

SHADOW OF THE BAT

I: CAPES

109 - "Old Habits"

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?

OVER BLACK

A beep is heard, repeating at regular intervals, perhaps a heart monitor. The beeping continues through the credits title card.

OPENING TITLE CARD: SHADOW OF THE BAT

ACT ONE:

INT. "BUDDY'S" GROCERY STORE, CHECK-OUT - DAY

A hand waves grocery products over the price scanner, one after another, by rote, producing the familiar beeping.

As the products pass the scanner, they are conveyed by a belt to the bagger, EDWARD NIGMA. He wears a striped apron over a collared shirt, a lifeless, tired expression on his face. He places a dozen eggs at the bottom of the bag, then grabs some frozen dinners.

SI: "Old Habits"

INGRATE CUSTOMER

Excuse me, could you please put the
eggs on top?

Nigma attempts a smile weakly, taking the eggs back out of the bag.

He looks up in response to his name being called over the intercomm.

BLAKE

(over intercomm)

Eddie to aisle 7b for clean-up,
Eddie to aisle 7b for clean-up
please.

INT. "BUDDY'S" GROCERY STORE, AISLE 7B - A LITTLE LATER

Nigma rounds the corner, mop and broom in hand, to see a small child standing over a huge puddle of olive oil and broken glass, crying. The child's mother ignores her son, instead focusing her anger on Nigma.

INGRATE MOTHER

(to Nigma)

It was very stupid putting all this
glass on the bottom shelf where any
child can reach it.

(CONTINUED)

Nigma bends down and starts picking up the larger pieces of glass. One pricks his finger, producing a small drop of blood.

He raises his finger into his field of vision, and slowly cocks his head to the side, staring at it.

CHILD

Are you okay?

Focus on the pricked finger.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Focus on Nigma's hand, a band-aid on his injured finger, placing a bus pass in the ticket-taker.

Nigma lumbers, his posture slumped, to the back of the bus, and sits down.

The bus starts out. Gotham passes by outside the window, but Nigma drops his head, zoning out on the back of the empty seat in front of him.

INT. NIGMA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, HALLWAY - LATER

In a cramped hallway, Nigma takes his key out of his pocket.

A man tries to pass Nigma. Nigma pushes himself against his door so the man can pass.

Nigma turns the doorknob.

INT. NIGMA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nigma's door opens, and he steps in.

He walks past a small, out of date tube television on his immediate left and an old, beat up recliner chair to his immediate right, and within a few steps is in the "kitchen." The apartment is very small, so small as to be claustrophobic.

Nigma opens his mostly empty half-size refrigerator, retrieving a small pack of american cheese slices and what remains of a loaf of bread. He walks to the counter.

He places the items on the counter. Opening the bread, he finds only the two end-pieces.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

Nigma sits on his recliner, slowly eating his cheese sandwich off of a paper plate.

The TV is off. Nigma stares into space.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

three loud KNOCKS pound on Nigma's thin front door.

INT. NIGMA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The morning sun shines through a tiny window, projecting a bright patch on Nigma's recliner. He lies back in it, fast asleep, the paper plate and crust on his lap.

Three more knocks scare him awake, the paper plate and crust hit the floor, disturbed by his sudden movement.

Nigma brushes himself off and readies himself, straightening his demeanor.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN (O.S.)
Wake up Ed!

Nigma stands and walks to the door. He hesitates a moment, then unlocks the padlock and opens the door to DAN, his humongous, meat-head parole officer.

Dan walks in, having to duck under the door-frame due to his size, and half-sits, half-leans on Nigma's television.

Nigma shuts the door and walks back to his chair across from Dan.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN
Eddie, how ya doin' bud?

Nigma, slouching in his chair, looks up at Dan, empty-eyed.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
Saw a newspaper out front there,
you uh, haven't been doin' any
crosswords have you?

NIGMA
No.

(CONTINUED)

PAROLE OFFICER DAN
Puzzles, word jumbles, anything
like that?

NIGMA
I'm clean.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN
Sure, sure. That's great. You know,
as your friend, that makes me
happy. As your PO, it gives me
relief.

Nigma stays silent.

Dan takes a gaze around the apartment.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
Place looks good...

He points down at the spilled crust.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
... 'cept for the crust.

