windows echoes through the halls, accompanied only by the faint screaming and laughing of the bedlam within. The walls of the lobby are gray, aged, and barren, with little florescent light. No ornate plants or decoration, only a couple benches along the side, and a lone cola machine radiating a red light from the corner onto a guard station positioned behind a counter by a large door marked with an "ADMITTANCE" placard. Directly across from that, two steel double doors, heavy and worn, are marked "EXIT". All is highly institutional.

Behind the desk, a large African-American guard in a light blue shirt sporting Arkham Asylum patches in gray, AARON CASH, drinks from his coffee mug using his right hand. His eyes are fixated on a monitor in front of him, showing the outside of the double door exit. His left hand is obscured.

To his side a three by three grid of monitors illuminates the station. On his desk rest stacks of folders and his nightstick. Cash's radio crackles as it receives a message from his lieutenant, BRYCE, regarding an incoming patient.

BRYCE

Watchtower, incoming patient Waylon Jones is ready to transfer to triage. Requesting all available units to process.

Cash sips from his mug.

CASH  
(into radio)  
Watchtower. You're clear. All  
available units report to triage.

Again he sips from his mug. A sudden flash of lightning shines eerie shadows in the lobby. Cash sees a silhouette of what looks like a toothy smile on the wall.

CASH (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Watchtower. God bless.

Cash sets his mug down and reclines in his seat, letting out a deep exhale. He looks up at the ceiling, and then down to his left hand, which has been amputated and replaced with a hook.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Finally got you, you hungry piece  
of shit.

He turns to the monitor grid beside him. On the top left there is the feed of six guards escorting an extremely large man with rough, leathery brown skin. His right eye is swollen, a cast around his neck, and he is missing several jagged teeth. He is WAYLON JONES. The radio crackles.

BRYCE  
On your toes, boys.

Jones is heard in the background.

JONES  
Tell Cash I'm still hungry!

A buzzer from Cash's desk rings out, but Cash is too fixated on the screen to notice.

The monitor shows a blonde doctor with glasses standing in the pouring rain, clenching files under her coat. She is HARLEY QUINN, or Dr. Harleen Quinzel to her peers. A second buzz is followed by Quinn using the intercom.

QUINN  
Hey, Aaron! What's the deal? Make  
with the open sesame! I'm getting  
soggy here.

Cash turns from the screens to see Quinn looking into the camera. He hits a red button by the monitor and chuckles into a microphone.

CASH  
I always said you look better with  
your hair down.

Quinn makes a face and flips off the camera. Cash unlocks the exit doors with a loud buzz. The door creaks open and in

walks Quinn, soaked to the bone. Cash laughs.

QUINN

Yuck it up, Aaron. We'll see who's laughing when I get pneumonia and die.

CASH

(still laughing)

Sorry, Harl. Let me get you a napkin.

QUINN

Forget it. What's going on? My card wouldn't work.

Cash tilts his head toward monitor grid.

CASH

We got a high profile transfer. Keys go down during. Protocol.

QUINN

Protocol can kiss my ass. So, who's the rock star?

Cash lifts his hook hand and taps the side of his head.

QUINN (CONT'D)

They caught him?

CASH

More of a he caught him. The bat just dropped him off not too long ago. He really did a number on him. Waylon wasn't pretty before by any degree, but now...

A monitor in the grid shows Jones limping. Jones' wounds catch Quinn's eye.

QUINN

Jinkies. How are you holding up?

CASH

I see his face every night and wake up screaming. You know, the usual for the past year.

QUINN

You should come by my office.

CASH

I don't need a shrink, doc. Sorry to burst your bubble. Seeing him like this... that's all I need.

QUINN

Some would beg to differ. So, am I clear to go in, or what? I really have to pee now.

Cash looks at the monitor grid.

CASH

Yeah, they're showing Croc to his room. Go ahead.

Cash hits a button and the door buzzes and unlocks. Quinn opens it and turns toward Cash.

QUINN

TTYL?

CASH

Yeah.

Quinn enters and closes the door behind her. Cash retakes his seat and turns to the monitor grid, picking up his mug. On one screen, Quinn walks down the halls. Cash smiles.

CASH (CONT'D)

Cute. Odd, but cute.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Quinn opens the door to her small office in the asylum. Simple and dark, the office has a desk piled with files, file cabinets along the walls, and a plant in the corner. The door does a good job of muffling the commotion from the halls.

Quinn flips the switch, and the lights flicker on. She takes off her wet coat, hangs it on an empty chair, and drops her files on top of her desk before letting herself fall into the chair with a grunt.

Her desk is a mess of papers and candy. There are wrappers of candy bars and empty soda cans tossed about. Under the desk there is a mini fridge which Quinn opens and pulls out a SODER COLA brand soda bottle. She pops the cap on the edge of her desk, takes a long drink, and savors it.

QUINN

Oy! Get caught in a storm and soaked to the bone. What a way to start off your day.

Quinn moves some papers around and picks a file up from the mess.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Let's see. Who do we have first on our list?

She looks at the file. It reads "Nigma, Edward" on the label on the tab. She tosses the file aside.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Looking for crazy, not annoying.  
I'll kill myself if I hear another  
riddle. What screwball do we have  
behind door number two?

Quinn picks up a file with the label on the tab featuring the patient's name worn illegible. The face of the folder has in red marker the numbers 8181 written across. The bold numbers catch her eye.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Mystery date. Who are you?

She opens the folder and her eyes widen at what she sees.

Photos of a pale man, with clown makeup on his face, and cold, dead eyes. He is the JOKER.

Quinn gets a chill. A packet of photos slips from the folder. It documents injuries the Joker has acquired over time. With dates on the top of each photo no more than a couple months apart, the photos show broken limbs, bleeding head wounds, and missing teeth. All are clear indicators of abuse.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Gee, poor guy.

Quinn is engrossed in the photos when a knock on her door startles her.

A slender, tall young man opens Quinn's door. He has a clean cut look with glasses and a boyish, playful smile. He wears a brown suit. His name is JONATHAN CRANE.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Jonathan! Scare me to death,  
why don't you?

CRANE

Not my intention. So sorry.  
Jeremiah came by my office.

QUINN

The guy freaks me out.

CRANE

There are more terrifying things.

QUINN

So, why come here? Wait. I'm fired,  
right?

CRANE

Excuse me?



QUINN

Because I'm the culprit! You know,  
stealing lunches.

Crane chuckles.

CRANE

No, no. It's more of a promotion  
that awaits you.

QUINN

Promotion? Whose ass did I kiss?

CRANE

Jeremiah is quite impressed by your  
work with Jervis Tetch. Supposedly  
the man is hanging up his hat for  
good. And you're the one to thank.

QUINN

You know he's lying, right?

CRANE

Jeremiah?

QUINN

No, the pipsqueak. Tetch is smart.  
A master of manipulation. He's far  
from hanging up his hat. But he  
wouldn't hesitate to hang anyone  
else.

CRANE

Well, records show incredible  
progress, and that's what Jeremiah  
sees. He wants you to tend to  
someone... more complex.

Quinn takes a long drink of her soda and reclines in her  
chair. She looks at the stack of files on her desk.

CRANE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about them. Dr. Dini  
will take up the slack. You just  
focus on...

Crane steps into the office and picks up the marked folder.

CRANE (CONT'D)

Our star resident.

He hands the folder to Quinn who thumbs through the thick  
stack of papers.

QUINN

Dini, my savior. Take me off the  
small fries and throw me in with  
the big'uns.

CRANE

You're moving on up, Harleen. Just like you wanted. Jeremiah has taken a liking to you.

QUINN

Lucky me.

CRANE

Just read the file, go over the details, and tell Jeremiah what you think. Not too hard. Nothing to be afraid of.

QUINN

Who says I'm afraid?

CRANE

I know fear.

Crane shoots Quinn a smirk before exiting the office and closing the door. Quinn looks at the folder in her hands and drops it on her desk. She finishes her soda.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A heavy rain storms onto the neon lit, curtained windows of Quinn's apartment.

It is a small living space crowded with bookshelves and file cabinets. There are many framed photographs of Quinn with various person's of stature hanging on the wall along with many certificates, awards, and degrees framed also.

A beat up couch faces an nice, new TV. There are several books stacked on the coffee table between the TV and couch. The books all have the same theme of psychology and psychiatry.

The door unlocks and slowly creeps open. In comes Quinn, hugging a stack of files in one arm and a plushy purse hanging off the other forearm. Quinn drops her keys.

QUINN

Nice one, Harleen.

When Quinn bends over to pick up the keys, she pours the contents of the purse on the floor. Trying to prevent the spill, Quinn drops her keys again.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Oh, come on.

Quinn shoves everything into her purse and picks up her keys, closing the door with her behind.

Quinn drops the files on the coffee table, knocking several books over, and places her purse on the floor beside the couch. Quinn sits on the armrest of the couch and allows

herself to fall into the cushions of the couch with a sigh of relief.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Home, sweet home.

Quinn looks at the files. A black and white photograph of smiling mouth shows several missing teeth and a swollen upper lip. Quinn stares at the photo and sits up.

Quinn picks up the stack of files and tosses the ones that do not interest her aside until she lands on the file with the red 8181. She sets it down on the table gently and opens the file to a flood of medical text.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Why does he hate you? I mean, yeah, you killed, but why does he go out of his way to make you suffer?

Quinn reaches under a pile of papers to pull out a TV remote. She turns on the TV.

The TV shows a muted news special with a splash graphic on the bottom reading: "The Terror of Gotham". The screen depicts an aerial view of Gotham City with a tower burning. Several helicopters fly around the burning tower, shining spotlights on it. A shakey close-up of the patio on the top of the burning tower, where a blurred image of a pale white, thin, tall man in purple, JOKER, dances alone in celebration. A black blur swoops from out of the shot and the man in purple is gone.

Quinn turns the TV off. She turns her attention back to the file. Quinn turns a page, reading.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, PROMENADE - DAY

JEREMIAH ARKHAM, an older man in a white coat, hunches over the railing of a rose garden to pick a rose. He pricks his finger on a thorn and withdraws his hand in pain.

Quinn enters the promenade, white coat over a red dress, and approaches Arkham with a file held close to her body. She looks excited. Arkham smiles at her.

ARKHAM

We let Isley tend to the garden.  
She's infamous for her green thumb.  
Look at these lovelies.

Quinn hands the file to Arkham.

QUINN

Is that a good idea?

ARKHAM

Medication keeps her powers at bay. She's no more dangerous than a lady with spade.

QUINN

Sounds dangerous enough. I've been going over the paperwork.

ARKHAM

And?

QUINN

The patient you assigned me is erratic. Prior diagnosis of antisocial personality disorder has been ruled out as he shows awareness of all aspects of his lifestyle and remorse for his crimes. I'm leaning toward a bipolar diagnosis and some change.

ARKHAM

Bipolar? Some change? Dr. Quinzel, did I overestimate your abilities?

QUINN

No, Dr. Arkham, sir. There is plenty of change. Believe me.

Arkham looks seriously into Quinn's eyes, removing his glasses. Then turns attention back to the roses, putting his glasses back on.

ARKHAM

Go on.

Arkham plucks the rose and presents it to Quinn, who accepts it.

QUINN

Well, according to these files, since his admission, the patient has been showing signs of an acute schizoaffective disorder. Such as extreme isolation and unconventional thinking. But, Jeremiah, I need to see him. I can't help him from behind a desk.

ARKHAM

I gave you a week with his paperwork. I wanted you to get a taste of what he's about. But, in all honesty, I can't say the print defines him. He's more than a few lines. More than "some change."

QUINN

Everyone says he's a monster.  
Patients fear him.

ARKHAM

And you believe that?

QUINN

He's a man. A man who desperately  
needs help.

Arkham leans over the railing and smells a rose.

ARKHAM

So he is. I have faith in you, Dr.  
Quinzel. You won't let me down.

INT. ARCADE - DAY

The arcade is a large floor decked with arcade cabinets. Various colors of light radiate from the cabinets in the darkened, neon lit arcade.

Quinn, in a red top and black shorts, is at a light gun arcade cabinet. She is totally taken by the game. She dodges and shoots like she's having the time of her life. There are children running around and at the game cabinets. Crane enters and is almost knocked over by the running kids. He walks up to Quinn, who doesn't acknowledge him. She continues to play.

CRANE

You know, there's a bar right down  
the street.

QUINN

You son of a bitch!

CRANE

Whoah! What did I do?

QUINN

Not you. The alien!

CRANE

Oh, the game, you mean. It's a lot  
quieter at the bar. We could share  
a drink.

Quinn sips from an energy drink can on the arcade dash.

QUINN

Already got one.

She offers the can to Crane, who declines.

CRANE

How many of those have you had?

QUINN

Enough to save the world, Johnny.

Crane leans on the arcade machine's side.

CRANE

You left me a message. Said it was important. Ring any bells?

Quinn loses the game and throws the light gun at the screen in frustration.

QUINN

You wouldn't happen to have any quarters?

Crane shakes his head with a smile. Quinn pouts.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I was at the final boss.

CRANE

Harleen, what's the reason you called?

Quinn takes her beverage and leaves the arcade machine. Crane follows.

QUINN

You know the patient Jeremiah assigned me? I've been going over his files.

Quinn walks up to a counter displaying prizes and toys. She pulls a long string of tickets from her pocket and lays them on the counter. There is a television mounted on the high corner of the prize booth. It shows a news story about the Joker's apprehension.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I was reading his admittance reports. Every time he's been in Arkham, it's been because of the Bat.

An employee comes out of a back room and proceeds to count the tickets.

QUINN (CONT'D)

And every time...  
(to the employee)  
It's two hundred and fifty two.  
Don't try to gyp me.

The employee looks up at Quinn and then takes all the tickets.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I want the pink bunny.

(to Crane)

And every time he has more breaks than a Kit Kat Bar. The Bat beats him like a pinata and then just throws him at us.

CRANE

It's how he operates: the fearless vigilante.

QUINN

(to the employee)

Changed my mind. I want the fluffy beaver.

The employee puts the plush bunny back and gives Quinn the brown plush beaver with a faux leather tail. Quinn and Crane walk toward the exit.

QUINN (CONT'D)

It's not helping my patient being knocked around. Documents state that he has an underlying trauma because of this vigilante's violence. It's all he talks about.

CRANE

You have your first session with him tomorrow, right?

QUINN

Yeah. I gotta peel back the layers of mental scars, thanks to Bats. I feel like it'll do no good if he gets out and Bats just throws him back in after his fun.

CRANE

You are familiar with his history?

QUINN

I'm not stupid. I watch the news.

(Quinn points to the television, still covering the Joker)

I know who my patient is and what he's done. But it doesn't give anyone the right to maim him like Batman does. He's an injured soul.

CRANE

I don't know why you couldn't tell me this on the phone.

QUINN

I don't know, either. Guess I needed more quarters.

Crane chuckles.

CRANE

If you're done here, I'll walk you home.

Quinn smiles provocatively.

QUINN

My big, strong hero.

EXT. STREETS OF GOTHAM - DAY

Quinn and Crane walk down the busy streets of Gotham, city of large skyscrapers, litter, and traffic. There are numerous cars in a traffic jam. The sidewalks are loaded with crowds. There is an ice cream truck parked by an alley, selling treats to happy children.

Quinn holds her beaver close as she walks with Crane, who is distracted by all the commotion in the street. Quinn sees the children laughing as they buy ice cream and Quinn smiles warmly.

QUINN

You know, Johnny, I like kids.

CRANE

Eh, they outlive their novelty.

Quinn looks at Crane with intrigue.

QUINN

I want to see what goes on in that head.

CRANE

It'd scare the shit out of you.

QUINN

You already do.

Quinn points at the ice cream truck.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Let's get brain freeze!

Crane chuckles as Quinn runs across the street without looking both ways. Crane cautiously looks both ways and walks casually across after Quinn.

As the children scatter, Quinn's eye drifts from the truck to the alleyway beside it where a shadowed figure stands centered.

It is a slender, feminine figure, and a faint weeping comes from her. She is to be known as JOKER'S DAUGHTER. Joker's Daughter's face is obscured until the reveal later on.



Quinn reaches the other side of the street, between the alley and the ice cream truck, and Crane soon does too.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Alrighty, slow-mo, you pay.

CRANE  
Why?

QUINN  
Because I spent ten bucks trying to save our asses from the Imperix and now they're going to hollow out the earth because you didn't bring any quarters.

Quinn's eye drifts over Crane's shoulder and she sees someone with long, stringy red hair, Joker's Daughter, peeking from around the alley, only to quickly duck back into the alley.

CRANE  
What?

QUINN  
Some kid just seriously freaked me out.

CRANE  
I thought you liked kids.

QUINN  
I guess they outlive their novelty.

