

# The Dark Knight: Pilot

S1: E1

By

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EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

FADE IN to an ESTABLISHING SHOT of Gotham City. It's dark and moody even with all its bright lights typical of a grand metropolis. It's a late night and a very cloudy one too. Though the clouds aren't quite visible.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

CUT TO another ESTABLISHING SHOT of a gated beach house a few miles away from the city. It's fancy and modern for its time. It even has its own pool on a balcony facing the ocean. All the lights of the house inside are off.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

CUT TO a TRACKING SHOT starting from the hallway where a large, bat-shaped shadow looms on the wall and ending at the fancy lounge room where a young woman dressed in dark blue overalls, shoe covers, thick construction gloves, a cadet cap the same colour as the overalls, and a black stocking mask is kneeling in front of a large wall safe. This young woman is JENNA DUFFY. Not yet known as The Carpenter. A large wine glass cabinet has been pushed to the side away from it. A large tool bag rests beside her as she examines the safe with a small flashlight.

CUT AWAY to the masked face of Jenna. Despite the mask, it's sheer enough for the audience to tell she is deeply concentrating on the safe. She places the flashlight in her mouth and picks up a power drill from the tool bag.

INSERT SHOT of the tip of the drill being placed on the top of the dial. Gently and quietly, the drill makes a hole in it. Then a pin is inserted into the hole once the drill is removed from it.

CUT AWAY to Jenna focusing on the turning of the dial. Listening carefully for the clicks. After the fourth, she opens the safe and we CUT AWAY to the inside of the safe and it's contents from behind. We see Jenna taking the flashlight out of her mouth as well as a tall, dark figure standing behind her. She takes wads of cash out of it and putting them in the bag without looking behind her. The figure patiently waits.

CUT AWAY to Jenna as she finishes filling the bag. She picks it up and turns around. To be met with the towering BAT-MAN. He wears a sleek, black skintight Bat-Suit impressively showing off his muscular form. He has the bat insignia on his chest coloured in midnight blue. He wears a handy utility belt around his waist. Her flashlight brightly illuminates him as he coldly looks down at her. She screams and drops the flashlight. Bat-Man tightly grabs her by the collar and lifts her up like she was just a paperweight. He pulls off her hat. Then her mask. Something she

whimperingly objects to.

JENNA

"N-no!"

Bat-Man stoically scans her as he speaks in a cold, deep and harsh tone.

BAT-MAN

"Jenna Duffy. Thought I might find you here."

She whimpers in confusion as she realizes he somehow knew where to find her.

JENNA

"H-how did-"

He cuts her off.

BAT-MAN

"All the houses you robbed over the past two months were all houses you worked on. Obvious pattern."

Jenna sighs. She knows she's not going to escape from this, but she does try to reason with Bat-Man on the assumption that he's a sympathetic man when the presented with the right story.

JENNA

"Look, I know you're supposed to be something all the bad guys and crooks fear, right? Well, I'm not like them. I don't do this to be greedy. I got medical insurance to pay. Ever since the hikes, my dad's been struggling, and his kidneys get-"

She made a mistake. He cuts her off again with no fluctuation in his tone.

BAT-MAN

"Save your excuses for the judge."

He lowers her to the ground, roughly turns her to face the wall and cuffs her. She mutters in a spiteful way.

JENNA

"Figures I couldn't try and make Gordon's bitch grow a heart."

Without a change in his expression, he roughly shoves her to the ground. She hits it with a pained grunt.

BAT-MAN

"The police will be here soon."

SFX of approaching police sirens. Bat-Man turns away from Jenna and leaves her in the dark apart from the flashlight. As he walks away his face gets closer to the shot until there's an XCU of his white, masked eyes.

INT - ARKHAM HALLWAY - NIGHT

CUT TO another XCU of the bespectacled and unnervingly hidden eyes of DR HUGO STRANGE, Arkham's chief administrator. His footsteps lightly thud in the dirty and poorly maintained Arkham hallway. He happily whistles a jaunty tune to himself as he makes rounds. The shot slowly zooms away from him until his wrinkled, bearded and happy face are seen along with his shiny bald head.

CUT AWAY to a door bearing a patient's name. That name being A. WESKER engraved on a cheap, metal plate. Dr Strange's shadow appears on the door and stands in front of it.

CUT AWAY to Dr Strange's hand knocking on the door. He stops whistling.

CUT AWAY to Dr. Strange's face as he checks his watch. He takes a master key from his white medical coat pocket and uses it to unlock the door.

CUT TO the inside of the cell. It's completely dark until the door opens and gives way to the hallway's bright lighting. Dr. Strange's silhouette stands at the doorway.

CUT AWAY to a POV shot of Strange observing the contents of the room and his own shadow projected in it. At the end of the room he sees a radiator with a cuffed hand attached to it. This hand has been hacked off by a rusty hacksaw laying at the floor. Blood drips from the hand onto an impressively sized pool of blood.

CUT AWAY to Dr. Strange stoically observing the gruesome sight before slamming the door shut.

CUT TO Dr. Strange walking further down the hall. He looks down and notices a trail of blood drips. They reach the end of the hall and towards a turn at the right. Just as he makes it to the end, a nurse runs up to him from the right hall in a panic.

NURSE WEATHERS

"Dr. Strange! Dr. Strange!"

He turns to her with stoic questioning. She pauses her run and tries to catch her breath.

NURSE WEATHERS

"A-a patient. Escaped."

Dr. Strange looks at her as if she just stated the obvious. He doesn't seem pleased about her choice of words.

DR. STRANGE

"Clearly, Mrs. Weathers."

CUT TO a speeding boat with Arkham Asylum in the background. CUT AWAY to a shimmering ARNOLD WESKER with a dark raincoat draped over him. He cradles a cauterized stump where a hand used to be. A BOATMAN working for him walks out of the bridge and gives him a neatly polished SCARFACE.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

BOATMAN

"Nice and clean, boss. Not a single speck left."

Arnold gently takes the doll out of the Boatman's hands. He quietly weeps as he observes the ugly wooden face of one of Gotham's notorious icons. Arnold Wesker looks up. CUT AWAY to the Bat-Symbol shining in the night sky.

EXT. GCPD ROOF - NIGHT

CUT TO the GCPD rooftop. JIM GORDON waits with a cigarette in his mouth. He's red-haired with grey sideburns, in his mid-fifties, has a thick red moustache and a pair of glasses that make him look a little more bookish than he really is. He deeply inhales the cigarette's contents before exhaling a long stream of smoke. Over his shoulder, Bat-Man stands behind him. Jim knows he's there.

JIM GORDON

"You stepped on a puddle."

BAT-MAN

"You've gotten good at this."

Jim Gordon turns to face Bat-Man as he takes another drag.

JIM GORDON

"You gave me a lot of practice."

Bat-Man walks up to Jim while coldly staring. Jim's used to this look.

BAT-MAN

"What happened?"

Jim breathes out another line of smoke. He sighs with a little dread and exhaustion.

JIM GORDON

"We got a call from Arkham. The Ventriloquist escaped."

Bat-Man squints his eyes.

BAT-MAN

"Scarface?"

JIM GORDON

"Gone."

Bat-Man looks toward the direction of Arkham Asylum. CUT AWAY to a shot of Arkham far on the horizon. CUT AWAY to Bat-Man.

BAT-MAN

"I'll go to the asylum."

JIM GORDON

"You've already done a lot tonight. Sure you don't want to, well, go back home? Wherever that is."

Bat-Man pulls out a grappling hook and aims it in front of him. Intending to go in the direction of Arkham.

JIM GORDON

"Figures. I already told them you were coming anyway. You sure you want to go there now, though? Strange ain't exactly a fan."

BAT-MAN

"I've had worse critics. At least he's polite."

He shoots the grappling gun and swings away from the GCPD building. Leaving Jim to sigh while rubbing his forehead.

JIM GORDON

"Relax, Jim. It could be worse."

CUT TO Arkham Island. Dr. Strange expectantly waits at the fountain while watching the gate. Two guards open it once they hear the distant engine of the Bat-Mobile.

CUT AWAY to Dr. Strange. He smirks as he hears the roaring and distant vehicle. The Bat-Mobile roars onto the grounds and swerves to a stop right in front of strange. It's long, slick and very agile looking. As the engine dies down, the driver shield opens and Bat-Man jumps out of the seat. He lands on both feet and approaches Dr. Strange as the shield closes behind him.

EXT. ARKHAM GROUNDS - NIGHT

DR. STRANGE

"Love making an entrance don't you? Have you considered something less dramatic?"

Bat-Man frowns.

BAT-MAN

"It does what I need it to."

Bat-Man walks toward the entrance of Arkham. Not intending on interacting with Dr. Strange any more than he has to. That changes when Dr. Strange gently places a hand on his shoulder with a concerned look. His voice is booming and pleasant. Clearly, he's practised with bedside manners.

DR. STRANGE

"Don't forget I'm always open to private counselling. A man like you has much to divulge."

Bat-Man looks at him. Quietly furious. He silently takes his hand off his shoulder and walks up to the entrance steps as Dr. Strange calls out to him.

