

SHADOW OF THE BAT

I: CAPES

104 - "Overflow"

Batman and related characters were created by Bob Kane & Bill Finger and are owned by DC Comics and Warner Brothers. This is a work of transformative fiction... aren't they all?

FADE IN:

INT. BASIL KARLO'S DRESSING ROOM -

Cold Open on a close up shot of method actor BASIL KARLO'S chilling eyes.

As the actor stares, we slowly pull away, revealing his glare to be his reflection in a dressing room mirror.

The muffled sounds of a film crew can be heard beyond the dressing room door.

Pulling away further, Karlo continues staring menacingly into himself. He looks to be in his late forties to mid fifties and tough skinned.

Karlo shifts his gaze down from the mirror, to a drawer on the left side of the vanity below. He opens it hastily.

The drawer is packed full of circular tins, all the same, all unlabeled.

From behind, unable to see his face, we watch as he removes a tin, pops the lid, dips his fingers in, and applies the tan-pinkish goop from within to his face.

There is a brief moment of silence as the actor raises his head to look into the mirror once more.

There is a POUND on the door.

Karlo doesn't flinch.

EXT. BASIL KARLO'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A skinny CASTING COORDINATOR (in blue jeans and a white t-shirt, wearing a radio headset and carrying both a cup of tea and a script) knocks on Basil Karlo's dressing room door.

CASTING COORDINATOR

(into door)

Mr. Karlo, call was five minutes ago. Please tell me you're done with your make-up. I mean, we have people who can do that if...

INT. KARLO'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From over Karlo's shoulder, he continues his stare into the mirror.

As he glares, Karlo's facial structure morphs in front of our eyes from his human form into an approximation of WAYLON JONES, the disfigured, ostracized man behind the myth of the "KILLER CROCODILE." Karlo's portrayal is a very exaggerated crocodile man complete with reptilian eyes, scales, and sharp pointed teeth.

BASIL  
 (in character: southern  
 accent)  
 Be there in a minute.

Basil puts the lid on the tin and tosses it back in the drawer, closing it before turning to leave.

**OPENING TITLE CARD: SHADOW OF THE BAT**

**ACT ONE:**

INT. GCN STUDIO - MORNING

Actor Basil Karlo, in his rugged, human form, sits in a chair on the set of the talk show Good Morning Gotham. He wears a simple gray silk button up, wrapped in a sleek black pea coat. A five o' clock shadow grows on his face.

Behind him is a large poster promoting his film "The Killer Crocodile", with Karlo posing in full makeup as the film's antagonist, 'Croc'.

He sits across from television personality and morning-show host, JACK RYDER. Ryder wears a plain blue suit and sports a trendy pair of black rimmed spectacles and a short but swooping haircut.

Behind Ryder is another poster for one of Karlo's previous leading performances in the film, "Grendel." This poster also shows Karlo in very realistic makeup.

Karlo speaks in a deep, gruff, but deliberate tone.

**SI: "OVERFLOW"**

Jack Ryder begins facing the camera.

(CONTINUED)

JACK RYDER

And a good morning to you Jan. I'm sitting here today with famed method actor slash movie make-up guru, Basil Karlo.

Ryder turns to Karlo.

JACK RYDER (CONT'D)

Mr. Karlo, I'd like to take this time to let you know how much of an honor it is to be sitting here with you today.

BASIL

(effortlessly, distracted)  
Thank you...

JACK RYDER

Okay, so why don't you tell us a little about your new movie, "The Killer Crocodile."

BASIL

I could tell you it's a film and not a movie. But in response to your question, it's a departure. I usually play monsters with hearts of gold-

JACK RYDER

As opposed to one who eats hearts, am I right Basil?

BASIL

You are. The Crocodile has no morals, no ethical code. I'm used to playing up a single fatal flaw, not playing a character that's nothing but flaws.

JACK RYDER

You've worked with some of Hollywood's best known action stars, providing them with formidable if fictional nemeses; Grendel and Swampthing come to mind. Is it any different playing one based in reality?

BASIL

Mr. Ryder, there's a reason we're filming here in Gotham. As an

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BASIL (cont'd)  
actor I find authenticity to be of the utmost importance. It's never any different becoming something of fiction or someone from reality, the trick is being capable of living the life you're portraying... For the last year I've lived the life of this creature. You call it fiction, but you're wrong. It is real. Sometimes, it's the only thing that is.

