

Batman: Gotham

Episode 101 "Poisoned City"

written by

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EXT: GOTHAM JEWELERS - NIGHT

A dark city street. Modern 40's cars drive through the night. EXPLOSION! The front of a store crumbles as MISTER NITRO, dressed in his silver bandoliers and sleek black suit, steps over the rubble. Behind him, cronies hold up bags of jewelry.

HENCHMAN

We're rich! Man, you're the real deal!

Mister Nitro focuses forward. His head searches the night street. Suddenly, he throws his hands, his black coat goes flying, and a scatter of bombs explode in front of him.

HENCHMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, man! What the hel--

His words are cut off as THE BATMAN swings in, kicking the goon into a pile of rubble. Batman turns, immediately knocking out the crony beside him. He launches a batarang, knocking a pistol out of the third crony's hand. Mister Nitro steps in. He fires a spray of explosives and Batman is just barely able to pull his cape around. The fourth and final crony charges at him. While blocking the barrage of blasts, Batman takes down the crony with a single backhand. Finally alone with Mister Nitro, Batman fires his batclaw around Mister Nitro's leg. With a yank Mister Nitro falls to the ground. Batman leaps over to be met with a whizz of sparks that toss him to the side. Mister Nitro stands.

MISTER NITRO

Hard to fly with singed wings,
Batman.

His feet stomp as he grabs two bags of jewelry. Tiny rockets hover Mister Nitro above the ground. Batman groans and looks to see Mister Nitro boosting away. He tosses another batarang, just barely missing the boot. Batman struggles to his feet and rushes out into the street. Watching Mister Nitro fly off, Batman thinks quick. He uses his batclaw to grapple onto the building above. With a zip, Batman shoots into the air, over the building, and soaring high into the night.

EXT. GOTHAM ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Silhouetted against the moon, Batman soars above Mister Nitro. The villain looks back in shock and awe, then reaches in his pocket.

MISTER NITRO

Catch!

Mister Nitro flings a large grenade at Batman. The caped crusader spreads his wings and slows his flight. With a swift kick, he sends the grenade sailing back. The bomb flies downward, explodes the bottom of a restaurant sign, and brings the entire structure crashing down on Mister Nitro. Scraps of metal destroy one of his boots, sending him free falling down a hundred feet. He braces for impact just as Batman swoops him up, the rubbles crashing into the ground behind them.

EXT. POLICE CARS - LATER

Batman shoves Mister Nitro over to the cops.

COP 1

Thanks, Bat.

Batman doesn't speak but nods. The cops lead Mister Nitro away and Batman overhears them.

COP 2

Who does that freak bat think he is? One day, he's gonna cause more harm than good. And how would we even stop him...

Batman turns and zips up into the night.

TITLE CARD

INT: DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Bright lights illuminate large images of beautiful models hung up on the wall. Women race around the store while their boyfriends stagger behind them. One of the BOYFRIENDS moans as his GIRLFRIEND examines a perfume bottle.

BOYFRIEND

Babe, do you HAVE to pick the most expensive one?

GIRLFRIEND

(Playful)

Do I NEED to be your girlfriend?

The boyfriend reaches for a bottle on the bottom shelf.

BOYFRIEND

What about this one? 'Midnight Musk.' Sounds pleasant!

GIRLFRIEND

No, I don't think I'm wearing
'Midnight Musk' for our anniversary
dinner. Plus,

She shows him name the bottle.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

This is Janus! Haven't you seen the commercials? You only
need one spritz to smells fresh for hours, and it's entirely
plant based!

BOYFRIEND

So what if it's made with plants?
You gonna eat it?

GIRLFRIEND

No.

She turns with a smirk.

GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

I'm gonna wear it.

She squirts a spray against her neck and turns to her
boyfriend. He gets a whiff.

BOYFRIEND

Woah. That's good, but so strong.

As he rubs his nose, his girlfriend begins to sway. Her eyes
flutter and roll upwards. With a crash she collapses into the
shelf. She topples to the ground unconscious as perfume
bottles shatter around her. Their liquid leaks into a puddle
that her boyfriend knees down in, holding her body.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody help her!

EXT: WAYNE ISLAND - DAWN

The Batwing soars across an amber morning sky. The plane
shoots through a waterfall.

INT: BATCAVE

ALFRED examines a newspaper underneath the Bat computer.
Behind him, the Batwing gently lands. Batman leaps from the
cockpit.

ALFRED
Hungry, Master Bruce?