DR. STRANGE

"Trauma is a very dangerous thing to suppress, Bat-Man! Look at what it's already done to you!"

INT. ARKHAM HALLWAY - NIGHT

CUT TO an Arkham hallway. The same one where Dr. Strange found the blood trail. Bat-Man walks past several doors while ignoring the jeering inmates growling, yelling or even barking at him. He stops at Arnold Wesker's cell, and turns toward it.

CUT TO the inside of the cell. The door opens and we see Bat-Man's silhouette standing at the doorway. Just as we saw Hugo Strange's. CUT AWAY to his face as he slowly and carefully observes the room. He approaches the radiator where the hand has been left to hang. Droplets of blood still dripping from the fingertips. Bat-Man isn't fazed by this sight. He's seen too much to be affected. He opens a pouch on his belt and takes out a miniature flashlight. The scene of Wesker's self-mutilation is made brighter with it.

He kneels down to closely examine the scene. He notices the hacksaw. Bloodied from recent use. The light is shined on it. He switches the light setting on it with a push of a button using his thumb. Whatever secrets on the hacksaw are revealed with a UV light. The blood is presented in a bright blue hue just as the fingerprints on the handle are. There's quite a few of them. Bat-Man holds the flashlight in his mouth while he gets a small fingerprinting kit from a pouch. He takes three prints from different parts of the handle (Top, bottom and middle).

He then moves his attention to the handcuffs. More prints. He dusts a couple and takes them too.

INT. ARKHAM SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO the surveillance room of the Asylum. Bat-Man quietly watches surveillance footage on one of the screens. A dark-skinned and beefy looking female guard is seated at the swivel chair while Bat-Man stands behind her. CUT AWAY to a CS of the screen they both have their attention on. The footage is of the outside of Wesker's cell. So far, there is nothing unusual.

Bat-Man quietly growls.

BAT-MAN

"Play it back."

She looks at him with raised brows.

FEMALE GUARD

"Ain't nothin' here."

BAT-MAN

"One more."



She sighs and rewinds it. CUT AWAY to another CS of the screen. It rewinds back quite a bit until it stops and they watch the uneventful footage together apart from the passing staff member. Until Bat-Man sighs in defeat.

BAT-MAN

"Stop the tape."

She does so. He moves a finger to press the eject button on the VCR.

FEMALE GUARD

"Can't see how anyone could sneak in a hacksaw. Not like any of the doctors and their long ass coats were on it."

Bat-Man takes the tape and keeps it in his hand. He coldly looks at the guard, making her feel a little uneasy. As if he's accusing her.

BAT-MAN

"Were you asleep?"

She looks at him with an angry defensiveness.

FEMALE GUARD

"You think I don't think this job's serious? I should whack you with this nightstick for that."

He leaves with a cold glare. The Female Guard scoffs before turning her attention back to the screens.

FEMALE GUARD

"Helpin' himself to evidence. Whole damn city's gone nuts."

**EXT. ARKHAM GROUNDS - NIGHT**

CUT TO Bat-Man walking out of the Asylum through the front entrance. CUT AWAY to Dr. Strange leaning against the Bat-Mobile with a smug expression.

DR. STRANGE

"Quite the piece of equipment. Doubt there's much like it in the world. Unique, really."

Bat-Man scowls darkly at Dr. Strange as he walks up to him. His posture is quite threatening.

BAT-MAN

"You were waiting here for me the whole time?"

Dr. Strange smiles as he reaches into his breast pocket.

DR. STRANGE

"I want you to have this."

He hands a card to Bat-Man. CUT AWAY to an insert of the card. It features Dr. Strange's face with a goofy expression and swirls on his round glasses. The card's slogan is "FEELING STRANGE? CALL DR. STRANGE!" with a phone number and price listings varying by session length. Available days are Tues-Fri.

Bat-Man looks up at Dr. Strange. Clearly, unamused.

DR. STRANGE

"I'm sure my rates are reasonable for someone like you with a car like this."

Bat-Man throws the card away to his side as he walks past Dr. Strange while focusing on the control buttons on the sleeve of his suit.

BAT-MAN

"You can post it to me."

Dr. Strange moves away from the Bat-mobile as the shield retracts open. He doesn't lose his smile as Bat-Man jumps into the seat.

DR. STRANGE

"I hope you reconsider!"

He's ignored. The shield closes back up, and the Bat-Mobile revs up before swerving to face the open gates and driving away. Leaving an echoing engine roar behind.

INT. BAT-CAVE – NIGHT

CUT TO of the surveillance footage from Arkham. This time it's played on a much bigger screen. So big it gives the cave a little bit of light. CUT AWAY to an unmasked BRUCE WAYNE, dark-haired, strong-jawed, dark-eyed and having a face that would feature in a

magazine's annual "World's Most Handsome Men" list, sitting in front of the screen. He's still in costume. He watches the footage with a hand over his mouth in deep thought. A tray with a bowl of white soup, steaming tea, a couple of bread loaves and a spoon are set at Bruce's side by ALFRED PENNYWORTH, a British butler in his late sixties with very white hair that he has just recently started to lose as his early stage receding hairline shows. He's a frail-looking man and moves like one.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"I know it's a very late night, but I took the liberty and prepared your supper. In case you are hungry."

BRUCE WAYNE glances at the tray before immediately turning his attention back to the screen.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Thank you, Alfred."

As he re-winds the footage again, Alfred looks to the screen himself in curiosity. Bruce plays the footage again and picks up the spoon without taking his eyes away from the screen.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Well, unless they taped it under their shirts I can't see how any of them could have gotten the hacksaw in that cell."

Bruce sighs as he looks at the bowl.

BRUCE WAYNE

"They couldn't have. No one even stops at the door."

Bruce takes a spoonful of the soup and places it in his mouth.. He quickly pulls back in alarm.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Vicchysoise, Alfred?"

Alfred nods.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Yes, sir."

BRUCE WAYNE

"It's hot."

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"You spat it out last time, so I thought you may prefer it in this manner."

Bruce smiles and happily takes a couple of more spoonfuls. Alfred smiles as if his heart is being warmed. Bruce sighs and stands up.

BRUCE WAYNE

"It's useless."

Alfred gives him a puzzled look.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"The Vicchysoise, sir?"

Bruce shakes his head as he picks up the tray.

BRUCE WAYNE

"The tape. It's from another night before this one. Someone must have switched them."

Bruce yawns as he instructs Alfred.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Run the fingerprints on the computer. Wesker's are definitely on there, but someone gave him the hacksaw. Hopefully, there's a print they left behind."

Alfred sighs as he solemnly watches Bruce walk toward the staircase.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Of course, Master Bruce, and hopefully, this person will be on file."

INT. GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT

CUT TO Jim Gordon in his bedroom. He looks at the case file in front of him. The compiled witness statements and listed evidence packed into one neat folder. He sighs in anticipation of working a late night even at home. SFX of a door opening and closing. He perks up. Whoever the visitor is, he was expecting them with joyful anticipation. He walks out of the room and onto the top of the stairs.

CUT TO BARBARA GORDON (22) standing in the doorway. She's beautiful, red-headed like her father but in a lighter shade, and wearing punk make-up with feminine punk clothes. She looks up and sees the smiling Jim at the top of the stairs. She gives him an even bigger one.

BARBARA GORDON

"Hey, dad."

Jim walks down the stairs with open arms.

JIM GORDON

"Hey, Barb."

They embrace each other. Both happy and relieved to be in the same room again after a lengthy time. JIM GORDON JR (5) enters the small foyer, he's as small as most five year olds, and quite active like most five year olds. Just like his fellow Gordons he has the trademark red hair. Upon seeing his big sister, he happily runs up to her and leaps at her in a tight hug.

JIM GORDON JR

"Barby!"

Barbara's big smile gets even bigger upon hearing her brother's nickname for her. She greets him with an arm pushing him closer as she gives him a nickname of his own. Jim backs away to give them more room.

BARBARA GORDON

"Hi, squirt."

Junior pulls away from her and jumps up excitedly.

JIM GORDON JR

"Are you going to stay here forever now?"

Barbara frowns a little at him. As if she knew she had little option other than disappointing him or lying to him, and she didn't want to lie to her little brother.

BARBARA GORDON

"I'm sorry, Junior, but I'm a big girl, and that means I have a lot of important stuff to do. You know that, right?"

Junior sadly looks down, but nods. In an effort to make him feel better, Barbara kneels down and lifts up his cheek. Jim watches on

in quiet pride.

BARBARA GORDON

"But I can help make you some hot milk."

Junior eagerly nods with happy approval before running off to the kitchen. Barbara looks to Jim with a puzzled look.

BARBARA GORDON

"Why isn't he in bed?"

Jim sighs with a shrug.

JIM GORDON

"Even the babysitter reading him his favourite bedtime story couldn't get him to drift off. I guess he just has a thing for staying up late. Like me."

Barbara sighs before standing back up and facing Jim.

BARBARA GORDON

"Well, I'm not tired either and I could use some grub. How about you?"

Jim smiles as he gestures his head towards the kitchen entrance.

JIM GORDON

"There's some leftover chicken and rice on the counter. Saved it for ya."

She gives him a thankful smile as she crosses her arms.

BARBARA GORDON

"I hope the night hasn't been too rough on my favourite commissioner."

Jim sighs with a dour expression. Something Barbara notices with concern.

BARBARA GORDON

"Oh no. What happened this time?"

Jim shakes his head as he forces a smile.

JIM GORDON

"Nothing. Just work."

Barbara gives him an "I'm disappointed in you" kind of glare.

BARBARA GORDON

"I know what "Just work" is in this city dad, and you were never a good liar."

He hesitates. She gives him some reasons not to.

BARBARA GORDON

"I just finished my first semester of criminology, and I live here too. I can handle it. I'll probably just read it in the paper anyway."

He sighs again before relenting.

JIM GORDON

"The Ventriloquist. Wesker. He escaped."

Barbara looks at him as if he was worrying over nothing.

BARBARA GORDON

"Wesker? So what? Whatever hold he had, Black Mask wrestled it away from him. Not that that's any better, but he's too weak to wrestle it back."

Jim nods.

JIM GORDON

"Sure, but he still has enough resources to try and make some sort of move, and it's not really him I'm worried about. It's that damn puppet."

Barbara's face gets a little wrinkled. She's thinking and she doesn't like the sound of what she's hearing.

BARBARA GORDON

"He has Scarface?"

Jim nods grievously.

JIM GORDON

"Unfortunately, Bastard's gonna' get bold."

Barbara sighs before patting him on the shoulder.

BARBARA GORDON

"Hopefully, you or the Bat-Man finds him before he starts setting off "gombs" or rigging dolls. Doubt he'll do either if a gang war is what he wants."

Jim snickers at Barbara's chosen pronunciation of "bombs" while nodding.

BARBARA GORDON

"And even if there is one, I think you've dealt with worse."

Jim nods his head as he takes a deep breath in an attempt to relieve himself.

JIM GORDON

"I sure hope you're right."

Barbara nods. She has a reassuring smile that oozes confidence.

BARBARA GORDON

"Of course I am. I'm your daughter, recall? Now if you don't mind I'm starving."

JIM GORDON

"Don't let me keep you."

She lightly pecks him on the cheek before turning to walk in the kitchen. CS of Jim's face as he watches her with uncertainty. For a few reasons concerning her safety and the path, she's leading.

CUT TO Barbara entering her bedroom. She closes the door behind her and locks the door before turning the light on. It's a clean room typical for a punk girl of her age. Band posters featuring attractive lead singers with bare chests and tattoos that made them look dangerous, an electric guitar on a stand accessorized with stickers, a stereo with a small stack of cassette tapes etc. A few family photographs are on a student desk featuring herself, Junior, Jim Gordon and the deceased Sarah Essen.

Barbra's face is nervous. She's planning something and she wants to make sure no one else in the house finds out. So she presses her ear against the door. Anticipating a noise indicating that



either Jim or Junior were on their way upstairs.

When none came she quickly moved to her desk and opened a drawer. From it, she pulls out a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign in a large rectangle shape. It's so thin she easily slides it underneath the door to the other side. She turns around and deeply inhales. The thrill from just the anticipation of what she plans to do is getting to her.

She opens her closet and searches through her clothes for something suitable. She settles on an old and dark hooded sweatshirt. She holds it by the sleeve and curtly nods in approval.

CUT TO Barbara's black-gloved hands putting a red wig matching her hair on a soccer ball. Spare pillows under the sheet give the appearance of a body. The shot moves to Barbara's quietly determined face. She wears a dark ski cap on her head. She walks to the light switch and we now see that she's wearing dark casual clothes and sneakers. As well as a utility belt and a dark single strapped backpack. She turns towards the window with an anticipating smirk.

CUT AWAY to a shot of her window from the outside. She opens it and climbs out. It's no trouble for her to latch her body onto the large drain pipe and slide herself down it. As if she's done this many times before.

Upon making a landing, she runs off into the streets. Intending to act on the news she had just heard from Jim.

CUT TO Jim Gordon in the kitchen. He's washing leftover dishes from the day. A phone ring distracts him from the task as he moves to where the phone is in the hall. Junior watches cartoons in the lounge room.

JIM GORDON

"Gordon."

CUT TO the GCPD offices. HARVEY BULLOCK (44) leans on the wall with the phone resting in his ear as he reviews the case file. He has a relaxed posture despite not having a very relaxed tone. He's tall, overweight, red-faced and dressed as if he's the centrepiece of a noir drama. In an unkempt way too. He bellows in his thick Bronx accent.

INT. GCPD OFFICE - NIGHT

HARVEY BULLOCK

"What were ya thinkin', Jimbo!?"

Jim pulls his ear away with surprise. He sighs in dread of another earful from his second in command.

JIM GORDON

"Junior, could you turn that down a little please?"

Junior does so as Jim prepares himself.

JIM GORDON

"Now, Bullock I know you don't like it, but-"

Harvey impatiently interrupts.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"But nothin'! You let that bat-obsessed asshole walk away with a crucial piece of evidence. Once again!"

Jim sighs. He knows Bullock well enough that trying to convince him that, sometimes, they need Bat-Man's help would be an uphill struggle.

JIM GORDON

"This isn't some dime-store thug we're dealing with, Harvey. This is a man who's been so much of a pain in the ass to us we threw a party when Bat-Man saved us years of investigation when he caught him red-handed in a coke plant."

Junior's ears perk up. He turns his head toward the hall. Now very interested in the conversation.

CUT TO Bullock rolling his eyes.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Sure we did, and it was a great party too, but I'm startin' to think we're throwin' too many of 'em. What right do we have to call ourselves cops and investigators if he does most of the cop and investigator work for us?"

Jim rubs his forehead. He knew that Bullock speaks the truth and he understood the feeling of being usurped by something that does your job for you. He also, however, understood the great contribution Bat-Man has given.

JIM GORDON

"That's beside the point, Bullock. We lost too many over the years to Arkham inmates like him. I don't want the department to throw another funeral so soon."

Bullock sighs over the phone. CUT TO Bullock tipping his hat up.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"I get that, Jim. But guess what? We accepted that hazard when we signed up for this job. I'm real concerned. I sometimes wonder if it's you leading this department."

Jim frowns. He has no intention of continuing this conversation.

JIM GORDON

"I'll see you tomorrow."

He hangs up and finds an excited Junior looking up at him.

JIM GORDON JR

"Were you talking about Bat-Man, daddy?"

Jim smiles at Junior.

JIM GORDON

"Yes, kiddo. It's work related so I can't say too much."

Junior frowns.

JIM GORDON JR

"Awww."

Jim kneels down to be eye level with him as he speaks in a hushed whisper. Like he's preparing to tell him a secret.

JIM GORDON

"But I can tell you about the time Bat-Man outsmarted The Riddler."

Junior's eyes light up. As if he's about to receive a present.

JIM GORDON JR

"Wow!"

Jim leads Junior back into the lounge room. He seats himself on

the armchair while Junior sits on the floor in front of him with restrained excitement.

JIM GORDON

"This happened about two years ago. Last time anyone's seen The Riddler. Everyone at the police department had gotten a box. Green with a big question mark on it."

Junior nods in understanding.

JIM GORDON

"In each one of these boxes was a note. On each note was a letter. At first, we thought it was an anagram."

Junior turns his head to the side in confusion.

JUNIOR

"Anagram?"

Jim smiles at his son's curiosity.

JIM GORDON

"Like a jigsaw puzzle. There's a word but the letters are all mixed up."

Junior nods his head to indicate he understands.

JIM GORDON JR

"Oh."

JIM GORDON

"And it was an anagram, but we figured that there was another layer to it. You see, it's never that simple when The Riddler is involved."

Junior shakes his head.

JIM GORDON JR

"Nope!"

Jim gets further into the story as he starts to use hand gestures to make it a little more dramatic.

JIM GORDON

"So I went to the roof, and I turned on..."

He deliberately keeps Junior in suspense.

JIM GORDON

"...the Bat-Signal!"

Junior gasps in awe.

JIM GORDON

"And we waited. For just five minutes. Then there he was. Right behind us."

Junior smiles with bright excitement. He waves his arms a little in front of him with a small cheer.

JIM GORDON JR

"Yes!"

JIM GORDON

"We showed him what we found, and he decided to try and match them to numbers. You know the alphabet that you learned in school?"

Junior nods

JIM GORDON

"Well like how A is 1 or B is 2. Bat-Man decided to assign each letter in the word to their numbered place in the alphabet. Then after figuring out the numbers, he added them together. He found something else in one of the boxes after that."

Junior leans in closer with further interest.

JIM GORDON

"A little speck of blood. Dried for hours. Bat-Man had the answer right then."

JIM GORDON JR

"What was the answer?"

Jim sighs. Suddenly he questions whether he should inform his son of this. He chose not to disappoint.

JIM GORDON

"It was the slaughterhouse on 44 Finedale Avenue. Riddler and his

henchmen were there."

Junior further inquires.

JIM GORDON JR

"What were they doing there?"

Jim dreads answering but he does so anyway.

JIM GORDON

"They were putting something in the meat we eat, son. A kind of poison called Strychnine."

Junior looks confused. He's clearly never heard of this kind of poison before.

JIM GORDON JR

"What's Strychnine?"

JIM GORDON

"It's something that makes you sick, son. Very, very sick."

Junior looks puzzled. He cutely scrunches up his face in deep thought for someone of his age.

JIM GORDON JR

"How did the blood get in the box? Did it get in there by accident?"

Jim Gordon shakes his head.

JIM GORDON

"No. He put it there himself."

Junior nods before Jim continues the story.

JIM GORDON

"So, we and the Bat-Man raced there. Bat-Man was proven right. Some of us got into a firefight with the Riddler's men. The rest of us went inside and met more of Riddler's men as well as The Riddler himself. Bat-Man and I gave chase to the Riddler while the rest of the police dealt with the henchmen inside."

Junior nods.

JIM GORDON

"I saw Bat-Man chase him to the highest balcony in the place. He grabs him by the collar and then..."

Junior leans in. Jim Gordon punches the air.

JIM GORDON

"BAM!"

Junior gasps as he quickly pulls back.

JIM GORDON

"The Riddler gets a sore nose and loses a couple of teeth."

Junior giggles.

JIM GORDON JR

"Do bad guys get coins from the tooth fairy?"

Jim smiles. He finds the question endearing and amusing.

JIM GORDON

"Maybe they do, son. Maybe they can if they behave."

Junior nods in agreement. Jim checks his watch.

JIM GORDON

"Are you really not tired? It's really late."

Junior nods. Jim decides that he's likely too active and awake to just force to bed.

JIM GORDON

"Well, I hope you don't mind if your dad watches cartoons with you."

Junior shakes his head. He turns around and eagerly watches a super-hero based cartoon. Jim watches with some interest. This super-hero reminds him of the Bat-Man.

JIM GORDON

"What's this guy's name?"

Junior giggles excitedly as an action scene comes on.

JIM GORDON JR

"Cat-Man!"

Jim laughs as he leans back.

JIM GORDON

"Well, let's see what his gimmick is."

CUT AWAY to the TV. Cat-Man punches towards the POV of the audience.

INT. LOU'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

CUT TO LOU (38) in a creased white suit and black collared shirt getting a gloved fist striking his face. He tumbles down to the floor of the mostly empty nightclub. Apart from him, Barbara Gordon, and four men in suits. He rubs his nose in pain as he looks to Barbara with quiet fury.

LOU

"What do you want!?"

Barbara steps forward. Unintimidated by the approaching men who slowly begin to surround her. Her ski-cap has been pulled down over her face. It's a two-hole ski-mask.

BARBARA GORDON

"You're one of Ventriloquist's lieutenants. Maybe you know something about where he is."

Lou removes his hand to reveal his nose is quite bloodied and broken.

LOU

"I don't know. Why don't ya try Arkham!?"

Barbara pays attention to the four suited men as she poses for one of them to make a move.

BARBARA GORDON

"Can't. He's not currently present there."

Lou stares at her as horror slowly comes to his face. He starts to sweat a little.



LOU

"H-he's out?"

Barbara only briefly seems surprised at Lou's shock only to be distracted by an oncoming fist from SUITED MAN 1. She dodges, grabs his wrist and delivers a powerful punch to his cheek while delivering a backwards jumping kick to the face of a charging SUITED MAN 2. While Lou runs to vault over the counter of the serving bar, Barbara beckons the other suited men over with a two-fingered "come here" gesture. Only SUITED MAN 3 obliges with a roar and a charge. He's surprised with an open palm strike to his chin. Sending him on his back.

CUT AWAY to Lou opening the safe at the bottom of the bar in a panic. He desperately takes out wads of bills from it. CUT AWAY to Barbara getting surprised from behind by a bear hug from Suited Man 1.

She struggles to break free and almost does so, but he's a little stronger. She gives a backward kick to his shin. He grunts but it's not enough. So she gives a harder one. He yells a little in pain and he's clearly trying his best not to lose grip despite the pain.

SUITED MAN 4 pulls out a switchblade and cautiously approaches. Barbara wastes no time and gives a final, devastating kick to Suited Man 1's shin. Bones crack as he cries out and lets her go to caress his shin as he falls back and rolls around in agony.

Suited Man 4 takes a step back. He's hesitant and uncertain of what to do with this woman who clearly knows a lot more martial arts than him. She notices Suited Man 2 groaning as he pushes himself back up. She rushes over and swiftly kicks his head. Making sure he stays down.

Suited Man 4 looks on in disbelief. She coldly glares at him as she approaches. He tries to gesture the blade in front of her while shaking.

SUITED MAN 4

"S-stay back! I'll gut you!"

Barbara sighs. He's clearly younger than the rest. Likely his first night or at least his first "exciting" night on the job. She holds out her hand and speaks in a soft and caring tone.

BARBARA GORDON

"It's okay. Just give me the knife and this can be done with sooner."

He hesitates. Barbara gestures her head toward the bar.

BARBARA GORDON

"Look. He just dived behind that bar earlier. Is the safe there?"

Suited Man 4 nods.

BARBARA GORDON

"You think he's planning on paying you tonight?"

He looks to the bar nervously. Then to Barbara's kind eyes and open palm. After some deliberation, he quickly places the knife in her hand and runs away. SFX of a door opening signals his exit.

CUT AWAY to Lou shivering while bagging up the cash. Barbara surprises him with a leap over the counter. He yelps and crawls backwards away from her as she gives a cold stare.

BARBARA GORDON

"You really don't know where he is, do you?"

Lou shakes his head.

LOU

"How could I? I handed this club over to Black Mask once he went in the loony bin!"

Barbara looks over to the bag filled with the stacks from the safe. She looks to him with a questioning look.

BARBARA GORDON

"You think running won't raise Black Mask's alarm? It's stupid, Lou."

Lou's eyes start to well up. He reaches into his pocket for his wallet.

LOU

"It ain't for me. It's for them."

He pulls out a photograph and hands it to her. She observes it. CUT AWAY to an INSET of Lou's family photograph. It's him, a woman, a boy and a girl. The girl seems to be a couple of years older than the small boy. They're happily posing at a fair in summer clothes.

Barbara is a little affected by the sight. Especially because, on some level, she can relate.

LOU

"The Ventriloquist's got a lot of people out there on his side. A lot of folks waitin' for him to bounce back. So they've been keepin' his assets warm for 'im."

Barbara looks to Lou. Now very interested in what he might know.

BARBARA GORDON

"Assets?"

Lou nods.

LOU

"Guns. Businesses. Cash. Enough to give Black Mask a good fight."

Barbara gives him the photograph.

BARBARA GORDON

"Why hasn't Black Mask cracked down on them?"

Lou laughs.

LOU

"You think he hasn't tried? Tough sons of bitches. He tried to buy 'em first, but they wouldn't budge. So, he got tough on 'em. His brand of tough."

Barbara tries to hide her shiver. She and many in Gotham are familiar with his reputation.

LOU

"A few of 'em weren't so lucky. Then they got good at holdin' him off."

Barbara may not be completely sure if she had a plan ready, but she was willing to find out more to help her prepare one.

BARBARA GORDON

"Who's on his side right now?"

Lou goes through some names in his mind.

LOU

"Uh, a bunch. There's Rick Liner, Kurt Joseph, Paul Lakes, Henry Maca."

Barbara decides to narrow down his list.

BARBARA GORDON

"Anyone important?"

Lou nods.

LOU

"Terry Lewis and his brother, Gerry. They own a lot of cafes. They're fronts."

Barbara rolls her eyes.

BARBARA GORDON

"Yeah, that figures."

Barbara decides she's heard enough. So she moves aside and allows him to stand up.

BARBARA GORDON

"I assume you know how to change passports?"

Lou nods.

BARBARA GORDON

"Go on. Get out of here."

Lou past her as he picks up the bag. He stops at the end of the bar and looks to her.

LOU

"Thanks. I'm glad you ain't the Bat."

He runs away as Barbara looks down. Contemplating his parting words.

INT. "HOME" ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CUT TO Arnold Wesker sadly staring at his bandage wrapped stump. He's sitting in a booth of a restaurant. Away from the windows in case, someone notices him. It's empty of customers.

CUT AWAY to a short, suited man with slicked hair, wrinkled skin and a thin moustache. He cradles something in a blanket. This is JIMMY LEAN (51), the owner of this restaurant and others like it throughout Gotham. A handful of Ventriloquist's thugs are there too for security.

JIMMY LEAN

"Don't worry, Boss. He's safe and sound."

Arnold trembles as he reaches out his hand and stump. Jimmy approaches and gently rests the inanimate Scarface in his arms. Arnold slowly removes the blanket and puts his hand inside the doll. Jimmy and the thugs watch in quiet anticipation of their awaited boss coming to life.

