

**BATMAN**  
"Mind Games"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

AERIAL PAN over the Dark Deco city. It's immediately obvious that crime is rampant, even in this crime-ridden city. From on high we see buildings burning, looting, hold-ups ... if this isn't a full-scale riot, it's damned close. SFX: POLICE SIRENS, DISTANT EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE. CONTINUE PAN to find the city's richest area: Gotham Heights. Here PAN STOPS on a mansion that could rival Wayne Manor in splendor. PUSH IN on the imposing edifice.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MANSION - NIGHT

In front of the mansion, an N.D. DOORMAN/BUTLER in white gloves and tails holds open the door of a stretch limo as a middle-aged SOCIETY COUPLE exits the car and ENTERS the mansion. The front door is held open by an N.D. BUTLER. As we FOLLOW the couple to the door we hear PARTY WALLA and appropriate SFX: (the CLINKING of glasses, the POP of a champagne cork, etc.) DIAL UP PARTY WALLA.

GUESTS  
(party walla)

INT. THE MANSION BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW the couple inside as yet another N.D. SERVANT takes their hats and coats, then we PAN PAST them to take in the rest of the room. Every upper-crust face in Gotham City is here, chatting, laughing, snatching canapes and drinks from passing trays.

GUESTS  
(laughter, party walla)

PAN CONTINUES until it STOPS on a tall, broad-shouldered figure in a tuxedo, his back to us, talking casually to socialite VERONICA VREELAND (from episodes #406-547, "Birds of a Feather", and #406-565, "The Worry Men"). They stand near some French doors opening onto a balcony.

VERONICA  
It's just been awful. What with all this crime in the streets, I haven't been able to shop at my favorite boutique in weeks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The figure turns TOWARDS CAMERA and places his empty glass on a

they carried by a passing WAITER. It's BRUCE WAYNE.

BRUCE

(dryly)

It's stories like yours that really  
bring home how serious this situation  
is, Ronnie.

ON BRUCE AND VERONICA

She gives him a look, not sure if he's serious or not.

VERONICA

Oh, Bruce. I can never tell when  
you're kidding.

BRUCE

That's me -- a man of mystery.

ON VERONICA

Her face is reflected in the French doors as she looks up, as if  
searching the night sky for the Bat-signal, which is not there.

VERONICA

Seriously, though -- it seems like  
everyone I know has been robbed  
lately.

(beat)

Where's Batman? That's what I'd like  
to know. He hasn't been seen in  
weeks.

CLOSE ON BRUCE

Face grim, eyes narrowing.

BRUCE

I'm sure he's just waiting for the  
right moment to strike.

WIDE ANGLE

On this line the French doors suddenly BURST OPEN, revealing THE  
PENGUIN, along with two or three HIRED GOONS. The Penguin  
gestures dramatically with his umbrella. In his other hand he  
holds a large leather carrying bag. The goons have their Dark  
Deco guns at the ready, though they're not aiming them at  
anyone.

PENGUIN

(loudly)

Ladies and gentlemen, your attention  
if you please!

ANOTHER ANGLE - PANNING

Showing the shocked faces of the crowd.

GUESTS

(shocked walla)

Oh, no! / The Penguin! / I knew  
something like this would happen! /  
What'll we do? (Etc.)

FAVOR PENGUIN

Bruce and Veronica, both looking quite distressed, are in b.g.

PENGUIN

Due to the seriousness of the recent  
crime wave, it would behoove you all  
to put your valuables somewhere safe.

CLOSER ON HIM

He smiles wickedly and holds the bag up, opening it.

PENGUIN (CONT'D)

Allow me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He waddles along in front of the shocked and frightened guests  
as they drop wallets, purses, necklaces, watches and so forth  
into the bag.

ANGLE INCLUDES VERONICA

The Penguin turns toward her. His face lights up as he  
recognizes Veronica.

PENGUIN

Ronnie! How splendid to see you again  
-- especially under these  
circumstances.

VERONICA

(frightened)  
Oswald ... you're looking  
(swallows)  
... robust ....

She glances over at where Bruce was standing, then does a take  
as she realizes he's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Bruce, glancing back at the mansion to make certain he hasn't  
been spotted, runs towards the nearby hedges, pulling off his  
tie as he goes, giving the impression he's about to become  
Batman.

ON HEDGES

Bruce BURSTS OUT through the other side, running toward the  
road, pulling his jacket off. He stops as O.S. headlights  
illuminate him. He waves his jacket over his head as we REFIELD  
TO INCLUDE an approaching police car.

BRUCE  
(shouts)  
Hey! Over here!

ON BRUCE

He stands in the middle of the road, forcing the car to SKID to a halt, fishtailing sideways, so it stops just inches from him. Bruce flinches back.

ON SQUAD CAR

The passenger door flies open and an angry HARVEY BULLOCK lumbers out. RENE MONTOYA gets out of the driver's side.

BULLOCK  
Whadda you, nuts, Wayne? You tryin'  
t'get yerself --

ON BRUCE

He points towards the mansion, quite upset.

BRUCE  
(breathless)  
Inside the mansion! The Penguin -- a  
robbery --!

BACK TO BULLOCK AND MONTOYA

They look at each other, then Bullock pulls his gun from inside his baggy jacket.

BULLOCK  
Let's go, Rene! You take the back --  
I'll cover the front!

ON MONTOYA

She glances quickly at Bruce as she pulls her piece.

MONTOYA  
For your own safety, Mr. Wayne -- wait  
here.

Then she takes off O.S., following Bullock.

CLOSE ON BRUCE

He looks relieved. Then something bothers him; he frowns in confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

The front doors suddenly SLAM open, revealing Bullock with gun in hand.

BULLOCK  
(shouts)

Okay, beak-brain! Getcher flippers  
up!

