

65a

Stephen Kandel

BATMAN

FALSE-FACE

RECEIVED

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HOWIE MORWITZ

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FALSE-FACE

OPENING:

FADE IN:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS DAY GOTHAM CITY (STOCK)

The city awakening, via QUICK CUTS of Crowds, Rush, Bustle, ending with a great Exhibit Hall.

SUPER TITLE: THE INTERNATIONAL JEWELRY FAIR IN GOTHAM CITY

A TARGET FOR THIEVES

A CHALLENGE FOR THE POLICE

EXT. ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR, DOORMAN

He moves slightly, and an open button gapes his coat, revealing a Policeman's uniform, a badge underneath. A STREETCLEANER, with a barrel cart, passing by, sees the revealed badge, HISSES. Quickly, shame-faced, the Doorman-Policeman buttons the coat.

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON STREET CLEANER, CART, TILTS DOWN

Inside the barrel crouches a uniformed cop. The "Street Cleaner" is also a cop, under his whites.

STREET CLEANER

(to Cop in Barrel)

Clancy's gettin' careless. Who knows when False-Face might strike!

INT. EXHIBIT HALL TIGHT ON MERGENBERG CROWN

A gorgeous crown in a glass case. Identifying it, a sign: "Mergenberg Crown - Value: \$1,000,000.00"

CURATOR'S VOICE (OS)

But Chief O'Hara, what makes you believe the notorious False-Face might be after the Mergenberg Crown?

WIDER ANGLE IN EXHIBIT HALL

There are several other exhibits, ~~but~~ but the Crown is central. Standing by it: GORDON, O'HARA, the CURATOR. O'Hara looks at Gordon, gets a nod, produces a note.

OHARA

This made us suspicious.

He holds up the note, which shows the Mergenberg Crown pictured, and a line: "LOOK OUT, COPS - I HEREBY CROWN MYSELF", signed by a grinning, stylized mask, worked about the initials F.F.

CURATOR

"Look out Cops, I hereby crown myself."
Signed- False-Face!

GORDON

Exactly. False-face, the infamous criminal master of disguise and trickery!

OHARA

But we're ready for him!

At this point, the elegantly gowned, regally beautiful PRINCESS MERGENBERG enters, escorted by a GENTLEMAN as elegant, sporting a top hat, a beard, a prince albert. The Princess wears a long cape. The Curator bows deferentially, and the Princess nods regally - she has an ornate, high-piled hairdo.

CURATOR

Why - Princess Mergenberg! Here to look at your ~~a~~ crown?

PRINCESS

I wish to assure ourself it is all right.

GORDON

Ah - I'm Police Commissioner Gordon, Your Highness, and I can promise you - it'll be safe!

PRINCESS

Zo? Den vy vas I handed dis, outside?

She whips out ~~another~~ a large sheet of paper, holds it up for them to see. On it: "ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GONE!" Signed with the stylized Mask, the initials FF.

~~OHARA~~GORDON

All that glitters is gone?

CURATOR

Signed - False-Face!

OHARA

Shouldn't that be: "All that glitters is gold?"

GORDON

It's the trademark of False-Face;
a false quote!

OHARA

But the Crown's still here - I
believe we've stopped him this time!

GENTLEMAN (FALSE-FACE)

Not yet, Chief Ohara!

He LAUGHS, pulls at his beard, and the entire false face
comes off, he produces a lighter. He wears another mask -
the stylized one he uses for a signature.

GORDON

False-Face!

FALSE-FACE

In disguised person!

And he lights the beard of the mask, like a wick, throws
the mask at them. It's a smoke bomb, and smoke billows
out. OHARA BLOWS HIS WHISTLES, Smoke billows, Police
race in, ~~Blaze~~ the Princess (BLAZE) SCREAMS.

PRINCESS (BLAZE)

Shtop, tief!

As False-Face races for the door, she races after him.

ANGLE ON DOOR

The DOORMAN runs in, and grabs False-Face by the arm. The
arm is false, and comes off in his hand. False-Face races
through the door, followed by Blaze, who slips off her
regal cloak, hanging it on two prepared hooks, curtaining
the doorway. Ohara and Gordon rush into it - and bounce
back violently.

OHARA

That's no ordinary royal cloak! It's
made of superresilient rubber!

GORDON

Then she must be an accomplice!

EXT ~~STRE~~ ME.DHOST STREET

SIRENS, WHISTLES. The STREET-CLEANER COP trundles his
barrel cart, racing toward them. False-Face and Blaze
run toward a Police Riot Truck at the kerb, and leap
inside it. A ROAR, and they're off.

ANGLE ON BUILDING ENTRANCE

As Ohara and Gordon race out, x wave.

OHARA
Capture them, Men!

His police car races up - OHara and Gordon leap in, and off they go in hot pursuit.

ANGLE ON RIOT TRUCK SPEEDING AWAY

INT. CAB OF TRUCK

Jammed with controls, dials, etc. A label over the control panel reads: "F.F.TRICK-TRUCK". As False-Face drives, Blaze looks back, in the mirror.

BIAZE
The Police are hot on our trail!

FALSE-FACE
Then we'll cool them down!
(laughs)

EXT. TRUCK WHIPS INTO ALLEY

INT. CAB CLOSE ON CONTROL PANEL

False-Face opens the panel, revealing a row of le ver. The Panel's labeled, "TRICK-TRUCK QUICK-CHANGE CONTROLS". Each lever is labeled: "Bakery Truck;" "Postal Van", etc. False-Face pulls down the Bakery Truck Lever. CLASHING SOUNDS, OS.

EXT. STREET

As there's a last OS, CLASH, and the Trick-Truck comes out of the alley - now "Mother Ffolliet's Baked Goods", a bakery truck. False-Face whips it to the kerb, parks. Passersby stroll past, and False-Face hops out, adjusting a tall baker's cap on his head.

ANGLE PAST FALSE-FACE ON ALLEY MOUTH

As the Police car careens out, SIREN SCREAMING, followed by other Police vehicles, out and away.

CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE

Laughing.

INT. COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE ~~DAY~~CU GORDON DAY
Gordon is frowning, worried.

WIDER ANGLE INT OFFICE

OHara and the Curator are watching two POLICEMEN carry in the glass case, with the crown, set it down on the Commissioner's desk.

GORDON

This is sinister, Ohara. False-Face has been foiled - but not captured!

OHARA

At least, we stopped him from seizing the crown!

Ohara reaches out to tap the top of the glass case - and as his finger hits it - it gives! Startled, OHara pokes it harder. It dents - and rips!

GORDON

That is not glass.

OHARA

It's false - it's plastic!

CURATOR

The crown!

(adjusting a jeweler's loupe, he pulls it out, examines it, staggers back)

Phoney!

(throws crown away)

Utterly worthless.

GORDON

This is serious. False-Face has struck deviously and ruthlessly. Can we stop this master of devilish disguises?

OHARA

Commissioner - there's only one man living who can unmask False-Face.

GORDON

Chief OHara - you've said it for us all!
(turns, crosses to redhotline)
Our only hope is that towering power for right and justice - the Caped Crusader!
(he lifts the receiver)

INT. WAYNE MANOR ~~STORY~~ STUDY TIGHT ON BATPHONE

TITLE: "WAYNE MANOR, WHERE MILLIONAIRE BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON ENJOY A MOMENT OF QUIET"

INT. LIVINGROOM

Bruce reads, Dick pores over photographs of trees.

CURATOR

The crown!

Ohara reaches in, hands him the crown. The Curator inserts a jeweler's loupe, examines it, staggers back with a cry.

CURATOR

~~False!~~ *phony*
(throws crown away)
Utterly worthless, ~~and false.~~

GORDON

Men - this is serious. False-Face has struck deviously and ruthlessly.
Can we ~~decoy~~ *stop* this master of devilish disguises?

OHARA

Commissioner - there's only one man living who can unmask False-Face.

GORDON

Chief Ohara - you've said it for us all!
(turns)
Redhot line!

VOICE (OS)

Redhotline for the Commissioner!

VOICE (OS)

REDHOTLINE COMING UP!

And a Policeman TROTS INTO SHOT, carrying the plexiglass box of the Redhotline, trailing a long cord. Gordon lifts the cover, and the receiver.

GORDON

~~Disguise versus Disguise~~ - our only hope is that towering power for right and justice - the Caped Crusader!

INT. WAYNE MANOR STUDY TIGHT ON BATPHONE

VOICE (OS)

And in Wayne Manor, Millionaire Bruce Wayne, ~~Grayson~~ and his young ward, Dick Grayson ~~were~~ *ARE* enjoying a moment of quiet.

INT. WAYNE LIVINGROOM

Bruce is reading, Dick poring over a row of photographs of trees.

DICK

Pine - elm - hickory -
~~Cripes,~~ *Cripes* Botany is tough. I'll never learn to recognize all these trees.

Redhot line is in office - fit

BRUCE
 (rises, walks over)
 Come, come, Dick.
 (reels them off)
 Pine - elm - hickory - oak - chestnut -
 maple. Remember, part of our heritage
 is the lore of living things; the
 storybook of nature!

DICK
 That's true, Bruce.
 (with determination)
 I'll learn to read that book of
 nature yet!

