

BATMAN:WAR

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EXT. GOTHAM CITY. NIGHT

An aerial shot of Gotham City. Police sirens wailing in the distance, Wayne Tower standing majestically in the middle of the decaying city from within.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY. STREETS. NIGHT

Homeless encampments line down the busy Gotham City street. The homeless look on with a tired and defeated expression on their face as the wealthy of Gotham pass them by, without sparing a dime.

BRUCE (V/O)
Gotham was dying, the signs were all there.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

Rich mobsters pour out of the scene, chuckling, standing tall as they reign supreme.

BRUCE (V/O)
Evil was clutching at its heart.

INT. DINER. NIGHT

A few officers are gathered in a booth, laughing and enjoying the moment they have in peace.

BRUCE (V/O)
Good and honest men had no place in this city.

A second later a hail of bullets chew through the window of the officers in the booth, not a single one makes it out alive.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DINER. NIGHT

People scream at the mayhem. Two shadowy figures walk away, dropping their smoking weapons onto the floor. A smile on their face over a job well done.

FADE INTO BLACK:

Three loud pops echo in the darkness.

BRUCE (V/O)
Victims were born from the violence.

EXT. CRIME ALLEY. NIGHT.

A young Bruce Wayne is left clutching the hands of his dead parents, his face covered in their blood. No emotions pour out of him, he stares into the dark alley.

BRUCE (V/O)
But sometimes something more is
forged from it.

Young Bruce looks up to the heavens as the sound of screeching bats are heard, the flock of bats pour down onto him, he never flinches, he embraces these creatures of the night.

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)
A monster is born.

Bruce stands, the bats start to disperse. This young man knows what he must do and what he must become.

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)
Because in war good men die. It's the
monsters that make it out alive.

INT. GOTHAM NATIONAL BANK. VAULT ROOM. NIGHT

It's after hours, not a soul in sight, not a sound could be heard, just silence. Lock boxes and sealed cash roam around the room. A second later the back of the Vault room wall explodes, a screeching alarm is heard, nine men wearing masks come pouring through the crater in the wall. Bags and weapons slung around their shoulders. The dust settles and the men rejoice.

MASK ROBBER #1
Jackpot!

MASKED ROBBER #2
Make it fast, grab what you can! We
don't got much time!

MASKED ROBBER #3
My wife said get a real job, what
does she know! (Chuckles)

One of the robbers wearing a clown mask stops to bask in the glory.

CLOWN MASK ROBBER
Holy crap, we did it, we actually did
it!

His voice is young, in his teens.

MASKED ROBBER #2
Less talking, more looting. Cops will
be here anytime!

EXT. BACK ALLEY. NIGHT.

The thieves come out running to the alley, loot in hand. All hooting and hollering over their score.

They turn the first right, hoping to find the rest of the team waiting for them to arrive beside the truck. What they find is nothing but carnage, two of the lookouts beaten to a pulp, laying on the ground. The roof of the driver side caved in, the driver slumped on the steering wheel.

MASKED ROBBER #4
What the fuck happened!?

The young thief in the clown mask gasp as he sees the threat, he slowly begins to pull back from the herd. Soon the rest of the thieves take notice of the towering dark shadow coming forward. It's foot stomping on the top of the truck.

MASKED ROBBER#5
It's him, it's really him!

The Batman enters the frame, staring them down. His menacing look, dark suited armor and blades on the side of his arms. The weapons around his waist, makes these men regret stepping out tonight.

BATMAN
(Chuckles)

His dark chuckle sends fear into their spines.

MASKED ROBBER #6
Fuck this!

One of the thieves reaches to let loose a few shots from his semi-automatic weapon, but before he can even get off a shot, three sharpen batarangs impel into his body. The thief screams in agony as the blades sink deep into him. Batman leaps in the air like a demon, ready to pick them off one by one.

MASKED ROBBER #2
Time to bail, everyone run for it!

The men don't even bother to put a fight, they double back the way they came. But slowly Batman starts to pick them off, they scream as they are pulled into the dark shadows.

MASKED ROBBER #2 (CONT'D)

Look, up there!

The thief points to the ladder leading to the rooftops of one of the local businesses. Each one runs to be the first up the ladder.

CLOWN MASKED ROBBER

Hurry up, hurry up!

The young masked robber shouts, as his two accomplices behind him do the same. The Batman descends upon them, the two behind the young thief are dragged into the shadows. The young thief launches up the ladder feeling a Batarang skin his leg but he doesn't stop moving.

EXT. ROOFTOPS. NIGHT.

The thieves are leaping rooftop after rooftop. The money they once held on to was now gone. Deserting it as it weighed them down. What had started with nine robbers, was now four masked scared men.

MASKED ROBBER #5

Help me!

One of their terrified comrade screams echo in the night, a victim of the Batman. One masked robber looks for another way down from these rooftops but finds nothing.

MASKED ROBBER #2

End of the line.

MASKED ROBBER #7

We can make the jump over!

He points to the building too far across

MASKED ROBBER #2

Are you insane? We'll hit the ground,
none of us can make that jump!

The men stop bickering as they hear the Batman moving around the high ground.

MASKED ROBBER #8

Shit, he's circling around us.

CLOWN MASKED ROBBER

What do we do?

MASKED ROBBER #2

Last thing to do.

He lifts his weapon up.

MASKED ROBBER #2 CONT'D

We kill this freak.

The men spread out, weapons in hand. Waiting for Batman to make his move. They grow impatient with each second that passes.

MASKED ROBBER #2 CONT'D (CONT'D)

Come on you bastard, what the hell
are you waiting for!?

He asked and he received. Four batarangs plunge into his body. Causing him to fire his weapon into the air. Second later smoke bombs explode around them, clouding the field of vision.

In their moment of panic they begin to fire blindly into the thick smoke. The young thief ducks in the nick of time as the bullets begin to fly, barely missing him. Soon he hears his colleagues screaming out in pain and the sound of bones snapping.

The young thief takes his comrades faith into consideration and tosses his own weapon to the floor, and drops to the ground placing his hands behind his head. As the smoke clears the Batman stands over their bodies.

CLOWN MASKED ROBBER

Yo, I give up, all right. I don't
want to fight, I just wanted to get
paid.

The Batman circles around him, making the boy sweat.

CLOWN MASKED ROBBER (CONT'D)

I needed the job, I needed the money.
My brothers and sisters are counting
on me. I'm not a bad person, we
didn't hurt anyone. We hit the place
at night!

Batman stands over him.

BATMAN

(growls)
Get up!

The young thief rises to his feet, shaking at the sight of the Batman.

CLOWN MASKED ROBBER

What are you going to do?

Batman rips the mask off his face, tossing it to the ground. Exposing the face of a scared African American teen. Batman grabs onto his arms, lifts them up.

BATMAN

You'll remember this forever.

CLOWN MASKED ROBBER

Huh?

With sheer brute strength the Batman snaps the boy's arms in half. The poor teen screams out in blinding pain. Batman smirks, enjoying the look of pain on him. But his moment in paradise ends as the voice in his headset kicks in.

ALFRED (V.O)

They need you.

Already knowing the protest to come, Alfred answers before he can say it.

ALFRED (V.O) CONT'D

And no this cannot bloody wait.

Batman looks to the sky, seeing the circling GPD Chopper flying in the distance. He pulls out the flare gun and fires into the air. The moment the Chopper shines the light down onto the chaos below, the Batman is gone.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

Four young faces dressed in Robin outfits, all wearing the dark red body armor and the symbol on their left side of their chest, stand in commotion as they circle around the lifeless body of one of their own.

