Legends Of The Dark Knight Unwanted Help

By

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Characters created by Bob Kane.
"The accomplice to the crime of corruption is frequently our own indifference."

-Bess Myerson

EXT.TV STORE-NIGHT

A crowd gathers outside a window. The news is playing on each TV behind the glass.

NEWS
District Attorney Harvey Dent has been pronounced dead today. The cities "White Knight" was sprayed with some sort of acidic substance just weeks ago. His remains are still yet to be found.

A picture of the bat signal projected on a cloud is shown on the TV.

NEWS
In other news...Batman is back in Gotham. Perhaps hope is not lost.

The crowd cheers...

EXT.GOTHAM CITY-NIGHT

The tall skyline of Gotham City peers into the clouds as fog covers its streets. As the bat-signal appears on a cloud, the opening credits roll.

As the credits end...

INT.BAR-NIGHT

A group of business men gather at a bar counter. The BARTENDER(34, MALE) gives them each drinks, and they begin to converse with each other.

A shot is fired off.

Women scream, and each man turns to face the entrance...

A MASKED THUG stands at the entrance wielding a shotgun.

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CONTINUED:

MASKED THUG
Nobody FUCKING move!

One of the BUSINESS MEN(45) holds his hands out and begins
to step slowly towards the masked thug.

BUSINESS MAN
Sir, there is no need for the
weapon, just tell us what you
want...

The thug fires the shotgun at the man, knocking him
backwards across the bar. Killing him.

MASKED THUG
Any other heroes?

The lights go out.

MASKED THUG
What the fuck?

The thug steps further into the bar, leaving the front door
open. BATMAN SILENTLY swings down in the doorway, upside
down, mimicking a bat.

The bartender slowly straightens his stance.

MASKED THUG
Don’t get smart.

The thug begins to slowly back towards Batman.

MASKED THUG
You. Bartender. Go check out what
the fucks going on in this shit
hole. The rest of you, start
emptying your pockets!

The bartender hops over the bar, and walks into a back room.
The rest of the citizens begin to empty their pockets. The
thug continues to back up, until he backs into Batman.

BATMAN
Boo.

Batman grabs the thug by his legs. He VIOLENTLY yanks the
thugs legs out from underneath him, causing him to fall flat
on his face. The shotgun falls inches from his right hand.
His nose becomes bloody.
Batman grabs the interior of the door, and lowers himself to the ground. He steps on the thugs back. The thug begins to reach for the shotgun, but a citizen lifts it and tosses it farther away.

The bartender comes back out.

**BATMAN**
Call the Police. Ask for Jim Gordon.

**BARTENDER**
Thank you.

Batman nods. The bartender runs to the phone and dials 911.

**BARTENDER**
Yes. Can I speak to Jim Gordon.

Batman pulls a pair of handcuffs off his magnetic belt and cuffs the thug’s hands behind his back.

**BARTENDER**
Officer Gordon will be here shortly.

Batman lifts the thugs head up slightly, then thrusts it back to the ground, knocking him out.

**BATMAN**
He’s not going anywhere.

He stands, and exits. A **WOMAN(33)** runs outside after him. She looks left and right, then runs back inside.

**WOMAN**
He’s gone.

She smirks. The people in the bar stand, still a bit shaken by what they’ve seen. They all rush to the entrance and peek outside. They begin to gossip amongst themselves.

A shadow moves behind them, undetected.

A window breaks, and SOMEONE flees.

The woman turns from the door, and peers back at the masked thug. He is now sitting in a pool of blood, his throat slit.

The woman screams.
INT.WAYNE MANOR-MORNING

Bruce sits at a coffee table eating eggs and bacon. Alfred enters the room, tossing a newspaper onto Bruce’s lap.

ALFRED

Made the front page again Master Bruce.

Bruce stops eating, and lifts the paper. The headline reads; "BATMAN FLEES SCENE OF CRIME: SUSPECT FOUND DEAD". A photo of the scene sits underneath the headline.

BRUCE

What the hell?

ALFRED

Have a long night, sir?

BRUCE

Alfred. I left this man alive.

He reads further down...

BRUCE

"Witnesses say that The Batman violently attacked the masked thug multiple times before fleeing the scene."

Bruce tosses the paper onto the floor.

BRUCE

Someone killed that man AFTER I left.

ALFRED

Perhaps one of the witnesses, sir?