BATMAN
Never

Batman laughs, pulling his cowl from his face. Alfred spins around to look at BRUCE.

ALFRED
Good. You won't have any time. I had LUCIUS schedule an eight o'clock meeting for you this morning.

BRUCE
(Slightly annoyed)
For what?

Alfred hands Bruce his newspaper, flipping a few pages back, pointing at a headline: TAINTED JANUS BOTTLES LEAVES DOZENS HOSPITALIZED.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Poisoned bottles? That hardly seems like a daytime--

Alfred interrupts.

ALFRED
It isn't a Batman problem. It's a Bruce Wayne problem. You are on the Janus board. You'll need to show face at the press conference.

BRUCE
Hmm...

Bruce turns and begins to walk away.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Have Lucius write me up a report. I'll read it on the way to Janus Corp.

Batman reaches the Batcave exit but turns back to Alfred.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Bruce Wayne problem, huh? About a widespread poisoning?

ALFRED
I have no doubt Batman will soon be on the case, sir

INT: JANUS MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Camera flashes illuminate the room. Reporters clammer as Bruce Wayne takes his seat on a podium with other Wayne and Janus executives.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Wayne! Mr. Wayne! Did you know about the tainted bottles?" one reporter calls out.

REPORTER 2

Mr. Wayne! First the controversy at Stagg, now this!

REPORTER 3

Mr. Wayne! Any comment?

Bruce puts a hand to the crowd.

BRUCE

Please, please, one at a time.

His handsome demeanor calms the crowd.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Now, to address the first question, no, I did not know of any tainted bottles, nor would I have ever expected it. Mr. Janus,

Bruce shows a hand to SILVIO JANUS a few people beside him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Values his consumer above all else. He nor I would ever have let those bottles ship out if we had known.

REPORTER 2

What about the victims? There's dozens hospitalized because of your actions!

Janus is a stern, efficient man, and his tone reflects it.

JANUS

Like we stated in our formal apology, all victims have been contacted by Janus's Health and Safety division.

BRUCE

(Interjecting)

AND I'll be covering all their medical expenses, plus a twenty thousand dollar check for their stress.

The reports murmur with surprise and approval. A few even clap. A mysterious reporter with hair as red as a firetruck stands.

MYSTERIOUS REPORTER

And what about the new chemical Janus is using?

The mood of the crowd becomes serious again.

MYSTERIOUS REPORTER (CONT'D)

You know, Contrahexocide?

A few doctors on stage near Janus shift uncomfortably. Bruce looks to Janus with uncertainty. Janus stares forward and firm.

JANUS

Yes, we have been testing a new--

The red reporter interrupts.

MYSTERIOUS REPORTER

And this is NOT a plant based chemical, correct?

Janus is still firm but his hands fidget.

JANUS

Miss, this press conference is solely about the--

MYSTERIOUS REPORTER

(Steaming)

What about the accident in your lab two weeks ago? Where's the press conference for that?

The reporter turns to Bruce.

MYSTERIOUS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Where's the check for HER stress?

The room breaks into a frenzy of judging murmurs. Bruce raises an eyebrow at the reporter's words as Janus's ASSISTANT stands to block the mics.

ASSISTANT

This press conference has concluded. Thank you all for coming.

As PR and security people alike calm the room, Bruce stares intently at the red haired woman.

INT: BATCAVE

The walls of the Batcave leak as Batman types away on his computer. His screen riffles through people's profiles. Finally, it stops on the ginger reporter's face.

BATMAN

Pamela Isley...

The screen reads: Pamela Isley, 25. Hair red, eyes blue, height of 5' 5".

Batman stares at her profile picture. She is nothing like the reporter from the conference. The woman on the screen has faded, auburn hair. Her skin is tanner. She is far more unflattering than the woman from earlier. Batman reads on.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Employed at Janus Industries
Cosmetics Division. Senior
Fragrance Research Assistant. Let's
see if I can find her Janus ID
page.

Batman types again. The screen flashes and tabs open and close. Batman gets to a password screen and reaches for an index card beside him: "For investment deposits only. Thank you, Bruce. Signed, Silvio Janus." Batman types the password in, searches some more, and lands on Pamela's file.

The screen reads the same information as before, but under her name is a bold, red TERMINATED. Batman clicks on the file

BATMAN (CONT'D)

She must've worked with the
Contrahexocide. If I can find
information on that...

The screen flashes with a big "PROJECT PLASTIC PLANT".

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Clearly she was right. They are
using unnatural chemicals.

