

[BRAVE and the BOLD]

[ISSUE #7 - BATMAN FEATURE STORY]

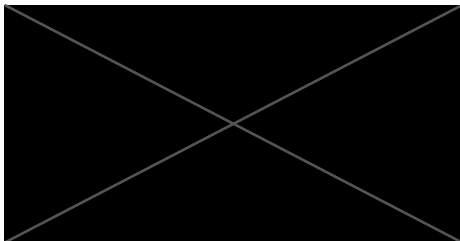
"[UNTITLED]" Part [01]

By

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PAGE 1

CAPTION

ONE YEAR AGO...

A shiny black limo pulls up the driveway outside GOTHAM ACADEMY.

BRUCE WAYNE steps out of the back seat of the car.

Waiting for him on the huge front steps of the school, in front of an even bigger door, is PROFESSOR ISLA MACPHERSON. It's late and she's clearly here after hours. She's got a leather jacket on and still looks cold. Bruce walks up the steps, extending his hand to introduce himself.

BRUCE

Good evening, Professor...MacPherson,
isn't it? Thanks for meeting me at such
a late hour.

(Beat)

I'm Bruce Wayne.

MacPherson shakes his hand.

ISLA

I know who you are, Mr. Wayne. Everyone
knows who you are.

BRUCE

Not everyone.

ISLA

Everyone in GOTHAM, surely. And anyone
OUTSIDE Gotham who owns a telly or
reads the--

BRUCE

Gossip tabloids?

ISLA

I wasnae gonna say that.

They position themselves in the shadow of the door arch slightly as the conversation becomes more secretive. Shielding themselves subconsciously from the view of the limo (and its occupant).

ISLA

Is that the girl?

PAGE 2

The limo sits quietly in the driveway. Past it, we see Bruce and Isla on the steps.

BRUCE

She's in shock. I don't know what the Headmaster told you about her situation...

ISLA

He told me about the fire. And her mum, yeah. Poor thing.

BRUCE

She has no family left that I've been able to track down. She'd have ended up in the care of the state. I thought... Gotham Academy might be a better home for her. At least for now.

MacPherson walks to the car and crouches beside the back door, which is still open.

ISLA

Let's have a look at you, wee duck.

Shaken and distrustful and angry at the world, OLIVE SILVERLOCK edges out of the car. She's disheveled. Looks like she was just rescued from a fire (which she was). Her clothes and face are ashen.

Isla takes off her own jacket and puts it on Olive.

ISLA

There you are. You must be falling over exhausted. We've prepared a room for you upstairs. Best one in the school.

(Beat)

What's yuir name, love?

OLIVE

...Olive.

MacPherson smiles.

ISLA

Olive. I'm Isla.

Bruce watches from the stairs, comforted by the exchange.

Isla ushers Olive gently through the Academy door, turning to talk to Bruce as she enters.

ISLA

Dinnae worry, Mr. Wayne. She'll fit right in here. You have my promise.

BRUCE

It's Bruce.

Isla smiles over her shoulder at Bruce as she disappears into the school.

ISLA

Is it now?

Bruce is left standing on the front steps of Gotham Academy, watching Isla leave. He's smitten.

CUT TO:

PAGE 3

CAPTION

NOW...

Inside another fancy limo. Bruce and Isla sit in the back seat, both dressed to the nines - Bruce in a tux and Isla in some sort of evening dress. Her arms are exposed and we can see a bunch of her tattoos. She looks nervously out the window at a lot of lights and glare.

ISLA

Is there time for another of those drinks, d'you think?

BRUCE

It's going to be okay. Take my arm and just smile into middle-distance. The worst part is almost over.

Outside now. The limo door opens and Bruce and Isla step out into a sea of paparazzi and onlookers behind a rope. Lights are flashing, people are shouting.

CROWD (VARIOUS)

Mister Wayne! Mister Wayne! Bruce! Over here! Who's your date? BRUCE I LOVE YOU!

SFX

SNAP SNAP CLICK SNAP

CUT TO: Interior. The GOTHAM HOSPITAL BENEFIT GALA. It's a big fancy room full of glitzy decor and glitzy people. Gotham's rich and famous, all gathered together to drink and network and be seen. Bruce and Isla are standing in conversation with some stuffy geezers.

BRUCE (NARRATION 1)

I shouldn't have brought her here.

BRUCE (NARRATION 2)

She's not ready for all of this.

GEEZER 1

Telling you, Wayne. It's terrible business. Can't believe you haven't SOLD yet. Nearly lost my shirt.

GEEZER 2

Not your usual date, eh Bruce? I haven't READ about this one.

GEEZER 3

And where did you say you were from, Isla?

Closer on Isla smiling as she politely converses with the geezers. Bruce looks at her admiringly.

BRUCE (NARRATION 3)

No. She's fine. She's perfect.

BRUCE (NARRATION 4)

I'M the one who's not ready.

BRUCE (NARRATION 5)

I'm not used to ENJOYING myself.

ISLA

Burnside.

GEEZER 3

Yes, yes. No, I meant, ah...

ISLA

Scotland.

As they mingle, Bruce notices out of the corner of his eye a man in a tux rushing away across the room. He's in a hurry. There's blood on his suit and droplets trailing behind him on the floor. He almost knocks over a waiter. Bruce is excusing himself from the conversation, one hand on Isla's shoulder.

BRUCE (NARRATION 6)

I almost don't notice the sweating man at three o'clock with blood on his hands and, more disturbingly, his face.

BRUCE

I'm sorry, will you excuse me for a moment? I have to, ah...

GEEZER 2 (TO ISLA)

Don't let this one out of your sight, Isla! Ha!

Bruce gives Isla an apologetic look, silently asking if she's okay as he leaves her holding her drink.

ISLA

I'm fine.

PAGE 4

Bruce follows a blood trail down a hallway to a coat room. There's a partial bloody hand print on the coat room door, which is ajar.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

I hate to leave her, but Isla is capable of defending herself from the likes of ANDREW KLEINER and his friends for a few minutes.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Blood on the floor and on the wall, coming from the coat room

Inside the coat room. A young supermodel, ANASTASIA DUBROVNA, is lying amid a heap of fur coats, clutching her neck. There's blood all over her face and dress.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Anastasia Dubrovna. Bulgarian supermodel. Arrived in Gotham two days ago to promote her new fashion line. Can't remember the name of it. My memory's good but not THAT good.

Bruce helps her, examining her neck. Her bloody hands clutch at his chest, leaving blood stains on his tux.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Blood loss looks worse than it is. External carotid puncture. If it was her jugular she'd be dead.

ANASTASIA

Ghhk. H-hllp. Hkk.

BRUCE

Easy now. You're going to be okay. Keep pressure here with your hands.

Close on her neck. There are bite marks on it.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Can't even bring myself to say the
word. Whatever caused this was human
and is at least two hundred meters away
on foot.

PAGE 5

Bruce rushes out of the coat room as a crashing sound is heard from upstairs. He shouts to a waiter to call a doctor.

SFX
KRSHHH CLATTER

BRUCE (TO WAITER)
You! Call an ambulance right now.

Upstairs, Bruce holds an abandoned bloody tuxedo jacket as he looks up at a smashed skylight. There are glass shards all over the floor.

Through the skylight, a bat-like shape flies off into the night.

PAGE 6

Bruce running across the rooftops, jumping from one building to another. The bat-creature is not far off, flying over an old Gotham train bridge.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Too slow. Shouldn't have let him leave the building and go airborne. I don't have time for this.

Bruce stops and crouches near a large lockbox on the roof.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

I installed two hundred and fifty of these caches across the city for emergencies.

He puts his thumb on a sensor and it unlocks with a satisfying CLICK.

COMPUTER VOICE

Identity confirmed.

SFX

CLICK

The box is filled with Bat-stuff: a suit, utility belt, and a host of other things. Bruce grabs the suit.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Money well spent.

Big shot. BATMAN leaps through the air over the city, grappling rope in his hand.

PAGE 7

Medium shot of the bat-creature as it approaches the train bridge. It's still wearing tuxedo pants and we can see it has a half-human face with blood on it. Definitely a MAN-BAT of some sort. In the foreground, the bat-grapple connects with the bridge trestle, rope trailing behind it.

SFX

ZZZZIP KUNK

Batman swings toward the bridge, pulled through the air by the grapple line.

The MAN-BAT dives under the bridge as Batman arcs over it. He's up high now, with a view of the bridge and the creature beneath him.

Batman cuts the grapple line and arcs downward toward the Man-Bat, descending on it from the air like a bird of prey.

He tackles the creature in mid-air. The Man-Bat screeches in surprise.

PAGE 8

Close on Batman as he gets the creature in a headlock.

BRUCE (NARRATION 1)
It's not Langstrom. Not unless he's
changed DRAMATICALLY.

BRUCE (NARRATION 2)
Which is possible, but unlikely.

The Man-Bat rolls in the air, trying to shake him, but Batman hangs on. The creature flies erratically, zig-zagging between buildings.

They fly straight up the side of a skyscraper. We see their reflections in the glass of the windows: Batman and Manbat. Horrible mirrors of each other.

The Man-Bat manoeuvres Batman into the side of the building at high speed, cracking some very thick glass and finally knocking him off.

SFX
KRSHHH
BATMAN
Ungh!

PAGE 9

Batman is falling!

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Everything goes black for a half-second. I lose my bearings. In free-fall. Take stock, Bruce. Stay calm. Shoulder's dislocated. Worry about that later.

Close on Batman's face as he falls. The street is far below but it's rushing up fast. He's feeding another hook into his grappling gun in preparation. Equations float over the panel like in A BEAUTIFUL MIND, as Bruce does some mental calculations.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

That was the GOTHAM TRUST tower. Ninety-two storeys. Impacted at around the sixtieth. No. Be precise, Bruce. The sixty-first. I've got... just over six seconds before I hit the ground. A lifetime.

Batman fires the grappling gun.

It connects to a large store marquee. SHRECK'S DEPARTMENT STORE. The fall velocity causes him to boomerang around the sign mere feet from the pavement and launches him back into the air toward an adjacent building.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Best chance is the SHRECK'S marquee across the street. It's eighty feet up. Cable is sixty. Should be fine. If the arm holds.

Batman careens into a pile of debris on a rooftop, rolling with the fall.

SFX

CRASH

He holds up a small clump of Man-Bat hair as he looks to the skies.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Lost him. But at least I got a
SOUVENIR.

PAGE 10

Back at the GALA. One of the old geezers from PAGE 3 shouts off-panel. He looks a bit disheveled. Party-goers in the background also look somewhat frazzled.

GEEZER

Bruce! There you are!

Bruce approaches the man. He's back in his tux (still with Anastasia's bloody hand print), looking around the room.

GEEZER

Missed all the excitement, old boy.
That Belgian underwear model had an
INCIDENT in the coat room.

BRUCE

I believe she's Bulgarian, Andrew. Have
you seen Isla?

GEEZER

Of course, yes! Bulgarian! Looked like
she'd had a little too much of
SOMETHING, eh?

BRUCE

Andrew. Isla?

Longer shot of the room. ANDREW is pointing indirectly off to one side as Bruce looks in the indicated direction. A lot of well-dressed people are crowded around.

ANDREW

THAT'S what I was meant to tell you.
Your date said she'd see herself home.
She left a few minutes ago.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Damn it.

Bruce is out on the street now, looking over the crowds at all the cabs and limos. No sign of Isla.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Damn it.

VOICE (OFF-PANEL)

Bruce!

Anastasia Dubrovna, looking pale and shaky with a kerchief over her wounded neck, waves to Bruce from beside her limo. She's with a driver and another young man. Bruce approaches.

BRUCE

Miss Dubrovna. Glad to see you on your feet.

ANASTASIA

Thanks to you. My hero.

BRUCE

How are you feeling?

ANASTASIA

I am seeing two of everything. Two limousines. Two Bruce Waynes. Ha ha.

Bruce tries to help her into her car and she puts her arm around his neck, leaning into him intimately.

ANASTASIA

Bruce...

The two are suddenly caught in a flash of photographers' photos. Paparazzi gather around.

CROWD

Anastasia! Look over here! Bruce! You two together? How long? Anastasia! Give us a smile!

SFX

FLASH CLICK CLICK

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Damn it.

PAGE 11

CUT TO: A close-up of a dead bat spread open and pinned to a laboratory tray. It's cut open. We hear voices off-panel.

VOICES (OFF-PANEL)

You're a genius, Professor Langstrom.
Everyone knows it.

Wider shot of KIRK LANGSTROM'S office/laboratory. It's SORT OF like a professor's office if the professor was also Dr. Frankenstein. There's lab equipment everywhere and lots of weird things in jars, bubbling and smoking. In the back we can see a curtained-off area (like you might see in a hospital) with a hint of an operating table behind it. A student, JANUSZ WOZNIAK, is talking to LANGSTROM, who sits at his desk looking fidgety.

JANUSZ

I was hoping to maybe just... TALK more about your work in genetics. So much of your research has been DISREGARDED and even RIDICULED in the journals I've read.

LANGSTROM

Academic journals? Aren't you a little AHEAD of yourself?

JANUSZ

I'm at GOTHAM ACADEMY to LEARN, Professor.

LANGSTROM

You FLATTER me, Mister Wozniak. But I'm not... at liberty to discuss my research with students. My class will provide you with an excellent foundation in the field. Beyond that, well... we'll see.

Langstrom looks a bit sweaty now. He ushers the student out of the office. Musical notes trail faintly through the lab windows.

LANGSTROM

I'm... afraid that's all the time I
have right now, Janusz. It's late and I
must... must get back to my work. Off
to your dorm, now.

Closer on Kirk. He shuts his eyes tightly and clamps his hands
over his ears. In the background of the panel, we see musical
notes getting louder.

LANGSTROM

Nnghh.

Langstrom rummages frantically through some cabinets, finding a
vial of something. The music is getting louder.

LANGSTROM

Please, no. Where, where, WHERE...AH!

He guzzles the contents of the vial. The music is now shrill and
overpowering.

SFX

Glug glug glug

Kirk hunches over his desk, breathing heavily. The music has
stopped. It's quiet now.

LANGSTROM (PANTING)

Hahh. Hahh. Nn.

Langstrom looks over his shoulder in a panic as he hears a
voice.

BATMAN (OFF-PANEL)

Feeling alright, Professor?

PAGE 12

Batman is standing in the office/lab, in front of an open window. Langstrom spins around to face him, dropping his serum vial, which shatters on the floor.

SFX

KRSHH

LANGSTROM

B-Batman! You... you've no right to enter my office like this. I've done nothing wrong whatsoever!

Batman picks up the broken vial and examines it as Langstrom looks on nervously in the background.

BATMAN

New serum?

LANGSTROM

I...I increased the strength of the Man-Bat antidote.

On Batman, turning to look at Langstrom.

BATMAN

Why?

Langstrom looks down sheepishly.

LANGSTROM

I've been...hearing things. Singing. I thought I was going crazy. But I deduced it must be due to my heightened... senses. The updated serum quells the sounds. And any...urges. I swear to you I have it under control.

Batman crosses the room to the operating table, opening the curtain.

BATMAN

I know. I've been keeping an eye on you, Professor. Your contributions to the Academy have been exemplary. I'm here for someone else.

Langstrom clues in quickly.

LANGSTROM

The boy. Tristan Grey. He's in full control of his transformations AND his faculties, I assure you. I've been treating him myself.

BATMAN

When did you see him last?

LANGSTROM

Why, just last week! He was...No. He... he missed his appointment. Oh dear.

PAGE 13

Fencing practice. Two students (both masked) face off against each other. One is in mid-thrust, the other dodging.

FENCER #1

HAH!

SFX

Swsh

Another angle as the match continues. Other students stand around watching, along with a teacher - MISS ZALMA.

SFX

ZZWIP

Closer on the fight as FENCER #1 turns their attention to a loud beeping noise from off-panel. They're poked in the mask in the distraction.

FENCER #2

Yah!

SFX

Poink

FENCER #1

Ow!

SFX (OFF-PANEL)

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Miss Zalma shouts at them , halting the match.

MISS ZALMA

Penalty! No point to you, Miss Mizoguchi. And NO CELLPHONES!

Fencer #2 takes off her mask to reveal MAPS MIZOGUCHI. She looks indignant.

MAPS

No fair! I don't even OWN a cellphone!

Zalma points at Maps' backpack: bright yellow, covered in geeky buttons and patches, and emitting a beeping noise.

MISS ZALMA

Are you telling me that backpack ISN'T yours?

SFX

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Maps is leaving the practice with her beeping backpack as the rest of the group looks on.

MAPS

Weird. It must be my, um, Medic Alert bracelet. May I be excused?

MISS ZALMA

Please.

PAGE 14

Out in the hallway, still in her fencing uniform, Maps rifles through her backpack. There's stuff on the floor that she's already removed - papers, folded maps, a flashlight, a yoyo. It's still beeping.

MAPS

Not cool, Miss Zalma. What if I really DID have a medic alert?

(Beat)

Come on, where are you. I know every inch of this pack.

SFX

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Closer as she pulls out a MAGIC EIGHT BALL. A kid in the background is watching her from a bench.

MAPS

Nope.

SFX

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Now she's got her whole head in the backpack. More stuff around her on the floor. The kid is still watching.

MAPS (FROM INSIDE THE PACK)

Wait, what's this?

She pulls out a tiny earpiece and holds it in front of her face in disbelief. It's black. And cool. There might be a small bat symbol on the side of it.

MAPS

No way...

SFX (SMALL)

BWEEP BWEEP

She sticks the earpiece awkwardly in one ear.

SFX

Skrrk

MAPS

Hello??

Maps crouches down low to hide herself from onlookers as a voice crackles through the earpiece.

VOICE (FROM EARPIECE)

Belltower. Now.

MAPS (WHISPERING)

O-okay. I mean, yes sir.

The conversation over, she turns to the kid on the bench, pointing at him sternly.

MAPS

You heard NOTHING.

The kid stares back blankly.

PAGE 15

BATMAN

You're late.

MAPS

The stairs are busted! This tower is a death-trap. Someone should put some more money into this school.

BATMAN

I need your help with something.

MAPS

You DO, right?? I KNEW it! You won't regret this! I'm SO helpful.

BATMAN

Your friend. Tristan Grey...

MAPS

Oh my god. Are you arresting him?

BATMAN

No. I need to know where he is.

MAPS

He hasn't been in class lately. But that's not really unusual. He's not really a 'go to class' kind of guy, y'know? More like a 'brood in the dark library with old books' kind of guy. But STILL manages to pass every grade! Suspicious!

BATMAN

He might be in danger. Or worse - endangering others. His assigned dorm room is empty. I assume you know where he stays?

MAPS

Sure!

(Beat)

Actually, no. But I have some ideas.

BATMAN

Find out. See if he's okay. And if you can, get a hair sample. If ANYTHING seems off about him, stay away. I don't want you getting hurt.

MAPS

Tristan wouldn't hurt me. He's my friend.

Batman gives her a look, then turns to go.

BATMAN

Call me on the earpiece when you find him. And be careful.

MAPS (CALLING AFTER HIM)

Wait, this is OFFICIAL ROBIN business, right?

Batman leaps away into the night.

MAPS (TO HERSELF)

Official Robin business.

PAGE 16

Bruce pulls up to a large house on his motorcycle. It's a historic-looking old building on the outskirts of the GOTHAM ACADEMY campus that looks like it dates back to the Civil War. There's another motorcycle parked out front.

SFX

BRRRMMMMmmmm

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Mia is resourceful. And she's right about one thing: I'm counting on the fact that Grey is her friend. If the boy HAS lost control of his...humanity, seeing a familiar face might bring him around.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Then again, it might not.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Playing with lives, Bruce. Playing on hunches. Sloppy.

Bruce gets off the bike, looking up at the house.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

I tell myself it's okay; I'm still on Academy grounds. Practically a stone's throw away, if something should go wrong.

The lights are on in the house. In one of the windows we see a silhouette of a person moving about.

Bruce ascends the steps of the front porch. He's holding a bouquet of flowers.

BRUCE (NARRATION)

Official BRUCE WAYNE business. Hopefully I haven't screwed this up too badly.

He pushes the doorbell button.

SFX

BING-BONG

PAGE 17

Bruce waits at the door. Before long there's a THUMP and he's face to face with a large, slobbery Doberman, looking at him through the door pane.

The door cracks open enough to hear some scuffling and a familiar voice.

SFX
SKRITCH SKRATCH SKRATCH WHINE

ISLA (BEHIND DOOR)
Ham! Get down!

Isla's face appears in the partially-opened door. A chain lock still separates them. She looks unimpressed.

BRUCE
Isla. I'm so sorry.

ISLA
Whatever for?

BRUCE
For leaving you there such a long time.
I never meant... There were paramedics
and I had to explain to them what had
happened.

Bruce is now kneeling down to pet Ham on the head as the dog noses his way out to the porch.

Isla sticks her arm out of the door, holding her phone up in front of Bruce's face. On the screen is a news site showing a paparazzi photo of Bruce and Anastasia from the party. They're in mid-embrace.

HEADLINE: BRUCE WAYNE LEAVES PARTY WITH SUPERMODEL ANASTASIA
DUBROVNA

Bruce is taken aback for a second.

β

BRUCE

I saw her to her car to make sure she was alright. She leaned in to say thank-you. The photographers...

BRUCE

It's not what it looks like.

Isla looks down at him in stern consideration. Bruce is still scratching the dog behind the ears. She makes up her mind.

ISLA

So are you here to see me or my dog?

Bruce smiles.

Isla unlatches the chain lock and disappears inside.

PAGE 18

CUT TO: The GOTHAM ACADEMY rooftops. Long shot. A small figure runs along the roof, lit by the moon.

MAPS (NARRATION)

ROBIN Checklist:

Cape fastened

Detective Gear Itemized

Pillows left under blanket as decoy

Shoes Tied

Map of School Grounds...

Closer now. It's Maps, dressed in her Robin suit. She vaults over a chimney.

MAPS (NARRATION)

As if I'd need it. I know this school like I know my own backyard.

Then swings around a drain pipe...

And lands with a TMP on a lower rooftop.

SFX

TMP

Maps flattens herself on her stomach near the edge of the roof and pulls something out of her pouch.

MAPS (NARRATION)

I've known Tristan for a while, but none of us (I don't think) have seen his room. It's up in the attic of the East Wing. Normally I'd have used the secret staircase in the East cloister, but there's no access to Tristan's room from there.

It looks like an old car antenna, which she telescopes. It's got a flip-out mirror on the end of it.

SFX

CLICKCLICKCLICKCLICK

Maps extends the telescoping mirror over the edge of the roof and angles it toward the window beneath her.

MAPS (NARRATION)

The only way in or out is this window

In the glass, we see the dark room interior.

PAGE 19

Maps ties a rope to another nearby chimney.

MAPS (NARRATION)

Which is great if you're a flying Man-Bat dude, but not so great if you're anybody else.

She rappels over the edge of the roof to the open window.

SFX

Zzzip

MAPS

Hff.

She raps gently on the window.

SFX

TUNK TUNK

MAPS (NARRATION)

It's polite to always knock first.

She's in the room now and we can see more of the surroundings. It's an attic bedroom, and a pretty cool one. Definitely inhabited by a teen boy with great taste in music and broody literature. There's a bookcase, lots of posters, and an easel in one corner with art supplies and a half-finished painting on it. There's even a little butane stove set up on a makeshift counter with a nice-looking tea set beside it.

MAPS (NARRATION)

I guess there are perks to being a half bat guy. You don't have to share a room with anyone. And you can stay out all night. Probably makes it hard to get your eight hours of sleep, though.

MAPS (NARRATION)

I like to get NINE hours of sleep whenever possible because it's a whole

hour better than eight. Keeps my mind sharp.

MAPS (CALLING OUT)

Tristan?

Maps browses the books on the shelf, running her gloved finger over the spines. It's all gothic literature and poetry - Lord Byron, Wuthering Heights, Frankenstein, The Woman in White...

She turns her attention to the painting easel and the canvases stacked up beside it.

MAPS (NARRATION)

Tristan paints?? Who knew? Let's see what kind of stuff he's into.

The half-finished painting is of Olive Silverlock.

MAPS (OFF-PANEL)

Ohhhh. O-kayy.

She bends down to look at some spilled paint on the floor.

MAPS (NARRATION)

Wet paint droplets on the floor. So he was here not too long ago... painting? Doesn't sound like the behaviour of a crazed...

Another drop of 'paint' falls on the floor beside her.

SFX

PLIP

She looks up toward the ceiling.

PAGE 20

Hanging upside-down from the ceiling, like a bat, is TRISTAN GREY. He's huddled in a ball, trembling. His face is mostly hidden under one bat winged arm, but we can still see him looking down toward Maps. Blood drips from his chin.

TRISTAN
Hurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Maps reaches out toward him cautiously.

MAPS
Tristan! You're here! It's me, Maps.
See?

Tristan recoils, hissing.

TRISTAN
HSSSSSSStay...awayyyy...

He claps his hands over his large bat ears, trying to shut out the music he hears drifting in through the window - the same music we heard in Langstrom's lab. He screams in agony.

TRISTAN
Hyaaaaghhhh. Ughhhrrrrrr. Can't... keep
it...out...

Maps touches her earpiece to contact Batman, never taking her eyes off of Tristan.

MAPS
Uh, boss? I found him.
(Beat)
Robin to Batman. Come in. Please.

TRISTAN (OFF-PANEL)
YAAAAAAGHHHH

She's cut short as Tristan launches from his roost toward her, arms outstretched, looking like a demon. Maps shields herself with her arms. She's being attacked! By one of her best friends!

MAPS (SCREAMING)
BATMAN! HELP!

TRISTAN
SKREEEEEEEEEEEE

END OF ISSUE ONE