Bruce leans closer to the floor, analyzing the paper.

BRUCE

No...

He lifts the paper off the ground.

BRUCE

The window...

He peers deeper into the photo...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRUCE
In this photo. The window is broken.

ALFRED
What does that mean?

BRUCE
It wasn’t broken while I was there.

He stairs at Alfred...

BRUCE
It means it wasn’t one of the witnesses.

ALFRED
The Joker?

BRUCE
No, this isn’t his style.

ALFRED
A new foe?

BRUCE
This is Gotham, Alfred. Criminals are born here everyday.

INT.JIM GORDON’S HOUSE-DAY

Jim sits with the barrel of a pistol placed into his mouth. He holds a picture of Barbara in his other hand. A tear rolls down from his eyes.

He grips the trigger...

He closes his eyes...

As his pull on the trigger grows stronger his cell phone begins to ring. He opens his eyes, pulls the pistol from his mouth and takes a few deep breathes. He grabs the phone and answers it.

JIM GORDON
Yeah?

He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

JIM GORDON
What, a triple homicide? I’ll be right there.

He quickly hangs up the phone.
EXT. EAST END DOCKS—AFTERNOON

Jim Gordon’s car pulls up alongside two other police squad cars. He exits the car and begins walking towards a crime scene outlined with police tape.

He ducks his head under the tape. Three masked bodies lie dead, and bloody on the ground. LUKE(23) a young detective snaps a picture of the bodies.

JIM GORDON
What’s with the masks?

LUKE
The theory is that these guys were no good.

JIM GORDON
What makes you think that?

LUKE
We found a bunch of cash and jewelry on all of them, as well as one single action pump and two Beretta Nines.

JIM GORDON
Their throats...

He leans in closer.

JIM GORDON
They’re slashed?

LUKE
Yeah, rules out the chance of them killing each other.

JIM GORDON
No witnesses?

LUKE
Nope, only other thing we got are these tire marks leading into the...

DIVER COP(OS)
WE FOUND A VEHICLE!

Jim turns facing the water off of the docks, a DIVER COP(33) signals that a car has been found under the water.

(CONTINUED)
LUKE
What do you think, Jim?

JIM GORDON
I don’t know what to think.

LUKE
Some of the guys are talking...about your friend.

JIM GORDON
Friend?

LUKE
The Batman. You think maybe he’s taking things to far?

JIM GORDON
He didn’t do this.

LUKE
How can you be so sure?

JIM GORDON
Guys like him don’t do these things, Luke. He’s a hero...not a villain. This is most likely just some poor bastard seeking revenge on these assholes for stealing their cash and diamonds. Nothing more, nothing less.

LUKE
That’s what you think?

JIM GORDON

Jim turns away from the scene. MAX CASH(23) a young journalist steps up to Jim.

MAX
I have to disagree, Gordon.

Jim turns to Max.

JIM GORDON
Who the hell are you?

MAX
Max Cash, I’m a journalist with The Gotham Times.

(CONTINUED)
JIM GORDON
And what the fuck do you think?

MAX
I think The Batman is more menace than hero.

JIM GORDON
What makes you think that?

MAX
Read the paper, Jim.

Jim grabs Max by his collar.

JIM GORDON
Listen to me you little prick. It’s punks like you that make good men go underground. Make them stop and think about what they do. Without bold men like The Batman this whole damn city would go to hell.

MAX
Take your hands off me.

Jim drops him.

JIM GORDON
Watch yourself.

MAX
You gonna’ send your friend after me?

JIM GORDON
Don’t give me any ideas.

MAX
That would read great! The Batman attacks innocent journalist!

JIM GORDON
Just remember who I am.

MAX
And who exactly are you?

JIM GORDON
I’m the brass, kid. Don’t fuck with me.

Jim turns and walks away, furious.
A group of people gather in the large lobby of The Gotham Bank. Tellers help their customers make withdrawals. Armed guards sit by the entrance reading newspapers.

LYLE BOLTON (34) a tall, muscular man wearing a suit enters the bank.

GUARD
Hey Lyle, what's going on?

LYLE
A little bit of everything, how's business?

GUARD
Same as always.

Suddenly, a MAN (44) wearing a stocking over his face busts through the door. He is wielding an AR-15 assault rifle. He turns to the guard speaking with Lyle, and fires a round into his head. Blood splatters over Lyle.

