

THE SEAMSTRESS

FADE IN:

INT. DIM ROOM - NIGHT

Under the glow of candlelight, DEFT HANDS glide over hardened material, carbon fiber body armor.

Gouges and bullet impacts litter the surface of the armor. As the hands pass over the damage, it vanishes, leaving the armor immaculate. Undamaged. Perfect.

The hands move across the armor up to the chest plate where a large BAT symbol resides. As the hands glide over the bat symbol it too changes to a different looking bat symbol.

DING

The SEAMSTRESS, 48, male, looks up from his work. The glow of the candles reflect off his coke bottle glasses. Beads of sweat collect in his three day stubble. He huffs.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

The Seamstress pushes aside a curtain and enters the storefront. A conveyor system dominates the room with a myriad of outfits crammed along its length.

As he walks past the outfits a few stand out. The Flash's red spandex and lightning bolt helmet. Wolverine's yellow outfit and mask. An XXXXXL tattered pair of sweat pants.

He walks to the counter where a MAN stands looking away.

SEAMSTRESS

Yes?

The man turns. CHRISTIAN BALE, 42, in his Bruce Wayne best, his razor sharp hair glistens under the sterile fluorescent lights.

He opens his mouth to talk.

SEAMSTRESS

Not ready. Come back later.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Sorry, sir, but you have me confused for...

DING

The bell above the door rings as BEN AFFLECK, 43, enters, dressed in his Bruce Wayne best, his razor sharp hair glistens under the sterile fluorescent light.

The Seamstress and Christian Bale stare at Ben.

He halts. His eyes dart back and forth between the two.

BEN AFFLECK

Am I late?

SEAMSTRESS

Not ready. Come back later.

BEN AFFLECK

Later?

SEAMSTRESS

Seven or twelve minutes.

BEN AFFLECK

I'll wait.

The seamstress huffs and marches back through the curtain, closing it behind him.

Ben nods at Christian.

Christian glares at Ben.

Ben walks to the far right wall and leans against it. Christian moves to the far left wall and leans against it.

They lock eyes, size each other up. Ego oozes from every pore.

BEN AFFLECK

Thanks for doing this.

CHRISTIAN BALE

Whatever.

Christian pouts.

BEN AFFLECK

Hey look, man, it's not my fault...

CHRISTIAN BALE

Don't! Okay? Just...don't.

Christian holds his hand up and averts his eyes.

Ben rolls his eyes. A smirk creeps across his face. He opens his mouth to speak...

SNIKT

The curtain flies open.

The Seamstress stands in the opening, holding in his arms, the Batsuit. Ben Affleck's Batsuit.

Ben smiles. Eyes wide.

Christian, mouth agape, eyes tearing up.

BEN AFFLECK
(elated)
Oh my God!

CHRISTIAN BALE
(distraught)
Oh my God.

They snap their heads toward each other and scowl.

The Seamstress walks to the counter and lays the suit down.

Ben and Christian walk to the suit, keeping their eyes locked on each other.

They approach the counter and examine the suit.

Ben smiles from ear to ear.

Christian frowns.

CHRISTIAN BALE
What have you done to my suit?

BEN AFFLECK
It's perfect.

Ben reaches out to touch the suit.

SMACK

The Seamstress smacks his hand.

SEAMSTRESS
No! Must transfer power first.

Ben rubs his hand.

BEN AFFLECK
Ow. So how's this work again?

The lights slowly flicker. An invisible electricity crackles in the air. A low rumbling emanates from everywhere.

The Seamstress pulls from behind the counter a JADE STATUE of Janus. Its eyes glowing red. He raises his hands overhead.

SEAMSTRESS

Since the beginning of Superhero movies, in the year 1936 when Buster Crabbe first brought Flash Gordon to life on the silver screen, the need to transfer the soul of the hero has existed.

The room rumbles. The lights flicker rapidly.

SEAMSTRESS

I, the Keeper of the Gate...

BEN AFFLECK

You mean 'Gatekeeper'?

SEAMSTRESS

Do I look like Sigourney Weaver?

CHRISTIAN BALE

Well you are the Seamstress.

SEAMSTRESS

I'm a tailor dammit!

BEN AFFLECK

But the sign out front says 'Seamstress'.

SEAMSTRESS

I'm leasing this place!

(pause)

You know what? Screw this.

The lights stop flickering. The rumbling stops.

SEAMSTRESS

(to Ben)

You wanna be Batman or what?

BEN AFFLECK

Yeah.

SEAMSTRESS

Then shut it. Gimme your hands.

He extends his hands toward Ben and Christian. They each take a hand.

SEAMSTRESS

(to Ben)

Anything you wanna change about the character?

BEN AFFLECK
 Less gravel voice. More stubble.
 and...
 (whispering to Seamstress)
 Less broody.

SEAMSTRESS
 Broody?

CHRISTIAN BALE
 Broody! My parents were killed!

BEN AFFLECK
 Less whiny then?

CHRISTIAN BALE
 Whatever, Daredevil. How's Electra
 these days?

Ben's hurt by the comment.

BEN AFFLECK
 Low blow, man.

SEAMSTRESS
 Enough!
 (pause)
 Gravel! Stubble! Broody! Got it!
 (pause)
 Done.

Christian and Ben look at each other.

CHRISTIAN BALE
 That's it? What about the shaking
 and the lights? Janus?

SEAMSTRESS
 Shaking and lights? That was just
 the "L" passing overhead.
 (motions to Janus)
 This I got this at a swap meet.
 It's actually a portable bidet.

He pushes a button and water spouts out of the top splashing
 on the counter and all of them.

Hypnotized, they stare at the bidet.

DING

The door opens and RYAN REYNOLDS walks in with a Deadpool
 mask in one hand, a green lantern in the other, and his gun
 from R.I.P.D. in a holster around his waist.

SEAMSTRESS

AGAIN?

Ryan shrugs his shoulders.

SEAMSTRESS

You guys better go. This is gonna
take a while.

FADE OUT:

THE END