(pondering)

(MORE)

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Why would Janus throw away his
company's reputation?

Batman holds a hand to his chin as Alfred calls from behind.

ALFRED
Master Bruce, you're needed back at
Janus Labs.

Batman jumps up.

BATMAN
Is there an attack?

ALFRED
(Suspicious)
No... Janus requires your attention
on a matter concerning the incident
yesterday.

BATMAN
The reporter from the press
conference, she was fired from
Janus Labs after working on
something called 'Plastic Plant'.
I'll try to find more about it when
I'm there.

Batman pulls his cowl off, hurrying out. Alfred smirks and
jokingly commands.

ALFRED
You better.

INT: JANUS LABS - DUSK

Lab assistants bustle and rush around an expansive,
futuristic laboratory. Everything is pure white, from the
walls to the equipment. Janus leads Bruce and other well
dressed men through his lab, pointing and smiling at various
machines.

JANUS
As you all can see, our research is
being held at the highest and
purest standards. This, (disgusted)
scandal is merely noise from the
cheap seats.

Bruce speaks up, cheery demeanor.

BRUCE

We have the utmost faith in you,
Sil. I mean, you handled that
disaster so well we didn't even
know it happened.

Janus spins around to face Bruce. He is stern, slightly annoyed.

JANUS

That was less than a minor setback.
An idiotic employee attempted to
hijack our experiment for her own
foolish intent. She's been dealt
with, (his tone lightens) and now
we can finally get back to making
progress again!"

Janus continues to explain his experiments, but his voice fades out as Bruce gazes around the lab. The more he examines the scientists, the more he can see their anxiety. All wear pained frowns as they work, their eyes darting up for a quick, fearful glance at Janus. Bruce faces forward once more to hear the end of Janus's speech.

JANUS (CONT'D)

And by next year, we'll have
doubled the amount of flowers per
blossom. It really is a marvelou--

Janus grunts. His backward steps have been halted by something pressed against his back. He turns to see a flame haired lab assistant, her head down, holding a potted thorn rose.

JANUS (CONT'D)

What are you?-- You're interrupting
a very important tour. I hope you
have a very good reason for--

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Killing you? Yes, I have plenty.

The woman drops the pot and it shatters, tainting the clean white floor with dirt. All but Bruce stagger backward. The red-haired woman rips her hand upward with a grunt. The rose rockets up into a massive, flowery fist. Janus takes a shot to the jaw and flies back and over the group. The lab bursts into a frenzied panic. Bruce glares at PAMELA ISLEY before darting off to privacy.

Frozen with fright, the other men in suits are thrown to either side by the giant plant, forming an open path to the injured Janus lying on the ground.

PAMELA ISLEY

I gave you a chance, Janus

Pamela sneers as she struts toward him.

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

To shut it all down. But you just
couldn't, with your greed.

She towers above him, hate on her face.

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

And your ego. You think you can own
mother nature?

The large stems fly off the men in suits and tie around
Janus' wrists, ankles, and neck. He squirms in fear.

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

Control her?

She sprouts a rose from her palm. A single thorn on the stem
expands to the size of a kitchen knife. Pamela lowers it to
Janus' throat.

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

I don't think so.

Just as Pamela thrusts the thorn, a batarang hits the flower,
shattering it into a dozen green and red pieces. Pamela looks
up with rage just to be knocked back by a swooping Batman.
Batman lands a few feet in front of her, ready for action.

BATMAN

Pamela, this isn't going to change
anything.

Pamela swipes hair from her face.

PAMELA ISLEY

But it'll send a message.

Two colorful vines launch from the lab tables beside them and
attack Batman from either side. He punches one as the other
wraps under his armpit. It begins to lift the Caped Crusader
off the ground, but with a swift slice of his batarang, the
vine splits and releases him. Pamela grunts and uses most of
her energy to sprout four more vines from test tubes around
her, these with mutated patterns and thorny spikes covering
their stems. With his ninja reflexes, Batman flips and
flexes, just barely avoiding the vines. They bend and come
back from behind. He manages to dodge three, but the fourth
slices across his stomach. Batman holds his wound and Pamela
laughs.

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

And I thought this would be the difficult part.

Batman staggers around. His vision is beginning to blur. He can barely make out Pamela strutting towards him.

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

Atropa Belladonna. Such a beautiful, sweet flower. Shame it kills in minutes.

With a cackling laugh she steps over Batman's limp body and toward a still hurt, dazed Janus. Pamela creates an even large thorn dagger. Batman grunts, trying and failing to stand. He hears Janus' distorted screams. Pamela stands above the trembling Janus. Her thorn dagger glimmers in the lab's light.

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

You could've done so much good. All this equipment, all these brilliant scientists, and yet you chose to torture these poor, innocent plants for profit.

Batman's eyes are closing. He can barely hold his top half up. But his face is filled with determination. He clenches his teeth, squints his eyes, and gives a great yell. Pamela raises her knife

PAMELA ISLEY (CONT'D)

And now, you'll die for it!

She thrusts the thorn downward before a massive back blow from the Bat sends her flying across the room. Pamela lands with a thud and a groan, dazed. Batman staggers once more. He's minutes from death. Voices echo from behind the lab entrance walls.

COP

They're in here!

HARVEY BULLOCH

Ready men! There could be anything in there. If it's the Bat, take him out!

A dozen cops burst through the lab doors. HARVEY BULLOCH leads them. They first see Janus, in the center of the room, fetal and whimpering. To the left is Pamela, still dazed on her side. Finally, Batman limps out of sight. Bulloch points with determination.

HARVEY BULLOCH (CONT'D)
There he is! Grab that rodent!

He gives a glance to Pamela.

HARVEY BULLOCH (CONT'D)
And grab her too, I guess.

Pamela rolls over with despair. She sees the cops coming closer and her eyebrows slant. With the last of her energy, vines burst from the petri dishes behind her, fly underneath her legs, and form a leave that carries her upward. She shatters through the wide lab windows to the amazement of the cops below. It takes Bulloch a moment or two to wipe the dumbstruck gape off his face.

HARVEY BULLOCH (CONT'D)
Forget her! Grab the Bat!

EXT: JANUS CORP - NIGHT

Batman sprints as fast as his poisoned form allows out of the building. He taps a button on his wrist then stumbles forward.

EXT: GOTHAM ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Red headlights flip on bright as the sun, illuminating a dirty, Gotham alleyway. Interior lights blink and activate. The central console powers on with a digitized bat logo spinning in the middle. The car's engine roars. A single, massive exhaust port coughs smoke and flame. The Batmobile burns out then tears into the street.

EXT: JANUS CORP - NIGHT

Batman staggers further into the lab parking lot. A few cops still standing by their cars take notice. A few murmur before a ROOKIE radios in.

ROOKIE
It's-- (He chokes on his nerves)
Batman! He's in the parking lot!

The Batmobile swings into the lot just as a dozen officers burst through the lab doors. They all rush past a pointing Harvey Bulloch.

HARVEY BULLOCH
Don't let him get away!

Batman can barely see, let alone walk. His body slams against the metal of the Batmobile. The top hatch flings open. Batman breathes slow, pained, and wheezy breaths. He wants to fall asleep. He could, if he just closed his eyes, and... the high pitched ping of a bullet striking metal beside his ear snaps him awake. Batman uses everything he has left to hop into cockpit, narrowly jumping over a hail of bullets raining onto the car's side.

INT: BATMOBILE

Batman can barely cough to the center screen.

BATMAN

Home.

EXT: GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

The Batmobile screeches into action, tearing out of the parking lot, leaving the army of officers in its dust. The car races through the streets of Gotham, flying between cars. A voice calls over the Batmobile intercom.

ALFRED (V.O.)

Master Bruce, I overheard police reporting to the laboratory. Was it that Pamela woman you--

INT: BATMOBILE

BATMAN

Poisoned! Atropa--

He chokes on every letter.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Belladonna. Antidote,
(fainting)
Now.

Batman finally collapses onto the steering wheel, unconscious.

EXT: GOTHAM OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The Batmobile skirts over a rural hill. In the distance, on the highest hill, sits Wayne Manor, a magnificent gothic mansion hidden among the trees. The Batmobile flies to the other side of the mountain, setting it's course for a waterfall in the distance.

As the car nears closer, the flow splits in two, leaving a gap just wide enough for the Batmobile to jump into.

INT: BATCAVE

The car rockets through a narrow cave, finally coming to a sliding stop onto a Batcave platform. Alfred races to the car, syringe in hand. The cockpit hood pops open to reveal a barely-awake and dying Batman.

ALFRED
(Mortified)
Oh dear!

Alfred recoils, then composes himself. He uses a small pocket knife to sever the suit around Batman's forearm, then stabs the bare skin with the needle. The last thing Batman sees is Alfred's worried face before the world fades to black.

END OF ACT 1