Alfred ENTERS, COUGHS.

ALFRED
 Begging your pardon, sir - the Batphone.

DICK
 Gosh! What're we waiting for!

He leaps up - then stops, as AUNT HARRIED enters, with a
 photo of a tree: ash. She waves it.

AUNT HARRIET
 Here you are, Dick. I found one of
 your tree photos.
 (smiles)
~~You mislaid your ash.~~ **Batshit!**

DICK
 (taking it)
 Thanks a million, Aunt Harriet - but
 we were just going to a - a -

BRUCE
 - a ramble in the forest. Nature in
 the raw, so to speak.

Aunt Harriet smiles, as Bruce and Dick hurry into the study.

INT. STUDY

Dick shuts the door, Bruce grabs the phone.

BRUCE
 Commissioner Gordon? What's up?

CLOSE ON GORDON, IN EXHIBIT HALL

GORDON
 Batman - the Mergenberg Crown's been
 lifted. By False-Face! Can you come
 to the ~~Jewelry Fair exhibit hall~~ my office?

INT. STUDY

BRUCE

(grimly)

At once, Commissioner!

(hangs up)

It's our old enemy, Fäase-Face, up
to some new tricks!

(gestures)

To the Batpoles!

STOCK SHOT:

Bruce and Dick open the doors, and leap into the
batholes, sliding down the Batpoles.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE:

FADE IN:

EXT. FULLSHOT BATMOBILE RACING THROUGH STREETS DAY

(UNDER MAIN TITLES)

ANGLE ON POLICE HQ, BATMOBILE, SPECTATORS

As the Batmobile heads for Police HQ, onlookers wave, smile.

MED.CLOSE MAN, WOMAN

MAN

There goes the Dynamic Duo!

WOMAN

Crime is on the defensive today!

~~XXXX~~ ANGLE ON BATMOBILE, BEFORE POLICE HQ

Batman and Robin wave back, get out - and Robin points.

ROBIN

Batman - look!

THEIR POV ON POSTER, ON WALL OF POLICE HQ

It reads: "TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE BAT
DON'T YOU WONDER WHERE I'M AT?"

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

They look at it, Batman pulls the poster down.

BATMAN

So, False-Face spins a challenge, eh?
(grimly)

We'll soon unravel his web of deceit!

He heads into Police HQ, Robin with him.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE

Batman and Robin enter. Gordon and OHara smile greeting.

GORDON

Well, Batman and Robin. This is
a devious do, eh?

~~BATMAN~~

BATMAN

False-Face uses every bit of trickery
in the crooked lexicon, Commissioner.

ROBIN

I understand he escaped via his
notorious Trick-Truck?

OHARA

That's the divil's own truth, Boy Wonder.
He simply vanished into thin air.

BATMAN

More likely did a quick change into
something quite innocen.

(picks up crown)

Ah. A first-rate copy of the Mergenberg
Crown.

ROBIN

(admiringly)

False-Face does miraculously fine,
if crooked, work.

BATMAN

True, Robin. And that's why he
must be captured, and rehabilitated.
So this talent might create beauty
for the world!

GORDON

Well said, Batman!

(shakes Batman's hand)

I only wish False-Face could hear
your words - they might touch his
tricky heart!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK LOT OF MOVIE STUDIO DAY

False fronts galore, ancient sets, etc.

INT. HALL OF MIRRORS

This is False-Face's hideout, in one ancient set - with
two walls lined with distortion mirrors. Present are False-
Face, Blaze, and various of the COUNTERFEIT CREW, including
a MIDGET, OLD MAN, THIN MAN, FAT MAN, all in masks.
False-Face now sports bushy red hair, a moustache. He
paces up and down before the mirrors. Blaze, still with the
high-piled hairdo, lazes on a tiger-striped chaise longue.

FALSE-FACE

Are we all assembled?

BLAZE

The Counterfeit Crew present and on
duty, False-Face.

Various adlibs of AGREEMENT from the Crew.

FALSE-FACE

First - I succeeded in lifting the Mergenberg Crown, men!

CHEERS from the Crew, as False-Face walks over to Blaze, grips her hair - and lifts it: it's false, and conceals the crown, on her head. Blaze smiles, lifts the crown, hands it to False-Face. Her hair is now Blonde.

MIDGET

You've done it again, F.F.!

FALSE-FACE

Only the beginning. Boys - we are about to double-dizzy Batman and the Boy Wonder until the Dexterous Duo is dealt a defeat!

(beat)

I've planned the greatest criminal creation of my ~~covert~~ career! False-Face is going to stamp his disguised image on all Gotham *City.*

BLAZE

(languidly)

Today, Gotham. Tomorrow, the world.

OLD MAN

Three cheers for F.F.!

A rousing three CHEERS. False-Face is touched; he pushes up the corner of his mask - making it smile.

FALSE-FACE

Thanks men. I know you didn't mean it.

(beat, pulls down mouth of mask)

Now let's get to business. Batman and Robin must go.

(paces a step)

I won't stand for anybody else hiding their identities! The Disguised Duo must be (a) unmasked, and (b) unmanned or in Robin's case - unboyed.

FAT MAN

But - how, F.F.?

FALSE-FACE

By allowing Batman to penetrate into, but not through my deception. By sending him a clue that's not a clue, to a crime that's scarcely a crime, so that he may ~~xxxx~~ seek a victory that will actually be a defeat!

GASPS of admiration from the Counterfeit Crew.

MIDGET

Now that's what I call a plan.

FAT MAN

It's uncanny.

OLD MAN

How does he do it?

FALSE-FACE

(modestly)

By remembering that all is ~~illusion~~^{phony},
that right is wrong, true is false,
and it's handy to be quicker with a lie!

(beat)

Blaze will carry our little message
to Batman.

False-Face crosses to a distorted mirror, as Blaze rises, slinks over to him. He opens the mirror, revealing a cabinet labeled "FALSE MESSAGES, DECOYS & LYING CLUES." He takes out a banner, rolled around a pole, hands it to Blaze.

MIDGET

But won't Blaze be recognized?

BLAZE

Silly boy - I'll be concealed behind
a simple but impenetrable disguise.
(runs a hand down her body)
They won't even realize I'm a girl!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE MED. SHOT DAY

Gordon, Batman, O'Hara, Robin are in conference.

BATMAN

False-Face isn't the type to be
satisfied with just the Mergenberg
Crown, worth a million though it is.

GORDON

That's right, Batman.

ROBIN

On the contrary, I fear this was
merely the first droplet of a
virtual tidal wave of crime!

OHARA

All too true, Boy Wonder.

At this point, a KNOCK, the door opens, and BLAZE, disguised as a little old man is ushered in, carrying the panner.

POLICEMAN

Messenger here, for Batman.

BLAZE

(in an old man's voice)

You Batman, Sonny?

BATMAN

I am.

She hands him the banner. Robin helps him unfurl it - and it turns out to be a large paper oblong, with a message:

I INTEND TO GIVE MONEY TO
A DEFENSELESS LITTLE GIRL.

A long silence. Gordon shakes his head.

GORDON

I'd wager that's some sort of code.

BATMAN

It is. False-Face always says the
opposite of what he means.

ROBIN

Then - "I intend to give money"
means he intends to take money.

OHARA

But what defenseless little girl?

BLAZE
(cackles)
Confusin', eh, sonny?

BATMAN
(coolly)
Not really. The victim is neither
little, nor a girl - nor defenseless.

OHARA
Opposite of a girl's - a boy.

GORDON
And opposite of defenseless?

ROBIN
Say! Wearing armor?

BATMAN
Good thinking! The Ladd Armored Car
Company.

ROBIN
Ladd - ~~xxxxxx~~ as in boy, armored for
defense, a large truck - full of money!

GORDON
That's it! You've got it!

BATMAN
I have more than that.

With a lightning bound, he seizes Blaze, removes her old
man's face, exposing the beautiful girl beneath, smiling
~~over the pathos of her disguise.~~

BATMAN
Unless I miss my gaze, you are -

BLAZE
Blaze. False-Face's trusted assistant.
(mockingly)
At your service.
(rubs her arm)
You've got quite a grip, Caped Crusader.

BATMAN
A sound mind in a sound body. A
necessity in the endless war against
crime.

ROBIN
As for you, Blaze, you're ~~no better~~
~~than~~ an accessory before the fact!

Blaze shrugs, walks to the open window, looks out.

BLAZE

False-Face challenges you to prove
he's committed a crime. And if you
do - you'll have to catch him.

(smiles)

And me!

And in a lithe bound, she leaps up onto the window ledge,
and out into space! Batman and Robin leap up on the
ledge after her, look out, horrified.

THEIR POV TILT DOWN ON BLAZE

She's leaped out - and is hurtling down toward a
huge safety net - with the FF mask painted on it. The
net is in the street, the Trick-Truck before it,
and False-Face standing by.

MED.SHOT NET

Blaze lands, bounces, rolls over, as False-Face leaps
into the truck, she jumps in the other side - and
waves mockingly, as False-Face GUNS the engine.

ANGLE TILT DOWN FROM WINDOW

As Blaze waves, and the truck drives away at high speed.

