

BATMAN

SCREENPLAY
BY
LORENZO SEMPLE, JR.

PRODUCER
WILLIAM DOZIER

DIRECTOR
LES MARTINSON

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
CHARLES FITZSIMMONS

APRIL 6, 1966

GREENWAY PRODUCTIONS
FOR

BATMAN

Screenplay

by

Lorenzo Semple, Jr.

Producer

William Dozier

Director

Les Martinson

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A GREENWAY PRODUCTION

FOR

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

FINAL
April 6, 1966

BATMAN

FADE IN

1 EXT. WAYNE MANOR GATES - DAY

A snazzy convertible comes up road at great speed, turns in through gates into driveway. Occupants are BRUCE WAYNE and DICK GRAYSON.

2 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

AUNT HARRIET kneels at the floral border in a floppy hat, gardening. ALFRED sits nonchalantly on a shooting stick, holding a colorful parasol over her head. The convertible hurtles up driveway past them. Aunt Harriet throws a cheery wave after retreating car, goes back to her gardening.

3 EXT. FRONT OF WAYNE MANOR - DAY

Convertible stops in a shower of gravel. Bruce and Dick leap out, run inside.

4 INT. WAYNE MANOR HALL - DAY

Bruce and Dick dash down hall.

5 INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - DAY

Bruce and Dick run in, close door, operate Secret Switch in Shakespeare pate. Batpoles are revealed. They run to them, leap aboard, slide down.

6 INT. BATPOLE SHAFT - UP SHOT - SPECIAL EFFECT

giving KALEIDOSCOPIIC EFFECT of someone spinning down a burnished shaft in a COLORFUL FLURRY of what might be changing clothing.

7 INT. BATPOLE SHAFT - UP SHOT - SPECIAL EFFECT

More of the same.

8 INT. BATCAVE

BATMAN and ROBIN emerge in their regalia, dash to the waiting Batmobile and jump in.

9 CLOSER SHOT - BATMOBILE

as Batman fires it up, Robin eyes instruments.

Cont.

9 Cont.

ROBIN

Atomic batteries to POWER...
Turbines to SPEED...

Vrooom! Batmobile shoots out into tunnel.

10 EXT. BATCAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Secret opening in hillside operates, Batmobile shoots out and turns onto highway.

11 EXT. ROAD - SPEEDING BATMOBILE - DAY

The great vehicle WHINES along at incredible speed.

12 EXT. BATMOBILE COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

Robin picks up Mobile Batphone, speaks into it curtly:

ROBIN

Batmobile to airport, Red Alert!
Prepare BATCOPTER for immediate
take-off! Batmobile, over and out!

13 INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

A ground tractor emerges, towing the wondrous-looking
BATCOPTER.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

X Batcopter is parked with turning rotors, as a couple of
GROUND CREWMEN wearing Batinsignias on their backs scramble
around it. CAMERA PANS to pick up Batmobile speeding across
field.

15 INT. AIRPORT CONTROL TOWER - DAY

Two CONTROLLERS present, one looking out at field with
binoculars as other tends radio and radar, etc.

FIRST CONTROLLER

(matter-of-fact)

Batmobile crossing field....

Second Controller pushes switches, speaks into mike:

SECOND CONTROLLER

Gotham Tower to all aircraft in
Gotham Control Zone... Enter your
holding-pattern. Repeat. Enter
your holding-pattern! Batcopter
taking off! Red alert!

16 EXT. RUNWAY - FEATURE BATCOPTER

Batman and Robin leap from Batmobile, climb into Batcopter as Crewmen give thumbs-up signals over the clattering SOUND of BATCOPTER.

17 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - DAY

Batman picks up hand mike from instrument panel and speaks into it:

BATMAN

Batman to Tower... Ready for take-off on one-seven-oh.

18 INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY

SECOND CONTROLLER

Batcopter, cleared for take-off.

BATMAN'S VOICE

(from radio)

Request permission for straight-out departure, bearing eight-six.

SECOND CONTROLLER

Tower to Batman, affirmative. The sky is all yours, Batman!

19 EXT. BATCOPTER - FULL SHOT

It rises swiftly, heads away on a fast climbing course over the field.

BAT WHIP TO:

20 EXT. BATCOPTER IN FLIGHT - DAY

from ANOTHER HELICOPTER ABOVE, showing Batcopter passing over city.

21 EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

X A bevy of GORGEOUS GALS in bikinis are playing volleyball. SOUND of HELICOPTER is heard. The girls react, look up.

22 THEIR P.O.V. - THE BATCOPTER

sailing overhead.

23 EXT. ROOF TOP - THE GIRLS

X They abandon their game, race to edge of roof and look up, wave and SHRIEK in wild AD-LIBS. Abandon as they blow kisses.

23 Cont.

GIRLS

Ooooh! Batman! Batman! Ooooh!
BATMAN!!!!

24 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

Batman glances down, smiles, impassively returns his eye to controls and instruments.

25 EXT. ANOTHER ROOF TOP - DAY

X Some young TEEN-AGE GIRLS are taking ballet lessons from an INSTRUCTRESS to tune of phonograph. SOUND of HELICOPTER is heard. GIRLS look up, react. They start leaping up and down and squealing in passion to the dismay of the INSTRUCTRESS.

TEEN-AGERS

Ooooh! Robin! Robin! Ooooh!
ROBIN!

A-25 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

Robin looks down, tosses a little half-salute.

B-25 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A PLATOON OF COPS marches briskly along behind their SERGEANT. Familiar SOUND of BATCOPTER heard. They look up en masse.

C-25 THEIR P.O.V. - THE BATCOPTER

D-25 BACK TO STREET - THE COPS

Without breaking stride, they all whip off their hats, hold them in salute over their breasts, march right on.

E-25 EXT. CITY PARK - TWO OLD FOLK - DAY

The oldsters, man and wife, are spreading out picnic things when BATCOPTER is HEARD. They pause, look up.

F-25 THEIR P.O.V. - THE BATCOPTER

G-25 BACK TO PARK - THE OLD FOLK

Still gawking up, the man takes his wife's hand, squeezes it warmly. She lays her head on the old gaffer's shoulder.

Cont.

G-25 Cont.

MAN

Gives a feller a good feelin' to know they're up there on the job, don't it, Maw? A safe feelin'...

WOMAN

Sure does, Paw.

26 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

BATMAN

Batscanner reading...

Robin swivels head, eyes Batscanner.

ROBIN

Vector seven! Radar Batlock, heading two-one-one!

BAT WHIP TO:

27 EXT. BATCOPTER IN FLIGHT - DAY

now sailing along over WATER.

28 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

Batman reacts to something ahead and down, taps Robin on shoulder and points.

29 EXT. YACHT AT SEA - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

A seagoing luxury craft, plowing ahead through mildly choppy sea.

30 BACK TO COCKPIT

BATMAN

Activate Batlanding Computer...

Robin flicks switches on device like bombsight, but much more complex, puts his eye to the sight.

ROBIN

Batdrift Angle: zero-three to starboard...

BATMAN

Roger. Correcting to port...

Cont.

30 Cont.

ROBIN

Altitude, three-one-seven...
Sink-rate, point four-nine...

BATMAN

Drop Batladder!

Robin yanks on a lever.

ROBIN

Batladder away!

31 EXT. FLYING BATCOPTER - CLOSER SHOT

as BATLADDER drops from a hatch in bottom.

32 INT. COCKPIT

BATMAN

Lock computer on afterdeck. Set
Automatic Bathold.

ROBIN

Bathold set!

33 EXT. BATCOPTER OVER YACHT - DAY

Batcopter approaches yacht with Batladder dangling in
slipstream, hovers above it. Batladder has sign hanging
from bottom step saying "Batladder".

34 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT

Batman slips from his seat, pulls open floor hatch,
prepares to descend.

ROBIN

Watch out, Batman. This could be
tricky!

BATMAN

Have no fear, Robin. I'll keep
all my wits about me. So long,
for a minute!

Batman swings down through floor hatch.

35 EXT. FLYING BATCOPTER - SHOOTING UP

Batman emerges beneath cockpit, starts easily down the
ladder. He looks down.

36 EXT. YACHT - P.O.V. SHOT
Its deck is very close now, below the end of the Batladder.

37 CLOSE SHOT - BATMAN ON LADDER
He pulls little RADIO from his Utility Belt, speaks into it.

BATMAN
Batman to Robin, ease off on the
power! Increase sink-rate!

38 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - ROBIN
He turns knob on Automatic Bathold device, speaks into a
hand mike:

ROBIN
Roger! Wilco!

39 EXT. BATMAN ON LADDER - SHOOTING DOWN - SPECIAL EFFECT
As Batman at extreme bottom of ladder gets very close to
deck, sinking, suddenly THE YACHT SIMPLY DISAPPEARS.
Faster than eye can blink, ship is gone!

40 EXT. BATMAN ON LADDER
His feet hit the white caps.

41 BIG CLOSEUP - BATMAN
shouting wildly up:

BATMAN
Emergency! Super-power! TAKE
HER UP!

42 INT. COCKPIT - ROBIN
He dives for controls.

43 EXT. BATMAN ON LADDER
Suddenly a MONSTER SHARK leaps from water and clamps its
hideous jaws around a Batman thigh. At same instant,
Batcopter reacts to application of Super-power, bounds
skyward, taking Batman-mit-shark on ladder with it.

44 BIG REACTION SHOT - ROBIN
gaping down floor hatch.

ROBIN
Holy sardine!!!

X

45 EXT. BATMAN AND SHARK ON LADDER - VARIOUS SHOTS

as unusual strife ensues: mid-air life and death combat with a huge, writhing, snapping, slippery monster of the deep. Batman wrestles, punches, chokes, but flapping shark won't let go its hideous grip. As ladder swings crazily during all this, Batman manages to get out his little radio with one hand, yells into it:

BATMAN

Batman to Robin, Super-emergency!
Swing me down the shark repellent
BATSPRAY!!!

46 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - ROBIN

X He leaps into action, seizes a SPRAY CAN labeled
X SHARK REPELLENT from a clip-on rack holding several such
X containers, labelled WHALE REPELLENT, OCTOPUS REPELLENT,
MANTARAY REPELLENT - under a general sign
"OCEANIC REPELLENT BATSPRAYS". Robin climbs out through
the Batcopter door.

47 EXT. BATCOPTER AND LADDER

Robin swings upside down by his knees, trapeze fashion, extending down the spray can. Batman, still battling shark, reaches up. Stretch, stretch, stretch. Batman's fingers get the can. SPWIFF! In the monster's slimy face. Shark lets go, out cold.

48 DOWN SHOT - FROM HELICOPTER

Shark tumbles end over end, a hundred feet at least, hits the water. Not just a huge SPLASH when it hits: a MONSTER EXPLOSION, about a ton of TNT.

49 TWO SHOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN IN MID-AIR

looking down, Robin still hanging upside down above Caped Crusader.

ROBIN

(awed)
Holy barber shop! That was a
close shave!

BATMAN

(grim)
An exploding shark... One of the
most fiendish traps we've ever
escaped...

Cont.

49 Cont.

X ROBIN
And a ship that wasn't there!

BATMAN
I have a feeling: this case is
going to be a strange one.

SMASH INTO:

50 MAIN TITLES

At conclusion of which:

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - FULL SHOT - DAY
ESTABLISHING it.

52 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

COMMISSIONER GORDON sits back of his desk, flanked by
Batman and Robin. CHIEF O'HARA stands to one side.
Facing them are a bunch of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS,
including a sexy-looking Russian dame who goes by name
of KITKA. As photographers loose FLASHBULB barrage,
Batman lifts his hands.

X GORDON
All right... Enough pictures.

X BATMAN
This Press Conference must be
brief, ladies and gentlemen.

X O'HARA
It's kind of the Dynamic Duo to
grant one at all!

BATMAN
(points)
You there. Mr. Merrick of the
Gotham City Times...

MERRICK
According to rumor, Batman, a
transatlantic yacht approaching
this city has simply disappeared...

Cont.

52 Cont.

BATMAN

(easily)

Nonsense. How can a yacht "simply disappear"?

MERRICK

You mean it's not true?

BATMAN

I stand on my answer, Mr. Merrick.

(points again)

Mr. Stanley of the Globe...

STANLEY

This yacht, I believe, belonged to the famous SCHLEPP'S WHISKY COMPANY. The firm's proprietor, Commander Redhead, is rumored bringing with him a fantastic new invention from the Schlepp's Research Laboratory...

X

Cont.

52 Cont.

BATMAN

(cuts in)

Please. No more questions about that ship.

ROBIN

Just take our word, fellas. Everything's completely under control!

MERRICK

What about that exploding shark?

BATMAN

Doubtless an unfortunate animal who chanced to swallow a floating mine. I wouldn't worry about that either, Mr. Merrick.

(notes lovely Russian girl)

You there... Miss...?

KITKA

Comrade Kitanya Irenya Tatanya Karenska Alisoff. I am from the Moscow "Bugle". My friends call me KITKA.

BATMAN

You grace us with your presence, Miss Kitka. What can I do for you?

The Russian girl produces a Leica, steps forward with a smile.

KITKA

If you please to take off the mask to give the bettair picture...

She gets no further. Shocked GASPS and EXCLAMATIONS from assembled company, Gordon leaps to his feet.

GORDON

Great Scott! Batman take off his mask???

O'HARA

The woman must be mad!

BATMAN

Please! Chief O'Hara! All of you!

Cont.

52 Cont.1

BATMAN (Cont.)

(kindly)

The young lady is a stranger to our shores. Her request was not unnatural. However impossible to grant...

KITKA

Impossible?

BATMAN

Indeed. If Robin and I were to remove our masks, the secret of our True Identities would be revealed.

GORDON

Completely destroying their value as ace crime-fighters!

O'HARA

Sure, ma'm. Not even Commissioner Gordon and myself know who they really are.

ROBIN

In fact, our own relatives we live with don't know!

BATMAN

I'll tell you only this, Miss Kitka ... When I was a lad, my parents were murdered by dastardly criminals. I vowed then and there I'd devote my life and fortune to the pursuit of justice!

X

KITKA

But your so-curious costumes...

ROBIN

Don't be put off by them, ma'm. Under this garb, we're perfectly ordinary Americans.

X

BATMAN

Robin and I have adopted Batwear for one simple reason...

X

ROBIN

There's nothing that strikes terror into the heart of a crook like the shadow of a bat!

52 Cont.2

GORDON

The Boy Wonder's right. It's been proven a thousand times!

KITKA

(smiles)

It is so capitalistic and decadent! You are like the masked vigilantes in the westairns, no?

GORDON

Certainly not! Batman and Robin are fully Deputized Agents of the Law!

BATMAN

Precisely, Commissioner. The last thing we wish is to encourage the untrained citizen to take up crime-fighting!

ROBIN

(fervent)

Support Your Police... That's our message! They're great guys, doing a tough job!

BATMAN

Well said, Robin...

(turning)

And no better way to end this conference. Thank you and good-bye.

O'HARA

All right, everyone! Out of this office, huh? Get goin'!

AD LIB jabber of "Thank you, Batman!" and the like, as O'Hara herds newshounds out of office, photographers sneak final shots. O'Hara pushes last of them out, closes door.

53 FEATURE GORDON

as his face goes suddenly very grim.

GORDON

A fine job, Batman. You allayed their fears magnificently.

BATMAN

What else could I have done, Commissioner? If I'd told the truth, panic would grip the city.

53 Cont.

O'HARA

The truth... Sure an' what IS
the truth?

BATMAN

X A decoy! A strange anonymous
warning that Commander Redhead was
in danger, to lure me into a trap.

ROBIN

A fiendish attempt on Batman's
life!

O'HARA

X You mean that while they were
lurin' you to a watery grave, the
Commander's yacht was really bein'
hijacked somewhere else?

BATMAN

Precisely!

GORDON

And who behind it?
(heavily)
Not a clue!

54 FEATURE BATMAN

He turns abruptly.

BATMAN

Tell me, please... What known
Super-Criminals are at large
just now?

GORDON

I'll check at once, Batman!
(picks up phone,
into it)
Bonnie? Let's have the latest
Status Report on Known Super-
Criminals at Large... Thank you,
Bonnie.
(hangs up phone)
Coming up, Batman... On the
closed circuit TV screen...

Gordon pushes a button.

55

NEW ANGLE - BIG TV SCREEN

A wall panel SLIDES BACK to reveal screen. It comes to life with a title: STATUS REPORT: KNOWN SUPER-CRIMINALS NOT CURRENTLY IMPRISONED. As foursome steps up into f.g. of SHOT for a look, TITLE flicks out and is replaced by a big still photo of THE PENGUIN.

BATMAN

The Penguin...

GORDON

That pompous, waddling Master of Fowl Play! Maestro of a million criminal umbrellas!

Photo of Penguin vanishes, is replaced by photo of THE JOKER.

ROBIN

The Joker...

O'HARA

Divvelish Clown Prince of Crime!
I wish I had a nickel for every time he's baffled us!

Joker's photo is followed by big still of THE RIDDLER.

GORDON

What? The Riddler loose too?

BATMAN

So it seems...Loose to plague us with his Criminal Conundrums...

Riddler's photo off, on THE CATWOMAN.

ROBIN

Gosh! And the Catwoman!

Catwoman photo goes, new TITLE comes ON SCREEN. It says: "END OF REPORT. ALL OTHER KNOWN SUPER-CRIMINALS CURRENTLY SAFELY IMPRISONED." HOLD long enough to read, then TV screen GOES BLANK.

56

GROUP SHOT - THE FOUR

a beat as they all look at each other in thought, then:

Cont.

56 Cont.

GORDON

Could be any one of them,
Batman. But which one? Which
ones?

BATMAN

Pretty FISHY, what happened to
me on that ladder...

GORDON

You mean -- Where there's a fish...
there could be a PENGUIN!

ROBIN

But wait - it happened AT SEA!
See? "C" for CATWOMAN!

BATMAN

Yet, that exploding shark WAS
PULLING MY LEG.

Cont.

56 Cont.1

GORDON

X (gasp)
The JOKER!

O'HARA

X It all adds up to a grisly,
sinister...RIDDLE!...RIDDLE-ER!
X - RIDDLER!!

Another beat of aghastness.

GORDON

A thought strikes me...
(choked)
So dreadful I scarcely dare give
it utterance!

BATMAN

X The four of them! Their forces...
combined!

ROBIN

Holy nightmare!

GORDON

Batman... Could it be???

BATMAN

I don't know... But I think I
know where to find a clue...
(snaps)
Come on, Robin! To the Batcave!
We haven't one moment to lose!

As they race out:

BAT WHIP TO:

57 EXT. WATER FRONT - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

STOCK SHOT to ESTABLISH water front area. This should be somewhat picturesque: Amsterdam would be more suitable than Jersey City.