Nigma doesn't move.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
It'll be three months tomorrow
since you've been out, thought I'd
have a congratulatory stop-by
before the wife and I head out of
town for the weekend. We're goin'
up north to-

NIGMA
I have to go to work, Dan.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN
Oh yeah, yeah no worries. The wife
and I gotta head out soon anyway...

Dan offers Nigma a handshake and Nigma accepts. Nigma's hand is dwarfed by Dan's meaty paw. Dan bring his other hand into the equation, completely engulfing Nigma's hand in a "friendly" manner.

Nigma opens the door as Dan heads out.

Almost out the door, Dan stops.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
 Takin' the bus?

NIGMA
 Yes.

PAROLE OFFICER DAN
 We got an extra seat if ya need a
 ride?

There is a pause as Nigma considers the unappealing, but convenient offer.

NIGMA
 Actually, I do.

INT. "BUDDY'S" GROCERY STORE, CHECK-OUT - DAY

Mirroring the opening of the episode, Nigma stands at the end of the check out counter loading groceries into bags and bags into carts. Nigma's face is absolutely devoid of emotion; he moves deliberately, robotically.

He slowly reaches by his knees and peels away another plastic bag, shakes it open and continues loading groceries.

We slowly **DOLLY-OUT/ZOOM-IN** on Nigma's face as the sounds of the store dull away into **WHITE NOISE**.

Once his face almost fills the frame, all the noise rushes back to him at full volume.

CASHIER
 Eddie!

Nigma shakes his head to attention.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
 Double bag it like the lady said
 before Blake notices and-

The CASHIER looks behind Nigma and does not like what he sees.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
 (sarcastically)
 Great.

BLAKE, the store manager, puts his hand on Nigma's shoulder, startling him.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Eddie, can I see you over here for a minute?

NIGMA

Sure.

Blake takes Nigma aside, next to the exit. He stands authoritatively, sternly, arms crossed.

BLAKE

Eddie, what's up? What's the deal? Where's the smile?

NIGMA

I don't know. I can smile more...

BLAKE

We don't just want a smile, we want genuine happiness so we can pass it on to the customers.

Nigma nods.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I'm not supposed to go into details on the ConSat Surveys, but-

NIGMA

I'm sorry, ConSat?

Blake gives a confused look.

BLAKE

Consumer Satisfaction Survey, something everyone in the store should know. Now, I'm not supposed to say, but in your case, you need the info to better yourself and the company... On your last ConSat you received a below two.

NIGMA

Below two?

BLAKE

It's on a scale of zero to nine...

A woman pushes her cart past Blake and Nigma. Blake stops and waves goodbye to her, continuing to speak through a forced smile.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Below two is the worst I've seen
since becoming Supervisor.

Blake stops and puts his finger to his earpiece, listening.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(into earpiece mic)
Yeah, I'll be there in a minute.
(back to Nigma)
You want to take Cashier don't you?

The conversation falls silent.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
... Right? Jesus Eddie, do you
even want to be here?

The conversation falls silent once more.

NIGMA
... Am I supposed to?

BLAKE
I'm not going to get down on you
because you look like you need some
time off. How about you go home and
call us when you feel you can
perform at Buddy's standards.

NIGMA
Blake, I can't have any more hours
cut, I-

Blake lifts his hand to his earpiece, cutting off Nigma. He listens a moment, then walks away from the conversation, leaving Nigma by the exit.

INT. BUS - DAY

Nigma sits at the back of the dirty bus, staring out the cloudy window at the passing buildings and pedestrians.

INT. NIGMA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Nigma sits in his recliner, a blank expression on his face. The TV, the lights, everything is off.

There is a light rap on the door. Nigma does not stir.

The rapping comes again, a little louder. Nigma's head slowly turns toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

A woman's voice can be heard through the thin door.

CHERYL (O.S.)
I don't think he's home.

Nigma stands. A man's voice joins the woman's.

GREG (O.S.)
I thought you said you passed him
in the lobby.

Nigma steps to the door.

CHERYL (O.S.)
Well his lights are off.

Nigma opens the door to GREG and CHERYL, both of whom turn to the doorway and smile broadly, teeth practically sparkling.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
You are home!

Nigma stares a moment. He exits his apartment and closes the door behind him, standing on the other side. The three attempt to co-exist in the tiny hallway; Nigma too dead inside to care, the couple trying their best to appear unphased.

NIGMA
... and you are...

CHERYL
How rude of me, I'm so sorry.

Cheryl extends her hand.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
I'm Cheryl...

Greg extends his hand.

GREG
And I'm Greg. We're your upstairs
neighbors.

Nigma stares at their hands. They slowly lower them.

CHERYL
We just make so much noise stompin'
around up there I thought we should
come down and invite you to game
night.

NIGMA
Game night?

GREG
It's a little weekly tradition ever
since we got married a month ago.

Greg and Cheryl wait awkwardly for congratulations, but none are forthcoming.

GREG (CONT'D)
Would you like to come play?

NIGMA
What are you playing?

CHERYL
Rock, Paper, Scissors.

NIGMA
You mean Ro-Sham-Bo?

CHERYL
No it's this great party game,
you'll love it.

INT. GREG AND CHERYL'S APARTMENT - A WHILE LATER

The apartment is spacious. Conservative, but livable.

Greg and Cheryl, BOB and CINDY, and Nigma, all sit around the dining room table. Cards litter the table's surface.

BOB
He won't do better than mine.

CINDY
Shhh... he's thinking.

Greg lifts his chin off his hands.

GREG
Alright...

Greg places onto the table a card with a picture of a scarf, under which the word "SCARF" is printed.

GREG (CONT'D)
I tie the scarf...

He places a card with a "WEEDWACKER" on it next to the first card.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (CONT'D)
...to the spinning part of the
weedwacker...

Greg places a third card, this one sporting a "9-VOLT
BATTERY".

GREG (CONT'D)
... then I place one side of the
nine-volt battery on my tongue, and
the other side to the
weedwacker. I hold the weedwacker
upside-down above my head and turn
it on, using it as a makeshift
helicopter, slowing my freefall
enough to merely break my legs when
I land.

Cheryl, Bob, and Cindy all laugh, clap and cheer. Nigma
remains passive.

CHERYL
Alright, Eddie, you go.

Nigma draws a card, a "TEN-FOOT POLE".

Nigma draws a second card, a "MALLET".

Nigma draws the last card. The card is illustrated only with
a question mark, and no writing.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Oooh, a question mark means you can
pick whatever you want the card to
be.

Cheryl draws a Situation Card.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Oh! This is a good one! "You
stand before a locked door. Beyond
the door is a punji pit, and beyond
the punji pit is an Assassin."

NIGMA
I knock the knob off the door with
the mallet, vault across the punji
pit using the ten-foot pole, and
confuse the assassin with a riddle.

CINDY
Confuse him with a riddle?

(CONTINUED)

NIGMA

(slowly, annoyed)

Yes. Confuse him with a riddle.

GREG

No, that's good, I like that. Voting time, remember to be honest.

CHERYL

I vote for Greg, that helicopter thing was hilarious.

NIGMA

I vote myself.

CINDY

I vote for Greg too.

GREG

I vote for Eddie. That riddle idea is really original.

Everyone turns to Bob.

BOB

I have to go with Greg.

Nigma suddenly snaps to life, practically screaming; months of pent-up frustration rushing to the surface.

NIGMA

Really? Because, and I don't know if any of you morons know this, but that's not how a nine volt battery works, GREG! And I'll have you know wire frame glasses do not FLOAT, CINDY!

GREG

It's just a game.

NIGMA

You think this is a game? This is a distraction at best. Numbing your minds with alcohol and wasting away your nights with imagination games-

CHERYL

Eddie, you're being really uncool.

(CONTINUED)

NIGMA

You want a game? I'll show you a game.

Eddie storms out the front door, leaving it wide open.

The two couples stare at the empty doorway in confusion.

INT. NIGMA'S APARTMENT -

Nigma bursts in through the front door, taking the only door inside to his pitiful room.

He storms toward his closet and retrieves a large shoe-box. He opens it, pulling out an object obscured in the dark.

Focus on his head, his face, as he slides a green bowler onto his crown from the front, Bob Fosse style, smiling a wide, conniving smile.

CUT TO BLACK:

ACT TWO:

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. THE CAVE -

Bruce and Dick walk up the stairs to the main platform in the Batcave. Wearing sweats, with towels wrapped around their necks, they look to have just finished working out.

DICK

Malcolm McDowell, I'm telling you.
It was Malcolm McDowell.

BRUCE

No, no. Roddy McDowell is who we're thinking of. I'm sure of it.

DICK

How don't you know this? I thought you were the "world's greatest detective"?

BRUCE

I never said I was the world's *greatest* detective...

(CONTINUED)

DICK
Oh yeah, you're right

Dick points to the supercomputer.

DICK (CONT'D)
That is. Let's ask it.

They both head for the large, nine screened computer. As they approach, it suddenly flashes on and glitches for a moment before cutting to black.

Dick gives Bruce a confused look. Bruce's eyes don't leave the screens.

The computer turns back on, displaying a green background with a large, purple, rotating question mark taking up all nine screens.

Bruce walks over to the keyboard and taps a few keys, but the computer does not respond. He steps back next to Dick, still refusing to take his eyes off the screens.

The question mark stops rotating. Through the sound system in the cave, a voice is heard. As the voice speaks, the question mark lights up in sync with the audio spikes.

RIDDLER
(through the supercomputer)
Hello Batman. I have a riddle I
need you to solve. It comes in two
parts. I know it's been awhile...
What does a blanket give you?

Dick looks up at Bruce, who stares stoically at the computer.

RIDDLER (CONT'D)
(through the supercomputer)
And... What makes a statement at a
thousand to one ratio with a word?
We've got so much history together,
Batman. I hope you didn't think I
was gone forever. See you soon!

As the Riddler utters his final word the screens glitches back to the home screen of the supercomputer.

Dick looks up at Bruce. He is still staring into the screens, now with a scowl on his face.

(CONTINUED)

DICK
What just happened?

BRUCE
We were hacked.

DICK
Yeah, I saw. How?

BRUCE
He's been here before. In the cave.

DICK
I'm just going to assume he's a bad
guy.

BRUCE
Not really. Misguided mostly.

DICK
Who is he?

BRUCE
Edward Nigma. He served fifteen
months in Blackgate for grand theft
auto. Three months ago Pickering
released him on good behavior.

DICK
Wait, the Riddler? Should we be
worried?

BRUCE
No.

DICK
You just got hacked! You're Batman!

Bruce turns and heads into the darkness.

BRUCE
There's no harm there. It's the
riddles he cares about.

DICK
Babs can help! She's good, she can
backtrack-

BRUCE
Nigma is an expert hacker. It
would take days to follow a digital
trail like his. No, the quickest
way is through the riddles. Now to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (cont'd)
determine which security camera
he's talking about...

Bruce disappears into shadow.

DICK
Security camera?

INT. DENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harvey Dent sits at the edge of his desk, his sleeves rolled up, arms crossed. Jim Gordon stands behind one of Dent's client chairs, leaning forward onto it with his palms. Batman stands off in a shadowed corner, wrapped in his own cape, the face of his cowl dimly illuminated.

GORDON
Damn it.

DENT
I know.

BATMAN
He was bound to slip. Mental disorders this severe tend to take more than fifteen months to cure.

DENT
(annoyed, sinister)
When we catch him, I'll make sure he gets the "treatment" he needs.

GORDON
Depending on what he's done, or is going to do.

BATMAN
He wants me to see something. We don't have to wait for him to do it.

DENT
A blanket gives you security and a picture's worth a thousand words...

GORDON
Security footage, but where?

BATMAN
I don't know. Yet.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

You would think if something big were going on we'd have heard about it.

BATMAN

He doesn't do big. He's never been one for violence or money. All he cares about is the game.

DENT

He doesn't need to do much if I can get him fifty-one-fiftied. The new Arkham is a lot more secure than Blackgate.

GORDON

They're probably better equipped to help him than the lot over at the Prison.

BATMAN

Either that or he spends the rest of his life rotting away next to serial murderers. I'm not sure he deserves that.

DENT

You'd have to catch him first.

GORDON

Security footage... how did you say he got you those riddles?

INT. GORDON HOUSEHOLD, BARBARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Barbara sits against the backboard of her twin sized bed, reading East of Eden by John Steinbeck.

The silence is interrupted by a TICK sound on the window directly to her right.

She looks to her right, startled, but hears and sees nothing.

Another TICK is heard, this one a bit louder, catching her attention. She sets the book down on the bed and hurries to the window. She looks out and sees Dick standing in the alley behind her house, a few pebbles still in his left hand.

Dick waves, motioning for her to open the window.

(CONTINUED)

She does so.

BARBARA
What the hell man, you could have called.

DICK
Yeah, I know, can I come up there?

BARBARA
Yeah, I'll unlock the front do-

EXT. GORDON HOUSEHOLD, ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Dick runs and plants off the low chain-link fence with one foot, propelling himself onto Gordon's rain pipe, which he climbs with ease up to Babs' window.

Barbara and Dick meet face to face as he pushes himself up into her room with seemingly no effort.

INT. GORDON HOUSEHOLD, BARBARA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Barbara backs up and sits on her bed while Dick stands in front of her.

DICK
Hey.

BARBARA
... Hey. Whaaats goin' on?

DICK
I, uh, Bruce has this huge, I mean massive computer and uh, something happened to it while I was using it earlier.

BARBARA
You need technical support?

DICK
Yeah. Bruce isn't home and he reeaally likes this computer.

BARBARA
So you gave it a virus?

DICK
No, it was more like a hack.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

You got Bruce Wayne's computer hacked into?

DICK

Yeah, it's really bad.

BARBARA

Alright, well, my dad's not home so I guess we can go over there and check it out. Let me get my thi-

DICK

No!

BARBARA

What?

DICK

I mean, Alfred's there, he'll rat me out if he sees you on Bruce's supercomputer. Just tell me what to do.

BARBARA

Someone hacked billionaire Bruce Wayne's "supercomputer" and you expect me to be able to explain to you how to backtrack it in one night? Without the computer no less?

DICK

...Yeah?

Barbara walks past Dick to her desk and begins opening drawers, searching for something.

She lets out a victorious grunt.

BARBARA

Ah! Lucky for you I've had this lying around waiting for a reason to be used.

Barbara pulls a small, rectangular USB device from the bottom drawer full of electronic knick-knacks.

DICK

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

It's a tracker. I'll be able to remotely control the computer from my tablet here at home. All you have to do is plug it in.

DICK

Bruce won't find out?

BARBARA

I don't know, haven't used it yet.

Barbara stands up and hands the tracker to Dick.

DICK

Thank you.

Barbara walks over to her dresser and places both hands down, facing away from Dick. She hangs her head, preparing to speak.

BARBARA

You know, while you're he-

Barbara turns and finds Dick has left. She looks left to right in confusion.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

... You're welcome.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Batman, cowl down the back of his neck, sits in front of the supercomputer, muttering to himself.

Alfred ascends the stairs to the main platform.

ALFRED

I thought you went out tonight.

BRUCE

Just to Dent's. I had to warn them.

ALFRED

And now?

BRUCE

I solve a riddle.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED
And talk in them, apparently.

BRUCE
Alfred, you're distracting me.

ALFRED
I think what you *need* is a
distraction.

BRUCE
I'm sorry?

ALFRED
Your usually horrible sleep habits
have become abysmal; your usually
melancholy mood has slid into
cranky territory-

BRUCE
(interrupting)
I can handle the cowl, you know I
can.

ALFRED
Yes, but fatherhood?

BRUCE
Robin and I-

ALFRED
(interrupting)
No. Dick. You and Dick.

BRUCE
What about me and Dick?

Alfred produces a brochure.

ALFRED
You're going to the Gotham Human
History museum this weekend. As
people.

He hands the brochure to Bruce.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
There's an interesting aboriginal
textiles exhibit in from Keystone
called Blanket Statements...

Bruce stands and hugs Alfred as Dick walks up the stairs and
sees them.

(CONTINUED)

DICK
If I'm interrupting...

Bruce dons his cowl.

BATMAN
Not at all.

He turns to the computer, typing on the large keyboard.

A black and white, fish-eye lens view of the closed museum appears on the screen. Nigma, now in his full Riddler gear, stands with a gun to Blake's head. Blake is tied up and gagged, obviously fearful for his life. Next to them, on a small easel, is a hand-made poster that reads "WHEN DOES A TIGER CHANGE ITS STRIPES?"

Dick walks closer to the screens.

ALFRED
When does a tiger change its stripes?

BATMAN
He doesn't.

DICK
Is this live?

BATMAN
Yes.

DICK
How long has he been waiting there like that?

Batman runs smoothly to the steps and continues down them as he speaks.

BATMAN
Suit up.

As Alfred watches Batman disappear into the darkness, Dick places the tracker in the computer.

Dick runs after Batman.

Focus on the tracker in its small port, almost indistinguishable from the hardware of the computer itself, save for a small blinking orange light.

FADE TO BLACK:

ACT THREE:

(CONTINUED)

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

The Car races along the dark, empty streets.

EXT./INT. GOTHAM STREETS/THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Through the windshield. Batman drives as Robin sits beside him in the passenger seat.

ROBIN

When you briefed me on Nigma at the end of Spring you said he was harmless.

BATMAN

As far as I know, until today, he had never held a gun.

ROBIN

Maybe his time in Blackgate hardened him. He wouldn't be the first jailbird to commit more serious crimes after getting out.

BATMAN

Possible. The one thing I've learned with Riddler is to look for the deeper layer, the deeper meaning. There is likely more going on here than meets the eye.

ROBIN

Riddler? What happened to Nigma?

BATMAN

He's gone now.

They drive in silence a moment.

EXT./INT. GOTHAM STREETS/THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

BATMAN

You see Dick? Solving the riddle was the answer. No need to involve outsiders.

Robin looks out the window, away from Batman.

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Car races down the streets of Gotham.

INT. GORDON HOUSEHOLD, BARBARA'S ROOM - MEANWHILE

In profile, Barbara sits at her immaculate desk, typing away on a keyboard magnetically attached to her tablet. She grabs for her bluetooth mouse.

Focus on the tablet:

Barbara moves the cursor over a .zip file which she double clicks. The file quickly opens and closes several tiny windows before eventually opening the program connected to the tracker she gave Dick.

An ALERT pops up over the program window that says: "USB CONNECTED" with an "OK" button below it. She clicks the button.

After she clicks OK, the window minimizes as the program opens to a map of the globe. Once it has calibrated, the screen zooms in to Gotham City and eventually over Wayne Manor, where a blinking dot hovers.

Another ALERT pops up next to the map that says: "READ DEVICE" with the buttons "OK" and "Cancel" below it. Barbara clicks "OK".

The screen shuts off for a moment then flicks back on, only now the screen displays the desktop of the supercomputer.

Focus on Barbara:

BARBARA

Nice!

Focus on the tablet screen:

Barbara moves the cursor over to the "Search" menu and clicks it. A search bar pops up with a few categories beside it. The categories read: Documents, Pictures, Video, Audio, Folders, Encrypted Files.

Focus on Barbara:

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Okay Mr. Wayne, lets see what you've got to hide.

She moves the cursor over the "Encrypted Files" button and clicks it.

(CONTINUED)

With a smile on her face she watches the screen as a single folder pops up with the name "JAN4". She opens the folder to find several files all pertaining to a man named TONY ZUCCO.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

... Zucco?

She double clicks a PDF file that opens up to the mugshot of an overweight man holding a mugshot placard with the name ZUCCO, TONY and his inmate numbers on it.

She scrolls down the page to find several police reports attached to Zucco. All of his crimes are low level, non-violent crimes ranging from petty theft to extortion and racketeering. Various notes make it clear that Zucco works for the Maroni family.

Barbara stares at the reports a moment.

She continues to scroll down the page when suddenly, the screen shuts off and she is booted back to her own homescreen.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

EXT. GOTHAM HUMAN HISTORY MUSEUM - NIGHT

The classical, vaguely roman building is illuminated only by moonlight. Two large banners drape either side of the entrance to the building. The banners read, "BLANKET STATEMENTS: ABORIGINAL TEXTILES, 1600's TO PRESENT".

INT. GOTHAM HUMAN HISTORY MUSEUM, LOBBY - MEANWHILE

A SECURITY GUARD lies at the base of a large staircase, bound at his mouth, hands, and feet.

The guard tries to roll himself upright when, from the shadows, Batman steps into frame. The guard turns his head and is caught off guard by Batman's presence and lets out a muffled cry.

Batman looks down at the noisy Security Guard and lifts his index finger to his mouth.

The guard quiets and watches as Batman walks up the stairs, into the exhibit.

INT. GOTHAM HUMAN HISTORY MUSEUM, EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

The exhibit is held in a large, open room full of Aboriginal blankets, colorful linens, and accompanying informative displays.

Batman reaches the exhibit at the top of the stairs and immediately sees The Riddler, standing in the center of the room under a shaft of moonlight.

As before, The Riddler holds a pistol to Blake's head; Blake is gagged and bound to a small, wooden chair. Blake sobs through the duct tape and lets out a sigh of relief when he sees Batman.

Batman stops at the top of the staircase and stares The Riddler down.

RIDDLER
Hello Detective.

BATMAN
Let him go.