ANGLE INCLUDES PENGUIN AND HIS GOONS

Surprised in the midst of their looting, they wheel about. At this point Montoya comes through the open French doors behind them, gun leveled at the goons.

MONTOYA  
(steely)  
Prone out!

The goons hastily DROP their guns and lie down on the floor.

ON PENGUIN

He scowls at Bullock.

PENGUIN  
What unfortunate timing -- for you!

He lowers his umbrella and SPRAYS a thick opaque mist from its tip.

ON BULLOCK

Taken by surprise, he begins to COUGH as he's enveloped by the mist.

BULLOCK  
(coughs)

WIDE ANGLE - THE FLOOR

PANDEMONIUM, as the guests run this way and that, blinded by the fog.

GUESTS  
(frightened shouts)

ON MONTOYA

Surrounded by the mist as well. Thinking quickly, she drops to the floor, where there's a few inches of clear air between the parquet and the mist. ANGLE ADJUSTS TO FOLLOW.

LOW ANGLE - MONTOYA AND GOONS

Montoya still has her gun. The goons aren't going anywhere.

MONTOYA  
Relax, guys.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

The Penguin charges through the open doors, dropping the mist-spraying umbrella and pulling another one from inside his overcoat. He raises it overhead; propeller blades SPROUT from it and begin to WHIR. He begins to lift off O.S., carrying the bag of loot.

Bullock stumbles out onto the balcony, still COUGHING.

BULLOCK  
(coughs)

He looks up, to see the airborne Penguin crossing the full moon. He raises his gun, then realizes the fowl fellow is well out of range. Play his disappointment, then

WIPE TO:

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON TV SCREEN - MORNING

In BLACK-AND-WHITE, we see SUMMER GLEASON sitting behind a news desk, delivering a report. Behind her in a small INSET is some kind of stylized graphic: Perhaps a silhouette of the Gotham skyline with images of the Joker, Harley, Two-Face, the Penguin, Rupert Thorne, Poison Ivy, etc. looming over it. Across the bottom of the screen is the legend **CRIME WAVE: GOTHAM UNDER SIEGE -- DAY 8.**

SUMMER  
(filtered)  
... last night's brazen robbery by the Penguin at the Van Pelt estate was the latest in the worst series of crimes Gotham City has ever seen, made all the worse by the mysterious absence of Batman.

Now the inset behind Summer suddenly becomes a shot of Batman.

SUMMER (CONT'D)  
After more than a week without his protective presence -- his longest disappearance that anyone can recall -- Gotham City can only wonder, "Batman, where are you?"

PULL BACK to show that we've been watching a small TV on the desk of Bruce's secretary, DANA. She reaches over to turn off the set.

DANA  
One good question, that.

ANGLE INCLUDES DOOR

The door opens and ALFRED, in his chauffeur's livery, comes in.

ALFRED  
(cheery)  
Good morning, Miss Dana.

DANA  
Is it? Not with all those weirdoes running amuck. Why isn't Batman doing something about it?

He shrugs; "Why ask me?" and walks across the reception area toward Bruce's inner office.

ALFRED

I expect he has his reasons, however obscure they may appear to us common folk.

ON INNER OFFICE DOOR

It OPENS just before Alfred can reach it, and a preoccupied Bruce strides out, schedule book in hand, almost knocking Alfred aside.

BRUCE

(preoccupied)  
Excuse me, Alfred.

He crosses to Dana's desk.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Dana, I'm having a problem with my personal calendar.

ON BRUCE AND DANA

He leans over her desk, pointing out discrepancies in his schedule book.

BRUCE

I just can't seem to remember what I was doing most evenings last month.

(beat)

I've got nearly all of my nights completely blocked off -- but why?

ON DANA

She looks up at Bruce, a faint smile on her lips.

DANA

Too many girlfriends to count?

Bruce gives her a look.

BRUCE

You're not helping. Just double-check this and update me in the morning, okay?

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRUCE

grabs his topcoat off a coat tree and heads for the door, Alfred opening it. Dana waves good-bye.

DANA

No problem, Mr. Wayne. Have a nice evening.

CLOSE ON BRUCE

He hesitates at the door, that odd feeling bothering him again.

BRUCE

Thanks. I'll ... try.

WIPE TO:

EXT. WAYNE ESTATE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

As we PUSH IN on the stately old manor, we HEAR:

BRUCE (V.O.)

It's really bothering me, Dick.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruce stands by the tall windows, backlit by the full moon, as he talks to DICK GRAYSON, who is lounging in a chair like a typical teenager, reading the daily newspaper, which is angled so we can see its **WHERE IS BATMAN?** headline which obscures Dick's face.

BRUCE

I've never been this absent-minded before.

ON DICK

He lowers the newspaper so we can see that he's mildly annoyed.

DICK

(not paying attention)

Y'know, Batman's not the only one who's missing. How come the news reports never mention anything about Robin?

Dick gets up and walks across the room, casually folding the paper and tossing it on top of a small pile of papers in the corner.

DICK (CONT'D)

If I were Batman's partner I'd be getting ticked off bigtime.

ON BRUCE

He glances out the window to see the Bat Signal shining across the night sky, projected against the clouds.

BRUCE

There it is again.

Dick ENTERS SHOT, looking out the window.

DICK

Yeah. Wonder if he's going to answer it this time.

Bruce stands looking at the logo rippling over the clouds. Dick picks up a few textbooks and heads for the door. Alfred, meanwhile, has ENTERED the room and is busily tidying up the stack of newspapers Dick has left behind.

DICK

Gotta go. I've got a study date with Cindy and I'm running late.

ALFRED

Your roadster is idling in the driveway, Master Dick.

FAVOR ALFRED

He stacks the pile of newspapers neatly while he talks to Bruce, who still stands looking out the window.

ALFRED

Anything I can do for you, sir?