Women and men scream as they hit the ground, covering their heads with their hands.

He turns to Lyle...

MAN
Hey pal, take a FUCKING seat!

Lyle grabs the barrel of the rifle and flings it back against the man's face. This causes him to loosen his grip on the rifle, and as he does, Lyle grabs it from him and points it into his chest.

The crowd cheers and claps as Lyle holds the man at gun-point.

Lyle stairs into the man's eyes, and fires the weapon.

The room turns to silence as the man's body falls dead onto the ground.

Lyle flees.

Max sticks his head up from behind a pillar. He turns to the corpse and snaps a few shots with his cell phone camera.

MAX
And The Batman is nowhere to be found.
INT. THE GOTHAM TIMES—NIGHT

Max sits in his office, alone. The rest of the employees are beginning to leave their cubicles. Max types on his computer. The screen reads; "WHY WE SHOULD NEVER TRUST THE BATMAN".

He smiles.

MAX
And... print.

The printer next to the computer begins to print. JAY(22) peeks his head inside Max’s office...

JAY
I’m out, Max. Don’t forget to lock up.

MAX
Later Jay.

Jay leaves. As the door shuts, the power in Max’s office goes out.

MAX
You gotta’ be fucking kidding me!

Batman slowly opens the window in Max’s office from the outside. He steps in, undetected.

BATMAN
Max.

Max spins around in his chair.

MAX
Holy shit! Your... Your real?

Max falls back in his chair...

BATMAN
I’m not an enemy...

He moves closer to Max...

BATMAN
But I’m not your pal either...

He lifts Max up by his shirt...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BATMAN
Stop the bad publicity.

MAX
I-I’m sorry!

BATMAN
I want my next paper to read..."WHY I WAS WRONG ABOUT THE BATMAN". Do you understand?

MAX
Y-Y-You got it.

Batman places Max back into his chair. Batman starts for the window...

MAX
Hey, Batman.

He turns to Max...

MAX
I’m real sorry.

BATMAN
We all make mistakes.

Batman lunges out the window and glides across the sky.

INT.JIM GORDON’S HOUSE-NIGHT

Jim stands leaning over an open window. He removes his glasses and cleans them. A cat climbs down the fire-escape. Batman drops down behind the cat.

JIM GORDON
You could have called first.

BATMAN
I don’t like phones.

JIM GORDON
What’s up?

BATMAN
I paid a little visit to our friend at The Times.

JIM GORDON
I bet he pissed himself.

Jim laughs.
CONTINUED:

BATMAN
How’s Barbara.

JIM GORDON
Doc says she may never walk again. That along with her mental issues. I don’t even recognize her anymore.

BATMAN
Any word on Dent?

JIM GORDON
Nothing. Hey, we may have another crusader in Gotham. One with a bit of an angry side.

BATMAN
The bar murder. Someone else was there.

JIM GORDON
Well it’s not just that. I reported to another homicide today, and the victims were found with a load of cash and jewels. They were thieves.

Jim wipes his forehead...

JIM GORDON
Listen, maybe you should go public. These murders....these acts of vigilantism are starting to give you a bad name.

BATMAN
I’m not responsible.

JIM GORDON
People like to fear you. It’s too easy. So when shit happens, they just assume your involved.

A scream is followed by a gun shot in the distance. Batman jumps from the fire escape.

JIM GORDON
This city never fucking sleeps.

Jim Gordon puts his glasses on and rushes out the window.
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Fog fills a dark alley. A woman lies shot in the stomach, her back propped up against the wall. A THUG(22) stands going through her purse, revolver in his hand.

A shadow flies overhead. The thug stops and looks upward.

THUG
What the fuck was that?

A can is kicked over down the alley. The thug points his gun towards the noise.

THUG
Come on out!

Lyle steps in from the shadows. He stands behind the thug, towering over him. Slowly he grabs the thug's head.

LYLE
Drop the gun.

The thug tosses the gun onto the ground. As Lyle lifts the thug into the air by his head Batman drops down from the rooftops.

BATMAN
Leave him.

LYLE
The Batman?

BATMAN
Hand him over.

LYLE
He doesn't deserve prison. You know as well as I do.

Jim runs up behind Lyle, catching his breath. He holds his pistol against the back of Lyle's head.