58 EXT. WATER FRONT TAVERN - DAY

A quaint-looking deadfall, with an antique-style sign over door: "YE OLDE BENBOW TAVERNE." A taxi pulls up. KITKA of the Moscow "Bugle" gets out, goes into tavern through swinging doors.

59 INT. TAVERN - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

The premises are Hogarthian in tone: a pack of colorful roistering SAILORS and their sleazy but sexy DAMES, with one grizzled salt playing ACCORDION as a group of companions sings some SEA CHANTEY. In a corner, a couple of brutes are FIGHTING, but no one pays any particular attention. Kitka ducks a thrown bottle, heads through the throng.

60 NEW ANGLE - KITKA

starts up a winding stairway at one end of the room.

61 TOP OF STAIRWAY

There's a closed door at top, on which is prominently stenciled: "HQ U.U. -- STRICTLY PRIVATE!" Lounging on railing beside door is an ugly thug in piratical garb, BLUEBEARD by name. Kitka comes up INTO SHOT.

BLUEBEARD

Ahoy, Catwoman!

CATWOMAN -- for indeed, Kitka is none other -- slaps Bluebeard's face.

CATWOMAN

Peasant! Imbecile! How many times have I told you? Don't use my real name in public!

She pushes open door, looks in.

62 INT. UNITED UNDERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - TAVERN UPSTAIRS - DAY

Decor of the joint is reminiscent of old cathouse parlor, Tiffany lamp shades and whatnot. On wall is a big banner which says UNITED UNDERWORLD, surmounting a blobish device not wholly unlike insignia of Un*t*d N*ti*ns, except that globe in this device is encircled by a criminal octopus. Says another great banner: "TODAY GOTHAM CITY - TOMORROW THE WORLD!" Present in their characteristic costumes are PENGUIN, RIDDLER and JOKER; also a couple of piratical goons akin to Bluebeard, MORGAN and QUETCH, playing cards and boozing at table in corner. SHOT OPENS on Riddler looking venomously at Penguin, eyeball to eyeball.

RIDDLER

You and your TRAINED EXPLODING SHARK!

PENGUIN

Faugh! Who'd have guessed they'd have a can of Shark Repellent Batspray handy?

62 Cont.

RIDDLER

You arrogant, pompous penguin!

As Riddler grabs Penguin by lapels, Joker pushes up grinning INTO SHOT with both hands extended.

JOKER

Friends, make peace! Have a shake on me!

He grabs a hand of each. Terrific ZAPPING SOUND from concealed ELECTRIC BUZZERS in Joker's palm.

63 TWO SHOT - RIDDLER AND PENGUIN - SPECIAL EFFECT

BLUE ELECTRIC HALO dances around their heads as they leap in the air, literally electrified.

64 CLOSE SHOT - JOKER

JOKER

(delighted)

Ho-ho! A joke a day keeps gloom away!

65 WIDER ANGLE

As furious Riddler and Penguin turn on laughing Joker and prepare to wallop him, Catwoman comes running INTO SHOT, grabbing up a BLACK CAT from a cushion. She whispers loudly at the cat:

CATWOMAN

Sic 'em, Hecate! Scratch out their eyes!

66 BIG CLOSEUP - THE CAT

It HISSES and SPITS in scarifying fashion.

67 BACK TO SCENE

Penguin cowers, snapping open a protective umbrella. Riddler grabs a bottle by the neck, holds it poised. Joker snatches out a great fistful of confetti from a pocket. During which lightning actions:

PENGUIN

Drat that savage animal!

RIDDLER

So help me, Catwoman... I'll bash out its brains!

67 Cont.

JOKER

I'll strangle the beast with my
trick confetti!

CATWOMAN

(scathing)

X

UNITED UNDERWORLD... We're about as
UNITED as the members of the UNITED
WORLD HEADQUARTERS on Gotham East
River! What's the matter with you all?

RIDDLER

She's right. If we don't manage to
somehow swallow our Super-Criminal
Pride...

PENGUIN

Yes, Mr. Riddler. Quite. We must
hang together or we'll most assuredly
hang separately, drat it...

JOKER

What a pity that would be. On the
eve of the greatest criminal coup
anyone ever dreamed of...

RIDDLER

How did it go, Catwoman?

CATWOMAN

X

Furr-fectly...

CAMERA FOLLOWS Catwoman as she goes behind a screen in
corner, hastily starts to change her clothes behind it.

CATWOMAN

(going on)

In my disguise of Kitka, I penetrated
their press conference. The fools are
completely baffled!

JOKER

But undrowned...

CATWOMAN

Yes, unfortunately. Batman's boots
didn't even look damp!

Catwoman emerges from behind screen after truly lightning
change: now the Catwoman we saw on screen in police head-
quarters, with her glittering tights and domino pussy-mask.

Cont.

67 Cont.1

CATWOMAN

How's the prisoner? Still doesn't know he's been kidnapped?

PENGUIN

Hasn't an inkling! Just keeps ringing for his tea.

Suddenly a BONG-BONG CHIME SOUNDS. They turn, react.

RIDDLER

There he goes again.

PENGUIN

Take it to him, Joker!

Joker nods, picks up pre-arranged tea tray and exits.

68 OUT

69 INT. PHONE STATEROOM - DAY

It looks just like a SHIP'S STATEROOM: complete even to a porthole past which streams what appears to be THICK FOG. We hear FOGHORN at intervals, the cawing of SEA GULLS. COMMANDER REDHEAD, famed red-bearded Schleppe's Whiskeyman, lounges on his bunk reading a volume of Dickens. A stack of similar volumes is beside him. He calls at SOUND of the KNOCK.

REDHEAD

Come in!

Joker enters with tea tray.

JOKER

Your tea, Commander Redhead.

REDHEAD

Thank you, Steward. Jolly good service aboard this yacht.

JOKER

We strive to give satisfaction, sir.

REDHEAD

I say, Steward... Your face has the most ghastly pallor! Are you sure you get enough of the old sea air?

69 Cont.

JOKER

My duties keep me...mostly under-
cover, sir.

REDHEAD

Too bad, too bad. Any notion how
much longer this yacht will remain
fogbound here off the Grand Banks?

JOKER

I couldn't say, sir.

REDHEAD

Ah well. Gives me a jolly good
chance to catch up on my Dickens.
But still. Hope I get to Gotham City
one of these days.

(winks)

Got a deuced clever invention with
me, y'know. Stored down in the hold.
Should be worth millions of Yankee
dollars, pip-pip!

JOKER

Pip-pip to you, sir!

(gravely)

If you wish anything further...just
ring.

Joker withdraws.

A-69

EXT. COMMANDER REDHEAD'S CABIN

As Joker comes out and starts to walk down the apparent
ship's corridor the CAMERA gradually reveals that the whole
thing is a prefabricated sham. A phony cabin right there in
the United Underworld Headquarters. It's exterior is
unfinished and sitting beneath the porthole (we have just
seen from inside) is a colorful henchman raising and lowering
a painted seascape with one hand, while he sloshed one bare
foot in a large water pail, and operates a fog making device
with the other. He reads a newspaper held in his free hand
and at regular intervals reaches over to pull a cord that
operates a foghorn on the wall. A regular one man band.

70

INT. U.U. HEADQUARTERS ROOM - DAY

RIDDLER

Enraging, enraging... The whole
world almost literally in our
grasp...and Batman and Robin still
alive to block us!

Cont.

70 Cont.

PENGUIN

Not for long, perhaps...

Catwoman and Riddler both look at him sharply.

CATWOMAN

Another plan, Penguin?

PENGUIN

Indeed. Silly of us not to have
thought of it earlier...

Joker re-enters.

Cont.

70 Cont.

JOKER

Everything pip-pip with the
prisoner, comrades! He hasn't
an inkling!

PENGUIN

But I bet you the Dynamic Duo
has...

RIDDLER

What?

PENGUIN

An inkling, Mr. Riddler. Of how
we MADE THAT SHIP DISAPPEAR. And
when they solve that...

CATWOMAN

Of course! They'll be out to
investigate!

JOKER

But we'll be there first!

PENGUIN

If we hurry, Mr. Joker... If we
hurry... Catwoman, you tend this
headquarters!

(turns and snaps
commandingly)

Mr. Morgan! Mr. Quetch!

Both thugs jump up, snap to attention.

MORGAN/QUETCH

Yo-ho, sir!

PENGUIN

Now hear this. Call down to the
Secret River-Bottom Dock! Prepare
our submarine for sea!

BAT WHIP TO:

71

INT. BATCAVE

Batman and Robin are at an elaborate device with a name-plate which says: "FILM DEVELOPING TANK (SUPERFINE BATGRAIN)". Machine is GURGLING noisily as they watch timer, etc. BONG! from machine as a bell rings.

X

ROBIN

Here it comes now... Picture taken by Automatic Batcopter Batcamera as we approached the ship...

(reading dial)

Altitude of this one, eight hundred and thirty-nine feet...

A dried glossy print slips from slot of developing machine. Robin takes it, has one look, registers complete consternation.

ROBIN

Holy Merlin-the-Magician! Get set for a shock!

72

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

It shows EMPTY, WAVE-LAPPED SEA, nothing else.

ROBIN

(o.s.)

The Batcamera was aimed right at the yacht when it took this picture!

73

BACK TO SCENE

BATMAN

So... My strange hunch was right...

ROBIN

I don't get it, Batman!

Cont.

73 Cont.

BATMAN

Think, Robin. As you truly remarked, no one can make a seagoing vessel simply disappear. Provided it was ever really there at all!

ROBIN

You mean...

BATMAN

Precisely. The yacht we thought we saw was a mere illusion...a tricky projection, akin to the common desert mirage! It deceived our naked eyes, but was blocked by the Batcamera's Polarized Batfilter!

(looks back
at photos)

I think I know where the projection came from, too...

X

74 NEW ANGLE - BATMAN

paces over to bench with photo, pursued by Robin. He lays photo flat, swings out a MAGNIFYING LENS over it, peers through.

75 INSERT - MAGNIFIED SECTION OF PHOTO

Now we notice a BELL BOUY in trough between waves.

BATMAN

(o.s.)
Observe! That bell bouy...

ROBIN

(o.s.)
What's the matter with it?

BATMAN

(o.s.)
Quite a lot, I fancy...

76 BACK TO SCENE - FEATURE BATMAN

as he looks up from lens, frowns in thought.

BATMAN

Let's see... The coordinates of our position were...one-ten-point-three by six-nine-dash-B. Quickly! Feed those figures into our Navigational Aid Computer!

Cont.

76 Cont.

ROBIN

Roger!

Robin scurries to appropriately LABELED MACHINE nearby, quickly taps at the keys and presses a button. Machine FLASHES and emits a LOUD, SINGLE BONG.

ROBIN

Negative! No legal bell buoy at that position!

BATMAN

As I surmised...an Illegal Projection Buoy, cleverly camouflaged!

ROBIN

Wow! Maybe the crooks left fingerprints on it!

BATMAN

Good thinking, Robin. Let's find out. To the BATBOAT...fast!

They race to Batmobile, vroom up the ramp.

BAT WHIP TO:

77 EXT. SMALL SHED - DAY

A shack-like affair, on the EDGE OF THE WATER. A prominently painted sign on it says: "THIS BUILDING IS ABANDONED PRIVATE PROPERTY! STRICTLY NO TRESPASSING!" HOLD on this for a few moments, then CAMERA PANS to pick up Batmobile speeding down dirt track to this shed. Batmobile brakes hard, Dynamic Duo leap out.

78 CLOSER SHOT - BATMAN

He opens a cobwebby box on side of shed, turns a knob. WHIRRING SOUND is heard.

79 EXT. FRONT OF SHED - DAY

It opens. The amazing BATBOAT appears on a track, is automatically lowered into the water. It has hardly settled in the drink before Batman and Robin race INTO SHOT, jump into the wondrous little vessel.

80 EXT. BATBOAT IN WATER - DAY

as Batman and Robin quickly set about getting the thing started. Quick, laconic dialogue over instruments and controls:

BATMAN

Vapor-Reading in the bilge?

ROBIN

Bilge negative!

BATMAN

Atomic Hydro-Thrust...

ROBIN

Port and starboard...ready lights green!

BATMAN

Set stabilizers! Thrust-level, twelve!

ROBIN

Aye-aye, Batman! Twelve!

BATMAN

Brace yourself! All together... FULL AHEAD!

81 FULL SHOT - BATBOAT

UNDERCRANK to give effect of Batboat shooting out like a projectile.

BAT WHIP TO:

82 EXT. OPEN WATER - LOW HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

of Batboat, possibly UNDERCRANKED HERE TOO, as it planes along like a bat from Neptune's locker, skipping from one wave-crest to the next. Batboat churns into a spectacular, spray-throwing turn.

83 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

MOTION and PROCESS b.g. must be suitable for a very rough ride, to fit SHOT ABOVE. Batman is at the helm as Robin watches instruments.

ROBIN
Steady as she goes!

BATMAN
Roger!

84 INSERT - BATBOAT INSTRUMENTS

featuring a working RADAR SCOPE.

ROBIN
(o.s.)
Radar's locked right onto that phoney buoy!

85 BACK TO COCKPIT (PROCESS)

as Robin looks questioningly at Batman.

ROBIN
One thing I don't dig, Batman...

BATMAN
Oh?

ROBIN
If that ship was just a mirage, what happened to the real one?

BATMAN
Taken to some Secret Island Hideaway, with every soul aboard but one.

ROBIN
Commander Redhead...

Cont.

85 Cont.

X

BATMAN

Precisely. For some baffling reason, they needed him....OR HIS INVENTION... as part of their criminal scheme...

ROBIN

Strange, all right. Kidnapping a famous whisky-man... What the heck could they be up to?

BATMAN

Time will tell. What's the range to the buoy?

Robin looks back at radar.

ROBIN

Ten-five-one-six...

BATMAN

Keep a keen eye on the scope! Watch for suspicious vessels!

ROBIN

I'm watching, Batman!

(a beat)

Looks like we've got the whole ocean to ourselves!

86. EXT. SUBMERGED SUBMARINE (STOCK)

It courses silently through the deeps.

87 INT. SUBMARINE COMMAND ROOM

Riddler and Joker at diving planes, Bluebeard at sonar set, as Penguin leans on his umbrella and puffs at his jaunty cigarette holder.

PENGUIN

Diving planes, Mr. Riddler. Up three degrees.

RIDDLER

Up three...

(grimly)

I sure hope you know what you're doing, Penguin...

JOKER

And don't sound so bossy, if you please.

PENGUIN

My dear Mr. Joker... On land, you may command. At sea, it's me!

Penguin picks up hand mike, speaks into it:

Cont.

87 Cont.

PENGUIN

Quack-quack! Now hear this! Your captain speaking, my pretty pinioned pirates! Now hear this! We're approaching our tricky buoy! Shine up your cutlasses! There might be skulduggery!

88 CLOSE SHOT - BLUEBEARD

at sonar set, reacting sharply to a new PONGING SOUND.

BLUEBEARD

Yo-ho! Unidentified small craft, bearing one-one-three!

89 WIDER ANGLE

PENGUIN

What??

(turning)

Mr. Riddler, hold her steady! Up periscope!

90 EXT. SEA - BELL BUOY - DAY

bobbing in f.g., gently rolling, as Batboat noses up. This buoy is conventional type, with a platform base and bell gizmo at top of a tripod some six feet high. As Robin poises himself to leap from bow of Batboat with nylon painter:

BATMAN

Careful, Robin...It may be coated with slippery algae...

ROBIN

Don't worry...

Robin jumps nimbly to buoy platform.

BATMAN

Good boy! Make her fast!

ROBIN

Don't forget the fingerprint kit, Batman!

BATMAN

Slender hope, I fear, but I'll bring it...

Cont.

90 Cont.

Batman picks up a case with carrying handle, moves to bow of Batboat and jumps to buoy too. Just as he lands, SCREEN SUDDENLY CONTRACTS to a BLURRY CIRCLE. A beat, then CIRCLE JUMPS INTO SHARP FOCUS...complete with cross hairs right on the buoy and Dynamic Duo.

91 INT. SUBMARINE COMMAND ROOM - PENGUIN

with his eye glued to periscope, reacting.

PENGUIN

Great heavenly ice floes...Just as I hoped! Mr. Riddler, look!

Riddler runs INTO SHOT, sticks his eye to second viewing objective of the complex periscope. Riddler has one look, yanks his head away and gives a joyous shout:

RIDDLER

Torpedoes! Torpedoes! What are we waiting for??

PENGUIN

(drily)

Chain of command, Mr. Riddler. The Penguin runs a taut ship.

(into mike)

Quack-quack! Now hear this! Load torpedo tubes!

(downing mike)

Back to the diving planes, Mr. Riddler...

92 EXT. SEA - BELL BUOY

Batman is peering down through base.

BATMAN

An underwater shark cage. The source of that fiendish fish...

ROBIN

What cruelty! Stuffing a poor shark with a ton of deadly TNT!

BATMAN

True. Nothing's sacred to those devils.

ROBIN

What about the fingerprints?

Batman takes out small magnifying glass, examines tripod part of buoy. He shakes his head.

Cont.

92 Cont.

BATMAN

Salt and corrosion. Those famous
old enemies of the crimefighter.
No prints here.

ROBIN

Maybe up above, Batman. Inside
that tricky Mirage Projector...

BATMAN

You're right. That would be more
protected...

Robin scrambles up one leg of the tripod, which is
conveniently fitted with irons for maintenance purposes.

93 CLOSER SHOT - ROBIN

at top of tripod, examining gizmo thereon.

ROBIN

Wow!! What a set of superpower
lenses! No wonder we were fooled!

BATMAN

Reach down, I'll hand you the
Anti-Fingerprint Batglass...

Robin reaches down, suddenly freezes as he catches sight
of something o.s., in distance across the water.

94 EXT. WATER - P.O.V. ZOOM SHOT

CAMERA ZOOMS to MED. CLOSE SHOT of a periscope above the
water. A little skull and crossbones flag flutters from
top of it.

95 BIG REACTION SHOT - ROBIN

ROBIN

Holy Long John Silver! A PIRATE
PERISCOPE!!

96 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - PENGUIN

with eyes still glued to periscope.

PENGUIN

They've spotted us...Down periscope!
Set the torpedoes to Automatic Homing!
Dive!

Cont.

96 Cont.

RIDDLER

You crazy bird! Fire them off!
Quickly!

Penguin ignores frantic shout, turns calmly to his underling.

PENGUIN

Mr. Bluebeard... Kindly activate
the Remote Control Penguin Magnet
inside that buoy.

97 EXT. BELL BUOY - BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATMAN

Quick! Back to the Batboat!

ROBIN

You're not kidding!!!