Scarface rests in Arnold's lap. Suddenly, he blinks and turns his head around to observe his surroundings.

SCARFACE

"Jimmy! Long time no see!"

Jimmy smiles as he approaches the puppet and politely kisses the mob ring on his wooden finger.

JIMMY LEAN

"Too long, Scarface. Too long."

Scarface looks to the thugs and greets them.

SCARFACE

"Jimbo! Gerald! Harry! Kline! Lars! You boys waited for me this whole time?"

They all nod.

HARRY

"Sure thing, boss. The whole gang did. Not everyone's here right now."

Scarface nods in understanding.

SCARFACE

"That's alright. I get it. People need their sleep and these guisinesses don't run themselves. Nightclubs of course since it's at this time o' night."

Scarface fully rotates his head back to look at Wesker. As if his

head was put on backwards. Wesker nervously murmurs as his lips tremble.

SCARFACE

"Well, well. If it isn't the dummy. Can't say I'm at all pleased with you."

Wesker stumbles through his speech as he tries to make justifications.

ARNOLD WESKER

"B-but, S-s-sc-Scarface I-I d-did."

Wesker holds up his wrapped stump to show Scarface. Only to instead get mockery instead of understanding and appreciation.

SCARFACE

"D-d-d-d-did what!? Let my empire crumble and my nice suit gather dust in that dingy locker while you got to lay in that soft ged in a nice cell? Let the Gat know agout our nice little factory?"

Wesker's eyes begin to well up. he wants to cower away from this doll, but he knows he'd have to take him off of himself first, and he's too loyal for that.

ARNOLD WESKER

"It was a mistake! H-h-how could I know that Bat-Man planted that bug in the office?"

SCARFACE

"With a detector ya dummy! It's called non-linear junction detector! Don't tell me ya forgot!"

Arnold whimpers in defeat as he stops trying to give excuses.

ARNOLD WESKER

"I'm sorry, Scarface! I-it won't happen again!"

Scarface nods.

SCARFACE

"That's right, dummy. It won't. Not just that. There won't be another mistake at all."

Wesker nods as Scarface turns to face his men.

SCARFACE

"Harry, show 'im how serious I am."

Harry walks up to Wesker and grabs him by the collar of his suit. As Wesker protests, he slams his face on the restaurant table. Then again, then again until there's some blood.

SCARFACE

"Alright, that's enough."

Wesker whimpers as Harry backs away. Wesker moves his hand so that Scarface can lean in.

ARNOLD WESKER

"B-but, H-harry y-you work for-"

Scarface cuts him off.

SCARFACE

"Oh, he does work for you, dummy. Gut you work for me. Got it?"

Wesker nods while shaking in great fear.

SCARFACE

"Good. Now hold me up. We got guisness to plan."

Wesker obliges. His nose is broken and his lips are split. His glasses are a little cracked. Tears stream from his eyes.

SCARFACE

"So, I take it a lot's gone on while I was away. Give me an update."

Jimmy steps forward.

JIMMY LEAN

"Black Mask has absorbed certain assets of yours, boss."

Scarface raises his eyelids.

SCARFACE

"Oh? What assets?"

Jimmy hesitates to elaborate.

SCARFACE

"Come on, Jimmy. Don't ge shy."

Jimmy coughs into his mouth and prepares himself.

JIMMY LEAN

"Well, he took your place in the cocaine market. All the factories that the cops didn't seize are his."

Scarface lowers his eyelids. Giving the impression of simmering rage.

SCARFACE

"Oh? What else?"

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY LEAN

"He... also managed to seize that weapon shipment you had coming in a couple of weeks after your trial."

Scarface's voice now has a menacing growl behind it.

SCARFACE

"And?"

Jimmy now sounds a little more relaxed. Mainly because the losses he reports on are ones he doesn't see as much value in.

JIMMY LEAN

"A few small fronts. Nothin' too big. Hardly a cut in the profits. The factories and the shipment are the two big ones."

Scarface sighs in a resigned kind of way.

SCARFACE

"Who was in charge?"

Jimmy nervously coughs and inhales.

JIMMY LEAN

"Benny was handling the coke plants at the time. He's in Blackgate now. Lars was handling the shipment."



Lars looks to Jimmy. As if he's wondering why on Earth he would tell him that. Scarface turns his head towards Lars.

SCARFACE

"Is this true, Lars?"

Lars gulps as his breath hitches. He quickly nods. Knowing that it's his word against Jimmy's and everyone else's if he tries to deny it.

SCARFACE

"Did they give ya a gun, dummy?"

Wesker nods with reservation.

SCARFACE

"Ya know what to do."

Wesker reaches for the gun with his stump. Only to look at it in confusion. Scarface turns his head to Wesker and laughs.

SCARFACE

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ya should see the look on your face right now! It's like "Uhhhhhhhhh" ha ha ha ha ha ha!"

Lars sighs in relief. He thinks he's safe as the other men laugh. Even Wesker quietly giggles. Nervously though. Scarface turns his head as his laughter dies down.

SCARFACE

"Oh, man. That's real funny. Okay, Harry. Kill 'im."

Lars looks to Scarface in shock. He reaches his hand out as he pleads for his life.

LARS

"Scarface, wait! I can-"

Too late. Harry's gunshot rings out as Lars falls to the floor with a big, red hole in the side of his head. Harry steps over to his corpse and fire two more shots into his head. Blood spills onto the tiled floor.

Silence fills the room. Jimmy rubs a hand over his forehead as he breathes in and out rapidly. An attempt to calm himself.

SCARFACE

"Don't worry, Jimmy. I wouldn't waste ya. You're too valuable."

Jimmy nods in gratitude as he takes the handkerchief from his breast pocket and dabs himself with it.

JIMMY LEAN

"Thank you, boss."

Scarface turns his head to the other men. He's in full mob boss mode now.

SCARFACE

"Jimbo, clean this up. Kilne, get this piece of shit off my restaurant floor and make him disappear. You can help him, Gerald."

All three nod. Kline grabs Lars' corpse by the ankles while Gerald grabs his arms. They lift him up and carry him off to the kitchen. Jimbo leaves to go to the kitchen as well.

SCARFACE

"Jimmy, get in there and cook up some of your famous spaghetti with spiced sauce and stigghiola. Get this dummy some real food."

Jimmy nods. Glad to be away from the room where one of his compadres just got shot three times in the head. Scarface turns to Harry.

SCARFACE

"Harry, be a gentleman and get a cloth and a medical kit. You broke dummy's face. You fix it."

Harry looks confused at first, but he's not about to talk back.

HARRY

"Yes, boss."

Scarface turns to look at Wesker.

SCARFACE

"Well, well a lot more's happened than we thought. Don't worry though, dummy. Gettin' outta' Arkham's just the start. Sure is good to be back, huh?"

Wesker nods while forcing a smile.

ARNOLD WESKER

"It sure is, Scarface. It sure is."

INT. GORDON HOUSE - DAY

CUT TO Barbara Gordon, dressed in dark blue PJs, leaving her bedroom. Not bothering to pick up the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign. She stretches her arms up and yawns. Despite just getting out of bed, she is still very much tired. She ventures downstairs and enters the kitchen to find that Jim Gordon and Junior are already at the table with breakfast.

JIM GORDON

"Barb, you're up late. How long did you sleep?"

Barb answers while she helps herself to bread and the toaster.

BARBARA GORDON

"About six or seven hours."

JIM GORDON

"Sheesh, you stayed up late or something?"

Barbara nods.

BARBARA GORDON

"Yeah. Home study is a real bitch."

Jim Gordon sighs and rests his head in his hand while Junior happily jeers at Barbara.

JIM GORDON JR

"Ooooo! Barby swore!"

Jim Gordon silently scrutinizes Barbara with a disapproving look.

JIM GORDON

"She sure did, son."

Barbara turns around and lightly kicks the cabinet with the back of her foot.

BARBARA GORDON

"Yeah, I did. Don't say that word, Junior."

Junior shakes his head while giggling as he downs the plastic bottle of milk in his hand. Barbara notices the newspaper Jim is reading. The headline is "VENTRILOQUIST IS OUT!" with a picture of a mugshot of Arnold Wesker. She purses her lips as she observes the notorious criminal.

BARBARA GORDON

"Any lead on him yet?"

Jim lowers the paper. He looks at Barbara then looks at the front page. He chuckles at her question.

JIM GORDON

"Barb, he just got out a few hours ago."

Barbara Gordon nods.

BARBARA GORDON

"I know it's just... as a fellow investigator may I assist?"

Jim puts the paper on his lap and nods.

JIM GORDON

"Sure. What did you have in mind?"

BARBARA GORDON

"His old contacts. You know? Gang members. Associates. That includes anyone who owns a business suspected of being tied to him."

Jim Gordon nods in approval.

JIM GORDON

"Good idea, Barb. Thanks."

He lifts up the newspaper. Barbara isn't fooled considering his obvious lack of surprise or genuine gratitude.

BARBARA GORDON

"You already thought of that one, huh?"