FAVORING BRUCE

Still at the window. He turns, his expression confused, to look at Alfred.

BRUCE

Ever had the feeling there was something wrong with your life, Alfred? Something ... missing?

ALFRED

Not actually, sir. All in all, I must say I'm quite contented with my lot.

CLOSE ON BRUCE

He looks back out the window, at the Bat-signal in the sky, which is reflected on the window glass, superimposed on his face.

BRUCE

(softly)

I wish I could say the same ...

WIPE TO:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY STREET - DOWNTOWN - DAY

It's a gray afternoon; dark clouds roll in over the city and there's a distant RUMBLE OF THUNDER in the air. Bruce and Dana walk toward us, Dana pulling the collar of her topcoat closer about her throat as she glances up at the gathering clouds. Bruce also looks up as we slowly PUSH IN on him.

DANA

Gonna come a big rain, looks like.

BRUCE

Don't worry. We can still make it  
back to the office before ...

CLOSE ON BRUCE

As he looks up at the threatening sky, we hear a sudden CRASH OF THUNDER and it starts to RAIN, huge drops SPLATTING on his face.

BRUCE  
(voice trailing off)  
... it starts ...

WIDE ANGLE

Dana, trying to suppress her laughter, stands at the mouth of an alleyway, holding her purse over her head to keep off the rain.

DANA  
We can take a shortcut through this  
alley.

CLOSE ON BRUCE

Eyes narrowing, expression growing grim. He's uncomfortable and he doesn't know why. The RAIN is getting worse.

BRUCE  
(uneasy)  
... I don't like alleys.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the rain becomes a DOWNPOUR, a smiling Dana grabs Bruce's wrist and gently pulls him into the alley after her.

DANA  
Well, I'm not particularly fond of  
drowning either. Come on!

LOW ANGLE - BRUCE AND DANA

They run along the alley, Dana still holding her purse above her head to protect herself, Bruce cautiously looking both ways as they run as if something may suddenly spring out of the shadows to grab him. Ahead in the alley large crates are stacked along the sides, easily high enough for someone to hide behind.

ANOTHER ANGLE

TWO BIKER THUGS step out just in front of Bruce and Dana from behind the crates. Dana is frightened, Bruce concerned. One of the thugs holds a length of tire chain, the other a lead pipe.

1ST THUG  
Out for a stroll on a rainy night like  
this?

2ND THUG  
And in such a bad neighborhood too.  
Not a smart idea.

FAVOR 1ST THUG

He moves toward the frightened Dana.

1ST THUG

Gonna have to ask you for your money,  
people.

2ND THUG

It's the economy. You understand.

DANA

N-no ... d-don't ...

FAVOR BRUCE

Reaching inside his jacket, he pulls out his wallet and holds it  
out to the second thug gingerly.

BRUCE

Okay, easy ... we don't want anyone  
hurt here.

FAVOR 2ND THUG

He SLAPS the pipe against his palm and grins unpleasantly as he  
moves toward Bruce.

2ND THUG

Speak for yourself, pal.

As the Second Thug reaches for the wallet --

ON BRUCE

He suddenly delivers a smashing side kick straight INTO CAMERA.  
SFX: THUD!

2ND THUG (O.S.)

(grunt of pain)

ON ALLEY WALL

The Second Thug sails THROUGH FRAME and SMASHES into the brick  
wall. He slips to the ground, dazed.

2ND THUG

(dazed groan)

ON 1ST THUG

Furious now, he CHARGES at Bruce, his pipe raised overhead.

1ST THUG

Big mistake!

WIDE ANGLE

The First Thug swings his pipe at Bruce. Bruce easily grabs the  
pipe, then pivots and uses the other's momentum to help flip the  
thug over his shoulder. The First Thug SLAMS back first into

the opposite wall and slips to the ground in a heap.

1ST THUG  
(dazed groan)

Dana watches all this in open-mouthed astonishment.

ON BRUCE

He stands in the pouring RAIN, fists clenched, the two thugs sprawled to either side of him. He is shaking; not with fear, but with rage, as a concerned Dana rushes up to him.

DANA  
Mister Wayne, you okay?

BRUCE  
(tense)  
I'm fine, Dana. They never even touched me.

FAVOR DANA

She puts a comforting hand on Bruce's arm.

DANA  
They could've done a lot more than just touched you, boss man.  
(beat)  
What in the world got into you?

ON BRUCE

He looks up, his face grim, his fist still clenched.

BRUCE  
I wish I knew, Dana. I wish I knew.

A sudden CRASH OF THUNDER and flash of lightning punctuate his words.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CORRIDOR (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Bruce is in shirt and slacks, walking along a Caligari-esque corridor, distorted and nightmarish, with all the angles a little off. Confused, Bruce looks around as he walks, uncertain where he is.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He rounds a bend in the corridor, to see that it ends in a massive bookcase, filled with books as far as we can see in all directions: A huge cliff of literature.

BRUCE  
(surprised gasp)

ANGLE DOWN ON BRUCE

Bruce studies the bookcase, running his fingertips along the spines of the books as he moves along, reading the titles.

CLOSER

As he starts to pull a particular title from the shelf, suddenly a familiar black-gloved hand shoots out from between the books, KNOCKING several volumes to the floor. Batman's hand grabs the startled Bruce's wrist and pulls him forward.

BRUCE  
(gasp of fear)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bruce struggles to free himself, and another gloved hand shoots out and grabs him, then another and another, reaching out from behind the bookcase like arms in a Cocteau film.

BRUCE  
(straining)  
Let -- go ...!

CLOSER

As the frightened Bruce is pulled toward the bookcase, books fall away, revealing a BLACKNESS beyond in which many pairs of slitted eyes glow.

BRUCE  
(cry of fear)  
Nooo --!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

ON THE CUT Bruce sits bolt upright in bed, wide-eyed and sweaty.