Batman bends to untie painter, Robin starts scurrying down tripod. Sudden VERY LOUD BUZZING-ZAPPING SOUND is heard and a tremendous invisible force seems to rivet Dynamic Duo against nearest piece of metal: holds them by belt and wrists and back of the neck.

ROBIN

Holy glue pot! What's going on???

BATMAN

(struggling)

The fiends! They've converted this
buoy into a GIGANTIC MAGNET! It's
got us by the METALLIC OBJECTS we're
wearing!

98 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

JOKER

Torpedo tubes, armed!

99 EXT. BELL BUOY - BATMAN AND ROBIN

struggling wildly but in vain, inexorably held by infernal
LOUDLY BUZZING magnet.

ROBIN

Batman! We're helpless in this
monstrous invisible grip!!!

Batman ceases useless combat, lifts his head.

Cont.

99 Cont.

BATMAN

Steady, Robin! I see one hope!

ROBIN

What, Batman???

BATMAN

Reach down with your free foot.
Hook my Utility Belt transmitter
from its pouch, lift it up to
where I can work the controls
with my teeth!

100 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

PENGUIN

Full fathom five shall Batman lie...

(loud)

Mr. Joker! Fire torpedoes!

JOKER

Yo-ho! What a delicious jest!

(pushes button)

Fire One!

X

101 EXT. NOSE OF UNDERWATER SUB - (MINIATURE)

as TORPEDOES SHOOT OUT, if such footage available.

A-101 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

As the Four Villains watch through the periscope.

102 EXT. SEA - TORPEDO WAKES - (STOCK)

again, if available.

103 EXT. BELL BUOY - BATMAN AND ROBIN

Robin, held by his belt to tripod above Batman, now has
UTILITY BELT RADIO by its little strap with toe of his
boot, is dangling it right in front of Batman's face. He
sees something o.s., shouts:

ROBIN

Torpedoes!!!

104 BIG HEAD SHOT - BATMAN

biting at radio controls with his teeth and somehow also
managing to grunt:

BATMAN

Now...If I can just reverse the
polarity...send out waves of
SUPER ENERGY...

104 Cont.

Batman gives twisting wrench with teeth. Brief high-pitched THEREMIN SOUND, appropriate to wave of super energy, and INTENSE BLUE HALO FLICKERS around little radio transmitter.

105 P.O.V. SHOT - SEA IN FRONT OF BELL BUOY

being madly thrashed by super-energy as THEREMIN SOUND REACHES CLIMAX. Terrific UNDERWATER EXPLOSION as lead torpedo reaches thrashed area, is detonated.

A-105 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - AS BEFORE

The Sub shakes to the explosion.

PENGUIN
(nonplussed)
Joker! Fire Two!

JOKER
(pressing button)
Fire Two!

106 QUICK CUT - ROBIN

ROBIN
Here comes another!

107 QUICK CUT - BATMAN

sends out another wave of super energy. TERRIFIC EXPLOSION o.s. as second torpedo goes off too.

A-107 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - AS BEFORE

The Sub again shakes to the explosion.

PENGUIN
(furious)
He must be using a Super Energy Reverse Polarizer. Joker! Fire Three!

JOKER
(pressing button)
Fire Three!

108 QUICK CUT - ROBIN

ROBIN
Here comes a third one, Batman!

109 QUICK CUT - BATMAN

He wrenches his teeth. Nothing happens. No SOUND, no
FLICKERING BLUE HALO.

BATMAN

Confound it. Batteries are dead!

110 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

It SHAKES VIOLENTLY with explosion of the final fatal
torpedo. LIGHTS FLICKER OFF and ON AGAIN. Penguin,
Riddler, Joker recover from their lurching reeling,
converge on chart table, grab up waiting glasses of
rum and lift them in a triumphant toast.

ALL

Yo-ho-ho!!!

PENGUIN

Quack-quack! Up to Periscope
Depth! Let's feast our eyes on
the watery remains!

BAT WHIP TO:

111 EXT. BATBOAT SHED - DAY

Amazement. Batman and Robin, large as life, are standing by parked Batmobile in front of shed. Robin is holding Mobile Batphone, remarking fervently to Caped Crusader:

ROBIN

Gosh, Batman. The nobility of the almost-human porpoise...

BATMAN

X True, Robin. It was noble of that animal to hurl himself into the path of that final torpedo. He gave his life for ours.

He stops as Robin reacts to phone, says into it:

ROBIN

Yes sir. Just a moment, please...

(to Batman)

Ready on your call to the Pentagon!

Batman takes phone.

BATMAN

Hello. Batman speaking.

112 INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY

with WASHINGTON MONUMENT visible outside window. A braid-encrusted VICE-ADMIRAL is on the phone, having been interrupted in midst of game of tiddlywinks with GORGEOUS WAVE secretary who sits on corner of his desk...

ADMIRAL

Ahoy, Batman. What can we do for you?

INTERCUT:

113 PHONE CALL - BATMAN AND ADMIRAL

BATMAN

A routine question, Admiral... Have you recently sold any War Surplus Submarines? And if so, to whom?

ADMIRAL

Just a moment, I'll have to look that up...

Merrily whistling "Anchors Aweigh", the Admiral spins a Rolodex card-file on his desk. He quickly finds what he wants, returns to phone:

113 Cont.

ADMIRAL

Answer affirmative, Batman. We disposed of a War Surplus Submarine last Friday. A Pre-Atomic model.

(reading from
file card)

To some chap named...P. N. GWYNNE.

BATMAN

P. N. GWYNNE...

Robin, by phone, lets out a gasp:

ROBIN

THE PENGUIN!!

ADMIRAL

(going on)

A prominent ornithologist, it seems. One of those bird-blokes. Needed it to study the habits of diving sea-birds...

BATMAN

Did this "P. N. Gwynne" leave an address?

ADMIRAL

Just a post office box number...
Would you like it?

BATMAN

No thank you, Admiral. You've been very helpful.

ADMIRAL

Delighted. But...
(troubled)
Avast and belay, Batman! Your tone sounds grim. We haven't done anything...foolish, have we?

BATMAN

(icy indeed)

As a taxpayer, Admiral, I could charge you with the gravest laxity. Disposing of Pre-Atomic Submarines to persons who don't even leave full addresses. However, I won't. You have troubles enough at the Pentagon. Good day, Admiral!

Admiral gawks at phone, opens his mouth to woofle some reply. CLICK and BUZZ as phone GOES DEAD.

114 EXT. BATBOAT SHED AREA - DAY

as Batman hangs up phone in Batmobile cockpit.

ROBIN

The Penguin... In command of
a Pre-Atomic Submarine!

BATMAN

(nods)

Grave situation, all right.

ROBIN

If only we knew what he was up
to! What he was---

A strange HEAVY RUMBLING ROARING SOUND is heard o.s.
They both turn toward sea.

115 EXT. SEA - LONG SHOT - MISSILE LAUNCH (STOCK)

A POLARIS MISSILE is breaking the surface, roaring up
into the sky.

116 REACTION SHOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN

ROBIN

Holy Polaris!

BATMAN

From that submarine, no doubt...

117 INT. SUB'S MISSILE ROOM - RIDDLER

He's bent over complex panel labeled: RADIO CONTROL
MISSILE GUIDANCE. He's twisting dials with feverish
glee.

118 EXT. RISING MISSILE - DAY (STOCK)

It goes up, up, with a flaming trail.

119 BATMAN AND ROBIN

heads uptilted as they watch missile's flight.

120 EXT. RISING MISSILE - DAY (STOCK)

now much higher and smaller than before.

121 INT. SUB MISSILE ROOM - RIDDLER

He jabs at BIG RED BUTTON.

122 EXT. MISSILE IN SKY - ANIMATED SPECIAL EFFECT

The missile, now tiny against cloudless sky, suddenly goes into wild CORKSCREW GYRATIONS, leaving behind it a TRAIL OF SMOKE.

123 REACTION SHOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN

looking almost straight up now.

ROBIN

It's going crazy!

BATMAN

Crazy like a fox, Robin! Look!
That missile is WRITING SOMETHING!

A dull BOOOM!! is heard, VERY DISTANT.

ROBIN

It's blown up!

124 EXT. SKY - FULL SHOT - SPECIAL EFFECT

There's no missile there any more: just some rather lengthy and very legible SKYWRITING. It says:

X

"WHAT DOES A TURKEY DO WHEN HE
FLIES UPSIDE DOWN? WHAT WEIGHS
SIX OUNCES, SITS IN A TREE, AND
IS VERY DANGEROUS???"

BATMAN

(o.s.)

Corection. Not crazy like a
fox. Crazy like...a RIDDLER!

ROBIN

(o.s.)

A riddle...in the form of a
JOKE!

125 BACK TO SCENE - BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATMAN

Let's race back to headquarters!
(super-grim)
You know what this means, don't
you?

BAT WHIP TO:

126 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gordon, O'Hara, Batman, Robin, in atmosphere of direst gloom. SHOT OPENS on Gordon, seemingly giving immediate answer to last query:

GORDON

Our blackest fears materialized!
Penguin, Joker, Riddler...
Those three super-criminals,
their forces combined for heaven-
only-knows what infamous
objective!

BATMAN

It may be even worse than that,
Commissioner...

GORDON

Worse?

O'HARA

Saints in heaven! How could it
be?

BATMAN

Look... That pair of joking
riddles in the sky...

Batman turns, leads group across office toward a blackboard.

127 NEW ANGLE - FEATURE BLACKBOARD

on which skywritten riddles have been copied.

O'HARA

X "What does a turkey do when he
flies upside down?"

ROBIN

X Simple. He **GOBBLES UP.**

BATMAN

Of course. And number two...

GORDON

"What weighs six ounces, sits in
a tree, and is very dangerous?"

ROBIN

Who couldn't get that? It's a
SPARROW WITH A MACHINE-GUN.

Cont.

127 Cont.

X

BATMAN

Obviously. So now let's combine those answers... What kind of CREATURE would GOBBLE UP a BIRD IN A TREE...

O'HARA

Mother of mercy! A...CAT!

BATMAN

Yes, Chief O'Hara. The criminal CATALYST in this affair: our old archenemy, the CATWOMAN!

128 FEATURE GORDON

He sinks heavily into chair, holding his head.

GORDON

Riddler, Joker, Penguin...and Catwoman, too! The sum of the angles of that rectangle is too monstrous to contemplate!

BATMAN

We've been given the plainest warning. They're working together to take over...

(trails off)

O'HARA

Take over what, Batman? Gotham City?

BATMAN

I'm afraid not. Any two of them might try that...

GORDON

The...whole country??

BATMAN

If it were just three of them, I'd say yes. But four...

(a beat, then
super-steely)

I'd say their minimum objective must be...the entire world!

BAT WHIP TO:

129 INT. U. U. HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

OPEN CLOSE on an architectural MODEL of the UNITED WORLD BUILDING: a slab-like tower in no way unlike United Nations headquarters in New York. We hear soft, greedy voice of Catwoman:

X

CATWOMAN

The UNITED WORLD BUILDING, dear comrades in crime. Our objective, the Security Council! Sitting like fat birds in a tree, waiting to be snatched...

CAMERA PULLS BACK FAST. Now we see that model is set on table, around which sit somewhat crestfallen super-crooks as Catwoman lashes at them:

CATWOMAN

And you've bungled it again! Again, the Dynamic Duo escaped our trap!

PENGUIN

(muttering)

Faugh. Passing porpoises which intercept torpedoes... There ought to be a law...

Riddler bangs a fist on table.

RIDDLER

Time's getting short! We must get Batman before he gets us!

PENGUIN

Hmmm... Perhaps I can lure him into the fatal embrace of a Giant Poisoned Umbrella...

JOKER

You silly bird. They've been on to your umbrella tricks for years.

PENGUIN

(nastily)

Indeed? And I suppose they're BROKEN UP by your mouldy jokes?

Riddler rises abruptly.

RIDDLER

Shut up, all of you! I see how to do it! We'll play all our treacherous trumps in one hand!

129 Cont.

CATWOMAN

How, Riddler??

RIDDLER

The end: we'll spring them from Joker's jack-in-the-box into Penguin's giant umbrella. The trigger: one of my riddles. The bait... You, Catwoman!

JOKER

You're mad, Riddler. The minute Batman spots her, he'll bop her with a Batarang!

RIDDLER

You don't understand. She'll be disguised as Kitka. She'll lure some millionaire into a kidnap-trap...

PENGUIN

Of course! With a clever clue pointing here!

JOKER

Which will make Batman race to the rescue!

PENGUIN

Capital! Who'll we kidnap?

RIDDLER

The perfect victim. Bruce Wayne, head of that disgusting, do-gooding Wayne Foundation!

JOKER

Delicious! Just the sort of square Batman will dash to rescue!

RIDDLER

Snap!

PENGUIN

Into my Umbrella-Trap!!

CATWOMAN

Purrrrr-fect, Riddler! Purrrrr-fect!

As CAMERA MOVES IN fast on Catwoman, she pulls off her domino pussy-mask, smiles sexily:

CATWOMAN

Comrade Wayne... My name is
Kitanya Irenya Tatanya Karenska
Alisoff. I am from the Moscow
"Bugle". My friends call me Kitka...

BAT WHIP TO:

130- OUT
132

133 INT. BATCAVE

Batman and Robin are at a big lighted LUCITE MAP affair
labelled: "SHORT ISLAND SOUND...SUBMARINE CONTOUR MAP".
They're working at it with protractors and whatnot.

BATMAN

This channel here.... Depth at
high tide?

ROBIN

(reading table)
Two fathoms, point - eight.

BATMAN

Chancy, but a submarine could make
it...

(frowns)

I just wonder about the Penguin's
navigational skill...

In b.g. the Batphone starts flashing and beeping.

BATMAN

Answer it, Robin. It must be
Alfred from the study.

Robin crosses to the Batphone.

ROBIN

Yes, Alfred?

A-133 INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - ALFRED ON BATPHONE

ALFRED

A young lady, Master Robin.
To see Mr. Bruce Wayne. A
Miss Kitka...

ROBIN

Kitka?

134 INT. BRUCE'S STUDY

ALFRED

Indeed, Master Robin. Apparently an acronym formed from the initial letters of her somewhat lengthy name. She wishes to see Mr. Bruce Wayne, most urgently.

INTERCUT:

135 BATPHONE CONVERSATION - STUDY AND BATCAVE

ROBIN

(to Batman)

Kitka! That snappy looker from the Moscow "Bugle"! She wants to see Bruce Wayne!

Batman grabs Batphone with free hand, into it:

BATMAN

Why, Alfred?

ALFRED

It appears to have some connection with...a RIDDLE, sir.

BATMAN

A riddle! Tell her Mr. Wayne is expected home from the fish hatchery... momentarily!

136 INT. BATCAVE

as Batman hands Batphone back to Robin, who hangs it up.

BATMAN

Why would Kitka bring a riddle to Bruce Wayne?

ROBIN

This could be a break, Batman!

BATMAN

It could be tricky, too. As Bruce Wayne, I must be very careful not to let on I've already met her... as Batman!

Cont.

136 Cont.

Batman hurries across to bottom of Batpoles with Robin at his heels. Batman clasps his pole, sets his feet on two little projections which stick out like the foot-irons of a pogo-stick. Robin puts his hand on a nearby switch which bears label: "COMPRESSED STEAM BATPOLE-LIFT." Batman turns his head.

BATMAN

You stay on the alert down here,
Robin!

(setting himself)

Batpole-Lift...fire!

Robin whacks the switch. CHUGGG-WHOOSH! Like the steam catapult of a carrier, Batman shoots up OUT OF SIGHT in a CLOUD OF VAPOR.

137 OUT

138 INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - EVENING

BRUCE WAYNE whizzes up INTO VIEW at top of Batpole, steps from Secret Opening. Alfred is waiting there. He coughs discreetly, reaches out.

ALFRED

If you'll permit me, sir.
Your cravat is a bit askew...

BRUCE

Thank you, Alfred. Announce me
to Miss Kitka, will you?

BAT WHIP TO:

139 INT. WAYNE MANOR LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Bruce and Kitka. It should be obvious that Bruce is powerfully attracted by this lithe and lovely creature. He's scanning a sheet of stationery as Kitka watches him.

BRUCE

You say you found these riddles
written on Wayne Foundation
stationery slipped under the door
of your borrowed penthouse apartment?

Cont.

139 Cont.

KITKA

Yes, Comrade Wayne. That's why I brought them to you. At first I thought it was some foolishness, but then I remembered...

(gravely)

Is there not a bourgeois-criminal cad called THE RIDDLER who preys on the workers of America?

BRUCE

Your jargon is quaint, Miss Kitka, but... Well, yes. There is such a creature, I believe.

KITKA

(grandly)

The fame of the Wayne Foundation is known from Leningrad to Kamchatka, Comrade Wayne! It works for peace and understanding! Your own photograph has appeared countless times in the Moscow "Bugle"!

BRUCE

Most gratifying. I wasn't aware of that...

KITKA

What do we do now? Report these riddles to your police...or perhaps to that masked cossack...Batman?

BRUCE

Oh, I hardly think there's need for that, Miss Kitka. Doubtless the work of some harmless crank, but...

(thinking hard)

Nevertheless. Shall we give this matter further thought...over dinner tonight?

KITKA

Why... What a purrrrrr-fectly lovely idea, Comrade Wayne!

BRUCE

And, now, if you'll pardon me. I must phone to cancel a previous engagement. I'll have Alfred see you to the door. Until tonight!

Bruce dashes from living room with stationery.

140 INT. WAYNE MANOR HALL - NIGHT

Bruce encounters Alfred, speaks to him in urgent undertone:

BRUCE

See Miss Kitka out. Then take the Service Elevator! Meet me in the Batcave! Emergency!

140 Cont.

ALFRED

Very good, sir.

141 INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - NIGHT

Bruce races to Batpole, slides down OUT OF SIGHT.

142 INT. BATCAVE

Batman emerges, calls across to Robin.

BATMAN

Robin! Listen to these riddles! Tell me if you interpret them as I do!

(reading slip)

One. "What has yellow skin and writes?"

ROBIN

A BALL-POINT BANANA!

BATMAN

Of course. Two... "How can you tell when there's an elephant in the refrigerator?"

ROBIN

The door won't close!

BATMAN

Right again! And what would you say they mean?

ROBIN

Banana. Open refrigerator door.

(snaps fingers)

I've got it! Someone Russian (rushin') will slip on a banana peel and bust their neck if they reveal the strange big thing on ice!

BATMAN

Precisely! The only possible meaning! A clear threat to Miss Kitka's life! In some baffling way, she must have unwittingly stumbled across the criminal's plot!

143 NEW ANGLE

as Alfred emerges sedately from Service Elevator niche.

ALFRED

What's the scheme, sir?

BATMAN

Bruce Wayne will go out on the town with Miss Kitka!