BATMAN
It's not worth it.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Lyle sits in a small white room, across from Batman. He is handcuffed. Jim stands up against the door.

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CONTINUED:

JIM GORDON
Okay. I got you some time, but make it quick. We get caught here, I’m out of a job, and your in the spotlight.

He opens the door and walks out of the room.

LYLE
So this is the almighty Batman. Your not as tall as I thought.

BATMAN
What are you trying to do?

LYLE
Clean these streets. You put them in jail, they break out. I put them six feet under.

BATMAN
You can’t just kill people. No matter who they are. It brings you down to their level.

LYLE
This city breeds psychos, rapists, and major fuck ups. The type of people that jail just can’t save.

Lyle leans in closer...

LYLE
What are you afraid of? It’s just a little blood.

BATMAN
It’s not fear.

LYLE
It is. You think this place can hold me? I’ll be right back out just like every other inmate you lock up. And when I get out...I’ll continue to do what you can’t.

BATMAN
It’s not right.

An explosion rattles the room. Smoke and dust funnel in from a man-made opening behind Batman. Batman brushes the smoke away from his eyes, searching for Lyle.

He turns to the opening...
THE JOKER (O.S)
Did ya’ miss me?

The Joker’s silhouette appears out of the smoke. The smoke clears and he stands smiling at Batman with a Grenade launcher in his hands.

Lyle lies on the ground, knocked unconscious by the blast.

THE JOKER
A new friend?

Two CLOWNS enter from behind The Joker. They are tall and muscular.

THE JOKER
I’ve got some friends of my own!

He laughs.

One of the clowns pulls a large syringe out of his pocket. He charges towards a disoriented Batman and JABS the syringe into his neck. Batman falls unconscious.

INT. THE JOKER’S LAIR—NIGHT

Bruce Wayne lies unconscious next to Lyle who is also asleep.

The walls of the room are tattered with old rotting wood that board the windows. They let in an eerie blue light. As Bruce tries to reach for Lyle, he notices he is chained to the wall.

THE JOKER (O.S)
You don’t get it...do you?

Bruce turns to the far end of the room. The Joker’s silhouette is barely visible in the shadows.

THE JOKER
For every rose....there are thorns.

he steps out of the shadows.

THE JOKER
I am your thorn. You need people like me.

He shifts his arms revealing an axe in his right hand.

(CONTINUED)
THE JOKER
I don’t need people like you.

He laughs. Lyle awakens.

LYLE
Who the fuck are you?

The Joker lunges at Lyle. He holds the axe at his forehead.

THE JOKER
Come on Bruce. Break the chains.
Save this man.

Bruce struggles to break the chains...

THE JOKER
Save this killer. This criminal.
This man who is no different than
either you nor me!

He smiles.

THE JOKER
Oh you better hurry Brucey baby.
I’m getting a little FUCKING
excited here!

He chuckles...

Bruce breaks free from the chains. As he does The Joker
raises the axe and lowers it swiftly MISSING Lyle.

Bruce tackles The Joker.

THE JOKER
That’s it Bruce! Show me what ya’
got!

Bruce punches The Joker in the face, breaking his nose. As
blood rushes from his nose The Joker laughs.

THE JOKER
Your weak!

He kicks Bruce off. Bruce grasps his ribs. The Joker stands
wiping the blood from his face.

THE JOKER
The only thing that separates you
and I is your inability to act on
your impulses.
You....can’t....kill.
As The Joker smiles Bruce lunges at him knocking him through the wood wall....

EXT. THE JOKER’S LAIR—NIGHT

Bruce lies on top of The Joker outside the room. They are 25 stories high looking over Gotham.

The Joker head butts Bruce in the face causing some blood to trickle from his nose.

Bruce grabs The Joker and lifts him into the air as he stands. He holds him over the edge of the building.

THE JOKER
Throw me over! You got the eggs to do that Bat-Boy?

BRUCE
The clowns...

Bruce, exhausted, looks around.

BRUCE
Where are the clowns?

The Joker laughs...

THE JOKER
You never cease to amaze me!

BRUCE
What did you do?

THE JOKER
I wanted our reunion to be a little...EXPLOSIVE!

He laughs again...

THE JOKER
You better make a choice. Kill me or save that little friend of yours...

A helicopter rises behind them. Two clowns sit at the opening.

THE JOKER
Choose quickly buddy boy! My rides here!