~~INT~~
INT OFFICE

Robin has his Batarang out, but Batman stops him.

BATMAN

It's too late.

ROBIN

Blaze - she's as elusive as a
flickering flame.

BATMAN

That may well be where she earned
her nickname, Robin.

(beat)

But I warrant you - we'll snuff out
her fiery criminal career!

(gestures)

Now let's be off - to the Ladd
Armored Car Company.

CUT TO:

INT. LADD ARMORED CAR CO. OFFICE DAY

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

BATMAN
Very possible, Robin. But I warrant
you - we'll snuff out her fiery
criminal career!

(gestures down)
Now - into the Batmobile.

ROBIN
And off to the Ladd Armored Car Company.

MED. SHOT STREET

They land in the Batmobile, and race off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANGLE ON SIGN OVER BUILDING: LADD ARMORED CAR. CO.

INT. OFFICE DAY

GEORGE W. LADD, a brusque, cigar-chewing, self-made business tycoon is at his desk, as his gorgeous Secretary MISS LIMBLE, enters.

LADD
Well, Miss Limble? Well? I told
you I wasn't to be disturbed!

MISS LIMBLE
(archly) *Dynamic Duo?*
Not even by the ~~Caped Crusaders?~~

LADD
What! What! Batman and Robin!
Send them in at once!

~~Miss Limble~~ smiles, steps aside, and Batman and Robin enter. She shuts the door, leans against it, with a languishing look at Batman. Ladd rises, puts out a hand.

LADD ~~(smiles)~~
Batman and Robin! It's not often
that a simple business man is honored
by a visit from the Champion of Justice
and his Youthful Associate.
(smiles)
How can I help you?

BATMAN
(shaking hand)
Rather, it's we who can help you,
Mr. Ladd.
(beat)
We have reason to believe that one of
your armored cars may be in danger.

LADD

Good heavens! I've just received a report that one of my large armored trucks is missing - and it's due at the Gotham National Bank to pick up a huge shipment of money!

~~BATMAN~~ ROBIN

I wouldn't be surprised if False-Face was the spoke in that set of wheels.

BATMAN

Right! Mr. Ladd - stand by. You'll receive a ~~report~~ report as soon as we've located the missing money truck.

LADD

Bless you, Batman. Every law-abiding citizen of Gotham will be with you in spirit.

MISS LIMBLE

(yearning)

And if it were possible - in body!

Batman smiles, kindly, as he and Robin race out.

EXT. BATMOBILE RACING THROUGH STREET

CLOSE IN BATMOBILE

Robin's on the batradio.

ROBIN *Commissioner*

...yes, ~~Chief O'Hara~~ - the Gotham *City* National Bank - all the men you can spare - and fast!

He CLICKS off, nods. Batman smiles, driving.

EXT. ANGLE ON BATMOBILE SPEEDING AWAY

FULLSHOT STREET, GOTHAM NATIONAL BANK

At the door a big armored Ladd Truck. The Batmobile RACES INTO SHOT, halts behind the armored car. The rear door of the armored car is open, and a Guard, actually False-Face, is waiting as two BANK GUARDS bring out sacks of money. The BANK GUARDS stop, smiles as Batman and Robin hop out. *False-face holds A bag of money.*

GUARD ONE

Why, it's Batman and Robin.

GUARD TWO

Come to make a deposit?

BATMAN

No - we've come to prevent a withdrawal, by False-Face.

GUARD ONE

What! False-Face? The notorious criminal master of disguise?

FALSE-FACE

Then let's load the money in pronto, men. Before it's too late.

ROBIN

It's already too late - False-Face.

GUARDS ONE & TWO

WHAT!

BATMAN

Right. That's False-Face himself, in disguised person!

FALSE-FACE

What makes you so sure?

BATMAN

It's obvious. Only a criminal would disguise himself as a licensed, bonded guard - and yet callously park in front of a fire hydrant.

(he points)

ANGLE ON REAR OF ARMORED TRUCK, GROUP, FIRE HYDRANT

FALSE-FACE

(angered, chagrined)

It's always the little things!

ROBIN

This time, it'll cost you a big penalty, False-Face.

(steps forward)

We're going to withdraw you from circulation, and deposit you in jail!

WIDER ANGLE

As POLICE CARS, Sirens SCREAMING, block off the street, draw up. OHARA and SGT. CRIMP leap out of OHARA's car.

FALSE-FACE

(laughs)

Ha, Boy Wonder - your interest is overdue!

? ~~As~~ As Batman and Robin leap forward, False-Face touches a button, and concealed springs in his shoes SPRING him back into the armored truck. He SLAMS the door.

As Batman and Robin leap forward, False-Face drops the bag of "money" he's holding - and it erupts, hurling out a torrent of colored smoke; a screen. Behind it, False-Face ducks back into the truck, SLAMS the door.

INT. CAB OF TRICK TRUCK

Blaze is at the controls. False-Face catapults into the next seat, and she reaches for a control clearly labeled: BREAKAWAY GETAWAY.

FALSE-FACE

Now!

Blaze yaaks the lever.

EXT. FULLSHOT

As the Police approach the armored car cautiously - there's a PUFFK OF SMOKE, a RUMBLE, and the Trick TRUCK drives out of the armored car - leaving the sides, top and back - a shell! False-Face laughs mockingly, as they drive off.

OHARA

It's a false armored car!

CRIMP

With the notorious Trick Truck inside!

Batman and Robin leap into the Batmobile, give chase.

INT. CAB OF TRICK TRUCK

FALSE-FACE

(looks at mirror)

Batman and Robin are ~~not~~ on our heels.
(laughs)

Good!-

EXT. FULLSHOT STREET

The Trick-Truck careening along, then whips around a corner.

ANGLE ON CORNER

As the ~~Batmobile~~ Batmobile follows at top speed.

FULLSHOT MAIN STREET

People watch - as the Trick-Truck races down, and turns into a narrow alley. As the Batmobile appears in ~~pursuit~~, everybody points, and ~~many~~ many CHEER.

~~INT. ALLEY~~ ANGLE DOWN ALLEY

A narrow alley, lined with huge garbage cans.

PAN ALONG CANS

Each one contains a member of the Counterfeit Crew.

REVERSE ANGLE UP ALLEY

As the Batmobile screeches around the corner, heads down it.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

They stare forward - suddenly react, shocked.

THEIR POV ON MOUTH OF ALLEY

As the Midget, disguised as a BOYSCOUT, and False-Face, disguised as an OLD LADY start to cross the alley.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

Batman quickly seizes a lever marked: BATSTOP, yanks it.

EXT. FULLSHOT

The Batmobile sprouts a rear parachute, all four wheels lock, braking jets FIRE, and it screeches to a halt, just before it touches the "Boy Scout" and "Old Lady"

FALSE-FACE (AS OLD LADY)

(in a quavering voice)

Thank you, Batman -

(suddenly LAUGHS)

For braking into my trap!

He seizes the Boy Scout's whistles BLOWS. Instantly, every one of the trashcans sprouts a member of the Counterfeit Crew - and the entire gang hurls themselves at Batman and Robin, in the Batmobile. False-Face gestures, in command, from the side of the alley.

CLOSER ANGLE ON DONNYBROOK

Batman and Robin surge out of the Batmobile, and close with the foe. They lay them out, and deposit each demolished crook in one of the trash cans. But as they fight, they move away from the Batmobile.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN, CREWMAN

One immense CREWMAN rushes at them - and Robin deftly ~~kickxxxxxxkxxxxxx~~ trips him, Batman slugs him, and both B&R lift a huge trash can, and clap it over him, snuffing him. Then Robin looks off, reacts, points.

ROBIN

Batman! It's Blaze - and the Batmbbile!

THEIR POV ON BATMOBILE

Blaze is climbing into it - with intent of Battheft!

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

Batman whirls, races off, toward Batmobile.

CLOSE IN BATMOBILE

Blaze reaches for a control - and instantly, a panel drops, revealing a loudspeaker marked "BAT-ALARM" - which SHRIEKs. Simultaneously, Batman BEAPS INTO SHOT, seizes her wrist. She arches, pulls back - but he holds her effortlessly.

BLAZE

(panting, defiant)

You're so strong!

BATMAN

I urge you to abandon this life of crime, Balze, before it's too late!

FALSE-FACE'S VOICE (OS)

It's already too late, Batman!

WIDER ANGLE

As Batman turns, False-Face hurls the Midget at his head - the Midget clings, and before Batman can pluck him off, Blaze is free, and gone. False-Face laughs, produces a Bat, lifts it, steps forward.

FALSE-FACE

I call this - ~~my~~ my Batman bat!

He starts to swing, and a BATARANG ENTERS SHOT, wraps a line around the bathandle, which is pulled away. False-Face whirls - and Robin's racing toward him. Batman's plucked off the Midget - they both flank False-Face.

ANGLE PAST BATMAN, ROBIN ON FALSE-FACE

He backs toward the wall of a nearby building - and then suddenly produces a ^{smoke} ~~gas~~ bomb, shatters it. A huge cloud of ~~gas~~ smoke. Out of it, False-Face rises, being reeled up toward the rooftops, on a line. Batman and Robin instantly hurl up Batarangs.