ALFRED

A not displeasing chore, sir.

143 Cont.

BATMAN

Indeed, Alfred. I've rarely met a girl who is such a potent argument in favor of international ...relations. In fact...

(yanks himself
from reverie)

However. You and Robin will dog our footsteps in the Batmobile. You'll keep constant watch via the Micro-TV Batscanner...

ROBIN

(eager)

Sure! And if Riddler tries to make good on his filthy threat...

Batman whams heartfelt fist into palm.

BATMAN

I'll bash him brutally!

ROBIN

Then we close in for the kill with the police!

BATMAN

Precisely. Do you have your driver's license with you, Alfred?

ALFRED

In my billfold, sir.

BATMAN

Good man! Drive carefully!

(to both)

Good luck! Good hunting! This may prove to be a most memorable night!

144 FOOT OF BATPOLES

Batman races INTO SHOT, jumps onto his pole. Robin whacks the switch. CHUGGG-WHOOSH! Batman is fired up, leaving a CLOUD OF STEAM which FILLS THE SCREEN. When it BLOWS AWAY:

145 INT. RESTAURANT BOOTH - BRUCE AND KITKA - NIGHT

X

They gaze at each other over neglected caviar as A GYPSY saws away at a violin. TWO hovering SOMMELIERS are pouring simultaneously: champagne for Kitka, milk for Bruce. They are oblivious of the whole schmear.

146 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bruce and Kitka emerge, laughing, climb into waiting hansom cab and trot away. HOLD for a beat or two, then CAMERA PANS. Batmobile appears, with its glowing bateyes. Alfred is back of wheel, wearing a bowler hat and a discreet DOMINO EYE-MASK. Robin is in cockpit beside him, his eyes glued to Batscanner Screen as Batmobile PASSES CAMERA in creeping pursuit of the hansom cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 INT. LIMBO SHOT - SEXY GIRL SINGER

at mike against SMOKY VAGUE b.g., dripping out the words of "Parlez Moi d'Amour" or whatever.

WHIP TO:

148 INT. DANCE FLOOR LIMBO SHOT - BRUCE AND KITKA

solo in LIGHTED AREA, dancing a real mean Twinkle-Step or Conversation: any terpsichorean relic suited to Millionaire Bruce Wayne's speed.

DISSOLVE TO:

149 CLOSE SHOT - THE GIRL SINGER

more of her sexy song of amour.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-149 EXT. HANSOM CAB IN PARK - NIGHT (STOCK)

It clip-clops along.

150 INT. BACK OF HANSOM CAB - NIGHT (PROCESS)

with CITY PARK b.g., as Bruce and Kitka holds hands, look at each other soulfully.

KITKA

Dear Comrade...

BRUCE

If there were just some way we could...narrow the gulf between our cultures, Miss Kitka...

KITKA

Da, da!

They press against each other.

Cont.

150 Cont.

BRUCE

This curtain which divides our countries is so foolish! If we could just contrive some fashion of...getting more deeply involved with each other!

151 EXT. BATMOBILE COCKPIT - NIGHT (PROCESS)

SIMILAR PARK b.g. as Alfred and Robin cruise along. Robin's eyes are directed at:

152 INSERT - BATSCANNER SCREEN ON PANEL

on which SAME SHOT of BRUCE and KITKA in cab is BURNED IN on Batscanner Screen. Complete mit sound from little SPEAKER:

KITKA

Da, da! We must search for such a method!

Robin's hand comes INTO SHOT, turns OFF SOUND. Bruce whispers something into Kitka's ear. She looks utterly startled, then laughs super-sexily. Over which:

ROBIN

I don't think it's right for us to listen into this, Alfred. I mean, some things have to be PRIVATE ...even for a crime fighter!

153 EXT. BATMOBILE COCKPIT - NIGHT (PROCESS)

ALFRED

Your discretion is admirable, Master Robin.

(coughs)

Time for **another** check-in, is it not?

ROBIN

Roger!

Robin picks up Mobile Batphone, pushes call button.

154 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's set up as sort of an Operations Center, with a big Gotham City and Environs map, tended by shirt-sleeved COPS with stick-pins, under direction of Chief O'Hara. BATPHONE FLASHES AND BEEPS, Commissioner Gordon grabs it up.

154 Cont.

GORDON

Yes, Boy Wonder?

INTERCUT:

155 BATPHONE CONVERSATION

ROBIN

Batmobile position: Gotham
Central Park, proceeding south
on West Drive. About to pass
Benedict Arnold Monument.

GORDON

Great Scott!. Still in the park?
It's been almost an hour! What
the devil are they doing?

ROBIN

No comment, Commissioner. Let's
just say... no sign of Criminal
Activity.

GORDON

(smiles)

Ah... Yes... I understand...

ROBIN

I've just thought of a clever
ruse, Commissioner. Send
Chief O'Hara up to the roof, have
him flash the Batsignal!

GORDON

Certainly, Boy Wonder. If you
say so. But...why?

ROBIN

When the crooks see it, they'll figure
Batman and I are racing to headquarters.
Thinking we're out of the way might
make them play into our hands with an
immediate strike at Miss Kitka!

X

GORDON

Clever. Devilishly clever!

ROBIN

Thank you, sir. Batmobile, over
and out!

156 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

as Gordon spins and calls:

GORDON

Chief O'Hara! Dash to the roof!
Flash the Batsignal!

O'HARA

Yes sir!

O'Hara salutes, runs out.

BAT WHIP TO:

157 EXT. ROOF - BATSIGNAL PROJECTOR (BATSTOCK)

158 EXT. SKY - BATSIGNAL ON CLOUD (BATSTOCK)

159 INT. BACK OF CAB - NIGHT (PROCESS)

Kitka catches glimpse of something as her lips are about to impinge on Bruce's, peers up and out through window with gasp of wonder.

KITKA

Shades of Smolensk! What is that?

Bruce has a look, reacts with equal startlement.

BRUCE

Incredible! I don't...
(then, digging
Robin's ruse)
Ah. Of course. Clever...

KITKA

X Clever, Comrade Wayne?

Bruce realizes that was near boo-boo, hastens on easily.

BRUCE

X I mean...Clever device...It's the famous Batsignal, Miss Kitka. Flashed from the roof of police headquarters. Batman and Robin must be racing there now in response to it!

Kitka has another glance back up at Batsignal.

A-159

EXT. SKY - BATSIGNAL ON CLOUD (BATSTOCK)

KITKA

(kittenish)

Then you did get the police to
call them in...for my protection.

BRUCE

Eh... Yes.

KITKA

(snuggling up)

How purr-fectly wonderful of you.

B-159 BACK TO BRUCE AND KITKA - HANSOM CAB

Kitka turns from window, puts her face close to Bruce's.

KITKA

I close my eyes and dream of the
savage cossacks, racing over the
steppes on their brutal mission!

BRUCE

How strange. I close my eyes
and...

(closing them)

I dream of something quite...
astonishingly different...

KITKA

Da, da! Keep your eyes closed,
Comrade!

(lips brush
his cheek)

Continue with this dream...!

Bruce sinks back in seat. Kitka does not do likewise. With swift movements, she pulls from her evening coat a largish brooch in shape of a JEWELLED CAT, flips it open. Tiny RADIO TRANSMITTER inside. She pulls a pin from her hair, opens it telescope-fashion to 18" length, sticks it into a socket in cat's head. An antenna. And cat's articulated tail is a MORSE SENDING KEY, on which Kitka quickly starts tapping out a message. During which:

BRUCE

The dream continues...

KITKA

Da...da!

BRUCE

It approaches a climax...

KITKA

Nyet! Not so fast, Comrade...
Be more slow!

BRUCE

Miss Kitka... May I see you
home to that borrowed penthouse
apartment?

BAT WHIP TO:

160 INT. UNITED UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

X Riddler is at powerful Penguin-type radio receiver, wearing earphones. Grouped around him attentively are Penguin, Joker and three piratical thugs, Bluebeard, Morgan and Quetch. DIT-DAH MORSE SOUNDS for a beat or two, then they cease. Riddler snatches off earphones, jumps to his feet.

RIDDLER

X He's swallowed the cat bait!

JOKER

X And now to make him Batbait.

PENGUIN

Messrs. Bluebeard, Morgan, Quetch!
Break out the jet-pack umbrellas!

ALL THREE

Yo-ho-ho!

They race for a closet in b.g.

BAT WHIP TO:

161 INT. KITKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A luxurious penthouse living room, with balcony and lights of Gotham City beyond. Lamps are low, muted music issues from hi-fi. Kitka smiles at Bruce, all but purrs:

KITKA

Excuse me. I'll slip into something more comfortable while your cocoa's warming...

162 INSERT - BATSCANNER SCREEN IN BATMOBILE

Kitka throws her arms around Bruce's neck, presses her lips to his. ROBIN'S HAND darts INTO SHOT, turns a switch. SCREEN GOES BLANK.

163 EXT. ALLEYWAY - PARKED BATMOBILE - NIGHT

ALFRED

Is that prudent, Master Robin?
Our instructions were to keep watch.

ROBIN

I don't know about "prudent", Alfred.
But it's sure as heck the only decent
thing to do!

ALFRED

Perhaps... Perhaps...

As Alfred and Robin settle back comfortably in the cockpit,
CAMERA WHIP-TILTS UP TO:

164 EXT. NIGHT SKY - FLYING CRIMINALS (PROCESS)

Astonishing sight! Riddler, Penguin, Joker, Morgan, Bluebeard, Quetch fly in file across the crescent moon, each with a JET-PACK UMBRELLA strapped flamingly to his back! Riddler, in the lead, looks down through a pair of binoculars.

RIDDLER

There it is! Seventy-third Street
and Concord Avenue!

(calling back)

Follow me! Down to the terrace!

They all reach behind them, turn knobs on their jet-packs.
They begin to sink against the starry sky.

165 INT. KITKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kitka emerges from bedroom in sensational negligee. She stops, stands still as Bruce gulps and swallows and murmurs reverently:

BRUCE

"And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances
And where thy footstep gleams!"

KITKA

Otcha tchomya, Comrade Wayne.

165 Cont.

BRUCE

Edgar Allen Poe, Miss Kitka.
"To One in Paradise", first stanza.

KITKA

That dream you had...

BRUCE

Do we dare?

KITKA

Why not?

BRUCE

Indeed. Why not? What use is a
dream if not a...blueprint for
courageous action?

Kitka is right up against him now.

KITKA

Into action, Comrade!

BRUCE

I have the strangest feeling,
Miss Kitka... I'm about to be...
utterly and madly CARRIED AWAY!

Truer words never spoken. Sudden WHOOSHING and FLUTTERING
and THUDDING SOUNDS from the terrace outside. Kitka and
Bruce spin around. CAMERA PANS FAST. Riddler, Penguin and
Joker bound into room. In rapid succession:

RIDDLER

Greetings!

PENGUIN

This is a kidnapping!

JOKER

Our joke's on you!

166 REACTION SHOT - KITKA

She puts her hands to her face and SHRIEKS.

167 WIDER ANGLE

Riddler bounds over and lays rough hands on Kitka.

BRUCE

You filthy criminals!!!

He flies at Riddler, wallops him. Riddler sails over sofa,
but three pirate henchmen come crashing in from terrace by
way of reinforcement. TREMENDOUS FIGHT ensues with SUPERED
"POW!"-TYPE TITLES as Bruce single-handedly engages the entire
gang. He does pretty good, but odds are a bit high. As
Kitka shrieks, puts on convincing act of being a victim, and
finally comes for Bruce in form of a GRANDFATHER CLOCK wielded
by two thugs, broken in half over Bruce's head.

168 EXT. PARKED BATMOBILE - ALFRED AND ROBIN - NIGHT

Alfred glances at his wrist watch.

ALFRED

Much as one deplores indiscretion,
Master Robin...

ROBIN

You're right, Alfred. I'll just
take one tiny-tiny peek...

Robin reaches for Batscanner knob.

169 INSERT - BATSCANNER SCREEN

as it glows to life. FULL SHOT of Kitka's demolished
living room. There is no one there. Curtains flap in
open terrace doorway.

170 BIG REACTION SHOT - ROBIN AND ALFRED

their heads close together as they gasp.

X

ROBIN

Holy demolition!

ALFRED

Bless my dustpan!!!

171 WIDER ANGLE - FEATURE ROBIN

leaping from Batmobile and grabbing Batarang from
Utility Belt.

ROBIN

Cover the exits, Alfred! I'll race
up there with my Batrope!

ALFRED

Very good, sir!

Robin leans back, arm cocked to throw up Batarang,
suddenly freezes gaping straight up.

172 REACTION SHOT - ROBIN

ROBIN

X

Holy Halloween!

173 EXT. NIGHT SKY - FLYING CRIMINALS (PROCESS)

Like hawks with prey, they're now carrying knocked-out
Bruce, also Kitka in her prettily streaming negligee.
WISPS OF CLOUD blow past them.

174 BACK TO ALLEYWAY - ROBIN

He gawks a moment longer, then comes to life, dives for Batphone, grabs it up.

175 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

as Gordon snatches up his flashing Red Phone.

GORDON

Yes??

ROBIN'S VOICE

(filtered)

Red Alert! Connect me at once with the nearest Air Squadron of the National Guard!

GORDON

Of course! Instantly!
(into another phone)

Bonnie. Would you plug the Batline into sixty-nine - sixty-nine, please?

176 INT. SQUADRON OFFICE - NIGHT

Lone officer on duty, one MAJOR TERRY, passing the time building a model airplane. On the desk a box labeled on one side "Plastic Model Kit" and on the other "Any Child Can Do It." Beside it, a large tube of model airplane glue. His phone RINGS, he picks it up.

TERRY

Duty Officer, Major Terry.

INTERCUT:

177 PHONE CONVERSATION - MAJOR TERRY AND ROBIN

ROBIN

Emergency! Airbourne kidnapping!

Major Terry is instantly on the ball at that.

TERRY

Good gravy! Give me the data!

ROBIN

Six criminals with Jet-Pack Penguin Umbrellas! Estimated altitude, twenty-two hundred!

TERRY

Bearing?

Cont.

177 Cont.

ROBIN

About one-two-oh! Light cloud
cover!

TERRY

We'll nab 'em!

ROBIN

Be careful, Major! They're carry-
ing two victims! Don't shoot, just
force them down!

TERRY

Naturally.

Major Terry puts down phone, picks up microphone and
flicks switch.

TERRY

(into mike)
Squadron...SCRAMBLE!

BAT WHIP TO:

178 EXT. MILITARY AIRFIELD - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT (STOCK)
 showing pilots racing out, JET FIGHTERS TAKING OFF.

179 EXT. JETS AT ALTITUDE - NIGHT (STOCK)
 They thunder through night sky in close formation.

180 EXT. NIGHT SKY - FLYING CRIMINALS (PROCESS)
 as before, carrying Bruce and Kitka.

181 INT. JET COCKPIT - NIGHT (PROCESS)
 Major Terry at controls, flicks on throat-mike or whatever.

TERRY

Tango Leader to Squadron, I
 think I've got 'em on my radar.
 Twelve o'clock high, as we say.

182 CLOSER SHOT - FLYING CRIMINALS
 Riddler in lead, looking back over shoulder.

RIDDLER

Jets on our trail!

PENGUIN

Drat the meddlesome creatures!
 Quick! Up into the clouds!

RIDDLER

What use is that, birdbrain!?
 They have radar!

JOKER

Ho-ho. Lucky you have me along,
 boys!

RIDDLER

Why??

JOKER

I can jam it with my whimsical metallic
 trick confetti... I'm never
 without it!

183 CLOSER ANGLE - JOKER

He starts grabbing METALLIC CONFETTI from pockets, throwing
 it.

184 EXT. CONFETTI AGAINST SKY - NIGHT

A great mass drifting down, glittering in the bright
 moonlight.

185 INT. JET COCKPIT - NIGHT (PROCESS)
Major Terry reacts, fiddles with knobs on instrument panel.

186 INSERT - RADAR SCREEN
going completely BLOOIE.

187 EXT. CONFETTI AGAINST SKY - NIGHT
more of same.

188 INT. JET COCKPIT - NIGHT (PROCESS)
Major Terry fiddles some more, gives up.

TERRY
Tango Leader to Squadron.
They've jammed the radar.
This mission is hopeless.
Break off pursuit, return to
base!

189 EXT. NIGHT SKY - FLYING CRIMINALS (PROCESS)
They look back over shoulders, begin to LAUGH, fly on
through the lovely night.

DISSOLVE TO:

190 INT. ROLLING NEWSPAPER PRESS (STOCK)
HOLD for a beat, then a NEWSPAPER SPINS OUT to fill the
screen. Cries gigantic headline: "BRUCE WAYNE AND COMPANION
KIDNAPPED! ATTRACTIVE GIRL FRIEND SEIZED IN BRAZEN SNATCH!"

BAT WHIP TO:

191 INT. WAYNE MANOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Aunt Harriet, super-crestfallen Dick Grayson, also a somber
gent named MR. PERCY.

AUNT HARRIET
Be brave, Dick. Be courageous..
It's a mark of good breeding.

DICK
Sure. I know that, Aunt Harriet,
but...

Cont.

191 Cont.

AUNT HARRIET
Lands alive. Stop behaving as if this was somehow your fault, Dick Grayson!

(turning)
Mr. Percy. As treasurer of the Wayne Foundation, you can draw checks, can't you?

MR. PERCY
Certainly, Mrs. Cooper.

AUNT HARRIET
Well, then. Kidnly go to the bank at once, draw out ten million dollars in unmarked bills of small denomination. When the ransom demand comes, I intend to be ready!

Front DOOR CHIME SOUNDS. Aunt Harriet jumps, they all turn.

192 INT. FRONT HALL - DAY

Alfred opens door, bleak-faced Commissioner Gordon hurries in.

ALFRED
Good morning, Commissioner.

GORDON
Alas, Alfred. No. A singularly bad morning...Only one silver lining to our cloud. Miss Kitka was happily incognito last night, otherwise I hate to think what frigid blasts we'd be receiving from the Kremlin!

193 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

as Gordon enters, goes toward Aunt Harriet.

GORDON
My dear Mrs. Cooper...Dick. Mr. Percy...I can only tell you that every effort was made. Still is being made. What more can I do?

AUNT HARRIET
(bit tart)
You could call Batman, Commissioner.

Cont.

193 Cont.

GORDON

Call him?? Do you think I've not
tried, Mrs. Cooper?

(marching to
phone, dialing)

Not a word from him since the
dreadful hour! The Batsignal
was turned on till dawn, I've been
telephoning every...

(to phone)

I'm at Wayne Manor, Bonnie. Plug
this into the Batphone Hot-Line,
try once again, will you?...

Thanks.

(to room)

Where is Batman, in this time
of need? Where is Robin, the
Boy Wonder?