BRUCE  
(harsh breaths)

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRUCE

He realizes he's been dreaming, throws back his tangled covers and swings himself up so he's sitting on the side of his bed, his face in his hands.

BRUCE  
(mutters)  
Only a dream ...

FOLLOWING BRUCE

Unshaven, still in his pajamas, he stumbles to the door.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Dick sits reading the morning paper while Alfred dusts. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Bruce standing framed in the doorway, one arm leaning against it for support. They stop what they're doing and stare at him.

ALFRED  
(startled)  
Master Bruce? Is something wrong,  
sir?

Dick rises, starts toward him.

DICK  
You okay? You look like something the  
cat tossed up.

ON BRUCE

He runs his fingers through his tousled hair as he walks past Dick, over to the huge bookcase that fills one wall of the room.

BRUCE  
... Just had a nightmare ... I'll be  
fine.

CLOSER ON BRUCE

He's at the bookcase now, running his finger along the spines of the books like he was doing in his dream.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Weird dream ... I was in front of a  
bookcase just like this one, looking  
for ... for ...

CLOSE ON BOOKSHELF

His hand stops on the book he reached for in his dream: The spine is labeled **CHIROPTERY**.

BRUCE (O.S. CONT'D)  
-- This one!

Bruce pulls the book halfway out of the shelf, and something CLICKS.

DRAMATIC ANGLE

All three men react as the entire bookshelf SLIDES to either side, revealing a stairway hidden behind it.

BRUCE  
(startled)  
What in --?

FAVOR DICK AND ALFRED

They cross to the stairway; Dick cautiously looks down into darkness. We can hear the FAINT ECHO we associate with the Batcave.

ALFRED

Where does it lead to?

DICK

Only one way to find out.

He starts down the steps.

ON BRUCE AND ALFRED

They exchange a quick surprised glance, then move quickly after Dick, following him down the stairs into darkness. Bruce stops a few steps down, feeling the wall.

BRUCE

Wait. I think I've found a light ...

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

He CLICKS the switch.

ON BRUCE, DICK, ALFRED

The lights go on O.S. Bruce, Dick, and Alfred look O.S. down the stairway, stunned by what they see.

DICK

(awed)

I didn't know we had a basement ...

THEIR POV - DRAMATIC ANGLE - BATCAVE

Here we can see the Batmobile, there we catch a glimpse of the trophy room with the robot dinosaur and the giant penny. In one corner looms the crime lab, in another the huge computer. A flurry of bats SQUEAK and FLAP THROUGH SHOT.

WIDE ANGLE - THE THREE - PANNING

They move down the stairs and into the cave proper, looking around in amazement.

DICK

This can't be what I think it is.

BRUCE

What else could it be?

FAVOR DICK

Completely at sea.

DICK

But what's the Batcave doing under our house? This is just too weird.

ON ALFRED

He picks up a silver tray that contains an empty coffee cup and an empty glass bottle labeled **SODER COLA**.

ALFRED

I concur heartily with Master Dick's opinion. This is your special coffee mug, sir, and the lad's favorite soft drink.

ON DICK

He scratches his head in complete confusion.

DICK

What does it all mean?

ON BRUCE

As grim as we've ever seen him.

BRUCE

I think I know. I'm not sure how, but I can feel it in my gut.

(beat)

Dick -- you and I are Batman and Robin!

ON DICK

His eyes widen as he stares at Bruce in disbelief.

DICK

Say what? No way!

WIDE ANGLE

He stares at Bruce.

DICK

You're serious.

ON BRUCE

Grim, almost expressionless.

BRUCE

Dead serious.

Behind him several bats FLUTTER THROUGH SHOT.

WIPE TO:

INT. BATCAVE - HOURS LATER

Bruce and Dick are wearing their costumes now, but with their masks off. (NOTE: Even when they're completely costumed, we still won't refer to them as Batman and Robin, because they aren't yet. The steely toughness and streetwise attitude --

every (their posture -- is missing.) Dick is also not wearing his utility belt. Alfred is no longer there.

ON GYMNASTIC EQUIPMENT - FOLLOW BRUCE

as he does a flip off the hanging rings, somersaults in mid-air, lands hands-first on the sidehorse, then flips again so he lands gracefully on his feet right in front of a much-impressed Dick.

DICK  
(impressed)  
Outstanding! I didn't know you could do that.

FAVOR BRUCE

He looks back at the gym equipment, his hand to the back of his head, almost surprised at what he's just done.

BRUCE  
Neither did I.  
(beat)  
It just felt right -- like muscle memory ...

ON DICK

He holds up his utility belt and starts investigating the various compartments.

CLOSER

He finds several of the small black gas balls, rolls them around in his palm like marbles, then drops them back into their compartment.

WIDE ANGLE

He takes the grappling gun out of its compartment in the belt's rear and looks at it.

DICK  
Lotsa cool stuff ...

He accidentally FIRES the grapple O.S.

DICK (CONT'D)  
(startled yelp)

ON BRUCE

He snaps his head aside just enough for the grappling hook to narrowly miss him as it WHIZZES THROUGH SHOT.

BRUCE  
(sternly)  
Careful!

FAVOR DICK

He drops the gun as the line SNAKES back into it. Then he very

carefully puts everything back in the utility belt, not certain of what else he might accidentally set off. Over this:

DICK

This is just too much! I don't even know if I want to be Robin.

CLOSE ON DICK

worried, emotionally overwrought.

DICK

I mean, being a crime fighter is a great fantasy, but the reality is pretty intense.

BRUCE (O.S.)

I know exactly how you feel.

ON BRUCE

Determined, he turns and walks over to the computer as Dick follows.

BRUCE

But if this is our destiny, we can't turn our backs on it ... no matter how much we might want to. Gotham City's in chaos -- we have to do something.

ON COMPUTER

Bruce gingerly sits at the computer console and starts TYPING.

BRUCE

Maybe this computer can tell us what happened to our memories.

OTS BRUCE

We look up at the computer screen where we can see the phrase **INVALID COMMAND PARAMETER** repeated down the whole length of the screen. Dick steps INTO SHOT and looks at the screen.

DICK

Maybe not ...

FAVOR BRUCE

Getting frustrated and angry. He SLAMS a fist on the chair arm.

BRUCE

(angry)

Blast it, can I get some answers here?

ON COMPUTER

The screen goes blank as the COMPUTER VOICE starts to speak.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Phrase your question properly.

ON BRUCE AND DICK

They look at one another in amazement, then smile.

BRUCE AND DICK

It talks!

FAVOR BRUCE

He leans back in his chair.

BRUCE

Computer, what's happened to our memories?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Insufficient data.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick SNAPS his fingers in frustration.

DICK

I knew it was getting too easy.

BRUCE

Computer ... list known enemies of Batman and Robin who might have the technology to induce selective amnesia.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It begins to display images of the Mad Hatter, the Scarecrow, Ra's al-Ghul, and the Riddler.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Jervis Tetch, aka the Mad Hatter.  
Professor Jonathan Crane, aka the Scarecrow. Ra's al-Ghul, aka the Demon's Head. Edward Nygma, aka the Riddler ...

BRUCE (O.S.)

Status of all?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

All save Ra's al-Ghul are currently incarcerated in Arkham Asylum. Ra's al-Ghul is presumed dead.

ON BRUCE AND DICK

They look at each other, frustrated. Looks like another dead end.

ALFRED (O.S.)

Perhaps this might help ...

ANGLE INCLUDES ALFRED

He walks over and hands Bruce a large leatherbound ledger.

ALFRED

According to this ledger, we all recently received flu shots from a Doctor Otto Sonderbar.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Alfred is obviously pleased with himself. Dick scratches his head.

ALFRED

This took place the day before Batman and Robin vanished.

DICK

Sonderbar ... name doesn't ring any bells.

ON BRUCE

He rises from the computer, walks across the room.

BRUCE

That's something else we've all forgotten. But at least it's a starting place.

(beat)

Come on, Dick.

ON BATMOBILE

Bruce climbs a bit awkwardly into the waiting Batmobile and pulls on his mask. As Dick ENTERS SHOT:

BRUCE

Better put your mask on, Dick. We're going to pay the good doctor a visit.

FAVOR DICK

He puts on his own mask and climbs into the Batmobile, looking nervous.

DICK

You sure you know how to drive this thing?

BRUCE

It's a car. How hard can it be?

As one, they look down at the dashboard.

THEIR POV - DASHBOARD

It's the most complicated thing this side of the B-12 Bomber.

ANGLE INCLUDES BRUCE AND DICK

Bruce studies the complicated dash for a beat, then reaches over

and, regaining a confidence he doesn't feel, TOGGLES a switch.

ON BATMOBILE'S FRONT BUMPER

The grappling hook suddenly FIRES from the front of the car, narrowly missing a nearby stalagmite. After a beat it retracts (SFX: WINCH WHINE).

RESUME BRUCE AND DICK

Dick raises an eyebrow.

DICK  
You were saying ...?

BRUCE  
Keep quiet or I'll make you drive.

He tries another switch.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Let's see what this does ...

ON BATMOBILE'S REAR ENGINE PORT

The afterburner suddenly IGNITES and the engine ROARS into life.

ON BATMOBILE COCKPIT

They look up as the canopy SLIDES shut. We can see Bruce put his hands on the wheel.

BRUCE  
Here goes nothing ...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Batmobile ROARS up the ramp as Alfred watches, obviously concerned.

ON RAMP - TRACK WITH BATMOBILE

It ZOOMS up the winding ramp, weaving slightly, heading toward what appears to be a solid rock wall.

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE AND DICK

They brace themselves for what looks sure to be a fatal collision.

ON RAMP

The Batmobile goes through an electric eye beam, breaking it.

ON ROCK WALL

Just before the car hits it, the hidden ramp lowers like a drawbridge.

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE AND DICK

They relax.

EXT. HILL BENEATH WAYNE MANOR - DUSK

The sleek Batmobile ROARS across the chasm and out into the night. As it disappears into the distance:

DICK (V.O.)

Well, we made it out of the cave alive ...

WIPE TO:

EXT. N.D. GOTHAM CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Batmobile ROARS along a lamplit street, still the most powerful beast on the road.

BRUCE (V.O.)

There's another problem we haven't discussed.

INT. BATMOBILE - MOVING

Bruce watches the road as he drives.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Whoever caused our amnesia must also be aware of our secret identities.

Dick shrugs.

DICK

Hey, before today I didn't even know I had a secret identity.

OTS BRUCE AND DICK - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Our heroes' attention is drawn to the sudden CLANGING of a BURGLAR ALARM ahead. We can see two BURGLARS running out of a ritzy store, the sign above which proclaims it the SECOND AVENUE FURRIERS. The thieves leave a trail of mink and ermine coats behind them as they rush to a waiting van.

BRUCE

Look!

ON BURGLARS

As they load the furs into the van, they are startled by the sudden approach of the Batmobile and freeze in their tracks. The FIRST BURGLAR addresses someone unseen in the van.

1ST BURGLAR

Boss! It's the Bat-car!

2ND BURGLAR

They ain't supposed ta be --

WIDER ANGLE

The burglars watch, confused, as the Batmobile ROARS right on past them.

ON BATMOBILE - MOVING

Dick looks at Bruce in surprise.

DICK

What, you're just going to ignore them?

BRUCE

They're armed. We're not.

DICK

Do you think that'd stop Batman and Robin?