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
I will catch you.

THE JOKER
You can end it all now!

As the helicopter flies nearer to them...

BRUCE
Not like this...

Bruce hands The Joker to the clowns....

THE JOKER
Such a sweet heart!

As The Joker laughs, Lyle charges from inside.

LYLE
NO!

He pushes Bruce over and leaps into the helicopter. The Joker clicks a detonator as Lyle knocks into him. The helicopter swivels as it struggles to fly away.

As the building explodes, Bruce rolls off the edge landing onto a nearby rooftop four stories below. He breaks a few ribs.

The blast sends the helicopter flying unbalanced. Lyle struggles to reach the cockpit and as he does, he snaps the pilots neck. The helicopter begins to spin. The Joker leaps from the back into The Gotham River.

The helicopter plummets into a skyscraper, exploding. Lyle is dead.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Bruce lies half awake. He bleeds internally. Police sirens surround the streets below him.

Jim Gordon climbs a fire escape. He stands over Bruce, out of breath.

JIM GORDON
Bruce Wayne? What the hell were you up to?

BRUCE
Gordon...take...me...home...

(CONTINUED)
You need a hospital.

Bruce’s eyes narrow as he stairs...

Those eyes...

Home...

Don’t worry, I’ll get you home safe.

Jim lifts Bruce.

Rain falls. Lighting and thunder clash in the sky.

Jim carries Bruce up the many steps outside of the entrance to Wayne Manor. With each step blood trickles from Bruce’s nose and mouth.

The door swings open and ALFRED stands. As Jim reaches Alfred, he places Bruce at his feet.

I found him like this. Looks like he took a fall.

He has been quite reckless lately.

In a good way.

Jim smiles at Alfred. As Jim steps away Alfred helps Bruce to his feet and walks him inside.

The door shuts.

Bruce awakens in bed. Alfred slides the curtains in his room to let in more light. Bruce sits up, gasping for air. Bandages cover many parts of his body.

This was a close one.

(CONTINUED)
ALFRED
You must be more careful.

BRUCE
I don’t have time.

ALFRED
You take to many more falls and you
won’t be getting up from them.

Bruce coughs...

ALFRED
Gotham won’t survive without you.

BRUCE
What are you thinking?

ALFRED
Maybe a "side-kick" would be
beneficial.

BRUCE
This isn’t a comic book.

ALFRED
It was just a thought, master
Bruce.

Alfred takes the paper out from under his right arm.

ALFRED
You will be happy to read this.

He tosses it to Bruce...

BRUCE
"WHY I WAS WRONG ABOUT THE BATMAN"

Bruce smiles...

BRUCE
Looks like he took the hint.

ALFRED
I’d say so.

Bruce stands...

ALFRED
Easy, Bruce. You need to rest.

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
Crime doesn’t rest. Why should justice?

ALFRED
Because justice is few and far between.

EXT. ROOFTOP—NIGHT
Jim Gordon stands alongside Batman.

THREE WEEKS LATER.

JIM GORDON
I want you to know something...

He faces Batman...

JIM GORDON
Your secret. You can trust—

BATMAN
I know I can. You needed to know, so you can trust me.

JIM GORDON
Do you think he’s still out there?

BATMAN
I know he is. I can feel him.

JIM GORDON
He has to be stopped. After what he did to Barbara it makes me...

BATMAN
You must control your emotions.

JIM GORDON
Sometimes it’s hard.

BATMAN
No man can last forever.

JIM GORDON
That goes for you as well.

BATMAN
Legends never die.

The bat-signal explodes onto the sky...

(CONTINUED)
JIM GORDON
There’s your cue.

Jim steps closer to the edge, looking out into Gotham.

JIM GORDON
There’s still hope...in you.

As he turns back, Batman is gone. Jim smiles and steps off into the darkness.

EXT.TV STORE-NIGHT

The news plays on a TV behind a window. A young boy and his mother watch...

NEWS
Gotham News 13 got a chance to speak with Lieutenant Jim Gordon today about the mean streets of Gotham and The Dark Knight that protects them...

The scene changes to Jim Gordon standing before a camera...

JIM GORDON
Gotham is hell for cops. We need all the help we can get. Sometimes citizens take things to far. The Batman never has...and never will. He’s watching everyone of us, in every shadow. He is our friend. He is our hope.

Roll end credits.

THE END