Crane chuckles. Quinn leads Crane to the ice cream truck, where Crane buys Quinn a cone.

INT. GOTHAM SEWERS - DAY

The sewers drip with filth and are partially flooded. They're grimy, dark, and echo with the street noise from above. There is trash everywhere, from crates to old bicycles. There's also a makeshift fort made out of crates and dirty fabrics.

A faint crying can be heard from within the fort. A breeze blows the flap of fabric covering the entrance. Sitting on a weathered, rickety rocking chair is a young girl. She is scrawny and wears a tattered green top and a purple skirt. Her red hair is a mess. Her face is obscured by shadows. She holds a beat up baby doll in her arms. She is the JOKER'S DAUGHTER, and she stops weeping as she rocks the baby in her chair.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER  
Ssh. Quiet now. Mommy will make it right. Hush little baby. Quiet now. I said quiet!

She tears the head off the doll and throws it out of the fort. Joker's Daughter looks at the decapitated torso of the doll and drops it. She starts weeping again and buries her face in her hands.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, CELL 8181 - DAY

Quinn stands outside of the cell's large metal door with three armed guards and Arkham. The hall is gloomy and loud. Patients yell for attention. Arkham hands Quinn a file and a remote.

ARKHAM

Nervous?

QUINN

A little. Did my homework

ARKHAM

No need to nervous. He's fully restrained. And the remote I just gave you: press the button if you have trouble, and these men will come in to sedate him. You have nothing to be afraid of. Does that calm your nerves?

QUINN

I'm not nervous because I'm afraid.

ARKHAM

You'll do fine. Open cell 8181.

The guards get in position and unlock the cell door.

ARKHAM (CONT'D)

I believe in you, Harleen.

Quinn walks up to the door as it slides open. She looks back at Arkham and winks before entering.

QUINN

How exciting.

Inside the cell, there is a cot in the far end that is shadowed by the flickering light. A toilet and sink next to the cot are the only other things in the cell.

A guard sets down a folding chair for Quinn.

A tall, slender, pale man in an orange jumpsuit sits on the edge of the cot, chained from wrists to ankles. His head down, obscured by shadows. He is Joker.

The guard steps out of the cell and the door slides shut behind Quinn with a loud clunk of the lock setting.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr. Joker. I'm your psychiatrist, Dr. Har--

JOKER

Dr. Harleen Quinzel.

Quinn stops in her tracks. She looks up at the obvious armored camera in the corner of the cell above his cot.

QUINN

Yes. That is correct. But you aren't supposed to know my full name. Patients aren't allowed that privilege.

Quinn takes her seat.

JOKER

How are we to be friends if we start off with secrets?

QUINN

Mind telling me how you know my full name?

JOKER

A little bird told me. Or was it a bat? Or maybe a cat? So many animals here in Gotham.

QUINN

Well, then, Mr. Joker. Since you know my name, perhaps I should know yours. Joker isn't what may be considered a proper name.

JOKER

Proper? What is proper in Gotham? Scoundrels killing in cold blood. Men in tights running around after dark. I say we're far from proper. I'd say, if we went by Gotham's "proper", I'd... well, I'd rather not say. For the sake of being proper.

QUINN

Mr. Joker, I--

JOKER

Please, Harley, let's drop the "proper" thing. I changed my mind. It's boring. Let's get comfortable.

Joker leans forward into the light, exposing a badly beaten and bruised face with a gap-toothed, lipstick red smile, an eye that wont open, and green hair in a mess. Quinn is taken aback.

JOKER (CONT'D)

How about a nickname? To establish how close we are. Call me, let's see, Mr. J. May I call you Quinz?

Quinn's eyes grow wide with shock of a memory.

QUINN

What did you say?

JOKER

Quinz, short for Quinzal. I'm terrible at nicknames. I don't know why I came up with that. Oh, right, because we have history.

QUINN

We've just barely met.

JOKER

Perhaps you've just met me, but I've already met you.

QUINN

I don't follow.

JOKER

If these walls could speak, you'd hear countless stories. Stories of mad men and even madder doctors. Tales that'd shiver your spine.

Joker shivers and laughs slightly.

QUINN

Do you hear voices?

Joker stops laughing. His face goes cold serious.

JOKER

I do. Right now, it's one of a beautiful psychiatrist who is still trying to find herself. A lovely girl from, what's that accent? Brooklyn?

QUINN

I can't tell you that. And I'm not here to talk about myself. I'm here to help you.

JOKER

Of course, of course. Batman breaks and you fix.

Quinn leans forward and prepares to take notes.

QUINN

What can you tell me about Batman.  
My notes tell me that you've  
encountered him quite a number of  
times. Is that what happened to  
your face?

JOKER

That and a few broken ribs, yes.

QUINN

And why does he hurt you?

Joker pouts.

JOKER

Because he's a big bully.

QUINN

Does he pick on you because of,  
maybe, the things you do?

JOKER

What I do is not relevant.

QUINN

Why not?

JOKER

Once you meet him, you'll  
understand. He isn't a nice man.  
Not nice at all. You want to know  
me? Let me tell you a story.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, OUTSIDE QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joker's Daughter looks into Quinn's office window, which shows a view of Quinn slumped asleep on her desk. Joker's Daughter is perched on a tree branch with a nest. We only see Joker's Daughter's back as she gnaws away at something. She drops what she's eating, and she burps.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Mama hen. Ma. I am home.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Quinn is slumped over asleep on the opened Joker file. A knock on the door startles her awake. It's Crane. He holds a cup of coffee and a newspaper under his arm. Crane enters the office and sets the cup down on the desk. Quinn looks exhausted as she fumbles for her glasses.

CRANE

How did the initial assessment go?

QUINN

He's a treat. No file could prepare  
me for that. Where are my--

Quinn finds her glasses and sees the mug.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Never mind. Is that for me?

CRANE  
It's what keeps the wheels turning.

QUINN  
Thanks. When I was in there, with Mr. J., I felt something. Something no other patient possessed.

CRANE  
Mr. J.? Let's not get personal.

QUINN  
I'm not.

CRANE  
What did you feel?

Quinn closes her file on the Joker and stands to make her way out the door.

QUINN  
I felt pity.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, LOBBY - NIGHT

Cash returns to his station from the nearby soda machine. He sits down and pops open the can. He observes the monitors, showing patients being escorted back to their cells by armed guards. One monitor shows Quinn walking down a hall on her way out. Cash leans in for a closer look with a smile.

CASH  
Hello, nurse.

The monitor shows Quinn stopping at the door and looking in her purse for her card to open the door. She finds it and runs it through a card reader. She enters the lobby. Cash stands from his station.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Busy day?

Quinn stops and smiles at Cash.

QUINN  
It was quite educational.

CASH  
Heard you were assigned the clown.

QUINN  
He's unique. A bit mysterious.

CASH

Be careful, Harl. He ain't your average headcase. He's dangerous.

QUINN

Tell that to the surgeon who had to remove a three inch shard of glass from his chest. Barely missing his heart.

CASH

He plays games, kid. Don't think otherwise.

QUINN

I told you not to call me "kid."

CASH

Sorry. I just haven't seen you so invested since you were a young intern here. The starry-eyed kid who thought she could save these maniacs.

QUINN

I'm not the messiah. I'm just a shrink. I'm here to help, not save.

CASH

Whatever you say, Harley. It's late. You be careful out there.

QUINN

Good night, Aaron.

CASH

Good night, Harley.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, JUVENILE DAY ROOM - DAY

A dozen patients in white wander as several others eat their dinners from plastic trays. Rain pours outside on the patio. There's a television playing the news of the Joker's apprehension in mute. It's abnormally quiet as the clock on the wall ticks.

A young man with glasses, WILLIAM TOCKMAN, stares at the clock and vocalizes the ticks. A heavyset bald kid sits next to Tockman as he assembles a puzzle. There are orderlies standing at the main doors and also handing out meals.

A nurse, VITO, escorts Joker's Daughter into the day room. She is in white scrubs and heavily sedated. We finally see her face. She is beautiful. Her shoulder-length red hair is washed and brushed.

An orderly, MANSON, approaches Joker's Daughter with a meal in his hands.

MANSON

You hungry? Made it right in time for dinner.

VITO

She's on a sedative. Won't talk. Police found her crying outside of max.

MANSON

Well, it's a lot nicer away from those loons. It's calmer here. I think she'll fit right in. She's a nice looking girl. What's the sedative for?

Vito lifts his scrubs top to show Manson the red bite marks under his ribs.

MANSON (CONT'D)

Jesus. Spoke to soon. Shouldn't she be in restraints? Or in a quiet room?

VITO

Dr. Crane says she's just scared. To just keep her sedated. Anyway, all the quiet rooms are taken.

MANSON

I've noticed the patients have been acting up. Word got around about the Joker.

Joker's Daughter's eyes twitch when she hears the name "Joker". She looks up at the screen and sees the Joker's face. Her eyes grow wide. Manson hands Vito her dinner.

MANSON (CONT'D)

There's a seat over by the ticking kid.

Vito takes Joker's Daughter to her seat across from Tockman, next to the puzzle kid. When Joker's Daughter sits down, the puzzle kid gets up and walks away.

VITO

Here. Just enjoy your meal and relax. We're going to get your room ready.

Vito places the dinner in front of Joker's Daughter and exits. As Tockman ticks, Joker's Daughter remains fixated on the television. Tockman stops ticking. He turns to face Joker's Daughter. He straightens his glasses and smiles.

TOCKMAN

Name's William.



He extends a hand to shake, but Joker's Daughter remains fixated on the screen. He withdraws his hand and turns to look at the clock again.

TOCKMAN (CONT'D)

AM is wake up. 7:45 AM is meds.  
Breakfast at 8. Rec at 9. Sessions  
at 10. Snacks at--

Joker's Daughter remains fixated on the screen, but acknowledges Tockman with a raised finger.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Ssh.

Tockman is taken aback by this order of silence. He straightens his glasses and continues to tick. As Tockman ticks, Joker's Daughter stands from her seat, staring at the television. She walks up to the television and reaches out at the screen with an open hand.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Daddy.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In Quinn's small apartment, she tosses and turns in her bed as rain pours outside. Her prized beaver is clenched tight in her arms. There are no photos of family in the room, only cut outs from magazines and newspapers featuring the Joker pinned on the walls. A bottle of pills on her nightstand is next to a glass of water. Her clothes tossed around the floor.

Quinn suddenly sits up from her sleep. She had been having a nightmare. She looks at the clock on the dresser reading 6 AM. Quinn sighs and takes a pill from the pill bottle and chases it with the water. She looks across from her bed at the various cut outs pinned on her wall, then looks out the window at the pouring rain. She pulls her beaver close and lies down. She rolls on her side, eyes open. She catches a glimpse of a stray cut out of the Joker on the on the floor and sighs.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, LOBBY - NIGHT

A buzz at the guard station intercom alerts Cash to a couple of doctors waiting outside in the rain. One male, one female, both in lab coats. The male doctor, GREG, carries a briefcase and the female, SUMMER, a plate of cookies wrapped in film. Cash buzzes the couple in and greets them with a smile from behind his desk.

CASH

Greg, Summer. The heavens are  
coming down tonight.

SUMMER

I swear, it hasn't rained like this  
in years.

GREG

News says a storm's coming in.

SUMMER

If it hasn't already.

Cash sees the plate Summer is holding.

CASH

Is that your famous baking I see?

Summer smiles and places the plate on the guard station  
counter.

CASH (CONT'D)

Thank you.

SUMMER

I figure you'd need a little  
sweetness in this salty place.

Cash reaches out and picks up the plate. He unwraps the  
cookies and takes one.

CASH

It's been a quiet night.

Greg knocks on the counter.

GREG

Knock on wood.

Summer and Greg chuckle.

CASH

Of course--

An alarm blares. Cash's radio crackles in. It's Bryce.

BRYCE

Watchtower, we got ourselves chaos  
in juvenile!

Greg and Summer look at each other.

CASH

(into radio)

Watchtower. What's the situation?

BRYCE

The new girl... You better come  
down here!

CASH  
 (into radio)  
 Copy. I'm on my way.  
 (to Greg)  
 Should have guessed. Counter's faux  
 wood.

GREG  
 Can you buzz us in before lockdown?

Cash buzzes the door open, and Summer opens it. Greg exits. Cash takes a bite of the cookie and reaches for a drawer, pulling it open and revealing a shiny pistol. He puts the cookie down, cocks the pistol, and Summer notices.

SUMMER  
 Is that necessary for a juvenile?

CASH  
 This is fucking Arkham.

Summer exits, followed by Cash with gun in hand.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, JUVENILE WARD - NIGHT

Cash enters the ward, weapon holstered, but his hand ready to draw. The ward is a white hall lined with doors. There's a cork board on the wall with drawings by various ages of children. The ward is loud, with patients screaming and nurses yelling.

NURSES  
 Careful! She's armed! Oh, my god!  
 So much blood!

Cash runs down the hall. When he turns the corner, he is stopped by the gruesome sight of Joker's Daughter surrounded by nurses, some on guard as NURSE #1 prepares a syringe. Joker's Daughter holds a long piece of metal, a leg from her bed broken off. She stands over Tockman, who has been beaten to death. There is a massive pool of blood under him and blood on the walls. Patients scream from behind closed doors. Joker's Daughter is smiling evilly and swinging the metal bar at anyone who nears her. As Cash surveys the chaos, he sees that a NURSE #2 has also been injured and is putting pressure on the heavily bleeding arm. Another nurse, BETTY, tends to Nurse #2.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER  
 Take me to daddy! Daddy! Get away!

CASH  
 Christ!

BETTY  
 We were doing rounds. She was so  
 quiet! We didn't know!

CASH  
It's lights out. How did Tockman  
get out?

BETTY  
I don't know!

Cash draws his weapon and makes sure it's visible to Joker's  
Daughter.

CASH  
(to Joker's Daughter)  
Girl!  
(to Betty)  
What's her name?

BETTY  
She's a Jane Doe. We don't know.

CASH  
What the fuck do you people do  
here!?  
(to Joker's Daughter in a  
calm but firm manner)  
Girl, put down the weapon! I don't  
know what happened, but we'll talk  
it out. Just put it down.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER  
Tick! Tick! He doesn't stop! I want  
my daddy! They stole my daddy!

Joker's Daughter swings at NURSE #3 who tries to get close,  
clocking him across the face.

CASH  
Everybody back!

JOKER'S DAUGHTER  
I want to see my daddy! Tick! Tick!  
Make it stop!

CASH  
We'll take you to your father. Just  
cooperate with us. What's your  
name?

Joker's Daughter looks bewildered by the question.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Come on. Work with me. You have a  
name? Where's your father?

Joker's Daughter points with the bar out to her left. She's  
smiling, but she has tears rolling down from her eyes. Cash  
inches forward as Nurse #1 moves in behind her with a  
syringe prepared.

CASH (CONT'D)

Is your father here? In Arkham?

Joker's Daughter nods.

CASH (CONT'D)

What's his name? Maybe we can get him for you. Hmm?

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

I want to go home with him. Can you get me home?

CASH

You know we can't do that. We're here to help you. And your father. Tell me his name.

There's a moment of silence between them. Joker's Daughter looks Cash dead in the eye and smiles wide.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Joker. I'm the Joker's daughter.

Cash's eyes widen at the thought. Just then, Nurse #1 tackles Joker's Daughter from behind, who struggles to free herself by hitting Nurse #1 with the bar. Several other nurses move in. Cash holsters his weapon and grabs the bar mid swing. He pins Joker's Daughter down. Nurse #1 injects her in the thigh. They hold her down as she passes out from the injection. Once sedated, Nurse #1 and Betty pick her up as Nurse #4 approaches with a wheelchair. They sit her down and roll her around the corner.

Cash looks at the murder scene in shock, processing the crime. The nurses all exit down the hall, except for Betty. Betty walks up behind Cash, who is fixated on the body of Tockman. Betty's voice snaps Cash back into the moment.

BETTY

Jesus, what are we going to do?

CASH

I'll call the police. Get her transferred to max. Where did you take her?

BETTY

All quiet rooms in juvenile are taken. We're putting her in isolation in the adult ward. Strait jacket, heavy sedation. The works.

CASH

She said the Joker's her father.

BETTY

She's delusional. She told triage Dent was her father when they brought her in.

CASH

Daddy issues?

BETTY

More or less. She's a severe schizophrenic.

CASH

I better call this in. Where's Bryce?

BETTY

He already did. Bane's got the cops busy. But they're on their way. Need anything?

CASH

Give me a minute. I just need... one minute.

Betty puts a hand on Cash's shoulder before leaving him alone, standing in the hall. Blood creeps under Cash's shoes. Cash is still trying to process the carnage. Betty pounds on the door of a patient's room.

BETTY

Lights out!