BATMAN

What do you want?

Batman appears from the Shadows. One of the Robins Tim Drake storms at him with Carrie Kelley right behind him.

TIM

We needed back up, where were you!?

Batman coldly dismisses Tim Drake's outbursts at him with a smirk on his face.

TIM (CONT'D)

Answer me!

BATMAN
Handling bigger things.

TIM
You sent us into that firefight,
Carrie and the rest of us almost
didn't make it out alive because of
your bad intel.

Tim Drake points at the dead Robin on the floor, four bullet holes to the chest.

TIM (CONT'D)
Taylor's dead because of you.

BATMAN
Recklessness got him killed, not me.

Batman turns to leave.

TIM
That's three dead Robins onto your
name. Or was Jason Todd the only
death that matter to you!?

Those words set a fire into him. Batman digs into his belt, pulling out brass knuckles. He slips them on as he plans to crack young Tim Drake in the face. Only to have Carrie jump in the middle, stopping the attack.

CARRIE
Tim didn't mean it! He's just
grieving, like we all are!

Batman Chuckles, studying the terrified look on Carrie's face and the others.

BATMAN
You got lucky today, Tim.

Batman points at Tim Drake.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Next time it doesn't matter who
throws themselves in front of me.
I'll make you regret saying something
like that.

Batman turns back to leave.

ROBIN #3
What do we do with the body?

BATMAN
Dump him in Gotham General!

ROBIN #4
With the suit!?

Batman doesn't answer, he vanishes. Leaving them to their own.

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred Pennyworth sits near the computer console, his hand resting his chin as he observes an old photo of Bruce, Thomas and Martha Wayne. Altogether happy. He sighs as he eyes the reality of what became to their beloved Son.

The roar of the Batmobile crashing through the waterfall brings Alfred up to his feet.

Bruce pops himself out of the heavy duty vehicle that seems built like a tank.

ALFRED
How many more have to go, till you stop using them.

Bruce pulls the cowl off himself, refusing to acknowledge Alfred's outburst.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Who was it, who didn't make it home tonight!?

Bruce walks up the ramp leading towards the computer console, pushing aside Alfred as he stands in his path.

BRUCE
This is war, not everyone makes it back.

ALFRED
Do you still believe we're at war, master Bruce?

Alfred stands behind Bruce, shaking his head at the man he has become.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
The same war you dragged master Dick and Jason into.

Bruce slams his fist on to the computer console demanding silence from his trustworthy butler.

BRUCE
Enough!

Bruce turns to face Alfred.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
They knew what they were getting
themselves into, they all did.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY. ROOFTOPS. NIGHT

Dick Grayson age 21 and Jason Todd 15 standing over the rooftops, both in their Robin uniforms. Bruce stands perched on a gargoye statue in the Batman cowl and armor.

BRUCE V/O
I started in this war alone. But soon
I found my soldiers.

EXT. DARK ALLEY. NIGHT

Thugs are mugging a helpless couple that screams for help. Little do these thugs notice the threat descending from behind.

The trio attack the thugs, the thugs jump back from fright as they see Bat Family.

BATMAN (V/O)
The ones I would lead into battle.

The thugs never stand a chance, they're made short work of.

BRUCE (V/O)
Soldiers who had lost what I had.
Innocents.

INT. HALY'S CIRCUS. NIGHT

A poster of the flying Graysons stands majestically in the back. As the picture zooms out, we see the dead bodies of the acrobats. The only survivor is their young son Dick Grayson age 12. He stands at the feet of his parents, holding on to their hands.

Bruce watches from afar, knowing the look in Grayson's eyes.

BRUCE (V/O)
I knew their pain.

Dick takes notice as Bruce approaches, he see's something in his eyes, he sees his pain in Bruce.

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)
And they saw mine.

Dick breaks down to Bruce and only him.

DICK
Why did they do this to us, what did we do?

INT. ILLEGAL GAMBLING HOUSE. NIGHT

Cops, politicians roam around this cesspool of illegal gambling and prostitution. Tony Zucco the mob boss who owns the joint laughs and shakes hands with the people in his debt. With his Lady of the night wrapped around his arm.

BRUCE (V/O)
Tony Zucco, the man that cause Dick Grayson's pain. He tried to shake the owner of Haly's circus for protection money. When he refused to pay, Zucco made sure to send a message.

Tony Zucco stops to talk with a few of the cops on his payroll.

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)
He sabotaged the Grayson's act, caused Dick's mother and father to plunge to their deaths.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

Tony Zucco and his lady of the night, with a few of his muscle head to the cars.

BRUCE (V/O)
I trained him, made him into the monster he needed to be.

Batman and Robin cut off the first two enforcers, landing on top of them snapping them in half. Zucco's men try to engage them, but Batman and Robin make short work of them.

Tony Zucco grabs his woman and throws her at them.

ZUCCO
Stay back you freaks!

Robin shoves the woman out of his way, his eyes engulfed with vengeance as he stares down Tony Zucco who is running for his life.

BRUCE (V/O)
Just for this night.

Tony Zucco reaches for the weapon tucked behind his back, the moment he pulls it out, Robin throws four custom made Robin ninja stars in to Zucco's arm. Sending the weapon to the ground.

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)
This was his moment. I was just here
to watch it.

Robin dropkicks Tony Zucco to the floor. He starts caving his fist into the mob boss. Batman watches on with a smirk.

ROBIN
You killed them, you killed them!

Robin's face is covered in Tony Zucco's blood, he's beaten beyond recognition. Finally Batman steps in, grabbing Robin's fist before he crosses a line. The boy is screaming in anger.

Two Gotham police officers stare at the scene in shock, both men in Zucco's pocket.

Batman stares at them and gives them a fair warning.

BATMAN
Your boss won't be leading anytime
soon. My advice to you, is to get
back inside before you meet his fate.

They run back inside the gambling house in horror. Batman pulls Robin back and they leave the beaten mob boss to his new venture of being a vegetable.

FADE TO BLACK:

BRUCE (V/O)
They saw the world as I did.

EXT. GOTHAM NARROWS. NIGHT

The slums of Gotham, young Jason Todd walks the streets. The look of anger on his face, he stops to see a young female drug addict begging for a fix to a local drug dealer. She's two years older than him.

BRUCE (V/O)
They saw the cancer eating away at
Gotham's soul.

The female drug addict is on her knees begging for a hit.

FEMALE ADDICTED

Please, I'll do anything. I just need a small fix to get me through the night.

Jason slowly approaches the drug dealer and his laughing pack of hyenas, as they take joy in this girl's desperation.

DRUG DEALER

If you're down for letting us do a gangbang on you, I might be able to help you out.

His friends cheer at that thought.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

What do you say, girl?

Before she can answer, Jason Todd erupts with rage as he sees this injustice unfold in front of his eyes.

JASON

Leave her the fuck alone, you creep!

The group of thugs turn to a fearless Jason Todd, standing there with his fist clenched. The drug dealer stands tall, rubbing his chin. Getting a chuckle at this child mad dogging him, it was a first-of-its-kind, everyone else always turned away to these acts of violence.

DRUG DEALER

Wouldja look at the balls on this one.

His cronies chuckle, the young female addict fears for Jason Todd's life, she gestures for him to leave before it's too late.

DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)

What, you think you're tough, kid. You think you're the Batman?

The Drug Dealer stands inches from Jason Todd, looking down at this child.

BRUCE (V/O)

They weren't scared to strike at the demons that lived among their city.

Jason lifts his head up, stairs the drug dealer in the eyes and says to him.

JASON

No, I'm real!

Jason pulls out a switchblade concealed behind his back, he strikes the tall drug dealer at the back of his knee sending him down like a ton of bricks, he doesn't stop the assault he quickly jumps on him and delivers three quick stabs to his abdomen.

Jason quickly has to retreat as the drug dealers cronies all run at him. Jason dashes through the streets almost being nearly hit by two passing cars, he darts into the darkened alley, the drug dealer's cronies break apart to cut him off.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

Jason is running through the alley that zig zags like a maze. He's reaching the end till he gets cut off from both sides.

GANG MEMBER #1
Nowhere for you to go, kid!

Jason Todd quickly scans the area, he counts up to at least ten thugs in his way. He knows he can't win, but he won't go down without a fight.

JASON
Bring it!

They pounce to attack him, but a split second later Batman lands beside Jason Todd. The goons freeze in their footsteps, horror strikes each and everyone's expression. Jason on the other hand doesn't react much to it, he turns over and says to the Batman.

JASON (CONT'D)
Shit, you are real.

Batman and Jason Todd advance on the thugs. Jason drives the switchblade into the cheek of the first attacker. The thug screams as the blade pierces into his mouth, Jason delivers a swift kick to the groin sending him down to the floor.

Another attacker throws a Haymaker at Jason Todd, but he manages to avoid it but ducking under, Jason sees his golden opportunity and delivers a punch straight to his throat which causes his attacker to choke, Jason delivers a swift kick to the head sending the thug down as well.

One last attacker stands in Jason Todd's way. The young Jason grabs a trash lid, hurls it at him violently like a frisbee striking the thug in the side of the head knocking him out cold. Jason turns back waiting for another, but he finds the Batman standing there watching him, arms crossed as the seven attackers lay on the floor bloody and broken.

BATMAN
Took you long enough.

Jason shakes his head.

JASON
You like to watch?

Batman straightens up as Jason grills.

JASON (CONT'D)
You saw what they did back there and
you just watched it play out.

Batman doesn't answer.

JASON (CONT'D)
Some hero you are.

BATMAN
I'm no hero.

JASON
Oh, I believe it.

Batman is taking back by this kid.

JASON (CONT'D)
Thanks for the assist. I gotta go be
homeless now.

Jason walks deeper into the alley, Batman catches up.

BATMAN
Wait!

Jason turns to face Batman.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
I need a soldier like you.

JASON
You finally recruiting more bodies
for this war?

Batman smiles, glad to find another like himself out there.
Before he can continue to sell Jason Tood on his cause, the
young boy cuts to the chase.

JASON (CONT'D)
I'm in.

Jason extends his hand out to Batman

BATMAN
What's your name?

Batman shakes hands with Jason Todd.

JASON
Jason Todd. And what's yours, let me
guess, Bats? Or Mr.Bats?

FADE TO BLACK:

BRUCE V/O
They were fearless.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BATCAVE. NIGHT

Bruce is in his robe, his mind still lost in a time long forgotten. Soldiers no longer among him. And it made his heart ache. These were burdens you could never share with other soul, this was his own private misery.

A letter left by Alfred catches his eye, he opens it. It's a reminder of the fundraiser he's throwing the mayor for his next re-election run.

Bruce is tempted to throw the letter away, forget about such childish things.

Suddenly two dark shadows appear right behind him, Bruce closes his eyes tightly, blood is dripping from the fingertips of the shadows.

DICK (V/O)
(Frantic)
WHY BRUCE, WHY!?

He counts silently till the shadows vanish from sight. He looks around, not a soul insight. He keeps the letter and makes his way upstairs

INT. GOTHAM MORGUE. NIGHT.

A tired eyes commissioner Jim Gordon passes through the door of the morgue.

INT. GOTHAM MORGUE. EXAMINATION ROOM. NIGHT

Gordon walks into the examining room, his eyes dawn on the dead body of a teen dressed as Robin. Two of his detectives Renee Montoya and Sergeant Harvey Bullock stand there shooting the breeze.

JIM

Jesus Christ, what do we have here?

Bullock pulls the toothpick from his mouth to speak.

BULLOCK

A lot of crazy is what we have going on here Jim, but I digress.

He points to the dead body.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Our masked vigilante's Boy Wonder got dropped off at Gotham General like a slab of meat. Kid was dead way before that, four shots to the chest, bled to death running away from the scene.

JIM

Where at?

Montoya pulls out her notebook to give Gordon the details.

MONTOYA

Off Haven and 34th, smack dab near the Docks and Narrows. They were hitting Roman Sionis aka Black Mask's territory. Try to break up his heroin and opioid bracket.

Jim shakes his head in disgust.

JIM

Children.

BULLOCK

That's always been his type. Kid's name was Taylor Reed, vanished from an orphan home two years ago. Guess we know where he ended up.

Montoya continues.

MONTOYA

Feds were actually casing the joint, they came in a last minute rush.

(MORE)

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

Made the bust on Sionis before he could slip away.

Bullock and Montoya exchange a look, as though who should be the one to point out the elephant in the room.

BULLOCK

Someone's got to put a stop to your friend.

Jim fires off angrily at Bullock.

JIM

He's not my friend.

BULLOCK

Don't play coy, Jim.

JIM

What the fuck is that supposed to mean, Bullock!?

Montoya steps in before things get out of hand.

MONTOYA

We've just heard the stories, is all. You know, how you and the Batman cleaned up the corruption in Gotham PD.

Gordon shakes his head

JIM

That was all Harvey Dent's work. The Batman was too busy breaking bones to care what was really happening in this city.

Jim Gordon looks at his two detectives.

JIM (CONT'D)

Was that all you people need it from me?

As Jim turns to leave, Bullock presses on about the issue.

BULLOCK

Is that it, Jim? Are we just going to turn another blind eye to this. How many more bodies do we have to keep pulling out till we do something about this freak.

Gordon has his back turned.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Yeah, we didn't need to call you up for this. We had to. I'm tired of seeing kids end up dead for a vigilante that doesn't give a rat's ass about them.

Jim Gordon turns to face them with a tired look on his face from this endless discussion that he's been forced to deal with year after year.

JIM

We'll put out an APB.

BULLOCK

Is this a real one, where we actually go hunting this bastard down. Or is it just like the other ones you put out, where we have to keep our eyes open for him and report it back and do nothing?

Jim storms off in anger, leaving them without an answer.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)

Just like before.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM. NOON

An aerial shot of Arkham Asylum. Neat clean cut grass, building up to code. Seems more like a resort than a mental institution.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM. HALLS. NOON

A nurse wheelchairs an old man who's rambling to himself. Bruce Wayne passes them by, dressed in his Sunday's best, one of the orderlies greets him with a giant smile.

ORDERLY #1

Long time no see Mr. Wayne.

A balding head doctor with a grey beard and thick glasses waits for Bruce around the corner. His badge reads Hugo Strange.

HUGO

Bruce, welcome back.

Bruce shakes hands with him.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You are quite overly dress for this occasion.

He points at the tux Bruce's wearing.

BRUCE

It's for a shindig they're throwing tonight. Had no choice but to dress up, you know how that it is.

HUGO

No, but I would love to. (Chuckles)

Bruce plays the role of an upbeat eccentric rich man as he converses with Strange.

BRUCE

Don't do it, you'll rue the day you did.

Hugo takes him for his word.

HUGO

Do you want to see him?

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM. REC ROOM. NOON

The patients are gathered sitting by the television set. A few of them color, others listen to the radio. In the far corner sits Dick Grayson, his eyes lost somewhere out there in the distance, watching the city of Gotham from afar.

