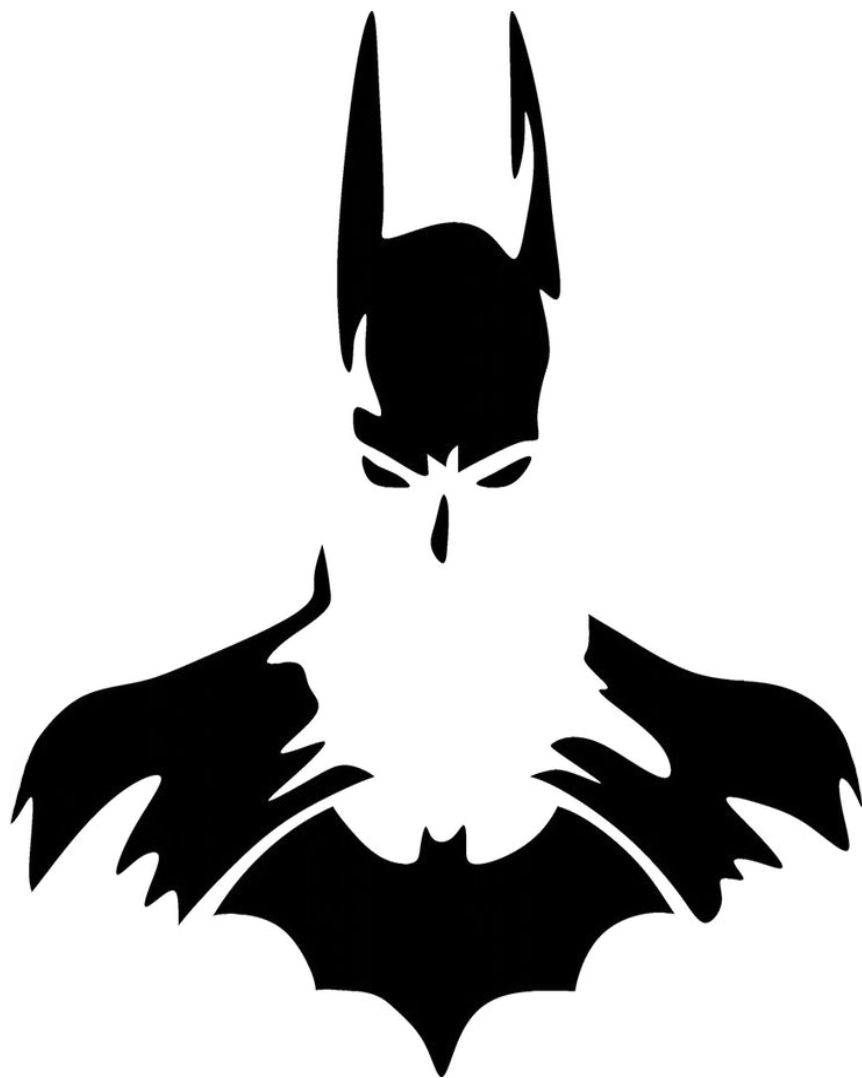




BATMAN: CREATURE OF GOTHAM

"Glass House"

Written by:
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"GLASS HOUSE"

ACT ONE:

FADE IN:

INT. VENTRILOQUIST'S LAIR - ABANDONED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Darkness. The smell of mildew and decay.

CATWOMAN'S eyes flutter open. Groggy. Head pounding.

She tries to move, but she can't.

Her wrists are BOUND behind her. Thick rope. Tight. Cutting into skin.

Her ankles are tied to chair legs. The chair is made of steel, bolted to the floor.

She pulls, tests the bonds. Ineffective.

A SLOW CLAP echoes through the darkness.

LIGHTS FLICKER on. Dim bulbs, casting long shadows.

The space is vast. An old MOVIE THEATER. Rows of torn seats. Dusty stage. Tattered curtains.

In front of her, THE VENTRILOQUIST (ARNOLD WESKER, 40s, mousy, nervous, cheap suit) stands.

On his hand, SCARFACE (wooden gangster puppet, painted scowl, tiny fedora).

Scarface "smoke" a tiny CIGAR. Wesker makes the motion.

SCARFACE
(gravelly, mocking)
Wakey, wakey, kitty cat.

Catwoman's eyes narrow. She stays silent.

SCARFACE (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?

Wesker GIGGLES nervously, then catches himself.

WESKER
(timid, to Scarface)
H-H-How do we call the b-boss, Mr. Scarface? They didn't give us a-

SCARFACE
(snapping)
I said WE do the talkin' dummy! Not
YOU!

Wesker FLINCHES, looking down.

WESKER
Y-Y-Yes, Mr. Scarface.

Catwoman scans the room, looking for exits, weapons, or anything.

Behind Wesker scans FOUR THUGS, sitting around a table. Playing cards.

On the table stands MILITARY-GRADE WEAPONS. Assault rifles, grenade, pistols. The same weapons Batman has been tracking.

THUG #1 (30s, scarred, smoking) picks up a rifle, examining it.

THUG #1
(impressed)
These things are sweet. Way better
than the junk we usually get.

THUG #2 (40s, bald, tattoos) LOADS a magazine. CLICKS it into place.

THUG #2
No kiddin'. Military-grade. Top of
the line.

THUG #3 (20s, nervous, fidgeting) stares at the weapons. Uncomfortable.

THUG #3
Where'd Scarface get 'em?

Thug #1 shrugs.

THUG #1
Nobody knows. Not even the boss. I
heard Batman's had no luck either.

Thug #2 leans back, lighting a cigarette.

THUG #2
All we got was a note sayin' we'd
get paid big if we delivered the
cat to some warehouse.

Catwoman's ears PERK. She listens, gathering intel.

Thug #3 deals cards. Still nervous.

THUG #3
You think they'll be here soon?

Thug #2 exhales smoke.

THUG #2
I hope so. I'm gettin' tired of
sitting around the Cat.

He looks over at Catwoman, grinning.

THUG #2 (CONT'D)
(licks lips)
Not complainin' though.