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn sits on the edge of her bed, plush beaver on her lap, staring at the wall of cut-outs of the Joker, now with more images and various notes written on Post-Its.

Quinn brings the face of the plush beaver to her eye level and talks to it.

QUINN

I can't shake it, Bernie. There's something about him. He's brilliant, but...

There's a period of silence.

QUINN (CONT'D)

No need to remind me. I know he's killed. Many. I just wish... I just wish there was more in his life. More positive support.

Silence. Quinn sets the beaver down and stands. She approaches the wall of images and walks up to a newspaper clipping of Joker where he isn't beat up in the photo.

Joker is in the defendant's chair of a courthouse in the photo. He wears a black suit and is smiling wide. The headline reads: "Joker Found Guilty, Thanks to GCPD".

Quinn presses up against the wall, beside the clipping, fixated on the image.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You just need someone to guide you.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, CELL 8181 - A WEEK LATER, DAY

Joker hangs upside down from the edge of his bed. He isn't handcuffed. He's smiling wide as he looks up Quinn's skirt. Quinn notices and crosses her legs. Joker frowns.

JOKER

Interesting week, hasn't it been?

QUINN

How do you mean, Mr. J.?

Joker straightens himself out and sits cross-legged on his bed.

JOKER

Oh, the commotion! The bells! The whistles! Did you know I'm a daddy?

QUINN

I doubt that.

JOKER

Oh?

QUINN

This is our fifth session. I think you would have brought her up by now.

JOKER

Oh, but I just did.

QUINN

I meant in one of our earlier sessions.

Quinn glances at her watch.

JOKER

Am I boring you? That's the second time you have checked the time. Got a hot date? A prince charming on a white horse?

QUINN

The clown prince of crime is the only prince on my watch. My time is all yours. No need to get jealous.

Joker laughs. Quinn chuckles.

JOKER  
After only five sessions, already  
I'm on your mind.

QUINN  
You've been on my mind longer than  
that, Mr. J.

JOKER  
Do tell.

QUINN  
Now, that's my little secret. Why  
spoil the fun? I look forward to  
our sessions. Learning about each  
other...

JOKER  
I've read your thesis based on moi.

QUINN  
In here? How'd you get a copy?

JOKER  
Now, that's my little secret.

Joker winks and falls back against the wall.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
I almost forgot to thank you.

QUINN  
Thank me? For what?

JOKER  
Those shackles were murder on the  
wrists.

QUINN  
I can only imagine.

JOKER  
Oh, no need to imagine it. Why not  
live it? You, me, shackled together  
in holy matrimony?

Quinn cocks an eyebrow and puts down her notes with a smile.

QUINN  
Mr. J.! Let's not overstep our  
boundaries.

JOKER  
All in jest! I was missing that  
cute smile.



Quinn blushes as she looks into Joker's eyes. Quinn's watch alarm goes off. She checks the time and turns off the alarm.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Already time? Boo-hoo. Always when the getting's good. Same time tomorrow?

QUINN

Tomorrow's Saturday.

JOKER

Poo.

Quinn gathers her notes and stands up.

QUINN

Have a good weekend, Mr. J.

JOKER

You, too, puddin'. You, too.

Quinn knocks on the door for one of the guards. She exits Joker's cell, but not before turning for one last glance at Joker, who blows her a kiss. Quinn smiles.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Quinn enters her office with a stack of folders held against her chest. She throws them down on the desk and falls into her chair with a sigh. Quinn begins to look through the stack of folders. She notices a paper cup on her desk with a rose from the promenade. There's a Post-It on the cup with a letter "J" and a heart around the letter.

QUINN

Jeremiah. That old perv.

Crane opens the door to Quinn's office with a knock. Quinn opens her refrigerator and grabs a cola.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Hey, Johnny.

CRANE

Just wanted to say good night. It's been one hell of a week.

QUINN

Tell me about it. The snack machine ate my dollar.

Crane notices the rose on Quinn's desk.

CRANE

Secret admirer?

QUINN

Old man Jeremiah must have come in when I was out. What a weirdo.

CRANE

Odd. He hasn't been in today. Hasn't been feeling well. Good night, Harley.

Crane closes the door to Quinn's office. Quinn opens her cola and takes a long drink as she stares at first the rose, then the note. She focuses on the "J". She smiles as would a girl with a crush.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, LOBBY - NIGHT

Quinn opens the "ADMITTANCE" door and enters the lobby. Cash is at the soda machine, counting coins. Quinn walks by Cash without a word, but Cash notices her.

CASH

Hey, you got a quarter?

Quinn turns to acknowledge Cash. She reaches into her lab coat and hands Cash a quarter. She is about to turn and leave when a thought occurs to her.

QUINN

Cash, what ever happened to that girl? The Tockman killer?

CASH

Joker's daughter? That's what the staff's been calling her.

QUINN

Yeah. Her.

CASH

She's still here. We're holding her in isolation at the adult maximum security ward. Why do you ask?

QUINN

Poor girl. No reason. Goodnight, Aaron.

Cash inserts the quarter into the machine and selects a button.

CASH

Goodnight, Harl.

Quinn heads toward the exit. Cash picks up his soda can and goes back to his station. Cash stops and calls out to Quinn.

CASH (CONT'D)

Are you OK? You seem a bit in the clouds tonight.

Quinn turns around.

QUINN

I'm fine. Just got someone on my  
mind. Goodnight.

Quinn exits the asylum.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn is sound asleep, embracing her plush beaver. All is quiet, but her wall's decor has changed. There are more pictures of the Joker on the wall, to the point of plastering the entire wall. This time there's more writing on the cut outs and photos. Little hearts and smiley faces scattered on various pictures. Her room is more messy than the night before and there are torn and cut-up periodicals all over the floor and on her bed. Quinn is smiling in her sleep.

Suddenly, the phone on her nightstand rings, startling her awake. She blindly slaps around the nightstand for the phone, knocking a glass of water over. She picks up in a daze. It's Cash.

CASH

(O.S.)

Harley. I think you better come in.  
We got a problem.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, MAIN GATES - NIGHT

Quinn pulls up to the asylum in a beat up red convertible. The iron gates are tall and eerie, with the name of the asylum in skinny letters over the top. As she drives in, there are numerous police cars at the asylum entrance. Quinn parks next to a cop car and exits her vehicle, surveying the commotion of cops interviewing doctors. Cash is giving a statement to a police officer as a bloated, scruffy detective in a tan overcoat and hat, BULLOCK, enters the asylum. Quinn walks slowly up the entrance steps toward Cash.

CASH

I mean, he seemed tired, but other  
than that...

Cash notices Quinn walking up the steps.

CASH (CONT'D)

Excuse me, officer.

QUINN

What's all the hubbub?

CASH

Joker's escaped. Along with the  
rest of the east wing.

QUINN

What? How?

CASH

Jeremiah let them out. I don't know why. I wanted you here for protection. If I know the Joker, he'll be most certainly paying you a visit.

QUINN

I don't understand.

CASH

Neither do I. I was about to show the officer the surveillance tape. Thought you'd might want to take a look.

Cash takes Quinn's arm, pulling her inside. Quinn doesn't resist.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, LOBBY - NIGHT

Bullock, Cash, and Quinn are gathered behind the security station in front of the grid of monitors. Bullock is eating from a bag of peanuts as Cash rewinds the footage. Cash pauses the tape and presses play. The footage has no sound.

The silent monitors show Jeremiah Arkham, doe-eyed, as if in a trance, walking down the hall of the asylum's adult ward. He pauses for a moment in front of a room, before continuing forward. Arkham stops at a control terminal and scans his card. The doors for every room in the hall open. Out walk a dozen patients, including the Joker's Daughter in a strait jacket; ZSASZ, a bald headed thin man with etchings carved into his body; and POISON IVY, a red-headed patient with a light green flesh tone. Joker exits his room and stops at the threshold, bowing as other patients rush past him and announcing something. Joker then turns his attention to Arkham, who is just standing at the terminal, unaware. Joker walks up and kisses Arkham on the cheek before strangling him to the ground.

Quinn turns away from the screen as the Joker chokes the life from Arkham. Bullock looks pensive as he studies the screens and eats peanuts.

BULLOCK

Play that back again.

CASH

How far?

BULLOCK

Just to the part where he walks down the hall.

Cash rewinds the footage. Bullock leans forward as the tape plays. Arkham pauses in front of a room.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

There! Pause.

Cash pauses the tape.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

He stops in front of Ivy's cell.  
Just for a moment.

CASH

You think she's behind this?

BULLOCK

Can't be certain. The style is all hers. But you told me her powers are at bay, right?

CASH

We've been limiting her exposure to sunlight and giving her special meds. She's harmless.

Quinn pops up with a thought, startling Bullock who spills some peanuts.

QUINN

Jinkies! The roses!

BULLOCK

What roses?

QUINN

Jeremiah told me that Isley was the gardener at the promenade.

CASH

Jeremiah wouldn't allow it. It was his idea to put her in max.

QUINN

That's not what he told me.

BULLOCK

Do you think it's possible Ivy used her persuasion on him? That kiss thing, you know?

CASH

Not during my watch. She's been locked down every time I'm on duty.

BULLOCK

Show me her cell.

Quinn picks a peanut from Bullock's bag, who looks at her disapprovingly. Quinn pops the peanut in her mouth and gives

Bullock a playful smile. She then turns to the monitor which was still paused on Arkham at Poison Ivy's cell. Quinn pushes the play button as Cash and Bullock exit the lobby, into the asylum.

The tape plays up to the point where Joker strangles Arkham.

Quinn pauses the tape on the image of Arkham on his knees as Joker stands over him, hands around Arkham's neck.

QUINN

What has Bats done to your poor,  
poor mind, Mr. J?

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, POISON IVY'S CELL - NIGHT

Cash and Bullock enter Poison Ivy's cell, a cramped space smaller than Joker's cell with foliage along the walls. It's dark with no overhead light. Her bed is made and untouched.

BULLOCK

What's with the plants?

CASH

Plastic.

Bullock grunts.

BULLOCK

Was she going out tonight? Therapy  
or something?

CASH

All therapy is during the day. Why?

Bullock points at the bed.

BULLOCK

I don't think she planned on  
sleeping in. It's still made.

Bullock reaches in his coat pocket and pulls out a cigar and places it in his mouth. He reaches into his pocket again and pulls out a matchbook. He lights a match and brings it up to the tip of the cigar. The flame sways as if there was a breeze. Bullock notices before burning his fingers. He lights another match in front of him and follows the intensity of the swaying flame.

CASH

What are you doing?

BULLOCK

The AC isn't blowing.

CASH

And?

BULLOCK

Look.

Bullock puts out the match and lights another. He moves the lit match around slowly, tracking where the flame sways most vigorously. A helicopter flies overhead and a spot light shines through a small hole in the corner of her cell. Enough light shines in to create a quarter-sized bead on the wall.

CASH

Son of a bitch!

BULLOCK

Your girl wasn't as docile as you thought. She's been getting plenty of light.

Bullock puts out the match and lights another for his cigar. He puffs on his cigar as he inspects the room more thoroughly. His eye stops at the foliage on the walls. He reaches out and pulls on a leaf, which breaks off.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

I thought you said these were plastic.

CASH

They are.

BULLOCK

No, they're not. Ivy's been growing.

Cash snatches the leaf from Bullock's grip. Cash rips the leaf in two. Bullock notices a bit of leaf under the bed. He walks up to the bed and lifts the mattress.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Here are the fake ones.

CASH

So Ivy wasn't powerless.

BULLOCK

No, sir. Not at all.

Cash slams a fist against the wall. Bullock takes puff of the cigar and surveys the room once more briefly.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

I think we're done here.

CASH

I think so, too.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, LOBBY - NIGHT

Quinn is leaning against the guard counter chewing gum. She blows a bubble, quite large, until it pops. Cash and Bullock enter the lobby with serious faces. Bullock is smoking his cigar. Quinn takes notice as she takes the gum from her mouth and sticks it under the counter.

BULLOCK

I want this facility on lock down.  
No one in or out. That includes  
blondie.

QUINN

Hey!

CASH

Done.

BULLOCK

I'm going to get the commissioner  
on the radio. Run things by him.

CASH

Anything you need me to do?

BULLOCK

Yeah. Watch your backs.

Bullock takes a puff of his cigar and exits the lobby. Cash approaches Quinn.

CASH

I think you'd better stay in your  
office. Until the patients are  
accounted for.

QUINN

No fun.

CASH

This is serious, Harley. Most of  
the escapees are murderers. And  
worse. I care about you. I'll send  
an officer to watch the door and  
keep you safe.

QUINN

I thought I could tag along. Be  
your Robin... of sorts.

Quinn smiles playfully.

CASH

No games.

Quinn pouts as Cash sees an OFFICER coming in. Cash points Quinn to the "ADMITTANCE" door and goes to speak with the officer.



QUINN

Yes, sir!

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, QUINN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Quinn turns on the desk lamp in her office. It illuminates the desk, the chair, but not much else. There are dark corners in her office. Quinn sits in the chair and sighs out of stress.

QUINN

What am I supposed to do while they play hero? What are they gonna do about Mr. J?

Quinn looks around her desk. There are the usual papers scattered and litter. The rose in the cup is gone, but the cup still sits there. Quinn tries to organize a bit, but she quickly loses interest. Instead she goes to her fridge to get a soda. She reaches in and is surprised to find it empty.

A pop of a soda opening comes from a dark corner across the room, startling Quinn. The sound of drinking comes from the corner, followed by the sound of smacking lips.

JOKER

Fifty-two grams of sugar in every bottle. You might want to cut down. These'll kill you.

Quinn, shaking from fear, shines the desk lamp into the corner. Joker, still in his orange Arkham jumpsuit, sits with one leg crossed over the other in a chair. He has the rose from the cup poking out of his uniform shirt pocket. He drinks from the soda with one hand, while holding a gun in his other.

QUINN

Mr. J.? What are you doing here?

JOKER

What kind of greeting is that? Aren't you happy to see me again? This time in a more private setting? I mean, just a moment ago you were worried about little old me.

QUINN

You shouldn't be in here. There's a guard coming to check up on me, and he's--

JOKER

Oh, yes. Nice lad. Had a hard time parting from his gun.

Joker lifts the weapon and aims at Quinn, who shrieks and dives behind her desk. Joker laughs.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Fear not. If I wanted you dead,  
it'd be done. No, I'm here to talk.  
A bit of midnight therapy?

Quinn peeks from behind her desk. Joker lowers the gun.

JOKER (CONT'D)

I find myself in a bit of a  
struggle. You see, you opened my  
eyes to the world, Harley. You  
showed me the sad state my life is  
in. Sit down, Harley.

Quinn doesn't move.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Please, don't make me repeat  
myself.

Quinn takes her seat behind the desk. Joker stands and approaches the desk. He places the bottle of soda between them as an offering.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Drink.

Quinn looks at the bottle suspiciously.

QUINN

Is it poisoned?

JOKER

Poi-- poisoned?

Joker laughs heartily, waving the gun around. Quinn ducks slightly to avoid the wild aim.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Unless I have cooties, I assure you  
the pop's clean as clean gets.  
Drink. You look parched.

Quinn hesitantly picks up the bottle. She inspects it from a distance before locking eyes with Joker. She brings the bottle to her lips, never breaking eye contact, and drinks a small amount.

JOKER (CONT'D)

There. Was that so hard? Delicious.

Joker walks back to his chair and takes a seat. He then edges the chair toward the desk so that he is directly opposite of Quinn. Joker puts his feet up on the desk, on top of Quinn's files, specifically the Joker file, and places the gun on the desk. He puts his hands behind his

head, as if relaxing. Quinn is more calm, but still noticeably afraid.

JOKER (CONT'D)

My father was a hard man to live with. He wasn't too kind on my mother. Or my brother. Or on me.

Joker pauses and drinks from the soda bottle. He notices Quinn eying the gun.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Is that how your sessions progress? We talk about daddy?

Quinn continues to eye the gun.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Pick it up. You have all the power to stop me now. To put me back in my place. Why don't you?

Quinn breaks eye contact with the gun and locks eyes with Joker briefly. She falls back in her seat.

JOKER (CONT'D)

My mother was not innocent, either. She drank. Took pills. The ones that make you smile and numb. My brother... he didn't know how to keep his hands to himself. Growing up, I just wanted to know why mean people were mean. Learn them. Help them.

Quinn looks up at Joker in disbelief, as if it struck a personal chord. Joker drinks again with a grin.

QUINN

How do you...?

JOKER

Isn't that how we play doctor? We talk about mommies and daddies? We peel back the skin and let our guts hit the floor? Tell me, how was it to lose your fiance to your little experiment?

QUINN

Guy?

JOKER

I know you don't like to think about these things. But that's what therapy is for, right!?

QUINN

What are you doing?

JOKER

I'm helping you. To let go. Be free of the pain. How do you cope?

QUINN

Cope?

JOKER

I have my own methods. Proven to make me smile. But highly controversial.

Joker drinks and places the bottle on the desk between them.

QUINN

How? Killing people? I saw what you did to Jeremiah.

JOKER

I liberate them. Their deaths are coincidental. A side effect of a rigorous treatment. And Jeremiah wasn't such a nice guy. He and Hugo liked their... experiments.

QUINN

You expect me to believe that?

JOKER

I know you, Harley. Better than you think. I don't expect you to believe me, but I know you want to.

QUINN

How do you know that?

Joker pushes the bottle toward Quinn.

JOKER

Because we are one in the same. Fractured hearts and lonely souls, wandering this desolate world. I can see your pain. I understand it. Drink.

Quinn takes the bottle and finishes its contents.

QUINN

You do? How can you possibly know what I feel? You've only seen me a few times.

JOKER

Ah, but you've known me longer than that. You studied me. Dissected me. How well do you know me, Harley? Enough to request a transfer to Arkham? To abandon a promising

(MORE)

JOKER (cont'd)  
career at Ace Pharmaceuticals to  
waste away in this dark pit? Why  
choose this?

QUINN  
I... wanted to know you. I needed  
to get close. To see the real you.

JOKER  
And what did you find?

QUINN  
A man. Not a monster. A man hurt by  
those "protecting" this city. A man  
done wrong by our system.

JOKER  
Oh?

QUINN  
You're known as the Devil of  
Gotham. A demon. But I've known  
demons. Had my own. You are not  
one.

Joker laughs.

JOKER  
Demons. I've met my share. For  
instance, there's...

Joker puts his fingers by his temples as if imitating bat  
ears.

QUINN  
Batman. I've seen how he hurts you.

Quinn, gloomed by the conversation, points to the files  
under Joker's feet. Joker just smiles.

JOKER  
This is getting awfully grim. How  
about we lighten up?

Joker lowers his feet and sits up.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Dr. Harleen Quinzel. Interesting  
name.

QUINN  
What?

JOKER  
Harley Quinn, isn't it? Your  
nickname since coming to Gotham?  
What a kooky combination. Put those  
(MORE)

JOKER (cont'd)  
together, and you get harlequin.  
Look at that. It's a match made in  
heaven. Some may say destiny.

QUINN  
For what?

Joker leans over Quinn's desk, inches from her face.

JOKER  
For mad love.

Joker kisses Quinn, who resists a bit at first, but then gives in. She throws her hands around his head and they passionately kiss, knocking things from the desk. Thunder claps.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, SOUTH WARD - NIGHT

The South Ward is dedicated to inmates with super strength, so the doors are heavier. They have key slots in the center. There are no windows. There is one hall through the ward. There's a security checkpoint at the end of the hall with an ARMED GUARD. He speaks into his radio.

ARMED GUARD  
Copy, Watchtower. All is sound.

Joker and Quinn open the door at the opposite end of the hall. Quinn sees the guard and freezes. Joker raises his gun and fires, striking the armed guard in the head. Quinn shrieks and Joker throws an arm around her to pull her in close. Joker and Quinn walk down the hall and are stopped near the armed guard by a gritty voice from within the cell. It's Jones.

JONES  
Clown!

Joker squints at the cell. He notices the name "JONES, W." under a slit for food. Quinn is fixated on the dead guard. She walks up to him as Joker approaches the food slit on Jones' door.

JOKER  
Croc, buddy. What brings you to the  
fun house? A dip in the spa? Some  
lotion?

As Quinn nears the guard, she can hear his radio more clearly. Cash is on the other side of the radio.

CASH  
Watchtower to South Gate. Report  
shots fired from your location. I'm  
nearby.

JONES  
Get me out of here, clown.

JOKER  
But you didn't say "Please."

QUINN  
Mr. J.? I think we should go.

JONES  
What do you want?

JOKER  
Pudding.

QUINN/JONES  
Pudding?

JOKER  
I meant, "Pudding, the guard's  
key."

Quinn grabs the keys attached to the guard's belt clip. She is disgusted by the dead body. Across the hall, the door is kicked open and Cash barges in, weapon drawn. He aims down the hall at Joker.

CASH  
Down, or I put you down!

Quinn sees Cash aiming the gun at Joker. She hesitates. Joker looks impatient. Quinn looks at the cell and then at Joker. She takes one last glance at Cash before tossing the keys to Joker. Joker catches it. Cash fires, striking the floor at Joker's feet.

CASH (CONT'D)  
Put it down. Now!

JOKER  
Cash, baby, we're all friends here.

Joker drives the key into a slot and twists the key. An alarm rings as Jones' cell door lifts opens. There's a moment of silence and then, out of the dark, a shirtless Jones steps out. Cash is immediately stricken by terror at the site of Jones. Jones smiles at Cash.

JONES  
All of us... friends.

Cash reaches for his radio.

CASH  
Jesus.  
(into radio)  
Jones is loose! I need backup!  
Fuck!

Cash sees Quinn. She looks guilty.

CASH (CONT'D)

Harley! Don't.

Quinn looks at Jones walk down the hall toward Cash. Cash watches as the Joker steps up to Quinn with a satisfied smirk. Joker dusts his hands and puts his arm around Quinn's waist. Cash stares as the couple turn their backs on them and exit. Gunshots followed by a blood-curdling scream are heard from Cash.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, SOUTH GATE - NIGHT

A heavy rain pours, and thunder booms. The South Gate is the rear exit of the asylum. There are a couple squad cars and a lone green El Camino parked near the gates, which are surrounded by forest. But, mostly, the area is empty. No police officers are present.

Quinn slowly opens the doors to the asylum, peeking out the crack before pushing them open. Joker follows behind. He holds a hand on the holstered gun in his pants waistline, ready to draw at a moment's notice.

QUINN

It's clear, puddin'. These doors have been malfunctioning for a couple months now. They close, but don't lock right.

JOKER

Harley, my little genius.

Joker steps out into the rain and looks up at the sky, basking in it. Thunder claps. Quinn walks up behind him and takes his hand.

QUINN

We better hurry, puddin'. Nothing in Arkham goes unnoticed. They'll be looking for us.

JOKER

Look at us. J. & H. Love on the lam!

Joker laughs hysterically. Quinn laughs slightly, as if not understanding the joke. She looks around nervously for cops.

QUINN

Where to now, Mr. J.?

Joker stops laughing. His face goes stone serious as he slowly looks at Quinn. There's a moment of silence. Joker scratches his head.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Something the matter?



Joker turns his back to Quinn.

JOKER  
(mumbling)  
You didn't get the punchline.

QUINN  
What did you say, Mr. J?

JOKER  
You didn't get it.

QUINN  
Get what?

Silence. Joker then spins to face Quinn with a rage. He punches Quinn in the stomach.

JOKER  
The punchline!

Joker breaks out in laughter. Quinn, a ball at the Joker's feet, holds her stomach, sobbing. Joker notices the sobbing as it gets louder. He stops laughing. He looks down at Quinn in a ball. He rolls his eyes and squats beside her.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Pumpkin. I don't know what came over me. One moment, I was fine... Must be the hospital food. No! Even better, the meds! Blame the meds!

Quinn sobs less, more quietly. Joker smiles down on her. Quinn looks up at him and into his eyes. Joker holds out an open hand.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Harley, baby. Who loves ya?

Quinn wipes her tears and gently takes his hand. Joker helps her up.

QUINN  
You... do? You do love me?

Quinn smiles at Joker and hugs him. Joker smiles briefly before breaking up the embrace.

JOKER  
Now, let's get the party started.  
Hear that, Gotham! I'm back!

Reacting to the commotion, a police officer comes running out of the brush, gun in hand. Joker sees him from the corner of his eye and doesn't hesitate to draw his gun, spin on his heel, and shoot the cop in the head. Quinn jumps at the gunshot. Joker blows the gunsmoke. Quinn stares at Joker with uncertainty.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, WEST WING - NIGHT

Joker's Daughter looks bewildered by an asylum map on the wall. She's wearing a police officer's jacket over the an undone strait jacket. A guard steps up behind her. He draws a taser.

GUARD #3

Don't move, little girl. I don't want to use this.

Joker's Daughter turns around to face the guard. She starts whistling a tune. It's a playful, childlike tune.

GUARD #3 (CONT'D)

Hands behind your back.

Joker's Daughter complies and puts her hands behind her back, still whistling. The guard lowers the taser as he reaches for his handcuffs. A shard of broken glass slides from the jacket's cuff into Joker's Daughter's hand. In a quick motion, she slices the guard's wrist, squirting blood. Joker's Daughter grabs the shard of glass tightly, letting it cut into her, and drives it into the guard's throat. He falls to his knees and dies as Joker's Daughter turns back to the map.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Now, which way is daddy?

EXT. GOTHAM CITY FREEWAY - NIGHT

BRUCE and PAUL, police officers, sit in their squad car parked under an overpass. They are eating Chinese food and laughing. Bruce is driving.

BRUCE

What's the deal with capes?

PAUL

It's an optical thing. Bigger target or something.

BRUCE

Still don't get them.

PAUL

What don't you get?

BRUCE

They just look so theatrical. Kind of goofy.

Paul laughs. The police scanner begins to static, and DISPATCH comes in.

DISPATCH

All cars be on a lookout for a green El Camino. Plate 2LAFJKR. Suspect male. 6 foot 3. Green hair. Make-up. Last sighted heading South on Kane, toward the interstate.

Paul and Bruce look at each other. Paul picks up the receiver.

PAUL

Dispatch, we're under the overpass on Kane. Is the suspect who I think it is?

DISPATCH

Copy that. And yes.

A green El Camino speeds by the parked squad car.

BRUCE

Say your prayers. We're chasing death tonight.

Bruce turns on the sirens and pulls out from under the overpass to chase the El Camino.

The El Camino turns on the freeway entrance and pushes a car aside, into the railing. The cops follow. On the freeway, the El Camino swerves through traffic. More cops join in on the chase.

Joker has one hand on the steering wheel, the other tuning the radio for a decent reception. Quinn is screaming and freaking out as Joker barely misses another vehicle.

JOKER

All these stations and nothing on.

Joker stops tuning the radio at a news broadcast. It's reporting on the asylum escape.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Here we go! The gossip column.

Joker laughs. Quinn frantically grabs for stability as the vehicle swerves.

QUINN

Bubele, the cops are on us.

JOKER

I know, Harley!

QUINN

Where are we going?

Quinn looks out the window at the side door mirror and sees the cop cars following. Joker takes his eyes off the road to

steal a glance at Quinn. His face goes pensive for a moment and then he turns to the road with a devilish grin.

JOKER  
Harley? Sugar?

Quinn remains fixated on the reflection.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Give me your hand.

Quinn looks away from the mirror and at Joker. Joker reaches for the holstered gun and holds it out for Quinn.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
I want you to just lean out and bang. Bang! Simple?

Quinn looks at the gun and then at Joker who is wearing his friendliest smile. The gun again. Quinn reaches out for the gun and slowly takes it. She stares at it in her hands. Joker lowers the window.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Just lean out...

Quinn looks at Joker one more time for reassurance but his eyes are on the road. Quinn takes a breath and leans out the window. Joker peeks. Quinn has her body out the window, trying to level the gun with the cop cars. Joker smiles wide.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Safety first!

In an instant, Joker turns hard into the off-ramp, causing Quinn to fly out the window into a bush off the ramp. Joker laughs and speeds away, cops following. Quinn is unconscious in the bush, heavily scraped and bleeding. The leaves around Quinn begin to move, and a shadow falls upon her.

INT. GUY'S ROOM, 5 YEARS AGO - DAY

Quinn is in sweats, asleep on a futon in GUY KOPSKI's room. There is a small television opposite the futon and a dresser by a window. A tall, jock type boy, mid-20s, is Guy. He is hooking up a DVD player to his TV.

GUY  
Quinz, wake up.

He turns around. Quinn is still asleep.

GUY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, Quinz. You told me you wanted me to wake you for your gymnastics.

Quinn wakes up slowly. She sees Guy.

QUINN

What you doing, pudding?

GUY

Hooking up a DVD player I found.  
Some microwave popcorn, some  
movies, some... us later tonight?

Quinn smiles.

GUY (CONT'D)

You better get going. You're due in  
thirty.

Quinn looks lost in Guy.

QUINN

You're so dreamy.

Guy leaves the DVD player on the floor and sits beside  
Quinn. He pokes her nose playfully.

GUY

C'mon, Quinz. Get ready.

QUINN

You gonna work on that paper?

GUY

Yes, mother, I'm going to work on  
my paper. It's the only reason I'm  
missing you jumping around in  
tights.

QUINN

I don't get it. He's just a killer.

GUY

That's the media talking. You will  
see. He is no joke.

INT. GOTHAM UNIVERSITY - DAY

Quinn walks down a classroom hall in a red sweatshirt and  
carrying a duffel bag. She stops at a classroom and peeks  
in. DR. MARKUS, a short, stout hippie in a lab coat reads a  
magazine behind his desk as a full room of students finish  
their final exams. As students pack up toward the end,  
dropping exams off on Dr. Markus' desk, Quinn enters and  
approaches Dr. Markus.

QUINN

Dr. Markus?

Markus puts down his magazine.

MARKUS

Ms. Quinz! Thank you for taking a  
moment. Have a seat.

Quinn pulls up a chair and sits.

MARKUS (CONT'D)

I read your thesis. The influence of love. Got the wheels in my head spinning.

QUINN

Yeah?

MARKUS

A brilliant insight into the association between crime and love. Listen, you must be busy.

QUINN

Quite a bit. Finals, you know?

MARKUS

How about a little extra credit? An experiment I've been curious to try.

QUINN

What kind of experiment?

MARKUS

One that would test the lengths of love.

Quinn looks confused, but interested.

INT. GUY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Guy and Quinn are on Guy's futon watching a DVD. It's a comedy. Guy has his arm around Quinn, and Quinn is holding a bowl of popcorn. They laugh at a gag on the TV. Credits roll. Quinn turns her body to face Guy, who has a big smile still.

QUINN

Hey, Guy? Pudding?

GUY

What's up?

QUINN

I had a talk with Dr. Markus. He loved my thesis.

GUY

I told you it was good.

QUINN

He liked it so much that he offered me a chance to get a few extra points.

GUY

Extra credit? Do you even need it?

QUINN

I got a ninety-eight on the last exam.

GUY

Oh, dear. The end is nigh! Quinz got a ninety-eight!

Quinn punches Guy playfully.

GUY (CONT'D)

So, what's the assignment?

QUINN

He wants to run an experiment. And I think you'd be a perfect subject.

GUY

Me? Quinz, you want me as a lab rat?

QUINN

You're a prime subject. Fit, smart... handsome.

GUY

I'm flattered. What's the experiment?

QUINN

It's for me to know and for you to not find out.

GUY

What crazy concoction you got cooked up this time?

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

The greenhouse is heavy with plant life. There's an artificial waterfall in the center of the plants. There are several workbenches and an old TV set in a corner. Potted plants line the workbenches.

Poison Ivy is at a bench, blending herbs with a pestle and mortar. She wears a red dress. Quinn is passed out on bags of manure. Poison Ivy opens a drawer and produces a vial of pink liquid. She pours a small amount into the herbal mixture. Quinn moans and slowly opens her eyes. She looks around and sees only plants. Quinn carefully sits up, dazed.

POISON IVY

Lay down, dear. You're not better yet.

Quinn looks over to the source of the voice and sees Poison Ivy pouring the contents of the mortar into a glass of water. The water turns pink. Quinn is shocked at the sight of Poison Ivy. She shrieks.

POISON IVY (CONT'D)

Ssh. They may not have ears, but my babies don't like screaming.

QUINN

Isley. I'm sorry. I- I- Are you going to kill me?

POISON IVY

Kill you? I'd have left you to the clown if that's what I wanted. Sweetie, I saved you.

Poison Ivy gives Quinn the glass. Quinn looks at it oddly.

POISON IVY (CONT'D)

Drink up. It'll help you heal.

INT. GOTHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT, OFFICES - DAY

Bullock pushes past two uniformed officers with a coffee cup in one hand and a cigar in his mouth. The offices are at standard desks with computers and case files. COMMISSIONER JIM GORDON sits in a corner office behind his desk. Bullock barges into the office.

BULLOCK

You wanted to see me?

Gordon looks at the stack of files on his desk. He looks at Bullock.

GORDON

What happened last night?

BULLOCK

The Joker got away.

GORDON

I know he got away! The whole world watching the news knows he got away. But no one is asking, where is the doctor?

BULLOCK

Doctor, sir?

Gordon slams the stack of files with an open hand.