Jim looks up and gives her a grateful expression.

JIM GORDON

"You're on the right track. What does it matter if you didn't get on it first?"

Barbara takes a piece of toast and holds it in her hand.

BARBARA GORDON

"Just want to be of use."

Jim returns his attention back to the paper.

JIM GORDON

"Well, you're not a cop yet. So, don't get too hasty."

Barbara nods. She sighs before taking a bite of the toast.

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

CUT TO Bruce Wayne waking up from his bed when Alfred Pennyworth opens the curtains so that the sun brightens up the very big master bedroom.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Breakfast is served, Master Bruce."

Bruce sits up with a groan. He looks to the tray and notices the pancake stack with blueberries, melted butter and parsley. Along with a cup of tea.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"A break from your beloved protein shakes. I felt it was in order."

Bruce groans while rubbing his face.

BRUCE WAYNE

"What time is it?"

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Eleven AM just about. Typical timing."

Bruce picks up the tray and gently sets it on his lap. Alfred finishes opening the curtains and walks up to the side of the bed.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"This should come as no surprise, but The Ventriloquist's escape is mainstream news now. Gordon and his men are searching for him as we speak I'm certain."

Bruce cuts into the pancakes as he shakes his head.

BRUCE WAYNE

"They won't find him. His men are too loyal and Wesker is too smart to stay in a place he knows they'll suspect."

Alfred nods.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Yes. A search warrant also provides certain obstacles for the police and opportunities for Wesker."

BRUCE WAYNE

"Not for Bat-Man."

Alfred scowls a little when he detects a little enthusiasm from Bruce too early.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Please don't get too hasty, Master Bruce. It's day and the day is young. Even The Dark Knight needs to rest."

Bruce begins eating. He makes sure to swallow before resuming the conversation.

BRUCE WAYNE

"But Bruce Wayne doesn't have to."

Alfred sighs in disbelief.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Oh, please don't tell me you're considering-"

Bruce stays focused on the pancakes. He doesn't give Alfred much attention while talking.

BRUCE WAYNE

"The longer I stay here, the longer Wesker gets to organize."

Alfred sighs again and shakes his head.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"The prints on the saw matched Wesker's, and another man's."

BRUCE WAYNE

"Who?"

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"A fellow named Samuel Arkin. Quite the juvenile record. Arson, assault, shoplifting. Troubled home life as so many seems to be."

Bruce nods.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Who was he to Arkham?"

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"A guard, sir."

BRUCE WAYNE

"So he would have access to the surveillance room. If the tape hasn't been destroyed he might still have it."

Alfred looks up in thought.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"But why on earth would a guard want to facilitate The Ventriloquist's release in such a cruel way?"

BRUCE WAYNE

"That's something for him to tell me."

Alfred looks at Bruce with quiet dread.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"I hope Bruce isn't going to just pay him a visit."

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE WAYNE

"No. But Matches, working for Black Mask on freelance, will."

Alfred sighs and nods his head in reluctance.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Of course, sir."

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

CUT TO Bruce Wayne disguised as Matches Malone entering a dingy apartment building. He wears a dark green suit with a black satchel over his shoulder as well as some thin, slick shades and a fake thin moustache. He looks at the overweight and middle-aged female receptionist. She's filing her nails as he walks up to the desk.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

"Whadd'ya want?"

Her voice is so gravelly it's obvious she's a very experienced chain smoker. Matches speaks in his trademark thick Jersey accent.

MATCHES MALONE

"A room o' course. Hopefully one next to Sam's."

She looks at him questioningly.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

"Sam?"

Matches gives a happy smile as he nods.

MATCHES MALONE

"Yeah. Told me he lives here. Great guy. Loves to talk."

Female Receptionist scoffs.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

"Heh, ya got that right. Guy's as nutty as the lunatics he works with. Won't shut up about 'em."

Matches nods.

MATCHES MALONE

"Well, it can be a very stressing job. How much for a night?"



FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

"Twenty bucks. I'll let him know you're comin'."

Just as she moves to give him a key. Matches holds his hands up to halt her.

MATCHES MALONE

"Whoah! Hold on there!"

She stops and curiously looks at him.

MATCHES MALONE

"He hasn't seen me in a long while. I want it to be a surprise. We used to go way back."

She ponders for a moment before shrugging.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

"Sure. Just tell him that neither me or the other residents want to hear his yammerin'. Maybe he'll listen to ya. He's in room 3A."

Matches nods.

MATCHES MALONE

"O' course. He always used to."

She gives him the key while he presents a twenty dollar bill note and puts it on the desk. He takes the key and pockets it in his trousers.

MATCHES MALONE

"Thank you very much."

CUT TO Matches in the elevator as it goes up. Stoically, he reaches into his trouser pocket and pulls out a pair of latex gloves. He puts them on. Then he removes his shades, and hangs them on his jacket before pulling out a sheer suntan stocking. Just as he pulls it over his head, the elevator signals its stop with a ding.

CUT TO Matches walking into the corridor. He walks up to the door marked "3A" in brass and pulls out a pin and torsion wrench. He kneels down and gets to work on picking the lock.

CUT TO the door opening in Samuel Arkin's room. Matches enters. CS of Matches' stocking masked face. His mouth hangs open a little in surprise at what he sees.

CUT AWAY to Samuel Arkin. Slouched in an armchair. Very pale and very dead. The cause of death is immediately clear to Matches when he sees a bullet hole at the side of his head.

Matches' face gets a firm expression. He's no longer Matches. He's the detective now. He immediately moves towards the body and closely inspects it without touching. Once he gets an understanding of the wound he looks at the floor and finds the bullet casing. He picks it up and places it in his satchel. Then he notices the gun left in Samuel's hand. He takes that and bags it as well.

He then searches around the apartment for the tape. The bedroom, the lounge room and the bathroom, but nothing resembling a tape with the Arkham name in black marker on a white sticker. He sighs in frustration.

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

CUT TO Bruce Wayne sitting in front of the Bat-Computer. He rests both hands on his chin as he reads the ballistics report on the screen. Alfred prepares a cup of tea behind him.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Sugar, sir?"

Bruce Wayne answers while intensely studying the report.

BRUCE WAYNE

"No thank you, Alfred."

Alfred delivers the cup. Bruce takes it in his hands as Alfred observes the report himself.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Well, well. His own gun?"

Bruce nods.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Perhaps the stress of being a guard in one of the world's most infamous asylums for the criminally insane got to him?"

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Don't you think that's a little too convenient? The Ventriloquist

escapes thanks to this man who kills himself shortly after?"

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Perhaps The Ventriloquist did not wish to leave any loose ends?"

Bruce leans back in the chair while stroking his chin. He's thinking hard.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Wesker's escape wouldn't be something to hide. Maybe if Samuel knew something else. Where he was going maybe."

Alfred nods.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Or he was killed for the tape."

BRUCE WAYNE

"Likely."

Alfred suddenly recalls something and slightly surprises himself with it.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Oh, Mr. Luthor was on the phone today while you were out."

Bruce Wayne sighs and puts his thumb over his eyes. Clearly, he does not want to hear it.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Can't it wait, Alfred?"

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"He was quite insistent on its urgency."

Bruce sighs.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Set up a party. Friday night. Invite him and anyone else you want."

Alfred nods.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"What's the occasion, sir?"

Bruce Wayne speaks contemptuously.

BRUCE WAYNE

"Lex Luthor getting my time. As for everyone else, I just felt like partying."

Alfred nods with a subdued smile.

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

"Right away, sir. I shall make some calls."

EXT. GORDON HOUSE - NIGHT

CUT TO Jim Gordon walking out of his house with a couple of garbage bags in each hand. He puts them in the garbage cans. He turns around and yelps in surprise when he sees Bat-Man.

JIM GORDON

"Y-you got me that time."

Bat-Man shows no reaction or interest in Jim Gordon's surprise. He quickly gets to discussing his recent discovery.

BAT-MAN

"There's an apartment building in the East End. 89th Hilmer Avenue. You'll find a dead body in room 3A. An Arkham guard named Samuel Arkin. he gave that hacksaw to The Ventriloquist."

Jim Gordon pauses. he isn't sure what to say at first.

JIM GORDON

"Uh, thanks. I'll send a couple of uniforms over."

Bat-Man frowns at the suggestion.

BAT-MAN

"I'm not taking this lightly, and neither should you."

Jim sighs in frustration.

JIM GORDON

"I got Bullock on my back over you just yesterday. I want to take the opportunity to make my men feel like they're not completely useless."

Bat-Man nods stoically.

BAT-MAN

"Someone made it look like he shot himself with his own gun."

JIM GORDON

"Figures. Dying so soon after springing The Ventriloquist is quite the timing."

Bat-Man nods. He shoots his grappling hook toward the roof of a house.

BAT-MAN

"Make sure everyone else understands that. I want whoever did it to feel the pressure."

Bat-Man exits with a strong retraction that pulls him up. He lands on the roof and runs. Leaving Jim to mutter to himself.

JIM GORDON

"Sure thing, boss."