ANGLE ON WALL

Batman and Robin race up the wall after False-Face.

MED.SHOT ALLEY

The Police have arrived, and are loading canned Counterfeit Crewmen into the paddywagon.

MED.SHOT ROOFTOP

Batman and Robin appear over the edge of the roof - and spot False-Face, turned away from them. They dive at him, and "False-Face" deflates with a RUDE NOISE.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Batman and Robin disentangle themselves from the deflated fabric dummy of False-Face.

ROBIN

Tricked!

BATMAN

Another deft counterfet by the Master of Disguise and Deceit!

R ROBIN

But - where can False-Face be?

MED.SHOT ALLEY MOUTH

As the Police are working, Chief OHara is supervising, near his car. The Trick-Truck, in its Police Riot Truck rig, drives up, near him. We know it's the Trick-Truck, because Blaze is at the wheel. She leans out, smiles at OHara, he blinks, startled, as the Truck halts. Then the rear door opens, and False-Face ~~stands~~ steps out, disguised as OHara, holding a Police Whistle.

OHARA

Faith an' begorra - it's False-Face, disguised as meself!

FALSE-FACE

Right ye are, OHara - an' welcome to dreamland!

He lifts the Whistle - blows - and a puff of gas comes out, hits OHara - who slumps. False-Face bundles OHara quickly into the Truck, closes the door, nods. Blaze smiles, and drives it away. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~KKK~~

CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE

He turns, as a POLICEMAN trots up, salutes.

POLICEMAN

Everything's under control, Chief!

FALSE-FACE (AS OHARA)

Good work!

The Policeman nods, smiles, turns away. CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT ON FALSE-FACE, and CHUCKLING LAUGHTER comes from behind the mask.

FADE OUT:

BATMAN (CONT)

Under Batscope magnification, the ink appears to be of extraordinary fineness.

(to Robin)

Robin - test the tensile strength via the Batometer.

ROBIN

Right!

He pulls over the BATOMETER, a clamp with two pulling arms, and a gauge on top. Robin fixes the clamp at the end of each arm so they'll pull the paper apart. Batman turns to Alfred.

BATMAN

Alfred - wheel over the spectrographic Batanalyst, please.

ALFRED

At once, sir.

Alfred turns, pulls over a bulky machine on casters, which has a glass plate on top, and a projection head, aimed ~~at~~ ~~right~~ ~~angle~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~plate~~ horizontally, to project a magnification of whatever's on the plate at a screen. Batman goes back to the Batscope. Robin has started the Batometer, which WHINES, as it pulls on the paper, the needle CLICKING up the gauge.

BATMAN

Aha - as ~~a~~ I suspected! This paper has a multitude of fine colored threads woven into ~~it~~.

ROBIN

Tensile resistance: eighty-two pounds, eighty-three -

(beat, awed)

Gee whillikers, this stuff is about the strongest paper I've ever encountered!

BATMAN

If my guess is right - it's a very special sort of paper indeed!

ROBIN

Eighty-five - eighty-seven...

The paper RIPS LOUDLY. A CLICK, A GONG, the needle freezes on the Gauge, the WHINE STOPS.

ROBIN (CONT)

Eighty-seven point six.

(shakes his head)

I can't puzzle out your drift, Batman.

BATMAN

In a moment. Now, the Batanalyst.

Batman puts the paper on the glass plate of the Batanalyst, fastens it down, feels around his costume.

BATMAN

Ah - I seem to be short of cash.
Alfred, have you a dollar bill?

ALFRED

(amused, places one on the tray,
holds it out)
Of course, Sir.

ROBIN

The perfect butler.

ALFRED

I attempt to give satisfaction at
all times, Master - ah - Boy Wonder.

Batman takes the dollar, puts it on the Batanalyst's plate, next to the message. Robin cuts off the lights, Batman aims the Batanalyst projection head at a wall, manipulates dials, producing LIGHTS, SOUND.

ANGLE ON WALL

Showing magnified projections of the ^{portrait on the} dollar bill and the message, with identical colored lines running through the paper. The colored lines fluoresce, as Batman turns a dial.

BATMAN'S VOICE (OS)

By focusing ultra-violet light and applying the principles of controlled fluorescent diffraction, we can readily discern -

ANGLE INCLUDING BATMAN, ROBIN, ALFRED

ROBIN

Why, that message is printed on the same sort of paper used to make money! ✓

BATMAN

Exactly!

ALFRED

But, what sort of money? ✓ *Confusing*

BATMAN

False-Face only deals in one sort: Counterfeit. ✓

ALFRED

~~Good heavens!~~ The man will stop at nothing.

ANGLE INCLUDING BATMAN, ROBIN, ALFRED

ROBIN

Why, ~~kk~~ False-Face printed his message on the same sort of paper used to make money!

BATMAN

Exactly.

ALFRED

But, why would False-Face have this sort of paper?

BATMAN

To make money. His kind of money. Counterfeit money!

ALFRED

The man will stop at nothing!

ROBIN

He'll stop at the state penitentiary
for a long term before we're done!

Batman shuts off the Batanalyst; Alfred turns on the lights.

BATMAN

The paper is made by a top-secret
process under strict government
supervision. Indeed, few people, outside
the Official Banknote Printing Company
are aware that this is the only paper
that cannot be counterfeited...

H

He stops. Robin and Alfred ~~xx~~ look at each other in wild
surmise. Batman is in deep thought. Then he lights up.

BATMAN (CONT)

(quietly)

Eureka.

ROBIN

You've found it?

ALFRED

The solution, sir?

BATMAN

(seizes sheet)

The size - the material - it all fits!
This is official banknote paper! False-
Face must have penetrated the Official
Banknote Printing Company!

ROBIN

And if he has plans for counterfeiting,
I'd wager he'll go back there for more
special paper!

BATMAN

But we shall be there before him.
Quick - the Batmobile.

(to Alfred)

Alfred, please inform Mrs. Cooper
that we may be a trifle late for
supper tonight.

Alfred ~~x~~ bows, Batman turns, races off.

ANGLE ON BATMOBILE

~~Robin drives up, slides over,~~ Batman leaps in - and they're off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICIAL BANKNOTE PRINTING COMPANY DAY

Identified by a large sign. It's covered with warning signs:
STAY OUT! GUARDED! WIRED! TOP-SECRET! DANGER - MINES!

ANGLE ON GATE

A huge, frowning gate, a GUARD on duty. As Batman and Robin drive up, park, get out, the Guard looks at them, instantly beams, opens the gate, salutes. They enter, smile in ~~xxxxxxxx~~ acknowledgement, stroll on in.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN AT DOOR

It's marked: "MONEY PAPER STOREHOUSE - KEEP OUT!" They open the door - enter.

INT. STOREHOUSE

A large room, with piles of paper, similar to the ~~xxx~~ piece False-Face used for his message. Crates, boxes, et.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

ROBIN
(looking around)
There's nobody here.

BATMAN
So far. But if someone does arrive,
I think we'd better be out of sight.

He gestures up. Robin looks up - nods, understanding. They take out Batarangs, hurl them.

ANGLE UP WALL TOWARD LACING GIRDERS ABOVE

The Batarangs catch, the Caped Crusaders scamper up.

CLOSE ON GIRDER

Batman and Robin climb onto a girder, look down.

THEIR POV ON PILES OF PAPER, WORKMAN

A WORKMAN pushes in a small hand truck, begins to pile on stacks of ~~pa~~per. Then he turns, at the CLICK-CLICK of high heels.

29.

They'd walk in front door & talk to Pres.

EXT. OFFICIAL BANKNOTE PRINTING COMPANY DAY

Identified by a large sign. It's covered with warning signs: STAY OUT! GUARDED! WIRED! TOP-SECRET! DANGER-MINES!

ANGLE UP WALL OF BUILDING, AT STREET

Batman and Robin drive up, hop out, Use their Batarangs to fasten Batlines to the top, and climb up to a high, narrow row of windows.

INT. PRINTING COMPANY PLANT (STOCK)

Huge, silent. Presses, papercutters, etc. In the BG, a MACHINE THUMPS STEADILY.

ANGLE ON WALL, WINDOWS

As Batman and Robin climb in, fasten their Batarangs, wait, looking down. Batman points.

THEIR POV ON PILES OF PAPER, WORKMAN

The Workman piles up a huge stack. Then he turns, at a CLICK-CLICK, of high heels.

MED. SHOT

Blaze appears around a machine. She wears high heels, a skintight leotard, a towering mound of BLUE hair; she holds a foot-long cigarette holder, a cigarette in it.

BLAZE

Excuse me, have you a light?

WORKMAN

(reaching for matches)

Why certainly -

(stops)

But smoking's forbidden in the banknote paper room!

(eyes narrow suspiciously)

What department are you in, Miss?

BLAZE

Removal.

She points the cigarette holder - it POPS out a small gasball, which hits the Workman's face. He collapses instantly.

BLAZE (CONT)

You see, my curious friend, we need that paper!

She puts the cigarette holder in her mouth, starts to push the handtruck.

ANGLE TILT UP ON ROOF BEAMS

Batman and Robin are walking across the interlaced roofbeams.