Catwoman meets his eyes. Cold. Calculating.

CATWOMAN
(disgusted)
You're disgusting.

Thug #2's grin fades.

Scarface "walks" along the edge of Wesker's hand. He approaches Catwoman.

SCARFACE
Ooh, she's got a MOUTH. I like
that.

He stops, "staring" at her.

SCARFACE (CONT'D)
But that MOUTH don't get you outta
ropes, sweetheart.

Catwoman does not respond. Just subtly tests the bonds again.

TWO GUARDS stand behind her chair. Rifles slung over shoulders, watching.

GUARD #1 (50s, grizzled) shifts his weight. Bored.

GUARD #2 (30s, younger, alert) keeps his eyes on Catwoman. He does not blink.

Catwoman feels their presence. Knows she cannot escape just yet.

She settles back, waiting.

She looks out the window, looking for a sign.

CATWOMAN
(to herself, quiet,
distasteful)
Off with that other girl, aren't
you?

Catwoman watches. Silent. Patient.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

The TURNTABLE rotates. The Batmobile parks.

BATMAN and TALIA exit the Batmobile.

Batman's cowl is off. BRUCE (bruised face, weary eyes).

Talia limps slightly. Blood on her sleeve. Cut from the Cape Canaveral fight.

ALFRED waits at the bottom, concerned. Medical tray in hand.

ALFRED
Master Bruce. Miss Talia.

He gestures to the medical station. Bruce and Talia sit.

Alfred examines Bruce's face. A CUT above his eyebrow.
Swollen knuckles.

He dabs ANTISEPTIC. Bruce WINCES but doesn't complain.

Across the cave, TIM (civilian clothes, focused) sits at the
Batcomputer.

Multiple screens display SATELLITE TRAJECTOR DATA. Qayin's
rocket path. Projected impact zones.

Tim types RAPIDLY. Cross-referencing and analyzing.

TIM
(not looking up)
Oracle's tracking the satellite.
It's in stable orbit. For now.

Bruce stands, walking over. He takes a look at the screens.

BRUCE
Can she disable it remotely?

TIM
She's trying. But Qayin's
encryption is highly advanced.
It'll take some time.

Bruce's jaw TIGHTENS.

BRUCE
We don't have time.

Alfred moves to Talia, examining the cut on her arm.

ALFRED
This will need stitches, Miss
Talia.

Talia nods. She does not flinch as Alfred threads the needle.

Bruce watches her. Then turns to Tim.

BRUCE
The launch failed. But we're not
done.

Tim looks up, making eye contact with Bruce.

TIM
(to Bruce)
What's the plan?

Bruce glances at Talia. She meets his gaze. A silent understanding.

BRUCE
I have some news.

Tim's eyes narrow, suspiciously.

Alfred pauses mid-stitch. He looks up at Bruce.

Bruce takes a breath.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Talia's pregnant. We're having a
baby.

Silence.

Alfred's face LIGHTS UP. Genuine joy in his eyes.

ALFRED
(smiling)
Master Bruce. That's... that's
wonderful news!

He sets down the needle. Crosses to Bruce. He places a hand on his shoulder.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Congratulations, sir. Truly.

Bruce nods. A faint smile.

Alfred turns to Talia, bowing slightly.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Miss Talia. You honor this family.

Talia smiles, touched.

TALIA
Thank you, Alfred.

Tim stays silent and does not move. He just examines the situation.

Bruce notices.

BRUCE
Tim? Are you okay?

Tim's expression is unreadable.

TIM
(carefully)
That's... great. I'm happy for you.

But his tone is flat. Distant.

Talia stands, approaching Tim.

TALIA
Timothy. I know you don't trust me.
Or my father. But we are on a
different path now. Me and you are
on the same side.

Tim looks at her, searching her face.

TIM
Are you?

TALIA
Yes. We all want the same thing. To
stop Qayin and make Gotham a better
place.

Tim doesn't respond.

Talia kneels, eye-level with him.

TALIA (CONT'D)
I love Bruce with all of my heart.
I would never do anything to hurt
him. Or his family.

She places a hand over her stomach.

TALIA (CONT'D)
That includes you.

Tim studies her. A long BEAT.

Finally, he nods. Slow and uncertain.

TIM
Okay.

He turns back to the computer. Conversation over.

Bruce watches with a concerned look on his face.

BRUCE
Tim. Tomorrow I meet with Ra's.
We're hunting down Qayin. Tonight,
you and I patrol Gotham.

Tim's fingers pause on the keyboard.

TIM
Just us?

BRUCE
Just us. Father and son.

Tim nods, relieved.

TIM
I'll suit up as soon as I can.

He stands, heading toward the costume vault.

Alfred finishes stitching Talia's arm. He ties off the thread.

ALFRED
All done, Miss Talia.

Talia looks at the stitches. Clean and professional.

TALIA
Thank you, Alfred.

Alfred nods. He begins to pack up the medical supplies.

Bruce and Talia stand alone.

TALIA (CONT'D)
He doesn't trust me.

BRUCE
I know. He's always been like that.
Give him time and he will.

Talia touches her stomach again, protective.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Get some rest. You've earned it.

Talia turns toward the stairs.

Bruce watches her go.

Alfred approaches quietly but swiftly.

ALFRED
So... what names do you have
planned for the child?

Bruce stays silent. Focused on the mission.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR GROUNDS - CEMETERY - NIGHT

Behind the manor. A small, private graveyard. Wrought-iron fence. Ancient trees.

Two HEADSTONES. Side-by-side.

THOMAS WAYNE. MARTHA WAYNE.

Fresh FLOWERS lie at the base of each stone. Recent.

Bruce (suit, no tie, exhausted) kneels between them.

He carries NEW FLOWERS in his hands. White lilies. Martha's favourite.

He removes the old flowers. Wilted. Brown. Instead, he replaces them with fresh ones.

Silence. Just the wind through the leaves.

Bruce stares at the headstones, his parents' names etched in stone.

Finally, he speaks. Quiet. Just to them.

BRUCE
Hi, Mom. Dad.

A beat. The wind rustles.

He touches Martha's headstone. Fingers tracing her name.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I met someone. Her name is Talia.
You'd like her, Mom. She doesn't
take anyone's nonsense.

A faint smile.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
And... she's pregnant. I'm going to
be a father.

He pauses, letting it sink in.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I never thought I'd say that. Not
with this life. Not after
everything I've been through.

He looks down at his hands. Scarred and bruised.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I always kept them separate. Love
and the mission. Andrea. Selina.
Every time, I chose the mission.

His voice slightly CRACKS.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
But maybe... I don't have to.

He looks up at the headstones.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You'd want me to be happy. I know
you would.

The wind picks up, swirling around him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I've always had this feeling of
vengeance. But for the first time
in years... I feel hopeful.

He stands, placing a hand on each headstone.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I'll make you proud. Both of you.
As a father. As a man.

A moment of silence.

Then, he moves to the grave beside his parents'.

The headstone reads:

"JASON TODD. BELOVED SON. A GOOD SOLDIER."

Bruce traces the words with his fingers. Stops at "BELOVED SON".

He places RED ROSES at the base. Jason's favourite colour.

Silence. Just the wind through the leaves.

Bruce stares at all three headstones.

Then, his COMM BUZZES.

He presses it.

Bruce's expression shifts. Back to business.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(into comm)
Oracle, what is it?

ORACLE
(filtered urgent)
Bruce. We've got activity. Someone tripped the silent alarm at the Diamond District Jewelry store. I've tracked down their location at the abandoned movie theater.

Bruce's eyes HARDEN.

BRUCE
I'm on my way.

He hangs up, taking one last look at the graves.

A beat.

He turns, walking away.

The flowers remain. Swaying in the wind.

INT. VENTRILOQUIST'S LAIR - ABANDONED THEATER - NIGHT

The Ventriloquist stands center stage. Scarface on his hand. Panicking.

Catwoman sits with the ropes tightly binding her to the chair.

FOUR THUGS stand guard. Armed. Watching her.

SCARFACE
(gravelly)
Hey, dummy! What you lookin' at the girl for?!

WESKER
(stammering)
S-S-Sorry, Mr. Scarface!

Catwoman sits CALMLY. Watching. Amused.

CATWOMAN
Take your time, Wesker. This'll be the last you see me in a while.

SCARFACE
You wanna bet on that?

Suddenly, a BATARANG FLIES through the air, SLICING the ropes around Catwoman and her chair.

Catwoman's hands FREE. She stands, stretching.

Wesker SCREAMS, dropping Scarface.

WESKER
B-B-BATMAN!

BATMAN and ROBIN emerge from the shadows.

BATMAN
Step away from her, Wesker.

WESKER
(gestures, to his thugs)
Kill them!

THUG #1 CHARGES at Batman.

Batman SIDESTEPS, uses Thug #1's momentum against him. Thug CRASHES into THUG #2.

Both STUMBLE.

THUG #3 PULLS a GUN. Aims at Batman.

Catwoman's WHIP CRACKS through the air. WRAPS around the gun.

She YANKS. Gun FLIES from Thug #3's hand.

Robin SPRINTS forward. STRIKES Thug #3's chest. Thug DROPS gasping.

THUG #4 SWINGS a CLUB at Robin.

Batman BLOCKS it. Takes the club. USES it to SWEEP Thug #4's legs.

Thug #4 CRASHES down.

The first two thugs recover. CHARGE together.

Catwoman and Batman move in SYNC. Like they've fought together

before.

Catwoman WHIPS. Thug #1 DODGES. Batman STRIKES from behind.

Thug #1 DOWN.

Thug #2 THROWS a punch. Catwoman DUCKS. Grabs his arm. FLIPS him over her shoulder.

He CRASHES HARD.

All four thugs UNCONSCIOUS in SECONDS.

Wesker tries to RUN away, Scarface in his hand.

Catwoman THROWS a set of BOLAS on the ground.

Wesker SLIPS, falling to the ground. Dropping Scarface.

Scarface lies on the floor. Lifeless.

CATWOMAN
(to Batman)
So you do think about me.

BATMAN
Are you okay?

CATWOMAN
I've had worse dates.

Robin approaches Wesker, pulling out zip-ties.

ROBIN
Hands behind your back.

Wesker complies, sobbing.

WESKER
I-I-I didn't do anything, I swear!
Scarface made me!

Robin secures the zip-ties.

ROBIN
You need help.

Batman examines the thugs' weapons on the ground. Same military-grade hardware.

BATMAN
(to Wesker)
Anonymous supplier?

Wesker nods. Frantic.

WESKER
The weapons just showed up with a note!

BATMAN
What did the note say?

WESKER
That I'd get paid if I delivered the girl to a warehouse. That's all!

Catwoman crosses her arms.

CATWOMAN
Who wouldn't want this kitty?

Batman's jaw TIGHTENS.

BATMAN
It's Red Claw.

CATWOMAN
She's back in Gotham?

Batman nods.

Robin picks up Scarface from the floor, holding the puppet at arm's length.

ROBIN
(to puppet)
You got anything to add?

Silence. The puppet stares, lifeless.

Robin tosses it to Wesker.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Here. You two can share a cell.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - NIGHT

The Gothic structure looms. Lightning FLASHES.

A GCPD TRANSPORT VAN pulls up with Wesker inside, handcuffed.

Batman and Robin watch from a nearby rooftop. Their capes billow in the wind. Camera shows them from behind.

The van doors OPEN. GUARDS escort Wesker out.

At the entrance, DR. JEREMIAH ARKHAM (40s, glasses, tired eyes, white coat) waits.

He reviews a CLIPBOARD. Nods to the guards.

JEREMIAH
Arnold Wesker. Dissociative
identity disorder. Scarface
persona.

He looks at Wesker, sympathetic.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Welcome back, Mr. Wesker.

Wesker stays quiet, shaking. He clutches Scarface.

Jeremiah gestures to the guards.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Take him to Ward C. I'll evaluate
him in the morning.