He sighs as he enters back inside the house. TRACKING SHOT up to the bedroom window where Barbara Gordon rests her elbows on the ledge and her hands in her cheeks. She has a look of inspired admiration on her face. Filled with hope.

BARBARA GORDON

"Everyone just takes you for granted."

INT. GCPD OFFICE - NIGHT

CUT TO a CLOSE SHOT of Harvey Bullock deeply laughing with his colleagues in the office. He drinks from a cup of coffee before telling another joke about a familiar vigilante.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"So this guy thinks his wifes cheatin' on 'im, and I obviously ain't a private kinda dick, but I've known him for a long time and I owed him a coupla favours."

His fellow detectives nod in understanding. A ZOOM OUT shot away from his face begins.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"So I do the "respectable" thing and tail her for the next week. It started ta look like he might be a good fit for Arkham so I was about ta call it quits until one night I saw a shadow move across the wall of their bedroom. I was expectin' her ta leave at some point but this is her actually stayin' in the house with her husband in bed."

One detective calls out.

HECKLING DETECTIVE

"Sounds like my kinda woman!"

Harvey chuckles.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"You wish, buddy. So I keep watch and I see this thing get on top of her and start movin' its head down her chest. Then it was rockin' back and forth. That was when I noticed the ears."

He imitates Bat-Man's signature pointy ears with his fingers.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Couldn't believe what I was seein'. So I met up with him the next mornin' and told him what I saw. he went all red in the face. I asked him if he was into roleplayin'. He said "no" so I told him he could take it up with the culprit himself."

A few of the detectives snicker to themselves.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"I show him the signal and show him how to turn it on. Then I told him if The Bat shows up, he's on his own. So we waited until he did show up and my poor old friend gets in his face. Yellin' and hollerin' about what a poor excuse for a hero he is."

Around half the room cheers. Harvey Bullock waves his hand to signal them to keep the noise down.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Alright, alright that's enough. So Bat-Man's just standin' there. With his arms crossed over his chest lookin' all mean like always. Guy's not intimidated at all. He's still rantin'. Eventually, he

quiets down, and Bat-Man says "Are you done?" Guy nods and Bat-Man looks at me and asks me when this case of extra-curricular Bat activity took place. He tells him "last night you bat fuckin' fruitcake!"

The detectives laugh until they quiet down when Bullock signals them again.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"That ain't the punchline. Ya see Bat-Man tells him exactly what he was doin' that night. He was givin' CPR to some dirtbag he beat up a little too hard on the roof-top! It was the same night Bones messed with the signal!"

The room laughs. Jim Gordon's voice stops them.

JIM GORDON

"Call yourself a detective, Bullock?"

CUT AWAY to Jim Gordon leaning on the side of the doorway to his office.

JIM GORDON

"How could you not tell it was the signal?"

The detectives laugh as Bullock embarrassedly rubs his head.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Okay, Jim. I'll give ya that one."

Bones calls out from the group.

DETECTIVE BONES

"And I certainly never touched the thing!"

Bullock shrugs.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"You guys just love ruinin' jokes, huh?"

Jim Gordon moves to the office floor with purpose. He approaches the evidence board and calls for everyone's attention.

JIM GORDON

"Alright, everyone. We got work to do."

He gestures to the pinned photograph of Samuel Arkin. Back when he was still alive.

JIM GORDON

"This guy is our suspect. In the hacksaw case anyway, but he's dead. So we now have to find out who killed him, and what that who has to hide."

Bullock scoffs.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Yeah. The murder weapon's his own gun too. So good luck."

One detective raises his hand.

JIM GORDON

"Yes, Lawrence?"

DETECTIVE LAWRENCE

"What if he really did just kill himself?"

PUDGY DETECTIVE

"I'd have offed myself too if I had his job."

The whole room murmurs in agreement.

JIM GORDON

"You wish. It may look like a regular Arkham tragedy, but this window was found to have been forced open. No sign of struggle though. I think whoever got in did it while he was asleep in the chair."

HARVEY BULLOCK

"So we're dealin' with a wimp basically."

Jim Gordon coughs in disagreement. He believes Bullock's too underestimating of the killer.

JIM GORDON

"Or someone who really knew what they were doing. So we have to assume this person was watching Sam for a while and found an exploit in his habit. I want the neighbouring buildings searched for possible vantage points. Where have we gotten with questions?"



DETECTIVE HANLO

"No one except the Receptionist claimed they saw anyone suspicious. She claims that a man with a thick Jersey accent came in this afternoon and he said he was a friend of the victim's. She let him up and he never came back."

JIM GORDON

"This afternoon? Well according to the coroner's report he's been dead since the early hours of the day before so he may not be the killer. He must have got out through the fire escape. Same way the killer could have got in."

Harvey Bullock coughs into his hand after drinking from his cup.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Or he is but he came back 'cause he forgot somethin'."

JIM GORDON

"Seems odd for him to just forget about the way he already entered."

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Well, either way we gotta' find this guy."

Detective Hanlo raises his hand a little to draw attention.

DETECTIVE HANLO

"Well, our sketch artist is putting her details together. She says she's not completely sure exactly what he looked like though."

Bullock shrugs.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Witnesses. Typical."

Jim Gordon sighs and steps away from the board.

JIM GORDON

"You know the assignment. See you all tomorrow."

All the seated detectives leave while Jim Gordon looks at Bullock.

JIM GORDON

"Bat-Signal? Really?"

Bullock shrugs.

HARVEY BULLOCK

"Made sense in my head."

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

CUT TO The Ventriloquist and some of his men, including Harry and Jimmy Lean, in the lounge room of a yacht. They're laughing while Scarface is sharing jokes. They have drinks in their hands and cards are on the table.

SCARFACE

"So Dummy here gets real nervous durin' check-ups see? He needs me there to feel better. So tha nurse lets him have me in there. She's done checkin' his weight, height, glood, size yadda yadda."

The men snicker while Wesker turns a little red.

ARNOLD WESKER

"Sc-Scarface!"

Scarface turns his head towards him.

SCARFACE

"Calm down, dummy. It's called a joke."

Scarface returns his attention to the men.

SCARFACE

"Now where was I? Oh yeah. So she's done checkin' him and she turns her attention to little old me. She knows my reputation so she decides to be careful. Smart girl."

HARRY

"And it sounds like you're a lucky guy!"

SCARFACE

"Oh, you have no idea! Ya shoulda seen 'er. A real ten! Gig, luscious red lips, skin as white as snow, long glack hair, gright glue eyes, and the way she fit in that uniform? Wow!"

The attentive men get a little enchanted as they imagine her themselves.

HARRY

"Then what happened?"

SCARFACE

"Whoa! Hold ya horses, Harry! Ya don't even know if she's real!"

Harry nods.

HARRY

"Sorry, boss."

SCARFACE

"It's alright. So, she checks me with her hands. Now don't get me wrong, she was wearin' gloves and even if she weren't I'm made outta' wood. Gut it's the thought that counts, right?"

They murmur in agreement.

SCARFACE

"She finds somethin' and thinks it's a piece. She ain't wrong. She turns all red and gets real scared and asks dummy if I got a gun. I turn my head to her. She jumps back and screams. Then I say "No, sweet cheeks! I'm just happy to see ya!"

The room fills with laughter. Wesker rubs his forehead in embarrassment. One of the younger men, named Malcolm, looks confused.

MALCOLM

"Do you really have a... ya know?"

Scarface answers as the laughter subsides.

SCARFACE

"O-of c-course I do. Dummy here made me to ge in one'a his adult shows."

Wesker rubs his sleeve on his forehead as he sweats a little.

MUGSY

"Well, well."

Scarface turns his head to see two men have entered the room. MUGSY (38) and RHINO (33). Mugsy is a well-dressed man with light brown hair and a confident smile. Well-built like a special forces veteran would be. Rhino is a dark haired hulking brute of a man. Taller than Mugsy despite being younger.

MUGSY

"My old friend!"

Scarface's eyelids lift up completely to express surprise.

SCARFACE

"Mugsy! Rhino!"

Mugsy approaches Scarface and shakes his hand. Rhino approaches with his arms stretched out in preparation for an embrace.

SCARFACE

"Whoa! Whoa!"

Rhino takes both Wesker and Scarface in his embrace. His voice is very deep as many would expect.

RHINO

"It hasn't been the same without ya, boss."

SCARFACE

"Yeah, yeah! I'm sure it hasn't! Relax ya gig lug!"

Rhino releases them while rubbing the back of his head.

RHINO

"Uh, sorry."

SCARFACE

"Don't worry about it."

Scarface turns his head to Jimmy Lean.

SCARFACE

"Jimmy, make two of the finest cocktails you know for these two gents. It's tha least they deserve!"

Jimmy nods before leaving the table for the cocktail bar.

SCARFACE

"What's gin happenin'?"

Since there's no room for Mugsy and especially Rhino they stay standing.

MUGSY

"Black Mask. That's what's been happenin'."

Scarface lowers his eyelids in contempt.