Hugo Strange and Bruce keep their distance.

HUGO

He's come a long way since you brought him here. He's much docile now.

BRUCE

That's good, that's really good to hear.

HUGO

You should talk to him.

Bruce shakes his head.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Are you afraid to talk to him? I promise you he's no threat to anyone.

Bruce forces a fake chuckle, as his mind begins to wander back to that night where it all went wrong.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BATCAVE

A panicked Jason Todd comes rushing into the Batcave, the look of terror on his face.

JASON

Bruce!

Bruce takes his sight off the video feed he's watching and turns to Jason Todd.

BRUCE

What is it?

Jason is gasping for breath.

JASON

It's Dick, something isn't right.
He's gone off the deep end.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

Five dead bodies lay on the floor, Dick Grayson dressed in his Robin outfit paces around, mumbling to himself over and over again. Slapping his head in anger.

BATMAN

What Happened?

Batman appears from the shadows Robin keeps shaking his head mumbling the same sentence.

DICK

Zuuco, Zucco, it was him. It was him.

Batman sees Grayson clutching his steel staff as though he's ready to strike again.

BATMAN

Zucco is in a coma, remember?

Dick breaks into anger.

ROBIN

No, he's alive, oh, he's out there.
I've seen him on the feed, in the
Batcave, he's followed us. He must
have followed you here now.

Dick Grayson is almost in tears as he says those words. Bruce doesn't say a word, he knows he's lost one soldier this night.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM. REC ROOM. NOON

Bruce straightens himself up and shakes away the memories of the past.

BRUCE

Wouldn't know what to say to him anyways. My butler mainly handle the kid.

HUGO

Death changes people, at such a young age, no one knows the ramifications it could have on their psyche when they grow up.

Hugo Strange stares at Bruce and Chuckles.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Well, except you. You turned out perfectly fine, you're the exception.

BRUCE

I'll drink to that.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM. HALLS. NOON

As Bruce is leaving Arkham Asylum, a group of teenage filmmakers are being dragged out of the institution.

TEEN #1

We know you're keeping the real crazies locked under the lower levels of Arkham!

TEEN #2

Yeah, we know you have Two-Face, Clayface and the gator guy in there.

GUARD

Fucking kids are crazier than the freaking people here.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY. OUTSIDE WAYNE HOTEL. NIGHT

Protesters gather to boycott this rich and powerful elites get together. The protesters shout and scream, booing at the elite who are ushered in one by one.

PROTESTER #1

Fascist pigs, you take and take and give nothing back.

Bruce Wayne's vehicle pulls up, the protesters grow angrier the moment he steps out

PROTESTER #2

You are an embarrassment, your parents would be ashamed!

PROTESTERS #3

Shame on you Wayne, shame on you!

Bruce turns and gives a loud yawn to their shouting screams.

INT. WAYNE HOTEL LOUNGE.

The doors are open wide the moment Bruce steps in. The flurry of welcomes and pleasantries are thrown his way, he's the rich of the rich. They grovel at his feet, holding his hand tightly, trying to be a friend to the most wealthiest person in Gotham.

RICH ELITE #1

You're a spitting image of your father Bruce, handsome as ever.

BRUCE

What can I say, I try. (Chuckles)

A blonde hostess with drinks on the tray passes Bruce by with a giant smile, he replicates the same smile back towards her and continues on.

SENATOR

I can't fucking believe Three Dog Night stood me up! Me of all fucking people.

Bruce pats his shoulder.

BRUCE

I'm sure you'll get your money back Senator. (Chuckles)

Bruce continues on, till he runs into another pack of Rich Elite who were here tonight to boost and plan the victory of Jordan Bliss the mayor of Gotham who is seeking re-election.

RICH ELITE #2

Bruce, you don't know how much we're grateful for this.

Bruce motions them to settle down.

BRUCE

Gentlemen, I always have your back. Besides who am I going to support some radical socialist, what's her name?

RICH ELITE #3

To speak her name among us is blasphemy.

RICH ELITE #4

(Snickers)

I see her little hippies showed up.

RICH ELITE #2

Ungrateful entitled little bastards. They act as though it's the end of the world for them, all they want is handouts. Maybe we should let the mob control Gotham again.

RICH ELITE #3

Wouldn't mind seeing the Batman break a few of them in half, put them in their place.

An outburst in the back grabs the attention of all the elites, security is hauling off a reporter, Lois Lane from Metropolis. Bruce smirks and heads over to see what's going on.

LOIS

Get your hands off me, I have a right to be here, the people have a right to know what's going on in here.

BRUCE

Lois Lane!?

The guards freeze in place, holding her tight.

LOIS

Oh, Bruce Wayne, the most self-centered man alive.

BRUCE
(Chuckles)
Remind me what dying newspaper you
work for again? Daily Bugle, No,
that sounds too made up.

LOIS
Daily Planet.

BRUCE
This is invitation only Ms Lane.

LOIS
I know, you and your Legion of Doom
are here plotting how to take out
Alexandria Huerta.

BRUCE
No need to plan when she's down in
the polls.

LOIS
Polls you and your friends
manipulate.

BRUCE
You're backing the wrong person
Ms.Lane. Your girl is running scared.

LOIS
Not the way everyone else sees it.
Took your boy so long to actually
debate her on stage in front of the
whole city.

BRUCE
(Chuckles)
Ms. Lane, the only advice I can give
you is to learn to fall in line.

LOIS
(Laughs)
You don't own me.

Bruce feels the eyes in the room start to fall on him, so he
makes this proclamation for all to hear.

BRUCE
I do actually, see starting tomorrow
I own the Daily Planet. And every
freaking word you write.

Lois is crushed by the news.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm going to put you to write the daily horoscopes, people need positive news. (Laughs) take her away boys.

Bruce's Rich Elite friends clap as Lois Lane is tossed out of the hotel. Alfred walks up to Bruce.

ALFRED

(Low tone)

Was all that really necessary?

Bruce smiles and talks under his breath.

BRUCE

To them it did.

He tilts his head at all the rich Gotham citizens among them.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Deception is always key.

ALFRED

Did you really buy the Daily Planet?

BRUCE

I have to now. Make the call.

Bruce walks back to his Elite friends.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Now, let's go watch our boy make his speech.

INT. WAYNE HOTEL. BANQUET HALL. NIGHT.

Everyone is seated as the Mayor delivers his speech. It's a buffet of all the wealthy elites of Gotham gathered in one giant palace. Everyone there to protect their own interest.

BLISS

They are trying to divide us, by painting all of you here today as the enemy. We know that's the further thing from the truth. Each and every one of you here tonight has done their part, ten times fold to lift Gotham from the ashes. But these communist, so-called Democratic Socialist are spreading like a cancer and coming after each and every one of us.

The mayor bangs his fist on the podium. Selling this grand emotional speech to all his donors. At the back of the room, Bruce seems bored and out of touch. He fights back a yawn as the mayor continues on.

BLISS (CONT'D)

We must stop this, we must align the party back into the center and stop this radical left!

The crowd pops with cheers and applause, Bruce sees this as his chance to slip away and leave this god-forsaken freak show.

INT. WAYNE HOTEL. LOUNGE. NIGHT

Bruce is heading for the elevators, he presses the call button and waits for it to come.

ALFRED (O.S)

Where are you going?

Bruce turns around to find Alfred behind him.

BRUCE

Out.

ALFRED

Out where?