The guards lead Wesker inside.

Jeremiah turns, seeing Batman standing at the gate.
Unsurprised.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Batman. I figured you'd show up.

BATMAN
How's the facility?

Jeremiah looks back at the Asylum.

JEREMIAH
Overcrowded. Underfunded. But we do
our best.

BATMAN
Wesker needs help, not just
incarceration.

JEREMIAH
I agree. I'll make sure he receives
the best possible treatment.

Batman's eyes narrow.

BATMAN
Like the others? Joker, Two-Face,
Ivy.

Jeremiah removes his glasses, cleaning them.

JEREMIAH
Oh, don't worry, Batman. They're
stable. For now...

He puts his glasses back on.

He looks around. Batman has vanished.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
(muttering, to himself)
Fascinating.

Jeremiah stands alone, looking up at the Asylum.

Thunder RUMBLES.

EXT. GOTHAM ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The BAT-SIGNAL pierces the clouds.

Batman and Robin arrive. GRAPPLING HOOKS retracting.

COMMISSIONER GORDON (trench coat, cigarette) waits. DETECTIVE
BULLOCK (rumpled suit, scowling) beside him.

BATMAN
What is it, Jim?

Gordon takes a drag, exhaling smoke.

GORDON
Thorne's autopsy is out. We can
confirm it was a murder. But all we
got is the symbols.

BATMAN
Chinese dragon and Arabic writing.

Gordon nods.

ROBIN
No other leads?

GORDON
No. But Zsasz wants to talk to you,
Batman.

Batman's eyes narrow.

BATMAN
Zsasz?

GORDON
He's been asking to see you. Alone.
Wants to talk about Thorne's
murder.

ROBIN
Could he be a potential suspect?

Bullock SNORTS.

BULLOCK
(smug)
In what world does Zsasz know
Arabic? Or use guns?

ROBIN
Anything's possible.

Gordon shoots Batman a look.

GORDON
I know it's a long shot. But the
way Thorne died is very similar to
Zsasz's methods.

BATMAN
I'll talk to him.

Gordon nods. He looks away for a second.

GORDON
But be careful. Zsasz is one creepy
son of a-

Gordon turns back. Batman has vanished in front of him yet again.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Should've expected that.

ACT TWO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Cold. Sterile. Fluorescent lights FLICKER.

Batman moves down the hallway. Jeremiah Arkham and AARON CASH (40s, law enforcement uniform, steel hook in place of left hand, trusted) guide him along the way.

JEREMIAH
(to Batman)
He should be near.

They pass cells. Each holding a different inmate.

Some SLEEP. Others PACE. One LAUGHS manically.

Batman ignores them, focused.

He reaches CELL 237.

CASH
(to Batman)
There you go, Batman. I'll be in
the other room. Let me know if you
need any help.

BATMAN
Thanks, Cash.

Cash nods. Walks down the corridor.

Batman stares at Zsasz's cell.

The door is REINFORCED. Small window. Thick glass.

Inside, VICTOR ZSASZ (gaunt, pale, covered in TALLY MARK SCARS, orange jumpsuit pants) sits on his bunk, staring at the wall.

Counting.

ZSASZ
(monotone)
...seventy-three... seventy-four...
seventy-five...

Batman steps to the window. He KNOCKS.

Zsasz stops counting. Turns.

His eyes LIGHT UP when he sees Batman.

ZSASZ (CONT'D)
(excited, childlike)
Batman. You came.

Batman maintains his STONELIKE expression.

BATMAN
You wanted to talk about Rupert
Thorne.

Zsasz gets up. Walks to the window. Presses his hand against
the glass.

ZSASZ
Yes. Yes, yes, yes.

BATMAN
Were you involved in his murder?

Zsasz SMILES. Wide. Unsettling.

ZSASZ
No. But I wish I was.

BATMAN
Then why call me?

Zsasz's smile fades. His expression turns SERIOUS.

ZSASZ
Because whoever did it stole my
work.

Batman leans closer.

BATMAN
You're wasting my time.

Jeremiah becomes concerned with Batman's tone.

JEREMIAH
Now, Batman. I think you should
calm down.

Batman doesn't respond. Just stares.

BATMAN
Goodbye.

ZSASZ
(calling after him)
Batman! BATMAN! Don't leave!

Batman approaches the exit corridor.

Suddenly, FOOTSTEPS behind him. Heavy, purposeful.

He turns.

TWO MASSIVE GUARDS (7 feet tall, muscular, tactical gear)
block the corridor.

GUARD #1
Where do you think you're going,
Batman?

Batman's hand moves to his utility belt.

BATMAN
Step aside.

GUARD #2 cracks his knuckles.

Batman immediately THROWS a BATARANG. It SLICES toward Guard #1's face. But Guard #1 CATCHES it bare-handed. The blade cuts his palm. Blood drips.

He doesn't flinch.

GUARD #2
That won't work around here.

Both guards CHARGE. They move faster than their size should allow.

Batman DODGES the first swing. Guard #2's fist SMASHES the wall behind him. Concrete CRACKS.

Batman delivers a KNEE STRIKE to Guard #1's ribs.

It connects. But Guard #1 barely reacts.

Batman's eyes NARROW. These aren't ordinary guards.

They've been ENHANCED. Or drugged.

Guard #2 GRABS Batman's arm. His grip is IRON.

Batman uses momentum. FLIPS him over his shoulder.

Guard #2 CRASHES into the ground. The floor CRACKS under the impact.

But he rolls, getting up instantly.

Guard #1 SWINGS. Batman DUCKS. The punch WHOOSHES past his head.

Batman counters with a PALM STRIKE to Guard #1's throat.

Guard #1 CHOKES. Falls to one knee.

But Guard #2 is already moving. TACKLES Batman.

They CRASH into the wall. Plaster EXPLODES.

Batman's breath KNOCKED from his lungs.

Guard #2 raises his fist. About to deliver a finishing blow.

Batman HEADBUTTS him.

Guard #2's nose BREAKS. Blood sprays.

He ROARS. Pulls back.

Batman KICKS him away.

Guard #2 CRASHES into the opposite wall.

The impact is MASSIVE. The wall CRACKS vertically.

Guard #1 CHARGES again. Fresh. Relentless.

Batman SIDESTEPS. Uses Guard #1's momentum against him.

Guard #1 SLAMS into the wall. Hard.

For a moment—Guard #1 doesn't get up.

Guard #2 staggers forward. Dazed. Blood pouring from his nose.

Batman STRIKES. Pressure point. Guard #2's legs BUCKLE.

He FALLS.

Both guards down.

Batman breathes hard. Bruised. But alive.

He turns toward the exit.

A DOOR SLAMS open ahead.

Ten MORE GUARDS pour out. Holding STUN BATONS.

Batman's jaw CLENCHES.

The guards ADVANCE.

Batman fights. BRUTAL and EFFICIENT. But they keep coming. Relentlessly.

A guard GRABS him from behind. Arms around his chest.

A second guard SWINGS a stun baton.

Batman STOMPS backward. The first guard RELEASES.

Batman ducks under the baton swing.

But a THIRD guard TACKLES him.

They CRASH to the ground.

More guards pile on. Holding him down. His arms PINNED.

Batman STRUGGLES. But there are too many.

A stun baton COMES DOWN.

THWACK.

Batman sees STARS.

Everything goes BLACK.

INT. KILLER CROC'S CONTAINMENT CELL - NIGHT

Batman WAKES on cold concrete.

His head POUNDS, dizzy.

He pushes himself up. He looks around

The cell is MASSIVE. Fifteen feet by fifteen feet, with high ceiling.

Chains hang from the walls. A water trough in the corner.

Claw marks on the walls. Deep and vicious.

Batman realizes where he is. KILLER CROC'S CELL.

The door is SEALED. Reinforced steel. No lock from inside.

A SPEAKER in the corner CRACKLES.

JEREMIAH (V.O.)
Wakey, wakey, Batman.

Batman's eyes SNAP toward the speaker.

BATMAN
Jeremiah.

His voice is smug and confident.

JEREMIAH
Indeed. You came to my asylum
looking for a killer. How
unfortunate.

Batman stands, examining the cell. Looking for a potential exit.

BATMAN
You got Zsasz to lure me in to the
Asylum. This was all a trap.

JEREMIAH
Bingo! And you fell for it in the
pursuit of knowledge!

Batman's fists CLENCH.

Then, a SOUND. A low GROWL. From the shadows in the corner,
RED EYES OPEN.

KILLER CROC (WAYLON JONES, massive, reptilian skin, filed
teeth, muscular beyond human limits) EMERGES.

He has been watching this whole time. Eerily.

CROC
(guttural)
Batman.

His voice is PRIMAL. Hungry.

Batman doesn't move. Just watches.

CROC (CONT'D)
You look... tasty.

Croc takes a step forward. His claws SCRAPE the concrete.

Batman's expression remains the same.

BATMAN

I know Dr. Arkham is corrupt. I can help you.

Croc SMILES. A horrifying expression.

CROC

All I want from you is your flesh.

He CHARGES.

FIGHT SEQUENCE: BATMAN VS. KILLER CROC

Croc is FAST for his size. He TACKLES Batman. They CRASH into a wall, CRACKING the concrete.

Croc's claws at Batman's throat. Batman is held against the wall.

Batman grabs Croc's wrists, straining. Attempting to hold the claws away.

Croc GROWLS. His strength is IMMENSE.

Slowly, the claws get closer to Batman's neck. Batman's muscles BURN.

At the last second, he HEADBUTTS Croc. Croc REELS back, stunned.

Batman immediately KICKS him in the chest.

Croc FLIES backward. CRASHES into the water trough.

It EXPLODES. Water FLOODS the cell.

Croc emerges. Shakes his head. Angrier.

He ROARS. A sound that echoes off the concrete.

Batman moves. Uses the flooded ground to his advantage.

He SLIDES. Sweeps Croc's legs.

Croc FALLS hard.

Batman STOMPS down.

Croc ROLLS away. Comes up on all fours. Like an animal.

He CHARGES again.

This time Batman VAULTS over him. Lands behind.
Batman delivers a STRIKE to Croc's back.
Croc ROARS. Spins around.
They trade blows. BRUTAL. VICIOUS.
Batman is faster. More skilled.
But Croc is STRONGER. HARDER TO HURT.
A claw RAKES across Batman's side. His suit TEARS. Blood.
Batman doesn't slow down.
He moves to the chains hanging from the wall.
Croc CHARGES.
Batman SWINGS from the chain. Croc's claws MISS him by inches.
Croc CRASHES into the wall. Hard.
The impact SHAKES the entire cell.
A CRACK appears in the wall. Small at first.
Croc staggers back. Dizzy.
Batman lands. Delivers a PRECISE strike.
Pressure point. Croc's legs BUCKLE.
He FALLS to one knee.
For a moment, he's vulnerable.
Batman moves in for the finish, but the CRACK in the wall GROWS.
CONCRETE CRUMBLES. The containment unit RUPTURES.
Water GUSHES out. The wall COLLAPSES.
Batman is THROWN backward by the force.
He CRASHES through the opening, hitting the floor outside the cell.
Croc ROARS. Emerges from the rubble.

His containment unit is BROKEN.

He's free. And he's HUNGRY.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - LOWER CONTAINMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

A different section. More cells. Less secure.

Batman RUNS down the corridor.

Croc CRASHES through the door behind him.

Batman TAPS into his earpiece.

BATMAN
(into comm)
Oracle! ORACLE!

He hears nothing.

JEREMIAH (V.O.)
(over intercom, amused)
Oh, Batman. I forgot to mention...

The doors to multiple cells OPEN simultaneously.

ALARMS BLARE.

RED LIGHTS FLASH.

EGGHEAD (EDGAR HEED, bald, intellectual, orange jumpsuit)
emerges from one.

KILLER MOTH (DRURY WALKER, predatory, orange jumpsuit) from
another.

CONDIMENT KING (MITCHELL MAYO, deranged, clumsy, orange
jumpsuit) from a third.

MAXIE ZEUS (MAXIMILIAN ZEUS, olive wreath on head, muscular,
delusional, orange jumpsuit) from a fourth.

CLOCK KING (TEMPLE FUGATE, 50s, clock-face accents on
glasses, calculating, orange jumpsuit) from a fifth.

GREAT WHITE SHARK (WARREN WHITE, dead-white skin, no nose or
lips, filed teeth, predatory orange jumpsuit) from a sixth.

And a dozen other THUGS and MINOR VILLAINS.

The corridor is CHAOS.

JEREMIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...you can't contact anybody here.
Only your fellow inmates...

In one cell, CALENDAR MAN (JULIAN DAY, forehead covered in month-related tattoos, haunted eyes, orange jumpsuit) sits on his bunk. His cell is covered with calendars.

He WATCHES the chaos unfold through his cell bars. But he doesn't move. Or right.

Not a holiday. So he sits. Patient. Menacing.

In the corridor, Croc ROARS.

ALARMS continue to BLARE. RED LIGHTS continue to FLASH.

Batman looks around. Surrounded. Outnumbered. His fists CLENCH.

He is trapped in Arkham. With its greatest foes.

Batman makes a choice.

He VAULTS onto a wall, running along it.

Croc CRASHES into the villains below. They SCATTER.

Great White Shark tries to GRAB Croc. They COLLIDE.

Batman DROPS down behind them.

CONDIMENT KING sprays MUSTARD. Batman VAULTS over it, uses the spray's trajectory to judge his distance. LANDS on Condiment King's shoulders. PRESSURE POINT. DROPS.

Clock King stands CALMLY at the corridor's center, checking his POCKET WATCH, walking audibly.

CLOCK KING
(to himself)
Thirty seconds. That's all it will
take.

CLOCK KING pulls out a DEVICE. Batman THROWS a BATARANG, hitting his wrist. Device FALLS. Clock King STAGGERS back, dazed.

KILLER MOTH LUNGES with claws. Batman SIDESTEPS, grabs Moth's arm, and SLAMS him into the wall. Moth DROPS.

Egghead CHARGES at Batman.

Batman DODGES. GRABS Egghead by the collar. HEADBUTTS him to the ground.

Maxie Zeus SWINGS. Batman DUCKS

MAXIE ZEUS
YOU DARE DISRESPECT A GOD?!

Batman USES momentum against him. Hip throw.

Maxie CRASHES to the ground. Hard. DOWN.

CROC is still FIGHTING with other villains. Getting tired.

The water from his cell has FLOODED part of the corridor.

GREAT WHITE SHARK STRIKES. A PUNCH that would crush bones.

Batman DUCKS under it.

The punch HITS the cell door. Metal WARPS.

Great White pulls his fist back. Unfazed by the impact.

Batman quickly hits him with a double UPPERCUT, knocking him down to the ground.

Batman then RUNS down the corridor.

Behind him, Killer Croc CHASES Batman.

Batman turns back and GRAPPLES around Croc's neck. KICKS him in the head, and holds Croc in a CHOKEHOLD.

He JUMPS on Croc's back.

Croc ROARS. Batman then grabs an EXPLOSIVE GEL SPRAYER from his utility bely and SPRAYS it on Croc's back.

CROC
GET... OFF... ME!

The gel EXPLODES, COLLAPSING Croc against a wall.

Batman jumps off Croc's back as soon as the gel explodes.

Batman SPRINTS to the exit door.

LOCKED. Electronic.

He examines the door. He then pulls out his CRYPTOGRAPHIC SEQUENCER, which HACKS the lock within seconds.

The door OPENS.

He RUNS through without looking back. Behind him, Croc ROARS.
Too weak to follow.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - UPPER CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Batman emerges in the upper corridor. Around multiple cell doors. Sealed and reinforced.

Jeremiah speaks over the intercom again.

JEREMIAH (V.O.)
Let's see how you handle the REAL
threats, Batman.

Multiple cell doors UNLOCK simultaneously. They OPEN slowly and menacingly.

TWO-FACE (HARVEY DENT, 30s, half-burned, scarred) emerges.
His coin in hand.

THE SCARECROW (JONATHAN CRANE, gaunt, masked) steps out of another cell.

The Ventriloquist, with Scarface on his hand shuffles forward.

THE MAD HATTER (JERVIS TETCH, deranged, Wellington top hat) grins maniacally, stepping out of his cell.

From another cell, HARLEY QUINN (blonde pigtails, wild-eyed, cackling) bounces excitedly.

From another, THE JOKER (painted smile, laughing) emerges last. LAUGHING manically.

Behind them, A DOZEN THUGS.

Jeremiah once again speaks through the intercom.

JEREMIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They're all armed. And they're all
out to get you...

Batman's expression doesn't change. But his fists CLENCH.

Two-Face flips his coin, CATCHING it.

TWO-FACE
Heads or tails, Batman? Doesn't
matter. You lose either way.

He drops the coin. It SPINS.

Scarecrow CHARGES at Batman. He tries to inject his fear toxin through his finger needles, but Batman DODGES just in time.

SCARECROW

No one's gonna save you, Bat.
Fear... the Asylum!

BATMAN

You're nothing without your fear
toxin, Crane.

Batman STRIKES. Scarecrow FLIES backward. CRASHES into a cell door.

Mad Hatter PULLS out a PISTOL. FIRING at him nonstop.

Batman DODGES each strike.

He pulls out a BATARANG, disarming Mad Hatter.

Two-Face FLICKS his coin AGAIN. This time it determines his action. He PULLS out a gun. FIRES.

Batman DUCKS. The bullet WHIZZES past. But that was just the distraction.

VENTRILOQUIST (Scarface screaming from his hand) throws a GRENADE.

Batman KICKS it back toward him.

It EXPLODES in Ventriloquist's face. He FLIES backward. UNCONSCIOUS. Scarface TUMBLES away. Lifeless.

Harley CHARGES with her mallet SCREAMING.

HARLEY

PUDDIN'S GONNA HURT YOU SO BAD!

She SWINGS. The mallet is HEAVY. Powerful.

Batman SIDESTEPS. Her swing HITS the wall. Concrete CRUMBLES.

She SPINS around. Tries AGAIN.

Batman CATCHES the mallet mid-swing. Takes it from her.

Harley POUTS.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! That's not fair!

Batman THROWS the mallet down the corridor.

Harley WHIMPERS. Backs away. Batman isn't worth it without her weapon.

Two-Face is on one knee. He raises his gun but is hesitant.

Joker RUNS forward. No weapon, just hands.

JOKER
(laughing, genuinely
amused)
You know, Bats. I'm actually kind
of glad these useless crooks aren't
taking you down. I just know you're
waiting for me to do it.

Two-Face decides to FIRE his gun. The bullet MISSES. Batman does not flinch.

JOKER (CONT'D)
Come on, Batsy. Show me what you've
got.

Batman STRIKES first. A JAB.

Joker DUCKS, countering with his own JAB.

Joker is UNPREDICTABLE. No pattern. No rhythm.

Batman READS him. Finds the pattern in the chaos.

Joker LAUGHS through the fight.

JOKER (CONT'D)
YES! THIS! This is what I live for!

He SWINGS. Batman BLOCKS.

Joker KICKS. Batman SIDESTEPS.

Joker MOVES like a dancer. Dangerous. Fluid.

He SLIDES on the wet floor (water from Croc's cell still flooding). Uses the terrain.

Batman does the SAME.

They move through the corridor like PREDATORS.

Joker SUDDENLY STOPS. Laughs harder.

JOKER (CONT'D)
You know what's funny, Batman?
Arkham's been playing us both!
(MORE)

JOKER (CONT'D)
You're stuck with us and we're
stuck with you!

Batman PUNCHES Joker in the jaw. Blood coming out of Joker's mouth. He GIGGLES.

He PINS Joker to the wall. Landing another PUNCH to the face.

Joker once again LAUGHS.

Jeremiah interrupts on the intercom again.

JEREMIAH (V.O.)
Taking your time, Batman. How about
this? I give you thirty minutes to
find my office... or all the Arkham
staff dies.

Batman is ALERTED by this, and THROWS Joker to the floor.
Joker hits the ground HARD.

Harley GASPS and approaches Joker.

HARLEY
(worried)
Are you okay, Puddin?!

She grabs Joker by the shoulders. Trying to lift him up.

Joker SLAPS Harley's hand off of his shoulder.

JOKER
Get out of my face!

Batman urgently RUNS. Past Two-Face. Past Mad Hatter. Past everyone. He makes it past the corridor.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - CORRIDOR TO BOTANICAL GARDENS - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

Batman SPRINTS forward.

The corridor changes. Less industrial. More organic. Plants on the walls. Vines. Growth.

He's approaching the botanical gardens.

SUDDENLY, the corridor is SEALED by massive VINES.

POISON IVY (red hair, green skin, vine armor) emerges from the vegetation.

IVY
Going somewhere, Bat?

She gestures. The vines EXPAND, wrapping around the walls.

IVY (CONT'D)
My babies have been waiting for
you.

The vines coil around Batman immediately.

Batman CUTS them with a blade from his belt. However, more
grow. Nonstop.

Ivy SCREAMS in anger.

IVY (CONT'D)
(angry)
You're hurting my babies!

He moves forward, using the plants themselves.

He then GRABS a thick vine, SWINGING across a gap using it.

Ivy gestures, RELEASING the vine. Causing Batman to FALL.

As Batman FREE-FALLS, he GRAPPLES onto a hanging plant,
landing on a moss-covered platform.

Ivy summons THORNED vines. They SHOOT toward him like
bullets.

Batman ROLLS, DUCKS, and VAULTS past them in rapid
succession.

He reaches the top of the dome, finding a sealed exit.

Ivy BLOOMS a massive flower beneath him. It EXPANDS.

Batman JUMPS. Uses the flower as a platform. Bounces off it.

He hits the exit door, BREAKING through.

Behind him, Ivy SCREAMS. But doesn't follow.

IVY (CONT'D)
COWARD! COWARD!

Batman doesn't look back.

ACT THREE:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Batman emerges. Heavy breathing.

Ahead, the corridor widens into a MASSIVE CENTRAL CHAMBER.

HOWEVER... blocking his path: EVERY INMATE IN ARKHAM. ALL standing behind a GLASS wall.

Tens and hundreds of them.

Joker. Two-Face. Scarecrow. Mad Hatter. Harley Quinn. Ventriloquist. Poison Ivy (just arriving). Killer Moth. Condiment King. Clock King. Zsasz.

And many, MANY more.

They stand in SILENCE. Menacing. Waiting.

Jeremiah speaks from the intercom.

JEREMIAH (V.O.)
You have sinned, Batman. You have broken the rules of this establishment. It is necessary that you be taught a lesson. What you are going to learn.. is humiliation.

Harley yells behind the glass. Carrying her mallet.

HARLEY
We're gonna kick your little ass, B-Man!

Jeremiah interupts.

JEREMIAH (V.O.)
SILENCE! This is a scientific demonstration, NOT a public spectacle! Let it begin...

From behind Batman, a FIGURE emerges. Footsteps LOUD.

JEREMIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you my greatest creation...

The figure STEPS out from the shadows.

JEREMIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
AMYGDALA!

AMYGDALA (massive, pink-skinned, muscular beyond human limits, covered in scars, drooling slightly, eyes WILD with rage) ROARS. The sound of an animal.

JEREMIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The amygdala's an almond-shaped
mass of nerves in the brain that
controls feelings of rage.

Amygdala walks slowly toward Batman. Menacingly.

Batman walks back slightly.

JEREMIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Usually, when it surgically
removed, the patient becomes
exceptionally calm and placid.

Amygdala CHARGES at Batman.

JEREMIAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In Helzinger's case, something went
badly wrong...

Amygdala is FAST for his size. A BLUR of pink muscle.

Batman SIDESTEPS. But Amygdala's fist CLIPS him. The impact
THROWS him backward.

He CRASHES into the wall. The wall CRACKS.

Amygdala ROARS again. Angrier.

AMYGDALA
LEAVE ME ALONE!

The inmates CHEER behind the glass.

Batman gets up. No wasted time.

He DUCKS under Amygdala's next swing. The punch SMASHES the
wall. EXPLODES concrete.

Batman delivers THREE precise STRIKES. Pressure points.

Amygdala doesn't react. He's beyond pain.

Amygdala CHARGES toward Batman. Batman JUMPS over him and
KICKS him in the head.

Batman HOPS on Amygdala's back. Putting him in a CHOKEHOLD.

Amygdala RUNS around, trying to get Batman off his back.

Batman JUMPS off, throwing an EXPLOSIVE BATARANG at Amygdala's head.

BOOM. The batarang EXPLODES. Knocks Amygdala to the floor. UNCONSCIOUS.

The inmates BOO Batman.

JOKER

Boooo! The bat-guy cheated!

CLOCK KING

Rigged! The Bat should've been out within two point four seven three eight seconds!

Batman YELLS at Jeremiah, infuriated.

BATMAN

ARE YOU SATISFIED NOW, DR. ARKHAM?
OR DO YOU WANT TO SEE MORE BLOOD?

JEREMIAH (V.O.)

I told you, Batman. This is strictly scientific. Now... you have fifteen minutes left to get to my office. You don't stand a chance.

BATMAN

I'm not far from your office, Arkham.

Batman hears the SOUND of a door moving up.

The GLASS separating Batman from the Arkham inmates is OPENING UP.

JEREMIAH (V.O.)

That won't matter. It's time I let your enemies settle a few of their old scores!

ALL OF BATMAN'S ROGUES CHARGE at him.

Scarecrow sprays TOXIN. Batman DUCKS under it, the yellow mist HITS the wall behind.

THUG #1 PUNCHES. Batman SIDESTEPS, Thug #1 CRASHES into Scarecrow. Both DOWN.

Two-Face FIRES his pistol. Batman SLIDES left, bullet RICOCHETS, he uses the ricochet to CLOSE in on Two-Face. BANG! With a strike, Two-Face is down.

Condiment King and Mad Hatter CHARGE behind Batman. Batman ELBOWS Mad Hatter, knocking him. Batman GRABS Condiment King by the throat and HEADBUTTS him.

TWO MORE THUGS come for Batman. Batman THROWS TWO BATARANGS at once. HEADSHOTS. Knocking them both. UNCONSCIOUS.

Harley SWINGS her MALLEY. Batman GRABS it mid-swing. He USES the momentum to THROW her into VENTRILOQUIST. Both CRASH into a wall.

THREE THUGS RUSH him at once. Batman VAULTS over the first, LANDS behind the second, and PUSHES him into the third. All three COLLAPSE in a HEAP.

FOUR MORE THUGS APPROACH. Batman SPRINTS toward them. At last second he FLIPS OVER, landing BEHIND. PRESSURE POINTS. All four DROP like DOMINOES.

Only the Joker remains. He is petrified.

JOKER
(terrified)
On second thought...

Batman GRABS Joker by the throat. Striking FEAR into him.

JOKER (CONT'D)
(trying to be friendly)
You wanna go out for some Chocos?

Batman HEADBUTTS Joker. KNOCKING HIM OUT. UNCONSCIOUS.

Batman STANDS HEROICALLY. All of his enemies down and out. But only he stands. Suit slightly ripped.

BATMAN
(to himself, brood)
You're next, Arkham.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - CORRIDOR TO JEREMIAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Batman reaches a sealed door. JEREMIAH'S OFFICE.

He pulls out his CRYPTOGRAPHIC SEQUENCER. HACKS it immediately.

The door OPENS.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - JEREMIAH ARKHAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sterile. Cold. Medical equipment on the walls.

Batman looks, in shock, to see Jeremiah Arkham on the floor.
DEAD.

His body is STILL. Eyes open. Foam at his lips.

Next to him, an empty SYRINGE. FEAR TOXIN residue.

On his forehead, CARVED IN BLOOD, a DEMONIC SYMBOL.

THE MARK OF ASMODEUS. Crude. Angry.

Batman approaches, examining the body.

He looks at the giant SURVEILLANCE SCREEN.

Each room has a captured ARKHAM GUARD.

He finds a nearby computer. He notices CONTROLS for the communication systems. DISABLED.

He types on the computer, immediately turning the communication systems BACK ON.

SUDDENLY, Batman hears his COMMUNICATOR. He TAPS it.

BATMAN

Oracle. Can you hear me?

ORACLE (V.O.)

(filtered, relieved)

Bruce! Thank God. I lost your signal for almost an hour. What's your status?

BATMAN

I'm inside Arkham. Jeremiah Arkham is dead.

PAUSE.

ORACLE (V.O.)

What? But... we just saw him? He walked in at the front gate.

Batman's jaw TIGHTENS.

BATMAN

There's a syringe of fear toxin near him. Looks like he overdosed.

ORACLE (V.O.)

You know who to talk to about that. Unless it was a suicide.

BATMAN

That looks unlikely. There's a symbol on his forehead. Just like Hill and Thorne.

ORACLE (V.O.)

What does it say?

BATMAN

It's the symbol of Asmodeus.

ORACLE

What could that mean?

BATMAN

I think I've found a connection.

Batman PAUSES.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

When Hill was assassinated, the killer left a symbol of Thorne's dragon statue. Thorne was the next victim. And when Thorne was killed, the killer mentioned a madhouse. Arkham was the next victim.

ORACLE (V.O.)

But who is Asmodeus?

BATMAN

A religious and mythological figure. Known as the "king of the demons". Do you know who else is referred to as the "king of the demon"?

A BEAT.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Ra's Al Ghul...

ORACLE (V.O.)

Oh no...

END OF EPISODE.