THEIR POV DOWN ON BLAZE

Pushing the handcart to a door. She unlocks, unbolts, unbars, and unlatches the door - WHISTLES. A moment, and the Midget and Fat Man appear, masked.

MED.SHOT

BLAZE

Quickly - move this into the Trick Truck -

And then she turns, GASPS, as Batman and Robin ~~DROP~~ INTO the SHOT.

BATMAN

~~Not~~ Not so quickly, Blaze!

MIDGET

It's Batman!

FAT MAN

And Robin!

MIDGET & FAT MAN

We've been found out!

They turn to flee, but Batman downs the Fatman, and Robin tackles the Midget, binding and gagging them. Blaze lifts her cigarette holder, aims it at Batman..

BATMAN

No you don't, Blaze! I have the answer to that little trick!

As the gas puffs out, Batman BLOWS - and blows it right back at Blaze, She gasps, slumps, falls into Batman's arms.

BLAZE

I knew - sooner or later - you would overcome my bag of tricks...

And she's out. Batman drapes her over one shoulder.

BATMAN

We'll leave these beauties for the plant guards to collect. I want to interrogate Blaze!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE DAY

Present are Gordon, Crimp, Two POLICEMEN on guard, False-Face (as OHARA). Batman and Robin are facing Blaze, unconscious in a deep chair.

CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE

The "mask" of OHARA is immobile, but he tensely twists a ring on his finger.

INSERT CU RING: The False-Face stylized mask.

~~WIDER~~ WIDER ANGLE

False-Face realizes what he's done, quickly turns the ring around, hiding the mask, COUGHS, CLEARS HIS THROAT.

GORDON

You must excuse Chief OHara, Batman. He has an agonizing toothache, and can hardly speak.
(smiles)

I can hardly recognize his voice!

FALSE-FACE (OHARA)

Mmmph.

ROBIN

(with quick sympathy)

I hope it's better soon, Chief OHara.

Blaze stirs, MOANS softly, comes to.

GORDON

She's awakened!
(sternly)

Well, Miss, it seems we've apprehended you

BLAZE

You? Scarcely.
(smiles)

It took Batman to capture me. Only the Nemesis of Crime could have tripped up Blaze so deftly!

BATMAN

Blaze - we've deduced False-Face's intent to counterfeit money. But we must know where he intends to perform the printing.

CU OHARA (FALSE-FACE)

Tensing.

MED.SHOT

BLAZE

So. You're onto the counterfeiting caper. Clever, Caped Crusader!

BATMAN

But we must have the details. How, when - and where.

BLAZE

I don't know.

ROBIN

Oh, come now. Surely you, his trusted lieutenant, must be in his confidence.

BLAZE

False-Face trusts nobody - and nobody trusts him. Like his name; like his innumerable disguises, he is forever in concealment. I know he plots a gigantic coup - but I'm not privy to his plans.

BATMAN

~~Blaxxxxxxxx~~ Then I'm afraid we're at a dead end.

B BLAZE

I'll tell you this, Batman.

(rises, puts a hand on his arm)

If there is one force in this world that False-Face fears - it is you.

(smiles)

And the Boy Wonder, of course.

(soberly)

Many a time, I've heard him mutter: "If it were not for the Cursed Caped Crusaders, I'd be Kingpin of the Criminal Class!"

GORDON

The swine! That False-Face is rotten to his concealed core!

BATMAN

Please, Commissioner - remember. Even False-Face ~~xxxxxxx~~ has a conscience - somewhere - and can be rehabilitated.

GORDON

That's true, Batman. For the moment, I was carried away.

BLAZE

Batman - you are truly - good.
(emotionally)

And if I can - I'll help you find
False-Face!

BATMAN

Good girl! You're on the side of
right and justice now!

Blaze smiles, moved, seizes his hand - holds it to her
cheek, then quickly moves away, apologetically.

BLAZE

Sorry. I was carried away.

ROBIN

Let's all be away - after False-Face!

BATMAN

Right!

FALSE-FACE (AS OHARA)

If I moite make a suggestion.

(beat)

Why not let the Dynamic Duo go with
Blaze, whilst I ~~follow~~ make certain
~~maxima~~ a force of picked poliee stand by?

GORDON

Capital!

BATMAN

Good thinking, OHara!

FALSE-FACE (AS OHARA)

Oh, twas nothin'.

Batman CLAPS "OHARA" on the shoulder, takes Blaze's arm,
and they're off. "OHara" turns to Gordon.

FALSE-FACE (AS OHARA)

I'd best be on my way, too, Commissioner.
I wouldn't want to lose Batman!

Gordon smiles, as "Ohara" races out.

EXT. BATMOBILE RACING THROUGH STREETS (VARIOUS SHOTS)

TITLES:

CAN IT BE?
IS BATMAN RUSHING INTO DIRE PERIL?
WILL THE PERSPICACIOUS PAIR UNMASK THE
TREACHEROUS BEAUTY AT THEIR SIDE?
DOES BATMAN KNOW CHIEF OHARA IS ACTUALLY
FALSE-FACE?

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE DAY

Boarded up, Marked "SUBWAY - CLOSED FOR REPAIRS". The Batmobile pulls up, and the trio gets out. Blaze points.

ROBIN

Cunning. Who would suspect a boarded-up subway entrance?

BLAZE

And of course, it's centrally located for False-Face's nefarious plans.

(apologetically)

I'm sorry ~~I~~ we took so long to get here, Batman. But I was unsure of the way.

BATMAN

The important thing is - that we are here. Shall we?

He offers a courtly arm to Blaze. Passersby glance at them casually, as Batman, Blaze in her leotards and Blue hair, and Robin step over the barricade, go down the steps.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

Against a wall is a huge candy-dispensing machine. Batman Blaze, Robin ~~STEP~~ DOWN INTO SHOT, looks around. OS, a ROAR.

THEIR POV ON SUBWAY TRAIN RACING PAST (STOCK)

MED.SHOT PLATFORM

BATMAN

of the essence.

Now where to? Time is ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~.

BLAZE

(looks at her watch)

Good heavens - no wonder I'm starved. It's after lunch. Batman - could you get me a candy bar, please?

BATMAN
Of course.

He hands it over. Blaze looks at it, smiles.

BLAZE
Awe-inspiring.
(looks at her watch)
Good heavens - no wonder I'm starved.
It's after lunch. Batman - could you
get me a candy bar, please?

She points at the machine, drops a dime into his hand.

ROBIN
Candy? Actually, Fresh fruit is
healthier

BLAZE
But there is none here. And there's
a candy machine.

She smiles meltingly. Batman smiles back, nods, walks over
Blaze turns to Robin, sighs after Batman.

BLAZE (CONT)
He's such a gentleman. Both of
you are. True cavaliers.

ROBIN
(shyly)
Aww...

Blaze smiles, then bends, ~~kisses~~ ^{HUGS} Robin. He flushes, pulls
away, ~~but Blaze has lifted his Batspirator. As Robin~~
~~reacts~~ she pulls a gun out of her hair, fires GAS at him.
Robin reels - collapses

CLOSE ON BATMAN AT MACHINE

He inserts the dime, looks into the mirror - and False-Face
looks back out of it at him, LAUGHS.

BATMAN
False-Face!

The Machine PUFFS out a cloud of gas. He's enveloped,
staggered, falls. The LAUGHTER RISES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBWAY ANGLE ON SIGNS

"EXPRESS" and "LOCAL" with parallel arrows pointing down.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN PAST "EXPRESS" SIGN TO BATMAN, THEN PULLS BACK TO SHOW ROBIN UNDER "LOCAL" SIGN.

Blaze and False-Face, in a mask of course, are standing by the Pair. They're lying across their respective tracks, angled, ankles and wrists fastened to the rails with huge blobs of plastic cement. False-Face squirts more plastic out of a squirt gun onto Batman's wrists.

ROBIN

I'm afraid we were careless. Batman.

FALSE FACE

Very careless! Deadly careless!
(laughs)

BLAZE

(troubled)

False-Face, is this killing necessary?

FALSE-FACE

Absolutely! They must be disposed of!
(to Batman)

The Express will be through here inside of five minutes, Batman. And inside of six - no more Batman!

ROBIN

Fiend!

FALSE-FACE

The local for you, Boy Wonder. A slower train, but a smaller victim.
(Laughs)

Robin jerks, twists strongly - can't pull free. Batman heaves.

FALSE-FACE

That's quicksetting plastic cement. You're strong, Batman - but a bull elephant couldn't break these bonds!

BATMAN

False-Face, you will regret this. Eventually

BLAZE

I regret it already! Batman - forgive me!

BATMAN

Of course, Blaze. Any girl might follow the wrong impulse. I forgive you.

Blaze SOBS.

~~FALSE~~-FACE

Quiet, ~~doxy~~ - or I'll wrap you
in epoxy, too!

(seizes her wrist)

~~Look~~ Take a last look. Inside
minutes, the Dynamic Duo will be
merely disintegrated debris!

He ~~l~~ugs wildly, yanks Blaze off by the ~~wrist~~.

CLOSER ANGLE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

BATMAN

Courage, Robin.

ROBIN

Batman - if it has to be - there's
nobody I'd rather - go with.