CLOSE ON BRUCE

He considers what Dick has just said. His eyeslits narrow and he cuts the steering wheel sharply.

BRUCE

You're right.

ON BATMOBILE

It makes a SCREAMING U-TURN in the middle of the street and heads back toward the startled fur thieves.

ON THE BURGLARS

As the Batmobile approaches, they pull hand guns and OPEN FIRE on our heroes.

1ST BURGLAR

Knew it was too good t' be true! Take 'em down!

ON BATMOBILE

It SQUEALS to a halt as the slugs RICOCHET harmlessly O.S. Then the canopy slides open and the costumed Bruce rises. He hurls a batarang O.S.

ON BURGLARS

They watch, astounded, as the batarang flies wide, not coming close to hitting any of them. Then they OPEN FIRE again.

ON COCKPIT

Bruce ducks back down behind the bullet-proof windshield beside as several more SHOTS CRACK against it.

BRUCE

That didn't work.

DICK

Wait! I got an idea ...

He reaches for the dashboard.

EXT. STREET - BATMOBILE AND BURGLARS

The grappling hook FIRES from the front bumper like it did in the cave. It EMBEDS in the side of the van, causing the burglars to leap out of its way, one to either side.

BURGLARS  
(startled cries)

ON BATMOBILE

Bruce and Dick, not quite as graceful in their costumes as usual, leap out. Bruce TACKLES the First Burglar, KNOCKING him flat.

1ST BURGLAR  
(impact grunt)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick roundhouse KICKS the Second Burglar.

2ND BURGLAR  
(impact grunt)

The First Burglar leaps to his feet and grabs Dick from behind, SLAMMING him back against the van.

DICK  
(groan of pain)

Bruce is SLAMMED from behind by the Second Burglar, winding up against the van beside Dick.

BRUCE  
(impact grunt)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Side by side now, backed against the van, Bruce and Dick stand braced as the two burglars brandish their guns.

1ST BURGLAR  
Y'know, you two ain't nearly as tough  
as we heard you was!

2ND BURGLAR  
(calls)  
Hey, Boss! C'mon out -- you oughtta  
be the one who ices 'em!

ANGLE INCLUDES SIDE DOOR OF VAN

Which SLIDES open. TWO-FACE steps out of the dark interior, a gun in either hand.

ON DICK AND BRUCE

reacting.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

---

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Two-Face approaches the costumed Bruce and Dick, guns cocked.

TWO-FACE

Don't know how you two remembered who  
you are, but one thing's for sure --

ON TWO-FACE

He snarls and raises his guns menacingly.

TWO-FACE (CONT'D)

You ain't gonna be remembering  
anything from now on.

ON BRUCE AND DICK - FAVOR DICK

The two are pressed against the side of the vehicle as Two-Face's shadow flows over them. Suddenly Dick's eyeslits widen -- he's got an idea.

ON DICK'S HAND

He fumbles with his utility belt and two small GAS BALLS drop into his gloved hand.

WIDE ANGLE

Dick hurls the balls to the ground in front of the burglars and Two-Face. The balls BURST and billowing clouds of gas envelop the startled crooks.

TWO-FACE, BURGLARS

(choking coughs)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick and Bruce quickly cover their mouths and noses with their cloaks as the gas rises about them. Two-Face and his two toadies collapse at their feet.

TWO-FACE, BURGLARS

(fading groans)

ON BRUCE AND DICK

They lower their cloaks as the gas dissipates. Bruce is suitably impressed.

BRUCE

How did you know those were gas bombs?

DICK

I didn't. I was just hoping they  
weren't grenades.

WIPE TO:

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Bruce and Dick finish tying up Two-Face and the burglars as they  
hear approaching POLICE SIRENS. They look up to see several  
squad cars SQUEAL to a halt near them.

ON LEAD SQUAD CAR

Harvey Bullock and COMMISSIONER GORDON get out of the lead car.  
Gordon seems both stunned and thrilled to see our heroes.

GORDON

Batman! Robin! Is it really you?

WIDER ANGLE

To take in Bruce and Dick as well, as they stand to greet  
Gordon.

BRUCE

So it would seem, Commissioner.

GORDON

But where have you been? The city's  
falling apart --

FAVOR DICK

He starts to explain.

DICK

It's a long story, Sir. We were --

Bruce steps forward, interrupting a surprised Dick.

BRUCE

(quickly)

Working, ah, undercover. We'll  
explain when we can.

ON BRUCE AND DICK

They get back into the Batmobile as Gordon and Bullock watch.

BRUCE

For now, we'd appreciate it if you  
wouldn't tell anyone we've returned.  
We'll make it all clear to you,  
Commissioner ...

INT. BATMOBILE

Bruce drops into his seat beside Dick as the canopy SLIDES shut.

BRUCE  
(half to himself)  
... just as soon as it becomes clear  
to us.

ON GORDON AND BULLOCK

They stand watching as the Batmobile ROARS off into the night.

GORDON  
I don't really care where they've  
been. I'm just glad they're back.

CLOSE ON BULLOCK

He SNAPS the toothpick he's been chewing on in two. He looks  
like a man who's just smelled something unpleasant.

BULLOCK  
Yeah, well ... everyone's entitled to  
their opinion.

WIPE TO:

EXT. DR. SONDERBAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

A nice Brownstone building on a quiet residential street. There  
is an alley running beside the building, and as we PUSH IN, we  
can just barely make out the Batmobile parked in the alley.

INT. SONDERBAR'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's pretty much the kind of place you'd imagine it to be from  
the outside: Leather chairs for waiting patients, a few framed  
diplomas hanging, a tall bookcase against an inner wall, etc.  
Bruce finishes climbing into the darkened room through a side  
window, and Dick climbs in behind him.

BRUCE  
Looks like nobody's home.

ON BRUCE

He looks around the room, finds a framed photo on the wall. He  
takes it down and studies it.

OTS BRUCE - ON PHOTO

Now we can clearly see the photo: A black-and-white shot of DR.  
OTTO SONDERBAR accepting some award. Sonderbar is short, squat,  
with thick glasses, a full head of graying hair and a neatly  
trimmed salt-and-pepper beard.

BRUCE  
The mysterious Dr. Sonderbar, I  
assume. He looks like --

CLOSE ON BRUCE

He suddenly stiffens as a powerful memory comes flooding back.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SONDERBAR'S INNER OFFICE (FLASHBACK)

A very QUICK CUT of a smiling Sonderbar approaching with an air hypo in one hand.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OUTER OFFICE - AS BEFORE

The framed photo slips from Bruce's fingers and SHATTERS on the floor. Bruce looks up from it, grim and determined.

BRUCE

It was him, Dick. I'm sure of it. I don't know why yet -- but I will.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He notices something on the wall that was hidden by the picture -- a pressure plate. He presses it.

WIDE ANGLE

The wall slides back to reveal a large hidden laboratory. Dick moves to join Bruce as they enter cautiously.

DICK

What, does every place in Gotham have secret rooms?

INT. LAB - ESTABLISHING

Filled with all sorts of electronic and chemical equipment, including a complicated distillation apparatus -- glass tubing, retorts, beakers, etc. -- and a device with a rotating radar like dish connected to a computer monitor and keyboard. SFX: SLOW BEEPS. The device seems to be transmitting. Dick notices this.

DICK

Oh, this doesn't look at all suspicious.

FAVOR DICK

He stands at the computer keyboard and TYPES in a few commands.

DICK

Check this out, Bruce -- I mean, Batman.

OTS DICK

On monitor we can read the following: **SUBJECTS: WAYNE, GRAYSON, PENNYWORTH. RADIOPATHIC SHORT-TERM MEMORY BLOCK IN EFFECT. BROADCAST PARAMETERS: 2,000 MILES.**  
FAVOR BRUCE

He stands beside Dick, looks at the monitor.

BRUCE  
(grimly)  
I'd say we've found the gadget  
responsible for our memory loss.

DICK  
Yeah ... looks like a standard  
operating system ...

Dick quickly TYPES some more.

ON MONITOR

The screen now asks: **DEACTIVATE VIRAL RECEIVERS (Y/N?)**  
PULL BACK to include Bruce and Dick. Dick looks at Bruce.

DICK  
What do you think?

CLOSE ON COMPUTER KEYBOARD

Bruce's gloved finger jabs INTO FRAME, pressing the **Y** key.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
What choice do we have?

WIDE ANGLE

As the dish stops rotating and the BEEPING ceases, Bruce and  
Dick convulse with pain, grabbing the sides of their heads as if  
afraid they might explode.

BRUCE, DICK  
(gasps of agony)

DRAMATIC ANGLE - BATMAN AND ROBIN

We PUSH IN as their pain passes. They take their hands away  
from their faces and rise to their full heights. Their body  
language is different now; no longer are they Bruce Wayne and  
Dick Grayson awkwardly wearing odd costumes. Now, once again,  
they are BATMAN and ROBIN!

ROBIN  
Wow, did that hurt. You okay?

CLOSE ON BATMAN

Jaw set, eyes narrowing, once more the most dangerous man alive.

BATMAN  
Never felt better.

ON ROBIN

He looks around the lab.

ROBIN  
It's all coming back to me. Leslie  
Thompkins was out of town, and her

service recommended Doctor Sonderbar.

ON BATMAN

He picks up the explanation as he examines the air hypo Sonderbar used during the flashback.

BATMAN

He gave the three of us our flu shots  
... and after that, everything's a  
blank.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Batman puts down the air hypo and looks at the dormant radar dish.

BATMAN

Alfred should have recovered too,  
since we just deactivated his receiver  
as well.

SONDERBAR (O.S.)

Gentlemen, I am most impressed.

ON BATMAN AND ROBIN

They whip about toward the lab door to find DR. OTTO SONDERBAR standing there, gun in hand.

BATMAN

Sonderbar!

SONDERBAR

Even with no memory of ever having  
been Batman and Robin, you still  
manage to find me. Most exemplary.

FAVOR BATMAN

He stands his ground, ready for anything.

BATMAN

More than that -- now I know who you  
really are. You should have chosen a  
better alias than "Sonderbar", Doctor ...

CLOSER ON BATMAN

Eyes narrowing, threatening.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Which in German means "strange" -- as  
in Doctor Hugo Strange!

OTS BATMAN

"Sonderbar" reaches up to pull off his phony wig and beard and stands revealed as DR. HUGO STRANGE. He CLICKS his heels together in a courtly manner and bows sharply from the waist.

STRANGE

Again I bow before your ingenuity,  
Batman. You are indeed a formidable  
opponent.

ON STRANGE

Grinning, he steps forward, his weapon still trained on our  
heroes.

STRANGE

Since our last encounter I have  
remained convinced of your true  
identity -- and, by extrapolation,  
that of your companion.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Strange almost lovingly caresses his radiopathic device.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

When I was paroled, I invested all my  
savings and energies into building a  
mechanism that could block various  
memories from a distance.

WIDE ANGLE

Strange keeps the gun trained on them while Batman and Robin  
stand their ground.

BATMAN

So you lured us here to test it.

STRANGE

But of course. It was a simple matter  
to forge the necessary papers so that  
your regular physician's service would  
direct you here.

ON ROBIN

Angry.

ROBIN

Those flu shots! You injected us all  
with some sort of microscopic  
broadcast receiver.

CLOSE ON STRANGE

Grinning malevolently.

STRANGE

Just so. A viral microchip of my own  
design. It translated the commands of  
my machine into selective amnesia.

ON BATMAN

Still angry, but almost incredulous as well.