JACK RYDER  
Okay then, so you're also known to be one of the most proficient make up artists the biz has ever seen. Do you mind telling us a little about that?

INT. WAYNE MANOR, LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE

Bruce and Dick lounge in the large living room of Wayne Manor. Bruce sits in a large, accommodating leather recliner as Dick spreads out across a matching leather couch.

The two watch Karlo's Good Morning Gotham interview on an extremely large flat screen television above an equally large fireplace.

Alfred enters, wearing white gloves and carrying a packet of dust wipes. He notices the interview, but ignores it and begins to dust the shelves and surfaces across the room.

BASIL  
(on television)  
I, like a magician, have never and will never reveal the method to my madness.

The interview continues in the background as Alfred approaches the fireplace mantle.

BRUCE  
Poor Waylon. If only there was something I could do about that.

ALFRED  
(half-jokingly)  
You could always hold a press conference.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

That would require divulging how I acquired the information.

DICK

Or how Batman acquired the information.

BRUCE

Exactly.

ALFRED

In a town where appearances are everything, Mr. Jones is bound to be ostracized.

A still from the movie is shown on the television, a full body shot of The Killer Crocodile looking menacing.

DICK

I've been all over, and I'm pretty sure a guy who looks like that isn't going to be welcome anywhere.

BRUCE

He doesn't look like that.

Dick yawns.

DICK

Well I'd love to stay and talk cryptozoology with you guys, but I'm gonna go catch some Z's.

BRUCE

Actually you're going to catch a ride to school with Alfred.

DICK

... You're kidding.

There is a beat.

DICK (CONT'D)

We were out all night dealing with those car-jackers!

BRUCE

School is non-negotiable.

Dick walks out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

DICK  
Yeah, school and everything else.

INT. GOTHAM PREP, HALLWAY - MORNING

The locker lined hallway of Gotham Prep is silent and empty.  
The bell sounds.

Doors open up and down the hallway. Students flood through them, a veritable stampede of youth.

Among the students is Dick and Barbara.

BARBARA  
(continuing)  
...and he wouldn't even let me explain. He'll come to his senses, though. I mean, he always does, right?

There is a silence between them as they walk.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Dick?

Dick is suddenly aware.

DICK  
Huh?

BARBARA  
Man, are you okay? You've been sleeping in class, you're always so busy... hell, we hardly even text anymore.

DICK  
It's nothing.

BARBARA  
But if it were something... you'd tell me right?

DICK  
I'm just not used to regular school, that's all. In the circus I was a night person.

BARBARA  
You never talk about the circus.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

Yes I do.

BARBARA

Not to me you don't. That's the first time you've mentioned it in months.

There is a silence as they walk.

She steps in front of him, stopping him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You've obviously got some stuff to talk about. Whether it's the circus, or Bruce, or your parents-

Dick looks away in an attempt to hide his emotions.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

-just know that I'll be here to talk about them, no matter how long it takes... The question is, how long can you wait?

INT. DENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Harvey Dent, plastic take-out bag in hand, holds the door to his office open as Commissioner Gordon walks through it. Dent shuts the door behind them and motions for Gordon to take a seat.

Gordon sits down in the chair in front of Dent's desk. Dent sits opposite him, behind the desk.

Dent sets the bag of take-out on his desk. They both retrieve their lunches from the bag, pop the lids, and begin immediately using chopsticks to shovel bits of food into their mouths with their chopsticks.

DENT

You know Jim, when I fuck up I apologize. I'm sorry things didn't go-

GORDON

If this is about the Maroni case, then save it. I knew the risk, I took it. He'll slip again. No one, especially a guy like him, can run forever.

(CONTINUED)

DENT  
Yeah, I just hope it's us that  
takes him down.

There is a beat.

DENT (CONT'D)  
You ever wonder why he does it?

GORDON  
Who, Maroni?

DENT  
No, Batman. You ever wonder why he  
does it?

GORDON  
No, and I suggest you don't either.

DENT  
You're not curious?

GORDON  
He's a blessing, Harvey. And you  
don't look a gift horse in the  
mouth.

Harvey takes a bite. Gordon takes a bite.

There is a brief moment of silence.

DENT  
I was never much of a horse guy.

GORDON  
Me neither.

EXT. HIGH RISE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Batman approaches the edge of a high-rise rooftop, cape  
billowing as the borough sounds off beneath him.