Bruce doesn't answer, he just gives him a glance that tells him everything. Alfred rubs his face in frustration.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You can't do this right now, those people are expecting you.

BRUCE

They're expecting my check.

ALFRED

You don't have the gear with you.

BRUCE

Spare in my private quarters, just for occasions like this.

ALFRED

This city doesn't need Batman tonight.

BRUCE

Who else am I supposed to leave it to?

ALFRED
Gordon and Gotham PD

Bruce laughs. The elevator arrives.

BRUCE
They had their chance.

The doors open and Bruce steps in. Alfred gives one final plead.

ALFRED
Master Wayne, let yourself rest for
one night.

Bruce smirks as the doors begin to close.

BRUCE
Don't wait up.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENTS. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Four wealthy young men are hogtied to the floor, bruises around their face, a few bloody and battered noses. Their eyes filled with terror, as a black leathered Selina Kyle AKA Catwoman struts around their pad and begins to loot whatever she sees valuable.

CATWOMAN
Oh my, would you look at that.

She smiles nice and wide as she discovers a lockbox with Rolex watches in them.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
Someone is spending Daddy's money
like there's no tomorrow.

One of the hog-tied men begins to thrash around as Selina dumps the watches into her sack. He begins to scream under his gag, getting the attention of Selina Kyle, she kneels down and undo the cloth around his mouth.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
What's got you all worked up, little
boy?

RICH KID
You're so fucking dead, that you
don't even know it!

He huffs and puffs full of rage feeling the urge to break from his restraints and strangle her.

RICH KID (CONT'D)
Do you know who my father is?

CATWOMAN
No, I don't. Should I?

RICH KID
Oh, yeah. Because the moment he finds you, he's going to make you regret you did this.

Selina gives a smirk, letting him ramble on.

RICH KID (CONT'D)
Might even let me get the first crack at you. And I plan to bend you over and make you---

Selina's heard enough, she presses a button on the side of her glove, pushing out 5 sharpen knife-like claws. Silencing the bravado inside the rich kids mouth.

CATWOMAN
By all means, please continue, you were on a roll.

The rich kids face goes pale. Not a word dares exist his mouth.

CATWOMAN CONT'D
Don't get all shy on me now.

She playfully rubs the sharpen steal around his cheek.

RICH KID
(Stammering)
I didn't say nothing, I was just mad, that's all.

CATWOMAN
You said you were going to bend me over and have your way with me forcefully.

RICH KID
No, that's not what I meant.

CATWOMAN
And that I should fear you and your daddy.

Selina places the claws on his face, gently resting them tightly against his skin.

CATWOMAN CONT'D

I think you should really fear me
right about now.

Selina slashes his face, the young man screams bloody murder. A wave of blood gushes down onto the carpet, Selina begins to beat the privilege out of him. She knows his type, having met them eye-to-eye, she plans to let years of repressed memories rain on to him, make this Rich Elite man-child remember his crimes.

Selina Kyle releases a sigh of pleasure as she pulls away from her attack, leaving the rich kid beaten from an inch from his life. His friends look on horror. Selina turns to them, blood dripping from her fist.

CATWOMAN

Do you boys, share your friends ugly
distasteful view on women?

They all shake their head.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

There's still hope for you after all.

Selina reaches down and picks up her sack

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

Now, let's get back to looting.

EXT. ROOFTOPS. NIGHT

Selina Kyle struts gracefully with her haul from tonight. A shadowy figure flies behind her, she senses the threat, a smile breaks on her face, she continues on. Ready to go for the whip around her waist. She takes a few more steps till she hears her attacker from behind.

She drops the sack and grabs the whip around her waist, attacking. The Batman wraps it around his arm as tight as possible, refusing to let it go.

CATWOMAN

Well, hello stranger.

Selina Kyle says seductively, blowing him a kiss.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

You feeling lonely tonight?

Batman smirks, shaking his head.

BATMAN

Stealing as usual.

Selina Kyle wags her finger.

CATWOMAN

It's not really stealing, when Daddy can replace everything with the simple wave of his checkbook.

BATMAN

It's not yours to take.

Batman grips the whip tighter, pulling Selina Kyle closer to him, she's smiling as she feels the tension rise.

CATWOMAN

Soft spot for the rich I see. So, you're good friends with the butchers who take so much and give so little?

BATMAN

You're a radical now?

CATWOMAN

I take from the rich and give to myself. So, no.

A silent second falls before Batman pulls on the whip harder.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

Such a sensitive man, can't get your way and you want to throw down. I'm game, be glad to mop the floor with you like always.

BATMAN

Is that how you remember our encounters?

CATWOMAN

I'll be glad to show you again, or you could be a nice little boy and let go.

Batman releases the whip. Selina places it back on her hip. She lets out a laugh.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

What brings you out here tonight?

BATMAN

Curiosity killed the cat.

CATWOMAN

Yes, but satisfaction is what always brings me back.

BATMAN
(Chuckles)
I was around.

CATWOMAN
Shouldn't you be somewhere in the
Narrows right now, terrorizing the
poor?

BATMAN
Maybe I should follow in your
footsteps start robbing the rich.

Selina points her finger at that idea.

CATWOMAN
That's not a bad idea actually, might
start to make people change in how
they perceive you.

Batman turns around to leave, annoyed with their tit for
tat.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
Leaving so soon, we were just
catching up, was it something I said?

BATMAN
Don't let me catch you here again.

As Batman sets foot on the ledge, Selina calls out to him.

CATWOMAN
Lay low for tonight.

Batman turns with a suspicious look

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
This night has a strange feel to it.
Plus, you crossed paths with a black
cat.

Batman chuckles.

BATMAN
Cops are on their way.

Selina shakes her head as Batman takes off.

CATWOMAN
Such a boy scout for the rich.

EXT. DOWNTOWN GOTHAM. HIGH RISE. NIGHT

Batman looks down on the City. His mind drifting back to the start of it all.

RA'S (V/O)

I Always wonder what a rich kid like you wanted to train with a bunch of cold blooded mercenaries.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. DESERT. MORNING

A young Bruce Wayne, age seventeen, is on the floor. Fighting for air, as a gray beared man paces around him, wearing dark shades, military camo. His patch reads Al-Ghu.

RA'S

Was it for kicks, morbid curiosity, or maybe because you thought you'd kill someone?

Ra's tries to find an answer.

RA'S (CONT'D)

It's just puzzling to see someone who has the world handed to him on a silver platter, yearn so much to be a monster, So, what brings you here?

BRUCE

Actually, it was a golden platter.

Ra's Al-Ghu laughs at this kid's moxie.

RA'S

You got balls, I'll give you that.

Bruce looks up at Ra's, telling him all he needs to know.

RA'S (CONT'D)

I've seen that look before, met your kind. Chaos and destruction will follow in your wake.

Ra's pulls the shades off, gestures Bruce to get up.

RA'S (CONT'D)

I don't know what you plan to do, and I sure as hell don't want to know.

BRUCE
Will you train me?

Bruce rises to his feet.

RA'S
That I will. (Chuckles) morbid sense
of curiosity on my part, I guess.

INT. BATCAVE.

The Batcave is still in it's infancy, Alfred sets up the lights as Bruce forges his armor.

ALFRED
Are you sure you to go through with
this Master Wayne?

Bruce turns of the welding equipment, and pulls off the goggles.

BRUCE
Yes, this city needs fear, fear and
justice to set in on the right path.

ALFRED
Does it need you for that?

BRUCE
It pulled me into this war, I plan to
end it.

Alfred walks over and sees the first ever Batsuit.

ALFRED
That's the demon that haunted you in
your sleep as a child.

Bruce puts on the goggles and smiles.

BRUCE
This city and I will share a common
fear.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. DOWNTOWN GOTHAM. HIGH RISE. NIGHT

Batman snaps himself away from the past and takes off into the night.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY. NARROWS. NIGHT

Batman lands on a rooftop, a neon sign of girls XXX flashes to the side. He stands on the ledge observing the city below. The sound of a footstep behind brings him to full alert. He jumps to the side missing a bullet that skins his head.

Batman rolls onto to the floor, his attacker a black cloak woman wearing body armor. She continues to fire off round after round hoping to connect. Batman sends a batarang into her arm, causing her to drop the weapon.

Before he can advance, two men dressed in body armor jump from the shadows. The female's accomplices try to draw aim, Batman quickly kills the distance to make quick work of them.

The female assassin pulls out a garrote, leaps on Batman's back, trying to wrap the piano wire around his neck. But Batman uses the blades on the side of his arms to cut it in half. He elbows the woman in the face and snaps her leg.

Her two accomplices try to rise back to their feet but Batman releases another deadly blow breaking ribs and sending them down to the ground.

Batman heads towards the woman, he kneels down and picks her up halfway.

BATMAN
(growls)
Who are you working for?

FEMALE ASSASSIN
Fuck you, you freak!

Batman grabs on to her busted leg, causing her to cry out in pain.

BATMAN
Start talking or I'll make sure you
lose the leg!

FEMALE ASSASSIN
It's not like that!

BATMAN
Why are you after me?

The female assassin takes a deep breath before she speaks.

FEMALE ASSASSIN
There's a big fat price on your head.

BATMAN
Who put the hit!

Female assassins is scared to say.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Talk!

FEMALE ASSASSIN
The clown!

A loud thud falls behind them, a thermal grenade pings, Batman quickly reacts, he jumps off the roof as the entire structure explodes.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

Batman bounces off the walls, he shoots the grappling hook to break his momentum as he falls. He slams on the floor, embers of fire rain down. He looks up to see the building on fire.

A loud distorted chuckle echoes into the chaos. Batman groans in pain as he rises up to his feet. His attacker a red hooded individual, with a brown jacket, katana blade on his back comes vaulting down towards the Dark Knight. Enters the Red Hood.

RED HOOD
Time is certainly catching up with you isn't it? I remember the days when an attack like that wouldn't have caught you off-guard.

The Red Hood stands tall, his voice masked. His body armor is gray, a sidearm strapped to his hip. He's come prepared for this fight.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)
Your move old man.

Batman quickly reaches into his utility belt, throws off four smoke bombs to to give himself cover. the Red Hood Chuckles loudly, he runs through smoke catching Batman in mid attack.

The Dark Knight takes a few strong blows, Red Hood reaches for his sidearm, shoots off a few close rounds. Batman tries to wrestle the weapon away, the Red Hood connects with one shot that skins Batman's leg.

Batman quickly brings him in and delivers a headbutt, giving him the necessary second to go for his grappling gun and take off to the high ground.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)
So the great Batman does feel fear,
interesting.

The Red Hood reaches for his own grappling gun and fires it off, giving chase.

EXT. ROOFTOPS. NIGHT

It's a cat and mouse chase, both men are swinging through building after building, Batman trying to lose the Red Hood, but is sideswiped as the Red Hood gets the drop, knocking him down onto the roof of a nearby building.

As they both descend, Batman throws batarang after battering to slow him down the Red Hood slices each shot down with his katana blade.

RED HOOD
Going to have try something else.

Batman runs at the Red Hood, the Assassin does the same.

They clash, tossing shots to one another. The burning building in the distance. Red Hood goes for his blade, he starts to slice and dice, Batman is able to deflect some of the shots with his jagged gauntlet, but the Red Hood connects with a one shot down to Batman's side, causing him to grown out in pain.

The Red Hood relishes the blood dripping from Batman's side.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)
Guess you're human after all.

The fight is interrupted as a Gotham PD Chopper flashes the light straight down on them.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)
You're lucky I went soft on you.
Catch you next time, Bats.

Red Hood dashes into the night. Batman does the same before the cops can give chase.

INT. BATCAVE.

Bruce sits near the computer console, with a medical tray beside as he patches up his wounds. An elevator descends in the back, out steps Alfred.

ALFRED

When I heard the news about gunfire
and explosions breaking out in
Gotham, I knew it had to be you.

Alfred pauses as he sees the cuts down on Bruce's side.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

(Concern)

What happened?

Bruce groans as he tries to stitch up his own wound.

BRUCE

An ambush.

Alfred pushes away his hand, takes over and attends to
patching him back up.

ALFRED

Gordon and Gotham PD?

Bruce raises his brow at that tidbit.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

They put an APB on you, didn't you
know?

Bruce grinds his teeth as Alfred seals the wound.

BRUCE

Nothing new. But no, it wasn't GPD.
Hired assassins, they were stalking
the rooftops hoping to get lucky.

ALFRED

And they did.

Alfred points to his damage body.

BRUCE

No, this wasn't the handiwork of the
ones I met on the rooftops.
Alfred looks on with a puzzled look.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

It was this one.

Bruce taps the feed of the fight he managed to record from
his cowl with the Redhood.

ALFRED

Who is he?

Bruce shrugs his shoulders.

BRUCE

I don't know, but he's trained. He was watching from afar, if he wanted to he could've taken a shot from the distance. He was out there to play a game, get my attention.

ALFRED

Who are they working for then? No one would be that stupid to pick a fight with you.

Before Bruce can answer, the computer console begins to ping with social media feeds with the hashtag #MrJIsBack #Joker.

Alfred looks on in horror.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

It can't be?

All the feeds are leading to one video, Bruce clicks on it.

FADE TO BLACK:

HARLEY II

Ladies and germs, coming live from Gotham City!

INT. TV STUDIO. NIGHT

A Harley Quinn look alike stands in front of the television cameras, dressed in her jester costume, the late night band plays in the corner.

HARLEY II

Making his triumphant return to the city he emotionally scarred for the decades to come, it's late night with Mr. J!

Harley swings her hips around as she points to the curtains behind her.

HARLEY II (CONT'D)

And here he is, Mr. J!

The curtains open, the fake automative cheers and claps shower down as the clown Prince of Gotham makes his triumphant return. His white skin, the red lips, the purple suit. Flower in his breast pocket, green slicked hair. This is the Joker.

JOKER

Gotham, it's great to be back! I've missed you, have you missed me?

HARLEY II

We sure have, Mr.J!

The Joker shoots off an angry annoyed look at this Harley Quinn copycat.

JOKER

Nobody was talking to you. God, you have the most annoying voice I've ever heard in my life.

The Harley Quinn look alike gulps, as the Joker's face turns dead serious. A few seconds of tension stay in the air, till Joker breaks out laughing.

JOKER (CONT'D)

I just hope your fate doesn't end up like the last Harley.

Joker pulls on his shirt collar, as he gets a drum roll from the band.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Let's also give a hand to our house band Three Dogs Night.

A fake automated cheers and claps pour.

JOKER (CONT'D)

They're here against their will!

The camera pans over to the frightened band members, they're being held literally at gunpoint by Joker's Goons.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Don't forget guys, if you play out of tune, I'll kill you.

One of the band member looks to the gun men.

BAND MEMBER

He's joking right?

The gunmen shakes his head. Joker breaks into laughter once more, the camera falls back on him.

JOKER

There's something about this city that just brings the worst out of me. You know how it is?

Joker points at the camera, addressing the viewers.

JOKER (CONT'D)
You've lived long enough in this city
to see the effects of it, how it
kicks you around, how it starts to
change you from the inside out.

The Joker pauses and smiles.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Unless if you're the rich, then you
pay someone to change you. (Laughs)

The fake automated laughs pour in from the non-existent audience.

HARLEY II
Good one, Mr.J.

The Joker fixes his tie as the show rolls on.

JOKER
Did any of you get to see that big
fancy party they had tonight? That
was something else, Bruce Wayne threw
that little shindig. You know who
that is, that little Rich orphan,
that ended up turning into a colossal
douchebag. The one that cut funding
to Thomas Wayne organization, the one
that helped the homeless get back on
their feet.

The fake boo's pour on.

JOKER (CONT'D)
And they call me a monster!? But you
know who really likes Bruce Wayne?
Mayor Jordan Bliss.

More boo's from the fake audience.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Old Jordy likes Rich dicks, Bruce
Wayne just happens to be the biggest
one in Gotham.(Laughs)

The fake crowd laughs.

JOKER (CONT'D)
I would give my white nut to find out
what they were saying at tonight's
party.

Joker boinks his head.

JOKER (CONT'D)
I forgot, we do have audio from
tonight's little shindig.

The Joker snaps his finger and the audio starts to play.

AUDIO (V.O)
Fucking animals, they don't deserve
to breathe the same air we do. They
want everything handed.

The Joker does a fake gasp.

AUDIO (V.O) (CONT'D)
Tearing down housing in the Narrows
for a new Amazon fulfillment center
has to happen. I could care less
where Gotham's lower class end up,
plenty of room in the streets.

Joker shakes his head in disgust, as the voices of the rich
keep playing.

AUDIO (V.O)
I love the Batman's handiwork. He's
always roughing up some niggers and
wet bags, someone's got to keep them
tamed.

The fake automated outrage pours on even heavier, Joker
raises his hands up to calm his fake audiences outrage.

JOKER
Surely, are Mayor Jordan Bliss
doesn't think this way?

The voice of Jordan Bliss plays.

BLISS AUDIO (V.O)
Alexandria Huerta is another radical
socialist, who's selling a pipe dream
to deceive the citizens of Gotham.
She thinks she can fix the homeless
crisis in Gotham with these Socialist
Communist programs. But it won't fix
a damn thing, we'd have better
success if we toss them across the
bay into Metropolis. That's just the
reality of things, money won't fix
people's laziness. And I have no
intention of harming your income,
just because a few people didn't want
to work hard enough.

The fake Boos grow louder. Joker cuts the audio to address the people.

JOKER

There is no one above, we are all equals. That's what good old Jordy sold to you in the last campaign run, doesn't seem to be the case now, does it?

The clown is left behind as the Joker takes on a more serious tone.

JOKER (CONT'D)

They don't see you as people, they see you as a cancer. The moment you try to fix the wrong they have done to you, they do everything in their power to break you, keep you in line, and silent.

Joker takes a step closer to the camera, as though he's looking at the person who's watching him right now.

JOKER (CONT'D)

You heard what they said about you, so what are you going to do about it?

Joker pretends as though he can't hear the other person on the other side.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Speak up Gotham, I can't hear you.

Joker smiles as the camera.

JOKER (CONT'D)

Maybe you need more fuel on the fire. Well, don't worry your Uncle J has you covered. Head over to JokersBigDump.com to see all the nasty little things the big companies have been hiding. (Laughs)

INT. BATCAVE.

Bruce pauses the video, the picture of the Joker is frozen in time.

ALFRED

Master Wayne, talk to me?

Bruce's fist are tightly clutched as he hears the echos of the pass play through his mind.

JASON V/O
Just kill me, just do it!

JOKER V/O
(laughs)
What's the big rush, we got all
night!

FADE TO BLACK:

BRUCE V/O
His death broke me, it send me deeper
into darkness.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DARKSPACE.

Slowly the scene begins to open up in tunnel vision. We see it through Bruce's eyes. Suddenly Jason Todd appears tied to a chair, his face battered and bruised, blood dripping down his face. The Joker dancing around him, laughing hysterically, enjoying his creation.

JOKER
How are you feeling bats? Are you
stewing right now, are you feeling
helpless?

The Joker caresses Jason's face.

JOKER (CONT'D)
I wouldn't feel so bad, you're not
the only one. (Laughs)

BRUCE V/O
I was so blinded, I never saw him
coming. My mistake cost a good man's
life. I was forced to watch his death
on replay over and over.

Joker grabs Jason by the hair, so Batman can get a good look at his frightened sidekick.

JOKER
Any last words you want to leave, the
old man?

Jason Todd looks on sadden, knowing this is the end for him.

JASON
It all has to end sometime.

Jason begins to take deep breaths, as his voice begins to shake.

JASON (CONT'D)
It's just never how we want it.

Joker looks at the camera then back at Jason Todd.

JOKER
That's it? That's your big emotional speech!?

Joker pulls out a gun and points it at Jason's head.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Well, now I don't feel bad for killing you.

The trigger is pulled, the side of Jason's head explodes.

BRUCE (V/O)
I couldn't save him, all I could do was light the rage inside me, like never before.

The image begins to die, we start to hear the thundering heartbeat of Bruce.

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)
I was Unchained

INT. JOKER'S HIDEOUT. NIGHT

The original Harley Quinn dressed in her jester costume stares as a group of pigs devour their meal. Two Joker goon stand beside her.

HARLEY
The Boss went too far this time.

The Joker's Hideout seems like cross between a wacky fun house and chemical Warehouse.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
He shouldn't have touched the kid.

JOKER GOON #1
Where is the boss?

A loud explosion rocks the building, Harley's eyes widen in panic. She knows what's coming. The Batman comes crashing through the walls with the Batmobile, running over the goons in his way.

JOKER GOON #1 (CONT'D)
Fuck, it's him!

JOKER GOON #2
What do we do?

Harley shouts at the top of her lungs.

HARLEY
Kill him, before he kills us!

The shots begin to rain down, Harley is on her knees, crawling out of the firefight. Soon the noise ends, she begins to shake from fright. She can feel him standing over her.

BATMAN
(Growls)
Where is he!?

Harley jumps to her feet, stumbling and crashing to a steal vat. She holds her hand out as Batman inches closer.

HARLEY
Stay back, I didn't do anything to the boy, that was all him!

Batman closes in grabbing Harley by the collar of her costume and raising her off the ground.

BATMAN
(Growls)
Where is he!?

Harley Cries Out.

HARLEY
I don't know, I swear. He wasn't here when we came back!

BATMAN
Lies!

HARLEY
I would have never let him harm the boy and and never let him feed his---

Harley bites on her words. Batman screams in anger

BATMAN
Say it!

HARLEY
He fed the boys body to the pigs.

Batman drops Harley and stares at the pigs in their pin as they continue to devour their meal

Harley begins to sob behind him.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I don't want to do this no more, take me in, put me behind bars.

Batman turns back to Harley, something catches his eye. He looks down at the sharp blades on his arms, he screams and slashes his blades.

Harley closes her eyes shut, Imagining the worst. A few seconds pass, she clutches her throat, no blood. She smiles as Batman begins to walk away.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Thank you, I...

Acid pours out of the steel vat Batman had slashed, pouring on the side of Harley's face and back. She screams bloody murder and thrashes on the floor to ease the pain.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY.ROOFTOP. NIGHT

Batman screams out in pain as the Joker has vanished.

BATMAN (V/O)

I spent my night turning the city inside out, but he was gone.

INT. BATCAVE.

Bruce sits in the Batcave, clutching the cowl in his hands, he's been down here for some time. He has a beard.

BRUCE (V/O)

My failure led to my isolation.

He holds on to the cowl tightly, as though he's contemplating tossing it away. Suddenly something on the console screen catches his eye, Bruce rises.

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)

But the city wouldn't let me rest. It called out to me.

END FLASHBACK:

FADE TO BLACK:

BRUCE (V/O) (CONT'D)
So, I returned back to war. to
continue the fight that I started.
But I swore to kill the Joker if he
ever came back.

INT. BATCAVE

Bruce snaps back to the now, he rewinds the video to study
the layout.

ALFRED
What are you doing?

Bruce keeps his eyes on the screen.

BRUCE
The studio he's in, it has to be an
old one, out of commission.

Alfred can see the look in Bruce's eyes, it's a look that
sets off alarms in him.

ALFRED
What are you planning to do when you
find him?

Bruce doesn't answer. He stops the video to where the band
members are playing, he zooms on to the back, faded words
can barely you made it out.

BRUCE
Late Night with Smiles.

Bruce keys in the search and pulls out the old late night
talk show Henry Smiles, the same exact Studio The Joker was
in.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
That's where he was at.

ALFRED
Was?

BRUCE
He ran away seven years ago knowing
what I'd do to him. He's not going to
sit there waiting for me to show up.

ALFRED
So, what's his game? Is here to start
a revolution?

Bruce can't help but chuckle.

BRUCE

Hardly, it's a smokescreen. He wants this city to fall into chaos, so I'll come out to save it, giving those assassins the golden opportunity.

Alfred nods.

ALFRED

So, you stay in. Let Gordon and his men handle it.

Bruce pulls up the feed, watching all the pro-Joker posts come flooding in.

BRUCE

This is out of their element.

Bruce switches screens and starts to pull up the workers at tonight's fundraiser. He stops on the file of a blonde mid-20, name Susan Carpenter.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

That's the one.

Alfred looks on puzzled.

ALFRED

The one what?

BRUCE

The voices on the recording, I remember where they were. And she was the closest to them all

ALFRED

And you can be certain about that?

BRUCE

You were pretending to be enamored in the conversation Miss July was giving, as you checked out her rack.

Alfred turns red face.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

That was clear across the room, also you stuck a piece of gum under the plate of the former senator of Massachusetts during the speech.

ALFRED

Ok, ok, get on with it, we get it, you're aware of your surroundings.

A quick search and Bruce finds posts online of Susan Carpenter on her social media accounts, all Against the establishment. Bruce smiles.

BRUCE

She's exactly what he was looking for.

He pulls out the name and address.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX. HALL. NIGHT

Susan Carpenter is walking nervously, she looks over her shoulder as she talks on the phone.

SUSAN

Listen Julie, I need to get out of here fast. I need a place to crash, just for a little while, I can't go into details right now.

Susan is getting closer to her apartment.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, I'm leaving right now.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Susan comes rushing into her apartment, she races into her bedroom, never noticing the Batman in the in the corner of the room.

Seconds pass as she comes out pulling a rolling suitcase, only to have Batman step in her way.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX. ROOFTOPS. NIGHT

Batman holds Susan from one foot, dangling her over the rooftop.

SUSAN

Oh, my God, please don't kill me!

BATMAN

You helped the clown start all this chaos, where is he?

Susan cries out, fearful of her life.

SUSAN

I didn't know it was him, I just answered an ad online and I met with this guy.

BATMAN

What guy?

SUSAN

He said his name was Jason Todd!

Batman almost lets go, losing focus. Susan screams at the top of her lungs, the lights around the apartment complex and those from across start to turn on. People start looking out their windows.

Batman drops Susan back on the roof.

BATMAN

You were a pawn, he used you.

Folks begin to point and shout at the Batman. Batman leaves and vanishes into the night. Leaving Susan a wreck.

INT. BATCAVE.

Alfred pours a shot of whiskey as he watches the online feeds play on the screen.

ALFRED

No luck?

Alfred doesn't even have to turn to know Bruce is behind him. Bruce creeps up with the bat cowl off.

BRUCE

Not yet.

Bruce winces and grabs the side of his thigh, still feeling the pain of the Redhoods blade.

ALFRED

You were all over social media.

Alfred pulls up the screen of Batman holding Susan. With people declaring this an act of brutality.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

This image, your actions just gaslighted his cause.

BRUCE

She doesn't care about justice. She just wanted to get paid.

ALFRED

But they don't know that, and they won't care now. They'll start to believe him, take his side.

Bruce chuckles.

BRUCE

Of a murderer?

ALFRED

To a man making sense.

BRUCE

You lost it.

ALFRED

He knew you would trace her, he knew you would make a scene. You're doing everything he wants you to do.

BRUCE

Jason Todd.

The name alone brings pain to Alfred.

ALFRED

We both cared deeply for him.

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE

No, he gave a name to the man he contracted for this job.

Alfred grabs another glass and pours a drink to Bruce. Bruce takes it.

ALFRED

Does he know who you are?

Bruce gulps down the drink before speaking.

BRUCE

Depends what he got out of Jason that night. I doubt much, I built him to withstand the worst.

Alfred thinks upon that for a few seconds before chiming in with a follow-up.

ALFRED

I gave GPD the location of the studio.

Bruce just shrugs.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
They found the band members tied up.

BRUCE
(Chuckles)
The Senator will be happy to know he
didn't get stood up.

Alfred see's Bruce reaching to put on the cowl on once more.

ALFRED
I would highly advise against that.

BRUCE
When has that stopped me before.
There's no time to wait idly by while
the clown is loose in the city.

Alfred pulls out the headlines of Wayne Enterprise.

ALFRED
You'll have to after this. Few hours
in and you're already the talk of the
Town.

Bruce places the cowl on the console and starts reading
through the headlines. Alfred pours himself another drink.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
That monster file dump had a lot on
Wayne Enterprise.

Alfred takes a sip of his drink, pointing his finger at
Bruce.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Things you didn't even tell me about.

BRUCE
I told you what you needed to know.

ALFRED
You help the bloody US government
create their own private shadow Army.
Suicide Squad.

BRUCE
Task Force-X.

ALFRED
Pardon?

BRUCE

That's their name. Suicide Squad was just a nickname the inner circle used for them. They were disposable.

ALFRED

Well, that makes things better then.

Alfred shakes his head before chugging down his stiff drink.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You're going to have to deal with this. Not as Batman, but as Bruce Wayne. You can't fix this by breaking a few bones.

Alfred reaches over and swipes the cowl away from Bruce.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

So, give this a rest for tonight. You got bigger things to deal with. No cash, no Batman.

INT. BRUCE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Bruce lies down in the darkened room, closing his eyes to settle down and rest. At the moment he does, you can hear the terror inside his mind. He clutches at the side of his head trying to make it stop. Flashes of the day his parents die play in his mind.

BRUCE

Stop, stop, stop, stop it!

MARTHA (O.S)

BRUCE!

THOMAS (O.S)

BRUCE!

Bruce leaps out of bed, falling to his knees, slamming his fist to the floor.

BRUCE

(growling)

Snap out of it!

Two dark shadows stand over him, blood dripping from their fingertips. A few seconds pass and it all fades away, Bruce is on the floor trying his best to recover.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Thanks for reading the rough draft. Hope to be done with the script this coming year. If you love what you read, plz follow me on social media.

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Till we meet again, same Bat channel, same Bat time.