BATMAN

And you did all this just to prove  
your suspicions were right?

RESUME STRANGE

He waves off Batman's question with a flick of his hand.

STRANGE

Not at all. You prevented my  
profiting from your true identity once  
before -- this time, however, I've  
done quite well.

Strange moves to a safe, dials a combination and opens it.  
Inside we can see stacks of money, negotiable bonds, etc.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

All the criminals running rampant in  
your absence are paying me ten percent  
of their ill-gotten gains, and will  
continue to do so as long as I can  
guarantee no interference from Batman  
and Robin.

ON STRANGE AND BATMAN

Strange closes the safe and approaches, gun held ready. The  
Dark Knight glares at him.

STRANGE

So you see, I must insist that you  
continue this charade ... whether you  
wish to or not.

ANGLE INCLUDES DOOR

Two N.D. GOONS ENTER, machine guns held ready. Strange puts  
away his gun.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

I could, of course, simply shoot you --  
but that would be a waste of valuable  
scientific knowledge.

ANOTHER ANGLE

His goons keep Batman and Robin covered while Strange walks over  
and picks up his air hypo.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

Instead, I am curious to see what  
might happen were I to inject you both  
with a second viral receiver ...

CLOSER ON STRANGE

He loads a cartridge into his air hypo.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

... and then turn up the broadcast frequency to maximum.

(beat)

In theory, it should leave you both complete mental vegetables.

WIDE ANGLE

Strange turns his device back on. The dish begins to revolve and BEEP. Strange twists a large potentiometer dial on the machine; in several V.U. gauges above it, needles bury themselves in red zones. The BEEPS INCREASE in frequency and urgency.

ON BATMAN AND ROBIN

Strange turns back to them with his air hypo in hand. His goons close in beside him. Our heroes stand their ground, ready for anything.

STRANGE

Now, you will please to cooperate ...

Batman backs up toward the distillation apparatus. Strange follows him.

CLOSE ON BATMAN

His hand reaches behind him, finds the control on a bunsen burner and turns it up. The small gas flame flares up under a glass retort.

WIDE ANGLE

A green liquid begins BUBBLING and coursing through the spiral tubing, filling a resevoir at the far end. The resevoir SHATTERS under the pressure. Strange and the two goons are momentarily distracted.

STRANGE

What --?!

ON BATMAN

He suddenly lunges forward, grabbing a startled Strange by the wrist of the hand that holds the air hypo.

STRANGE (CONT'D)

(startled cry)

FAVOR ROBIN

As the two goons turn toward the struggling Batman and Strange, Robin leaps into the air and KICKS the guns out of both goons' hands.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Robin throws a straight jab directly at us until it FILLS FRAME.  
SFX: WHACK!

Obviously having taken Robin's punch full on the chin O.S., he reels back against the wall and slumps, dazed, to the floor.

1ST GOON  
(fading groan)

ON 2ND GOON

Robin does a back kick that catches Goon #2 full in the gut, sending him CRASHING into a bank of equipment.

2ND GOON  
(impact grunt)

He sags to the floor, out cold.

ON BATMAN AND STRANGE

With a strength born of desperation, Strange tries to press the air hypo to Batman's shoulder, but Batman will not let go of the other's wrist.

STRANGE  
(straining)  
Not -- again! You will not ruin  
everything again!

CLOSER ON AIR HYPO

As the two men struggle, its tip points first one way and then the other, then back again. It's impossible to tell which man may take the lethal shot.

BATMAN  
(straining)  
Give it up ... Strange ...!

FAVOR STRANGE

With the last of his strength he twists away from Batman, pulling his wrist free of the Dark Knight's grip.

STRANGE  
(shout of triumph)

ANOTHER ANGLE

But his own momentum causes Strange to stumble against the wall, the impact pressing the air hypo to his chest. It fires with a WHOOSH OF COMPRESSED AIR.

STRANGE  
(cry of fear)

ON STRANGE

He looks down at his chest in sheer horror, then at the radiopathic transmitter. He lunges toward it, trying to shut it off before his racing bloodstream can carry the viral receiver

ts his brain. He's almost to the cut-off switch when --

CLOSE ON HIM

He freezes, his mouth growing slack, his pupils becoming tiny pinpoints. Strange slumps to the floor, staring blindly off into space -- his mind wiped completely clean by his own machine.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Robin leaps to Strange's machine and SMASHES it, but it's too late.

ON BATMAN

He kneels by Strange, checking his condition.

BATMAN  
(grimly)  
Too late.

Batman slowly rises and turns to Robin.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
It seems our secret is finally safe.

They stare down at the mindless idiot that was Dr. Hugo Strange as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAYNE MANOR DEN - ONE WEEK LATER - NIGHT - CLOSE ON TV

The TV shows Summer the news desk again, giving a report. A still photo behind her shows Batman and Robin delivering a tied-up Penguin to the police.

SUMMER  
(filtered)  
... and things have finally returned to normal in Gotham City now that Batman and Robin are back in action. A grateful Mayor Hill said today that --

Suddenly Dick's hand reaches INTO FRAME and CLICKS the TV off.

DICK (O.S.)  
Love to hear more, Summer, but I've got a date with Cindy tonight.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Dick and Bruce, with Alfred nearby.

ON ALFRED

He stands by the tall window, hands behind his back.

ALFRED  
It would appear that fate dictates otherwise, Master Dick.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We can see the Bat Signal out the window behind Alfred, flashing in the night sky.

FAVOR DICK

He SIGHS, shrugs and heads to the open grandfather clock, where Bruce already stands waiting.

DICK

(sighs)

Alfred, could you please call and give  
Cindy my apologies?

(beat)

Y'know ... in some ways life was a lot  
more fun when we didn't know the  
truth.

They step through the clock, which closes behind them, and we

FADE OUT.

THE END