RIDDLER
Not yet I'm afraid. There's still
a riddle unsolved.

BATMAN
Riddle?

RIDDLER
When does a tiger change its
stripes?

BATMAN
It doesn't.

RIDDLER
Close but no cigar, Batman. As the
saying goes: It can't.

Suddenly Nigma crumples under the weight of a rapidly descending Robin. The gun goes flying, sliding across the floor.

BATMAN
Robin...

Robin kneels on Riddler's back and deftly handcuffs him.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Robin that's really not necessary.

Batman picks up the gun as it slides to his feet.

ROBIN
He could have shot that guy at any time.

Batman walks toward Robin and Riddler.

BATMAN
No, he couldn't have. Like I've been saying, Nigma's not a violent man...

Batman pops the clip, revealing it to be empty.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
And tigers don't change their stripes.

RIDDLER
(laboriously)
Very good, Detective. Now will you tell your boy to get off of me?

Batman gestures for Robin to stand up off of Riddler.

BATMAN
Robin.

Robin frowns, then does as he is told.

Riddler sits upright. Batman approaches him and takes off the cuffs.

ROBIN
What are you doing?

BATMAN
(to Riddler)
Kidnapping, breaking and entering, destruction of government property... a few others. All parole violations, enough to put you away for what, two, three years?

RIDDLER
Less with good behavior.

BATMAN

And then?

RIDDLER

I get to be the Riddler again.

ROBIN

Think about what you're saying,
Batman.

RIDDLER

He is thinking. For once.

BATMAN

You'll never get the help you need
at Blackgate Penitentiary. But if
you were to check yourself into
Arkham...

RIDDLER

I'm not sick.

BATMAN

What you're not, is a
criminal. Edward... if ever there
was a cry for help, it was the
Riddler.

Riddler pulls off his green domino mask.

NIGMA

I...

He turns his head away, unable to maintain eye contact with
the Detective. He quickly takes off his purple gloves,
steadying himself.

Focus on his hands offering the mask and gloves to Batman.

NIGMA (CONT'D)

Alright.

BATMAN

I'll give you a ride.

Batman turns and walks briskly down the stairs, Nigma
trailing a few steps behind. Nigma removes his bowler and
holds it in front of himself at his chest, hanging his head
as he follows. Robin stands at the top of the staircase in
disbelief.

INT. THE CAVE - MUCH LATER

It is dark. The Batcave's silence is broken by the faint sound of the grandfather clock opening in the distance.

DICK (O.S.)
(in the distance)
Thanks Alfred!

We hear Dick as he hustles down the stairs to the Batcave and continues jogging.

Dick reaches the stairs to the main platform and climbs them with haste. He gets to the center of the platform before the supercomputer flashes on. The nine screens illuminating the rest of the platform.

Sitting in his large, leather chair is Batman, who slowly spins around to confront Dick.

Dick stops in his tracks when he sees the silhouette of Batman sitting before him.

Batman stands, casting a shadow over Dick.

DICK
... I can explain.

BATMAN
(rhetorically)
Can you? Can you explain bugging my computer?

DICK
I-

BATMAN
(interrupting)
I give you an inch and you take a mile... Just when you've gained back my trust, you lose it again like this.

Dick drops his head.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
What exactly were you thinking?

DICK
I went to the only friend I had.

There is a moment of silence as Batman keeps his gaze on Dick. As Dick raises his head to face his mentor, Bruce pulls back his cowl. The two look each other in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce approaches Dick and embraces him. Dick accepts the embrace.

After a moment, Bruce pulls back, leaving his hands on Dick's shoulders.

BRUCE

No matter the situation, we're family now. We're all one another has. If you ever need anything, you know I'll be here.

Focus on Dick's face as he smiles.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - SUNSET

Establishing shot of the Asylum.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, NIGMA'S CELL -

Nigma sits on his cot, in his Arkham regulation jumpsuit, reading One Flow Over The Cuckoo's Nest by Ken Kesey.

There is a loud, banging knock on the metal door.

NIGMA

Go away. I'm reading

HARLEEN (O.S.)

(through the door)

I'm afraid I can't accept that as an answer, Mr. Nigma.

Nigma places his book, still open, in his lap.

NIGMA

Then why knock?

HARLEEN QUINZELL opens the door and enters.

HARLEEN

As a courtesy. I'm your doctor, Harleen Quinzell. Shall we begin?

FADE OUT: