EXT. PARKING LOT OF CONDEMNED CLUB “THE SLAMMER” - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Darkness.

A distant engine SCREECHES in the snowstorm. JULIAN is STARTLED AWAKE, coughing, gasping for air. A NIGHTMARE.

CLICK. CLICK, CLICK. A frenzied salvo of clicks, each one faster and more intense. On the twelfth, it IGNITES.

FIRE. Small and round and pale. He coughs, cigarette bouncing. Fighting the flame, the shadows of GOTHAM’S GODLESS SKYSCRAPERS strobe his dead eyes. He shivers and raises the lighter, illuminating two PAPERY LIPS.

Julian is ENTHRONED on a concrete bench war-torn with elegant slurs and spray-painted phalluses and the initials of star-crossed lovers: an anatomically correct heart inscribed with CQ+JK.

He surveys the frozen parking lot for an audience that never came. Nailed to the decapitated streetlight behind him is a neon sign: NO SMOKING. The slashed red “O” halos his comb-over.

CARLY QUINN stops sprinting and catches her breath against a red-bulbed streetlamp on the opposite side of the parking lot, her face veiled with platinum blonde hair. ALMOST TOO PERFECT.

Her DAMP EYES are darting, FRIGHTENED.

She holds her unbuttoned royal blue trench coat closed over a nightgown, mismatched with her white scarf and RUBY SLIPPERS. Her slender neck is adorned with a jewelry store worth of PEARL NECKLACES. On her shoulder swings a checkered red-and-black purse. Sticking out of it is a wooden BASEBALL BAT.

She checks over her shoulder, scratching her forearm.

Julian’s outline does a DOUBLE-TAKE. As he turns his head the second time, his hand CONVULSES. He BURNS his left palm, dropping the light into the gutter.

CLATTER, ECHO, SPLASH.

Tilting his head ninety degrees at the NO SMOKING sign, he mutters words starting with the FOURTEENTH LETTER OF THE ALPHABET into his VIRGIN CIGARETTE.
Julian RISES UP and pops his collar with his remaining hand, presidentially flipping on the unraveling black suit jacket he was using as a hobo blanket.

He rubs his freezing hands together only to recoil in pain. A SMIRK.

One step forward. COUGH. BLOOD. Julian reaches into his left jacket pocket with his right hand and removes A BOTTLE in a brown paper bag.

He spits the cork over his shoulder and knocks the bottle back and to the left. Again. TWO DRINK MINIMUM.

SCRIBBLING.

Julian slaps the sleet off his shoulder, REHEARSING, “Got a light?” to himself over and over.

Slipping on the ice, he FALLS face-forward into THE DARK NIGHT. The vagrant catches Carly’s streetlight like a microphone stand and PROPS HIMSELF UP.

Only his CIGARETTE protrudes into the light. Carly leans against the opposite side, STARING at the ROAD. Beneath the red bulb, her white nightgown appears blood-soaked.

Julian loosens his tie and starts reading off an INDEX CARD.

JULIAN
“You alright?”

He CURSES under his CHILLY BREATH, tossing the index card over his shoulder. It blows away, revealing “Got a light?” SCRAWLED in PURPLE CRAYON.

JULIAN
Some, uh, weather.

He shivers. IMPROV.

JULIAN
Global warming, pfft. Looks flat to me...

PICK-UP LINES.

JULIAN
I mean, I would’ve checked the forecast, but I don’t watch TV. Afraid I’ll see myself on the n-news, you know? N-not that I’m... What did that judge call me?

Guilty.
ANECDOTES.

JULIAN
I am not a crook. A villain. A bad guy. How can you be a bad guy if n-nobody knows who you are?

IMPRESSIONS.

JULIAN
That’s what my uncle Ted always says... (COUGHING FIT) Said.

EULOGIES.

Julian BORROWS two more DIAGONAL MOUTHFULS of the COMMUNION WINE sloshing in his brown bag and OFFERS her THE BOTTLE.

JULIAN
Thirsty?

Another huge SWIG.

JULIAN
More for me. (BURP) Tastes just like it did last Sunday: stolen. Well, lent. They told me to take it. N-never said to give it back.

CARLY reaches for her BASEBALL BAT.

JULIAN
(COUGH) Anyway, I should go. You probably have work to do. You look like a working girl...

COUGH. He sticks the cigarette in his mouth to shut himself up.

JULIAN
No offense, but this isn’t working out. Let’s stay strangers. It’s n-not you, it’s me. You’re very n-nice and... Good. Please. Don’t cry.

At least this time he didn’t say the GAMER WORD.

JULIAN
So anyway, (COUGH) you got a light?

SILENCE. As the BLIZZARD RAGES, Julian wipes the SWEAT from his forehead. Carly is still HYPNOTIZED by the cars passing by.
CARLY
Are you talkin’ to me?

JULIAN
Depends, were you listening?

CARLY
To the traffic.

JULIAN
Let’s take it from the top...

That set BOMBED. SNAPPING while racking his brain for an excuse, he remembers the BURNT HAND in his left pocket and POINTS it through his jacket into the light.

JULIAN
Put your... hands... up?

Carly turns around and freezes, but only because of the cold. She LAUGHS at his SHORT CIGARETTE.

JULIAN
You think this is a joke?

She LAUGHS HARDER.

JULIAN
H- (HICCUPS) Hands up! On three.

Carly spins her BASEBALL BAT in a CIRCLE and finally turns around.

CARLY
Whaddaya want, an autograph?

JULIAN
One.

CARLY
A kiss?

Carly sticks her tongue out.

JULIAN
Two.

CARLY
Not that. Please, anythin’ but that...

She REACHES for the SKY. The moon looms above the LEVEL HORIZON.
CARLY
Go ahead. Shoot.

JULIAN
(gulps) Three.

Carly lowers her hands a moment to fix her hair and sigh.

CARLY
Shh! Just get my good side.

Julian scrutinizes his monstrous image in the ice.

JULIAN
Least you have a good side.

CARLY
Everybody has a good side.

He STAMPS out his reflection. It CRACKS in FOUR.

JULIAN
What are you waiting for? Hand it over.

CARLY
Hand what over?

JULIAN
You know, uh... The thing. The things women drag around and keep their money in...

CARLY
Men?

JULIAN
N-no, it starts with...

Julian SNAPS repeatedly, looking for the word. She runway-walks BACK AND FORTH while swinging her baseball bat in a CIRCLE, striking a pose for every snap.

SNAP, head tilt. SNAP. One eye open. SNAP. Over-the-shoulder, checking for stalkers.

JULIAN
N-never met someone else with Tourette’s before.

CARLY
Shouldn’t ya save some for the wedding?
He SPITS OUT the wine. Carly drops the pose, dejected.

JULIAN
The what?

CARLY
Can’t believe the paparazzi found me here. Hard to hide when your face is on all the posters...

She tries to READ the square CIGARETTE BILLBOARD poking FORTY-FIVE DEGREES out of the dumpster behind the scorched club: “QUINN’S—THEY’RE SMOKIN’ HOT!”

JULIAN
I know the feeling.

Julian COUGHS. Carly tightens her POSE.

CARLY
How much longer?

He BIOPSIES the BLOOD he coughed up into his hand.

JULIAN
Two, four months, tops. More if I go cold turkey.

CARLY
I dunno if I can hold this position that long, mister.

She stows the baseball bat and poses against the streetlight. Just like the ADVERTISEMENT.

CARLY
Who you with?

JULIAN
I’m, uh... Flying solo.

CARLY
Freelance? So you’re just a guy with a camera?

JULIAN
Just a guy.

CARLY
You remind me of...

Carly LAUGHS.
CARLY
Nobody.

JULIAN
N-nobody’s perfect.

She REMEMBERS SOMETHING.

CARLY
Oh, could you hold my purse for a minute?

JULIAN
N-no problem, ma’am. Oh yeah, that reminds me.

Julian takes the purse and SNAPS. Carly poses again.

JULIAN
This is a robbery!

CARLY
Actually, I got it on sale... Real crocodile.

Julian’s arms struggle to hold up the TRIANGULAR PURSE.

JULIAN
What you keep in here, love letters?

CARLY
I’m... goin’ away for a while.

He blinks at the neon lights still searing the words "THE SLAMMER" above a barricaded door to nowhere.

JULIAN
Been there, done that.

An engine RUMBLES as Carly springs away again, SCREAMING.

Awkwardly holding the wine bottle and purse as he is pelted with snow, Julian whistles Rod Stewart’s rendition of “As Time Goes By.”

Carly turns around, extends her right arm, and grabs his FRIED HAND. Julian SHRIEKS in pain.

CARLY
Calm down! I got an idea. Hit me.

Julian hands her the WINE BOTTLE and raises his FIST in the light, then stops.
JULIAN
What? N-no!

CARLY
Gimme a mark, a lump, a hickey.
Anythin’. Hit me!

Julian digs through his pocket and pulls out a playing card. He flings the FOUR OF CLUBS at her forehead, but it bounces off her HOLLOW SKULL.

JULIAN
Listen, Blackjack, I would n-never hit a girl...

Julian REMINISCES about fourth grade detention with Mrs. Miller, when he lost his VIRGINITY.

JULIAN
Unless she was asking for it.

CARLY
What were you gonna get for the shots?

He SPRINGS the deck of cards from one hand to the other and CHUCKS them over his shoulder, then pockets the JOKER.

JULIAN
Shots?

CARLY
I’ll give ya double.

JULIAN
At least let me buy you dinner fir... Double?

CARLY
What, you would shoot a girl but not hit her?

Confused, Julian DOWNS another TWO SWIGS of wine and gives Carly back her bottle. He pantomimes at the EMPTY PARKING LOT.

JULIAN
Can I ask the audience?

CARLY
I’m beggin’ ya. He’ll have to reschedule.

Julian lowers his fist.
JULIAN
Reschedule what?

CARLY
The wedding, dummy!

Julian pushes her away.

JULIAN
Wedding? We just met.

CARLY
But it ain’t the wedding I’m afraid of... It’s the afterparty.

JULIAN
Will there be balloons?

CARLY
Good luck gettin’ in, you wouldn’t know the password. Dealio or somethin’...

JULIAN
I always use 1 2 3 4.

Carly takes Julian’s fist and rehearses it hitting her in the chin.

CARLY
He loves my chin. The perv.

JULIAN
Guys like that should be hanging from the ceiling.

The ENGINE is getting EVEN LOUDER. Carly gulps.

CARLY
Shh! Hurry! He’s comin’!

Julian raises his fist again, SLAMMING it into his bad palm, recoiling in pain.

JULIAN
Okay. One condition.

Carly starts UNZIPPING her NIGHTGOWN seductively.

CARLY
Anythin’.

Julian ZIPS BACK UP her nightgown and shakes his head.
JULIAN
A match.

CARLY
A MATCH?

JULIAN
I asked you first!

A FREIGHT TRUCK hurtles past. FALSE ALARM.

CARLY
Now! If he sees us, he’ll kill us both.

JULIAN
What could possibly go—kill us?

CARLY
Just joshin’. He would only kill you.

JULIAN
Make that two matches...

Carly searches JULIAN’S PURSE for a match and hands it over.

CARLY
Sorry. Last one.

Julian LIGHTS his cigarette, guards it from the storm until it’s ablaze, BITES the FILTER off, and spits it over his shoulder. He INHALES.

A CARCINOGENIC SIGH. His twitching stops. His speech becomes clearer, HIGHER ENERGY. He flicks the extinguished match towards the melted comedy club and walks away with the purse.

JULIAN
You owe me!

He gestures toward himself with the lit cigarette and lights his late uncle’s SUIT JACKET on FIRE.

CARLY
Fine. Go!

She SACRIFICES some wine on the jacket to extinguish the fire, but the flames get bigger.

JULIAN
I’m drinking that!
CARLY
And keep the purse!

Julian strips off his smoking suit jacket while screaming in pain.

JULIAN
I’m n-never robbing you again!

CARLY
You’re the... (counting on fingers) second worst photographer I ever met.

Julian STOMPS OUT the flaming jacket with his hand-me-down shoes. He dusts off the yellow snow and PUTS IT BACK ON.

JULIAN
Photographer?

Carly BUTTONS up his MEDIUM-RARE suit jacket.

CARLY
If you wanted a match so bad, why didn’t ya just...

JULIAN
Ask? Subtext, silly! Life isn’t a Marvel movie. Men can’t just say what they’re thinking! Society would burn down, until there was n-nothing left but ashes, like a...

Julian SNAPS with his cigaretted fingers while searching for the right word.

JULIAN
Like a...

Carly YAWNS against the streetlight. Julian KEEPS SNAPPING to try and wake her up.

The METALLIC HOWL is now only BLOCKS AWAY. Carly springs back to life and remembers WHY she was RUNNING. She stops.

Julian FLIPS the purse OVER, SPILLS Carly’s ACCESSORIES, and rummages for a LIGHTER. He tosses over his shoulder a pair of mint reading glasses, two black hairbands, a water bottle. He stops. A BALLOON.

He blows up the balloon, ties it into a BALLOON ANIMAL, and STIFLES a REGAL LAUGH.
CARLY
That laugh...

Carly picks up the black hairbands and wraps her hair into two pigtails. Julian lets the balloon deflate and fly away towards the moon as he takes another sacrament from her wine bottle.

JULIAN
No, I don’t laugh. Not anymore.
(cough) Too dangerous.

CARLY
But where...

JULIAN
Are my manners?

He picks up a cigarette that fell out of her purse.

JULIAN
Cigarette?

Carly looks both ways before using it to point to the NO SMOKING sign.

CARLY
Didn’t ya see the sign?

JULIAN
Duh. Why do you think I started?

CARLY
Lack of self-control, poor decision-making skills, existent—

JULIAN
You a psychiatrist? I don’t do drugs.

He drinks more of his WINE with the cigarette still in his mouth. He HANDS THE BOTTLE back to Carly. Seeing him go through her belongings, Carly points at her PURSE.

CARLY
Hey! How could ya?

JULIAN
Easy. There’s a zipper.

Carly STEPS TOWARD Julian in the DARKNESS. Julian holds his breath, eyes closed, cheeks burning. She lights her cigarette off his.
When they emerge, they’re both SMOKING on OPPOSITE SIDES of the streetlight, facing different directions: her cigarette in his right hand, his in her left. She examines him through her glasses that still have their packaging on and GASPS. Her scarf blows away.

Julian looks like he just crawled out of a VAT OF SULFURIC ACID. She caresses his charred cheek. Julian RIPS her hand away and sees a golden bat-shaped ENGAGEMENT RING.

CARLY
Jay!

JULIAN
I told you, Carly.

He stares at the ring around her finger.

JULIAN
Those damn things will kill you.

Carly STUDIES her cigarette.

CARLY
I wish.

Julian blows a ring of his own.

JULIAN
Careful what you wish for.

CARLY
You worry too much.

Jay examines his RUINED FACE with the mirror in Carly’s purse. His right cheek is smeared with red lipstick.

JULIAN
Is that so?

She embraces him, pulling him under the steamy red light.

CARLY
Eleven years in solitary...

JULIAN
Just a dime and change. Chin up, it gave me a head-start on my autobiography.

CARLY
Biography? I never knew you liked animals!
He BITES the FILTER off his cigarette and spits it over his shoulder.

JULIAN
But it still needs a title...

Carly’s vermilion lips quiver.

CARLY
I thought you was a goner!

JULIAN
They don’t give the death penalty for fourth-degree arson, Carly.

He ZIPS UP her nightgown again.

JULIAN
The government saves that for real crimes. Like tax evasion.

CARLY
Felt a lot hotter than four degrees...

JULIAN
Not as hot as you, sex muffin.

He snatches the CIGARETTE from her mouth, takes a puff of both at once from the same hand, throws them away, and KISSES her.

Jay is wearing white shirtsleeves and fraying blue jeans, a thin red tie STRANGLING his neck. Beneath his uncle’s old suit jacket, his skin is SCARRED from PLAYING WITH FIRE.

CARLY
There’s still time. We could go away. Far away. Paris. De-troit!

JULIAN
Detroit? Maybe you should have run a little (cough, cough) faster. The past is the past. You can’t un-smoke a cigarette.

Jay sighs, exhaling a cloud of soot. ROAR. Carly tries to tear off her ENGAGEMENT RING. STUCK.

CARLY
We could... Fu--!

He covers her mouth.
JULIAN
Watch your language, Carly Quinn, there’s kids in the audience.

Carly removes his hand and absentmindedly places it on HER BELLY.

JULIAN
How much?

CARLY
You know how much I missed you.

JULIAN
The ring. How much?

CARLY
Six lemons.

JULIAN
Six million?!

He watches the cigarettes burn.

JULIAN
Maybe it was a lot, Carly, but it wasn’t six million...

CARLY
Not this again.

A LIMOUSINE SPEEDS out of a downtown tunnel, HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATING Jay and Carly as though they were onstage.

Plate reading WAYNE, hood ornamented with a silver VAMPIRE BAT, the windowless limo DRIFTS into nine reserved parking spaces. The eight-spoked wheels leave a trail of BURNT RUBBER on the frost.

An antique chauffeur, ALFRED, steps out, hobbles to the back of the limousine, and opens the door.

Jay and Carly wait for someone, anyone to get out. Suddenly, Carly feels BREATHING DOWN HER NECK.

WAYNE (O.S.)
You run fast for a streetwalker.

Standing behind her is WAYNE, looking nocturnal with his pale glow-in-the-dark skin and flat-topped black sunglasses, leather gloves, wedding bowtie and puffy shirt. A BLUE FLOWER is on his LAPEL. The air grows COLDER.
His short hair is pomaded above his ROMAN NOSE and pointed ears and tailored tuxedo worth more than the world.

The icy wind blows WAYNE’S CAPE in Jay’s face.

JULIAN
Nice outfit. Where do I know you from, the blood bank?

WAYNE
(sternly)
Laughing out loud.

JULIAN
Why so serious?

WAYNE
(to Alfred)
I told you she would be here.

ALFRED
You must be Gotham’s finest detective.

Carly PUNCHES Wayne in the chest. He doesn’t notice.

CARLY
You had me followed!

WAYNE
Protected.

ALFRED
Do you know the etymology of bridegroom?

WAYNE
No, but that’s never stopped you from telling me before.

ALFRED
Old English. A portmanteau of bryd, the word for bride, and guma, meaning man. Or hero.

WAYNE
Which one am I?

ALFRED
Hopefully not the bride, sir.
WAYNE
Conduct yourself to Gotham City
Cathedral and assure all thirty
three hundred guests that we shall
arrive momentarily.

ALFRED
I’ll do it one-on-one. And you?

WAYNE
Unfinished business. Won’t take
long.

ALFRED
I hope not, sir, or the mayor might
marry Carly himself!

Wayne rolls up his sleeve. 6:31 AM. He’s wearing an entire
armful of GOLD WATCHES, each set to a different time zone. He
removes one, sets an alarm, and clasps it around Alfred’s
wrist. TICK, TICK, TICK.

WAYNE
Be back in six minutes... Exactly.

ALFRED
Indeed, Master Wayne.

Alfred returns to the limousine and drives away.

Wayne embraces Carly. She shivers, but not because of the
frost.

STRUGGLING to escape Wayne’s CLUTCHES, Carly gazes into Jay’s
eyes and points to her cheek. She rubs the lipstick off his
face and caresses his nose, turning it bright RED.

WAYNE
(in Carly’s ear)
What are you doing out so late?
Beside a burnt-down... bordello?

Jay stares at the ruins of The Slammer.

JULIAN
Gentleman’s club.

Wayne grunts unintelligibly.

WAYNE
You’re no gentleman.

JULIAN
And you are?
Wayne offers a gloved handshake but sees Jay’s BLACKENED PALM and recoils.

WAYNE
Firstborn of the late Thomas Wayne, world-renowned philanthropist and chief executive officer of Wayne Enterprises, whose subsidiaries include but are not limited to: Wayne Biotech, Wayne Entertainment, Wayne Timepieces, and Wayne Ballistic Missile Defense Systems, Bruce Thomas...

Jay coughs. Wayne begins again.

WAYNE
Excuse you. As I was saying, firstborn of the late Thomas Wayne, world-renowned philanthropist and chief executive officer of Wayne Enterprises, whose subsidiaries include but are not limited to: Wayne Biotech, Wayne Entertainment, Wayne Timepieces, and Wayne Ballistic Missile Defense Systems, Bruce Thomas...

Wayne prepares to give Jay a WAYNE-BRAND BUSINESS CARD.

WAYNE
Way—

Jay coughs again. Wayne rips the BUSINESS CARD in TWO.

WAYNE
Say goodnight to the clown, Quinnie.

JULIAN
"Quinnie"?

Carly sighs and makes a gun gesture with her pointer finger in her mouth.

CARLY
Quinnie.

WAYNE
That two hundred and twenty-five thousand plus import fees Matte crocodile Birkin! You stole it!

Jay picks his cigarette back up and takes a drag.
JULIAN
Does it make me look fat?

WAYNE
Never...

Wayne caresses Quinny’s cheek. She quakes in fear.

WAYNE
Never touch our property.

JULIAN
It matches your eyes!

Jay HURLS the purse at Wayne, but he VANISHED in the cloud of SECONDHAND SMOKE.

WAYNE (O.S.)
Not the purse.

Jay turns around. Wayne is KISSING Quinny’s CHIN.

JULIAN
You sick son of a b—

Wayne pokes Jay’s chest with a gloved hand. He peers down through designer sunglasses, handing the PURSE BACK to CARLY.

WAYNE
Watch your mouth in front of my fiancée before I turn this wedding into a funeral.

Jay SHOVES Wayne’s finger away and SNATCHES BACK his wine bottle from Carly.

JULIAN
You’re already wearing black.

WAYNE
And what are you wearing? Hunt that yourself?

JULIAN
It was my uncle Ted’s...

WAYNE
Is something burning?

Wayne points at the NO SMOKING sign. The LAW is the LAW. Jay hides his cigarette behind his back.

WAYNE
Put out that cigarette.
Jay CLENCHES his FIST.

JULIAN
What did you say?

WAYNE
A Wayne never demands anything twice.

JULIAN
(fuming)
Come and take it.

Carly turns away, covering her eyes.

Wayne RESCUES the cigarette from Jay’s mouth, throws it down and STEPS ON it.

Jay backs up, steps forward, and rolls up his own sleeves, holding the WINE BOTTLE at a right angle in his MICROPHONE HAND.

JULIAN
N-

Wayne lowers his sunglasses.

CARLY
Jay, no!

Carly picks up the SECOND CIGARETTE Jay threw away and sticks it in his mouth to SHUT HIM UP. Jay lights it off the other and INHALES.

JULIAN
Now you listen to me, you cross-dressing mortgage-backed security—the only thing in life your daddy didn’t give you is a Y chromosome.

WAYNE
Shut him up.

Jay takes another drag.

JULIAN
Thank you, thank you. Good to be here tonight in this empty parking lot of an ongoing crime scene during a blizzard. And the Gotham City Laundromat called, they said to come pick up your funds.
He takes another drag and starts speaking FASTER. More INTENSE.

WAYNE
Shut him up!

JULIAN
Tough crowd. Cool cape, Brucie, but Drag Queen Story Hour was last week. N-not that there’s anything wrong with that... And speaking of people who are in the ground by thirty-five, your parents are so dead, undertakers ask if you’re single! Any single ladies in the audience? Single ladies?

Jay puts Carly’s right hand down.

JULIAN
Seriously, Bruce Wayne is so rich, the last time he cashed a check, the teller gave him a paper bag and a ski mask...

Carly giggles.

JULIAN
Sounds like we got a bank robber here tonight. You know, I always wanted to rob a bank. My uncle Ted used to tell me, “Robbing banks is serious business... Most people are only in it for the money.”

Wayne ROLLS UP his SLEEVE, gold WATCHES GLINTING beneath the streetlight. TICKING. Still looking at the ruins of his old gentleman’s club to the south, Jay holds Carly’s hand.

JULIAN
Sunglasses at night... Some people don’t know this, but Mr. Wayne found his way here via echolocation. Going out in that getup, you better be blind! Am I right?

TICK. 6:35. The sound reverberates through the pagan pavilions of Gotham City as Jay OFFERS the WINE BOTTLE to Wayne.

JULIAN
What are you, some kind of bat-m...
Wayne SMOTHERS A CIGARETTE BUTT beneath his alligator leather shoe as his shadow takes the BOTTLE and RAISES it over his head.

SMASH. Carly gasps. The cigarette FLIES from Jay’s BIG MOUTH.

The wine BAPTIZES Jay’s hair green. He FALLS for the SECOND TIME, saturated, BLOOD AND WINE dripping down his cheeks. The comedian lands FACE-FIRST in the concrete beneath the red streetlight, busting his LIPS.

WAYNE
I don’t drink.

CARLY
Jay!

Wayne checks his watches. 6:36.

WAYNE
WHERE IS IT?

The limousine honks as it pulls up alongside Jay’s body. Wayne noses the wine that spilled on his suit.

WAYNE
Smoking Loon...

Alfred steps out of the limousine holding a pressed new wedding tuxedo.

WAYNE
Six seconds early? Would it kill you to be on time for once?

ALFRED
Sorry, sir. I informed the officiant of your imminent arrival.

WAYNE
That... crook was stealing Quinnie’s purse. You saw him.

Wayne holds out his hands. Alfred puts on a fresh pair of black leather gloves.

WAYNE
He was coming right for us. For Carly.

Alfred buttons up Wayne’s NEW SUIT as he analyzes Jay’s MANGLED BODY. Wayne admires the fabric.
WAYNE
Impeccable stitching. Vicuna? Where did you get it?

ALFRED
"Gotham City Laundromat."

The red streetlight flickers on Carly’s face.

CARLY
I can’t... Can’t just leave him like this!

WAYNE
Maybe you can’t, but we can.

ALFRED
Is that the royal we, Master Wayne?

WAYNE
If our wedding guests wait any longer, we’ll never work in Hollywood again. Not with our clothes on.

CARLY
Bruce... Bruce, I think he’s...

WAYNE
Done committing crimes for the night.

CARLY
He’s not moving... Is he...

WAYNE
He got what he deserved. You’re seeing things again, Quinnie.

He pulls out a Wayne Biotech-branded NEEDLE from his breast pocket and flicks it twice with a BLACK-GLOVED HAND.

WAYNE
This is what happens...

He squeezes the plunger with a blank expression as a SULFUROUS SUBSTANCE drips, eating through the snow.

WAYNE
When you don’t take your meds.

Carly SLAPS Wayne, his sunglasses shattering on the September cement, revealing a pair of beady pink eyes.
Her fishnet gloves leave a CHESSBOARD on his face. The blow echoes through the smoky air.

WAYNE
I held up my end of the deal...

Wayne puts his watch hand on Carly’s BELLY.

WAYNE
Now it’s your turn.

QUINNIE QUIVERS. Wayne caresses her chin.

WAYNE
Good girl. We both know you would be face-down in a gutter by now if Wayne Enterprises had never rescued you.

Wayne extends a friendly hand. Carly takes a step forward. Wayne pulls her by the hand into his arms. He PLUNGES the NEEDLE into a vein and CATCHES HER from behind. Her pupils dilate; she goes limp, peaceful.

WAYNE
Sleeping beauty.

Alfred dabs the blood off Wayne’s cheek with a Wayne-monogrammed HANDKERCHIEF, fixes his bowtie and puts a fresh pair of sunglasses on his face. He looks forlornly at Quinn.

ALFRED
Pardon me, sir, but that film was about waking the princess up.

Wayne grunts unintelligibly.

WAYNE
If you like movies so much, why don’t you take the rest of the night off?

Wayne TEARS the gold watch off Alfred’s arm and throws it at the ground, but it ricochets off, UNDAMAGED.

ALFRED
Our brand, sir. Indestructible.

WAYNE
You’re relieved.

Alfred averts his eyes, holds his belfry cap in his hands, and begins the long walk home.
ALFRED
Yes... Master Wayne.

PATRICE and LOUIS step out of the limousine to INVESTIGATE the noise. Louis tilts his head towards Alfred as though asking Wayne if he should take care of the problem.

Patrice is an OVERWEIGHT African American in a baseball cap. He could drop dead of a HEART ATTACK at any second. Patrice holds his Taurus Raging Judge sideways, but not because he’s BLACK.

Louis is BALD. Louis concealed-carries an MP5 because he has a small penis. With his bomber jacket and St. Patrick’s Day sunglasses, he looks an EXTRA in a FEMA DRILL.

Wayne HOLDS LOUIS BACK.

WAYNE
Ever since his wife died, Alfred hated weddings. And with all the work he put into rebuilding Wayne Manor, the old man deserves a sick day.

Alfred WALKS HOME. Patrice and Louis stand at ATTENTION.

WAYNE
My future wife is not feeling well. POC, warm up the corvette. Baldie, lock her in the trunk. For her own good.

LOUIS
Uh, it's pronounced "Loo-wee." Like a... bird call. Sir. Where are you going? Mister Wayne? I’m talkin’ to you. Hello?

Wayne WALKS AWAY. Patrice touches his earpiece and grumbles “WHITE PEOPLE.” He hops into the driver’s seat. The vehicle PURRS.

Louis PICKS UP Carly and tosses her over his shoulder. Carly startles awake, WHACKS Louis in the groin with her checkered PURSE, and runs to Jay.

She gets closer, closer. Hears something. She thinks it’s LAUGHTER, only to see him choking. He VOMITS BLOOD on his suit jacket.

Dropping her purse, Carly tears off the suit jacket and RIPS his shirt open, BUTTONS FLYING. Wrapping him in her trench coat, she puts his left arm around her.
Without her coat on we see the anatomically correct heart tattoo on her chest: CQ+JK.

LOUIS
...teenth. The Fifteenth. The Sixteenth. Every king in history was named Louis. Well, all the Roman numeral ones. Think about it. I’m ROYALTY. The BLOOD of the GODS flows through my veins. What are you, BRUCE? What are you? Nothing. New money. KNEEL BEFORE FRANC—

RING. RING.

Wayne unsheathes a PHONE from his SLEEVE. He takes the call in the back of the limo for privacy, covering his other ear.

WAYNE (O.S.)
Happy late thirtieth birthday to you too, Mr. Mayor. Too kind? Over the phone, you don’t look a day over twenty-one.

Jay gurgles.

WAYNE (O.S.)
Better than dying young. Yes, my father was good. For a rich man...

CARLY
Man?

JULIAN
Bat... (coughing up blood) Man.

WAYNE (O.S.)
No, we aren’t worried. Do we sound worried? Save the worrying for the photographers.

CARLY
Bad dream?

JULIAN
C... Carly.

WAYNE (O.S.)
Nobody’s late. Quinnie? She’s a bit... hormonal at the moment.

CARLY
What, puddin’?
JULIAN
Come closer. I lo...

WAYNE (O.S.)
I know she’s beautiful, Tony.
That’s why I’m marrying her. YOUR CITY has a lot riding on this? You mean OUR CITY.

CARLY
L... luh? Luggage?

WAYNE (O.S.)
Well you can tell the Lieutenant that if we’re not at the altar by dawn, he can scramble an APB!

Carly and Jay KISS.

Wayne gets out of the limo, SLAMS the door, and SPIKES his phone into the pavement. It shatters into a thousand pieces.

JULIAN
Ow, not the lip... (clutching his groin) Jay doesn’t... feel so good.

CARLY
I owe you, remember?

Wayne waits for an attendant to bring him another phone, but NOBODY COMES. Louis is turning red.

LOUIS
... rhymes with dewy. Look at me when I am speaking to you! I was a Wayne man for eighteen years. EIGHTEEN YEARS. That’s 216 months. A pregnancy is only nine months. I could have had twenty-four children. Unloving, aloof, severely mentally ill children. Instead, I adopted ONE. BRUCE. You can’t even pronounce my NAME? I got you a birthday card. I know you can hear me, BRUCE. SAY IT. SAY MY—

WAYNE
(to Carly)
If you are not in this streetcar in sixty seconds, I’m marrying your sister.

Louis kicks a piece of concrete into the abyss and realizes he’ll never achieve his childhood dream of BEING SOMEBODY.
Carly tears off her gloves to feel Jay’s forehead. Up and down her arms are NEEDLE MARKS.

    CARLY
    Hold still, my little egg sandwich.
    You’re burnin’ up.

She takes the trenchcoat back off. Jay is having another NIGHTMARE. Always the SAME ONE.

    CARLY
    Wake up. Wake up!

    WAYNE
    Fifteen.

    JULIAN
    Alarm didn’t go off. I’ll be onstage in fifteen, Ted. No, I’m not hung over...

    CARLY
    C’mon, boo...

    JULIAN
    Guy in the back keeps interrupting... She’s a what? Come say that to my face, you double n...

Carly covers his mouth, glassy-eyed.

    CARLY
    This isn’t funny.

    JULIAN
    I get that a lot.

    CARLY
    Any symptoms?

    JULIAN
    Headache, nausea, vomiting, suicide ideation, loose wisdom tooth, erections lasting longer than seven inches, and hallucinations of dead stand-up comics.

    CARLY
    Seven inches?

    JULIAN
    Don’t ask me.
Jay gestures at nothing.

JULIAN
Ask Mr. Giraldo.

Carly cradles his head. Her EYELINER is RUNNING TOO.

JULIAN
Carly? I thought I told you (cough) not to cry.

Jay lifts his good fist and nudges her in the chin.

CARLY
Snowflakes... Get up. We can take the limo. Blow this joint.

WAYNE
Fourteen.

CARLY
Come on. Please.

She reaches into her purse’s secret compartment, pulls out a golden LIGHTER, and wraps Jay’s fingers around it.

WAYNE
Thirteen!

Jay BOUNCES to his FEET without Carly’s help. Patrice removes his earpiece.

JULIAN
Did you know that thirteen percent of the population of Gotham City commits—

WAYNE
QUINNIE, COVER YOUR EARS!

JULIAN
Made you look.

WAYNE
Yes, I’m looking at a racist, a sexist, and an arsonist!

CARLY
He’s not a sexist!

JULIAN
Quiet, Quinn, the men are talking.
Jay flicks open his NEW LIGHTER and IGNITES another cigarette.

WAYNE
You want to talk? Talk business.

JULIAN
Carry the nine... Wait, you can’t put a price on a woman, Wayne.

WAYNE
Maybe yours wasn’t high enough.

JULIAN
She’s a hooker, not a hacienda. We live in a society.

WAYNE
You live in a society, but we live in Gotham!

JULIAN
Speak for yourself. Quinn and I are moving to a real city. (pointing down) Detroit!

Wayne clears his throat. Unlocking the door, Patrice POCKETS a half-eaten DOUBLE QUARTER POUNDER. He burns all of his calories to get back out of the driver’s seat. Tries again. STUCK. Louis gives his healthy-at-any-size coworker a hand and HELPS HIM to his feet.

LOUIS
I love you, big man, but you got a problem.

Patrice crumples up the CHEESEBURGER WRAPPER and puts a hand on his JUDGE.

PATRICE
Yeah, I’m looking at his bald ass right now.

The limousine trunk pops. Another guard, MITCH, rolls out, followed by a cloud of MARIJUANA SMOKE. A spliff from the seventies is still between his teeth. He’s wearing sunglasses at night, but only to hide his bloodshot eyes.

MITCH
Patrice, you seen my Model 11?

PATRICE
You lost a SHOTGUN?
MITH
Temporarily.

PATRICE
Mitchell...

MITH
Don’t “Mitchell” me. What are you, my mom?

PATRICE
No, but I might be your daddy. You remember the last time you had the Remy?

MITH
Man, I can’t even remember my middle name!

Wayne CLEARS HIS THROAT again, LOUDER. Mitch, Patrice, and Louis walk to the trunk of the limousine and each retrieve a BRIEFCASE.

WAYNE
Do I hear one million?

Mitch scratches his head with his doobie and thinks for a moment, remembers, and enters the PASSCODE 1234.

JULIAN
1 2 3 4? You found my suitcase?

LOUIS
Damn it, Mitch. I told you to choose a four-digit integer from zero to nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine, inclusive.

MITH
I picked one thousand, two hundred, and thirty... four.

LOUIS
Your continued failure to be dead astounds me.

Mitch opens the briefcase. ONE MILLION DOLLARS, hot off the presses. Wayne OFFERS a HANDSHAKE.

JULIAN
No deal.

CARLY
I love this show!
WAYNE
One billion?

Patrice unlocks the SECOND BRIEFCASE. Inside is a small REMOTE. He presses the BUTTON, and six doors of the limousine open SIMULTANEOUSLY. Piled from ceiling to floor are mint HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS. PARTY FAVORS.

JULIAN
Do you have that in platinum group metals? I vote libertarian...

Wayne CRACKS his knuckles. Louis opens his case and hands him a bat-themed ornamental DAGGER. Wayne drags the dagger down the side of the limo like nails on a chalkboard. The paint scratches off, revealing SOLID GOLD.

WAYNE
One TRILLION!

JULIAN
Once you drive it off the lot it loses half its value.

Jay extends his HAND to Carly, burnt palm up. Carly HESITATES.

CARLY
You sure you don’t wanna take that deal, Jay? (counting on her fingers) That’s a lotta matches.

JULIAN
I only need one!

WAYNE
Sold.

Wayne throws a MATCHBOOK at Jay’s eye. Jay screams as they scatter everywhere. He reaches down, OPENS the MATCHBOX, and pockets a SINGLE ONE.

WAYNE
Keep the change.

JULIAN
You out of tomatoes?

WAYNE
If we ever have the misfortune of meeting again, you’re waking up in a straitjacket.
JULIAN

Kinky.

Wayne WHISTLES. The briefcases SLAM SHUT.

Louis and Patrice POINT their WEAPONS at Jay. Patrice is holding his Taurus sideways, but not because he’s black. Covered in Gaelic decals, Louis’s MP5 could have been stolen from a gun show in Rivendell. Mitch continues PATTING HIMSELF DOWN for his MISSING MODEL 11. He points his finger.

JULIAN
Sweet props. Almost had me going for a second.

BANG. Carly strikes another pose. Louis’s bald head EXPLODES like a watermelon, Patrice’s favorite food. Mitch giggles. Wayne KICKS AWAY the MP5.

Wayne’s FIXER, HICKS, is LEANING against the LIMO with a Marlboro in his mouth. His heavily used COLT PEACEMAKER is SMOKING TOO.

Hicks wears a black COWBOY HAT and SPURS, the way GOD intended. The last time he smiled, John Wayne was alive. He TAKES Louis’s PLACE, careful not to dirty his BOOTS.

Jay tries not to THROW UP as Louis’s GRAY MATTER hopscotches across the asphalt. Hicks loads a sixth round into his revolver and returns it to his HOLSTER.

HICKS
(to Jay)
You got a big mouth, boy.

CARLY
Oh my God, they shot Lucas!

WAYNE
There are some problems Wayne Enterprises can’t solve. Fortunately, Hicks is an independent contractor.

Wayne GRIMACES at WHAT’S HIS NAME’S BRAINS.

WAYNE
(whispering to Hicks)
What did we tell you about killing?

HICKS
I’m not your butler, Bruce. I do this for fun.
Carly pulls out a phone to dial 911.

WAYNE  HICKS
Drop it.  We don’t call the police.

JULIAN  MITCH
I didn’t see the sign!  Medical marijuana.

PATRICE
Dindu nuffin...

Wayne appears behind her and snaps the phone in half.

WAYNE
There’s only one good cop in Gotham, and he doesn’t answer the phone.

CARLY
What are we supposed to do, wait to get saved by some vigilante in tights?

WAYNE
Kevlar.

CARLY
Huh?

JULIAN
Let’s go, Carly...

Jay tries to push Wayne aside. Wayne flips Jay on his back by the arm, stomping on his face like a cigarette butt.

WAYNE
This is all your fault, you degenerate.

JULIAN
You sound like my public defender.

WAYNE
You think you’re the only person who had to pay for other people’s crimes?

JULIAN
Ask “Quinnie.”

WAYNE
Someone has to take care of her. To defend her. To watch her. You see this city. Full of freaks.
Freaks with nothing to lose. Freaks like you.

**JULIAN**
There are no freaks like me.

**WAYNE**
Like the lowlife who made me watch as he killed my... Never again. Never. Now she’s with us. Safe. Until death do us part!

**JULIAN**
You want safe? Try eleven years in supermax!

**WAYNE**
You and your “jokes” poisoned her mind. Wayne developed the cure. So what if we give Quinnie...

**JULIAN**
Smack?

**WAYNE**
Medication. The finest pharmaceuticals bullion can buy. She deserves the best. Isn’t that right, my little heroine?

Wayne strokes her chin. Carly looks at her BROKEN PHONE.

**JULIAN**
Laughter is the best medicine.

**WAYNE**
And how’s it treating you?

**JULIAN**
Give me a minute to think of a comeback.

Wayne checks his watch. 6:48 AM. Hicks POLISHES his PEACEMAKER. Carly SITS in the LIMO. Sixty seconds TICK BY.

**JULIAN**
I got nothing.

**WAYNE**
How literal. As always, comedians tell the truth. But one thing is more important than the truth. Justice.
JULIAN
What about love?

WAYNE
Love? That’s the funniest joke you’ve ever made. Does a farmer love his flock? Does a bat love its prey? If love existed in Gotham, it would get shot in an armed robbery by noon.

Patrice POINTS his GUN at Jay. Hicks puts his QUICK-DRAW hand on his holster. Mitch lost his WALLET.

WAYNE
Lead! That’s what makes the world go round.

JULIAN
Looks flat to me.

WAYNE
Nobody asked you. And nobody ever will. You’re an anomaly, a virus, a clown!

Jay squeezes Wayne’s nose.

JULIAN
Honk honk.

Hicks turns away and CRACKS a SMILE. Pretending to go to the dumpster to THROW OUT his CHEESEBURGER WRAPPER, Patrice pulls Mitch aside.

EXT. DUMPSTER BEHIND “THE SLAMMER” - NIGHT

PATRICE
Is you gonna ask, or me?

MITCH
I already asked. He doesn’t smoke.

PATRICE
Not grass, son. Paper. A RAISE!

MITCH
Us cool kids call it GETTING HIGH.

Patrice FINISHES his CHEESEBURGER.
PATRICE
I got bills to pay. Child support, my ex-wife’s child support, your mama’s child support. Times is tough, Mitchell.

MITCH
Wait, what was that third one?

PATRICE
How much does Wayne pay you an hour?

Mitch takes a toke.

MITCH
Wayne who?

PATRICE
WAYNE. BRUCE WAYNE.

MITCH
Oh, you mean the firstborn of the late Thomas Wayne, world-renowned philanthropist and chief executive officer of Wayne Enterprises, whose subsidiaries include but are not limited to Wayne Biotech, Wayne Entertainment, Wayne Timepieces, and Wayne Ballistic Missile Defense Systems? That Bruce Thomas Wayne?

PATRICE
Yeah.

MITCH
He said this was an unpaid internship.

PATRICE
We gonna unionize this bitch.

Mitch pats PATRICE’S BELLY.

MITCH
For a commie, you sure have a lot of food.

PATRICE
Shit, with Louis on ice, the bread he was getting should be divided up between the rest of us. Equally!
MITCH
Equally? But I do all the work!

PATRICE
Tell your moms I got other plans this Christmas.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF CONDEMNED CLUB “THE SLAMMER” - NIGHT

Mitch LOWERS his SUNGLASSES and looks at Wayne with dilated puppy-dog eyes. Patrice crosses his fingers.

MITCH
So now that you did Louise, do the rest of us get a, like, raise?

Wayne grunts unintelligibly.

WAYNE
Why don’t you take the rest of the night off?

MITCH
Vacation?

Hicks is polishing his peacemaker.

HICKS
Before you go, how about a little target practice?

Hicks PUSHES Patrice forward. Patrice GULPS.

HICKS
Why don’t you show these city-slickers how it’s done in the hood?

Hicks slaps Patrice in the back while adjusting his horizontal grip. BANG. The pistol fires. Patrice accidentally POPS Mitch, SIDEWAYS. Mitch slumps over, sunglasses on, blunt still in his mouth.

WAYNE
As much as Wayne Enterprises strives to streamline payroll expenses, that was uncalled for.

HICKS
This buck here learned a valuable lesson about trigger discipline.
PATRICE
Yeah, I should have been aiming at you instead!

HICKS
You challenging me to a duel?

WAYNE
(to Hicks)
How did you get past human resources?

HICKS
On the application I bubbled in Native American.

Wayne HITS the LIMO in frustration. The SUDDEN SOUND catches Patrice off-guard. He CLUTCHES his HEART and DROPS DEAD. Hicks flips Patrice’s face over with his boot. FROWNS.

HICKS
You need to hire better help.

WAYNE
At Wayne Enterprises, we value diversity, equity, and inclusion.

Carly COMES OUT to see what happened. Jay raises his burnt hand to speak.

WAYNE
And you are?

JULIAN
Jay K...

Wayne interrupts him with a PUNCH to the MOUTH, spinning him a full three hundred and sixty degrees. Payback.

WAYNE
Never heard of him.

Jay massages his wisdom tooth through his cheek.

JULIAN
That's the one.

WAYNE
I see. A joker.

Carly’s BASEBALL BAT is ROLLING towards Jay. A little CLOSER.
WAYNE

Do you think this... joker is funny, Quinnie?

Carly is still trying to remove her ENGAGEMENT RING.

CARLY

I do.

Carly looks from the bat to Jay and BLUSHES. Hicks trains his slug thrower on Jay’s PRETTY MOUTH. The desperado scans his shoulders for backup but realizes he’s the LAST MAN STANDING.

Jay LURCHES for Carly’s BASEBALL BAT.

He SEIZES the BAT and AIMS at Wayne’s head. Wayne DUCKS. The baseball bat sends the limousine’s vampire hood ornament flying into the night. The CAR ALARM goes off. A CROWD is forming. Hicks can tell THIS TOWN ain’t BIG ENOUGH. He needs more FIREPOWER.

AGAIN. Wayne PARRIES the baseball bat with his ELBOW and KICKS Jay to the GROUND. Jay and Wayne tumble together onto the snowy concrete. Hicks still doesn’t have a clear shot. The cowboy slides over the limousine, trying to REACH the TRUNK. Jay HOPS in the PASSENGER SIDE.

INT. WINDOWLESS LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Jay squeezes over the black velvet seats and vaults down the aisle, SWIMMING through MOUNTAINS OF MONEY.

Hicks BLIND-FIRES at Jay through the limo. BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG. BULLETPROOF.

Jay PAUSES at the back of the limousine and kicks up his feet on a PILE OF BENJAMINS. He looks around: an unopened bottle of Johnnie Walker Black, the Tibetan Book of the Dead, a Hans Zimmer CD, a half-empty box of sunglasses.

Jay takes a hit of JOHNNIE and tries on the SUNGLASSES. He can’t see anything.

A CABIN-INTEGRATED TV is playing GOOD MORNING GOTHAM, a segment about a DOUBLE HOMICIDE by a man dressed as a CLOWN.

JULIAN

What next, a talking bat?

He CLICKS OFF the TV by throwing the BOTTLE OF WHISKEY at it so it CRACKS.
JULIAN
Boring movie anyway.

Jay JUMPS out a RANDOM DOOR.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF CONDEMNED CLUB “THE SLAMMER” - NIGHT

Taking him by surprise, Jay SWINGS at Wayne’s ankle. Wayne SCREAMS and HEADBUTTS him back. Jay RESTRAINS Wayne with the BASEBALL BAT around his NECK, lowering his head in the door frame and preparing to SLAM IT SHUT.