BATMAN

Stout lad!

(struggles)

~~The battle is not yet lost!~~

OS, A WHISTLE, A FAINT RUMBLE. They both turn.

THEIR POV ON TRAINS

In the far distance, approaching: two tiny lights.

ANGLE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

As another WHISTLE SOUNDS.

TITLES:

"DISASTER THREATENS"

"BASHED BY THE BMT?"

"WILL THE DYNAMIC DUO DICE WITH
DEATH - AND DESCEND TO DEFEAT?"

"CAN BATMAN AND ROBIN BREAK THE
UNBREAKABLE, SLIP OUT OF THE CHEMICAL
CLUTCHES, ESCAPE THE EPOXY?"

"KEEP YOUR BATWINGS CROSSED UNTIL
TOMORROW - SAME TIME - SAME CHANNEL -
SAME PERILOUS PREDICAMENT!"

FADE OUT:

(END PART ONE)

Way too many pages!

PART TWOXXXXXXXXREPRISE:FADE IN:

- a) A jeweled crown: INT. EXHIBIT HALL, DISPLAY OF CROWN
- b) A jarring threat: SIGN: "ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GONE"
- c) Fulfilled, as the crown's proved false: CURATOR HURLING AWAY CROWN
- d) A Cry for Aid: BATPHONE
- e) And the Answer: BATMOBILE ZOOMING OUT OF CAVE
- f) While False-Face Plots: F.F. IN MIRRORED HIDEAWAY
- g) A Robbery? ARMORED CAR BEFORE BANK
- h) No! An Ambush! BATMOBILE CAUGHT IN NET
- i) Which backfires: RIOT IN ALLEY
- j) But False-Face tries yet again: F.F. CAPTURES OHARA
- k) Deduction by the Duo: SCENE IN BATCAVE
- l) A Damper on Blaze: CAPTURE OF BLAZE IN BANKNOTE PRINTERS
- m) ~~Who Repents:~~ ~~BLAZE KISSES BATMAN~~
- n) Maybe... CU: BLAZE, WINKING
- o) NO! TREACHERY! ROBIN IS NABBED
- p) Both! BATMAN IS GASSED BY MACHINE
- q) And now - a Plasticized Pair! BATMAN AND ROBIN ON SUBWAY TRACKS
- r) Facing a Ferocious Fate! ANGLE PAST THEM ON APPROACHING TRAINS.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE:

FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL MED.SHOT

Batman and Robin, glued to the tracks. OS, a DISTANT WHISTLE.

ANGLE ON DISTANT TRAIN, APPROACHING CAMERA

INT. WAYNE MANOR STUDY

Alfred is dusting, as the radio PLAYS ~~XXXXXXXX~~ RESPIGHI. He whistles COUNTERPOINT. The MUSIC STOPS.

ANNOUNCER

And now the Cultural Hour brings you
a special message -
(beat)

Ah - to the Friends of Batman.

Alfred reacts, turns up the volume hastily.

ANNOUNCER (CONT)

Uhm - "Many are called - but two are
chosen. Be receptive!"

Alfred whirls, drives for the bust of Shakespeare, the doors open, Alfred dives down the Batwell, on the Batpole.

ANNOUNCER (CONT)

(over above)

Now - we return to the fragile
intricacies of Respighi...

FLUTE MUSIC, OS.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

The WHISTLE, LOUDER. And a CLACKETY-CLACK.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE

As OHARA, battered, disheveled, is helped in by two Policemen.

GORDON

(shocked)

Ohara - where have you been!

OHARA

~~XXXXXXXX~~ On a garbage scow, Commissioner!
In a sack. I was wrapped and abandoned!

GORDON
That's criminal!

OHARA
Indeed it is, sor. And that's why
I'm concerned about Batman and Robin.

GORDN
The Caped Crusaders?

OHARA
Y&s. They're a Threatened Twosome!
For I was put into this condition by
FALSE-FACE!

As all react, horrified.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL ANGLE ON TRAINS

Louder, closer.

KM INT. BATCAVE

Alfred is at the clearly labeled "BATTRANSMITTER" section
of the "BATRADIO." He switches on the "BATALARM."

ALFRED
....Batman, calling Batman and Robin..
This is the Batcave, calling Batman...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL MED.SHOT

ALFRED'S VOICE (OS)
(faint, tinny)
...calling Batman...

BATMAN
It's Alfred!

ROBIN
Alfred! Stput fellow!
(slumps)
But I fear it may be too late.
(he looks off)

HIS POV ON TRAINS

Clear, ROARING, BRIGHTER.

MED.SHOT

BATMAN
It is never too late!

He twists athletically, seizes his costume at the shoulder with his teeth, yanks - pulling the tight cuff over his wrist Batradio, which CLICKS ON, as the sleeve's pulled over it.

BATMAN (CONT)
I ve turned on the Batradio!
(urgently)
Alfred! Batman here!

INT. BATCAVE

ALFRED
(relieved)
Oh, very good, sir. I was concerned.

INT. TUNNEL CLOSE ON BATMAN

BATMAN
Alfred - pull the short-circuit
lever on the Battransmitter.

CLOSE ON ALFRED, IN BATCAVE

ALFRED
The - short-circuit lever?

He looks at a clearly-labeled lever: "BATRANSMITTER SHORT-CIRCUIT LEVER". Alfred reaches out - stops.

ALFRED (CONT)
But sir - that will destroy your
Batradio.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL MED.SHOT

The RUMBLING IS LOUDER. ANOTHER WHISTLE.

BATMAN

Alfred - in our long and genuinely friendly relationship, I have always operated on the basis of mutual respect.

(beat)

I cannot disregard my own standards, and ~~for~~ order you to short-circuit the Battransmitter. But I am asking you, and I urge you to comply.

ANGLE ON TRAIN

Approaching.

INT. BATCAVE

ALFRED

I appreciate your attitude, sir. But - ~~xxxxxxx~~ would it not be wiser to consider the situation carefully? Before destroying valuable equipment?

ANGLE ON TRAIN

Closer.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

BATMAN

I assure you, Alfred, that under the circumstances, it is necessary!

INT. BATCAVE

ALFRED

If you put it that way, sir, I shall do as you suggest.

He reaches out, pulls down the lever. Instantly, a HUM, A RISING WHINE, sparks - an EXPLOSION. Alfred winces.

*Build a
little with two
more lines &
interest of
Train*

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL MED. SHOT

The RUMBLING IS LOUDER. ANOTHER WHISTLE.

BATMAN

Alfred - in our long relationship as Master and Servant, I have always maintained the maximum of possible democracy and equality.

(beat)

I cannot disregard my own standards, and cannot order you to short-circuit the Battransmitter. But I am asking you, and I urge you to comply.

INT. BATCAVE

ALFRED

If you put it that way, sir, certainly.

He reaches out, pulls down the lever. Instantly, a HUM, A RISING WHINE, sparks - and an EXPLOSION. Alfred winces.

*Ask
Serge
to
tell*

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL & TIGHT ON WRIST

The Batradio EXPLODES, and the plastic shatters. TRAIN SOUNDS LOUDER.

WIDER ANGLE

Batman wrenches his hand free, seizes his Batlaser, melts off the other plastic bonds, leaps up, melts Robin's plastic bonds, yanks him free, leaps for the tunnel wall.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

Flat against the wall.

THEIR POV ON SUBWAY TRAINS RACING PAST (STOCK)

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

Pressed back against the wall, lights flickering on them.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN TIGHT ON TWO PASSENGERS BY WINDOW

Looking out idly, over their newspapers.

PASSENGER ONE

Isn't that Batman and Robin?

PASSENGER TWO

Ah, yes. Fighting crime, no doubt. Good for them!

Both Passengers nod, go back to their newspapers.

DISSOLVE TO:

*how
not to
write
this
subway
seq.*

INT. BATCAVE MED.SHOT

Batman is ~~fixing his hand down~~ standing, arm outstretched, as Alfred neatly darns his torn sleeve.

BATMAN

You say the message read: "Many are called - but two are chosen?"

ALFRED

Yes, sir.

(bites off thread, rises)

Clearly a reference to yourself and Master Robin. Therefore, I activated the Batalarm, and called you on the Batradio.

ROBIN

Luckily for us!

(frowns)

But why would False-Face put us in dire jeopardy, then send a warning that saved us? Why?

BATMAN

The question, Robin, is not only why - but who.

(looks at sleeve)

Very neatly done, Alfred. Thank you.

(to Robin)

Who sent that message? Who?

INT. FALSE-FACE'S MULTI-MIRRORED HIDEOUT

Against the background of funhouse mirrors, False-Face is pacing, in a new disguise: completely bald, somewhat oriental. The Counterfeit Crew is standing about. Blaze, her hair now completely WHITE, stands tensely before one mirror.

FALSE-FACE

...he got away. Those Alar Avengers Escaped! But - how? How?

BLAZE

Batman is a remarkable person.

FALSE-FACE

Remarkable, eh? Perhaps - you find him attractive? Intriguing?

INT. FALSE-FACE'S MULTI-MIRRORED HIDEOUT

Against the background of funhouse mirrors, False-Face, in a new disguise, completely bald, somewhat oriental, is confronting Blaze. Her hair is now completely WHITE, and she is ~~retreated~~ against a huge distortion mirror. The Counterfeit Crew stands watching.

FALSE-FACE

Escaped! That Tricky Twosome tore
free! ~~But you would~~ Thanks to your warning!

BLAZE

Why accuse me, F.F.? Batman's a
redoubtably capable crimefighter...

FALSE-FACE

Capable, eh? Perhaps you find him
attractive? Intriguing? Was that it?

BLAZE

(too quickly)

I? Why, False-Face, I merely accord Batman the respect due an outstanding adversary. I have no personal interest. Not the slightest, not a smidgen, not a touch....

FALSE FACE

Not so much protesting, Blaze, and I'd believe you sooner.

MIDGET

I say do the deep six with her!

FALSE-FACE

Not so fast, Spinkle! I make the moves in this mob!

MIDGET (SPINKLE)

Yussir.

FALSE-FACE

And I'll decide about you, Blaze, in the morning. Meanwhile...

ANGLE PAST FALSE-FACE ON BLAZE

False face whips out the plastic squirt gun, gestures. Blaze puts up her hands - and he glues her to the mirror, wrists and ankles.

FALSE-FACE

I warn you. One thing I will not allow.
(takes her chin)
And that's any of my gang being false to me!

INT. WAKYNE LIVINGROOM NIGHT

Dick is laboring over his homework. Bruce watches TV.

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN, BRUCE WATCHING

ANNOUNCER

Tonight, all Gotham is pulsing with one question: What criminal outrage will False-Face perpetrate next!

(beat)

Meanwhile, Police Chief OHara, shaken by his ordeal as the prisoner of the Masked Master of Criminal Concealment has sworn revenge, and..

Aunt Harriet's HAND ENTERS SHOT, switches off Set.

WIDER ANGLE

ANNT HARRIET

I disapprove of men who swear.
(frowns)

Bruce, dear, you returned quite late.
Did you enjoy your little outing?

DICK

Oh, yes, Aunt Harriet. We had a
wizard hike.

AUNT HARRIET

Did you bring back any specimens?
(sighs)

Ah, me. When I was~~am~~ went to ramble
in the woodland, I collected violets.

BRUCE

(with a quick glance at Dick)
Actually, Aunt Harriet, we didn't stop
to collect - anything.

DICK

(with emphasis)

However, we hope to collect a very
important specimen tomorrow, eh, Bruce?

BRUCE

Deftly put, Dick!

Aunt Harriet smiles, as she turns to a radio, CLICKS it on.

HARRIET

Good. Now let's listen to some
fine music on the radio.

As MUSIC POURS OUT, Bruce alerts.

BRUCE

The radio! Of course!

DICK

I don't follow you, Bruce.

BRUCE

Tomorrow, old fellow, we shall both
follow ~~at~~ that very interesting radio
announcement - back to its source!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FULLSHOT RADIO TOWER DAY (STOCK)

INT. ~~CONTROL ROOM~~ RADIO STUDIO

BEVANS, a tweedy, horn-rimmed ANNOUNCER is in the studio. A card identified the "CULTURAL HOUR". Bevans faces Batman and Robin.

BEVANS

Who ordered that announcement?

(shrugs)

A complete stranger. Anonymous. Frankly, Batman, I assumed it was simply another announcement.

(beat)

If a person wishes to broadcast a message like "Many are Called, Two are Chosen", I assume it's religious, and that's all.

BATMAN

(reprovingly)

I don't think we should treat religion lightly, Mr. Bevans.

BEVANS

(hastily)

Of course not! I simply meant that I treated it as part of the day's work.

BATMAN

Then - it's another dead end.

ROBIN

Thanks to False-Face.

BEVANS

Is that who's involved? False-Face the Criminal Master of Disguise?

BATMAN

None other. Which is why we hoped you might furnish us with a clue.

BEVANS

I am sorry -

(stops)

I say. There was one little thing that you might call peculiar.

ROBIN

What! Out with it, man!

BEVANS

The girl who paid for the announcement.
She was not only staggeringly
beautiful, but she had green hair.

ROBIN

Green hair!

BATMAN

Blaze!

BEVANS

Does it mean anything to you?

BATMAN

It does indeed! Good observation,
Bevans!

BEVANS

Than perhaps you can explain what
she meant by her parting remark.

(beat)

When she handed me the check in
payment, she said ~~anybody would~~
~~bank on it's being false.~~ I could
bank on it's being false.

(shakes his head)

Quite cryptic.

BATMAN

Bank...false...what bank was that
Check drawn on?

BEVANS

Gotham National.

BATMAN

Of course! The bank that False-Face
is planning to break! Come on, Robin!

BEVANS

D'you mean the check is no good?

BATMAN

(stops, smiles reassuringly)

Perhaps not as a check - but as a
message, it's first-rate. Send it
to Commissioner Gordon's office; I'll
see you're paid.

Bevans smiles in relief, as Batman and Robin speed off.

EXT. STREET BEFORE GOTHAM CITY NATIONAL BANK DAY

The Batmobile drives INTO SHOT, stops. The scene is normal. Passersby, people in the Bank, etc.
CLOSE IN BATMOBILE

BATMAN

It seems peaceful - on the surface.

ROBIN

But somewhere near - False-Face may be triggering his latest trick.

Batman nods, grimly, looks off.

FULLSHOT ON BANK

As a DEPOSITOR comes out, counting a wad of money. Suddenly, the TRICK-TRUCK, in its guise as an armored ~~new~~ car, pulls up - halts. False-Face leans out, flashes a badge.

CLOSER ANGLE

FALSE-FACE

Excuse me, sir - I'm from the Government Currency Office. We've had rumours of counterfeit money about.

DEPOSITOR

No!

FALSE-FACE

Yes. May I look at these bills, please?

X

DEPOSITOR

Of course, officer.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN IN BATMOBILE

ROBIN

Batman - that's a Ladd Armored Truck!

BATMAN

And it ~~might~~ might be -

CLOSE ON TRUCK, FALSE-FACE, DEPOSITOR

False-Face takes the money - shoves the startled Depositor back - leaps into the Truck. A ROAR, it guns away.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN

BATMAN

It is!

ROBIN

False-Face!

BATMAN

But this time, we're ready for him!

WIDER ANGLE

He GUNS the Batmobile in pursuit.

ANGLE ON BATMOBILE, TRICK-TRUCK

Racing away.

INT. TRUCK-TRUCK CAB

False-Face is driving furiously. Next to him is Blaze, hands manacled to the dash. False-Face looks in the mirror.

FALSE-FACE

The Dogged Duo is in hot pursuit!

BLAZE

And they'll catch you, False-Face!

FALSE-FACE

I hope so. I sincerely hope so!

(he LAUGHS)

Because, you little fool, I'm leading them into a truly tortuous trap!

And he LAUGHS, as Blaze stares at him, horrified.

EXT. LONGSHOT

The Trick-Truck races on, the Batmobile in pursuit.

FADE OUT:

ACT TWO:

FADE IN:

FULLSHOT STREET TRICK-TRUCK, BATMOBILE DAY

Racing along. Over the chase:

TITLES"

WHAT IS FALSE-FACE'S FIENDISH FOOLERY?
ARE THE CAPED CRUSADERS COMING TO A CUL-DE-SAC?
WILL THIS BE THE DEAD END FOR THE
DEDICATED ENDEAVORS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN?

INT. TRICK-TRUCK CAB

FALSE-FACE

(looks in mirror, chuckles)

Good. They're hot on my trail -
and very soon - they'll be even
hotter! As a matter of fact -
perhaps too hot!

BLAZE

You monster!

EXT. CHASE

CLOSE IN BATMOBILE

ROBIN

Look -

THEIR POV ON TRICK-TRUCK, STUDIO LOT

The Trick-Truck turns abruptly, SCREECHES through the
ancient gates of an abandoned movie studio: BIOSCOPE
STUDIOS".

CLOSE SHOT IN BATMOBILE

BATMAN

The old Bioscope Studios - that's
been abandoned for years.

ROBIN

And False-Face must have his hideout
there - in the crumbling sets, and
faded false fronts.

BATMAN

We'll expose his concealments to the
light of day and xput him behind real bars!

EXT. ANGLE ON GATES, BATMOBILE

As it skids in, after the Trick-Truck.

~~XXX~~ FULLSHOT BACK LOT

The Trick-Truck races around a set - vanishes.

ANGLE ON BATMOBILE

Batman slows it, watching. Robin points -

THEIR POV ON ANOTHER SET

The Trick-Truck noses out - then stops. The rear door swings inside, Fäase-Face looks out, waves mockingly then ducks back inside, and swings the rear door out, shuts it. Blaze is plasticized to the rear door, on the outside! The Trick-Truck races off.

CLOSE ON ROBIN, BATMAN IN BATMOBILE

ROBIN

Look, Batman! That Masked Monster has glued Blaze to the Trick-Truck as a hostage!

BATMAN

(grimly)

Then our fight will be against great odds - for we must not harm a hair of her head!

Robin nods, as they move off.

FULLSHOT

Batmobile after Trick-Truck, down a street. The Trick-Truck suddenly halts - and one of the false-fronts is pushed, falling over - toward the Batmobile! Behind it, we can see some of the Counterfeit Crew, shoving.

CLOSE ON BATMOBILE

An emergency STOP: parachute, jets, etc.

MED.SHOT

Just in time, as the ancient wall SLAMS down just before the Batmobile.

INT. BATMOBILE

Robin's on the phone.

ANGLE DOWN STREET ON COUNTERFEIT CREW, NET

The Batmobile races back down the street - and Robin leans way out. The Counterfeit Crew are trying to pick up the net - and Robin grabs one rope - hangs on. As the Batmobile races along, the net is whirled around the Crewmen, imprisoning them neatly.

CLOSE ON ROBIN, BATMAN

ROBIN

Netted them neatly!

BATMAN

We'll leave that meshed mob for the Police - I want False-Face!

WIDER ANGLE

Robin drops the rope, they race on. CAMERA PANS TO CREW Struggling feebly in the meshes, hopelessly caught. OS, POLICE SIRENS APPROACH.

FULLSHOT ANOTHER GROUP OF SETS ONM LOT

The Trick-Truck appears, slowly, cautiously. It noses out, then stops - reverses hastily, back behind a set, at the SOUND OF BATMOBILE, OS.

CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE

FALSE-FACE

Aha. Now ~~xx~~ they're coming right to me...

He reaches to a panel marked with two switches: one black, one BRIGHT RED. The Black one's labeled: ALL WEAPONS READY, the Red one: TOTAL ATTACK. He pulls the Black one.

EXT. ANGLE ON TRICK-TRUCK

The Cannon, a rocket rack, lasers, etc., all sprout, rise, turn, aim.

ANGLE ON CORNER OF SETS

Slowly - the Batmobile nose pokes out - moves out a little farther.

CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE

He rolls down the window, rolls up another, with cross-hairs. Trembling with excitement, hand poised on the Red Switch.

HIS POV ON BATMOBILE NOSE FRAMED THROUGH CROSS-HAIRS ON WINDOW

Coming out a little bit farther, until the front of the Batmobile is centered in the cross-hairs.

CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE

He emits a CHEER, hits the Red Switch!

CLOSE ON RED SWITCH

As it's yanked, the entire panel glows bright red!

EXT. TRICK-TRUCK

Exploding all over - every weapon letting go with one tremendous eruption of firepower.

WHIP PAN TO BATMOBILE

As it's disintegrated, destroyed, reduced to ruin.

CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE

FALSE-FACE

I've done it! I've destroyed the
Dynamic Duo!

CLOSE ON BLAZE

She GASPS, closes her eyes, slumps, weeps.

~~ANGLE ON NA~~

BLAZE

You diabolical demon!

~~ANGLE~~ WIDER ANGLE FEATURING FALSE-FACE

FALSE-FACE

Haha! Your clever Caped Crusaders
are now - kaput!

BATMAN'S VOICE (OS)

Not - quite.

False-Face ~~turns~~ ^{turns}, staggered.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Batman drives the Batmobile swiftly out from behind a set - aims a laser - and FIRES! A CRACKLE, A HISS,

CLOSE ON TRICK-TRUCK TIRES

They're pinked in rapid succession, deflate with a WOOSH.

FULLSHOT

Robin appears from the area of the apparently destroyed Batmobile, as Batman leaps out of the Batmobile, pulls Blaze free, sets her down.

BLAZE
Brilliantly done, Batman!

CLOSER SHOT ON CAB OF TRICK-TRUCK

Robin moves around to cover the passenger side, Batman, Blaze behind him, approaches the Driver's door - behind which False-Face glares.

FALSE-FACE
But - But - I blew up the Batmobile!
I saw it go!

BATMAN
Not exactly, False-Face. You destroyed a false Batmobile! An inflated duplicate - which I'd prepared - just in this sort of case!

ROBIN
In other words, False-Face - you have been out-decoyed! You fell for a ~~False~~ Trick Target!

BATMAN
And now - will you ~~g~~ come quietly?

FALSE-FACE
(recovering bravado)
I won't come - I'll go! And not quietly, Batman!

He turns to his panel - Batman and Robin leap forward.

ANGLE ON NOSE OF TRICK TRUCK

A ROAR, ~~a~~

~~X~~INT. CAB OF TRICK-TRUCK

X
False -Face pulls a lever marked "LAST CHANCE"

ANGLE ON NOSE OF TRICK TRUCK

A CLOUD OF SMOKE - the front parts - and False-Face rides out, on a motorcycle! CAMERA PANS WITH HIM As he rides into the sets, vanishes. Meanwhile POLICE CARS appear, in BG.

CLOSE ON BATMAN, ROBIN, BLAZE

Batman turns to the Batmbbile - but Blaze seizes his hand.

BLAZE
No! It'll be faster on foot - I know the way - to his secret hideout!

She turns, races away, pulling Batman, Robin following.

INT. HIDEOUT OF MIRRORS

~~False-Face~~ A distortion mirror turns - ~~it~~ on an axis - and False-Face races in. He stops - looks around. There are harried copies of himself in every mirror. Then he shakes a fist at the direction he's come, races to a small mirror.

CLOSER ON FALSE-FACE AT MIRROR

He touches several invisible points, and the mirror slides down - revealing a cabinet marked "EMERGENCY WEAPONS". False-Face reaches for the door - when there's a CRASH, OS. He whirls.

WIDER ANGLE

A mirror's shattered, and Batman leaps through the wreckage. False-Face turns to charge him. There's a brief, whirling man-to-man struggle - but Batman is clearly the superior. Blaze and Robin come in, but stand, watching. They have no doubts about Batman's eventual victory. Finally, False-Face, whirls - races toward the mirrors. Batman races after him, seizes him by the shoulders - and False-Face runs out from between them - leaving Batman holding a coat. A mirror opens - and False-Face, turns, showing his sneering mask - shakes a fist - and vanishes behind the mirror, which swings shut.

CLOSE ANGLE ON MIRRORS

Batman searches for the catch - can't find it. He grasps the edge of the mirror - sets himself.

BATMAN

Stand back. I'll have to use sheer strength.

BLAZE

Wait - look - that mirror -

They turn - a Mirror opens - and GORDON enters, dragging an unconscious man, he sits the man against the wall - and it's FALSE-FACE!

BATMAN

Commissioner!

ROBIN

Great work, sir!

GORDON

Thanks -

(his voice is muffled, he rubs
his jaw)Fellow fetched me quite a blow,
before I subdued him.~~BATMAN~~ ROBIN

But he's quiet enough now.

At this point, ~~axmalxxxxxGORDONx~~ another mirror opens,
and OHARA, with POLICEMEN, races in - stops, stares,
awed.

OHARA

You've done it, Dynamic Duo!
Fixed False-Face!

BATMAN

The real credit must go to the
Commissioner -

GORDON

(~~xx~~ raises a hand, modestly)
No - no. I simply stumbled on him.
(coughs, turns)
I'll leave the details to you -
I must get back to my office.

OHARA

Of course, sor!
(to a POLICEMAN)
Griswold - drive the Commissioner
back to headquarters!

Griswold salutes, and follows Gordon out. Ohara moves
over to Batman, Balze, Robin, looking down at False-Face.

CLOSE ~~UP~~ ANGLE PAST THEM ON FALSE-FACE

OHARA

Oh, I've waited for this moment!

BLAZE

To unmask False-Face! What a blow
against Criminal Concealment!

OHARA

May I, Batman? Please?

Batman nods - Ohara flexes his finger - reaches for the
mask - pulls - and there is Commissioner Gordon!
Gasps, staggering back, etc.

BATMAN
Commissioner Gordon!

Gordon GROANS, stirs, blinks, stares up.

GORDON
Where's False-Face!
(as he's helped to his feet)
He came at me in those infernal
secret passages behind the mirrors -
shot gas at me -
(coughs)
- and that's all I remember.

They look at each other in stunned surmise.

EXT. FULLSHOT STREET BY GATES OF MOVIE LOT

A Squad Car ROCKETS THROUGH GATES, slows - the
door opens, and Griswold tumbles out, lands sitting,
stares, dazed as the squad car races off.

INT. CAR CLOSE ON FALSE-FACE'S BACK

FALSE-FACE
(as he drives)
Game and Set to you, Caped Crusaders -
but wait! You may yet meet your Match!

FADE OUT:

BLAZE

I've secured a post in New Zealand.
As a Scout Mistress. Girl Scouts, of course.
(sighs)
An entire new life. ~~And~~

BRUCE

I think that's simply fine.

BLAZE

And you, Mister Wayne, are one of the
two men who made it all possible?

AUNT HARRIET

Two men? Who, may I ask, is the other?

BLAZE

(with a sigh)

Batman.

AUNT HARRIET

The Scourge of Crime?

BLAZE

Yes, the Caped Crusader himself. My
only hope is that when I have paid ~~my~~
debt to society - I can somehow repay
my debt to Batman!

BRUCE

I think, Miss, that somehow - he knows
of your redemption. And that somewhere -
he is - glad....

He smiles, Dick smiles, Aunt Harriet smiles. Blaze
nods, sighs, looking off, yearningly.

FADE OUT:

END