GORDON

Dr. Harleen Quinzel. She's the Joker's shrink. Last seen at the asylum last night. Surveillance has  
(MORE)



GORDON (cont'd)  
her walking out with the Joker  
shortly after Cash was maimed.

BULLOCK  
You think she has something to do  
with the escape? With Cash?

GORDON  
All I know is you need to find her.  
She knows something. Cash isn't  
talking in his coma. Just leave  
Joker to me.

Gordon opens a drawer and takes out a cigarette from a pack.

BULLOCK  
You going to signal, you know, the  
freak?

Gordon lights up a cigarette. He looks out the window.

GORDON  
Every minute Joker's out there,  
people are in danger. The Batman  
fights the danger. Saves the  
people. One day you'll appreciate  
him like I do. Everyone will.

BULLOCK  
I'd appreciate him more if he did  
the paperwork.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The doorknob rattles on the apartment door. No one is home to answer. The lock is forced, and the door swings open. Joker's Daughter stands at the door, her silhouette hunched in the light. Her face is shadowed. She enters the darkened apartment, closing the door behind her.

The living room is simple with a couch, a television set across from it, and bookshelves on the walls.

Joker's Daughter looks at the photos on the wall with a passing interest. She walks over to the couch, and lies on it, and turns on the television. The broadcast shows a missing person's report on Quinn.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER  
Eenie, minnie, miney, moe. My  
father told me to choose the very  
best one and it is you.

Joker's Daughter gets up from the couch and leaves the TV on as she makes her way to the bedroom.

## INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There are clothes littered about the bedroom as moonlight shines through the blinds. The moonlight glistens on several photos.

Joker's Daughter looks at the mess and shakes her head. She notices the clippings of the Joker on the wall. She approaches the wall and drags a hand across the clippings, ripping some off the wall. Joker's Daughter turns toward Quinn's bed. It's unmade and has a magazine tossed aside by the pillow. Joker's Daughter walks around the bed, to the side of it, before jumping in. She takes the magazine and flips through the pages and tosses it aside.

## JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Lil' missy's been busy. Where are you, daddy?

Joker's Daughter looks at the nightstand beside her.

The nightstand has a photo of Quinn and Guy hugging under a redwood.

Joker's Daughter picks up the photo and for a moment takes it in, before throwing it across the room with a CRASH.

Joker's Daughter gets up from the bed and moves to the bathroom with the door open. She turns on the light, and we see her face, now dirty and with heavy bags under her eyes. She looks at all the make-up scattered about the counter and picks up a red lipstick and opens it. She looks at herself in the mirror and smiles a deranged smile. She applies the lipstick on herself, hands shaking and messy application, drawing the corners of her mouth up to the cheek bone. She puts the lipstick back and exits the bathroom.

The bathroom light casts itself on the bedroom wall. A shadow of Joker's Daughter grows as she walks up to the smashed picture on the floor. She picks up a shard of glass.

## JOKER'S DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Happy family. Happy. Happy. Happy.

We see the shadow of Joker's daughter look at the shard of glass. She tilts her head back and jams the shard into her face where her mouth would be. An intense scream is heard. Blood splatters on the wall.

## INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn sits on the floor and pokes a flower blooming from the concrete corner of the greenhouse. The plant pulls back. There is a newspaper half-buried in the soil. Poison Ivy is watering a nearby large plant as sunlight descends on her. Quinn notices a bit of headline on the newspaper regarding the Arkham Asylum breakout. Quinn looks up at Poison Ivy, who radiates in the sunlight.

QUINN

I don't get it, Red.

POISON IVY

What is there to get?

Quinn stands and walks up to Poison Ivy under the light.

QUINN

Why are you still in Gotham? Why did you supposedly save me?

POISON IVY

Supposedly? The clown left you to the cops! Tossed you aside!

QUINN

Why help me?

Poison Ivy adjusts a loose strand of hair in front Quinn's face, tucking it behind her ear.

POISON IVY

Arkham is a tight-knit family. Patients get to know the family with time. I got to know you by proxy. Dr. Quinzel, the warm smile doctor.

QUINN

You helped me because I was nice?

POISON IVY

Because I pity you. Loving the clown.

QUINN

How do you know I love him?

POISON IVY

I know love. And loss. Be careful. The clown, he loves no one.

QUINN

You don't know that.

POISON IVY

I know a false smile when I see one. I know what it's like being played. Don't lose yourself in denial, sister.

Quinn backs away from Poison Ivy. She walks to the pile of manure bags and sits on them, arms crossed.

QUINN

That's a pile of shit.

## POISON IVY

In time, you will see. I just pray  
it won't be too late.

INT. GOTHAM CITY BANK - NIGHT

It's a mundane day at the bank. A few customers standing in line. Tellers with smiles. There's a YOUNG BOY, preteen, in line with his father. He is clearly bored, eyes on his phone.

A man dressed in a black overcoat and a black fedora enters the bank. He stops at the door as security cameras film him. He reaches into his pocket and withdraws a joy buzzer with a big red button, which he slips into the palm of his hand. The man takes off his fedora, and we see it's the Joker. He throws his arms in the air to joyfully make his announcement.

JOKER

Guess who's back in the limelight!

Everyone turns to face the joker. There are scattered gasps and even a scream. The boy turns his phone to video the event. A SECURITY GUARD is frozen with fear, his hand on his gun.

JOKER (CONT'D)

I'll give you a hint: it's me!  
Ladies and gentlemen, you are about  
to witness today the joys and  
sorrows of comedy. With an infinite  
abyss of wisdom. First, what's the  
sound of one hand clapping?

Joker raises the hand with the joy buzzer and then presses the buzzer with his thumb. Two trash cans on opposite sides of the bank burst into flames, releasing a gas into the air. People panic with screams.

The young boy shifts his camera to the trash cans and back to Joker.

People rush to the exits, but find them locked.

The security guard breaks from his rigidness and draws his pistol as the gas descends on the crowd.

There is scattered laughter. As the security guard aims, he notices his gun sway. He then chuckles, then breaks into laughter, dropping the gun.

JOKER (CONT'D)

The things I do for a laugh. Now,  
where are you?

Joker walks to the center of the bank, as people fall on the floor laughing. He overlooks them with no interest. He focuses his sights on the skylight. The sky is dark and

cloudy. A spotlight flashes the Batman symbol on the clouds. Joker's grin widens.

JOKER (CONT'D)

C'mon, Bats. It's time to dance.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn waters several potted plants on a workbench while dancing to music on the television. There's a music video on. Her hair is a bit messy from sleeping on manure bags.

Poison Ivy is absent.

In her dancing, she knocks over a pot, and it shatters. Quinn, with her foot, sweeps the mess under the workbench. The music video is interrupted by a news broadcast by JACK RYDER. Quinn stops dancing.

Ryder is a clean-cut and handsome news anchor. He sits behind a glass table in front of a Gotham City skyline.

JACK RYDER

This is Jack Ryder from GCTV.  
Breaking news from downtown Gotham.

QUINN

Hey, where's my music?

JACK RYDER

A bank robbery gone awry when the Joker, recently escaped from Arkham Asylum, released a deadly nerve gas which killed over 13 civilians. Men, women, and children.

Quinn turns from the plants and looks at the TV with a curious expression.

JACK RYDER (CONT'D)

Joker quickly fled the scene when Nightwing arrived, evading the authorities.

QUINN

Well, duh.

Quinn turns off the TV. She hears a slight shuffle of feet.

QUINN (CONT'D)

If anyone knows Mr. J. like I do, Nightwing wasn't in on the joke.

Quinn hears a brush of cloth and cocks her head slightly. She discreetly picks up a spade and clenches it in her hand.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Puddin's in it for the Bats.

POISON IVY

Having fun?

Quinn jumps at the sound of Poison Ivy at such close proximity behind her. Quinn faces Poison Ivy.

QUINN

(deadpan)

Wheeee.

(sing song)

I heard you coming.

POISON IVY

The elixir I gave you not only saved your life, it gave your senses a little boost. Something special I'm testing.

QUINN

I'm your guinea pig? Oink oink.

POISON IVY

Sweetie, of course. Either I gave you the treatment, or you'd die. Simple choice.

Quinn scratches her head.

QUINN

Soooooo... am I, like, a superhero now? No kryptonite after midnight sort of deal?

POISON IVY

Not if you continue this pursuit of your beloved "puddin'".

QUINN

Why you bringing sweetums up? I get emotional.

POISON IVY

"Sweetums"? Seriously?

QUINN

I think I'm gonna cry.

Quinn cries exaggeratedly and dramatically falls to her knees. Poison Ivy pulls a crate up and sits on it beside the kneeling Quinn. Poison Ivy puts a hand on Quinn's shoulder.

POISON IVY

Believe me. I know of love. And the things men do in the name of it.

QUINN

Your powers don't count. You can't call a kiss that makes you a zombie with a hard on "love".

POISON IVY

Can't call it love if it's only one way. Joker doesn't love you. He can't.

QUINN

Harsh.

POISON IVY

Sorry. Truth, you know?

Poison Ivy hugs Quinn and stands.

POISON IVY (CONT'D)

Be strong, sister. I'm gonna hit my beat. Stay current and all that. Nothing illegal. Care to join?

QUINN

What does that even mean? "Hit my beat"? I'm gonna whip a kipper. Is that even slang?

POISON IVY

Hardy har.

QUINN

That's half my name, don't wear it out.

Poison Ivy goes to a damaged wardrobe in the corner of the greenhouse and opens it. There are several items of clothing hanging. Poison Ivy goes through them. She picks out a green shirt and jeans and sets them on a nearby table.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I've been meaning to ask you. So, you live here? I mean, it isn't exactly homely here. Where's the futon?

Poison Ivy laughs and faces Quinn.

POISON IVY

Until the commotion dies down, I do live here. Is that a problem?

QUINN

Not for you. Speaking of commotion, did you hear? I'm wanted.

POISON IVY

Really? Well, I guess that means you stay in. Don't want to stir the public up.

QUINN

I hate it here. It's so boring.

POISON IVY

Appreciate the calm. Things won't  
always be this way.

Poison Ivy picks up the clothes from the table and goes behind a thick bush to change. Quinn gets up and walks to the wardrobe. She admires the various clothing and fabrics.

QUINN

Maybe I should get a disguise. What  
do you think?

Poison Ivy steps out from behind the bush, dressed in the new outfit, and walks up to Quinn.

POISON IVY

Whatever makes you inconspicuous.  
Maybe change your hair color?

QUINN

What? My hair? But I like it the  
way it is.

Quinn scratches her head.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I could use a shower, though.

POISON IVY

There's a hose. Rinse off while I'm  
out.

QUINN

I'm not one of your flowers. I need  
a real shower. No, a bath. With  
bubbles and a rubber ducky.

Poison Ivy rolls her eyes and walks out. Quinn looks around the greenhouse.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I'm not a plant.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

There are squad cars parked alongside the old police station. Police officers walk up and down, in and out the station. There is a bit of rain.

Bullock steps out of a beat up sedan parked just outside the station entrance. He's eating a doughnut with coffee and leans on the front of the car. Gordon exits the police station. Gordon sees Bullock and walks to him. Bullock stays leaning on the car.

BULLOCK

Just got back from the shrink's  
place.



Gordon nods at the coffee.

GORDON  
Got one of those for me? I could  
use a pick me up.

BULLOCK  
Long night?

GORDON  
That fucking clown.

BULLOCK  
I hear you. Here. No cream, two  
sugars.

Bullock hands Gordon the cup of coffee.

GORDON  
Thanks. So, what did you find at  
Quinzel's?

BULLOCK  
Her place was trashed. Talked to a  
couple neighbors. Doc ain't been  
home in days.

GORDON  
No one's called over the missing  
person report we ran. I can only  
assume she's an accomplice.

BULLOCK  
I don't know. We met the doc. She's  
a sweetheart and easy on the eyes.  
I doubt she's running with the  
Joker. Another thing, we found  
blood on the bedroom wall.

Gordon drinks from his cup of coffee and shakes his head. He  
lights up a cigarette.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)  
She could be in trouble, Jim.  
Marked her place a crime scene.

GORDON  
We're all in trouble. The question  
is, how much? I want to see her  
apartment.

BULLOCK  
Sure thing.

Gordon takes one last drag of his cigarette and puts it out.  
They both get in the sedan and pull out.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Poison Ivy enters the greenhouse with a bag full of groceries. Quinn is sitting on the manure bags among a pile of clothes, stitching together red and black fabric. Poison Ivy stops in her tracks when she sees what Quinn has done.

POISON IVY

My clothes!

Quinn looks up briefly from her sewing. She smiles.

QUINN

I got a little bored.

POISON IVY

What did you do to my clothes?

QUINN

Remember you said I need a disguise? I got a brilliant idea and decided to whip up a costume.

Quinn puts on a hooded top, poorly stitched together. It is half red and half black, with two floppy horns with white fluffs on the tips.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

Poison Ivy puts the groceries on a workbench.

POISON IVY

I think I'm going to kill you now.

QUINN

C'mon, Red. You like it. Admit it.

Quinn shakes her head so the floppy horns flail about.

POISON IVY

What's with the horns? Are you like a devil?

QUINN

I'm not! I'm a harlequin. Get it?

POISON IVY

No.

QUINN

Harley. Quinn. Harlequin. It's a kooky combination.

POISON IVY

So, what, you're a clown now? Are you really so obsessed?

QUINN

This has nothing to do with Mr. J.  
It's my idea. All I need is to  
finish the bottoms, put on some  
face paint, and--

POISON IVY

Listen, Harley. You're real cute,  
and all. But if you're going to be  
dreaming of the clown and having  
circus babies, I need you to go.

QUINN

What? You're kicking me out?

POISON IVY

I like you, Harley. I really do.  
But he's bad news. I don't want  
that kind of energy in my life.

Quinn stands from her seat, pouting, picking up the clothes.  
Poison Ivy walks up to Quinn from behind and puts her hands  
on Quinn's shoulders.

POISON IVY (CONT'D)

You'll be fine, sweetie. You're a  
tough girl. And that elixir I gave  
you only makes you tougher.

QUINN

But what about the cops? My face is  
all over the TV.

POISON IVY

Be inconspicuous.

Poison Ivy goes to her wardrobe and retrieves a black eye  
mask. She shows it to Quinn.

QUINN

Inconspicuous? With this?

POISON IVY

Welcome to Gotham. Everybody wears  
masks. It'll go great with your  
little outfit.

Poison Ivy puts the mask on Quinn and leads her to a broken  
mirror.

POISON IVY (CONT'D)

See?

Quinn looks at herself in her new outfit and smiles.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gordon pushes open the police-taped door to Quinn's  
apartment. The lock is broken, and the lights are out.

Gordon steps in, followed by Bullock. Bullock carries a flashlight.

The apartment is completely trashed: chairs overturned, glass broken, pictures on the wall damaged.

Gordon walks by the wall of pictures and looks at each photo. Bullock shines his light around the apartment.

BULLOCK

The lock was broken when I got here. Neighbors say they heard a bit of commotion yesterday.

GORDON

Show me her room.

Bullock leads Gordon to Quinn's bedroom. As Gordon enters, he steps on broken glass and stops. He looks down and sees a broken picture frame. Bullock shines light on it, then the wall next to it. There's dark streaks of blood on the wall.

GORDON (CONT'D)

The hell happened here?

BULLOCK

Not too sure. Judging from the mess and blood, I'm guessing there was a struggle.

GORDON

Forensics been here yet?

BULLOCK

Yeah. You think it's hers?

GORDON

That's what I want to know.

Gordon looks around the bedroom and sees the pile of magazines and newspapers tossed beside the bed. He walks to the mess and picks up a clipping. It's an interest article on the Joker with his picture.

GORDON (CONT'D)

She really has a fascination with him.

Bullock shines a light on the wall covered with Joker-related clippings.

BULLOCK

Tell me about it. What do you think?

GORDON

I think Dr. Quinzel's got a bit more to do with the escape than we first thought.

Gordon picks up a piece of crumpled paper from the nightstand. He uncrumples it and reads to himself. It reads, in sloppy handwriting: WERE R U DADDY? MEAN LADY WONT HERT YOU ANIMORE.

BULLOCK

What's it say?

GORDON

I think we may have a third wheel.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY DOWNTOWN - DAY

Quinn sits on the ledge on the rooftop of a second-hand store, overlooking the crowd. There are plenty of people wandering below.

Quinn's wearing her trademark costume, crudely stitched together, but without make-up and the hood down. There's a messenger bag beside her. She kicks her feet over the side of the building.

QUINN

All these people. Wandering. Alone.  
I wonder how many are in love?

Quinn sees a couple sitting in a cafe across the street. They are on opposite sides of the table and holding hands over the table. The man stands up, goes to the side of the table, and kneels as he proposes. They are obviously happy.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Awww. I think I'm gonna be sick. I miss my puddin'.