SCARFACE

"Oh, yeah. So I've gin told. Jimmy's filled me in."

Mugsy nods.

MUGSY

"I have my men ready. Just give the word."

SCARFACE

"Relax, Mugs. We gotta' plan first."

Mugsy smiles. Deviously.

MUGSY

"Oh, me and Jimmy already took care of that part. Lots of details."

Scarface widens his eyes in surprise.

SCARFACE

"Ya have?"

Mugsy nods.

MUGSY

"For months. We didn't act on it though. Wanted you to be here to see it."

Scarface nods his head in approval.

SCARFACE

"Good man. I don't think we're done yet though. This organization

we have's great an' all. Gut I think we could use something... special."

Mugsy raises his brow as Jimmy Lean hands him and Rhino the cocktails.

SCARFACE

"Ya know? Somethin' like Glack Mask and, well, me an' dummy here. A toucha the eccentric. Someone who can... get inta places."

Mugsy nods in understanding.

SCARFACE

"Jimmy. How's tha loot? The real good loot."

JIMMY LEAN

"Secure."

SCARFACE

"Fantastic! Give the fence a call. Make sure he grings 'er here."

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

CUT TO an ESTABLISHING SHOT of a country house on a field. A nice picturesque sight with a bright full moon and glittering stars.

INT. SLOAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CUT TO the office of MR. SLOAN, a middle-aged and overweight man with mild grey hair and a suit. The office is tastefully decorated with expensive pottery and small statues. Paintings hang on the walls too.

Mr. Sloan is rushing to empty a safe behind his desk. He has a book bag filled with wads of cash, gold, and some gemstones. He's panicking.

SELINA KYLE

"Leaving so soon?"

He yelps and looks up from the desk. He sees a woman dressed in a black suit dress with a black belt around the waist. Two noticeably large black buttons are on it. She also wears sheer nude nylons, black high heel strapped shoes and a black wide brim hat obscuring her face. She has a large black purse hanging on her shoulder. She hides her hands behind her back. This woman is SELINA KYLE (32).

Mr. Sloan nervously gets up greets her.

MR. SLOAN

"Selina. What a surprise."

Selina walks closer. Very slowly.

SELINA KYLE

"Not a pleasant one though I'm sure."

Mr. Sloan nervously shakes his head while forcing himself a "trying to hard to please" smile.

MR. SLOAN

"Of course no- I, uh, I mean of course it is. How could you say that?"

SELINA KYLE

"Hmm. Good question, Sloan. How could I? I mean maybe it has something to do with why you're trying to escape with all of that cash, those lovely gems, and the gold too."

Sloan looks down before quickly raising his head up again.

MR. SLOAN

"You know how things are these days, Selina. More dangerous. Lotta' real cut throats out there."

The lights in the office now make Selina's appearance less dark. Her chin and her dark red painted lips can be seen now. Her skin is white. Very white. Like snow.

SELINA KYLE

"Don't I know it. A few of them blew up that nice penthouse. Lost a lot of stuff there. My two darling boys too."

Mr. Sloan stutters nervously and from shock.

MR. SLOAN

"Y-y-your cats?"

SELINA KYLE

"They weren't just cats, Sloan. Not to me. To you maybe."

MR. SLOAN

"What are you talking about?"

Her lips curve into a smile as she moves one arm away from her back. Revealing a hand covered in a transparent rubber glove. She's holding a black suppressor equipped pistol and aims it at Sloan. She stops her walk.

SELINA KYLE

"I think you don't need to ask that, Sloan. After all, you already know."

Sloan raises his hands up. Completely focused on the pistol.

MR. SLOAN

"What's that for?"

Selina's smile gets bigger. She shows some of her brilliant white teeth.

SELINA KYLE

"Oh come on. You're a bright enough boy."

Sloan gets a little sweaty. He gets a little more red as Selina side steps toward a rack of oriental pattern plates. She moves her other arm and shows that her other hand is also gloved. She gently touches one plate while turning her head to it, but keeping the gun on trained on Sloan. She wears several rings on her fingers and her nails are painted in dark red polish.

SELINA KYLE

"Nice. Maybe these'll go towards making up for what got blown up."

Sloan starts to get desperate.

MR. SLOAN

"I had nothing to do with it, Selina. I swear!"

Selina quickly turns her head. With a playful frown bordering on childish.

SELINA KYLE

"Awww. You didn't? I don't know about that, Sloan. I mean. Other than me you were the only one who could have known where my penthouse is."



He rapidly shakes his head.

MR. SLOAN

"N-n-no! Th-they could have followed you!"

Selina smacks her lips in thought.

SELINA KYLE

"Hmm. That's true but I'm usually too high and fast for a mob like the Loretis to follow. That and it doesn't explain why you're packing."

Sloan gulps.

MR. SLOAN

"I-I."

Selina gestures her gun to the chair behind the desk.

SELINA KYLE

"I think you should take a seat, Sloan. I have something to show you."

Sloan briefly looks to the chair before looking back at Selina. He thinks he can try negotiating with her.

MR. SLOAN

"Selina, I don't think this wi-"

Selina interrupts. Furiously.

SELINA KYLE

"SIT DOWN!"

Sloan takes a deep breath. He looks to the chair and seats himself.

SELINA KYLE

"Good. Now, take a close look."

She rolls up the sleeve of her suit dress to show a few shrapnel scars. Very recent and only recently treated.

SELINA KYLE

"A lot more of those on the back of my arm. My back is even worse."

Didn't have time to rescue Lyle and Mitts. It was quite sudden."

Sloan is quietly attentive and clearly terrified.

SELINA KYLE

"Managed to get a glimpse of the speeding car before the explosion. Recognized that it was Dominic Loretto's immediately. That was when I knew I had to get out of there. Tried to get the boys but then the beeping sound came."

Sloan looks around for something he can use to try and distract Selina as she continues speaking.

SELINA KYLE

"I was in quite a bit of pain, but my heart was beating fast and I was very pissed off. So I got into my own car, still bleeding by the way, and drove to the Loretto estate myself. Real fancy place. Oh, I was drenched with them when I was done. Smell was unbelievable. Very metallic. Thankfully, the fire took care of that. "

Sloan looks to the gun. He begins to shake a bit in his seat.

SELINA KYLE

"Found myself wandering on the road after that. One nice, young woman noticed how red I was and believed me to be injured. Of course, she was right, but let's say she overestimated how hurt I was."

Selina stops her story to make a request to Sloan.

SELINA KYLE

"Now, you better pay attention to this. This is real juicy."

Sloan shakily nods.

SELINA KYLE

"She wanted to take me to a hospital, but I just couldn't have that. So, I got... persuasive, and convinced her to take me to her home. Met the family. Her parents, and two brothers. Sweet bunch. Too sweet."

Sloan feels like he knows where this is going. His breathing becomes a little rapid.

SELINA KYLE

"Her parents were kind enough to get started on cleaning me. I

would have went along with it if I hadn't noticed her leaving and followed her to the phone. Went wild on her. Helped myself to the biggest, sharpest knife I could find in the kitchen. I was too out of it to think of taking a Loretta gun with me."

Selina aims the gun at his head.

SELINA KYLE

"I hold you responsible for that, Sloan. Every bit of it. It was a fun four years and seven months, but you really let me down. Truly, you broke my heart."

Sloan holds his hands up over his face as he pulls his head back with closed eyes.

MR. SLOAN

"N-no! Please!"

SELINA KYLE

"Shhhh. Just relax. I promise it won't hurt."

MR. SLOAN

"N-no! Wait!"

Selina fires two shots. No sound comes from Sloan. She sighs and seats herself on the desk while setting the gun down. From her purse she pulls out a bright silver lighter with an S engraved on it, and a pack of cigarettes. The pack has an expensive appearance in a gold colour.

Calmly, she pops a thin tobacco stick in her mouth and lights it. She takes a deep inhale and breathes out. SFX of the phone next to her ringing. She places the lighter down and picks up the phone.

SELINA KYLE

"Jeremy Sloan's office. He can't come to the phone right now he's... busy."

There's a pause. Selina smiles when she recognizes the voice on the other line.

SELINA KYLE

"Jimmy! It's been a while. No, I haven't heard. Does he? Really? He wants me in Gotham? What do I get out of it?"

Another pause. Selina smiles in delight as she takes another drag from her cigarette.

SELINA KYLE

"Oh, that is very tempting. Hmm. I'll have to bring my special suit. Tell him I'll be there the day after tomorrow. Send him my love."

She sets the phone down, and gets off the desk to walk around to the other side. She observes the valuables Sloan was bagging up. Some of it still remaining in the safe. She takes it upon herself to put the rest of it in the bag. She picks it up and observes Sloan's corpse.

SELINA KYLE

"Even now you do half the work for me."

She walks to the plates and bags them too. Then to the desk where she detaches the suppressor from her pistol. She places them both inside her large purse. Finally, she walks to Sloan and stubs out her cigarette on his suit. She mouths "thanks" to him with a coy smile. She places the cigarette butt in her purse.

Selina calmly exits the office. Ready to move location. Fade out.

THE END