As Hicks clicks the trunk open, he pulls out a MODEL 11 SHOTGUN. Someone must have LOST IT.

Letting Wayne go, Jay GRAND SLAMS the shotgun out of Hicks’s hand. The bat goes flying. Wayne SLITHERS around Jay’s legs and hides behind Hicks.

WAYNE
It’s not funny anymore.

CARLY
You’re right.

Jay COUGHS up more BLOOD.

JULIAN
It’s hilarious.

Hicks throws the late Patrice’s TAURUS to Wayne. Wayne WINCES.

WAYNE
We’re taking you in.

JULIAN
On what charge, smoking in public?

Wayne cocks the Judge between Jay’s eyes.

WAYNE
Show’s over.

Jay CLOSES HIS EYES and GULPS. Sweat drips down his nose. His whole body is shaking. Suddenly his right hand emerges from his pocket. He’s pointing his INDEX FINGER at the tip of Wayne’s gun, trying to PLUG the HOLE. One inch away.

A man in the CROWD takes a PHOTOGRAPH.

BLINDED by the FLASH, Wayne PULLS the TRIGGER.
Jay slowly opens his left eye. His vision comes back into focus: on the ground in a snowdrift is Carly’s RUBY SLIPPER. Wayne is MASSAGING the BACK OF HIS HEAD. More GUNSHOTS ring out ALL AROUND the city as PARANOID CRIMINALS look at each other and RETURN FIRE. CHAOS.

The spouses STRUGGLE beneath the red light in the snowstorm, raising their interlocked arms in the air. BANG. Carly BITES Wayne’s finger. A bullet bounces off the NO SMOKING sign.

Jay runs toward Carly. Hicks arrives from the west and detains Jay in a HALF NELSON, trying to apprehend the BANDIT. Carly stares over her shoulder into Jay’s eyes.

Wayne holds Carly by her PONYTAIL, pointing his gun at Jay. She slips his grasp and reaches for the revolver. Wayne pulls the trigger. CARLY WINKS.

BANG.

A NEW POSE.

Wayne looks in his hand. A WIG.

He turns around.

BLOOD stains the streetlight. More GRAFFITI. Carly crumples. Right in the CHIN.

Hicks UNHANDS Jay and removes his HAT.

Jay runs over and drops to his KNEES in front of what used to be Carly Quinn. PEARLS are rolling EVERYWHERE. A river of CRIMSON DYES his oversized SHOES RED.

The CIGARETTE SLIPS from his mouth, melting through the ice. For the first time in eleven years, Jay LAUGHS.

Stepping over the mess, Wayne stares at the MURDER WEAPON in his right hand, HORRIFIED. He unfastens his now soiled CAPE and lets it BLOW AWAY.

Wayne drops his REVOLVER into the DUMPSTER with Carly’s BILLBOARD and throws away his DIRTIED GLOVES.

Jay GRAPPLIES Wayne into the barricaded door. Hicks knows better than to SHOOT INTO MELEE. The old wood crumbles as the archenemies PLUNGE INSIDE.
INT. RUINS OF THE SLAMMER - DAYBREAK

Splinters SHRED Jay’s open shirt.

Locked up in what’s left of The Slammer, the JUKEBOX is BLASTING Toploader’s “Dancing in the Moonlight” like that Japanese soldier who thought World War II never ended. Wayne’s ears perk up.

MUSIC CUE: “Dancing in the Moonlight” by Toploader

WAYNE
What is that?

Wayne throws a punch, but Jay SCRAMBLES backwards on hands and feet. Wayne’s FIST SLAMS into a stripper pole. CARLY’S. He recoils in pain.

JULIAN
A cover. Uncle Ted couldn’t afford the rights to the original.

Jay grabs Wayne’s hands and WALTZES with him through the wreckage. They JUMP from an overturned chair onto the BAR COUNTER and DANCE all the way down, KICKING off abandoned SHOT GLASSES reeking of DECADE-OLD BOOZE.

JULIAN
You ever dance with the devil in the pale moonlight?

Wayne breaks free and LEAPS from a TRUSS to the STAGE. Jay TAKES A SHOT of BOURBON to kill his STAGE FRIGHT and SWINGS ACROSS the gap with a MICROPHONE CABLE. Wayne picks up a MIC STAND and pierces Jay in the SIDE. Jay screams in agony. Wayne HUNTS him through the WRECKAGE.

Jay TACKLES Wayne into the JUKEBOX.

END MUSIC CUE

WAYNE
Tomorrow’s top story on cable news... Former cigarette model commits suicide during drug-fueled brawl with her alcoholic ex-boyfriend.

JULIAN
Sorry, I don’t watch TV...

Jay lifts a cracked FLAT-SCREEN TELEVISION above his head like a GUILLOTINE over Wayne’s throat, preparing to end the set.
JULIAN
I’m more of a gamer.

WAYNE
Eleven years. Eleven years and you still don’t... Know. No.

JULIAN
Know what?

WAYNE
You bombed, remember? Well, you were bombed. Never knew so many words started with the letter "N". Bad publicity.

JULIAN
It’s called art. You wouldn’t get it.

WAYNE
Your hour-long special was cancelled. So Wayne Entertainment had to recoup the loss. Bookies ran the numbers. Saw the fire insurance...

Jay looks at the ashes around him where the DRESSING ROOM used to be.

JULIAN
Green room. After the show. Downed the whole bottle. Cigarette in my mouth. Fell asleep...

WAYNE
Corporate had security destroy the surveillance footage. Quinn went into your dressing room to kiss you goodnight. She snuffed out your cigarette.

JULIAN
You?

WAYNE
I made them promise. No killing. They said they’d evacuate everyone first. Building was rotting anyway. But the company needed someone to take the fall...
Jay SLAMS the television into Wayne’s throat, injuring his VOICEBOX. The walls shake. Wayne DISAPPEARS into the SHADOWS. A BAT FLUTTERS.

Jay hides beneath a GLASS TABLE. Wayne PUNCHES THROUGH from ABOVE and grabs him by the NECK, lifting him OFF THE GROUND as moonlight leaks through the collapsed roof. Wayne’s voice is now slow, MUTILATED.

WAYNE
Do you know how much we were fined? How much we were sued? As CEO of Wayne Enterprises, I did what I had to do. For the company. For the greater good. For my father...

Wayne’s Swiss watches TICK.

WAYNE
What matters more? A billion-dollar charity? Or one little whorehouse?

Jay STRUGGLES against Wayne’s FINGERS around his NECK.

JULIAN
Gentleman’s... club.

WAYNE
If you WERE a gentleman, you would understand. Natural order. The law of the jungle. If Wayne doesn’t run Gotham, someone else will. Someone less MERCIFUL.

Wayne TIGHTENS his GRIP.

WAYNE
Everybody in this city works for me. Especially if they don’t know it. The doctors, the police, the judges, the moon, the wind, the stars! I even bribed the audience to laugh at your jokes.

The comedian peeks at the COOKED CINEMA CHAIRS for help. EMPTY.

WAYNE
Everyone works for me. Everyone except you...

Jay throws a PUNCH with his good hand. Wayne CATCHES IT in mid-air, CRUSHING it like an EGG and bringing him down on one knee.
WAYNE
You’re no comedian, you fool.
You’re a punch—

POW. Jay SUCKER-PUNCHES him with his BURNT LEFT HAND. Wayne’s BLACK EYE drips as his head RAGDOLLS into a METAL TABLE. The comedian grabs Wayne by the bowtie.

JULIAN
That was for Carly.

Wayne tries to WHISTLE for his guards, but only spit comes out. He WHISTLES AGAIN. Nothing. Smoking against the limousine, Hicks SPECTATES through the broken window, ashing a cigarette. He HEARD EVERYTHING.

JULIAN
This is for Uncle Ted!

WHAM. Jay punches him in the OTHER EYE. Wayne’s SUNGLASSES SHATTER as his skull slams into the BRICK WALL. Two red streams pour down his forehead like horns. In the busted lenses Jay contemplates his own BROKEN REFLECTION amid the night sky. He takes a DEEP BREATH.

Jay DROPS Wayne’s collar. He flexes his BURNT Hand and wonders, if HURTING PEOPLE is wrong, why did he feel SO GOOD? Wayne COLLAPSES into the dust, clutching his busted throat. His black suit has turned red.

Alfred RUNS IN the FIRE EXIT.

ALFRED
Master Wayne! If you get in now, we can still make it.

Wayne’s VOICE STRUGGLES to form the words.

WAYNE
Make what?

ALFRED
The wedding.

The SUN RISES. 7 AM. BROKEN SHOT GLASSES magnify the LIGHT. Wayne’s SWISS WATCHES toll. RING. BATS fly everywhere. Eleven years of DISREPAIR turned The Slammer into a life-sized BAT HOUSE.

Wayne tries to REMOVE all the RINGING WATCHES, but through the cloud of BATS, he CAN’T SEE. He SMASHES the watches against the jagged floorboards to stop the NOISE, but it’s no use. INDESTRUCTIBLE.
He LAUGHS madly as the RINGING intensifies, CHOKING on his own blood. Alfred extends his HAND to HELP.

WAYNE
Always were my... best man.

ALFRED
This time you walk, I’ll drive!

Wayne PICKS HIMSELF UP. Alfred HOLDS HIS HAND to guide him to the exit. The limousine REVS. This time it’s getting QUIETER.

JULIAN
See you around, kid...

The FILTHY COMIC staggers out of THE SLAMMER for the last time.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE SLAMMER BAR – DAWN

LIEUTENANT GORDON is yelling through a MEGAPHONE. He doesn’t need to turn it on.

GORDON
LIEUTENANT GORDON, GCPD. WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED.

Jay points to himself as though saying “Who, me?” He grabs Carly’s BASEBALL BAT and DARTS into a nearby alleyway, CLUTCHING at the wound dripping from his SIDE.

Two COPS follow with a police dog on a leash. The GERMAN SHEPHERD smells Jay’s blood and barks. Jay looks over his shoulder: a SWAT van. NO ESCAPE.

The German shepherd breaks the chain the SKINNY COP was holding. Jay POINTS towards the stars with Carly’s BAT. CALLED SHOT.

A swing and a miss.

JULIAN
You call that a strike?

COPS
Freeze!

The German shepherd CHARGES again, fangs bared, chasing Jay’s reddened shirt like a BULL. He swings again.

CRACK. Whimpering. Half of the baseball bat goes flying. HOME RUN.
The fat cop starts HANDCUFFING Jay. CLICK.

JULIAN
Am I being detained?

The cop PISTOL-WHIPS Jay in the back of the neck.

JULIAN
Uhh, (smoker’s cough) I can’t breathe!

FAT COP
Save it, Bozo.

JULIAN
"Bozo?” Don’t you have any real criminals to arrest?

Jay gestures with his FREE HAND. The burnt one.

JULIAN
I think I smell marij...

MITCH
Get down!

Jay HITS THE DECK. Mitch takes another toke, points his MODEL 11 at the pig, and balances Gotham’s pension plan. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Mitch’s wrinkled plaid shirt is torn, revealing a BULLETPROOF VEST. Jay drops into a ROLL and SWEEPS the other cop’s leg.

Hicks chokes out the SWAT officer from behind, WRESTLING for the USP. He tosses it to Jay, who catches it and INSPECTS the weapon.

JULIAN
Hey, copper... You ever shoot one of these?

The skinny cop grits his teeth as he looks at his dead police dog.

SKINNY COP
Only at gangsters.

Jay pats Mitch and Hicks on the back.

JULIAN
Then tell these clowns. How do you like it, sugar?
Jay puts the SUPPRESSOR BARREL in the cop’s mouth and makes him DEEPTHROAT it. He CHOKES.

JULIAN
Quiet?

He removes the gun from the cop’s mouth, UNSCREWS the wet SUPPRESSOR and places the gun at the cop’s TEMPLE.

JULIAN
Or LOUD?

SKINNY COP
You’re crazy.

JULIAN
Do I look crazy? Come on, it’s 50/50. You can’t even get odds like that in Vegas.

COP
You think this is some kind of ga–

Jay squats and shoots the cop in the KNEE. He SCREAMS.

JULIAN
Loud it is!

Mitch readies his Remington to DOUBLE-TAP him.

JULIAN
Hey, we’re crooks, not savages.

Jay PUSHES the shotgun AWAY.

JULIAN
Besides, you’ll ruin my joke…

Mitch backs off.

MITCH
Whatever.

JULIAN
Guess he doesn’t like standup!

MITCH
We gotta work on your timing.

JULIAN
What are you saying?
MITCH
Ask the piglet.

The skinny cop is trying to reassemble his knee like a JIGSAW PUZZLE beside his FACELESS DOG.

JULIAN
Are you saying I’m not funny, Mitch?

Jay SHOOTS Mitch in the HEART. Mitch keeps smoking, unfazed. He’s busy SEARCHING for his SHOTGUN. It was here a second ago...

JULIAN
Bulletproof vest?

MITCH
Yeah, so bulletproof Patrice missed.

The SIRENS wail. Federals. A whole STATE WORTH. Jay tucks the silenced USP in the back of Mitch’s pants. Hicks glances at Jay’s injury BLEEDING through his SHIRT, takes TEN PACES toward the feds and twirls his REVOLVER.

HICKS
Go! I’ll catch up.

Jay spots a FIRE ESCAPE. He and Mitch CLIMB to the ROOFTOPS.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - MORNING

Mitch SPRINTS along the ceiling of the apartment complex. DEAD END. His SUNGLASSES fall six stories into the crowd of cop cars. A SPOTLIGHT blinds him as he psychs himself up to LEAP across the chasm to the school rooftop.

Mitch lands on his feet, DOOBIE still in his mouth. He stands up and DUSTS HIMSELF OFF.

MITCH
Don’t look down.

A POLICE HELICOPTER hovers. GORDON.

MITCH
Or up!

Jay gets a running start. He doubles over, clutching his rib. His SIDE is still BLEEDING. Cops break through the roof access door with a battering ram.
STATIC. The LIEUTENANT.

GORDON
DEAD OR ALIVE!

The police OPEN FIRE.

MITCH
Jump!

Jay STUMBLES, FALLING the THIRD TIME. He REACHES for Mitch with his hand that still has the HANDCUFFS on. Mitch drops his joint CUDDLING himself to Jay, bracing against a brick chimney and trying to PULL HIM UP.

GUNSHOTS. Apparently the police didn’t see the signage. School is a GUN-FREE ZONE.

DANGLING from Mitch’s arm, Jay looks down and sees a stopped SCHOOL BUS. District 22.

JULIAN
Mitch! Let go!

MITCH
What?

Jay SWINGS left and right to make himself harder to hit as the cops UNLOAD.

JULIAN
LET GO!

MITCH
Now is not the time for Buddhism.

The BUS starts MOVING. Jay tears off what remains of his shirt to make a ROPE. Topless, Jay’s FOURTH DEGREE BURNS resemble a full body TATTOO.

JULIAN
HEY MITCH, YOU GOT A JOINT?

MITCH
Sure thing, boss.

Mitch REACHES into his pocket to pull out a small plastic bag of WEED. This is the hand that was HOLDING on to the CHIMNEY.

Jay HOOKS a streetlight with his ROPE to lessen the fall. Mitch’s added weight makes the shirt RIP.

Green light. Jay and Mitch LAND on the BUS as it CROSSES the intersection. BOUNCE.
EXT. TOP OF SPEEDING BUS - MORNING

The bus is breaking the SPEED LIMIT. It’s LATE. HANDCUFFED, the two criminals lay next to each other in pain, ARMS and LEGS outstretched in a T-pose. Jay nervously OPENS an EYE.

JULIAN
Are we... Are we in Hell?

MITCH
Nah. I was promised 72 virgins.
This town ain’t got one!

Jay steadies himself on the roof of the bus and tries to KICK OPEN the HATCH, but it’s no use. Standing still on top of the bus, BANKRUPT STORES and HOMELESS PEOPLE scroll past. He DUCKS a TRAFFIC LIGHT.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The bus stops. Right across the street from The Slammer. KIDS pile in. Suffering from the munchies, Mitch slides off the roof of the bus, TAKING JAY DOWN with him.

JULIAN
No, wait!

Jay lands on top of Mitch in the middle of a crowded intersection. HONKING. Dizzy, they sit up. A PARTY SUPPLIES TRUCK veers to the right and into oncoming traffic. CRASH. BALLOONS and CLOWN MASKS spill everywhere.

The kids at the bus stop LOOT the PARTY SUPPLIES. Jay shakes the cuffs, still attached to Mitch.

JULIAN
Forgetting something?

MITCH
Oh, right.

Mitch offers his NEW FRIEND a joint. They lay back down. Still horizontal on the asphalt as cars speed over them, Jay takes the devil’s lettuce with his cuffed hand and SWALLOWES IT whole with a chef’s kiss.

JULIAN
Gang weed.

MITCH
That’s deep, man.
Mitch looks up. A DOUBLE-DECKER bus. Jay BULL RUSHES him onto the sidewalk. The besties line up in front of the OCTAGONAL STOP SIGN with the other kids. Across the street, the police are setting up a BLOCKADE.

JULIAN
You seen Hicks?

MITCH
Nah. You know, I used to see your act, boss. I still do, but...

JULIAN
Jay. Act?

Hicks DISMOUNTS from a TAXI, still reloading his six-shooter. He DOESN’T TIP. Let the free market decide. His HAT is gone. A SHOPPING BAG with a designer logo is hanging from his arm.

MITCH
Where were you? The OK Corral?

HICKS
Using my brain. Try it sometime.

MITCH
How am I supposed to use your brain, moron?

JULIAN
A little help...

Jay’s still TOO ATTACHED to Mitch. A FATTER COP is on patrol, whistling, hand on his PISTOL. The gang grab some of the CLOWN MASKS and put them on to blend in with the FOURTH GRADERS.

Mitch shoots a MOUTH HOLE in his mask with the SUPPRESSED USP so he can still smoke. Jay puts his handcuffed hand in his pocket to hide it from the law. Mitch hides his cuffed hand in JAY’S PANTS too. Jay coughs.

Hicks opens his bag and unboxes a stylish PURPLE SUIT JACKET. He throws it around Jay’s shoulders to avoid a PUBLIC INDECENCY charge. Sandwiched between the other two idiots, Jay rips off the label, DESTROYING THE EVIDENCE.

The fatter cop slows down, STOPS. GULP. He’s eating a DONUT. Hicks curses at the cop beneath his mask.

HICKS
We’re screwed. Alfred took the limo. And the money.
Hicks hands Wayne’s SOILED CAPE to Jay. Jay crushes it in his BURNT FIST.

    JAY
    And the bat.

The cop enters a coffee shop. Hicks looks to his RIGHT at the other two stooges. HOME FREE.

    HICKS
    Rough night?

Jay makes a sucking sound and lifts his mask to spit out a WISDOM TOOTH.

    JULIAN
    For the audience.

INT. SCHOOL BUS – DAY

GEORGE the bus driver opens the door. Three clowns get in.

    GEORGE
    You look a little tall for fourth grade.

The schoolkids are all yelling and screaming with their new toys. Jay raises his cuffed hand and clears his throat.

Hicks cocks his peacemaker and BLASTS the HANDCUFFS APART, severing the Siamese twins. The bullet leaves a Kennedy half dollar-sized HOLE in the ROOF.

    JULIAN
    How about fifth?

    HICKS
    My favorite amendment.

George mutters seven dirty words.

    MITCH
    Field trip!

The costumed boys on the bus cheer, firing their toy lasers and cap guns. Jay is BUTTONING his snazzy new PURPLE THREADS.

    JULIAN
    No. Bad Mitch! We are not going on a field trip.

The elementary schoolers boo. Mitch hands J a SMILEY-FACE balloon.
MITCH
Come on, J. Have a heart!

HICKS
It’s just a ride!

The bus stops. A PAROLED AFRICAN AMERICAN in a hoodie and gray sweatpants DARKENED near the groin, BILL, gets in. Hicks fingers his PEACEMAKER.

BILL
This the prison bus?

Jay POPS Mitch’s BALLOON.

JULIAN
Only if we get caught.

Jay STRIKES the MATCH Wayne threw at his eye, opens the window, and flicks it at the pool of wine leading to the GENTLEMAN’S CLUB.

BILL
Now wait a goddamn minute. Don’t I know you from the clink!?

Jay rubs his eyes through his mask.

JULIAN
That really you, OG? Don’t get all touchy-feely on me now...

Jay SHAKES Bill’s hand. Bill sees the HANDCUFFS and points at his old friend from the pen.

BILL
My ni--!

The Slammer BURSTS INTO FLAMES a second time. The crowd retreats as FIRETRUCKS pull into the parking lot. First time it’s ever been so full.

The schoolchildren fire off party crackers. BOOM! Mitch GIGGLES, watching the fireworks through his “DOPEY” mask.

A teenager of ambiguous gender and race, NEWMAN, is too busy playing a PHONE GAME and trying to forget his/her parents’ second FAILED MARRIAGE to notice the EXPLOSION. The hominid’s Eurasian-Negroid face would have looked grumpy if it weren’t hidden beneath a surgical mask. Like the clowns, Newman looks a lot older than the other fourth graders. HELD BACK.

BILL puts a HAND on the Newman’s KNEE as the gentleman’s club BLOWS.
BILL
Je-sus CHRIST!

NEWMAN
(pulling down his surgical mask)
Who?

HICKS
I have an alibi.

JULIAN
Double Jeopardy!

Mitch throws BILL a CLOWN MASK. Newman’s phone game beeps zip, zop, zoopity bop. BILL MASKS UP and CHUCKLES.

BILL
Zoopity bop?

JULIAN
(to Newman)
We really are the most persecuted minority, huh?

NEWMAN
For real, boomer. No cap.

Jay pets Newman’s poodle cut as the inferno COOKS the Gotham City skyline. He hands his new STEP-KID a curly red wig.

JULIAN
What’s that, Lassie?

BILL
You damn kids and your gamin’ and your goonin’ and your gonorrhea. In my day...

GEORGE
In your day you were sitting at the back of the bus!

Newman falls back asleep. Out of RITALIN. Jay is engrossed in a textbook that had been forgotten between the bus seats, UNREAD: a 1994 edition of Herrnstein and Murray’s THE BELL CURVE. Jay LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY, pouring through the pages with his CUFFED HAND.

JULIAN
The last time I read a book this funny, it was my autobiography! I can’t wait to show Ca...
Framed in Jay’s passenger-side window as the bus starts driving away is all that remains of Carly Quinn. THE CORONER covers her face with a white veil as a crime scene photographer SNAPS the FINAL SHOT of her modeling career.

Jay lifts his CLOWN MASK to SEE with his own eyes. As he watches the STRETCHER take HIS EX away through the flame of her GOLDEN LIGHTER, he murmurs something that sounds like “Detroit.”

SIRENS. He flicks the lighter SHUT.

HICKS
Step on the fu-

The students all say ooh and threaten to tell Miss Miller. Jay looks down and ZIPS UP his FLY.

HICKS
-ing gas, man!

THUD. A CIVILIAN.

GEORGE
Sorry, I’ve never driven one of these sober. Where to, Mr...

MITCH
Don’t ask me. Ask J.

Another THUD. A pedestrian. DOUBLE KILL.

BILL
FIVE-O!

Responding to the hit-and-run, THREE POLICE CARS tail the bus. The bus driver SLAMS on the BRAKES. One cop crashes into the rear, TOTALED. The KIDS CHEER again. Newman wakes back up and returns to his/her phone.

The second GCPD vehicle CHANGES LANES to follow alongside, TRADING PAINT. The officer pulls one hand off the wheel and AIMS his GLOCK at Jay. Same face as on THE NEWS.

BANG.

The WINDOW Jay was looking out of shatters. He DOESN’T MOVE.

MITCH
Look out, Bozo!

GEORGE
Buckle up!
George THE BUS DRIVER puts a MASK on too and FLOORS IT through a GARBAGE CAN. Papers FLY EVERYWHERE.

The COP tries to find Jay in his sights through the CLOUD OF TRASH written by TODD PHILLIPS and SCOTT SILVER.

BANG.

Hicks shields a LITTLE GIRL. The stray BULLET tears open his LEFT SHOULDER. The girl starts CRYING. AFRAID OF CLOWNS.

The bus driver puts the vehicle into REVERSE and gets behind the police car. THE OFFICER looks in his wing mirror, HOLSTERING his gun. George gets into the same lane and SPEEDS UP, pushing the police car in front of the bus like a BABY CARRIAGE. He turns hard right and SLINGSHOTS it into a telephone pole. ELECTRICAL FIRE.

A FEDERAL AGENT steps out of an unmarked car. He’s holding an IMI Desert Eagle Mark XIX in one hand and HICKS’S HAT in the other. He RAISES his DEAGLE.

The bus driver SWERVES into the GLOWIE and laughs.

THUD. THAT one was ON PURPOSE.

NEWMAN
OH BABY, A TRIPLE!

BILL
Run ‘em over. That’s what you do!

George takes a HARD LEFT, blocking two lanes of commuters. HONKING. The bus driver decides that today would be a good day to SKIP SCHOOL.

Jay is still MURMURING to himself, ROCKING back and forth. SHELL-SHOCKED.

HONKING.

MISTER J SNAPS. This time he doesn’t use his FINGERS.

Hicks pulls a KNIFE to dig out the BULLET, but his hand is TOO UNSTEADY. Jay swipes the RAZOR from Hicks and digs into the shoulder. He could get USED to THIS. DEEPER...

The fourth graders STARE at the SURGERY. Just like PORNHUB.

The bullet CLATTERS. Jay pockets the RAZOR. Hicks won’t be needing this anytime soon.

The WOUNDED COWBOY puts a fresh CIGARETTE improvised from some of Bruce Wayne’s HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS in Jay’s mouth.
Hicks frowns beneath his HAPPY mask, trying to stem the bleeding with a WHOOPEE CUSHION.

HICKS
Smoke ’em if you got ’em.

JULIAN
Thanks, partner, but I’m trying to quit.

Jay UNFOLDS the ROLLIE, cleans off the TOBACCO, and hands the money to a YOUNG BOY reading an upside-down picture book. Finally somebody else who likes TRAINS.

JULIAN
Get your mommies something nice.

The young boy accepts the donation, murmuring “GRACIAS.”

HONKING.

Mr. J RISES UP and starts walking to the FRONT OF THE BUS as forgotten school supplies roll across the floor. He TRIPS on a PENCIL, makes it DISAPPEAR in the POCKET of his NEW JACKET, and MEETS his NEW CLASSMATES.

Three VIBRANT URBAN YOUTHS are snorting cocaine off of their GEOMETRY HOMEWORK. Whatever Pi times seven times Pi to the seventh was, it could WAIT.

J gives Mitch a FIST BUMP as the “DOPEY” pothead helps a nerdy white boy push a COTTON CANDY MACHINE out the rear emergency exit. The LAST COP gets PANCAKED in the PILE-UP. Mitch gives his little clown a HIGH FIVE.

Mister J looks back at Hicks in his “HAPPY” MASK and traces a SMILE on his own mouth with the RAZOR. Hicks performs the FINGER GUN gesture from the ending of COWBOY BEBOP.

Losing his footing as George RUNS a RED LIGHT, J STEADIES HIMSELF on Newman’s seat, covered in lost games of TIC-TAC-TOE. Newman is cutting up a BIBLE that had been DISCARDED from the school library for science denial. Newman turns EXODUS into a “GRUMPY” clown mask.

DANCING down the aisle to Newman’s 8-bit RING TONE, J slaps Bill in the ass. What HAPPENS in prison STAYS in prison. Bill “CHUCKLES.”

He finally reaches the FRONT of the BUS.

GEORGE
Where to, Mister J?
Mister J REMOVES his MASK. Adjusting the rear-view MIRROR, he observes his BLOODSTAINED LIPS busted in a PERPETUAL GRIN. He takes the mask back ON and OFF, but can’t tell WHICH IS WHICH.

Mister J feels HAPPY’S KNIFE in his pocket, licks his DAMAGED lips, and ponders a FACELIFT.

In the mirror he sees POLICE HELICOPTERS in hot pursuit. GORDON. Finally BACK IN THE SPOTLIGHT, THE JOKER takes a BOW, yanks the MICROPHONE away from the bus driver, tosses his MASK out the WINDOW, and YELLS into the intercom as he watches the world burn with a LAUGH:

JOKER
Next stop, Gotham National Bank!

FADE OUT.

THE END