Quinn grabs the messenger bag and goes through it, producing a sandwich. She takes a big bite. She talks with her mouth full.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What's a girl to do? My beau is MIA and everything reminds me of him. That couple don't know how good they got it.

She takes another bite. Talks with mouthful.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Pull yourself together, Harley. Remember what Red said. Did he really leave me to die?

Quinn finishes her sandwich and stands on the ledge, looking down. She lifts a foot over the edge.

QUINN (CONT'D)

It's so far down. No! I don't believe he did. My puddin'

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 wouldn't! He's just under a lot of  
 pressure. Heck, he might even be in  
 trouble. Maybe he needs help.

Quinn steps back, off the ledge, onto the rooftop and picks up her messenger bag. She looks up at the sky, dark with storm clouds. A light drizzle comes down.

A distant siren approaches. It's the police. Several squad cars drive through the street by the second-hand store. They catch Quinn's attention. She watches as they drive by.

A BEAT COP walks directly below. His radio crackles as the dispatch reports the crime. Quinn listens with her now-enhanced hearing.

DISPATCH  
 Joker sighted at Wayne Memorial  
 Park. Suspect is armed and  
 dangerous.

A huge smile spreads across Quinn's face.

QUINN  
 Talk about a break. Driver, follow  
 those cars!

Quinn puts on her hood and takes off running after the police cars, jumping from rooftop to rooftop in a fluent fashion. She rolls from hard landings and even occasionally flips.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
 Wow. Red wasn't kidding about her  
 mystery juice. Bet I could give the  
 Boy Wonder a run for his money.

Quinn stops on a building overlooking the Wayne Memorial Park. She sees the police cars gather and officers step out of their vehicles. An officer orders the others into the park. Most of them disappear behind a heavy canopy of trees. There's silence, then laughter and two gunshots followed by more silence.

Quinn hops off the building onto a building a story below, closer to the action, to get a better look. She sees officers on their radio and hears an ambulance approaching. Quinn can faintly hear a conversation between two cops.

COP #1  
 He drew, so we put him down.

COP #2  
 Clown got off easy. Bastard should  
 be suffering for his crimes. At  
 least he's burning in hell now.

Quinn is shocked by what she hears. Her eyes water. She shakes her head as she begins to cry.

QUINN

No, no, no! Not like this.

Quinn stops shaking her head and focuses on the cops. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees a man in a purple suit and green hair turn the corner. Quinn rushes to the other side of the rooftop to get a better look. The man in purple gets into a black classic luxury car and drives off. Quinn is so overjoyed by the thought of him being Joker that she laughs before taking off on rooftops after him.

INT. ACE CHEMICAL FACTORY - DAY

The Ace Chemical Factory is an shut down factory of huge tanks which hold pools of unknown chemicals and barrel drums that are scattered about. It's a dark industrial place and haunting. Every sound echoes in the vast emptiness that is Ace Chemicals.

The classic luxury car driven by the man in purple pulls into the factory through the loading dock. There's a moment of stillness before the door opens and out steps Joker in a fine purple suit with slicked-back hair. He has a twisted smile.

JOKER

Honey, I'm home!

Two hyenas step out from behind a bunch of drums. They run up to Joker and lick his hands.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Easy, Bud. You'll ruin daddy's manicure.

Joker ascends some stairs to an elevated office off to the side of the factory and sits down on a big leather chair behind a desk.

It's a small office, with a desk and a file cabinet in the corner. There's an old TV set on the desk, a picture of Batman on the wall with darts stuck all around, and a fedora and camera hanging from a coat rack in the other corner.

Joker turns on the TV and leans back, putting his feet on the desk. Jack Ryder is reporting again.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Let's see what trouble I'm in now.

JACK RYDER

Breaking news: at approximately 5 PM, police gunned down a man believed to be the Joker after a grenade explosion killed three

(MORE)

JACK RYDER (cont'd)  
people at Wayne Memorial Park.  
Police confronted the suspect, who  
wore the purple suit, a Joker  
trademark. The suspect drew a  
weapon, leaving police no option  
but to open fire. After the  
incident, police confirmed that the  
suspect was in fact not the Joker,  
but rather a known affiliate known  
as Gaggy.

JOKER  
Rest in piece, dear old friend.

Joker laughs hysterically and turns off the TV. One of the  
hyenas walks into the office and laughs with him.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Yes, the more the merrier!

As Joker laughs, a loud banging of pipes catches his  
attention. He goes dead silent, but the hyena still laughs.  
Joker kicks the hyena.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Quiet, Lou. We're not alone.

Joker opens a drawer in the desk and pulls out a rubber  
fish. He looks at it and shakes his head, trying not to  
laugh. He reaches in the drawer again and pulls out a  
revolver. Joker steps out of the office. He walks cautiously  
to the center floor of the factory, vigilant. He stops in  
the center.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Twinkle, twinkle, little bat. How I  
wonder where you're...

The sound of metal squeaking behind the Joker causes him to  
spin around and fire blindly in the general direction.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
...at! Batsy. Oh, Batsy. Show  
yourself! Let's dance like the  
world ends tomorrow. Who knows? It  
just may.

There is a creak to Joker's left, and he shoots from the hip  
in that direction. He frowns. A faint thud is heard behind  
Joker, and he spins around once more to shoot, but is taken  
aback when he sees Quinn face to face. She has a playful  
smile and bright eyes.

QUINN  
Hi, puddin'.

JOKER  
Harley?



Quinn gives Joker a big hug. Joker doesn't resist, as he is shocked to see Quinn.

QUINN

Are you happy to see me, Mr J?

Joker gently pushes Quinn off.

JOKER

Ecstatic.

QUINN

I followed you. I hope you don't mind.

JOKER

Mind? Do I mind!? Harley, sweetheart, of course I don't mind. If anything, I'm glad you're here.

QUINN

I knew you'd be.

JOKER

I'm so sorry you fell out of the car. I've been thinking of you. In fact, I even have a job for you.

Quinn eases in close to the Joker.

QUINN

What you have in mind, puddin'?

Joker gives a wide, twisted smile and embraces Quinn.

EXT. GCTV STATION - NIGHT

The GCTV station is a small building on a hill overlooking the city. The front of the building is glass. There's a large communications tower on the building. A black van is parked outside the building on the left hand of a small sedan.

News reporter, JACK RYDER, a handsome man in a suit, walks up to the exit security checkpoint inside the station and shows his badge. He exits the building and walks to the sedan as he checks his pockets for keys. Finding his keys, as he unlocks the sedan door, the van's sliding side door opens. Quinn, in her costume, grabs Ryder, chloroforms him, and pulls him into the van.

INT. ACE CHEMICAL FACTORY - NIGHT

Tied up onto the side of a catwalk over vats of chemicals, Ryder hangs upside down. Quinn looks over the edge of the catwalk as Ryder comes to. Joker walks up the catwalk to meet Quinn.

JOKER  
Oh, goody. Company.

Ryder looks around and sees the purple chemicals under him. He looks above him and sees Joker and Quinn looking down on him. Joker is smiling, with a knife in hand. Ryder's eyes go wide. Ryder screams.

JACK RYDER  
Help! Someone help!

JOKER  
Mr. Ryder, so glad you could make it. I almost thought Harley didn't give you the invitation.

QUINN  
Sorry, Mr. J. Got caught up in traffic.

JOKER  
Regardless, you're here now.

JACK RYDER  
What do you want from me?

JOKER  
An interview! Fifteen minutes of fame.

JACK RYDER  
Aren't you infamous enough?

JOKER  
I'm joking! What I want from you is to call a dear friend of mine. Someone whose attention I've been trying to gain all this time, but he still won't show.

JACK RYDER  
Who? Who do you want me to call?

JOKER  
The Ba--

QUINN  
Batman!

Joker sneers at Quinn.

JOKER  
Thank you, Harley. Yes, the Batman.

Joker snaps his fingers, and Quinn produces a camcorder. Joker takes it and leans over the edge of the catwalk to film Ryder.

JOKER (CONT'D)

You see, we're going to make a movie for the 6 o'clock news. GCTV will broadcast it, and the Batman will come for the fight of the century! What do you think?

JACK RYDER

You're a monster!

Joker pulls up Ryder slightly.

JOKER

I like to think so. And... action!

Joker lets go of the rope, and Ryder falls back down. Ryder screams. Quinn is smiling.

JACK RYDER

Please, don't. What do you want? I can get it. Just don't...

Joker turns the camcorder to himself. He passes it to Quinn.

JOKER

Ladies and gents of Gotham, Joker here, bringing you the invitation to a showdown between me and...

Joker lifts Ryder slightly and lets him go. Ryder screams.

JOKER (CONT'D)

How fun. Between me and the Batman. A showdown hosted by Gotham's own Jack Ryder. Anything to say, Mr. Ryder?

JACK RYDER

Please, someone help me! I'm looking around and, from the label on the drums, I can tell I'm at the Ace Chemical Factory in old Gotham. Someone please help.

JOKER

The Ace Chemical Factory is the place. The time is tonight! Thank you, Mr. Ryder. But before you host tonight's event...

Joker pulls Ryder up until he can pull him over the catwalk's side. He pulls Ryder to be face-to-face. Joker cuts the rope.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Make-up!

Joker sprays Ryder in the face with a chemical from a small spray bottle. Ryder flinches and sneezes. He starts to

chuckle and Joker pushes Ryder into the chemical vat. As Ryder falls, he bursts into laughter. Joker faces the camera.

JOKER (CONT'D)

So, tonight only. Tune in and catch me and the Bat, one-on-one. Hosted by...

Faint laughter can be heard emerging from the vat.

Quinn focuses the camera on the source of the laughter.

Ryder climbs out and lands outside the vat with a THUD. Ryder bursts into uncontrollable laughter. Ryder's skin is stained yellow; his hair green.

Quinn looks at Ryder rolling on the floor laughing, drenched in purple chemicals, with pity.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Hosted by Jack Ryder.

Joker laughs and Quinn shuts off the camera. Quinn sees Ryder stumbling while laughing hysterically. She looks at Joker who shows no concern for Ryder as he whistles and walks down the catwalk. He pauses and thinks before tossing Quinn a knife. He then continues to walk down the catwalk, whistling, leaving Quinn alone. Joker calls out to Quinn.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Harley! This creeper's laugh is giving me a headache. Deal with it.

Quinn looks down at the knife in her hands and then the stumbling, laughing Ryder.

QUINN

I thought we needed him to host--

JOKER

Deal with it!

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Poison Ivy is laying in a giant flower reading a book. The book is titled GIRL, INTERRUPTED. She's wearing a red robe. Her hair is wet, as if fresh out of the shower. A hard rain taps on the glass ceiling. There is a knock on the foliage-covered front door. Poison Ivy gets up and walks to the door. She opens it to see Quinn, drenched by the rain and looking a bit distant.

POISON IVY

Harley? What are you doing here?

Quinn steps into the greenhouse, and Poison Ivy steps aside.

QUINN

I did a bad thing, Red. I did a bad thing.

Quinn shows Poison Ivy a bloody knife in her clutches. She looks at Poison Ivy with tearful eyes.

POISON IVY

What happened?

QUINN

You were right. About everything.

INT. ACE CHEMICAL FACTORY - NIGHT

The chemical factory is still. There is the sound of chains clanking echoing. A muffled order is given through the steel front doors. The doors burst open for a group of four cops led by Bullock. It's dark, and they have flashlights. The cops are on guard with guns aimed. Bullock speaks into his radio.

BULLOCK

Bullock responding to a B&E at Ace Chemicals.

The radio crackles in Gordon.

GORDON

Any sign of him?

Bullock looks around. He signals the other cops to investigate the area.

BULLOCK

It's quiet, Jim.

GORDON

Eyewitnesses place him there. Keep your eyes open.

Bullock approaches a large tank of chemicals. He shines his light on a TOXIC sign. There are puddles of the purple chemical scattered about. He shines his light on the puddles and crouches to get a better look. Bullock hears metal falling over and stands. He remains motionless for a moment, silent. Then he hears a faint chuckle. Bullock shines his light in the direction of the noise and carefully approaches. He turns the corner behind another large tank and stops when he sees Ryder crawling on the floor, laughing to himself.

BULLOCK

Stop right there. Hands where I can see them.

Ryder turns over and looks at Bullock with bloodshot eyes. He smiles widely at Bullock. There are several stab wounds in his chest. Bullock takes a step back.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

You're not going to believe this,  
Jim.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn sits on the manure-bag pile with Poison Ivy. Quinn is obviously distressed. Poison Ivy has an arm around Quinn to comfort her. A helicopter flies overhead, shining light into the greenhouse just briefly.

QUINN

Ryder just kept laughing. I didn't  
know what to do. I just wanted it  
over.

Quinn bursts out crying. Poison Ivy hugs Quinn.

POISON IVY

Where was this?

QUINN

Ace Chemicals.

POISON IVY

There, there, Harley. It's not your  
fault. He used you.

QUINN

You warned me!

POISON IVY

I did. But, sometimes, we have to  
learn the hard way.

QUINN

I killed someone, Red! Someone is  
dead because of me.

POISON IVY

Perhaps. You were holding the  
knife, but he manipulated you.  
Don't be so hard on yourself. I've  
made men do worse.

QUINN

Murder is a big deal, Red. What if  
the cops find him? I'll be kaput,  
locked up.

POISON IVY

I'll take care of it.

Poison Ivy stands and goes to a workbench with several glasses and liquids. She pours an orange liquid from a beaker into a glass. She hands the glass to Quinn.

QUINN

What is it with you and juice?

POISON IVY

Just a little something to help you  
relax. Drink.

Quinn drinks from the glass and immediately gets drowsy.

QUINN

This juice sure packs a punch.

POISON IVY

Just breathe and close your eyes.

Quinn breathes slowly and closes her eyes. She drifts to sleep, slouches to her side. Poison Ivy pushes Quinn back to lay her down. Ivy takes burlap from under some gardening tools and blankets Quinn.

POISON IVY (CONT'D)

Now, let's see about your  
boyfriend.

INT. GOTHAM UNIVERSITY, DR. MARKUS' CLASS - DAY

Quinn and Guy wait by Markus' desk as students leave the classroom. Quinn approaches Markus as he wipes the whiteboard.

QUINN

Dr. Markus?

MARKUS

Ms. Quinzel. How may I be of  
service?

Quinn takes a look back at Guy who is standing at the doorway. She turns back to Markus. She speaks loud enough for Guy to hear.

QUINN

I was looking over the grade you  
gave me on my final. An F?

MARKUS

You didn't follow the guide--

QUINN

I worked hard on that final. And  
how does that fail me? I was an A--

MARKUS

Ms. Quinzel, I don't have time for  
this. I have important--

Quinn pushes Markus. Guy sees.

GUY

Quinz!

QUINN

Stay out of it, Guy!

She pushes Markus again.

QUINN (CONT'D)

It's not enough to just fail my final, you had to fail me entirely? Ruin my life? You're gonna pass me, teach! One way or another.

MARKUS

What are you going to do?

QUINN

Don't think I'm the only one who notices when you check us out, perv. If you don't pass me, I'll be sure to let the dean know how much of a hands-on teacher you are!

Quinn pushes Markus again. This time, Markus pushes back. Guy sees and intervenes. He steps up to Markus and doesn't break eye contact.

GUY

Doctor, you keep your hands off her.

Guy turns to Quinn.

GUY (CONT'D)

What's gotten into you, Quinz?

MARKUS

What are you going to do about it, eh? Jock.

QUINN

You leave him out of this! So, what's it gonna be? Pass me, or be a registered sex offender?

Quinn shoves Guy aside and pushes Markus again. Markus pulls open a drawer in his desk and pulls out a gun. Quinn doesn't hesitate to rush Markus. Guy tries to stop Quinn as she grabs the gun. There's a struggle, and the gun goes off. Markus falls back, as if shot in the stomach. Guy's eyes grow wide in shock.

GUY

Quinz? What did you do?

QUINN

It was an accident. I just tried to... tried to....



GUY

The cops won't buy that it was an accident. Why does a teacher have a gun in his desk? Jesus, Quinz!

QUINN

I didn't...

Guy looks at the body. No blood has spilled, but Guy doesn't take note of that. He takes the gun out of Quinn's hand and embraces her.

GUY

I need you to go to my dorm and wait for me there.

QUINN

But you? What are you going to do?

GUY

Just wait for me. I'm going to talk to the cops. Go, now!

Quinn heads toward the door, looking back at Guy. He stands over Markus, gun in hand. She waits. Guy looks around the classroom. Empty. Markus moves and coughs, startling Guy.

MARKUS

She's going to hang for this. I'll tell the cops about her.

GUY

You're not talking to anyone.

Guy aims the gun and fires the gun at Markus, point blank in the head. Blood is spilled.

Quinn sees. She screams. Guy turns.

GUY (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? Go!

QUINN

The blood...

Quinn runs up to Markus and falls to her knees beside him.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What did you do?

GUY

I didn't think. The military. He triggered me. I don't know.

QUINN

You killed him!

GUY

I'm covering for you.

QUINN

They were blanks!

Guy looks confused.

GUY

No. The shot I just fired...

QUINN

This was the experiment!

GUY

What kind of stupid--

QUINN

You were just supposed to think I killed him. The gun was supposed to be full of blanks.

GUY

A shard of metal must have gotten loose and--

QUINN

What are we going to do?

GUY

I'm going to prison, Quinz! Why would you do this? I killed a man!

Two COPS arrive at the class door, guns drawn. They aim at Guy, who is still holding the gun.

COP #3

Put the gun down.

Guy looks at the cops and then the gun. He turns to Quinn.

GUY

I can't go to prison, Quinz. I can't. Why did you do this to me? I loved you.

Quinn has tears in her eyes.

QUINN

Just put the gun down.

GUY

I can't...

COP #3

Put the gun down! This is your last chance.

Guy swings his body around to face the cops, aiming the gun at the nearest one. The cops react, and they open fire on Guy. Four shots to the body. Quinn screams as blood splashes on her face.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

A beam of sunlight hits Quinn directly in the eyes, waking her. She slowly gets up and looks around the greenhouse. No sign of Poison Ivy. Quinn sits still for a moment and closes her eyes. She breathes. Tears form under her eyes, running mascara and dirt down her face.

A reflective shard of glass at her feet catches Quinn's eye. She picks up the shard and looks at her reflection in the dirty glass.

QUINN

I'm in love with a psychotic who  
only uses me. What happened to me?  
At what point did my life go Looney  
Tunes?

The tear-ruined mascara and dirt in the reflection has darkened around her eyes. Quinn takes in the image.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Red was right. I need to go it  
alone. I can't trust Mr. J.

Quinn focuses on the running mascara. She takes two fingers and smears the runny mascara all around her eyes.

QUINN (CONT'D)

But if I'm going to go it alone, I  
can't be Harleen Quinzel. Gullible,  
innocent Harleen.

She stops when the areas around her eyes are darkened to a point that it looks like she's wearing a mask. She smiles at her reflection and snuffles. Quinn sets the shard of glass down on the floor and puts on her hood.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I'm stronger than that. Smarter.  
Gotham, say hello to your brand new  
Harley Quinn. Mr. J. will plotz,  
with what I have in store for him.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT BUILDING, BASEMENT - DAY

Quinn's apartment building basement is a dark, cramped space full of cardboard boxes and containers. Many pipes and valves around. An overhead lamp flickers and sways. On one end, there are steps leading out of the basement.

Joker's Daughter is crouched by a pile of rags. She's trying to light a match. Her face is obscured by shadow. Joker's Daughter mumbles to herself in between chuckles. The match is lit and tossed into the pile of rags which burst into flames. We see Joker's Daughter's face. She has long, deep cuts in the corners of her mouth stitched back shut and vertical cuts on her eyes as a clown would have with makeup. She gathers a stack of papers and tosses them into the fire.

The fire grows. Joker's Daughter takes a piece of paper from a mess of papers and cloths. It's a photograph taken from Quinn's place featuring Quinn in a portrait. Joker's Daughter traces the outline of Quinn's face.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

You know where my daddy is, don't you? You're not taking him. I'll find him. I'll find him. I'll find you.

She lights the corner of the photo on fire and watches as the flame consumes the photo before tossing it into the flames. Joker's Daughter pulls out a long knife from her rear waistband and holds it over the fire. She runs her finger along the blade, cutting herself.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

You're not my mommy. Can't tell me to go to my room. Can't keep us apart. I'll burn your life to the ground.

Joker's Daughter stands and looks at the fire. She then looks at a mess of gas cans and flammable containers by the fire. She kicks the burning pile and a line of gas ignites leading to the gas cans. The gas cans catch fire and the fire runs up the walls. A fire alarm goes off as Joker's Daughter walks up the steps out of the basement. There's an explosion in the basement from the fire and Joker's Daughter is gone.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Smoke bellows from under the entrance door to the apartment. An explosion bursts from the doorway, knocking the door off its hinges. The flame rapidly spread, setting afire furniture and photos. Pictures of Quinn and framed degrees burn. Then her bed catches fire. A stuffed beaver doll on the chair beside the bed catches fire too. We see as the apartment is fully consumed by flames.

INT. GOTHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Gordon is on the phone in his corner office as police officers go about their business. A duo of cops pull in a badly burned and scarred man, hands cuffed behind his back. He is CARSON. He doesn't resist. Bullock enters, approaches Carson.

CARSON

I don't know what you want with me, Bullock.

BULLOCK

Simple. All I want is the truth. A fire burned down Gotham Heights. A fire that killed three people. We  
(MORE)

BULLOCK (cont'd)  
got you at the site, so we want a  
confession.

CARSON  
I wasn't blowing smoke when I said  
I'm innocent. The light was bright,  
but it wasn't mine.

BULLOCK  
Right, right. Escort Carson to his  
cell. We'll deal with him later.

Bullock leaves Carson to the two officers and heads toward Gordon's office. Gordon is lighting up a cigarette and standing at the window when Bullock walks in. Bullock sits in a chair in front of Gordon's desk. Gordon continues to stare out of the window. He takes a drag off his cigarette.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)  
Any luck?

GORDON  
This week has been hell without  
him. Nightwing and Robin are  
picking up the slack, but they can  
only do so much. We can only do so  
much.

BULLOCK  
We have too much invested in  
Batman. When he isn't here, things  
fall apart. Know where he went?

GORDON  
Off-world somewhere. Whatever it  
is, it's bigger than the Joker. Now  
I'm down to a handful of men since  
our last encounter with him. It's  
like we get smaller every time we  
deal with him. Soon, it'll just be  
us two against the world.

BULLOCK  
Can't blame the guys for quitting.  
Many of them got families to watch  
over. The Joker's got everyone  
scared.

GORDON  
It's not how I like to operate. I  
can't have men jumping at their  
shadows over one man. No matter how  
evil, he's one man.

BULLOCK  
So is Batman.

Gordon takes a final drag of his cigarette and puts it out as he sits behind his desk.

GORDON

I'm pretty sure Carson is innocent.

BULLOCK

That's what he's saying.

GORDON

The fire was too sloppy to fit Carson. His signature, his flare: it wasn't him.

BULLOCK

So who then?

GORDON

Remember I said there's a third wheel between Joker and Dr. Quinzel?

BULLOCK

Back to that again.

GORDON

The evidence is there. Joker needed an inside person to get him out of Arkham. Quinzel was his ticket. She got him out, and someone isn't happy.

BULLOCK

What makes you say that?

GORDON

Someone is going out of their way to shake up the doctor's life. Desperately trying to get her attention. I think whoever it is, they're trying to either kill Quinzel or get to the Joker. Why?

BULLOCK

Keep up sleuthing like that, and maybe, one day we'll see you as Batman.

GORDON

Never on heaven or earth, Bullock.

INT. ABANDONED STORE - DAY

The abandoned store once sold costumes and party supplies. Now, there are a few costumes here and there thrown among other party goods. Boxes are lined up against the wall. Broken windows are boarded up. A heavy layer of dust has settled on everything.

Joker sits in a big red chair. He is looking at blueprints. Beside the chair is a plastic Christmas elf and a sign: PICTURES WITH SANTA CLAUS. Bud and Lou, the hyenas, are nestled at Joker's feet. Joker is focused on the blueprints. He then lowers the blueprints and looks around.

JOKER

It's just occurred to me. Where's Harley? Bud, Lou? Any idea?

The hyenas just yawn and stretch. Joker calls out.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Harley? Harley?

He waits for a response with his hand to his ear.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Now where is that ditz?

Joker kicks the hyenas out of the way. They yelp. He stands.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Harley?

Quinn somersaults past a pile of boxes behind Joker and stops a couple feet away from him. Joker Doesn't notice Quinn. She's in a costume more refined than the last. This time, it's made of spandex. She has painted her face white and donned a black eye mask. But this Quinn is actually Poison Ivy in disguise as Quinn. The likeness is strong.

POISON IVY

Here I am, puddin'!

Joker jumps.

JOKER

Christ, Harley. You want to give me a heart attack?

POISON IVY

Sorry, Mr. J.

JOKER

I haven't seen you since yesterday. Where have you been?

POISON IVY

You know, just doing this and that.

Joker looks deadpan.

JOKER

No, I don't know. Elaborate.

Poison Ivy walks past the hyenas and they snarl at Poison Ivy.

POISON IVY

After I dealt with Ryder, I wanted to keep low. Didn't want anything leading back to you.

She walks past Joker and sits in the big chair.

JOKER

How considerate.

POISON IVY

Also wanted to work on my costume. What do you think?

Joker just grunts.

JOKER

I can't have you missing like that. I have big plans. Something that will bring that pointy-eared buffoon right to the ring. I need you for that.

POISON IVY

Aww, Mr. J. You need me?

JOKER

Yes. So no more running around! You're either in or out. And I don't think you'd like out.

Joker caresses a pistol grip in his waistband with his index finger. Poison Ivy just smiles. Lou and Bud walk up to Poison Ivy, and she tries to pet them.

POISON IVY

Babies!

Lou almost bites Poison Ivy's hand.

JOKER

Focus, Harley! I have a town to entertain.

POISON IVY

What do you need, Mr. J.?

JOKER

I've been working small-time. Too small. A murder here, mayhem there. I want something big.

POISON IVY

What do you have in mind?

JOKER

Light. Lots of light. The kind that gives more than a sun tan. Bats'

(MORE)



JOKER (cont'd)  
got his little signal. I want one too.

Joker picks the blueprints off the ground and shows Poison Ivy. Poison Ivy looks perplexed by the images.

POISON IVY  
You want to build a carnival and a mirror?

Joker face palms. His patience is wearing thin as he tosses the blueprints aside.

JOKER  
A carnival? No, my dear. The carnival! A show of lights concentrated on Gotham with the spotlight just for, you guessed it, Batsy. I already have it set up.

POISON IVY  
I don't get it.

Joker walks up to Poison Ivy, who has made herself comfortable in the big chair.

JOKER  
Must I lay out everything? You're like a child. The reflector harnesses concentrated sunlight in this doo-dad and refocuses it in an intense ray which will get Gotham nice and crispy. It's a classic.

Joker grabs her by the collar and pulls her up to her feet. Joker looks menacingly into Poison Ivy's red eyes. Poison Ivy looks scared.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
How hard is that to understand?

POISON IVY  
I'm sorry, puddin'. I just didn't--

JOKER  
Didn't what? Get the gag?

Joker pushes Poison Ivy back into the chair. He takes several steps back.

JOKER (CONT'D)  
Harley, you're a key element here. How can you not get it?

POISON IVY  
What am I supposed to do?

Joker smiles wide. He draws his pistol and holds it to his side. This makes Poison Ivy uneasy.

JOKER

The piggies are looking for a big bad wolf. Little do they know, the wolf has Red Riding Hood, who has mysteriously gone missing. How shocked will they be when they find that the wolf has had his fill of Red Riding Hood? Her body at the helm of disaster?

POISON IVY

Who's Red Riding Hood?

Joker lifts the pistol and aims at Poison Ivy.

JOKER

Why, dear, it's you.

Joker pulls the trigger and shoots Poison Ivy in the chest.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Joker's Daughter is standing on a dumpster, looking into the window of the abandoned store. She sees Joker shoot Poison Ivy and smiles. She stares at Joker, who walks up to Poison Ivy's limp body and throws her off the chair. Poison Ivy's hood falls off and red hair is seen. Joker sits in his chair like a king at his throne. Poison Ivy's body moves slightly but Joker doesn't notice.

Joker's Daughter hops off the dumpster. She's excited. She straightens out her green shirt and purple skirt. Joker's Daughter begins humming an eerie song. She walks up to a door leading from the alley to the abandoned store. She's about to knock, but then she pauses and withdraws her hand.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

What if daddy doesn't like me? No, he must! Daddy adores me! But what if he doesn't? I can help. I can...

Joker's Daughter's eyes grow wide with an idea. She hops back on the dumpster and peers inside once again. To her surprise, Joker's gone. Poison Ivy's body is still lying on the ground. Joker's Daughter hops off the dumpster and goes back to the door. She hesitantly opens it and walks inside.

INT. ABANDONED STORE - DAY

Joker's Daughter walks cautiously into the store. She looks at the dusty shelves with old masks and hats. She looks at Poison Ivy's body on the ground. Joker's Daughter walks up to Poison Ivy's body and squats beside her. Poison Ivy breathes with labor. Joker's Daughter grabs Poison Ivy by the red hair and pulls her up to see her face. Joker's Daughter smile fades as she takes a good look at Poison Ivy.

## JOKER'S DAUGHTER

You're not her.

Joker's Daughter rubs off a bit of the white makeup with her shirt. A greenish skin color shows. Joker's Daughter drops Poison Ivy's head. She stands and kicks Poison Ivy as she steps over the body. She goes up to the big chair and touches it a bit before sitting in it. She sees the blueprints on the ground and picks them up to read them. She sits back in the chair, studying the blueprints.

The front door of the store swings open and a flood of light rushes in. The silhouette of a woman is seen. It's the real Quinn. She's dressed in her raggedy costume, and wears white makeup with a black mask.

## QUINN

Puddin'! I'm home.

She enters and stops when she sees the body on the floor. Quinn rushes to the body and drops to her knees.

## QUINN (CONT'D)

Red? No, no, no. Red!

Joker's Daughter applauds from her chair. Quinn looks up.

## JOKER'S DAUGHTER

You tricked daddy. That's not very nice.

## QUINN

You're the girl from Arkham!

## JOKER'S DAUGHTER

I'm daddy's girl.

## QUINN

You did this? Where's the gun?

Joker's Daughter gets up from the chair and pulls a machete out from under the back of her shirt.

## JOKER'S DAUGHTER

No guns. You're just in the way. Daddy will be happy when you're gone.

Joker's Daughter steps forward toward Quinn. Quinn gets up and looks down at the body.

## QUINN

You're gonna pay, kid.

Joker's Daughter lets out a chilling scream and rushes toward Quinn, machete raised to strike. She swings the machete at Quinn, who dodges and flips to the side. Joker's Daughter blindly swings the machete in Quinn's direction, but is too far away to hit her.

Quinn throws a punch at Joker's Daughter and connects, sending Joker's Daughter stumbling back. Joker's Daughter shows no sign of pain as she swings again and again.

Quinn continues dodging and flipping out of the way. Quinn stops under some shelves with stone gargoyle statues. Joker's Daughter throws the machete at Quinn, but hits the shelf instead, getting lodged in the wood. The shelf collapses, and the statues fall on Quinn. Quinn is knocked down.

Joker's Daughter runs up to Quinn and begins kicking her. Quinn fumbles around the statue debris and picks one up. As Joker's Daughter continues to kick her, Quinn uses the statue to hit Joker's Daughter in the pelvis. Joker's Daughter doesn't flinch. Instead she grabs Quinn by the arm and drags her away from the debris. She grabs the machete and raises it to cut Quinn's arm. Quinn is frightened.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

You don't trick daddy. You don't play with daddy. You're a bad girl.

As Joker's Daughter is about to strike, a hand grabs Joker's Daughter by the hair from behind. It's Poison Ivy, still dressed as Quinn. She throws Joker's Daughter with a strong pull on the hair. Joker's Daughter doesn't drop the machete as she slides on the ground. Poison Ivy stumbles up to Quinn before turning ready to face Joker's Daughter, but she has disappeared. Quinn sits up. Poison Ivy collapses. Quinn holds her up.

POISON IVY

I'm fine. Just a gunshot.

QUINN

You're bleeding, Red.

POISON IVY

Joker...

QUINN

I know, he's bad news bears.

POISON IVY

Yes. He's going to destroy Gotham.

QUINN

Isn't he always doing that?

POISON IVY

All the plants that will burn if he...

Poison Ivy coughs up blood.

QUINN

Let's get back to the greenhouse. You're not looking so good.

POISON IVY

You have to stop him.

QUINN

First things first. You need a band-aid.

Poison Ivy tries to laugh, but she coughs up more blood.

POISON IVY

I think I'm dying, Harley.

QUINN

I think you're full of shit. Let's go home.

POISON IVY

I won't make it. Take me to Gotham Memorial Park.

QUINN

No, Red. You gotta...

POISON IVY

I know what I'm doing. Take me there.

Quinn nods and walks Poison Ivy to the front door with Poison Ivy's arm over her shoulder.

EXT. STREETS OF GOTHAM - DAY

The burglar alarm of a building with a sign reading STAR LABS goes off. Joker whistles a tune while twirling a pistol on his finger. He carries a round, tech-heavy case in his free hand. He walks away from the building and toward a green car parked in an alley. Pedestrians see him and run. An officer sees Joker, but he is shot by Joker as the officer reaches for his sidearm. Joker continues to walk casually, whistling a tune.

A dark figure is standing by the car. It's Joker's Daughter. Joker blinks, and she's gone. Joker shrugs it off and holsters his gun in his waistband. He reaches in and fumbles in his pocket for the keys to his car. He finds them and gets in and drives off.

EXT. GOTHAM MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Gotham Memorial Park is a wood heavy with foliage. In a clearing is a statue of THOMAS WAYNE standing. Benches surround the statue. There are several people around the statue talking on their phones and having picnics.

Quinn helps Poison Ivy through the denser areas of the park. Poison Ivy doesn't look good. Poison Ivy points at tall, old tree in the wood. Quinn escorts Poison Ivy there and sets her by the tree.

QUINN

I think you need a doctor, Red.

POISON IVY

Watch.

Poison Ivy puts a hand on the tree. Immediately, branches begin to sprout. Plants all around begin to grow, enveloping Poison Ivy's lower body. Quinn steps back away.

POISON IVY (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid.

QUINN

Afraid? I'm not afraid.

POISON IVY

These plants are my friends.  
They'll heal me.

QUINN

Whatever you say, Red.

The plants continue to slowly wrap around Poison Ivy.

POISON IVY

There's something I need to tell  
you.

QUINN

What?

POISON IVY

There's another reason I brought  
you here. Joker has some kind of  
weapon here in Gotham Memorial. You  
have to stop it.

QUINN

What kind of weapon?

POISON IVY

A solar reflector. It'll destroy  
Gotham. My babies will burn.

QUINN

What do I do?

POISON IVY

You're a smart girl.

With that, the plants wrap around Poison Ivy's head. She is now fully enveloped beside the tree. Quinn looks at Poison Ivy's cocoon of plant life and shudders. She raises a hand to touch it, but pulls away before doing so.

QUINN

You're a weird one, Red.

Quinn backs away from the cocoon and pushes through some bushes into the central clearing of the park. People stare at Quinn and her costume.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Take a picture.

Someone does take a picture. Quinn shakes her head and walks up to the Thomas Wayne statue.

QUINN (CONT'D)

If I were a weapon capable of  
destroying Gotham, where would I  
be?

Quinn climbs the statue and sits on Wayne's shoulder. She can see the entire clearing from the height. The canopy of a large purple tent can be seen at the far end of the park.

QUINN (CONT'D)

That wasn't so hard. Maybe I'll  
save Gotham, after all. Good news.

Quinn hops off the statue and rolls once she hits the ground. She runs in the direction of the tent.

Joker pulls his car up to the side of the tent. He carries the round case. He obviously doesn't care if he's seen as he greets a couple.

JOKER

Beautiful day, isn't it?

The couple runs.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Off you go, love birds. Remember to  
wear protection!

Joker laughs to himself as he enters the tent.

The tent is large and high. The tent's canopy is designed to open. It houses a device that looks like a tower based on a large computer. There are suspended wires from under a cradle for an orb to the computer. There are a popcorn cart at the entrance of the tent and two HENCHMEN beside the cart. They are dressed as clowns.

Joker walks in and salutes the henchmen who salute back. One henchman hands Joker a carton of popcorn which he accepts with glee. He munches on popcorn and walks up to the device. He sets the device on the ground and opens the case, which hisses, to reveal a white orb. Joker gently takes it out of the case, climbs a stepping stool, and places it on top of the device's tower, in the cradle.

JOKER (CONT'D)

My, my. Baby, you are beautiful.

QUINN

How come you never called me that,  
puddin'?

Joker is so startled, he falls off the stepping stool. Joker grumbles as he gets to his feet, dusting his suit off. The henchmen just stare at Quinn. Joker smiles at Quinn with open arms.

JOKER

Harley? Haaarley, sweetheart!

QUINN

Don't sweetheart me, Mr. J. You tried to kill me.

JOKER

Kill you!? Nooo. I was merely making a point.

QUINN

And what point is that? I'm expendable?

JOKER

No, no. The point is that I'm a lousy shot.

Joker quick draws his pistol and fires at Quinn, missing her. Joker turns to his henchmen.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Well? Are we waiting for? An invitation? Do something!

The henchmen scramble to fight Quinn. One henchman takes a wide swing at Quinn, which she dodges with ease. The second henchman breaks the handle off the popcorn cart. He tries to hit Quinn with it, but she ducks and uppercuts the henchman. The other henchman grabs Quinn from behind, but she flips over him, grabs his neck with her thighs, and throws him. Both henchmen are unconscious. Quinn turns her sights on Joker.

JOKER (CONT'D)

It's so hard to find good help.  
That's what I get for being cheap.  
Ha!

Joker fires from the hip at Harley. She dodges, and the bullet hits one of the henchmen.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Oops. Did I tell you boys there are no health benefits?

He takes aim and fires two more rounds at Quinn, which she evades with a series of flips.



JOKER (CONT'D)

Harley, you're being difficult.

Joker fires multiple rounds at Quinn as she cartwheels and flips, making her way toward Joker. Joker grows frustrated and empties the clip. He tosses the gun aside and puts up his fists to fight.

JOKER (CONT'D)

C'mon, then. Come to your puddin'.

Quinn flips up to Joker and stops in front of him, with her fist coming down toward him. Joker dodges the fist and counters with an uppercut, which connects with Quinn's stomach, knocking her back a couple steps.

QUINN

You hit a woman?

JOKER

Hit on women, hit women... it's all the same to me.

Joker laughs and rushes at Quinn. Quinn throws a punch at Joker's face. It hits him, but it doesn't faze him. Instead he reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a long, thin knife. It glistens.

QUINN

Mr. J., you're such a cut up.

JOKER

I tell the jokes!

Joker lunges at Quinn with the knife. She blocks it. He swings the blade several times as Quinn evades the knife. Joker stabs downward. When Quinn blocks it, Joker uses his free hand to pinch a flower on his lapel, squirting a corrosive acid, which barely misses Quinn. Quinn watches the acid miss her and hit the tent wall, dissolving it. Joker takes the opportunity to backhand Quinn, knocking her down. Joker stands over her, knife in hand.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Harley, if you just stayed dead, I wouldn't need to kill you again. Why are women so stubborn?

QUINN

Why are men so arrogant?

Joker kicks Quinn in between words.

JOKER

You. Don't. Answer. Questions. With Questions!

Quinn tries to stand, but she collapses. Joker walks around Quinn.

JOKER (CONT'D)

I actually was growing fond of you.  
Such a pretty face. I wish you  
smiled more.

Joker grabs Quinn by the tassels on her hood and lifts her head up. He places the knife in her mouth.

JOKER (CONT'D)

When you smile, the whole world  
smiles with you. So, let's smile  
wide.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Daddy!

Joker looks away from Quinn to see Joker's Daughter, dirty and scarred, standing at the tent entrance. He takes the knife out of Quinn's mouth and scratches his head with it.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Daddy, I finally found you.

JOKER

I see the resemblance...

Joker throws Quinn to the ground and throws the knife at Joker's Daughter. It impales itself on the popcorn cart beside her, missing her by inches. Joker's Daughter doesn't flinch.

JOKER (CONT'D)

But I don't recall having any kids.

Quinn crawls away from Joker and staggers to her feet.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

I'm your daughter. I've been  
looking for you. I need you.

JOKER

Well, I'll be damned. Was it the  
bender I had in Mexico? They say  
tequila makes you crazy.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

The world is cold, daddy. Cruel.  
People hate people. They hurt. Hurt  
me.

JOKER

Or maybe my trip to Ethiopia? No,  
I'm thinking of the wrong kid.

Quinn stumbles to the device to lean on it. She sees the wires and pulls some of them out. Joker doesn't notice. A second later, however, he calls to her.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Harley! We haven't had any kids, have we? Nah. We haven't even married.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

But a daddy wouldn't let her daughter go cold. Alone. A daddy is there for his baby. A daddy shows her how to be like him. I need to be you.

JOKER

Blah, blah, blah. God, I hate family reunions.

Joker's Daughter looks at Quinn, who is still gathering herself. She smiles.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

And a daughter loves her daddy. Does good for him.

Joker's Daughter marches up to Quinn, who sees her coming. Quinn readies herself to fight. Joker simply watches this unfold. Joker's Daughter pulls the machete from under the back of her shirt and grins. Quinn keeps her distance.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Make a pretty mess for daddy. Make you bleed cold. I'll wear your face. Daddy will love me.

JOKER

Now, this is interesting.

QUINN

Kid, listen. I get it. You're hurt. Your parents probably hurt you, right?

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Daddy cares.

QUINN

You think Mr. J. is your father, right. But why be like him? You could be different. Something more.

JOKER'S DAUGHTER

Be like daddy? No. Be daddy.

JOKER

Boring! Someone throw a pie or something.

Joker's Daughter swings the machete at Quinn and misses by inches, striking a control panel on the device.

JOKER (CONT'D)

You stupid brat! My baby!

Joker runs to the device and hugs it. Joker's Daughter is distracted by this. Quinn takes advantage by hitting Joker's Daughter in the back of the head. Quinn yanks out some more wires and uses them to strangle Joker's Daughter. Joker is focused on the device.

QUINN

I don't want to do this, kid. You know better.

Joker's Daughter elbows Quinn in the ribs and throws her over her back. Joker's Daughter kicks Quinn in the face, drawing blood.

JOKER

It's now or never.

Joker enters a command on a keypad. The device starts whirring. The canopy of the tent comes apart automatically. The orb shines in the sunlight.

JOKER (CONT'D)

It works! I must remember to thank ol' Luther for the plans. Quality.

Joker's Daughter straddles the downed Quinn and raises her machete for a killing blow. But Quinn punches Joker's Daughter in the throat and throws her off. Quinn and Joker's Daughter pay no mind to the device as they continue to fight.

Joker dances around his device with much joy. The orb begins glowing intensely. Electric sparks are emitted from the orb.

Quinn is pushed by Joker's Daughter into the popcorn cart. Joker's Daughter swings the machete in a downward motion and Quinn rolls out of the way, grabbing the handle bar from the knocked out henchman and swiping upward at Joker's Daughter in one fluid motion. Quinn hits her behind the knee, causing Joker's Daughter to kneel. Then Quinn hits Joker's Daughter on the back.

The device becomes unstable as it begins to make horrible noises. Lightning bolts meters long shoot in all directions and the orb cracks. Joker see this.

JOKER (CONT'D)

That can't be good.

Quinn continues hitting Joker's Daughter with the cart handle, but then Joker's Daughter grabs it mid swing. She yanks it from Quinn's grasp and hits Quinn across the face. Quinn falls back. Joker's Daughter hits her again in the face, knocking Quinn into a daze. Joker's Daughter tosses the cart handle aside and grabs her machete. She stands over Quinn's body. She raises the machete over her head to impale

Quinn.

The orb explodes, sending glass shards and lightning bolts everywhere. Joker backs away from the device.

Joker's Daughter brings the machete down on Quinn, but midway down, the machete is struck by lightning, electrocuting Joker's Daughter. She catches fire. The shock causes her to fly backward.

Joker turns to run out of the tent. He sees Quinn unconscious and Joker's Daughter's body smoldering.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Reunion's over, girls. Time to go!

Joker begins to run out of the tent as the device continues to collapse. Quinn grabs his ankle as he runs by, causing him to trip. Joker scrambles to get up as Quinn staggers to her feet. The machine catches fire, blue fire. The tent catches fire.

QUINN

Where you going, sweetums? You're gonna miss our couple's therapy.

Joker gets on his feet and faces Quinn. He isn't smiling.

JOKER

Harley, baby, I don't think our relationship is working out.

QUINN

Whatever gave you that idea, puddin'?

Quinn runs at Joker and tackles him. They fall into the popcorn cart. Joker pulls out the knife from the cart and swings in a 180 degree turn, barely missing Quinn. Joker follows up with an uppercut into Quinn's ribs. Quinn staggers back a bit as Joker readies his knife. He runs at Quinn, knife stabbing downward. He brings it down, but Quinn ducks out of the way. She pushes his arm up and punches him in the armpit. She takes another swing, hitting Joker square in the mouth. Joker spits out blood.

JOKER

Baby, watch the money maker.

A dagger slides out of Joker's sleeve into his hand. Quinn doesn't notice. Joker attacks with a horizontal swing from his knife, missing Quinn. He stabs her with the dagger in the shoulder. Quinn screams.

JOKER (CONT'D)

You've been naughty, Harley. I love naughty girls. Love them to death.

Quinn pulls out the dagger. She tries to throw it at Joker, but her throw is weak. The dagger bounces off Joker. He bursts out laughing.

JOKER (CONT'D)

That's it? After all your flips and whatnots, that's it? I'm going to enjoy skinning you, my sweets.

Joker walks up to Quinn, who is struggling to stand. He swings the knife. Quinn throws up a forearm, which gets sliced. She falls back. Joker steps up to her with a devious smile. He wipes the knife on his sleeve.

JOKER (CONT'D)

You know, I liked you Harley. Love? Maybe. But what I really loved was your moxie. You got it right, baby.

He turns to his burning machine.

JOKER (CONT'D)

I was really looking forward to seeing my machine in action. At least I get some fireworks.

He turns back to Quinn. She is on her knees, trying to get up. Joker squats beside her. He looks into her blue eyes with a smile, waving the knife in her face.

JOKER (CONT'D)

She loves me... she loves me not.

He thrusts the knife into her abdomen, pulling Quinn inches from his face.

JOKER (CONT'D)

She loves me.

QUINN

Puddin'...

Joker leaves the knife in Quinn and runs for the exit of the burning tent. Quinn is barely conscious as she tries to drag herself to the exit. The tent collapses on the exit. Flames burn high and fierce. Quinn looks at the knife in her abdomen and passes out.

As the tent falls and burns, a shadow crosses the tent. It is in the shape of a bat. It's BATMAN. We only see his shadow, then silhouette, never getting a clear look. Batman rips through the burning tent and picks up Quinn and runs out of the tent with her over his shoulder.

The device implodes, sucking everything into it. For a moment it completely disappears. Then an explosion outward in a wave of blue fire. Batman tries to outrun the blast as the blue fire approaches. Then a blinding white light washes over everything until nothing but white is seen.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, REC ROOM - NIGHT

Patients in orange wander the white rec room. There are long tables with crayons and paper. Several patients draw. One patient is drawing the Batman symbol.

A short man in a paper top hat is having a tea party with paper cups and a couple of other patients.

An orderly tries to give a patient medication which he spits out. Two orderlies escort him out of the rec room.

A TV on a wall mount plays the news. It's covering the explosion. The ticker reads: 200 DEAD AFTER JOKER BOMB BLAST.

Gordon and Bullock enter the rec room. Gordon's radio statics in.

DISPATCH

Isley has been apprehended at the--

Gordon turns off his radio.

BULLOCK

What a dump. Look at all the crazies.

GORDON

Wayne Enterprises is the only source of funding for Arkham. Corners must be cut to meet budget.

BULLOCK

Jim, if I ever go nuts, just shoot me.

Gordon doesn't acknowledge Bullock. Instead, he focuses on a lone girl in orange, sitting by the window with blonde pigtails. It's Quinn. She ignores everything around her as Gordon walks up, chewing a bit of gum.

GORDON

Are you OK?

Quinn doesn't respond.

GORDON (CONT'D)

If Batman didn't get to you in time, you'd be dead. You know that, right? Anyway, I came by to tell you that the Joker has been caught. By Batman, of course. But you're not going to see him. Not even get a chance to be near him. It's for your own good.

Quinn looks at Gordon. She smiles.

QUINN

I'm over him.

GORDON

Glad to hear that. I just wanted to personally see how you're doing. Must be hard going through what you went through.

QUINN

I'm not leaving anytime soon, am I?

Gordon shakes his head. He lights a cigarette, but an orderly orders him to put it out. He does.

GORDON

Sorry, kiddo. You're here for observation. Can't check you out until the doc's says you're OK.

Quinn goes back to staring out the window. Gordon shakes his head and leaves with Bullock. Bullock takes one last look at Quinn.

BULLOCK

That one's got looks.

GORDON

Let's go.

Quinn watches the pair walk out of the rec room. Then she turns her attention to the TV. It has two ANCHORS covering the blast.

QUINN (V.O.)

At what point did my life go Looney Tunes? How did it happen? Who's to blame?

Joker's mug shot is shown on the TV. Quinn smiles as a tear rolls down her cheek.

FADE OUT.

THE END