DICK

Gosh. I think I left my electric
toothbrush running...

Dick turns, hastens out of living room.

194 INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - DAY

Batphone in f.g. starts FLASHING. Dick comes running into
study, closes door, dashes over and picks up Batphone
receiver.

DICK

Hello, Commissioner.

INTERCUT:

195 PHONE CONVERSATION - LIVING ROOM AND STUDY

GORDON

Boy Wonder! Thank heavens!
Tell Batman to leap into the
Batmobile, meet me at Wayne Manor
instantly!

DICK

I'm afraid that's...impossible,
Commissioner.

GORDON

What? Impossible? Why??

Cont.

195 Cont.

DICK

Well...the truth is... Batman's
down with the flu.

GORDON

Surely you're joking, Boy Wonder!
Batman down with...

Dick cuts in with angry frustration:

DICK

Look, Commissicner! How often do
we have to tell you? Batman and
I are perfectly ordinary mortals!
We bleed, we feel, we get sick...
just like anyone else!

Dick bangs down phone, starts fast from study.

196

INT. LIVING ROOM - FEATURE GORDON

open-mouthed, holding dead phone. As he puts it down,
Dick comes hurrying back in.

GORDON

Astonishing. The Boy Wonder
actually...snapped at me! It
can only mean...Batman's condition
must be grave.

BAT WHIP TO:

197 INT. U.U. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

OPEN MED. CLOSE on Bruce, disheveled from battle, sprawled on sofa unconscious, with arms bound firmly behind his back. CAMERA MOVES off Bruce to Joker who's kneeling nearby, working on a section of floor with big screwdriver. HOLD for a moment, then CAMERA PANS to Catwoman and Riddler at table. They seem nervous and uneasy.

CATWOMAN

Strange.. Batman should've been here hours ago.

RIDDLER

Maybe you didn't leave a clear enough clue in your apartment...

CATWOMAN

Of course I did!
(troubled)
I can't understand why Batman hasn't dashed into our trap...

198 FEATURE JOKER

He gives screw in floor last twist, looks around.

JOKER

All set! He puts his foot... here. My secret jack-in-the-box fires, shooting him up through the skylight into Penguin's giant umbrella! What a humorous death!

199 EXT. TAVERN ROOF - DAY

A really GIGANTIC UMBRELLA has been set up, held in open position by guy wires over a skylight. Penguin is up on a ladder set against umbrella handle, merrily painting the underside.

200 CLOSER SHOT - PENGUIN

Now we get closer view of Penguin's paint drum. It bears a skull and crossbones device, also prominent lettering: "FATAL UMBRELLA POISON!" Humming as he works, Penguin slaps on a last dollop of Umbrella Poison, puts top back on his paint drum and starts down the ladder.

201 INT. HEADQUARTERS - BRUCE

His head stirs, he opens his eyes woozily.

202 HIS P.O.V. - BLURRED EFFECT

as room swims, then JUMPS INTO FOCUS. Catwoman, Joker and Riddler all turn at Bruce's horse cry:

BRUCE

You abominable outlaws! WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE WITH MISS KITKA?!

203 CLOSE SHOT - CATWOMAN

She's in her criminal tights and pussy-mask, and thus wholly unrecognizable as anyone but the vile Catwoman she is. Faint smile flickers on her lips.

CATWOMAN

She's quite well, Mr. Wayne.

204 FEATURE BRUCE

BRUCE

I swear by heaven, if you've
harmed that girl...
(blue murder)
I'LL KILL YOU ALL! I'll REND
YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!!

Bruce lurches off sofa despite his arm-bound state, charges at crooks like a brave bull. As table goes crashing and crooks leap out of way, Penguin appears on steep stairway which descends from roof door in one corner.

PENGUIN

Faugh! Can't you control this
impulsive fellow??

Joker steps aside from renewed bull-like charge, sticks out a foot and LAUGHS GAILY as Bruce takes header into nearest wall. Bruce comes up shouting:

BRUCE

WHERE IS SHE, CATWOMAN? SHOW
ME MISS KITKA OR I'LL WRECK
THIS PLACE WITH MY DYING
BREATH!!

A beat as Catwoman regards the enraged creature, then she speaks in soft but commanding tone to the others:

CATWOMAN

Blindfold the captive. Lead him
down the labyrinthine path to...
Chamber Seventeen!

Cont.

204 Cont.

Crooks gawk an instant, then leap into action. Joker produces a prepared blindfold, whips it over Bruce's head.

205 FEATURE CATWOMAN

She darts behind an intriguingly translucent screen, begins to rapidly change clothes.

206 FEATURE BRUCE

as Riddler and Penguin seize his hands.

JOKER

Follow me to Miss Kitka!

PENGUIN

This way, sir...

RIDDLER

Do watch your step, sir...

French farce bit ensues as merry crooks lead stumbling, blindfold Bruce in first-rate simulation of a labyrinthine route: actually no further than adjoining room, the two doors of which are passed through several times in varying sequence and direction. CAMERA PANS OFF THIS to screen at other end. "False Kitka" emerges, attired in last night's negligee. She runs on catlike feet right past zig-zagging Bruce and guides, ducks into adjoining room.

207 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - DAY

Another cozy little parlor, this one with a big brass bed. Boards are securely nailed over windows, blocking view. Catwoman/Kitka comes running in with Joker. Latter speedily binds her wrists behind back, runs out again. Kitka throws herself on bed, jerks her head in a signal. Penguin and Riddler pull Bruce into room.

RIDDLER

Two minutes! No longer!

Penguin snatches off Bruce's blindfold as Riddler gives Bruce push toward bed, on which our hero crashes as two crooks dart out and slam the door.

208 CLOSER ANGLE - BRUCE AND KITKA

BRUCE

(heartfelt)

Miss Kitka...

KITTY

Comrade Wayne...!

108

209 INT. MAIN HEADQUARTERS ROOM - DAY

RIDDLER

Quick, Penguin! Turn on the
Secret Microphone!

PENGUIN

Yo-ho! Quack-quack!

JOKER

(thoughtful)

I don't entirely trust our
pretty Catwoman.. Many a plot
has foundered when some hardened
female criminal fell for a
civilian ----

The nasty threesome gather close around electronic gizmo
at which Penguin is turning dials. BRUCE'S VOICE emerges
from a speaker:

BRUCE'S VOICE

I'll curse myself forever,
Miss Kitka. This nasty soup
we're in is largely of my own
brewing...

210 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - BRUCE AND KITKA

BRUCE

(going on)

If I hadn't let your beauty lull
me off guard...

Bruce stops, Kitka's eyes narrow slightly.

KITKA

"Off guard," Comrade?

BRUCE

There are some things I can't
disclose, Miss Kitka, but...

(super-grim)

Suffice it to say, we're in the
hands of the underworld's most
vicious foursome. I fear we have
nothing to look forward to but...
death.

Kitka stares at his black visage, softens a bit.

Cont.

210 Cont.

X

KITKA

It may not be that black,
Comrade Wayne. Batman and Robin
are probably hot on our trail.
From something I chanced to
overhear, I think..

211 INT. HEADQUARTERS ROOM - GROUP AT SPEAKER

KITKA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I think you and I are merely
bait for Batman. Once he's in
their trap, we'll be released.

PENGUIN

Drat the woman! She's spilling
the beans!

RIDDLER

One more slip and she'll be sorry!!

His face murderous, Riddler grabs a pistol from a drawer,
cocks it noisily.

212 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - BRUCE AND KITKA

BRUCE

A slender hope, Miss Kitka.
More slender than you can know.

KITKA

You don't think Batman will get
here?

BRUCE

X That I cannot say... Tell
me...

(thinking)

Did you overhear any mention of
any...other prisoner of this
rotten gang?

Kitka, wide-eyed, shakes her head.

KITKA

No I didn't, Mr. Wayne. Who on
earth could you mean?

213 INT. MAIN HEADQUARTERS ROOM - THE GROUP

A BONG-BONG CHIME SOUNDS.

RIDDLER

Commander Redhead. Ringing
for his tea...

As Joker heads from room, BRUCE'S VOICE comes from the speaker:

Cont.

213 Cont.

BRUCE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Just a thought, Miss **Kitka**. It doesn't matter. Speedy escape is our only hope. A moment, while I think...

214 INT. PHONEY STATEROOM - DAY

Commander Redhead doesn't seem to have stirred since we last saw him, still reclines on bunk with volume of Dickens. KNOCK on door.

REDHEAD

Come in, Steward!

Joker enters with tea-tray.

JOKER

Your tea and crumpets, sir.

REDHEAD

Dashed invigorating, this sea air. Gives me an appetite like a horse! Any report when this blasted fog's going to lift?

JOKER

Quite soon I think, sir. Oh, it could be quite soon!

215 INT. HEADQUARTERS ROOM - GROUP AT SPEAKER

reacting, as BRUCE'S VOICE suddenly jumps out:

BRUCE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I've got it! Why didn't I think of it sooner??

216 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - BRUCE AND KITKA

KITKA

Of what, Comrade Wayne?

BRUCE

(excitedly)

Up my left sleeve! I have a tiny radio transmitter strapped above my elbow!

KITKA

What a curious device to carry...

216 Cont.

BRUCE

Not at all, Miss Kitka. Capitalists like myself, who carry sums of money, often have such safety contrivances. If I can just get at it somehow...

217 INT. MAIN HEADQUARTERS ROOM - GROUP AT SPEAKER

now including Joker, returned, as BRUCE'S VOICE continues urgently:

BRUCE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Quickly...let's wriggle around back to back...maybe you can get at it with your fingers...

Riddler leaps to his feet.

RIDDLER

Joker! Penguin! Bring him back!

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

218 INT. MAIN HEADQUARTERS ROOM - FEATURE BRUCE

blindfolded again, being rapidly led around stumbling by crooks, in repeat of labyrinthine-route gimmick. Kitka is already behind screen, completing quick-change back to Catwoman role. They give Bruce final dizzying spin-about.

PENGUIN

Here we are, sir...

JOKER

Hello again!

Joker whips off blindfold, leaving Bruce facing a grinning Riddler.

RIDDLER

Think you're pretty clever,
Mr. Wayne, don't you?

BRUCE

(spits it out)

Clever enough to outwit you, you
stupid thug!

RIDDLER

We'll see about that...

(soft)

Dear colleagues: let's see what's
strapped about this fellow's LEFT
ELBOW, shall we?

Chortling Joker whips off ties holding Bruce's arms, in order to remove jacket and expose secret transmitter. WHAMMMO!!! Bruce moves like uncoiled lightning, butts Riddler over piece of furniture, swings around and clobbers Penguin. During which:

BRUCE

Credulous creatures! I knew you'd
be listening in! I told that fish
story about a radio to MAKE YOU
UNTIE MY ARMS!

219 VARIOUS ANGLES - BIG FIGHT

Bruce has at the three criminals: now with full use of his mighty freed fists. SUPER "POW"-TYPE TITLES here and there.

220 FEATURE PENGUIN

He dives for a microphone, seizes it and shouts:

Cont.

220 Cont.

PENGUIN

Mr. Bluebeard! Mr. Morgan!
To arms! To---

Zowie! Bruce wallops him flippers over teakettle, spins to have further at others.

221 FEATURE CATWOMAN

darting from behind screen, yelling:

CATWOMAN

You mollycoddles! GET HIM!!!!

222 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - BRUCE

crashing in, shouting:

BRUCE

Miss Kitka! WHERE ARE YOU?!?

Catwoman flies at him from behind. He throws her over his shoulder onto the bed, spins around to face new attack by Joker.

223 INT. MAIN HEADQUARTERS ROOM

Fists and unanchored objects fly with abandon. Much destruction. Groggy Riddler gets hold of pistol, OPENS FIRE. Bruce ducks shots nimbly, but this is getting serious: even his fists can't fight firearms. He throws a chair at Riddler, knocks Joker down umpteenth time, kicks out a window and DIVES THROUGH IT.

224 EXT. FRONT OF BENBOW TAVERN - DAY

Bruce lands from second story, picks himself up like a flash, whirls and looks back up at tavern window for an instant. Then he whirls again, shouts down street:

BRUCE

Taxi! Taxi! Taxi!

BAT WHIP TO:

225 INT. WAYNE MANOR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Commissioner Gordon and Dick Grayson, sitting under pall of gloom. SOUND of front door opening. They leap up, turn, react as super-disheveled Bruce stumbles in.

GORDON

Great day in the morning!

DICK

Bruce!

BRUCE

Come on, Dick! I'm back just in time for that...important demonstration at the fish hatchery!

DICK

Right!

GORDON

But... Great Scott, Bruce! You can't run off now! How did you escape?? Where were you held?

BRUCE

I escaped with the aid of BATMAN!

GORDON

Thank heavens. The Caped Crusader, returned to health!

BRUCE

Yes, Commissioner. And you'd better return to headquarters, he might wish to call you. Good-by!

226 INT. WAYNE MANOR HALL - DAY

Bruce and Dick scamper for study, Gordon dashes out front door.

227 INT. BRUCE'S STUDY - DAY

Bruce and Dick race in, activate secret switch, zoom down Batpoles.

228 INT. BATCAVE

Batman and Robin emerge, jump in Batmobile, fire it up and vroom up the ramp.

229 EXT. BATCAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Batmobile hurtles out, turns down road.

230 EXT. BATMOBILE COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

BATMAN

Stop blaming yourself, Robin!
It was a perfectly natural and
sensitive impulse that made
you turn off that Batscanner!

ROBIN

Maybe so, but...

BATMAN

Forget it! Concentrate on the
task ahead! Headquarters United
Underworld...above Ye Olde Benbow
Tavern!

ROBIN

Are you sure it was right not
to tell the police?

BATMAN

I couldn't risk it. They still
hold Miss Kitka. The crude methods
of a police-raid might jeopardize
that girl's life, plunge us all into
a ghastly International Incident!

ROBIN

You're right, Batman!
(thinking)
What'll we do? Use our Batropes,
bust in via the roof?

BATMAN

Correct!
(reaching forward)
Hold on, Robin! I'm cutting in
the Super-Speed Afterburner!

BAT WHIP TO:

231 INT. UNDERWORLD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

where Penguin temporarily is center of attention in
the shambles left by Bruce. As SHOT OPENS, he is
evidently finishing a speech:

Cont.

231 Cont.

PENGUIN

And so, my fine finkish friends.
You've heard my astounding pro-
posal. What do you say?

Riddler, Joker, Catwoman look at him a beat, then all
bend over chart laid out on table.

RIDDLER

One thing's certain: our strike
cannot be postponed! We're at the
mercy of the Gotham River tides.

JOKER

Riddler's right, for once. It's
now or never, if we're to get
through this channel!

PENGUIN

Make up your minds! Batman will
never come here now...but the
police will...any instant! Yes
or no to Penguin's princely
plan???

CATWOMAN

I say it's crazy, but... I
say let **us try it!**

X

RIDDLER

Go ahead, Penguin...

PENGUIN

Mr. Joker! Put a knockout drop
in Commander Redhead's tea! Take
him down to the submarine!

JOKER

Yo-ho!

As Joker races out on his mission, Penguin spins and
calls through another door:

PENGUIN

Mr. Quetch! Step lively with
your Combat Party!

232 NEW ANGLE

Quetch and FOUR SAILORS race in, snap to attention and
bellow in lusty unison:

Cont.

232. Cont.

SAILORS

Yo-ho-ho, sir!

233 FEATURE PENGUIN

He pulls open a closet, lugs out a strange device. It looks like a converted canister vacuum cleaner, but more complex and intriguing-looking. Lettering on it says:
"SCHLEPPES DISTILLERY - TOTAL DEHYDRATOR"

PENGUIN

Quackkk...Quackkk... Commander Redhead's
Piece de no-Resistance..... An
Instant Whiskey maker!

RIDDLER

(gleefully)
Waiting for us to put it to more
universal use.

PENGUIN

Help me... Take the back-pack...

RIDDLER

I've got it!

Riddler slips the elaborate device onto his back by shoulder-
straps, turns a switch. WHINNING SOUND heard, combined
with ominous very rapid GLUG-GLUG-GLUG of a sucker. Penguin
turns projector-nozzle gizmo towards Quetch and party.

PENGUIN

Don't be afraid. You'll feel
nothing. I am merely going to
temporarily extract EVERY BIT OF
MOISTURE from your bodies!

Penguin triggers gun, a NOISY RAY leaps out.

234 QUETCH AND PARTY - SPECIAL EFFECT

As RAY plays over them, the five men SHIMMER CRAZILY and
SUDDENLY TOTALLY DISAPPEAR.

235 FEATURE PENGUIN

He lowers ray gun, races over to where the fellows stood,
looks down.

PENGUIN

Delightful!

236 HIS P.O.V. - THE FLOOR

where Quetch and Sailors stood, there are now FIVE LITTLE MOUNDS OF COLORED DUST.

RIDDLER

(o.s.)

Totally dehydrated...

237 BACK TO SCENE

PENGUIN

Catwoman. Fetch a dustpan. Place each one of them very carefully in a separate vial!

CATWOMAN

Right!

Catwoman scuttles to comply.

PENGUIN

Then down to the submarine, all of you! I'll set a demolition charge to welcome the police!

RIDDLER

Where do we meet?

PENGUIN

UNITED WORLD BUILDING on Gotham East River. Thirty-ninth floor, I'll be waiting at the elevator! In precisely one hour...

238 FEATURE CATWOMAN

She hurries INTO SHOT again, holding FIVE LITTLE GLASS VIALS and a dustpan. She starts to brush up the dust.

PENGUIN

Mere criminal genius, Catwoman!

(leering at
the vials)

Who but a genius could devise such a plan? To trick Batman and Robin into inviting ME into the Batcave... with five dehydrated death-dealing pirates at my command. Quack-quack!

BAT WHIP TO:

239 EXT. REAR OF BENBOW TAVERN - DAY

Batmobile whines up fast, brakes to a stop NEAR CAMERA.
Robin looks up over windshield, reacting.

ROBIN

Holy cats-and-dogs...

240 EXT. TAVERN ROOF - THEIR P.O.V. - DAY

Penguin's MONSTER UMBRELLA is still set up amid gables and chimneys, held by its guy wires.

241 BACK TO BATMAN AND ROBIN

ROBIN

Holy mud-puddle... I smell a
Penguin in this woodpile!

BATMAN

Let's cook the foul bird's goose,
Robin. Some other geese too.
Out Batarang and Batrope! We'll
go up the end wall!

They move swiftly to end wall of tavern, Batman cocks arm
and throws up Batarang.

242 CLOSE SHOT - CHIMNEY - DAY

Batarang and trailing line whips around it.

243 BACK TO BATMAN AND ROBIN

They yank tight the Batrope, start up into:

244 EXT. BATCLIMB EFFECT - DAY

ROBIN

Amazing someone hasn't already
reported that Giant Umbrella to
the police, Batman.

BATMAN

It's a low neighborhood. Full of
rum-pots. They're used to curious
sights which they attribute to
alcoholic delusions.

ROBIN

Gosh. Drink is sure a filthy thing,
isn't it? I'd rather be dead than...
unable to trust my own eyes!

245 EXT. TAVERN ROOF - DAY

Batman and Robin come up over gutter, gain the roof.

ROBIN

Think we ought to check out
that umbrella?

BATMAN

Later! Our first chore is to
crash in and rescue Miss Kitka!

ROBIN

Look...There's a skylight...

246 CLOSER ANGLE - NEAR SKYLIGHT

which is under spread of great umbrella. Batman and
Robin creep INTO SHOT, crouch down to have a peek.

BATMAN

(whisper)

All right, now... Ready with
Super-Blinding Batpellets...
We'll crash this in and-----

He breaks off abruptly, reacting.

247 INT. U.U. HEADQUARTERS - DOWN SHOT - ZOOMING

down from SKYLIGHT P.O.V. to BIG CLOSEUP of demolition
charge, LABELED as such in stenciled letters. It's in
form of old-style anarchist's bomb but vastly bigger, a
globe about three feet in diameter. A fuse is BURNING
MERRILY down towards hole.

248 TIGHT REACTION SHOT - BATMAN

BATMAN

Robin!! Away!! DOWN THE BATROPE!

249 WIDER ANGLE

Robin jumps up instantly, dashes for edge of roof and
Batrope. He turns, sees Batman wrenching at skylight.

ROBIN

Batman!!! Come on!!!

No reply. Batman hurls skylight frame over shoulder,
JUMPS DOWN through opening.

250 INT. U.U. HEADQUARTERS - BATMAN'

lands from skylight, dashes to the bomb. Just as he snatches at it, BURNING PART of fuse vanishes INSIDE BOMB. Batman grabs up the huge globe as if it were a toy balloon, runs to window and raises his arms to throw out the infernal machine. He freezes.

251 EXT. COURTYARD - BATMAN'S P.O.V.

There are FOUR or FIVE LITTLE CHILDREN there, gaily chanting and playing hopscotch or whatever.

252 BACK TO ROOM - BATMAN

Carrying bomb, which emits SPUTTERING SPARKS and SMOKE from fuse-hole, Batman races to closed exit door, crashes it open with his shoulder.

253 INT. TAVERN DOWNSTAIRS - SHOOTING UP - DAY

over same DISORDERLY ROISTERERS who packed the joint before, as Batman crashes into view at top of winding stairway in corner. He bellows at the mob:

BATMAN
Quick! Everyone! FLEE FOR YOUR
LIVES! INTO THE STREET!

SHRIEKS and pell-mell dash for swinging doors, as Batman himself vaults stairway railing and follows.

254 EXT. FRONT OF TAVERN - FULL SHOT - DAY

SAILORS and SLEAZY FEMMES come piling out, YELLING, in a monster panic. Batman, still holding sputtering bomb, herds the last of them out, then races through the pack down the street TOWARD CAMERA. He again lifts bomb to hurl it, freezes again.

255 EXT. STREET - OVER BATMAN'S SHOULDER

SEVERAL NUNS are walking towards him. Sisters of Mercy, obviously, bent on good works in this repulsive district.

256 NEW ANGLE - BATMAN

Can't throw bomb away there either, obviously. He turns and runs around a nearby intersection. He lifts bomb, then stops IN FRONT OF CAMERA and freezes yet again.

257 BATMAN'S P.O.V. - OTHER STREET SECTION

There's a SALVATION ARMY TRIO on the curb, puffing and pounding on their instruments. Some days, it's darn hard to get rid of a bomb.

258 BACK TO BATMAN AND BOMB

A LOW WHISTLE begins INSIDE BOMB, RISING in pitch. More VIGOROUS SMOKE comes from bomb. As WHINE GETS VERY HIGH, Batman turns again and runs madly down an alleyway TOWARDS THE HARBOR. He sprints OUT OF FRAME. One-second interval, no more, then there's a really TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. Smoke and HUGE WATERSPOUT from harbor.

259 EXT. SEAWALL AT EDGE OF HARBOR - DAY

Robin comes racing INTO SHOT, peers with horror into smoke and roiled water.

ROBIN

Batman!! BATMAN!!

Batman appears, rising from behind a low piece of wall at right angles to main seawall, dusting himself off complacently.

X

BATMAN

Whew. Fortunate there was a seawall to protect me.

ROBIN

(awed)

Holy strait jacket, Batman! You risked your life to save that...riff-raff in the bar!

BATMAN

They may be drinkers, Robin. But they're also human beings, and might still be salvaged. I had to do it.

(bitterly)

And now we've lost the trail of that angelic Miss Kitka! Stranded without a clue!

No sooner uttered than we hear a BRITISH-ACCENTED VOICE o.s.

VOICE

I say, could you chaps direct me to a policeman?

Batman and Robin spin around, freeze in amazement.

260 WHAT THEY SEE

Fellow in front of them wears a deerstalker hat and Inverness cape, has a RED BEARD and MOUSTACHE: but aside

Cont.

260 Cont.

from that, is absolute spit-and-image of THE PENGUIN!
Nose, monocle, cigarette-holder, rolled umbrella, the
whole bit. He beams at them, holds out a hand.

PENGUIN

(Redhead accent)

Commander Redhead's the name.
Schlepp's Whisky, y'know. I've
just escaped from some ruffians
in a submarine.

261 BATMAN AND ROBIN

They gape an instant, then turn and put their heads
together for quick whispered confab.

ROBIN

X Holy costume-party! That's **THE**
PENGUIN!

BATMAN

Obviously!

ROBIN

What's his game, I wonder??

262 WIDER ANGLE

as they break up confab, and Batman snaps:

BATMAN

What's your game...Penguin??

PENGUIN

Penguin? My name's Redhead,
dear boy.

BATMAN

Your fingerprints will settle that
hash, Penguin. We'll check them
against our Mobile Anti-Crime File
in the Batmobile. Let's see your
hands...

Penguin affably extends hands, palms up.

ROBIN

Gosh! Looks like...plastic-
coated fingertips!

Cont.

262. Cont.

X

PENGUIN

I scorched myself pressing a waistcoat.
I believe the attending surgeon
did use plastic...

ROBIN

It looks bad, Batman. This brassy
bird has us buffaloed.

BATMAN

Not quite. There's one mode of
identification which no criminal
can evade...

PENGUIN

(inserting himself)

Retinal Eye-Patterns?

BATMAN

(to Robin)

X

He's right, Robin! The pattern of the
myriad, tiny blood vessels on the
retina of the eye...as individual
as a fingerprint!

PENGUIN

Don't you have a complete Anti-
Criminal Eye-Pattern Master File
in your fabulous Batcave? Why
don't you take me there?

ROBIN

X

You'd be willing to submit yourself
to a test?

PENGUIN

(changes tone)

Why not! Could be an amusing
experience, don't y'know.

BATMAN

Get ready to catch him, Robin.
I'll give him the Batgas.

PENGUIN

Eh?? What?? Batgas???

Cont.

262 Cont.1

BATMAN

A harmless anaesthetic. To prevent you from seeing the entrance to the Batcave!

ROBIN

If anyone knew that, he could pierce the secret of our True Identities!

Batman has aerosol can of Batgas from Utility Belt.

BATMAN

Ready...Commander??

PENGUIN

What deuced strange customs you colonials have! I'm ready.

Spwiff! Batman lets go shot of Batgas into Penguin's face. The creature slumps into Robin's arms, instantly unconscious. Batman heaves Penguin up over his shoulder like proverbial sack of meal.

BATMAN

Come on. To the Batmobile!
This could be the break we've been looking for!

BAT WHIP TO:

263 INT. BATCAVE

Batmobile comes down ramp, stops on turntable.
Penguin/Redhead is wedged into front seat between
Dynamic Duo, still out cold.

264 CLOSER ANGLE

ROBIN

(looking at Penguin)

He's the Penguin all right! I
wonder why he let us bring him
here.

BATMAN

We'll soon find out.

ROBIN

I'll set up the Anti-Crime
Eye-Checker!

BATMAN

(after him)

Stay on the alert, Robin!
After I give him this Batwake,
we must be ready for anything.

Robin runs over to prepare machine. Batman comes around
to snoozing Penguin with spray-can of BATWAKE, lifts
slumped head and SHOOTS A WHIFF into it. Penguin wakes
instantly, blinks.

265 PENGUIN'S P.O.V. - WIDE PANNING SHOT

over fabulous Batcave and its blinking gimmickry.

PENGUIN

(o.s. drawl)

Extraordin'ry...Upon my soul,
simply extraordin'ry... Might
I have a glass of water?

266 FEATURE PENGUIN

PENGUIN

(going on)

Your Batgas has left me with a
somewhat...parched sensation.

BATMAN

(pointing)

Over there. The Drinking Water
Dispenser is clearly marked.

Cont.

266 Cont.

PENGUIN

Ah. Yes. I see it...

267 NEW ANGLE

X featuring DRINKING WATER DISPENSER, which indeed is clearly marked. In addition to main nameplate, there are further controls prominently labeled: "SALINITY INDEX," "ANTI-DECAY FLUORIDES," "TEMPERATURE," "pH VALUE" and "RATE OF FLOW." Penguin ambles up to this ne-plus-ultra of drinking fountains, inspects it approvingly, then has a quick look back over his shoulder. There is a prominent main control lever that can be moved one direction to "Normal Water" and the other direction to "Heavy Water". It is set at "Heavy Water."

268 HIS P.O.V. - BATMAN

across Batcave, standing there and watching him.

BATMAN

Help yourself...Commander.
Slake your thirst! You'll have
worse than a dry throat when
we're through with you!

269 BACK TO PENGUIN

PENGUIN

Perhaps... Perhaps...

Penguin turns back to Batman to block off his view, feigns taking a long drink of water as his hands go into swift action. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE. From fold of his cape, Penguin whips a clip holding FIVE LITTLE GLASS VIALS OF COLORED DUST. Stuck through cork of each is a rubber tube, leading to a connection where all tube-branches join. He jams main end of gadget over water spout of fountain.

270 FEATURE ROBIN

at labeled ANTI-CRIME EYE-CHECKER, a complicated optometrist's nightmare.

ROBIN

All set, Batman!

BATMAN

Come on, Penguin! Time to rip
off your false feathers!

271 FEATURE PENGUIN

PENGUIN

Coming, my dear Batman! Coming
at once!

Penguin gives "RATE OF FLOW" control a twist, hurries
away PAST CAMERA.

272 CLOSE SHOT - THE FIVE VIALS - SPECIAL EFFECT

Water pours in under pressure, hits the dust inside.
Lo! The vials pop, dust is instantaneously reconsti-
tuted into MR. QUETCH and FOUR SAILORS of piratical
Combat Party.

273 REACTION SHOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN

spinning at the SPWOOOOF! SOUND which accompanies
re-hydration, goggling.

ROBIN

Holy hallucination...

BATMAN

I wish it were, Robin! It's not!
It's five de-hydrated pirates...
RE-HYDRATED!

274 MR. QUETCH AND CREW

QUETCH

At 'em, me hearties! Shiver 'em
from stem to stern!

SAILORS

(unison)
Yo-ho-ho!

Fivesome dashes across at Dynamic Duo.

275 WIDE ANGLE - FIGHT - WITH SPECIAL EFFECT

Batman and Robin dash across at Quetch and Company, as
Penguin scurries to safe roost on Atomic Pile ladder.
Fight is brief and astonishing. Batman gives one wallop
to leader, who instantly POPS LIKE A BALLOON AND VANISHES.
As Robin hits the next, DITTO EFFECT. Then the remaining
trio bump into each other in confusion. POP-POP-POP! THEY
VANISH TOO! Accompanying this is WEIRD THEREMIN SOUND like
a MILLION HARP STRINGS SNAPPING.

276- OUT
279

280 REACTION SHOT - PENGUIN

He can't believe his eyes, makes a choked sound:

PENGUIN

Faugh....

281 REACTION SHOT - ROBIN

ROBIN

Holy rabbit-in-the-hat... The pirates! They're all gone! Popped like balloons!

282 HIGH SHOT

It is true. No sign of Quetch and Company, just Batman and Robin and Penguin perched on pile.

283 NEW ANGLE - FEATURE BATMAN

ROBIN

What happened, Batman???

BATMAN

It's obvious.

(sniffs)

Smell that curious residue in the air?

ROBIN

(sniffs)

Smells like...Deuterium, Type Gamma-3...

BATMAN

X

Whoever dehydrated those pirates could not foresee their accidental rehydration the HEAVY WATER we employ for recharging our Atomic Pile.

ROBIN

Holy see-saw! Which naturally left them in a HIGHLY UNSTABLE condition!

BATMAN

You saw it yourself. The slightest impact was sufficient to reduce them instantly to ANTI-MATTER.

Cont.

283 Cont.

ROBIN

(awed)
Anti-Matter... Then they won't
be coming back...

BATMAN

No, Robin. Not in this universe.
Let it be an object lesson in
the danger of tampering with
the Laws of Nature...

He trails off, he and Robin both look up. CAMERA PANS
to THEIR P.O.V.: Penguin on the ladder, a very unhappy-
looking bird.

284 BATMAN AND ROBIN

Robin reaches for Batarang, snatches it out. Batman
puts out a restraining hand, speaks up toward Penguin
without slightest trace of irony this time:

BATMAN

My apologies, Commander Redhead.
It's clear I've done you a cruel
injustice.

ROBIN

?????

285 PENGUIN

who looks equally flabbergasted at that.

PENGUIN

You...have???

286 FEATURE BATMAN

BATMAN

X You were duped, brain washed. The
criminals planted those Dehydrated Thugs
on your person. You were obviously under
the influence of posthypnotic suggestion
when you rehydrated them.

(gravely)

Come on down, Commander. I'll give
you another whiff of Batgas, we'll
all return to the city.

BAT WHIP TO:

287 EXT. BATMOBILE COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

Penguin/Redhead, anaesthetized, is wedged between Batman and Robin as Batmobile speeds against RURAL PROCESS B.G.

ROBIN

Are you sure you...didn't hurt your head in that fight, Batman?

BATMAN

Perfectly. Swallow this pill...

Batman fishes a pill from Utility Belt BELOW SHOT, hands it to Robin. Robin dutifully gulps it down. Batman reaches down, produces aerosol-can.

BATMAN

(going on)

Now then, just as we round this curve... Give our friend a whiff of Batwake...

Batmobile rounds curve. Robin sends SPRAY into Penguin's face. Penguin awakes, Batman simultaneously looks down at instruments and reaches for switches.

ROBIN

What's wrong, Batman?

BATMAN

Manifold Pressure dropping... I think we'd better stop and check it...

288 EXT. ROAD - DAY

Batmobile coasts INTO SHOT and stops on shoulder NEAR CAMERA. In b.g. is a SMALLISH SHED with big writing on it: "GOTHAM CITY PUBLIC WORKS DEPT." Batman speaks to Penguin, starting to get out:

BATMAN

Sorry, Commander. Won't be a minute...

289 CLOSER SHOT - PENGUIN

PENGUIN

Oh yes, you will!

Crafty bird moves like lightning, raises his rolled umbrella, squeezes handle. Jet of COLORED GAS SPURTS OUT. Batman clutches at his throat, tumbles insensible into road.

Cont.

289 Cont.

ROBIN

Hey!!!

Pwiff! Robin, rising in seat, gets another SPURT OF GAS, tumbles out of cockpit on the other side.

PENGUIN

Yo-ho! Quack-quack! Away we go in the BIRDMOBILE!

Penguin slips over into driver's seat, hits throttle.

290 EXT. ROAD - BATMOBILE

It zooms away in a cloud of UNDERCRANKED dust, vanishes around nearby bend. CAMERA PANS BACK FAST to Batman and Robin, sprawled. They sit up abruptly, jump to their feet.

BATMAN

Okay, Robin?

ROBIN

Sure am, Batman! Thanks to that ANTI-PENGUIN-GAS PILL!

BATMAN

The pompous fool... He's played right into our hands! Quick now! Via BATCYCLE to the BATCOPTER! We'll track him to the gang's new hideout!

Batman and Robin dash to that little shed beside the road, throw open end door and run inside. Powerful VROOMING ENGINE SOUND is heard. Scarcely a moment later, BATCYCLE roars out, Batman over the handlebars, Robin holding on for dear life in the sidecar.

BAT WHIP TO:

291 EXT. AIRPORT - BATCOPTER IN F.G. - DAY

It's all ready for take off, rotors idling. Batcycle comes lickety-split across the tarmac. Robin separates his "go-car" from the side car and Batman draws up at one side of the Batcopter - Robin at the other. They leap out and climb aboard.

BAT WHIP TO:

292 EXT. FLYING BATCOPTER - DAY

ESTABLISHING it in flight once more.

293 INT. BATCOPTER - DAY (PROCESS)

where Robin is bent over radar-like gadget.

ROBIN

Batscanner, tracking stolen
Batmobile perfectly...

BATMAN

I'll keep an eye on that. You
man the Batphone, activate the
Remote Control Intercontinental
Relay Link in the Batcave. Get
me Commander Redhead's office...
London, England!

BAT WHIP TO:

294 EXT. SUBMERGED SUBMARINE (STOCK)

The deadly craft noses cautiously along amidst various
NATURAL UNDERWATER OBSTACLES.

295 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

Catwoman, Riddler, Joker, also Bluebeard and Morgan
manning assorted controls. LOUD PONGING of SONAR and
so on, atmosphere highly tense.

JOKER

Port, two degrees, then steady
as she goes!

MORGAN

Aft diving-planes, ease back!

CATWOMAN

(at planes)
Easing back... Miaow!

RIDDLER

We're almost there! Take the con,
Joker!

Riddler LAUGHS EXCITEDLY, leaves his wheel and starts
quickly aft.

JOKER

Hey! Riddler! Where are you
going??

RIDDLER

To fire off some more riddling
clues, of course!

Cont.

295 Cont.

Catwoman leaves planes, dashes after Riddler and grabs him.

CATWOMAN

You're mad, Riddler! Penguin's
finished Batman by now!

RIDDLER

That waddling mountebank of a
bird! He couldn't finish a bag
of popcorn!

Joker runs over to help restrain Riddler.

JOKER

So say Penguin failed! All the
MORE REASON not to hand them
your crazy clues!

RIDDLER

But I must, I must! Outwitting
Batman is my sole delight, my
joy, my heaven-on-earth, my very
paradise, my---

LAUGHING CRAZILY, he tries to break from their grip.

296 EXT. SUBMERGED SUBMARINE - MINIATURE

It bumps heavily into some submerged object.

297 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

It TILTS and SHAKES, the LIGHTS FLICKER.

JOKER

BACK TO THE CONTROLS!!!

As careening Joker and Catwoman race back to diving
planes, etc., Riddler darts back into:

298 INT. SUB MISSILE ROOM

Riddler slams watertight door, dogs it closed. He
turns, runs to Missile Guidance console, begins to
twist knobs like crazy.

BAT WHIP TO:

299 EXT. FLYING BATCOPTER - DAY

300 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

ROBIN

Stolen Batmobile turning! Now heading up Gotham River Drive!

Batman works controls.

BATMAN

Roger. We'll cut across the harbor! What word on our call to London?

Robin picks up Batphone. SOUND of HARMONIC TONES.

ROBIN

Automatic Relay still searching for a circuit, Batman...

301 INT. SUB MISSILE ROOM

Riddler makes last setting, punches FIRE BUTTON.

302 EXT. POLARIS MISSILE LAUNCHING - DAY (STOCK)

A missile breaks the surface, roars skyward.

303 INT. BATCOPTER COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

Robin, looking down while he holds Batphone, lets out a frantic shout:

ROBIN

BATMAN!! GUIDED MISSILE!!!

BATMAN

Hold tight, Robin! This may be tricky!!!

Batman leans on controls. Batcopter cockpit tilts and heaves and does mad gyrations. Then there's a terrific ROARING WHOOSHING SOUND and HUGE MISSILE FLASHES BY GOING UPWARD ON PROCESS SCREEN. A cloud of SMOKE pours into the cockpit.

BATMAN

Damage??

ROBIN

Tail rotor burned off!!!

Cont.

303 Cont.

BATMAN

Brace yourself! We're going down!!
I fear this COULD BE THE END!!

Robin braces himself desperately, Batman fights bucking controls. Not to much avail, judging from STOMACH-TURNING MADNESS ON PROCESS SCREEN. Buildings and approaching ground flash by, now right side up, now upside down, ever CLOSER, and as BLURRY GROUND literally LEAPS AT US THROUGH WINDSHIELD:

A-303 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - FEATURE RIDDLER

his eye glued to periscope as he cries in paranoid glee:

RIDDLER

I got them! I got them! After all
these years...BATMAN AND ROBIN KILLED
BY A CRIMINAL CONUNDRUM!

304 EXT. STREET - DAY

Batcopter is perched at crazy angle atop back of a HUGE FLAT-BED TRUCK. Truck is loaded with about a ton of FOAM RUBBER. Sign on side of truck explains: "GOTHAM CITY FOAM RUBBER CO., INC." Batcopter should look as cracked up as possible: tail rotor gone, some glass smashed, SMOKE POURING out. As CAMERA MOVES IN, Batman and Robin clamber out of Batcopter.

ROBIN

Holy horse-shoe! Some luck, landing
on a foam-rubber delivery truck!

BATMAN

Yes, Robin. I'd say the odds against
it would make even the most reckless
gambler cringe. True, I did think I'd
spotted it from the corner of my eye, but...

He breaks off as there's a heavy dull BOOOM! high overhead.
They both react, look up.

ROBIN

That crazy missile! It wrote two more
riddles before it blew up!

305 EXT. SKYWRITING IN SKY

As Robin said: two more wreathily-writ riddles, which Batman
reads aloud:

BATMAN

(o.s.)
"What goes up white and comes down
yellow and white?"

ROBIN

(o.s.)
An EGG!

305 Cont.

BATMAN

(o.s.)
 "How do you divide seventeen
 apples among sixteen people?"

ROBIN

(o.s.)
 Make APPLESAUCE!

306 BACK TO VACANT LOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATMAN

An EGG and APPLESAUCE... Not
 a common combination...

A penetrating BEE-BEEP-BEEP SOUND behind them. They turn.

ROBIN

The Batphone beep!

BATMAN

Sturdy device. Still working.
 Must be my call to London....

Batman reaches through SMOKE into cockpit of Batcopter,
 comes up with Batphone receiver. Into phone, as CAMERA
 MOVES IN on him:

BATMAN

Hello?

Very BRITISH SECRETARY'S VOICE comes from earpiece:

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Schlepp's Whisky, Limited.
 Commander Redhead's office...

BATMAN

This is Batman calling from
 Gotham City, U.S.A.! A matter
 of the greatest urgency! WHAT
 WAS COMMANDER REDHEAD'S MISSION
 IN THIS COUNTRY??

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Marketing a new device, actually.
 One to dehydrate our whisky...
 remove all the water from it,
 y'know...making it a powder
 which --

Cont.

306 Cont.

BATMAN

(cuts in)

Thank you, madam! That's all I
need to know! Good-bye!

Batman chucks phone receiver back into Batcopter, smashes
a fist into open palm.

BATMAN

Those strange riddles! I see
their meaning!

ROBIN

What, Batman???

BATMAN

X Apples into APPLESAUCE...A unification
into one smooth mixture. An
EGG... Nature's perfect container.
The container of all our hopes for
the future.

ROBIN

X A unification in a container of hope?
The UNITED WORLD organization!

BATMAN

Precisely, Robin! There's a
special meeting of the
Security Council today, and if
what I fear is true...

ROBIN

Wow! Let's commandeer a taxi!
(turns, shouts)
Taxi! Taxi!

BATMAN

No, Robin! Not at this time of
day! Luckily, we're in tip-top
condition... It'll be faster if
we run!

As they slide down haystack and run like hell PAST CAMERA:

BAT WHIP TO:

307 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

Joker and Catwoman at diving planes, etc., Riddler at
periscope calling out orders:

307 Cont.

RIDDLER

Steady...Steady... Up one...
Starboard two... We're passing
into the grotto now!

BLUEBEARD

(calls)

Depth, half-a-fathom!

RIDDLER

Hold her... Engines, dead slow
astern!

BAT WHIP TO:

308 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Batman's judgment was right: this section of street is a solid jam of HORN-BLOWING TAXIS. Batman and Robin sprint INTO SHOT, race easily through bogged vehicles.

BAT WHIP TO:

309 INT. SUBMARINE CAVE - GLOOMISH DAY

including SUB CONNING TOWER and section of DECK AWASH, up against natural quai. Conning tower hatch flies open, Riddler, Catwoman and Joker leap nimbly to the quai. Catwoman carries her BLACK CAT. Strapped to Joker's back is the TOTAL DEHYDRATOR.

310 FEATURE A DOOR IN ROCK

Sign on it says: "THIS DOOR NOT IN USE! NO ENTRY!"
Riddler comes up, leading others.

RIDDLER

Ah. Good. Just as the blueprints
said... An abandoned construction
elevator!

CATWOMAN

(to cat)

Hecate! Sniff out the weak spot!

She throws black cat towards door.

311 CLOSE SHOT - CAT AT DOOR

It ranges briefly, suddenly arches its back and HISSES
LOUDLY.

312 WIDER ANGLE

As Catwoman grabs up her beast, Riddler slaps a blob of plastic explosive on spot the cat indicated.

JOKER

I hope Penguin's waiting...

RIDDLER

Who needs him? Stand back!

Trio flatten themselves back against rock. KER-BLOOM!
Plastic charge EXPLODES with much SMOKE.

BAT WHIP TO:

313 EXT. CITY STREET - BATMAN AND ROBIN - DAY

running with graceful strides past more HONKING traffic bound cars.

BAT WHIP TO:

314 EXT. UNITED WORLD BUILDING - DAY (STOCK)

It looks amazingly like United Nations Building. Flags of many nations flutter as CAMERA MOVES UP facade of gleaming slab-like tower.

315 INT. UNITED WORLD CORRIDOR - DAY

Penguin, now sans Redhead disguise, comes INTO SHOT, passes WITH CAMERA through a pair of swinging doors bearing sign: "SECURITY COUNCIL IN SESSION. NO ADMITTANCE!" Ahead of him, SEVERAL UNIFORMED GUARDS are ranged at intervals. They turn.

GUARD

Hey! Can't you read??

PENGUIN

It's a fine day for Penguins!
Looks like rain!

Penguin snaps open ubiquitous umbrella, gives it a SPIN and a THROW.

316 LONG SHOT - TOWARD PENGUIN - SPECIAL EFFECT

The umbrella comes SPINNING DOWN CORRIDOR TOWARD THE CAMERA, leaving a trail of VAPOR in its wake. As the FLYING UMBRELLA passes each guard, he clutches at his throat and falls insensible.

317 NEW ANGLE - PENGUIN

He hurries down corridor to closed elevator doors. Prominent stenciling on them says: "ABANDONED ELEVATOR! NOT IN USE!" Penguin whips a little key from pocket, inserts it in slot under elevator buttons, turns it. Elevator door slides open, revealing Joker, Riddler and Catwoman inside.

PENGUIN

Yo-ho! We meet as planned. Hold your breath as you cross the hall! There are still lingering traces of my fine filtered PENGUIN GAS!

X

BAT WHIP TO:

318 EXT. CITY STREET - TRUCKING SHOT - DAY

Batman and Robin, running side by side, now panting a bit.

ROBIN

Holy Marathon... I'm getting a stitch, Batman!

BATMAN

Let's hope it's a STITCH IN TIME, Robin...that saves nine...the nine members of the United World Security Council!

BAT WHIP TO:

319 INT. SECURITY COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

The NINE MEMBERS of the Security Council are in a group, heavily engaged in their ceaseless search for peace. The word "engaged" is used advisedly. They are having a MONSTER HASSLE, accompanied by INCOHERENT SHOUTING in NINE LANGUAGES. Some of them are wrestling, others pull at each others' lapels, one stocky member is furiously beating with a shoe on big council table. The only dialog we can catch is from an ENGLISH SPEAKING delegate NEAR CAMERA, but all languages should be identifiable to those who understand them and all basically shouting.

X

DELEGATE

My country wishes PEACE, do you hear me?? Nothing whatsoever but PEACE!!!

X

(Note: The Nations must be identified and the appropriate translations made).

Doors at end of room are thrown open abruptly, in bound Joker, Penguin, Riddler, Catwoman. Nobody pays slightest heed to them in the confusion.

320 CLOSER ANGLE - CROOKS - SPECIAL EFFECT

PENGUIN

(musing)

Dear me... Our poor United World, in microcosm...

JOKER

I'm afraid they'll find our humor, very very DRY!

Riddler grabs RAY PROJECTOR attached by a cord to Joker's back-pack, aims it TOWARD CAMERA and pulls the trigger. CONCENTRIC MULTI-COLORED RINGS OF WAVE-ENERGY leap out from the muzzle of projector. Accompanying this is a SPECIAL SOUND EFFECT too: a POLYLINGUAL BABEL OF CURSES which rapidly RISE IN PITCH to an insane PIPSQUEAK YIPPING and then abruptly CEASE.

321 OVERHEAD SHOT - DOWN AT COUNCIL ROOM FLOOR

CAMERA MOVES AROUND. Where each Council Member was last seen is now a LITTLE MOUND OF DUST, nothing more. The mounds are different sizes and different colors, matching their human prototypes.

322 NORMAL ANGLE - THE CROOKS

CATWOMAN

Quickly, now! Each one in a separate vial! And boys...let's not anybody SNEEZE!

BAT WHIP TO:

323 INT. UNITED WORLD LOBBY - DAY

Batman and Robin come panting in, run up to the MAIN RECEPTION DESK.

BATMAN

Emergency! Seal this building!

ROBIN

And TURN OFF THE VENTILATING SYSTEM!

BATMAN

Robin's right! The Security Council MAY HAVE BEEN DEHYDRATED!

(to Robin)

Come on! Upstairs!

BAT WHIP TO:

324 INT. UNITED WORLD CORRIDOR - DAY

Just as the four super-crooks scurry from Security Council room and head catty-corner across corridor for their elevator, swinging doors ahead fly open and Batman and Robin dash in. A frozen instant of surprise as crooks and crime fighters see each other.

325 BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATMAN

Surrender, you criminals!

ROBIN

The United Underworld is through!

BATMAN

One false move and we hurl our Batarangs!

326 THE CROOKS - FEATURE CATWOMAN

CATWOMAN

To the elevator, boys...

326 Cont.

BATMAN

Catwoman! I said STOP!

CATWOMAN

I don't think you mean it, Batman.
For just one move by you...and
MISS KIKKA DIES!

327 BIG REACTION SHOT - BATMAN

He's frozen, torn by indecision, his face works under mask.

328 LONG SHOT - DOWN CORRIDOR - TOWARD DYNAMIC DUO

That moment of indecision is enough. Crooks come to life,
dive into the open elevator, the doors slide closed. Batman
and Robin have come to life too, but too late. They come
sprinting TOWARD CAMERA, stop and look into:

329 INT. COUNCIL ROOM - OVER THEIR SHOULDERS

ROBIN

The Security Council... Gone!

BATMAN

What a fiendishly clever way to
abduct NINE MEN from a HEAVILY
GUARDED BUILDING!

330 BACK TO CORRIDOR - BATMAN AND ROBIN

leave Council Room doorway, spin and rush across to closed
elevator doors.

ROBIN

Where does this elevator go??

BATMAN

Downstairs, obviously. To an
abandoned SUBMARINE DOCK along the
river.

ROBIN

Holy Captain Nemo... They'll head
for the sea via Short Island Sound!

BATMAN

(super-steely)

We have just one trump card left,
Robin. Heaven help the world if
we fail!

BAT WHIP TO:

331 EXT. SUBMERGED SUBMARINE (STOCK)

332 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

PENGUIN

Down periscope! We're over the
last bar! Mr. Bluebeard...all
engines Full Ahead!

BLUEBEARD

Yo-ho! All together, Full Ahead!

108

333 CLOSER SHOT - CHART TABLE

There are nine little corked tubes of dust lined up on table, under greedy regard of Catwoman, Riddler and Joker.

CATWOMAN

What a purrrrr-fectly delightful haul...

Penguin comes INTO SHOT.

PENGUIN

Mr. Riddler, kindly prepare the nine Radio Ransom Messages.

RIDDLER

Right!

As Riddler starts away, Joker jumps up and grabs him.

JOKER

And none of your stupid RIDDLES, understand? Make those messages plain!

CATWOMAN

X

One billion dollars cash from each country...

PENGUIN

Precisely, Mr. Riddler. To be delivered to our Secret Island. By the horde of trained CARRIER PIGEONS which we will presently provide. No whimsical embellishments, make those messages clear!

X

Joker gives Riddler a push, latter goes off. Catwoman lets out a languorous sigh.

CATWOMAN

It's like a dream, Pengy-sweet. Nothing can stop us now!

BAT WHIP TO:

334 EXT. WATER - SPEEDING BATBOAT - DAY

A low-level HELICOPTER SHOT; showing the fantastic craft battling along like hell with a tremendous rooster-tail of spray.

335 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT - DAY (PROCESS)

Batman at helm, Robin wearing headphones over Sonar equipment. Robin reacts suddenly.

ROBIN

Sonar contact! Range eight thousand, bearing one-eight-one!

336 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

Bluebeard turns from sub's sonar gear, gives shout:

108

Cont.

336 Cont.

BLUEBEARD

Sonar contact! Small craft at
seven-five-hundred, bearing zero-one!

PENGUIN

What? Small craft?

BLUEBEARD

Closing incredibly fast, sir... Range
now down to...seven thousand!

JOKER

The BATBOAT!!

PENGUIN

Faugh! Drat that cockleshell!
(shouts)

Catwoman, bear down on the diving
planes!

JOKER

I'll man the torpedo tubes!

PENGUIN

Indeed, sir! Mr. Riddler...fire a
surface-to-surface underwater
homing missile!

337 INT. SUB MISSILE ROOM

Riddler comes racing in, quickly sets gadgets, loses no
time in pushing FIRE BUTTON.

338 EXT. POLARIS MISSILE LAUNCH (STOCK)

Missile breaks surface, shoots up into sky.

339 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT

ROBIN

Missile ahoy!

Batman grabs up Batbinocs, peers up through them.

BATMAN

Looks like it has a homing device
in the nose-cone... Get ready
for evasive action!

Batman lowers glasses, leaps for the helm.

340 EXT. SPEEDING BATBOAT - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAY

Batboat goes into tremendous zig-zag, hurling up tons of spume.

341 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

ROBIN

No use, Batman! It's TRACKING US!

BATMAN

Take the helm! I'll get the Batradio!

X

ROBIN

Batradio???

X

BATMAN

I looked it up this morning... That class of missile receives on a wave-length of one-six-four-point-one! If I can just send a quick JAMMING SIGNAL...

(at radio console)

There... I think that ought to do the trick...

ROBIN

It's starting down!!!

Batman dives again for helm, throws it hard over.

342 EXT. BATBOAT

Another crazy skidding turn.

343 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

THUNDERCLAP SOUND as a GIGANTIC EXPLOSION goes off on PROCESS SCREEN: it might well be an underwater atom bomb test.

ROBIN

Holy Bikini! That was CLOSE!!!

344 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

Crooks all hold onto stanchions as room SHAKES and SHUDDERS from the missile explosion. LIGHTS BLINK ON AND OFF.

PENGUIN

Farewell, Batboat!

JOKER

Farewell, Dynamic Duo!

CATWOMAN

(drawn out)

Ciao! Miaowwww!

BLUEBEARD

(at sonar)

Small craft still closing! Range four thousand! Bearing eight-eight!

RIDDLER

Curses! They know how to jam our missiles!!

PENGUIN

Catwoman! Take her up to Periscope Depth!

345 EXT. SPEEDING BATBOAT

It finishes a gyration, holds on a steady course.

346 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

ROBIN

Range...three-five-hundred!

BATMAN

I'll set the Batpilot to Automatic... Help me prepare the Batcharge Launcher!

ROBIN

Roger!

They pull tarp hastily off BATCHARGE LAUNCHER. It's like common depth charge Y-launcher, only greatly smaller, owing to superior power of Batcharges.

BATMAN

This is going to need every ounce of our skill, Robin...

Cont.

346 Cont.

X

ROBIN

You can say that again, Batman!

BATMAN

They hold nine of the world's most eminent men in Dehydrated Condition! Our task is not to sink that sub, merely drive it to the surface!

347 EXT. WATER - PERISCOPE

It pops up with little Jolly Roger attached, cuts through the water, leaving a wake.

348 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - PENGUIN

with eye glued to periscope.

349 THROUGH PERISCOPE EFFECT - BATBOAT

right in CROSS HAIRS, racing DIRECTLY TOWARD LENS.

350 BACK TO COMMAND ROOM

PENGUIN

Bow torpedo tubes... Prepare to fire!

JOKER

All ready, Penguin...

PENGUIN

Catwoman, stand by on diving planes...
(then)
Torpedoes, FIRE!

JOKER

Torpedoes AWAAAY!

351 EXT. SUBMERGED SUB NOSE (STOCK)

as torpedoes burble swiftly out.

352 INT. COMMAND ROOM

PENGUIN

Dive!!!

353 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

Robin reacts to something forward, shouts:

Cont.

353 Cont.

ROBIN

Torpedo wakes! DEAD AHEAD!

BATMAN

Batcharges! Fire!! In front of those torpedoes!!

Batman leaps to helm, Robin to Batcharge Launcher. Robin swings it, presses FIRE BUTTON.

354 CLOSE SHOT - BATCHARGE LAUNCHER

It FIRES a quick succession of little BATCHARGES.

355 EXT. SPEEDING BATBOAT

It heels over in a tremendous bit of evasive action.

356 EXT. WATER - SHOOTING OVER BATBOAT

MONSTER WATERSPOUTS as Batcharges detonate oncoming torpedoes.

357 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - FEATURE RIDDLER

clicking STOP WATCH, looking at it as room SHAKES and REELS with the not-so-distant explosions.

RIDDLER

Too soon! Must've been Batcharges!

PENGUIN

Indeed. And there'll soon be more of the dratted things...MEANT FOR US!

Catwoman flies at Penguin in mingled rage and panic.

CATWOMAN

You dismal bird! You and your submarine! WHERE'S IT GOT US NOW?!

PENGUIN

X Shut up! You feline floozy! Back to the diving planes! RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP!

358 EXT. SPEEDING BATBOAT

It roars over the water on a steady course.

359 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

ROBIN
(at sonar)
They're diving... Engines being
switched to silent...

BATMAN
Good. Just the way we want 'em.

ROBIN
What's the scheme, Batman??

BATMAN
We'll circle them at full-thrust
Batspeed! Diminishing radius of
curvature! Set launcher for...one
Batcharge per second!

ROBIN
Roger!

360 EXT. SPEEDING BATBOAT - HIGH SHOT

It heels over, starts to cut a tremendous circle
through the water.

361 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

PENGUIN
Mr. Bluebeard! What's their
bearing??

BLUEBEARD
I...I don't know, sir!

PENGUIN
Fagh! Don't know???

BLUEBEARD
Look... It's changing every second!
They must be CIRCLING US!

362 EXT. SPEEDING BATBOAT - HIGH SHOT

Batboat is circling indeed, at fantastic speed.

363 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

BATMAN
Batcharge Launcher to Rapid Fire...
Let her go, Robin!!

As Robin presses button:

364 CLOSE SHOT - BATCHARGE LAUNCHER

PLUP-PLUP-PLUP: precisely one per second.

365 EXT. SURFACE OF WATER

as ORANGE BATCHARGES strike it. These deadly super-power devices are not much larger than an ordinary can of peas.

366 EXT. SUBMERGED SUBMARINE (STOCK)

as DEPTH CHARGES EXPLODE nearby. This STOCK should not be impossible to secure: we are unaware of any submarine picture which has not included it.

367 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - VARIOUS SHOTS

as the nasty BATCHARGES DETONATE in steady succession. Full-scale HELL BELOW. Deck TILTS CRAZILY this way and that, sends super-crooks and crew careening. LIGHTS GO ON AND OFF. Spluttering ELECTRICAL EXPLOSIONS at control boards, with ominous FLASHES and lots of ACRID SMOKE.

A-367 INT. COMMANDER REDHEAD'S CABIN - VARIOUS SHOTS

As each explosion occurs he continues his reading, apparently unperturbed except for the fact that his monocle keeps popping out of his eye and having to be replaced.

B-367 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - VARIOUS SHOTS OF CHART TABLE

containing the test tube rack with the vials full of dehydrated security council members. The rack moves closer and closer to the edge of the table with each successive explosion until it is perched right on the brink.

368 EXT. SUBMERGED SUBMARINE (STOCK)

Further CHARGES EXPLODING.

369 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM - VARIOUS SHOTS

Continued PANIC AND CONFUSION as BATCHARGES CONTINUE.

BLUEBEARD

Compartments A...B...C...F...
Taking green water, sir!!!!

A stream of WATER comes gushing down on Penguin as he clings crazily to periscope base. Catwoman comes lurching over, grabs him and wails:

369 Cont.

CATWOMAN

Penguin! Penguin! You know how
CATS HATE WATER!

PENGUIN

Faugh! Drat you!
(pushes her away)
Open your umbrellas, everyone!

With free hand, Penguin snaps open his colorful umbrella,
holds it over his askew top hat.

Cont.

369 Cont.

RIDDLER

That bird's flown around the bend!

CATWOMAN

Joker! Riddler! We weren't born
for a WATERY GRAVE! Do something,
huh???

Joker fights lurching way to microphone, yells into it:

JOKER

Now hear this! BLOW ALL TANKS!
SURFACE!!!

370 EXT. SPEEDING BATBOAT - HIGH SHOT

It's still hurtling in fabulous fatal circle.

371 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

BATMAN

All right, Robin. Cut the Batcharges.
They've had about enough, I'd imagine.

Robin pushes another button on Batcharge Launcher, whirls
back to sonar gear.

ROBIN

You're right, Batman! They're
surfacing... Fast!

BATMAN

Estimated surfacing position...?

X

ROBIN

Nine hundred yards...
(looks up, reacts)
Here they come!

372 EXT. SUBMARINE SURFACING (STOCK)

Sub breaks up through surface with great swoosh of water.

EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT (PROCESS)

Batman turns helm, then picks up Batbinocs and has a
look.

BATMAN

Heave to, Robin.

X

374-
376

OUT

377 EXT. BATBOAT - FULL SHOT

It leaps ahead; goes into a spuming turn.

INTERCUT:

378

OUT

379 EXT. BATBOAT COCKPIT - SHOOTING FORWARD (PROCESS)

Sub's CONNING TOWER AND DECK loom rapidly CLOSER on
PROCESS SCREEN.

BATMAN

Ready to board!

ROBIN

Ready, Batman.

Batman throws his Batarang with line attached.

380 EXT. SUB DECK AND CONNING TOWER

as Batarang with trailing line WHISTLES INTO SHOT, snags
the deck rail and instantly pulls TWANGINGLY TAUT.

JOKER

Pirates! To arms!!!

RIDDLER

Prepare to repel boarders!!!

Batman and Robin come leaping from OFF SCREEN, land nimbly
on the deck just as Penguin pops up through the hatch.

BATMAN

Strike your colors, Penguin?!

PENGUIN

Faugh! We have not yet begun
to fight!!!

381 VARIOUS ANGLES - HUGE FIGHT

over and around conning tower, gun shed, deck and whatnot.
Trot out full array of SUPERED TITLES and SHOWERS OF STARS.
Crewmen emerge, get knocked off as they come end up strewn
around like kayoed sea bags. The criminals lose. Our guys
win. Just at end of it, Catwoman pops up through hatch.

Cont.

381 Cont.

BATMAN

Hold out your wrists, Catwoman!
Come like a lady!

CATWOMAN

(venomous hiss)

Psssssssssssssssh!

Catwoman darts down again through hatch, Batman and Robin dash after her.

382 INT. SUB COMMAND ROOM

Catwoman scrambles down ladder, trips at the bottom, sprawls on the deck.

383- OUT
385

386 FEATURE BATMAN AND ROBIN

They bound towards her, suddenly both stop and absolutely freeze.

387 THEIR P.O.V. - CATWOMAN ON DECK - CLOSE

Her pussy mask has come off in her tumble. She is revealed as KITKA.

388 CLOSE SHOT - ROBIN

ROBIN

(breathes)

Holy heartbreak... Miss Kitka!

389 BIG CLOSEUP - CATWOMAN/KITKA

390 BIG CLOSEUP - BATMAN - OPTICAL MONTAGE

His frozen face, with SHIMMERING GHOSTLY IMAGES SUPERED OVER to SOUND of VIOLINS PLAYING "PARLEZ-MOI D'AMOUR." Images from that fabulous night of theirs: Bruce and Kitka dancing, having dinner, so close in the back of hansom cab, lovely Kitka en negligee in her apartment. Suddenly there's effect of SHATTERED SHEET OF GLASS over the whole schmear, VIOLIN MUSIC ENDS in an AWFUL DISCORD. The dream is over. SUPERED EFFECT ENDS, there's just stony-faced Batman. ANGLE WIDENS to TIGHT TWO SHOT, including Robin at his side.

BATMAN

Say no more, Robin. It could be... compromising.

ROBIN

Of course.

BATMAN

It's just...one of those things in the life of every crime fighter. It means nothing. Snap on the Batcuffs!

391 WIDER ANGLE - BATMAN

He turns abruptly, goes to radio console near chart table. He rudely pushes a crook draped thereon to the deck, flicks a couple of switches and picks up hand mike. Into it, curtly:

BATMAN

Batman to Coast Guard. There's a drifting submarine two miles east of Sandy Nose Lightship. It's filled with human jetsam. Come take it in tow.

As he turns off radio, he notices something on the chart table, reacts.

392 HIS P.O.V. - CHART TABLE - CLOSE

The rack containing the NINE TUBES of DIFFERENT-COLORED DUST is perched so precariously on the edge of the table, it seems to be defying gravity.

BATMAN

(o.s.)

Robin! Come here and look...

393 WIDER ANGLE

Robin gets up from Batcuffing Catwoman, comes over and looks.

ROBIN

Holy almost!

BATMAN

Yes, Robin. The hope of the entire world. To think it might have been shattered before our very eyes.

As he picks up the vials, reverently we hear loud BRITISH VOICE o.s.

REDHEAD

I say! Steward!

394 NEW ANGLE - FEATURE COMMANDER REDHEAD

entering irascibly from an aft compartment, full of loud complaint:

REDHEAD

The service on this yacht has gone to pot! Where's my tea??

(seeing
Dynamic Duo)

What the devil is this? The captain's Costume Party???

Advancing peevishly, Commander Redhead trips over some debris on deck. He gives a CRY, does a REELING PRATFALL the entire length of the Command Room and smashes right into Batman! CRASH!!! A terrible SHIVERING SOUND of TINKLING BREAKING GLASS!!!

395 CLOSE SHOT - THE DECK

The NINE VIALS have been knocked over, are busted, the dust is half out of each. Commander Redhead's HEAD is also IN SHOT, right beside them. His lip quivers, he gives a TERRIFIC SNEEZE. Swooooosssh! Blast of the kerchoo swirls the vari-colored dust into a hopelessly MIXED MESS. CAMERA HOLDS on it a beat, then TILTS UP to horrified faces of Batman and Robin staring down.

ROBIN

Holy jumble! Where's the hope of the world now???

BAT WHIP TO:

396 OUT

397 INT. BATCAVE

X

Batman and Robin, with surgical masks over their masks, surgical gloves over their gloves, and doctors' white smocks over their costumes, are working at super-complexicated machinery (several of their normal ones hooked together) labeled: "SUPER-MOLECULAR DUST SEPARATOR". As they work levers and switches, monitor guages:

ROBIN

X

Bat-Centrifuge at thirty-two thousand R.P.M's!

BATMAN

Increase the Angstrom Force in Vector "X"...

ROBIN

Vector "X", up one notch!

Red Batphone FLASHES and BEEPS. Batman hastens over and grabs it up.

BATMAN

Yes??

398 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gordon is holding Red Phone, also an ordinary black one off the hook. Present are O'Hara, a passel of NEWSMEN, also a MOBILE TV CREW with camera on Gordon. Atmosphere of tense expectancy is nigh overwhelming.

GORDON

What progress, Batman? Is there hope?

INTERCUT:

399 PHONE CONVERSATION - BATCAVE AND GORDON'S OFFICE

BATMAN

There's always hope. You should know that, sir.

GORDON

Of course, of course, but... Do you think you and the Boy Wonder can separate that mingled dust back into its constituent members?

Cont.

399 Cont.

BATMAN

With all modesty, Commissioner.
If we can't, heaven knows who can!

GORDON

From the bottom of my heart:
truer words were never spoken!

400 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE

As Gordon puts down Batphone, a familiar TEXAS VOICE comes from receiver of OTHER PHONE which Gordon holds:

VOICE

Howdy, y'all! How are those
boys doing up there?

GORDON

Batman says there's hope, Mr. President!
What more can one ask?

VOICE

The whole free world is waiting. Tell
Batman I salute him and wish him luck.

401 INT. WAYNE MANOR LIVING ROOM - DAY

where Aunt Harriet and Alfred are watching SCENE IN GORDON'S OFFICE on big TV SCREEN. Gordon turns to address newsmen and TV CAMERA.

GORDON

(on TV screen)
I needn't tell you with whom
I just spoke, ladies and gentlemen.

AUNT HARRIET

You know, Alfred, I'm just sick with
shame!

ALFRED

Shame, madam?

AUNT HARRIET

For Bruce and Dick...Those two silly
boys...

(groans)

With the whole world in the balance,
THEY choose today to go FISHING!

402 INT. BATCAVE - BATMAN AND ROBIN

super-tense at equipment. A BONG-BONG SOUND from the gizmo.

X ROBIN
Ready for separation!

BATMAN
All right, now... I'll just
activate the computer-link...
Feed in the various national and
ethnic factors...

ROBIN
Batman... wait a minute!

BATMAN
(surprised)
Eh?

X ROBIN
(bit awkward)
Well...with the way the world
is, and all... Don't you think
maybe we oughta try to improve
those factors? Kind of...
reshuffle them a little?

BATMAN
No Robin, No. It's not for
mortals like us to tamper with
the Laws of Nature.
(grim)
Indeed, in this very Batcave, we
had a ghastly example of what
happens when one tries that!

ROBIN
Gosh yes, Batman. When you put
it that way...

X BATMAN
Here we go!

Batman whacks a lever. Machinery goes into MAXIMUM
ACTIVITY prop department can contrive. CAMERA HOLDS for
a beat, then TRUCKS IN to CLOSE SHOT of nine little glass
vials held in some kind of holder under a set of tubes.

A-402 MONTAGE OF SILENT EXPECTANT CROWD SCENES FROM VARIOUS
X INTERNATIONAL CAPITALS AS THE WHOLE WORLD WAITS HOLDING
ITS BREATH.

403 INT. BATCAVE - BATMAN AND ROBIN

The machine reaches a crescendo of maximum activity. The CAMERA moves in to the empty vials. Presto! Colored dust starts to flow rapidly into each one. Batman picks them up sacredly and looks at them - then crosses to the Batphone, stripping off his surgeons gloves.

BATMAN

Separation accomplished. Ready to re-hydrate!

404 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE

Commissioner Gordon is awed. He speaks into the other phone.

GORDON

Separation accomplished. They are ready to re-hydrate.

A-404 INT. OFFICE THAT COULD BE THAT OF THE PRESIDENT

CAMERA is shooting from behind a big chair whose occupant is unseen. On the desk before him are a battery of microphones. A telephone is replaced in its cradle.

VOICE

Separation accomplished. We are ready to re-hydrate.

BAT WHIP TO:

405 EXT. BATCAVE ENTRANCE - DAY (BATSTOCK)

Batmobile shoots out onto highway.

BAT WHIP TO:

406 EXT. UNITED WORLD BUILDING - DAY (STOCK)

Flags flying, great slablike building gleaming against the sky.

407 INT. UNITED WORLD COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

Gordon and O'Hara, various DISTINGUISHED SPECTATORS, Batman and Robin. A simple apparatus has been set up on the big gleaming table: equivalent of a transfusion gizmo, with tubes leading from a central reservoir labeled "PLAIN WATER (LIGHT)" to the NINE LITTLE GLASS VIALS. Each of latter is set on chair appropriate to Security Council Member contained therein; we know them by signs on table in front of each. "GREAT BRITAIN," "FRANCE," "U.S.S.R.," "ALBANIA," "GERMANY," "JAPAN," "ITALY," "GHANA," "ISRAEL." Batman and Robin place the last of the vials in proper position, then Batman turns:

Cont.

407 Cont.

BATMAN

A solemn moment, my friends.
One of dedication and humble
supplication...

(turns head)

Robin! Prepare to re-hydrate!.
Turn on the water faucet!

Robin reaches out, turns on a perfectly ordinary water faucet which is bizarrely integrated in the gleaming equipment. It should be labeled "WATER FAUCET".

408 VERY CLOSE SHOT - TRANSPARENT TUBING

the water creeps tantalizingly slowly down the various tubes toward the several vials.

409 A SERIES OF INDIVIDUAL CUTS OF FEARFUL AND EXPECTANT ONLOOKERS

the suspense is too much!

410 OTHER ANGLES - SPECIAL EFFECT

As the creeping water finally hits the dust. One by one in front of our eyes, the SECURITY COUNCIL MEMBERS POP BACK INTO EXISTENCE - exactly as they were when DEHYDRATED, complete with colorful national dress and other identifying paraphernalia.

411 FULL SHOT - DISTINGUISHED ONLOOKERS

they gasp in admiration and relief.

412 CLOSE SHOT - COMMISSIONER GORDON

He still holds a very special phone.

GORDON

(excitedly - into phone)

They've done it... Success, success!!!

413 CLOSE SHOT - BACK OF THAT CERTAIN OFFICE CHAIR - AS BEFORE

The battery of microphones are still before him on the desk.

VOICE

We've done it... We've done it...
Success... success.

414 FULL SHOT - DISTINGUISHED ONLOOKERS

they turn to look off in amazement as o.s. we hear a strident resurgence of voices.

415 FULL SHOT - RE-HYDRATED COUNCIL MEMBERS

They have all resumed yelling at each other in exactly the same furious fashion as when they were first dehydrated. An identical continuance of the same scene.

416 CLOSE SHOT - COMMISSIONER GORDON

astounded.

417 CLOSE SHOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN

perplexed.

418 SERIES OF ANGLES

as the CAMERA MOVES IN on the various members of the re-hydrated Security Council one by one. Certainly they are all yelling at each other exactly as before - but there is one small difference. Now the ENGLISHMAN is spouting in RUSSIAN, the FRENCHMAN in GERMAN, the AMERICAN in CHINESE etc. etc. THE ENGLISHMAN rips off a shoe, begins to pound it on the table.

419 SERIES OF ANGLES

as all of the distinguished onlookers turn to look toward Batman and Robin.

420 CLOSE SHOT - COMMISSIONER GORDON AND O'HARA

they too look toward their Dynamic Duo.

421 CLOSE SHOT - BATMAN AND ROBIN

even Robin turns to look at Batman with a questioning expression.

BATMAN

Who knows, Robin... This strange...
mixing of minds... may be the
greatest single service ever performed
for humanity.

(he looks around him
at the extraordinary scene)
Let's go. But inconspicuously!
Through the window... with our
Batropes... Our job is finished.

Batman and Robin push inconspicuously through the yelling, wrestling, pummeling mob, exit the scene via window, as
CAMERA PULLS BACK.

FADE OUT

THE END