As we pull away from Batman, Robin takes his place beside  
the Dark Knight with a quiet, calculating demeanor.

BATMAN  
See them?

Three suspicious men follow a lone BLONDE woman down an  
adjacent alley in the streets below.

Robin nods.

(CONTINUED)

A beat.

ROBIN  
I want the big one.

BATMAN  
I'll take the big one.

ROBIN  
Fine. Which one's mine?

BATMAN  
The other two.

Robin smiles.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Blonde nears her car. Picking up her stride, she tries not to look behind her as the three men (RAPIST ONE, RAPIST TWO, and Large Rapist) close in. Each of them smiles menacingly, waiting to pounce if she runs.

RAPIST ONE  
Hey gorgeous.

The Blonde stops, illuminated by the dim streetlamp above her small car. She slowly turns around to face her approaching aggressors.

BLONDE  
(soft, scared)  
Go away... Please...

RAPIST ONE  
Later baby, I wanna talk first.

The Rapists chuckle and close in.

Just as they reach her, Robin drops down from the darkness, in between the lascivious attackers and their blonde prey.

He hops like a boxer, shaking out his fists.

The Rapists are startled at first, but their bluster quickly returns.

RAPIST TWO  
Oh. Oh it's just a little kid.

Robin rolls his neck.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Turn around and walk away.

RAPIST ONE

That's funny kid, I was just about to tell you the same thing.

ROBIN

Turn around and walk away and you won't be hurt.

The Rapists laugh heartily.

RAPIST ONE

Oh yeah? And who's gonna hurt us?

The Large Rapist at the back of the pack lets out a SQUEAL as he is pulled back into the darkness, as in a horror movie.

Rapist One turns to see what happened, and takes a kick to the face from Robin.

Rapist One staggers back and drops to a knee, then checks his lip. It is bleeding.

Rapist Two bear-hugs Robin from behind, trapping his arms.

Rapist One stands and charges. Robin lifts his legs and kicks him in the chest, using the momentum to flip backward over Rapist Two, completing more than a full backflip, kicking Rapist Two in the back with both feet as he comes around.

Rapist Two barrels into Rapist One.

In the darkness, Batman stands, lowering the unconscious Large Rapist to the ground, watching Robin fight.

Rapists One and Two both throw punches at Robin in quick succession, Robin dodges and flips until he is out of the light, all blows missing.

The Rapists, no longer able to see their opponent, look frantically around, going back to back for maximum protection.

A batarang-grapnel flies out of the darkness, wraps around Rapist Two's legs and takes him to the ground.

Rapist One makes a break for it, running off into the darkness. Rapist Two lets out a bloodcurdling cry as he is dragged away into the darkness

(CONTINUED)

Rapist One runs frantically through the alleys, panting and whimpering.

From below, as he sprints, we see a moonlit Robin jumping each roof gap with ease.

Fleeing, Rapist One looks behind himself and sees no one. Continuing to run, he whips his head back to the front, running directly into the fist of Batman. Rapist One crumples to the ground.

Batman stands in the alleyway over Rapist One's unconscious body.

Robin drops to the pavement from above.

ROBIN

I had him.

BATMAN

You were having too much fun. Remember; economy of energy, economy of movement. Anyway, it's a school night. We should get you back to the cave.

Batman and Robin walk away into the darkness.

ROBIN

I've got a couple more hours in me.

BATMAN

This is non-

ROBIN

(interrupting)  
-negotiable, I get it.

EXT. A HOBO COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Dozens of tents and makeshift campsites span throughout the underside of Sprang Bridge. Most of the community is asleep in their tents, tucked in from the cold, but a pair of elderly homeless men are gathered around a trash-can fire.

The man on the left, JASPER, steps up to the the garbage can fire and sticks out his hands. The other HOBO sits next to him, staring into the flames.

JASPER

Did I tell you about the time I saw Batman?

(CONTINUED)

HOBO

Yup.

A beat of silence as the fire crackles in the wind.

A shadow is cast behind them, which at first glance appears to be that of Waylon.

The homeless men look up.

Large, dark arms grab for Jasper.

Focus on the other Hobo, in shock. There is a horrible crunch and ripping sound and the Hobo is suddenly covered in gore and viscera.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT TWO:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. GCPD ROOF - NIGHT

Commissioner Gordon stands atop the Gotham City Police Department, smoking a cigarette. Batman stands a few steps away, holding his cape around his shoulders, arms crossed.

The wind kicks up and billows jacket and cape alike.

Gordon takes a drag.

GORDON

You said you were sure.

BATMAN

I am sure.

GORDON

Based off of what? A two minute conversation?

BATMAN

And the fight beforehand.

The doorway to the stairwell opens and Harvey Dent walks out, breathing a little heavy.

DENT

Sorry I'm late. Next time, we do this at my office and Jim takes the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON  
(to Dent)  
He says he's sure.

DENT  
Based off what? A five minute  
fight?

GORDON  
It should go without saying, but  
Bullock's demanding he be given a  
team to take into the sewers after  
him. At this point I'm having a  
hard time telling him no.

BATMAN  
Waylon is not a killer.

DENT  
The poor guy was practically torn  
in half. The list of suspects  
isn't very long.

GORDON  
(to Batman)  
I say you go talk to him. But we  
do need another theory.

BATMAN  
The Basil Karlo movie is filming in  
Old Town.

DENT  
That's probably what set Waylon  
off.

BATMAN  
One of you should interview the  
director. He might have insight.

GORDON  
Think it might be his sick idea of  
guerrilla marketing?

BATMAN  
Possible. Or he may know of any  
locals a little too obsessed with  
the movie's subject matter.

Dent's cell phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

DENT  
Sorry, sorry.

He checks it.

DENT (CONT'D)  
It's not important, I-

As he looks up, Batman is not there.

GORDON  
You missed him.

INT. SEWERS, WAYLON'S NOOK - LATE NIGHT

WAYLON JONES sits on the ground, back against the cold wall, reading a large leather bound book.

He turns a page.

WAYLON  
Just in the neighborhood, huh?

BATMAN  
Thought I'd stop by.

Batman steps out from the darkness.

WAYLON  
Here to try and convince me to go topside or am I bein' blamed for something again?

BATMAN  
The latter.

WAYLON  
And you're obligated to ask.

BATMAN  
I am.

WAYLON  
Wasn't me last time.

BATMAN  
And this time?

WAYLON  
I been pretty busy down here, in fact.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN  
You've heard about the movie?

WAYLON  
I see newspapers.

BATMAN  
And your thoughts?

WAYLON  
Don't much care for  
movies. Tell'em to write a Killer  
Crocodile book and I'll read it.

BATMAN  
When was the last time you were  
"topside?"

WAYLON  
'bout three weeks ago, what is  
this? You givin' me the third  
degree?

BATMAN  
A homeless man was torn in  
half. That takes a certain kind of  
strength.

WAYLON  
Even you don't believe I did it.

There is a beat.

WAYLON (CONT'D)  
Tell whoever sent you I don't want  
anything to do with them or their  
world. And I expect not to see you  
again unless you're bringin'  
hardcovers.

Waylon taps the cover of the book in his hand to punctuate  
his final word.

BATMAN  
Have a good night, Waylon.

Batman leaves. Waylon goes back to reading.

INT. MOVIE SET - MORNING

Openly homosexual director, the flamboyant ANTOINE DUCREUX, converses with a LIGHTING DIRECTOR. Antoine stands safely on the ground; the Lighting Director is at the top of a tall ladder, reaching out to adjust a lighting tree. Harvey Dent walks onto the set in the deep background.

ANTOINE  
(to Lighting Director)  
Do you have a softer gel?

LIGHTING DIRECTOR  
How soft?

ANTOINE  
Halfway to Barbara Walters.

DENT  
Mr. Ducreux?

Antoine turns to see Dent standing before him.

Antoine's eyes light up at the sight of such a handsome man.

ANTOINE  
Mr. Harvey Dent, I presume?

DENT  
Yes, it's a pleasure to meet you  
Mr. Ducreux.

ANTOINE  
Antoine, please, call me Antoine.

DENT  
Of course... I'm sure you're very  
busy-

ANTOINE  
(interrupting)  
No, not at all actually! My  
Startiste hasn't shown up  
yet. I've sent Chad looking for  
him, but-

DENT  
(interrupting)  
I'm sorry, "Startiste?"

ANTOINE  
It's a portmanteau of "Star" and  
"Artiste"? Try to keep up dear.

(CONTINUED)

DENT

Sir, I've got some questions regarding your upcoming Killer Crocodile film.

ANTOINE

Then I am your man. I've read every first-hand account, I've even interviewed as many of the eye-witnesses as possible.

DENT

A lot of people have seen him?

ANTOINE

Hundreds. There are even accounts from as far away as Bludhaven. Those sewers run far and wide.

DENT

Any of those witnesses seem unhealthily obsessed with their encounter?

ANTOINE

(dramatically)

When one stares into the face of darkness, Mr. Dent, one is never the same again.

DENT

Could I possibly get a copy of those notes?

ANTOINE

I'm not sure if-

DENT

(interrupting)

Nothing that's going to spoil the movie of course, just the real-world paperwork, eyewitness accounts, that sort of thing.

ANTOINE

I suppose that could be done. I'll put Chad on it when he brings me my "Startiste".

DENT

Again, thank you for your time, it's very much appreciated. You can have the documents sent to my office at your convenience.

(CONTINUED)

Dent produces a chess themed business card.

ANTOINE

Of course. There is one thing,  
though.

DENT

Oh?

ANTOINE

I've been trying to get the permits  
necessary to film in the actual  
sewers, but city hall is being  
troublesome...

Dent smiles courteously.

DENT

I'll see what I can do.

INT. THE CAVE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Dick sits at the nine-monitor super computer, surfing the  
web on one screen and tracking leads on others. Batman walks  
up from behind him, placing his hand on the large black  
chair.

DICK

How'd it go?

BATMAN

As well as could be expected.

DICK

Still think it's not him?

BATMAN

I'm positive. He hasn't been out  
of the sewers for nearly a month.

DICK

I don't know. I've been reading  
these eye-witness reports the DA  
got you. Over the past three weeks  
sightings have increased  
thirty-eight percent.

Batman points at the screen.

BATMAN

This one describes him as having a  
tail.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

So they're embellishing a little,  
all these people have to be seeing  
something.

BATMAN

Men aren't violently murdered by  
nothing. But it wasn't Waylon.

DICK

Don't you think if he were innocent  
he'd show himself? It seems to me  
he's got something to hide.

Batman removes his cowl as he responds.

BRUCE

Everyone has something to  
hide. Anyway, you should be  
spending this time doing  
homework. We've got work to do  
tonight.

Bruce heads up the stairs and into the darkness, removing  
his gloves and gauntlets.

Dick glances around, making sure the coast is clear.

He stands up, swoops his backpack from the far end of the  
computer's desk, and heads off into the darkness.

EXT. OLD GOTHAM, BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

A big blue city bus hisses to a halt at a scummy bus stop in  
Old Gotham. The buildings in this area are decrepit and  
falling apart. Graffiti covers a majority of the buildings'  
exteriors.

Several people exit the bus, among them is Dick with his  
backpack, head covered in a red hoodie.

Dick looks over his shoulder as all the bus riders disperse  
in their own directions, then hurries off down an alley.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The end of the alleyway is dark with shadow cast by the  
surrounding high-rises. Only a slice of sunshine glimmers  
off one of the higher apartment's windows, reflecting just  
enough diffuse light to illuminate the alley.

**Focus On:** Dick's feet as he laces his boots.

(CONTINUED)

**Focus On:** Dick's hand as he dons his gauntlet.

**Focus On:** Dick's head as he ties his black mask behind his crown.

**Focus On:** Dick's chest as he dons his maroon tunic, the golden "R" emblem ending in center frame.

Robin tosses his backpack onto a pile of trash, behind a few metal trashcans that look to have been there awhile, and takes off down an adjacent alley.

He rounds a corner and spies a manhole. He slinks up to the manhole cover, pries it open with some effort, checks his surroundings, and hops down inside.

Once deep enough, he pulls the cover back into position.

INT. SEWERS - CONTINUOUS

Robin lands in a foot of water, making a splash.

He peers around the dark sewer, takes a step, then decides to take another, slowly making his way forward.

Robin's path can barely be seen with the limited light coming through the occasional storm drain. He moves with care, trying to keep aware of his surroundings, constantly checking his perimeter.

A deep, gravelly, southern voice, but definitely not Waylon's voice, echoes throughout the darkness, stopping Robin in his tracks.

CLAYCROC (O.S.)  
Looks like dinnertime...

Startled, Robin breathes in sharply, the breath hitting a lump in his throat.

CLAYCROC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now you're just making it easy,  
boy.

Robin jumps out of the water and stands against the wall, breathing heavily.

There is a long beat, where only his breathing can be heard.

A monstrous face with eyes glinting in the darkness appears in front of Robin's face, revealing himself to be the 'creature' responsible for the Homeless Colony Massacre; Basil Karlo's rendition of the 'Killer Crocodile'.

(CONTINUED)

## CLAYCROC (CONT'D)

Boo!

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT THREE:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. WAYNE MANOR, ALFRED'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Alfred's room is a large, secluded room deep within the halls of Wayne Manor, much larger in fact than either Bruce's or Dick's. He lays in his large, oak framed bed, spectacles low on his nose, reading literature.

Next to him, an antique endtable carries a glass of water, and two framed photographs. The first is a family portrait of Thomas Wayne, Martha Wayne, and a smiling nine-year-old Bruce. The second is a school picture of Bruce's from some years later, his adolescent face tensed with a great knowledge and a great burden, his eyebrows furrowed close, his jaw clenched, his mouth drawn tight.

There is a knock at his double doors.

ALFRED

Yes?

BRUCE (O.S.)

(from other side of door)

It's Bruce.

ALFRED

Come in.

Bruce opens the door and enters.

BRUCE

Have you seen Dick?

Alfred places his book face down, open, on the bed.

ALFRED

I have not. Is he missing?

BRUCE

He's not on the grounds.

ALFRED

He could have snuck off to spend time with Miss Gordon.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Possible. If not he's probably in the sewers looking for Waylon.

ALFRED

Should I prepare the car?

BRUCE

That won't be necessary. If he's with Jim's kid it's not a big deal. If he's in the sewers he'll see for himself Waylon is a good man. Either way we'll have a talk when he gets back.

INT. SEWERS - LATE AFTERNOON

Robin throws an Asiatic thrust at Claycroc's throat. Claycroc does not react, as though he felt no pain at all.

Robin is worried.

Robin throws various kicks at Claycroc. All of them connect, but once again elicit no reaction.

CLAYCROC

I like it when food fights back.

Claycroc swings an arm at Robin that sends him flying with an audible "OOF!"

Robin collects himself in the water and dodges out of the way of Claycroc's double-sledging fists.

Claycroc stands erect under a grate. Light shines upon him, illuminating the differences between this Croc and Waylon.

A gas-pellet hits Claycroc in the face, erupting into a gaseous cloud.

When Claycroc regains his sight, Robin is gone.

CLAYCROC (CONT'D)

C'mere boy!

Claycroc lumbers down the sewer tunnel, looking from side to side.

CLAYCROC (CONT'D)

You're late for dinner!

(CONTINUED)

Robin hides around a corner of the tunnel. Slowly, he peeks around the corner.

Claycroc isn't there.

He is behind Robin, and uses the element of surprise to grab him and pin the young vigilante up against the wall.

CLAYCROC (CONT'D)  
You look delicious, boy. Still. I  
should probably tenderize the meat.

Claycroc repeatedly swings at the immobile Robin with his free hand. He drives his enormous fist into Robin's gut again and again, then into the boy's face several times.

Robin's eye swells shut. Blood pours from his nose and mouth. He is being viciously beaten.

CLAYCROC (CONT'D)  
I'ma serve you up with grits, boy.

WAYLON (O.S.)  
That's the worst accent I ever  
heard.

Claycroc turns around jaw-first into a Waylon haymaker that sends him staggering back. In his stupor, he releases Robin, who collapses to the floor.

Claycroc stands up, half his face completely scraped off, smooth beige where it isn't; a completely bloodless injury.

His face reforms.

Claycroc lunges at Waylon and bites down where his shoulder meets his neck. Waylon screams.

Waylon pushes forward, slamming Claycroc against the wall. Claycroc lets go and falls to the ground.

Waylon mounts Claycroc and starts raining hammer-fists, taking off flakes of face with every punch, revealing the smooth beige beneath.

Claycroc uses his tail to whip Waylon off of him.

As Claycroc and Waylon stand in opposition, each ready to attack again, Robin starts to stand up.

The sound of rushing water can be heard. Robin turns to the sound but is scooped up by Waylon.

Waylon runs down the length of the sewer while carrying Robin.

WAYLON  
Time to go, kid.

Claycroc follows after.

They round a corner, coming to a dead end against a large, vertical grate blocking their path. There is a small grate above shining stippled light on our heroes.

Waylon lifts Robin to the grate above.

WAYLON (CONT'D)  
Hang on!

As Claycroc lunges at Waylon, a deluge of water is right behind him.

Waylon and Claycroc are pinned to the vertical grate by the force of the water.

Waylon holds his breath, seemingly accustomed to the occurrence. Claycroc is slowly dissolved, bits of him passing through the grate until there is nothing left. The wave dies down.

Robin drops from the ceiling and lands awkwardly, eventually standing up only to lean weakly against the curved wall.

WAYLON  
You with the bat?

ROBIN  
(Coughing)  
Yeah.

There is a beat.

WAYLON  
What's the "R" stand for?

ROBIN  
... Robin.

Waylon turns his back.

WAYLON  
(Aside)  
Batman and Robin.

He scoffs and starts to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Wh-, wait! Mr. Jones.

WAYLON

You can let yourself out.

Waylon disappears in the darkness.

All that can be heard are drips from the overflow and the traffic overhead as Robin starts his long walk back.

INT. A BUS - SUNSET

Dick, badly bruised, his left eye swollen shut and his lip busted, rides the bus home.

He leans his head against the cold glass and watches the neon light up the streets as he passes by.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - NIGHT

Dick limps in the front door and makes his way into the study.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Alfred sits in a large recliner relaxing while Bruce builds a fire in the huge fireplace.

Hearing the door open, Bruce and Alfred both turn to find Dick standing bloody and bruised in the doorway.

BRUCE

Jesus, Dick, what did you do?

DICK

I went- I went to talk to the crocodile guy.

ALFRED

Waylon did this to you?

DICK

I don't think so. I think Waylon saved me.

BRUCE

Then who attacked you?

(CONTINUED)

DICK  
I don't know. He looked like  
Waylon, but... scarier.

BRUCE  
That's it. You're staying here and  
I'm going into the sewers-

DICK  
(interrupting)  
He's gone. He... he dissolved or  
something.

BRUCE  
He dissolved? What do you mean he  
dissolved?

DICK  
I don't know! The sewer got  
flooded and the water took him away  
in pieces. I think he's dead.

ALFRED  
I should clean your uniform.

BRUCE  
No need Alfred. Dick, give me your  
backpack.

DICK  
I only-

BRUCE  
(interrupting, sternly)  
Give me the backpack.

Dick hands his backpack to Bruce.

ALFRED  
Obviously the boy has suffered  
enough-

BRUCE  
(interrupting)  
Not now!

DICK  
Look! I know I messed up-

BRUCE  
Messed up? You disobeyed a direct  
order. You almost got yourself  
killed and you let the only suspect  
we had die.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

I can-

BRUCE

(interrupting)

You obviously can't. No more patrols. No more uniform... You betrayed my trust, Dick. I made a mistake.

There is a beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Go clean up, you've got school tomorrow.

Dick stands there, even opens his mouth as if to say something, but quickly closes it and storms upstairs.

ALFRED

I'll take a look at him.

Alfred walks to the stairs as well.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, DICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dick sits in bed, bandaged, angry, and depressed.

His phone beeps on his nightstand.

As he leans over and checks it, the text is superimposed on the screen.

**SI. BABS: are you going to the party tomorrow?**

As Dick sits back and types a response, the letters appear on the screen one at a time.

**SI. cant. im grounded.**

Dick sets his phone down and winces in pain.

His phone beeps and again he picks it up and checks it.

**SI. BABS: that sucks. what did you do?**

He ponders a moment, then types.

**SI. almost got killed in the sewers**

Dick thinks a moment, then erases the letters off the screen by pressing backspace.

INT. GORDON HOUSEHOLD, BARBARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barbara sits on her bed.

Her phone vibrates and she quickly checks it.

**SI. DICK: i snuck out.**

Babs types something in response.

**SI. where did you go?**

Babs sets the phone down and waits.

And waits.

And waits.

She looks at the phone. There is no response.

INT. BASIL KARLO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A thin, shadowy man in a midnight blue trench coat and matching fedora sneaks into the room, the details of his appearance obscured by shadow and sartorial choices.

He walks to the desk and roots around in the clutter. He opens the drawer on the right, slamming it again quickly. He opens the middle drawer, slamming it closed almost immediately. He opens the left drawer and pauses briefly.

The shadowy figure starts stuffing putty tins into his coat pockets.

He hears the approaching noise of equipment being moved and scurries out, dropping a tin upside down on the ground.

Focus in on the bottom of the tin, which has a stylized "QI" logo on it.

FADE OUT: