

SHADOW OF THE BAT

I: CAPES

106 - "The Great Motivator, pt. I"

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:

EXT. GOTHAM PREP - DAY

The episode opens on the sounding of the final SCHOOL BELL as we pull away to reveal it swinging above the ivy-covered brick walls of the castle-like Gotham Preparatory school. Pull down to the large, wooden double doors and the front steps of Gotham Preparatory School.

The heavy doors swing open and students pour out, dispersing in every direction. Among the students are Dick, Babs, freshman ANTONIO MARONI, and his older sister, junior MONA MARONI.

As Babs catches up to Dick, we see his face is still bruised from his episode in the sewer with 'The Crocs'.

Barbara reaches him and taps him on the shoulder.

BARBARA

Hey, looks like your face is starting to heal up, 'Master Wayne' must've had a good week.

DICK

I told you, it wasn't Bruce.

BARBARA

Then why won't you tell me who it was?

Before Dick can respond, Antonio approaches him.

ANTONIO

Hey, Grayson right? See you're still at it, eh?

DICK

What're you talking about?

Dick looks at Babs.

The smaller Antonio reaches up, attempting to envelop the length of Dick's shoulders in the crook of his arm. He leads Dick away and toward the bike cages

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Whoopin' on people.

Antonio points at Dick's facial bruises with his free hand.

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
I'd hate to see the other guy.

DICK  
I don't fight.

Antonio laughs.

ANTONIO  
Yeah right, half the school saw you  
pounding on Geoffry right after  
Winter break.

DICK  
It wasn't *half* the school...

ANTONIO  
Word gets around, man. Speaking  
of, you probably heard about my  
little thing I got goin' on... We  
could use a guy like you.

A beat.

DICK  
No thanks.

**Back to:** Babs at the bottom of the steps.

Babs watches the conversation from afar when she is suddenly  
approached by Mona.

Mona is an Italian brunette with a fake suntan, sporting her  
dress-code skirt hiked up past the regulated thumb  
line. She stands before Babs and sizes her up a bit,  
popping her gum.

MONA  
Gordon.

BARBARA  
Maroni.

MONA  
You can call me Mona.

BARBARA  
You can call me Babs.

Mona chews her gum loudly.

MONA

Fair enough. Wanna hang out?

BARBARA

Why are you even talking to me?

Mona motions to Dick and Antonio as she escorts Babs over towards them.

MONA

My brother thinks you and the circus kid are cool. I guess I'm interested in finding out why.

A beat.

BARBARA

Okay...

MONA

Cool. We gotta drop off my brother first though.

EXT. THE MARONI MANSION - DAY

Mona's red convertible pulls up to the large Maroni mansion. Mona drives, Babs sits in the passenger seat, and Antonio hops out of the back seat.

Mona and Babs speed out of the driveway and out the large gate, leaving Antonio walking toward the Mansion.

INT. MARONI MANSION, MARONI'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Aaron "AMYGDALA" Helzinger enters Maroni's office carrying two five foot, cylindrical air-tanks under each of his humongous arms with ease.

SALVATORE "THE BOSS" MARONI, head of the Maroni Crime Family, leans back in his chair behind his large mahogany desk.

MARONI

Thank you, Aaron. Just place them there for now.

Amygdala drops the tanks haphazardly on the floor, resulting in metallic thuds.

(CONTINUED)

MARONI

You may tell your boss that the money is already in his account... See you next week?

AMYGDALA

Okay!

INT. MARONI MANSION, STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Antonio, heading up the stairs, passes Amygdala as he descends.

Amygdala waves at Antonio. Antonio nods back.

At the top of the stairs, Antonio enters his father's office.

INT. MARONI MANSION, MARONI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANTONIO

Jesus that guy is big, another delivery?

MARONI

Two tanks this time.

ANTONIO

And he just carried-? Good. It's about that time, we're gettin' low.

MARONI

School's out now, you're not worried about business slowing down during the summer?

ANTONIO

Oh no, we got the knocks on repeat.

MARONI

Good. Pino can start fillin' the cans.

Antonio puts his hands up, stopping his father momentarily.

ANTONIO

Don't worry Pop, I got it.

A smile creeps onto Maroni's face as he sits back down in his chair.

Toni exits the room, shutting the doors behind himself.

(CONTINUED)

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

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - DAY

Bruce sits at his desk, leaning back, feet up, reading a thick medical journal. The sun shines through the bay window behind him and illuminates the pages.

**SI: "The Great Motivator, pt. I"**

Dick enters the study from the foyer. He walks from the door straight to Bruce and stands in front of the desk, planning out his speech in his head.

Bruce looks up from the book and patiently waits for a few moments before speaking.

BRUCE  
Well, out with it.

When Dick fails to speak, Bruce looks back to his journal.

DICK  
Well... there's this kid at school,  
and I think he's selling drugs.  
It's bigger than that though, I  
think he has ties to the-

BRUCE  
(interrupting)  
Antonio Maroni. Son of mob boss  
Salvatore Maroni. Antonio's been  
moving drugs for the family for  
several months now, I'm well aware  
of the situation.

Dick is caught off guard.

DICK  
You're "well aware?" And you're not  
doing anything about it? Why are we  
not suiting up and taking these  
guys down? They're selling drugs  
to kids!

Bruce looks up from the medical journal, closes it and sets it on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

This is not up for discussion, Dick. There is a plan in motion here. A plan that has been built upon years of hard work and will continue to build for however long it takes... And when it is time to suit up, I'll be suiting up alone.

Dick, unable to respond, shakes with anger before turning and walking to the doors.

As Bruce speaks Dick pauses his stride.

BRUCE

Dick... Stay out of this one. I mean it.

Without turning, Dick exits the study.

EXT. GRAHAM ELLIOT MEMORIAL PARK - AFTERNOON

Babs and Mona sit atop a picnic table with their feet resting on the bench. The relatively small park is located in a residential area. A few dozen yards away from the girls there is a sandy area with swings and slides, but it is currently unoccupied.

They are alone in the park.

BARBARA

So... this is where the cool kids hang out?

Mona chuckles.

MONA

The cool kids?

BARBARA

I mean you and your friends... What do you guys usually... do?

MONA

Whatever we want.

Babs shifts uncomfortably. Mona notices.

MONA (CONT'D)

Babs, you really need to chill out.

Mona reaches into her purse and produces a joint.

(CONTINUED)

MONA (CONT'D)

Here, let's hit this joint and  
we'll feel better.

Babs is horrified as Mona lights and puffs on the joint.

BARBARA

Oh uh... I'm okay. I already smoked  
a bunch of joints this morning...  
I'm all jointed out.. ha ha.

Mona stares at Babs for a moment, the joint hanging out of  
the corner of her mouth.

She begins to smile.

MONA

I like you Babs. You got a good  
sense of humor. So if you don't  
wanna smoke what do you wanna do?

BARBARA

Maybe we could go to the mall? Some  
new stores opened up last month and  
I haven't been there in awhile.

MONA

Good idea. I've been meaning to go  
there and pick up some stuff. Let's  
do it.

Mona and then Babs hop off the bench, heading towards Mona's  
car parked along the street.

As they reach the car Mona exhales a large cloud of  
smoke. She opens the door and gets in.

Joint in mouth, Mona starts up the car. She pulls the joint  
from her mouth and holds it, arm rested on the open window.

Babs hesitates.

Mona puts on her sunglasses, then looks up at Babs.

MONA (CONT'D)

You comin'?

Babs pops the door open.



EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - AFTERNOON

Antonio drinks from a large fountain soda as he stands outside the restaurant with a couple of his friends.

Dick walks up to the group. His backpack is cinched tight around his shoulders, and he hooks his thumbs on it's straps, holding his elbows out in front of himself. He could not be more out of place.

ANTONIO

What's up, Grayson, trying to pick up a little somethin'?

DICK

Oh, no, I was, uh... I was thinking more about what you said earlier.

Another KID walks up.

ANTONIO

One second, man. (to the Kid) Yeah?

CUSTOMER KID

Can I just get one today, man?

The kid hands over a ten dollar bill.

Antonio pockets the bill and goes back to the conversation as one of his friends hands over a small CO2-style CANISTER to the Customer Kid.

CUSTOMER KID (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The Kid walks away and into the burger joint. We see through the window that he quickly enters the men's restroom.

ANTONIO

So you want in?

Geoffrey walks out of the burger joint.

GEOFFREY

Toni, Toni, Toni...

ANTONIO

Don't call me that, Jeffrey. Only my dad calls me that.

(CONTINUED)

GEOFFRY

Oh, sorry Toni, I didn't realize you were such a daddy's girl. Oh hello, **Dick**, finally hanging with the wrong crowd, I see.

DICK

Oh, hey Geoffry, I just-

Dick FEINTS throwing a punch at Geoffry. Despite the swing stopping well before it would have landed, Geoffry drops to the ground with his hands in front of his face.

Antonio and his friends start LAUGHING hysterically.

They are too preoccupied with Geoffry to notice the slight look of self-disgust on Dick's face.

Antonio gives Dick's shoulder a friendly shove.

ANTONIO

Nice one, Grayson!

Antonio pops the lid off his soda and pours it over the prone Geoffry.

Everyone laughs even harder. Everyone but Dick.

INT. FACTORY - AFTERNOON

Amygdala sits on the floor of a dark, abandoned factory, legs crossed, tapping a rhythm on the metal chair next to him just to hear the noise. The bright sun shines through a small, broken window near the ceiling, just illuminating Amygdala and his immediate surroundings.

A shadowy figure approaches the beam of light, standing before it and Amygdala.

AMYGDALA

Boss?

The figure steps into the light. It is Dr. Hugo Strange.

STRANGE

Hello Aaron.

AMYGDALA

Hi boss!

(CONTINUED)

STRANGE

You delivered the tanks to Mr.  
Maroni?

AMYGDALA

I did. They wasn't heavy or  
nothin'!

STRANGE

And did you bring back last week's  
tank, Aaron?

A beat.

Amygdala hangs his head.

AMYGDALA

No.

STRANGE

Why not, Aaron?

AMYGDALA

(forlorn)

I forgot.

STRANGE

And what did I tell you would  
happen the next time you forgot?

AMYGDALA

(forlorn)

... I forgot.

STRANGE

Unacceptable. Your childlike nature  
has led to numerous mistakes and  
you are slowing down the process.  
Your services will no longer be  
required, Mr. Hellzinger.

AMYGDALA

Re...quired?

STRANGE

You're fired.

AMYGDALA

But... what am I gonna do tomorrow?

STRANGE

That is entirely up to you.

Strange turns and exits.

(CONTINUED)

AMYGDALA

Up to.. me?

EXT. GOTHAM CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

A black sedan speeds down the otherwise empty streets of the Gotham City suburbs.

INT. BLACK SEDAN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Two older boys sit in the driver and passenger seat of the sedan's leather interior, while Antonio and Dick sit in the back.

The older boys are wearing their burgundy Gotham Prep letterman's jackets.

ANTONIO

Good job back there. I'm pretty sure Jeff pissed his pants when you flashed on him.

DICK

Yeah, I hate that guy. Can't pass up an opportunity to mess up his day... Anyway, like I said before, I'm in, all the way.

ANTONIO

Yeah, yeah, I heard you say that before. But what do you actually mean?

DICK

I wanna be a part of this. Whatever you're doing. Maybe I could take a package or something and start dealing for you?

Antonio and his older friends laugh.

ANTONIO

You've been watching too many bad movies, that ain't the way it works... Nah, you're gonna ride with us today and I'm gonna show you what's what. Do you even know what it is that I sell?

(CONTINUED)

DICK  
I know its called "fear".

A beat.

DRIVER  
This kid don't know shit.

ANTONIO  
Is your job to talk or is your job  
to drive? 'Cause I could swear you  
were the one holding the wheel and  
I was the one holding the  
conversation.

The driver shuts up.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Grayson's right. We do sell fear.

DICK  
Is there a market for a drug like  
that?

ANTONIO  
Are you kidding? Kids love to be  
afraid... You know what fear  
is? Fear is that first, giant dip  
in the roller-coaster. Fear is the  
moment your girlfriend grabs your  
leg at a scary movie. Fear is the  
ringing in your ears when you break  
into a building.

DICK  
(lying)  
Oh yeah, I love that.

ANTONIO  
Fear is the great motivator...  
Remember that.

Dick's smart-phone rings in his pocket.

He quickly checks it and silences the ringing.

Focus on the phone's screen, it has a small picture of Bruce  
with the word "BRUCE" above it.

ANTONIO  
Who is it?

Focus on the screen. Dick denies the call.

(CONTINUED)

DICK  
No one important.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The sedan speeds off down the road.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT TWO:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. JONATHAN CRANE'S LABORATORY - AFTERNOON

The cluttered laboratory is filled with all sorts of glass equipment, burners, and tangles of tubes with liquids of different colors passing through them.

We follow the liquids through the tubes as each color races to a large flask mixing them together into a compound rainbow.

We lower down, watching the colors mix and slowly drop through a small output.

A droplet falls from the flask onto the soil of a familiar potted plant. It is Pamela Isely's Metus Timorus.

We slowly pull out to reveal a tall, bespectacled scientist, Dr. JOHNATHAN CRANE.

As we pull out even further we see the blurred silhouette of Dr. Hugo Strange behind him.

Crane is startled by Dr. Strange's seemingly sudden appearance and leaps out of his stance.

CRANE  
JESUS CHRIST! - - My God, man,  
you... You scared the hell out of  
me.

STRANGE  
My apologies Dr. Crane. My intent  
was not... to frighten you, no. No  
instead I have come here merely to  
make sure all is in order. You had  
some concerns about the compound?

(CONTINUED)

CRANE

Yes... Yes, I've been tweaking the process repeatedly and running through the trials, but the results don't appear to be changing. Phobium was supposed to create chemically induced immersion therapy and it's just not working...

STRANGE

You have succeeded. Those with irrational fears difficult to replicate can safely take your compound and become accustomed to-

CRANE

(interrupting)

That's just the thing, Dr. Strange, it's **not** helping. If anything, the level of anxiety **increases** in most, if not all, subjects. There have even been a few cases of new phobias developing during treatment.

STRANGE

That is why I have you good doctor. There are unhealthy people everywhere, as you well know. Your patient, Mr. Stirk, for instance. If he were cured of his hypochondria, he could become the productive member of society he once was. He is a brilliant man being kept back by an illness. An illness that only you may be able to cure. You have many patients, Dr. Crane. The compound is too important to abandon at this early stage. Production must continue. For all their sakes'.

INT. MALL, FOODCOURT - AFTERNOON

Babs and Mona sit across from one another in the multi-level food court of Gotham's giant mall.

The court is packed to the brim with consumers stumbling around, eating, and shopping.

(CONTINUED)

Mona munches on a meatball sub while Babs nibbles at a small and pathetic lunch-meat sandwich which must have been purchased from the children's menu.

Mona swallows and wipes her mouth with a napkin.

MONA

So what's the deal with you and the circus kid? Is he as flexible as I hope he is?

Babs blushes.

BARBARA

I don't know?

MONA

Is that a question?

BARBARA

No. No, I... I don't know if he's flexible.

MONA

But you want to.

BARBARA

What? God! No, I... I mean...

Mona smiles.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(defensively)

I just turned sixteen.

MONA

That's what I'm sayin'. Don't you want to get married someday?

BARBARA

What does...

MONA

Don't be naive, Babs. If you don't learn now, how are you going to please your man?

BARBARA

I'm... not interested in pleasing any men right now.

(CONTINUED)



MONA  
If you say so.

Mona takes a swig from her soda.

MONA (CONT'D)  
That just means circus kid's fair  
game.

Mona gives Babs a playful look as she pushes her food aside  
and stands up from the table.

MONA (CONT'D)  
C'mon, lets go find those new  
stores you were talking about.

EXT. GRAHAM ELLIOT MEMORIAL PARK - AFTERNOON

The black sedan pulls up to the same park that Babs and Mona  
were at a couple hours before.

Sitting on the picnic table is a teenager wearing a red  
hoodie. The hood is up obscuring his face; his hands rest  
in the front pouch-pocket.

INT./EXT. SENIOR BOY'S CAR/G.E.M. PARK - CONTINUOUS

DICK  
What're we doing here?

ANTONIO  
Well aren't you just full of  
questions. Follow me, keep your  
mouth shut, watch and learn. Like I  
said, I'm gonna show you what's  
what.

Antonio pops the handle on his door as the rest follow suit.

Dick, Antonio, and the two Gotham Prep seniors exit the car  
and walk up towards the picnic bench.

Antonio takes point and approaches the Hooded Teen.

ANTONIO  
You the one who called?

HOODED TEEN  
Yeah, you got it?

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO

No, that's why I'm here... Of course I fucking got it. Where's the money?

HOODED TEEN

No money.

The Hooded Teen stands up. Behind him, Geoffrey and two LIBERTY HIGH SENIORS, identifiable by their yellow and black letterman's jackets, come out from behind the nearby bushes.

ANTONIO

What the hell?

GEOFFRY

Oh, you know what this is Toni. I've had enough of you and your druggy friends thinking you're better than me. Nothing like evening the odds with some hired muscle, right? You know all about that.

Dick steps toward Geoffry, but is stopped by Antonio.

ANTONIO

No. Today you watch.

Antonio turns to the Gotham Prep seniors and nods.

The Prep seniors run into the fray as their rivals come to meet them. The hooded individual steps to the side, avoiding conflict.

Prep Senior One swings high as his Liberty opponent comes in low with a punch to his breadbasket, doubling him over. Simultaneously Prep Senior Two swings low on his and is caught with an uppercut to his chin.

Liberty Senior One soccer kicks Prep Senior One in the side of the face, making blood dribble down his chin.

Prep Senior One slumps onto his stomach, finished.

Prep Two ducks a swing from Liberty Two and, seeing his companion on the ground, sprints toward Liberty One.

Liberty One ducks back under the lunge and uses his legs to "Monkey Flip" Prep Two over himself.

Prep Two over-rotates and lands chin first on a hard kick from the Hooded Teen, knocking him out.

(CONTINUED)

Geoffry celebrates the victory from a safe position a few yards away.

The three assailants suddenly turn toward Dick and Antonio.

Dick quickly sizes them up.

DICK  
Now you watch.

Dick runs in on Liberty One and wraps his forearm around his neck, flying around him and kicking Liberty Two in the face before landing on his feet.

Liberty Two drops to one knee.

Liberty One is still in Dick's grasp as Dick gets behind him, back to back, drops to a knee, and drags Liberty One over in a backflipping motion by the neck. Liberty One lands on his stomach, defeated.

Liberty Two begins to stand up, lifting his head right into a knockout punch from Dick.

Both the Liberties are down and out.

The Hooded Teen steps up and strikes an unorthodox battle stance.

They circle.

Hooded teen throws a low kick which Dick swats away.

Dick throws a jab but Hooded Teen weaves to avoid it.

Hooded Teen throws a high kick, which Dick avoids by back-handspringing.

Dick lunges in for a "Superman Punch", which the Hooded Teen sidesteps, grabbing Dick's fist and judo rolling him through.

Dick stands up, turning right into a high-kick from Hooded Teen, but captures under the leg and around the neck, "capture suplexing" the Hooded Teen onto his head, knocking him unconscious.

Dick takes a breath, then walks up to Geoffry and stands in front of him, face to face.

A beat.

Dick feints another punch at Geoffry who cowers once more.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON

Amygdala wanders down a dank, dumpster ridden alley, sobbing softly.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, STIRK'S CELL - AFTERNOON

Stirk sits against the cold wall at the back of his bed, knees to his chin, arms around his legs. Jonathan Crane sits in a folding chair on the other side of the room. An untouched tray of food is visible in the corner of the room. The florescent lights give the scene an unnatural and sickly radiance.

CRANE

Cornelius, can you hear me?

STIRK

Barely sir, my faculties are not what they once were. Perhaps if I were allowed to have one heart a week-

CRANE

Mr. Stirk I am not a negotiator, I am your psychiatrist.

STIRK

Psychiatrists prescribe medicine. I require mine, sir.

CRANE

Human hearts are not medicine.

STIRK

What is that, sir? I cannot hear you.

CRANE

But if there were medicine you could take. Medicine that would make you feel better, healthy again. Would you take it?

STIRK

I am not sick, Dr. Crane, merely malnourished. Malnourished at your behest.

CRANE

And when you refuse food for a week at a time? At whose behest are you malnourished then?

(CONTINUED)

STIRK

That is not food for me, sir.

CRANE

There was a time, only a year or so ago, when you ate food. You are human, like the rest of us.

STIRK

Can a human warp a man's mind, bring fear to his heart, sir?

CRANE

You think yourself more than human?

STIRK

Or less.

INT. MALL, SWEET SIXTEEN CLOTHING STORE - AFTERNOON

Babs and Mona walk around. Mona, still carrying her drink from earlier, is loudly sipping through the straw as she uninterestedly flips through the clothes on the racks.

MONA

I don't know Babs. Their clothes are so... not slutty.

BARBARA

Isn't that a good thing?

Mona looks sideways at Babs.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Kidding!

Babs follows as Mona walks around a table and starts sifting through pieces of loose jewelry.

MONA

At least some of these earrings are nice. You like these?

Mona lifts a pair of earrings up to show to Babs.

Babs nods.

BARBARA

Yeah, they'd probably look cute with--

Mona looks around and slips the earrings into her own purse.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
--What are you doing?!

MONA  
(whispering)  
Keep it down, Babs, I'm working  
here. You want a pair?

BARBARA  
(stage whispering)  
No, I do not want a pair! I can't  
do this!

MONA  
(whispering)  
Oh come on, don't you wanna be *cool*  
like me? Either get with it or get  
lost.

Mona begins making her way toward the exit.

Babs, unsure of herself, remains quiet and walks out with  
Mona.

As they cross the threshold between the store and the mall  
an alarm rings out. Mona immediately turns and sprints  
towards the mall exit. Babs, completely surprised, is frozen  
in place.

A hand grabs Babs by the wrist.

Babs looks up.

A SECURITY GUARD stares down at her, grimly.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT THREE:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. GCPD, INTERROGATION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Babs and Mona sit next to each other on hard metal chairs  
behind a large table in a dimly lit interrogation room.

BARBARA  
Why did you run?

MONA  
Shut up. Just don't talk.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA  
You shouldn't have-

MONA  
(interrupting)  
For a cop's kid you're not that  
smart, Gordon.

The door swings open and Harold Bullock storms in, shoulders high, a scowl on his face, clipboard in hand.

BULLOCK  
Huh. Rent-a-cop did good. You  
must be the two most connected  
teenage girls in Gotham. Miss  
Maroni, your lawyer is on his way,  
I've been advised to have you taken  
to your own room until he  
arrives. Officer Merkel.

Merkel steps into the room.

MERKEL  
Ma'am.

Mona stands up and straightens her shirt. She walks to Merkel and they exit, leaving Bullock alone with Babs.

Bullock closes the door behind them. He walks to the desk and turns the interrogator's chair around. He straddles it, casually resting his crossed arms on the back of the chair.

BULLOCK  
You messed up kid.

BARBARA  
I didn't take anything! When my  
dad gets here he can-

BULLOCK  
(interrupting)  
We found the earrings in your  
purse.

A beat.

BARBARA  
But I didn't-

BULLOCK  
(interrupting)  
You think that Maroni girl is going  
down for this? With the father  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK (cont'd)  
she's got? If you sign a  
confession now it'll look good at  
your sentencing.

The door swings open again and James Gordon positively  
explodes through the door, trench-coat flailing behind him.

GORDON  
You get the hell away from my  
daughter, Harry.

Gordon stands a few steps inside the door, steaming.

Bullock does not look away from Babs, not at first.

He turns to look at James Gordon as he stands up.

BULLOCK  
Jim-

GORDON  
(interrupting)  
Out!

Bullock stands there for a moment.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Now!

Bullock walks out, slamming the door behind himself.

Gordon stands, staring at the closed door.

A beat.

Gordon walks slowly to the table. He turns the chair back  
around and sits down. His shoulders slump.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
(calmly, in resignation)  
What the hell were you thinking?

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, ZSASZ'S CELL - LATE AFTERNOON

A slightly larger than man-sized cage sits to one side of  
the otherwise empty cell. Inside the cage is a man-sized  
steel cylinder.

Jonathon Crane enters with a clipboard in one hand, a  
folding chair in the other.

(CONTINUED)



CRANE

I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Mr.  
Zsasz.

There is an empty window cut out of the cylinder toward its top, facing the rest of the room. All that can be seen inside is the smiling mouth of a Caucasian male; the mouth of notorious serial killer VICTOR ZSASZ.

ZSASZ

Not at all. As Einstein said, time  
is an illusion.

Crane opens the chair and sets it down.

CRANE

Benjamin Franklin said lost time is  
never found again.

Crane sits down.

ZSASZ

We are time's subjects, and time  
bids be gone.

CRANE

Shakespeare. Henry the Fourth. Is  
that what you serve,  
Victor? Entropy?

ZSASZ

Only entropy comes easy.

CRANE

We're done with quotes for now.

ZSASZ

Why do you think I do it, Dr.  
Crane?

CRANE

You mean murder dozens of innocent  
people?

ZSASZ

Robots and zombies.

CRANE

If it makes you feel better.

ZSASZ

No guesses?

(CONTINUED)

CRANE

Each tally is a tribute to your genius. In that moment you were superior to them.

ZSASZ

Oh, scarecrow, if you only had a brain.

CRANE

I suppose that makes you the tin woodsman.

ZSASZ

In need of a heart? I like this line of thought. That must make Jeremiah Arkham the cowardly lion, afraid to become his father.

CRANE

We're getting off track.

ZSASZ

You are distracted today, doctor. What is it that's bothering you?

CRANE

We're here to talk about you, Victor.

ZSASZ

You've clashed with authority recently, haven't you? Things not going so well between you and Jeremiah?

CRANE

Any dreams lately?

ZSASZ

Was I that far off?

CRANE

How's your appetite?

ZSASZ

You could let me out of here to feed myself.

CRANE

After what happened last time?

(CONTINUED)

ZSASZ

I suppose not.

INT. MARONI MANSION, MARONI'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Mona sits before her father. Maroni paces up and down behind his desk.

MARONI

(angry)

What the hell were you thinking?

MONA

Poppa I-

MARONI

(interrupting)

Don't "poppa" me, you can't put this kinda pressure on me like this Ramona. Do you know how hard it's going to be on your grandfather? He's sick, and all you wanna do is worry him with this bullshit. Not to mention, you better pray no one saw you leave that station. That's the last fuckin' thing I need.

MONA

(timidly)

I'm sorry.

MARONI

Sorry's not good enough this time Ramona. You; talking isn't going to get you out of nothin'... Why can't you be like your brother, huh? I mean, you're almost an adult and he's got his shit together better than you... No. Get in your room, you're done for the night. I don't wanna see you. And don't let me catch you leavin'.

Mona stands up and heads to the door.

MARONI (CONT'D)

And no more hangin around Gordon's kid... should know better than that.

EXT. GRAHAM ELLIOT MEMORIAL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Amygdala walks up to and sits on the swing, bending the crossbar slightly. He sniffles sadly, hanging his head.

Gordon's civilian automobile drives by in the background.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gordon drives, sternly watching the road.

Babs sits in the passenger seat, frustrated.

BABS  
(exasperated)  
I don't know! She said I was cool.

GORDON  
Young lady we are not "cool." Cool people steal earrings from stores.

BABS  
I told you I didn't-

GORDON  
(interrupting, level-headed)  
I was referring to Mona. You should be thankful you don't have to end up like her.

A beat.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
From now on you are not to see Ramona Maroni or her brother.

BABS  
Good. They're horrible.

A beat as they both stare out at the road before them.

BABS (CONT'D)  
I hope Dick's alright.

GORDON  
Why? What is Dick doing?

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Steam pours out of distant tenement rooftops. The sun beats on the roof. Hands appear on the fire escape ladder. Soon, a bruised Prep One, Toni, Dick, Toni's girlfriend Lexi, and a few other friends scamper onto the roof as Prep Two, equally bruised, follows behind.

ANTONIO

That was freakin' hilarious man! I can't believe you got him again. Again!

DICK

Yeah, well... Geoffry was the easy one.

ANTONIO

You made it all look easy. You're in man. You're definitely in.

Antonio extends his hand.

Dick looks at it a brief moment, but quickly grabs it and shakes.

DICK

Is that why we're on the roof? For my initiation?

ANTONIO

I guess you could say that. Call Mona, baby, she should be here for this.

LEXI

I can't find my phone. I think somebody swiped it.

ANTONIO

Don't worry, I'll get you a new one. Ready to have some fun, Grayson?

One of Antonio's friends opens his backpack and pulls out several forties.

DICK

Oh, I don't drink. Beer.

Antonio opens his bottle.

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO  
These aren't for you.

Antonio takes a swig.

DICK  
They aren't?

ANTONIO  
Nah. This is pussy shit. Plus,  
you're gonna be pushin' for me,  
right?

DICK  
Yeah, totally.

Antonio presents a small canister.

ANTONIO  
Then you're gonna wanna try this.

DICK  
I'm not...

One of Antonio's other friends is already handing him a  
"cracker" apparatus attached to a large yellow balloon.

DICK (CONT'D)  
I mean... I've got homework...

ANTONIO  
You ever do nitrous...?

Dick stares at Antonio blankly.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Whippets?

DICK  
Oh 'whippets,' yeah.

ANTONIO  
Well this is better.

Antonio cracks the canister, releasing the gas into the  
balloon.

Antonio pulls the balloon from the cracker and pinches it  
shut. He raises the balloon, offering it to Dick.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Here... just breathe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30.

Dick face contorts in consternation. He can't figure out how to get out of the situation.

**SI: To be continued...**

FADE TO BLACK: