

SUICIDE SQUAD

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7/5/16

INT. SULLIVAN'S IRISH PUB- GOTHAM CITY- NIGHT

Sullivan's Pub is your average Gotham beer place. This is the place that depressed people come to drink their sorrows away. The furniture in the place is wood with gold plating. The pub was made in the 19th Century and hasn't had any renovations ever since. There's rows and rows of wooden shelves in front the pub stools and the large revolving table. The bartender's in the center of it all, pouring a glass for each customer.

There's about five people in a bar. There's a **STRIKING YOUNG WOMAN** in a tight scarlet red dress. She's beautiful, with bright green eyes and fucked up eye-shadow. *She's been crying.* *

Two dirty and sweaty bikers are chugging down beer. There's a creepy looking man with a lot of tattoos and sweaty homeless man. He's wearing layers and layers of old clothing.

The final man, strikes out from the different personalities. He's dangerous-looking and gruff.

He's drinking large glasses of whiskey while smoking a cig. There's 5 empty glass cups in front of him, all have been poured down his system. He has a sloppy military buzz cut, which is interrupted by a scar in his head.

This man is **Floyd Lawton**, early 30's. He's wearing a dark red plaid button-down and black khakis. He has a large black travel bag on his back. The young woman with the red dress walks up to Floyd tumbling in drunkenness. She sits down in front of him and lays her head on her hand and stares at him smiling.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hey there, handsome. You must be thinkin' about something real hard to be drinking that much

FLOYD

I got a lot of bad shit I could think about. I'm pickin' out random ones to place in my head. How about you? What's a young woman doing in a place like this? Actually a **city like this**, dressed like that?

YOUNG WOMAN

(smiling)

I'm just out in this shit hole looking for some trouble.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD
(sarcastically)
I'm surprised. How're you gonna
protect yourself?

YOUNG WOMAN
(shrugs)
I'm a big girl(beat)I could take
care of myself. Got myself a slicer
and dicer. I'll be fine.

Floyd chuckles. This is funny to him. *He's seen this kind of situation before.*

FLOYD
Let me guess(beat)ex cheated on
you?

YOUNG WOMAN
(teary eyed)
Wrong. He was roughing me up and
treating me like shit.

FLOYD
What kinda jackass would hurt a
pretty little thing like you?

YOUNG WOMAN
I don't know. I try not to think
about but the thoughts won't
fuckin' drift away.

The young woman starts to get teary eyed.

FLOYD
(smiling)
I don't mind taking your mind off
of that--- all you have to do is
pay for my tap. You could do that?

YOUNG WOMAN
Yeah sure. You a regular here? You
kinda look like one no offense.

FLOYD
(chuckling)
No offense taken.

YOUNG WOMAN
Let's go.

FLOYD
Hope you like rough, violent and
pure fucking.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN
(smiling/groggy)
Don't get too ahead of yourself
handsome.

The young woman SLAMS a stack of paper bills onto the wood table in front of the bar stools. The bartender grabs the money.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Floyd's FUCKING THE SHIT out of the YOUNG WOMAN doggy-style. They're up against a marble table in her higher-class apartment. This sex is anything other than sexy and elegant. It's violent and over the edge.

Floyd pushes into her roughly. She screams and moans, Floyd pulling on her hair. The apartment is dark, all the lights off; the rain from outside staining the windows. Floyd thrusts one more time, and then pull out. The two of them are now panting in exhaustion.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM ROOFTOPS- NIGHT

The thunder ROARS as a man watches on crouching at the ledge of a roof. He's between two gargoyles. He's wearing mechanical claws on top of his hands. He's wearing a brown Velcro outfit. He looks like a death row convict. His eyes are bright hazel, and his head is bald.

This man is **Ben Turner**, early 40's. He's watching a group of Russian thugs get ready for a drug deal.

PAN-IN to the intimidating tatted thugs. They also look like dangerous convicts. They have battle scars and act like they have permanent snarls on their faces. They're standing behind a heavy duty military suitcase. The door the rooftop opens and three men walk through.

They're wearing nice tuxedos. The middle man, MAN 1 is wearing a white and red tuxedo. *The middle main is a Cuban drug trafficker. The others are Italian.*

One of the Russian men start smiling. This is **Drakoff**.

DRAKOFF
You three took a while to get here.
What was holding you up?

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1

Don't worry about it.
(looks at suitcase)
The weapons in there?

DRAKOFF

Yeah. Depending on where the money
is.

MAN 1

Don't give me that shit. Show us
the guns and you get your money.

Drakoff opens the case revealing a variety of assault rifles
and rocket launchers. The three men grin at the sight of the
artillery. The leader laughs.

He pulls out a Desert Eagle and aims it in Drakoff's face.
Drakoff pulls off a snarl/smirk.

MAN 2

Actually I think we'll take it for
free. If you don't mind.

DRAKOFF

You think you could come here and
fucking disrespect us? We run this
city.

MAN 1

(laughing/mockingly)
Who lied to you? Get it through
your stupid fucking head. You ran
it. The fucking ceilo del raton
turn your iron fist to fucking
cagar. He finished you. You're
nothing now.
(chuckling)
You know, you putos are some
retarded fucks for opening the
case.

DRAKOFF

We opened it cause we're always
prepared for war.

Drakoff's thugs pull out Gonher 8-Shot M-16's from back of
their pants. They aim at the buyers. The buyers aim their
Desret Eagle at them meanwhile.

MAN 1 laughs at the Russians.

(CONTINUED)

MAN 1
You stupid fucks.
(angrily)
THIS IS OUR FUCKING CITY PATO'!!!
OUR FUCKING CITY!!!

Before MAN 1's able to pull his trigger, *two blades PIERCE through Drakoff's neck. He start gurgling and choking as blood SPURTS out of his mouth.*

Ben JUMPS down to the premise and starts CHARGING at the men. MAN 1 starts **SHOOTING RAPIDLY** at Ben. Ben dodges all of the bullets.

He ***RIPS the MAN 1's*** throat and stomach open. He RIPS out his intestines and **CHOKES** the second buyer to death with them. He **RIPS** the thirds buyer's face open and **TACKLES** him down to the floor. He start **TEARING** through his chest and stomach with a claw combo.

Ben notices a **dark brooding figure** BEATING the men unconscious and BREAKING THEIR BONES.

Ben looks around to pin the figure , but it's moving too fast. It doesn't move human. Suddenly, ***WHOO! KRUNCH! Ben is CRITICALLY ATTACKED by the brooding figure.***

He drools blood onto the wet concrete floor. He looks up scowling in anger. **A heavy black boot walks in front of Ben.**

Ben's eyes tear up.

BEN
I just want to cleanse this city
like you.
(angrily)
Why won't you let me help?

The brooding figure GRABS Ben by the scalp and SMASHES Ben's head into the concrete.

CUT TO:

INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Floyd's sitting upright on the bed butt naked on the young woman's bed, staring out the window to see the Gotham City skyline. There's blimps in the dark skies.

The young man sleeps next to him naked also. Floyd looks disgusted. He picks up his black sack and unzips it.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD (V.O.)

Gotham is a shitty city. It's not a place for good people. In this city, nice people are preyed on and corrupted. That girl shoulda known what she was getting into sleeping with me.

Floyd pulls out riot armor from his sack. There's also about 12 different guns including a **DAN-338, 2 golden eagles, homemade wrist canons,** and a **Double Eagle mini M4**. He starts loading the guns and polishing them.

FLOYD (V.O.)

She's about to be the harbinger from a murderer.

He starts slipping on a long sleeve maroon speedo sun-shirt. He puts on his boxers and black khakis. He then starts strapping on the riot armor. He grabs a spray painted Captain America esq helmet. It's spray painted orange and red violet, opposite sides. He puts on a red tech targeting lens.

FLOYD (V.O.)

I used her to get to the exact point on the roof I needed to get my perfect headshot.

Floyd silently exits the apartment fully armored. He's holding the 338 and quickly walking to the staircase. He runs up to the roof. On the roof there's a sniper tripod set up for Floyd.

FLOYD (V.O.)

By now you're probably wondering what my job is.

Floyd inserts the DAN-338 onto the tripod. He COCKS the DAN and then starts aiming it to the street. He toggles his scope to a shiny black limbo. Two guards open the door for a rich-looking man in a tuxedo.

FLOYD (V.O.)

I'm paid to kill people on contract, or as simply--- I'm an assassin. **Marcus Weilburg**. That's the man getting out of the limbo. I'm getting paid \$300,000 to kill him. His guards and witnesses are another \$756,000.

Floyd lines up the shot and gets ready to pull the trigger. HE LINES UP THE SHOT. *Floyd senses something in back of him. More like **someone**.*

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

(gruffly)

**They should've kept you in
Blackgate.**

The BATMAN. A brooding, tall, and BULKY figure stands behind Floyd. His gold artillery belt is the only thing that's stands out from the complete darkness.

Floyd's eyes open in shock. He grips his pistol and swatches it out of his kevlar holster. **BATMAN PUNCHES FLOYD** breaking his jaw. FLOYD JUMPS BEHIND A HEATING UNIT. He's panting hard in fear.

FLOYD

(smiling)

**YOU KNOW(beat) IT'S BEEN A WHILE!!!
I KINDA MISSED YOU!!!**

Floyd frantically shoots **ROUNDS AND ROUNDS** of hot lead at BATMAN, who is dodging the bullets using his cape. The bullets just keep on hitting the cape getting wedged in it like Kevlar.

BATMAN hurls himself towards Floyd and **SLIDE KICKS** Floyd in the groin at a **180 turn**. Floyd's bleeding from his mouth, spitting some of it out. He grunts in pain from the kick.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

(grunting/smirking)

Low blow. Not cool asshole.

Floyd starts to get up until **BATMAN JUMPS ON TOP OF HIM AND PUNCHES HIM REPEATEDLY IN THE FACE**. Blood and teeth BURST and fly out of Floyd's mouth.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

(smiling)

That's the best you got pussy?

BATMAN GROWLS AND KNOCKS FLOYD THE FUCK OUT WITH A FINAL BLOW TO THE HEAD. Floyd's unconscious drooling blood all over the concrete. Batman pulls out a remote control hacking device to listen to the Gotham Police Radio. An officer is dispatching through the radio.

OFFICER DISPATCH(O.S.)

**THIS IS OFFICER MIKE DUELLY!!! I'M
REQUESTING SOME BACKUP ASSISTANCE!
THERE'S A SHOOT OUT TAKING PROGRESS
AT DIXON DOCKS!!! THE SUSPECTS ARE
WEARING CLOWN MASKS!!!**

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN
(grimly)
The Joker(beat)

CUT TO:

EXT. DIXON DOCKS- NIGHT

There's a enormous shoot out taking place. Officers are taking bullets to the heads and chests as strange and creepy looking thugs in clown masks shoot at them. A female voice can be heard yelling at them and telling them what to do. She has a thick New York accent. Her voice is a little squeaky and high pitch.

Her and the shooting thugs are hiding behind a multicolored spray-painted truck. It has a red smiley face on it with X's for eyes. The rain pours hard as this gun fight goes on.

PAN-IN to the woman and the thugs. We see her for the first time. Pale white and tatted pigmented skin, red and dark blue leather clothing (eye-candy clothing) and bright pink and blue dyed hair. This is **Harley Quinn**, mid 20's.

Her and the thugs continue to shoot at the officers. Harley pulls out a **FOUR-BARREL RHINO REVOLVER**. She starts shooting at the officers, **WREAKING HAVOC AS SHE BLASTS AND IMPLODES THE OFFICERS AND THEIR CARS**. She's laughing and cheering.

HARLEY
*WHOO!!! PARTY TIME!!! LET'S GET
THOSE FIREWORKS BOYS!!!*

Another thug opens the door to the truck and pulls out an RPG-7 military grade. The rocket launcher is spray painted and duct taped.

They laugh maniacally as they fire rounds of rockets at the cops. Dead corpses of GCPD officers go flying in the air, the bodies on fire.

A bad-ass score plays as the thugs slowly run from behind the truck. They're eyeing the wounded officers. One thug steps on an officers hand as he tries to reach out for his gun.

CLOWN THUG 1
(To Officer)
The wife and kids treating you well
Officer?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER 1

(weakly in pain/crying)

P- Please don't kill me. I got a family to provide for man.

CLOWN THUG 1

(laughing)

I'll pay'em a little visit. Hope your wife's up to par on her sex drive.

The clown thug grabs his junk.

CLOWN THUG 1 (CONT'D)

Cause I got the meats.

The thugs **SHOOTS** the officer in the head several times, turning his head to a red mush of brain and skull.

HARLEY

Now! Let's get this job over with and scoot outta here!!!

Harley pulls out a small glass bottle and places it in her nostril. *It's cocaine.* She snorts and then exhales wildly.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

WHOOOOO!!!!

The thugs pull out a brown paper grocery bag. They start pulling out gags from the bag. Giant plastic clown toys, smiling jaw bombs, and jacks in a box.

FROOOOOOM!! One of the thugs hear strong movement from a heavy clothe coming from the roof.

CLOWN THUG 2

Shit! The BATMAN's here, I know it!!!

CLOWN THUG 3

(obnoxiously)

Oh shut the fuck up you big pussy!!

CLOWN THUG 2

I'm fuckin' serious!! The BATMAN's here!!! I heard his cape!

ZZZZZIIIP!!! A GRAPPLING HOOK GRIPS ONE OF THE THUG'S SHOULDERS AND PULLS HIM TO THE ROOF. BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! The thugs start **SHOOTING** at the **ROOF**. Utter silence as they aim at the roof.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY
(playfully/nervously)
Uh oh.

CRUNCH! THE CLOWN THUG COMES CRASHING DOWN TO THE DOCKS. He's tied up, bloody and bruised, and knocked out.

The thugs frantically SPIN their guns in every direction waiting for **BATMAN** to show out.

CLOWN THUG 1
(nervously/frightened)
WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU!!!

BATMAN shows up in back of the thugs and starts BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF THEM one by one. One thug starts to FIRE HIS GUN but BATMAN dodges the hits.

BATMAN cartwheels over one of the thugs, gripping his head SLAMMING IT TO THE CONCRETE AS HE LANDS.

He approaches four thugs in hand to hand combat, THUG 1'S NOSE IS BROKEN AS BATMAN CHARGES AT HIM AND TRIPS HIM FACE-FIRST.

THUG 2 IS FLIPPED INTO THE AIR BY BATMAN, AND THROWN AT A 180 DEGREE ANGLE.

THUG 3 SWINGS A FIST AT BATMAN WHICH IS BLOCKED AND RESPONDED TO WITH THREE SMASH PUNCHES TO THE FACE. He falls to the floor unconscious, face bloody.

THUG 4 ATTEMPTS TO KICK BATMAN IN BALLS, WHICH PROVES UNSUCCESSFUL AS BATMAN GRABS HIS FOOT AND PUNCH HIS KNEE IN **KRUNCH!!!** HE PUNCHES HIM FOUR TIMES IN THE FACE AND SLAMS HIM INTO THE FLOOR.

THUG 2 GETS BACK UP ONLY TO BE GREETED BY A ROUGH-ASS ROUND HOUSE KICK **BRAKK!** BATMAN BREAKS HIS JAW.

All four thugs are unconscious.

Harley looks right into BATMAN's glowing white eyes. *She's terrified.*

BATMAN
(grimly)
Run.

Harley and the remaining thug SPRINT for the truck. They HOP in and SLAM the door shut. The engine starts as they get ready to leave.

(CONTINUED)

VROOOM! The thug peddles to the metal as Harley sticks half her body out the window to fire at anything behind them.

HARLEY
(to Batman)
GOOD LUCK CATCHIN' US BAT-BRAIN!!!

Batman sprints towards the truck as he pulls out his grappling gun to shoot at it. He shoots the grapple at the truck.

IT drags him onto the roof as he presses on the ascending button. BATMAN is now on top of the truck.

BROOM! Harley **SHOOTS** two of her triple barrel makeshift shotgun rounds at **BATMAN** completely demolishing the roof. **BROOM!BROOM!BROOM!** BATMAN dodges all the hits as he slides to the opposite side of Harley's truck door.

Harley notices batman through the passenger's seat window.

BROOM! She **BLOWS** The thug's head open as she attempts to shoot **BATMAN**. **The driver's dead.**

BATMAN pulls out a batarang, which is sharp bat-shaped blade. This batarang is a mini-bomb. Batman presses the bat-logo and the batarang blinks red. ***HE THROWS THE BATARANG AT THE WHEEL.***

THE TRUCK FLIPS OVER WITH HARLEY INSIDE.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
CRAP!!!

THE TRUCK CRASHES INTO THE RIVER UNDER THE DIXON DOCKS. HARLEY'S DROWNING AND LOSING OXYGEN. She FRANTICALLY SMASHES the truck's window and climbs out. Batman is standing in front of her, a dark brooding silhouette.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
(groggily/weakly)
That wasn't fun at all. I think I broke somethin'!

Harley looks up at BATMAN and rolls her eyes.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
(irritated)
C'mon batsy, are we really gonna do this shit again?

Police sirens start to sound in the area. Officers run toward Harley and BATMAN. They handcuff Harley and turn to find that BATMAN has vanished from the scene.

(CONTINUED)

The Officers are stunned and frightened by his sudden disappearance.

OFFICER 2

Where the hell does that guy go?

CUT TO:

INT. GCPD POLICE DEPARTMENT- NIGHT

The Police Station has dim flickering sewer green lighting. The police station looks gritty and dirty. **Aaron Cash**, late 40's walks through the dark dirty hallway.

He walks into an interrogation room and shuts and locks the door. Sitting inside the room already, is a bruised and cut up tattooed man. He looks insane. Crack head insane. He has drugged up crazy eyes and he looks fidgety and nervous. He's breathing heavily from his mouth, blood spurting out.

This man is **Rancor**, early 30's. His wrists are handcuffed to the metal table in the center of the interrogation room.

Aaron sits down.

CASH(V.O.)

The man sitting down in front of me is Rancor. Much like the rest of Joker's gang, he has absolutely no other aliases. No background no real name.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BLACKGATE PRISON CELL- FLASHBACK

Rancor runs into another prisoner's cell laughing maniacally. He's holding a prison made knife. It's a blade wrapped in soiled toilet paper and stripped cardboard.

Rancor BRUTALLY STABS THE OTHER PRISONER over and over and over again. Rancor stands up slowly. His heart is racing with adrenaline from the carnage. There's blood splattered all over his body.

CASH(V.O.)

If there's one thing we do know, it's that he's one crazy ass mothafucka.

(CONTINUED)

Rancor leaps back down and starts to EAT THE BODY.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GCPD POLICE DEPARTMENT- INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT

Aaron and Rancor stare at each other. Rancor starts frantically twisting and turning and looking around the room.

Aaron SLAPS THE SHIT out of Rancor. He walks over to and ROUGHLY GRASPS HIS HAND ONTO HIS THROAT.

CASH

Stop slippin'. I got some questions that you're gonna answer. Every time you don't comply, Imma tazé you. Got it?

Rancor nods his head trembling.

CASH (CONT'D)

Where's The Joker?

RANCOR

Oh c'mon man!!! You know I can't answer that!!! You're gonna get me killed!!!

CASH

I'mma be straight to the point with you, nobody here in this department gives a fuck about your well being. We just want answers. Where is he?

Rancor's eye open wide in fear. They get teary as his face wrinkles up. *This fucker's about to cry.*

RANCOR

P- please!!! Not you!!!

CASH

The hell are you lookin' at?

Aaron's eyes go wide in shock and fear. He notices a thick shadow hovering over his body. Aaron slowly stands up from his chair.

BATMAN stands behind him.

BATMAN

(deep/grim)

I'll take it from here. Wait outside.

(CONTINUED)

Cash SPINS around and looks at **The BATMAN**. *He looks absolutely horrified, like he's looking in the eyes of Satan.*

CASH
(nervously/frightened)
Yeah(beat)of course.

Aaron starts RUNNING out of the interrogation room into the dark green hallway. Batman walks over to the door-- and shuts it closed. Aaron starts panting uncontrollably like he's been running for miles.

Aaron starts looking through the glass of the sound proof interrogation room.

The lights in the interrogation room and the GCPD flicker and then--- they both go pitch black.

All that can be heard from the room is BONES CRUNCHING, SCREAMS OF AGONY, and someone getting smashed against objects.

The sounds stop, and then suddenly--- the lights flicker back on. BATMAN isn't there.

Rancor is on the floor, unconscious. His mouth is wide open with teeth and blood oozing out. His face is extremely fucking swollen.

Aaron looks on in horror. A young woman comes RUNNING down the hallway holding a pistol. She has to gun holsters on the sides of her tucked in button down shirt. She has thick rimmed glasses and dark ginger hair. This young woman is **Ellen Yindel**, late 30's.

YINDEL
*WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED
HERE?!?!!*

CASH
The Batman showed up.

CUT TO:

COAST CITY SKYLINE- DAY

A young man in a glowing green uniform like suit is flying through the sky. His outfit is extra-terrestrial of some sort. It's very slick and second-skin like outfit. Green energy flows over his body like particles of pollen. This young man is **Green Lantern**, mid 20's.

(CONTINUED)

He has mask for his eyes. The mask is so fitted, it looks like it's glued on. As he flies the glowing green energy leaves a trail like a rocket leaves behind trails of fuel and gas.

He has a simmering green ring on his right ring finger. The ring starts to talk to him. It has a female voice.

FEMALE VOICE(V.O.)

Hal Jordan of Sector 2814, there seems to be a disturbance in front of the human value and trade headquarters known as

GREEN LANTERN

You can't just say bank?

FEMALE VOICE(V.O.)

If it helps you sleep at night 2814 I take it I will have to get use to it.

GREEN LANTERN

(chuckles)

Was that supposed to be sarcasm?

FEMALE VOICE(V.O.)

Aren't you suppose to be focusing on the disturbance at the 'bank' Green Lantern from sector 2814?

GREEN LANTERN

Oh yeah! Let's go!

CUT TO:

INT. COAST CITY NATIONAL BANK- MORNING

The bank is dosed in heavy tear gas. Gunshots can be heard coming rapidly out of an assault rifle. A man appears out of the tear gas with a gas mask on--- scratch that-- five men. One man but five men (shit that sounded stupid). Let me put it simply, four of the men are duplicates.

The real man is in the middle. They're all wearing the same exact outfit and have the same exact rifles. The outfit is neon black and white, like a suit that was made in a laboratory. This man is **Danton Black** AKA **Multiplex**.

DANTON

(chuckling)

Well, well, another successful bank robbery. Gotta dip.

(CONTINUED)

KraBROOM!!! An enormous green projection of a fist smashes all of the duplicates through the hard marble floor of the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVERCOIN MERCHANTS- MORNING- HUB CITY

It's a regular day in the Merchants building. It's nice and polished and the people are going about their daily business schedules and getting to places.

A gruff and dirty looking man with sideburns walks in. This is **Digger Harkness**, early 30's. He's wearing a long dark blue leather trench coat and has a military scarf around his neck.

He walks up to the lady at the front desk. She looks at him nervously with wide open eyes. He looks his lips and grins, revealing grills and dirty rotten teeth.

DIGGER

A pretty lil' Sheila like you
workin' in a place like this? Looks
like the wrong occupation to me.

RECEPTIONIST

(disgusted)
Where should I be working asshole?

DIGGER

(chuckling)
Face down, ass up in my bed workin'
out that jut darlin'.

The Receptionist gives Digger a 'ugh' in disgust. He pulls out a ***sharp edged bladed boomerang***.

DIGGER (CONT'D)

Now look sweetheart. I'm gonna need
your help to get somewhere. There's
a man named Michael Forretham. Call
him down here would'ya?

RECEPTIONIST

(terrified)
No.

DIGGER

(snarling)
Call him in now. If you don't Imma'
have to hurt ya Sheila.

(CONTINUED)

There's a long pause until suddenly-----

RECEPTIONIST
*HELP SOMEBODY HELP ME!!! THIS MAN'S
THREATENING ME HELP!!!*

Digger GRABS her by the collar and DRAGS her from behind the desk and **STABS** her in the shoulder with the boomerang.

DIGGER
*WHAT IN THE BLOODY HELL DID I
FUCKIN' TELL YOU!!! DO YOU NOT
BLOODY LISTEN!!!*

Digger DRAGS her in front of him as if she's a hostage. A security guard SPRINTS over to the two of them. He's African American.

SECURITY GUARD
FREEZE AND DROP THE WEAPON!!!!

DIGGER
Stay back abo. Trust me you don't want one of these sluggers in your bloody eyes.

BLAM!!! A bullet BLOWS the boomerang IN HALF. Digger looks at it in surprise.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
Shite.

The guards TACKLE down Digger and **START BEATING THE HELL OUT OF HIM**. They **PUNCH** him as a form of restraint as they try to slide cuffs onto him. He screams obscenities at them as they do this.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE- MORNING- GOTHAM CITY

The therapist office looks a tad bit creepy. The walls are dirty with grotesque drawings and dry blood stains. There's alphabet box toys and puzzles on the floor.

PAN-IN to a metal table, two people sitting on opposite sides. Harley Quinn is in a straight jacket with pink hearts drawn all over it in marker. Her and the psychiatrist exchange looks. She licks her lips and smiles at him. The psychiatrist looks around nervously.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY

What's wrong sweetie? You look nervous!

(smiling/seductively)

Don't worry! I don't bite.

PSYCHIATRIST

(nervously)

No I'm not nervous.

HARLEY

(flirtatiously)

Then play with me, wont'cha? What's your name? You wanna know mine?

PSYCHIATRIST

I- I heard a lot about you. A lot of bad stuff.

HARLEY

What'd you hear handsome?

PSYCHIATRIST

I heard that if I looked into your eyes that you'd get into my head.

HARLEY

(giggling)

Is that right? What else did you hear?

PSYCHIATRIST

I heard that Harley Quinn isn't the **real** you. She's just a schizophrenic episode The Joker created in your head.

HARLEY

(giggles)

Hmm.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

PAN-IN to the back of a green haired man's head. He has a weird creepy voice. His skin is pale white. He's laughing slowly and grimly.

Harley's in front of him, bloody and bruised. Her nose is broken and her eyes are nearly swollen shut. Her wrists tied to a hook on top of the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

She looks like a normal person. Her hair's gold blonde and she's wearing psychiatrist attire.

 CREEPY MAN (O.S.)
Remember darling, I'm doin' this
outta love.

PAN-DOWN to the man's lower body. He's holding a baton in one hand and a taser in the other. He has a large tattoo on his back of a Joker card.

He SHOCKS Harley with the taser. She starts SCREAMING IN TREMENDOUS PAIN as he LAUGHS MANIACALLY. As Harley SCREAMS he **BEATS HER OVER AND OVER AGAIN WITH THE BATON.**

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE- MORNING- PRESENT DAY

The guards are alarmed by screaming coming from inside the office. They lift their assault rifles and get ready to breach into the room.

One guard signals the others to breach through the door with his fingers. ***The guards BREAK the metal door open with brute force and RUSH into the room.***

Harley's laughing maniacally with the sloppily ripped off ear of the psychiatrist in between her teeth.

The guards **TACKLE** her down and start **PUNCHING** and **HITTING** her down with fists and batons. One guard pulls out a chrome needle and injects Harley in the neck. Harley starts dosing off until her eyes roll back and--- **she falls unconscious.**

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. GOLDENDALE PRECINCT- MORNING- COAST CITY

The Green Lantern walks through the precinct with the projected safe. It now has Multiplex in a safe with a steel door. Multiplex is still unconscious.

His face is bruised and his Multiplex outfit is covered in debris from the body slam. The construct bursts out of existence.

The officers run over to the two criminals and start to handcuff him. Green Lantern looks at the officers as they handcuff Multiplex.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN LANTERN

I take it you have a solitary meta-human confinement unit?

OFFICER 1

Yeah(beat)why?

GREEN LANTERN

I don't think a cell's gonna hold him.

OFFICER 1

Why do you say that?

GREEN LANTERN

He could duplicate himself till the cell can't take the weight.

OFFICER 1

(eyes widen/chuckles)

Shit.

GREEN LANTERN

Yeah, but anyway I have some errands to go run.

The Green Lantern FLIES out of the precinct. The officers wave at him in awe.

CUT TO:

INT. GCPD POLICE DEPARTMENT- NIGHT- GOTHAM CITY

Aaron walks through the hall with Yindel. The police department is extremely crowded today. Every interrogation room is filled with an officer and one or two thugs.

YINDEL

So what are the scores?

CASH

We're losin' he's winnin'. Since Rancor gave BATMAN that lead, we've been tailin' every thug in the city.

YINDEL

So any other leads?

CASH

You know, for all these so called hard thugs, they were all too pussy to speak up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASH (CONT'D)

We offered them protection while they're in our custody and they still declined.

YINDEL

Can you fuckin' blame'em? The Joker has the city in his fucking grasp. He might be in jail but it's fuckin' certain he's gonna escape one of these days.

CASH

True. But one of these days we gotta get that pussy ass cocksucka and his little gang.

YINDEL

(chuckling)

We might get them one day. It would probably be a course of luck though.

CASH

Or the BATMAN might finally cross that line.

YINDEL

If he does, you know we're gonna have to take him in right?

CASH

At least the blood won't be on our chests.

YINDEL

We took these jobs to fight for justice the right way, the honest way. Letting a vigilante who uses brutality as his main method do our jobs for us is a form of disrespect to our code. Letting him murder makes it even worse.

CASH

This is Gotham Yindel. The only code that matters in this city is survival. You either hunt or be hunted.

YINDEL

Speaking of hunters, our little friend but a man in the hospital tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CASH

Who?

YINDEL

A man by the name of Floyd Lawton?

CASH

Floyd Lawton ain't no regular man.
He's a paid assassin.

YINDEL

Does he have a specific sugar daddy
or is he a killer for hire?

CASH

Killer for hire(beat)sugar Daddy?

YINDEL

You gotta ridicule these assholes
as much as you can right?

Aaron laughs at Commissioner Yindel's joke.

CASH

Where's Lawton currently?

YINDEL

He's in the Blackgate
Penitentiary's nursing facilities.
He suffered near demolition to his
ethmoid bone and his nose septum, a
broken jaw, two broken ribs, and a
black eye.

CASH

Goddamn. Maybe the dude's doin' too
much.

YINDEL

(sarcastically)

He's doing us a favor right?

CASH

(chuckling)

Yup. You got that right.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BLACKGATE PENITENTIARY- NURSING UNIT- NIGHT

The room is lit with a nasty green colored lighting units.
The glossy tile floors are dirtied with strands of hair,
human nails, and litter.

(CONTINUED)

Floyd is unconscious in the hospital bed. He's in a hospital robe. His face is bruised and fucked up. He has breathing tubes in his nostrils, and a feeding tube in his mouth. His bruises and scars are a little patched up.

His arms and legs are restrained with tight leather straps. Let's not forget that he's still a dangerous criminal.

A doctor and a nurse walk into Floyd's silent nursing room. They start putting out trays and cartridges with needles and operation tools.

DOCTOR

So how are Jim and the kids doing?

NURSE

They're fine. Karen just graduated middle school a month ago.

DOCTOR

Seriously? I can't believe how long it's been! She was a baby the last time I saw her! Man, they grow up so fast!

NURSE

That's not necessarily a good thing in this city. By her age, girls are already selling their asses to sweaty rich men.

DOCTOR

Luckily, it's not our children on that end.

Floyd starts to become conscious.

CLOSE-UP to Floyd's eyes, scarred and looking around frantically.

FLOYD

Where the fuck am I?

The doctor and the nurse ignore Floyd as if he said nothing. They just keep on talking about their normal pathetic lives. Floyd starts attempting to fight the restraints.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

WHERE THE FUCK AM I?!?!?

The doctor and nurse just continue to ignore Floyd. They seem to be preparing a needle.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

(looks at Floyd)

So what do we do with this one?

DOCTOR

We have to prep him up for the ride. Waller wants him shut the fuck up and unconscious.

FLOYD

Who the fuck are you people?

NURSE

(to Doctor)

The needle's ready?

DOCTOR

Yup.

The Doctor walks over to Floyd. Floyd starts fighting the restraints roughly and with immense strength. No luck of escape.

The Doctor injects Floyd in his tendon with the needle. He presses on the plunger, releasing the fluid.

POV - FLOYD

Floyd's vision get blurry and loud echoes of everything around him can be heard. His vision starts to have a green-like tone to it. The same you would see when smoking marijuana.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Goodnight asshole.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. JITTERS CAFE PETERSBURG- DAY- CENTRAL CITY

A gruff looking wealthy man is sitting down drinking a large mug of coffee with a young African American woman. The man has a polished black leather eye patch. His hair and beard are a dark brown with some grey in it.

This man is **Slade Wilson**, late 40's. He doesn't look his age. He looks 10 years younger. This is a side effect of things he did in his past. He's wearing a dark brown orange tuxedo and he's wearing black leather gloves.

The woman in front of him is quite intimidating herself for her age. She's wearing a dark colored tuxedo.

(CONTINUED)

She's a badass mix of Columbiana and Jackie Brown. This young woman's name is **Amanda Waller**, mid 30's.

SLADE

What the fuck kind of plan is that?

WALLER

What do you mean?

SLADE

Gathering the world's most dangerous criminals and making them "heroes"?

WALLER

Not heroes. Assets. They'll be manipulated into securing the country.

SLADE

How exactly do you think they'll fall for that shit? Mind tricking them into saving people. They're assholes Amanda, not idiots.

WALLER (CONT'D)

I don't know if you forgotten Slade, but I have six degrees in manipulation.

Slade laughs at Amanda's remark. Slade has a southern accent.

SLADE

So when are you getting your band of misfits together?

WALLER

Right now.

SLADE

How(beat)if you ain't there then--

WALLER

My best agents are going undercover as security guards and nursing doctors.

SLADE

Isn't that extortion?

WALLER

Not if each prison gets a governmental notice to leave it alone.

SLADE

Why did you kidnap them in the first place?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SLADE (CONT'D)

All you needed to do was give them the damn letters for clearance.

WALLER

That's a waste of time. Plus, why do that when I have the aptitude to do whatever the fuck I want?

SLADE

Man, you really love your job, huh?

WALLER

I have to take advantage of the power I have. Put as many sticks up these old men's asses as I can.

SLADE

Who's the big threat?

WALLER

The Red Shadows.

SLADE

They sound familiar.

WALLER

They're a covert military extremist unit from Russia. They only have the most elite soldiers.

SLADE

Yeah I think I know'em. Only the craziest motherfuckers that Mother Russia could find right?

WALLER

Yeah. And we're up against them.

SLADE

How're you gonna prep them for that?

WALLER

They're going to be put into shape by the best of the best(beat)depending how their first mission goes. If I find the training unnecessary, they won't get any.

SLADE

Who might the best be?

(CONTINUED)

WALLER

Colonel Richard Flag Jr.

SLADE

Holy shit. You sure you want him to prep them?

WALLER

Why not? He's qualified.

SLADE

These aren't soldiers or brainwashed terrorists. His methods are too brutal for them to handle.

WALLER

Who gives a shit about their well being? Those sick bastards kill innocent people for a living.

SLADE

True.

WALLER

Also, I'll need your help to maintain them in and out the cells.

SLADE

Do I get to do any field work?

WALLER

No. You'll get caught. Can't have that happen since they're the ones we're trying to throw under the bus.

SLADE

(laughing)

When do we start?

WALLER

Somewhere today or tomorrow. I'll show you the facility later, but I have a meeting right now.

SLADE

With who?

WALLER

Director Dugan.

SLADE

Good luck. I'm pretty sure he hates your guts.

(CONTINUED)

WALLER
(smiles)
Doesn't everybody?

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY- DAY

PAN-IN to Amanda's high heels walking through the marble hallway of the agency. People can be seen moving out of her way nervously.

The song Bad to the bone by George Thorogood & The Destroyers.

PAN-UP to Amanda stopping at a wooden door. The door reads 'Dugan'.

Amanda walks into the room. Sitting in a dark leather chair is an intimidating look man. He has that 'takes no shit' principle like feel. He looks angry and serious faced. He has a band-aid on his nose. His nose is a dark red, evidently bruised. This man is **Marshall Dugan**, late 50's.

DUGAN
Waller.

WALLER
Dugan.

DUGAN
(angrily/disgusted)
I take it you're aware that the government has recently put the lives of billions in your hands?

WALLER
Yeah what about it.

DUGAN
Let's just say I have a little problem with it(beat)see, extortion and forging government notifications are illegal.

WALLER
What? You're gonna sell me out?

DUGAN
(smiling)
Of course I am honey bunch. That's if you don't pay me half your fund from the program.

(CONTINUED)

WALLER

You really think I give a fuck?

DUGAN

You should sweetheart. Because if I
don't get that money, A.R.G.U.S
gets shut down.

PAN-IN to outside the room. Something can be heard SMASHING
into a wooden table.

PAN-IN into the room. Amanda is holding Dugan by the tie. His
nose is gushing blood. He looks truly horrified.

WALLER

Sweet talk me like a little girl
one more fuckin time. I dare you.

DUGAN

You think I'm scared of you Waller?
What're you gonna do?

Amanda DRAGS Dugan from the other side of the table by his
tie and SMASHES him into the metal cabinets. She SQUEEZES on
his neck.

WALLER

Your wife and kids are sittin' in
the comfort of a home if I'm
correct?

DUGAN

Y- yes?

WALLER

I'd hate to see the house go down
in flames with that family in it.
Or maybe some hot lead pumpin'
through their bodies. Which sounds
better?

DUGAN

(crying)
I don't like neither.

WALLER

Then keep your stupid ass mouth
shut(beat)do you comprehend?

DUGAN

(nervously/scared)
Yes Miss Waller.

(CONTINUED)

Amanda walks out of the office smiling. Bad to the bone starts to play again as she leaves the place.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CITY AIRPORT- DAY- CENTRAL CITY

It's your standard airport. There's hundreds of people from all around the world rushing to get to their flights.

PAN-IN to a man standing in the middle of the airport with a suitcase in his hand. He's wearing black leather gloves and brown leather trench coat and jeans. Everybody in the airport's too busy to pay attention to him. PAN-IN to the back of his neck. There's a tattoo of the soviet hammer and sickle puncturing through a skull, shattering it. **He's clearly Russian.**

The man pulls out a phone. He has a tear drop tattoo under his eyes. A russian man starts talking on the phone.

MAN ON PHONE (O.S.)

(in Russian)

Protocol scarlet pony is ready for commencement.

(Subtitles in: red)

RUSSIAN MAN

(in Russian)

Yes Major. For Mother Russia.

(Subtitles in: red)

MAN ON PHONE (O.S.)

(in Russian)

Stop it. You're making us sound fucking generic.

(Subtitles in: red)

RUSSIAN MAN

(in Russian)

Sorry boss.

(Subtitles in: red)

The Russian man stares above the escalator where another suspicious looking man is watching people with his own suitcase. **They're working together.**

A security guard proceeds to walk over to the suspicious man.

SECURITY GUARD

(angrily/frantic)

FREEZE YOU FUCKER!!!

(CONTINUED)

SLOW-MOTION as the Russian man jerks the case open and pulls two H&K 416 Semi Automatic Rimfire handguns out. He starts shooting RAPIDLY at all of the civilians in the airport.

Everyone is RUNNING frantically in fear. They're all scared about the death that's about to fall upon them.

Dead corpses collapse to the floor like pebbles. The floors are drenched in blood and gore.

The Russian man aims his semi-automatic everywhere. He opens up his trench coat revealing a heavily advanced mechanical bomb vest of some sort.

RUSSIAN MAN

(with accent)

*IF ANYONE FUCKING MOVES, YOU WILL
DIE EARLY!!! I BLOW THIS SHIT HOLE
TO BITS!!!*

Rapid gunshots can be heard from the top escalator level. The airport starts to fall silent.

The surviving victims are hiding behind the airport scanning machines and the airport seats.

A little boy slowly walks out of hiding place. His mother tries to reach out and grab him, *but BRAKKA!! BRAKKA!!* She's SHOT DOWN by the Russian man.

The little boy continues to walk towards the shooter.

LITTLE BOY

Are you gonna hurt us? I wanna go home. Can I go home?

RUSSIAN MAN

(smiles/coldly)

Hmm.

BRAKKA!!! The Russian Man BLOWS a round into the little boy's head. His corpse HITS the floor roughly.

The Russian man slaps his arms onto his chest and raises them in an unusual way, possibly doing some type of pledge. He pulls the bomb's trigger-----

KraBOOM!!!

THE RUSSIAN MAN IS BLOWN TO FUCKING BITS FROM THE BLAST. THE OTHER MAN BLOWS HIMSELF UP AS WELL.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CIA CONFERENCE OFFICE- NIGHT

There's footage from the bombing playing on the TV monitors. The sound is muted. An aerial from the rubble of the airport can be seen on the news channels.

Utter silence in the office as all of the officials look down in depression. They all have hardened faces. They look as if they're thinking hard. Amanda looks around at all of them.

One specific official stares at Waller. He doesn't believe she could fucking handle this. She's not equipped for this initiative.

This man is **Casey Klebba**, late 30's. He gets up and takes the remote for the monitors and shuts them off.

Two beats as he stares at the floor in disappointment.

KLEBBA

As you can see, they're winning
we're losing. The score's 0-1.

WALLER

This isn't football. It's lives
we're playing with here. Lives of
billions.

KLEBBA

You're playing with these lives.
We're just watching you work.

WALLER

Ay, SHUT THE FUCK UP ALRIGHT?!?!
YOU WANNA SIT HERE AND PIN
EVERYTHING ON ME AS IF YOU'RE OUT
THERE DOIN SHIT!!!

KLEBBA

(angrily/serious)

Fix your fucking tone. I'm not the
one you wanna get it in with right
now. You could treat everybody else
here like the pussies they are but
I want my fucking respect!!!

Everybody's jaws drop because he says this. Klebba looks around at them and raises his arms.

(CONTINUED)

KLEBBA (CONT'D)

No offense.

An official with thick rimmed glasses and bug eyes raises his hand.

OFFICIAL 1

None taken sir!!!

WALLER

(snarls/furiously)

This bitch ass nigga boutta to make me resort back to my hoodrat ways up in this bitch.

KLEBBA

(angrily/whispering)

Another word from you and I will have your job.

Casey starts walking around the conference table. He switches on the televisions on again.

KLEBBA (CONT'D)

The Death of Superman lead us to a new age. With the world's guardian gone, there's been several foreign invaders attempting to breach the security of this country. It's time for us to build our own heros(beat)the **Task Force X** program. Start gathering your teams.

WALLER

(chuckles)

Hmm.

KLEBBA

What's so funny?

WALLER

You're over here talkin' about gathering your teams when I already have one to go.

KLEBBA

(shocked/serious toned)

Really.

WALLER

Yup.

(CONTINUED)

KLEBBA

Proceed your demonstration(beat)if
you even have one.

Amanda takes a funny decorated flash drive. It's in the shape of hand stick out the middle finger. It has a splattered brown paint like design. The fingernails are polished red.

She pulls off the finger, revealing the flash drive plug. She plugs it into the system that the monitors are connected to.

Seven screens pop up onto the monitors.

WALLER

Where do we start off?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

The montage is shot as if in the events, but they're actually old security footage of each criminal.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Digger Harkness, an Australian mercenary turned ridiculed super villain.

- Digger breaks into a room with twelve men. Digger's a dirty looking man. His dark blue trench coat and leather gear look raggedy and old. The men swear at Harkness and aim their guns at him. ZOOM-IN as he swatches four boomerang blades out, two each hand. ***He throws two of the boomerangs and they slice through seven of the men. The boomerangs ricochet of the wall and start slicing two more.*** They stop when the boomerangs get jammed in two dead bodies. ***There's two men left. Digger grabs one man by the neck and STABS him twice in the head, ripping through his skull. He CHARGES at the last man and STABS him OVER AND OVER AGAIN.***

WALLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's skilled in blade fighting, hand to hand combat, and unnecessary overkill. Next criminal, **Danton Black**. He's also known as Multiplex.

- Danton is in his Multiplex outfit. He's walking into a rich people's apartment. He smiles at the guard. Two duplicates come out of both sides of his body. ***The three of them raise their glocks and FIRE.***

(CONTINUED)

WALLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's good at theft and science. His intelligence enabled him to invent formula that laces with your DNA giving you the powers to duplicate every single inch of your body.

Quick CUT TO the conference room. We get this conversation between Klebba and Amanda.

KLEBBA

Does he need the suit to do that?

WALLER

No it just helps him do it faster and safer.

OFFICIAL 2

So it's a power condom?

WALLER

You could say that.

KLEBBA

Who's next?

-A middle aged black man is being escorted to his jail cell. There's two officers on the sides of him. ***He flips one guard over and charges to the back of the other one. He squeezes brutally on the guard's neck and SQUISHKRUNCH! HE BREAKS HIS NECK.*** His windpipe can be heard bursting open.

WALLER (V.O.)

Ben Turner, widely known as the Bronze Tiger. He's an ex-member of the League of assassins. We have no records of him before that. He's on a journey to be some kind of vigilante... like BATMAN

- Ben is in an brown African inspired outfit. It looks like the same material as Velcro. He has mechanical brass knuckles with blades. He's on top of a building, hovering over two thugs. ***He jumps down CRUSHING one of the thugs under his weight. He STABS THROUGH HIS HEAD OVER AND OVER AGAIN with his brass/blade knuckles.***

The other guy charges at him and he SLICES his stomach open. He stars pulling a punch/blade COMBO on him. The guy's intestines start to fucking fly all over the place.

He gets off of him, his outfit bloodied from the fight.

(CONTINUED)

- There's a group of tattooed men with pistols looking around. One man is carrying a ISSC MK22 rifle. They're looking around and tearing apart the apartment looking for something.

WALLER (V.O.)

Next, Eve Eden. Some call her
Nightshade. She's a debt collector
for the Mexican Gang known as Alma
Tomadores(beat)**The soul takers.**

- Dark shadow like portals start opening behind the men. Every time the portals open, Eve lurks out and murders them in different ways with a machete.

WALLER (V.O.)

She could create shadow like
portals which she teleports
through. She's also possesses super-
strength.

- There's one last thug hiding under a shot up table. The table looks like swiss cheese. It shot up pretty FUCKING bad. He's panting hard and looking around frantically. Eve **TEARS** the table apart. She bends down to the thug's level and smiles at him.

EVE

(smiling/sarcastically)
Sorry mommy's late from work
sweetheart.

- **Eve SMASHES an enormous hole through the thug's head.** The blood splatter's all over her arm.

WALLER (V.O.)

Finally, the biggest asshole of the
team, **Floyd FUCKING Lawton.**

- Floyd's fully suited with the helmet and everything. He's chuckling as he watches two Italian gang lords walk out of a limbo in a dark alley. They're wearing so much jewelry and gold that they could be ornaments. Floyd **PULLS THE TRIGGER.**

FLOYD

Bingo.

The gold bullet **HITS** both crime lords at once by **RICOCHETING** off of a pipe, and into their heads.

SLOW-MOTION shot of the gold bullet **WEDGING** itself into a wall. It has the words Fat Christmas Ornaments on it, in fancy font.

(CONTINUED)

END OF MONTAGE

KLEBBA

Spare us the details on that one.
As if we have no idea who that is.
How'd you even get access to him?

Amanda pulls out her flash drive and turns off the monitors.

WALLER

It wasn't too hard, considering
there's a supposed 7 foot BATMAN
whoopin' criminal's asses.

KLEBBA

You found him in the gutter?

WALLER

Luckily, it wasn't **Arkham Asylum**.
Security's way too tight over
there. I forgot one more player.

OFFICIAL 2

Who is it?

WALLER

Harleen Quinzelle.

Klebba raises his hands in a sort of 'cool down' motion.

KLEBBA

(shocked/flabbergasted)
Okay Amanda(beat)now you're playing
with fire. Are you fucking crazy?

WALLER

What's wrong?

KLEBBA

You know who her accomplice is.
Starting bad blood with him puts
all of us in a fuck up. Do you
understand the giant shit hole
you're putting us in by harboring
her?

WALLER

Don't tell me you guys are scared
of one man.

KLEBBA

Why wouldn't we be. It's **him**. He's
a **mass murderer**, an **anarchist**, and
a **kingpin**.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KLEBBA (CONT'D)

Let's not forget that he's a fuckin' **sociopath**. He's a national threat. Everywhere that man goes chaos follows.

WALLER

He's locked up in Arkham Asylum right now.

KLEBBA

Do you honestly think he's staying in there?

WALLER

Ya'll a bunch of pussies.

KLEBBA

(defensive)

Not everybody here could punch Lex Luthor square in the face Waller. We're fine being regular non bad ass people.

WALLER

It's not about being a bad ass. You got to know how to stand up to the bigger person.

KLEBBA

When's you're team prepping for their first mission?

Amanda starts exiting the conference room. PAN-IN to her smiling face.

WALLER

(smiling)

You'll hear about it when I'm wavin' it's success in your damn face.

Amanda leaves the office. Klebba SLAMS the table with his fist. He looks around at the rest of the officials.

KLEBBA

How the fuck do you out up with this?

OFFICIAL 3

(laughing)

Get used to it Klebba. We all did.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- THERAPY ROOM- DAY

Waller's sitting in a comfy leather sofa chair. She's looking up at the ceiling, as if she's thinking back to something. There's an old man with glasses sitting at a wooden desk looking at Amanda.

This man is **Dr. Simon LaGrieve**, late 50's. He's the Belle Reve psychiatrist. He has a bowl of candy on the desk and some stuffed toys.

LAGRIEVE

Amanda, you aware that this office is for inmate visits right?

WALLER

No one's called me Amanda in years.

LAGRIEVE

And why's that?

WALLER

I don't let'em. It reminds me of the manipulated girl I was years ago.

LAGRIEVE

Who manipulated you?

WALLER

Society. Made me think you could have it all(beat)like a fairy tale. That you could live in this gritty dark world happily.

LAGRIEVE

Is that why you sought out to become the manipulator? To feel like you have it all?

WALLER

Not powerful(beat)intimidating. I wanted people to be scared of me. When they see The Wall comin' they run their ass the other fuckin' way.

LAGRIEVE

Is this a result of your husband and daughter's murders?

(CONTINUED)

WALLER

I guess you could say death of a loved one changes someone. But it goes deeper than that.

LAGRIEVE

Would you like to tell me?

FLASHES of bloody, shot up corpses of armored military soldiers run through Waller's head.

WALLER

That's something I'd rather keep to myself.

FLASHES of a young Waller getting SHOT in the arm and stomach by a sniper just as a **LAND MINE GOES OFF UNDER HER.**

LAGRIEVE

Your days in the army must've also been a factor, I suppose?

WALLER

I saw a lot of bad, horrible, and scary shit in Team 7. It doesn't faze me as much as you think.

LAGRIEVE

You don't want to talk about it?

FLASHES of a young African American man getting his brains BLOWN OPEN by a sniper shot to the head. Waller looks at him in horror, eyes wide opened. The blood splatters onto her.

WALLER

No. We're done here.

Waller gets up from the chair and starts walking out of the office.

LAGRIEVE

You know Waller, maybe what you know is some closure.

CLOSE-UP to Waller face. She's scowling.

WALLER

Stop actin' like you wanna help me. You just here for the fuckin' paycheck.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- MORNING

CLOSE-UP to Floyd's eyes. They slowly blink and go wide open.

He struggles to get up from his prison bed. He lets out a loud grunt. His left eye is swollen, and his face is all patched up and stitched.

FLOYD

Where the hell am I? This ain't
Blackgate.

Floyd runs over to his cell door. He starts looking through the hatch of his cell door. The cells in Belle Reve are all solitary confinement. The prisoners are THROWING rotten food and burning newspapers through their hatches.

Floyd looks around at the other cells. You can hear BANGING, SCREAMING, and SLAMMING. **The prison is chaotic.**

There's guards at every inch of the prison. They're carrying heavy artillery and have zero facial expression. Their guard uniforms have several variations.

Some of the uniforms are sleeveless, revealing spider tattoos and other kinds on some of the guards.

CUT TO:

Amanda and Slade are slowly walking down the prison corridors, cells on the left and right.

Slade sees something unusual from a prison door window. It's a bat/man hybrid. Not the **BATMAN**, a bat/man. The bat creature looks ugly and vial. It's eyes are milky and glassy. It's body is distorted and slimy.

Slade's eyebrow raises.

SLADE

Who the hell is that?

WALLER

You mean who is that? Kirk
Langstrom. He's a scientist from
Gotham. His dumb ass thought he
could cross his DNA with a bat's
successfully.

SLADE

Why the fuck did he want to do
that?

(CONTINUED)

WALLER

He was trying to find a cure for cancer. Clearly, he hasn't watched enough horror movies to see how that goes.

SLADE

When do I see the actual team?

WALLER

Later. Right now I need you to get cozy.

They pass by Digger's cell. He flipping off the two of them and hollering cusses at Waller.

SLADE

Cozy? I'm not staying here.

WALLER

No. I mean take in the locations, the slick spots. Stuff like that.

Floyd is SLAMMING and PUNCHING his cell door. He still asking where the fuck he is. Like always, he's being ignored.

SLADE

So I'm pretty much a security guard but with my own rules and clearance?

WALLER

I don't know about the first one but yeah pretty much.

SLADE

You don't know about the first one? Since when do I follow rules?

WALLER

Volunteering in my vocabulary is becoming my bitch with special privileges.

Slade looks at Waller with a smile, but sort of coldly. *He's kind of pissed about her remark.* Slade switches to a full on smile again.

SLADE

(laughs)

Fuck you Waller. I'm no one's bitch.

(CONTINUED)

They continue to walk through the corridors.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- NIGHT

The prison is pitch black and silent. All the prisoners are sleeping. The corridors are empty for the most part.

We found ourselves in Danton's cell. He's bare chested revealing three circular scars on his stomach. He's sitting on his prison bed upright looking at the wall.

He's teary eyed as he thinks about something. A memory. *One of his wife.*

CUT TO:

INT. COAST CITY BEACH- MORNING- FLASHBACK

A young African American man walks through the sunset with a pretty young woman holding his hand. **This is Danton and his wife.**

Danton looks different. He doesn't have his gruff goatee or the circular scar wounds. His wife is a beautiful Latina woman. She's embracing his arms as they walk through the beach. This is **Lajoda Black**, late 20's.

She kisses him on the cheek.

LAJODA

I want this forever bae(beat)us,
with kids, walking through the
sunset like this with nothin' to
worry about.

DANTON

True facts. I love this. I never
wanna move outta this place. It's
like real life Bay watch.

LAJODA

(laughs)

If we gonna bring kids into this
world though, you gonna have to get
that job promotion. Don't let this
pussy ass bitches cheat you outta
what you deserve.

(CONTINUED)

DANTON

You know I'm tryna stand up. It's just(beat)you really think they'll give me a promotion?

LAJODA

Why not? You work hard for everything you get.

DANTON

But it's a science job bae. They'll go for the first white guy in the door before they go for me.

LAJODA

I believe in you baby. You'll get that promotion(beat)**I know it.**

CUT TO:

Now we're inside Digger's cell. He's in his bed. His eyes are dead as he grins at the ceiling laughing. *He's daydreaming.*

CUT TO:

INT. DIGGER'S DAYDREAM- DREAM

Digger's walking around SKIPPING and LAUGHING in a land filled with rainbows and candy buildings.

He's in a blue fur hat and pimp suit that both read CAPTAIN on it in gold. He has heavy gold and diamond chains all over his body. He's wearing disco pimp glasses. He's surrounded by GIGANTIC pink unicorns galloping around him.

There's two Asian women in his embrace. He has his hands on both of their asses. He grins showing off his new completely diamond grilled teeth. He laughs obnoxiously. One of the pink unicorns walks in front of Digger and **VOMITS** rainbows onto his gold dress shoes.

He pets the Unicorn.

DIGGER

Aww, it's alright little buddy.

The two Asian women start grinding on Digger while he sticks out his tongue laughing, making a humping gesture.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

PAN-IN to Floyd's prison cell. He's sweating and grunting. He looks like he's fighting something that's not there. He's whispering a name. *Zoe*. He's sleeping... *having a nightmare*.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE- NIGHT- NIGHTMARE

The warehouse is very dark. There's barely any light in it. The only light in the warehouse are the dim green ceiling mounted ones.

A man is SCREAMING hysterically. His voice sounds familiar. AERIAL-SHOT of a man tightly roped into a chair.

PAN-IN to this man. It's **Floyd Lawton**. His face is swollen and his skull torn open. The blood from his mouth is drooling onto his clothes.

FLOYD

ZOE!!! ZOE I'MMA GET YOU OUTTA HERE
ALRIGHT?!?! DADDY'S HERE
ALRIGHT?!!?

POV- FLOYD

A little girl's hands are tightly roped to a tall pole. It's raising her body up. This little girl is **Zoe Lawton**, ten years old. A man walks into the frame. He's shirtless with baggy prison pants. The letters on the pants read ARKHAM sideways. He has scars all over his body. Tally marks.

This man is **Victor Zsasz**, late 30's. He looks sick, like insane sick. He's bald. He's holding a kitchen knife.

He strokes Zoe's hair and squeezes her by the cheeks roughly. He starts laughing, anxiously but maniacally.

ZSASZ

You're gonna save her like you
saved mommy Floyd?

Zsasz JAMS the knife into Zoe's neck. FLOYD SCREAMS HER NAME LOUDLY. Zsasz starts laughing again.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- NIGHT

Floyd wakes up to the guards POURING a bucket of ice water all over him. Floyd wakes up in shock. He sounds like he's slowly drowning.

Four guards and Slade start CHARGING at Floyd.

(CONTINUED)

Slade HITS him in the face with a left hook. The guard DRAGS him off the bed and SMASHES him down to the floor.

Two guards press Floyd's head down, while the last guards applies Floyd's cuffs. Floyd's fighting all of these restraints.

The guards pull out batons and BEAT THE HELL OUT OF Floyd.

The guards DRAG Floyd out of his cell. His blood drips all over the corridor floors.

CUT TO:

The guards drag Floyd to a rusty door. One of them pull out a key and unlock the rusty door. They BURST kick the door open. There's a dirty rusty elevator behind the door.

They HURL Floyd into the elevator and press a red button that's underneath the ones for the prison floors. The elevator starts to descend.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- MISSIONARY ROOM- NIGHT

This place is drastically different than the rest of Belle Reve. It's all white and impossibly clean. It looks like a futuristic space base or something.

POV- FLOYD

The nurses are dressed in all white. The security guards are wearing their standard heavy black uniform. They're all staring at Floyd as he's being dragged through the white room.

They open a door to sound proof room. There's other prisoners in it. They look familiar.

Floyd is SLAMMED into a chair. The guards turn on the restraints on his restraints the minute he tries to escape.

Waller and Slade are standing in the front of the room facing all the prisoners. There's a smart board behind her.

WALLER

Hello screw ups and assholes. Do you know who I am?

There's a gruff and dirty looking man. He has bushy sideburns that look very messy. His face is a little roughed up.

(CONTINUED)

He has a semi swollen eye and yellow bruises on his face.
It's **Digger Harkness**.

DIGGER

*I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHO YOU ARE!!!
JUST GET ME ARSE OUT OF HERE!!!*

Slade and a guard both CHARGE at Harkness. Slade puts him in a choke hold and the guard **WHACKS** him in the face with the baton. He spits blood and a tooth onto the floor.

The guards let go of him.

WALLER

Another word out of you Harkness,
and I will shut your ass up
personally.

Digger laughs at Waller menacingly.

Everyone looks at Digger, one specific girl is smiling. Girl not woman. She doesn't act like one. Her hair is blonde with red and blue highlights on both ponytails. Her face and body are pretty tatted up. This is **Harley Quinn**, whom which you met earlier.

HARLEY

(giggles)

Quite the party already!!!

One of the guards **PUNCHES** Harley in the jaw roughly and hard. You can hear her jaw **CRUNCH**.

Harley looks at the guard smiling maniacally. She licks the blood off her lips. This is a little seductive.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(smiling/ecstatic)

Harder.

WALLER

*ARE YOU GONNA LET ME SPEAK OR
WHAT?!!!?*

Everyone looks up at Waller disinterested and unphased by everything that just happened.

WALLER (CONT'D)

My name is Waller. That's all
you'll be calling me by. If I hear
my first name or anything else, I
will have your ass tortured and
beaten to death. This man right
here is Slade Wilson.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

I know who he is. Decorated
military bounty hunter with
superhuman enhancements.

SLADE

(snickers)

I prefer Big Daddy Wilson by the
way.

FLOYD

Where the hell are we? This ain't
no prison I could tell you that.

The guards start walking up to Floyd, proceeding to beat the
shit out of him. Waller raises her hand to signal them to
back off.

WALLER

You're now part of **Task Force X**. A
covert operations division that's
part of A.R.G.U.S.

One of the guards pats the shoulder of another guard. He's
smiling as he whispers something in his ear.

GUARD 1

(smiling/whispers)

More like a **Suicide Squad**.

WALLER

(grimly)

What was that?

GUARD 1

(nervously)

Nothin' boss.

WALLER

Another word out of you and you're
fired.

FLOYD

What the fuck are we doin' in a
military facility? Do you recognize
who we are?

WALLER

You're the assholes that the
superheroes constantly ridicule.

A man who also looks gruff, with dark hair and a frizzy
goatee snarls at Waller.

(CONTINUED)

The bottom half of his face looks familiar. This is **Danton Black**. His face is a little swollen from his run in with The Green Lantern.

DANTON

Can you not call us assholes in every single sentence that comes out of your damn mouth?

WALLER

You got anything else to say?

DANTON

Yeah.

WALLER

Stick it up your ass.

Awkward silence from Danton.

WALLER (CONT'D)

Anyway, you're all expendable soldiers now. If you die, you get replaced. We don't need you specifically.

FLOYD

And if we live?

WALLER

If you live and succeed on your missions, then you get your jail sentences reduced.

FLOYD

What if that's not all we want?

WALLER

Any of your requests will be met. You'll get a charge decreased each mission.

HARLEY

(smiling)

Alright!!! When do we start?

WALLER

After this meeting.

FLOYD

What's the first mission?

Amanda turns on the projector. It projects a map and a mug shot. The prisoners look in confusion.

(CONTINUED)

WALLER

You're going to the Sahara Desert in Africa. The Red Shadows have an underground facility over there. We need you to infiltrate it and recover this man.

A mug shot of a male Goth with blonde hair shows up on the screen. His eyelids are dark and baggy, and his skin's pale. He has several piercings and face tattoos. If he didn't look so fucked up, he could pass for David Bowie. This man is **Werner Zytte**, early 30's.

FLOYD

Werner.
(chuckles/smiling)
I know that junky fuck.

WALLER

You'll have to approach him with caution(beat)he's a meta-human. His powers are produced by the technological plate attached to the back of his head.

FLOYD

Who're the Red Shadows?

WALLER

They're like A.R.G.U.S, but Russian and they're dickheads.

DANTON

But you guys are dickheads too.

WALLER

They're twice the dickheads we are. Get ready to start the mission. There's six pods in the facility next to the prison. The chairs you're sitting in will transport there.

FLOYD

The fuck are you talkin' about?

The prisoner's chairs start to sink into the floor slowly. The large tiles that were once there start to dismember, sinking the chairs underground.

High-tech wheels pop out from under the chairs.

VREEEEEEEEEEE! THE CHAIRS START AUTO-DRIVING THEMSELVES AT SUPER-SPEED.

(CONTINUED)

There's six separate cartridges to hold each of the chairs. The chairs attach themselves to each cartridge.

TIME-LAPSE as Floyd's chair is sucked into a bright white room through the cartridge.

Floyd looks through the room confused. There's a white suitcase on a white bench for him. He opens up the suitcase revealing a dark red maroonish suit. There's cargo pants laid under them. There's gloves similar to construction gloves with an updated version of his wrist canons in them. There's also a steel mask with a built in targeting eye

Floyd smirks as he looks at the outfit.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
(snickering)
That's what the fuck I'm talkin'
about.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TASK FORCE X TRANSPORT JET- MORNING

The members of the team are cuffed into their seats. Floyd looks around at the members of the team. His unmasked. The mask's on his lap.

He looks up at Harley. She winks at him. He uncomfortably looks back down.

The guards in the jet turn on a projector, revealing a hologram of Amanda Waller. She has an earpiece in.

WALLER (V.O.)
We're going to deploy you all 16
feet away from the location of the
base. Under one of your dispensable
seats is a bomb and a trigger.

FLOYD
What are we gonna need that for?

WALLER (V.O.)
You're going to need it if you
wanna get inside the facility.

FLOYD
Reinforced steel?

WALLER (V.O.)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Let's get to work then.

WALLER (V.O.)

For this mission, Bronze Tiger's taking charge.

PAN-IN to a man with a Velcro outfit on. It has a brown tone to it. It's Ben Turner. He still has his mechanical claws.

WALLER (V.O.)

Floyd, your job is extraction.

PAN-IN to a extremely pale woman. Her skin's literally white. The color of paper. She has dark lipstick on, and she's wearing bullet proof safety glasses. The lens are red. Her outfit is dark purple, and she's tatted up. This is **Eve Eden**, early 30's.

EVE

How about the rest of us? What do we do?

WALLER (V.O.)

Kill a lot of people.

HARLEY

That's good enough for me!!

Digger laughs and grins at Harley's response.

WALLER (V.O.)

(grinning)

Drop off time assholes.

The seats **BURST** out of the jet with the members of Task Force X attached to them. The chairs are going at **MAXIMUM SPEEDS**. Floyd presses the mask onto his lap so that it doesn't fly away.

The parachutes **SHOOT** out of each seat and they start to slow down the speed. The chairs start going slower and slower.

They land on the hot desert sand. Everybody is in shock from the wild ride except for Harley.

DIGGER

I think I shit me grundies.

HARLEY

WHOO!!! THAT WAS FUN!! LET'S DO IT AGAIN!!!

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD
(whispers)
Crazy ass.

Everyone starts to unbuckle themselves from the seats. Floyd attaches the mask to his head.

POV- FLOYD

We look around from Floyd's point of view. Everything's red. The mask has the same optics as a Terminator. His vision is scanning everything round him. It has a red tone to it too.

BEN
Everyone follow my lead. We'll have
to find a way to get underground.

FLOYD
Fuck off. I have a plan already.

BEN
I don't give a shit. Waller put me
in charge so you follow my lead.

Digger pulls out one of his boomerang blades and presses it on Ben's throat. Digger's eyes look real crazy.

DIGGER
(angrily/snarling)
Shut the fuck up monkey. We're
followin' his lead now. Got it?

Ben flares his nostrils at Digger and GRIPS his claw blades.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
(mockingly)
What you're gonna attack me? Ooh,
ooh! Aah, aah!

Digger turns to Floyd and playfully hits him in the chest laughing. He's expecting Floyd to laugh with him.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Who the fuck is lettin' the chimps
out, am I right?

Floyd **SUCKER PUNCHES** Digger in the face. He's planted into the sand face first. He starts to spit blood as he gets up.

FLOYD
There's only a certain level of
asshole I could tolerate.

(CONTINUED)

Digger CHARGES at Floyd but he's held back easily by Nightshade.

DIGGER

*YOU STUPID FUCK!!!! YOU BROKE MY
JAW!!!*

FLOYD

(to Eve)

You could teleport right?

EVE

(re: Floyd)

Yeah. I can't get down there. I
need to be in close proximity of my
desired location.

FLOYD

Well your powers fucking suck. Who
has the bomb? Everyone check your
seats!!!

HARLEY

Ooh! Look what I found? You guys
ready for a real party?

Harley pulls out the thick and wired mechanical bomb from the bottom of her chair, which is now torn. Harley playfully skips over to Floyd like a four year old girl holding the bomb and her baseball bat.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Yes Mistah Floyd?

FLOYD

You sure you know how to use that
thing?

HARLEY

(soothing/over the top)

Of course I do sweetie!! Don't you
know who my hubby is?!?!? So where's
it goin?

POV- FLOYD

His targeting eye is scanning the area for a weak point in the hide of the military base. He see circular shape that's blinking orange on the scanner.

He points to the direction of the blinking.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Bingo.

PAN-IN to the whole "team" walking towards the scanned weak point. The shot is in SLOW-MOTION. It's the first money shot of the squad.

They stand in back of Harley as she hooks the bomb into the weak point. Harley's humming a tune while she hooks up the bomb. The bomb starts BEEPING. It's activated now.

HARLEY

Hey you guys!(beat)I would get back
if I were you or the party works
won't be as fun.

The "team" starts to slowly walk backward. Harley walks over to them with a big smile on her face. She's giggling.

FLOYD

(confused/frustrated)
Why're you so fuckin' giddy?

HARLEY

(smiling)
Waiting for chaos makes me happy.

KaBROOM!!!! *The whole team JUMPS up stunned and appalled by the blast. Harley jumps up and down cheering and laughing.*

FLOYD

(furiously/angrily)
WHAT THE FUCK!!! YOU DIDN'T EVEN
FUCKING PUT A TIMER!!!

HARLEY

Well, I did tell you I get really
excited about chaos.

FLOYD

You're a fuckin' loon.

BEN

So when do you plan to stop takin'
so we could get inside?

Everyone starts walking over to the severed steel hole and jumping inside of it. Floyd and Harley are the last ones.

FLOYD

Ladies first.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY

You know, for a hardcore contract killer you're acting like quite the gentleman.

FLOYD

Piss me off and that'll change real quick.

Harley wraps her body around Floyd's arm.

HARLEY

(giggling/smiling)

No problem cowboy.

Floyd PUSHES Harley off of him and GRASPS his hand tightly onto Harley's neck. He JERKS her closer to his face.

FLOYD

(serious/angrily)

Touch me again and I'll break your neck.

HARLEY

(biting lips)

You like it rough cowboy? Me too.

FLOYD

I don't fuck clowns.

HARLEY

Trust me handsome, I'll make you change your mind.

Harley makes a sexy biting notion towards Floyd.

Harley skips to the torn hide giggling.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SHADOWS BASE- TUNNELS- MORNING

The tunnel is wet and dirty. The wet sand from outside has a dark brownish like color combined with the water running from the pipes in the tunnel. The tunnel is quiet and stingy.

It's dark and creepy, which gives it a sense of suspicion. Floyd is walking stealthily with Eve and Digger. Everyone else is walking without a care in the world.

DANTON

(to Ben)

So what's your story?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

The brooding monster of Gotham
prevented me from washing away my
sins.

DANTON

What sins?

BEN

I've killed so many innocent
people. I tried to make it right
but he stopped me. Why're you here?
You don't seem like the rest of
them.

DANTON

Armed robbery. I didn't kill
anybody(beat)I was just tryna' get
money for my project. I'm tryna'
save my wife.

BEN

What project?

DANTON

I'm tryna make a second tech suit
like mine.
(holding back tears)
Someone I love is in need of one.

BEN

Your wife. She's dead.

DANTON

How'd you know?

BEN

I could see it in your eyes and
your body movements.

DANTON

Where did you learn that?

BEN

I was trained in a den full of
Assassins.

DANTON

Holy shit! What were you before all
of that?

BEN

I don't know. But I did kill a lot
of people after.

(CONTINUED)

They get in front of a giant vault. The vault is rusty and covered in dirty and soggy trash.

Floyd pulls out ammunition from his from his artillery straps. He starts to reload his wrist canons. He checks another pocket to see if he has his cigarettes. When he finds them he nods.

FLOYD

Hmm.

The team silently watches Floyd waiting for him to give orders. Floyd puts the cigarette box back in his artillery strap pocket.

Floyd looks at Eve.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

(to Eve)

Hey you(beat) get us through the vault.

EVE

I could only get three people through at once.

FLOYD

Can you make your powers not fuckin' suck?

EVE

(mumbles)

You're such a prick.

Eve grabs Harley, Floyd, and Ben by their shoulders. The four of them disappear in a haze of dark shadowy smoke.

Danton looks at Digger confused. Digger gives him the *I don't know* shrug and face. **The smoke appears again and Danton and Digger disappear also.**

CUT TO:

INT. RED SHADOWS BASE- MORNING

The whole crew's in the base. They're in different points of the base. Floyd, Ben and Nightshade are on the second floor of the base crouching stealthily so that they're not seen by the military officers.

The military officers look like thugs in uniform. They have tear drop tats and other tats that clarify murderous Russian patriotism. The officers look intimidating as fuck.

(CONTINUED)

They're carrying T91's as they walk back and forth.

CUT TO:

FLOOR TWO

There's three military officers looking off the ledge of the second floor. They're just looking over the first floor.

Floyd signals Ben and Eve to move in with his fingers.

The three of them move in to the three officers. Floyd **CHARGES** at the center officer and puts him in a rough inescapable headlock. Before the other two could scream or reach for their guns, Ben and Eve LEAP on top of them.

Floyd ROUGHLY JERKS the officer's neck to one side over and over again. He keeps on jerking it until **SHRUNKCRUNCH!** He SLOPPILY BREAKS the officer's neck.

Ben has his officer in a headlock. He rapidly **RIPS** his throat open and keeps on scratching at it over and over again.

FLOYD

That ain't overkill to you?

BEN

(serious toned)

What? You want me to read him a bedtime story first?

CUT TO:

INT. RED SHADOWS BASE- FIRST FLOOR- MORNING

Harley, Danton, and Digger are hiding behind cargo boxes. Danton loads his pistol while Harley starts smiling and licking her lips, as she grips her baseball bat. Digger start chuckling creepily.

DANTON

You guys sure you really wanna do this?

DIGGER

Don't ask any questions(beat) just follow our lead abo.

DANTON

(angrily)

Fuck you man.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY

Wait a sec would'ya? I gotta have
some of my party favors.

Harley pulls out her glass bottle and a small paper sack from the pockets under her gun holsters. She opens it and pours cocaine into the glass bottle. She's humming tunes as she does this.

DANTON

(disgusted)

Ugh she's a fuckin' junky.

HARLEY

Are you gonna sock me in the face?

DANTON

No?

HARLEY

Alright then, keep your trap shut
honey boo boo. I need one of the
two if I'm gonna stay energized.

She snorts from the bottle through both of her nostrils, one at a time, and then exhales wildly. Her pupils dilate, and her eyes go wide.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(ecstatic/wildly)

Okay! Let do this.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SHADOWS BASE- SECOND FLOOR- MORNING

Eve easily TEARS OFF the last officer's head off with a small JERK of her hand.

Floyd and Ben look at each other. Ben's eyebrows are raised in surprise. Floyd presses a pallet on the side of his mask. This is a sort of built in ear piece.

FLOYD (V.O.)

How're things goin' down there?

Floyd doesn't get an answer.

RAPID GUNFIRE AS HARLEY, DIGGER, AND DANTON COME SPRINTING OUT OF NOWHERE WREAKING HAVOC. They're SCREAMING WILDLY like they're going into war.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD
(furiously)
Shit!!!

The officers on the second floor start SPRINTING out of their offices. They load their guns and aim at Floyd, Eve and Ben. It's about 30 guards. They barricade the three of them from both sides.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Alright I take the left, and you
guys right.

EVE
You sure you could take them on by
yourself?

FLOYD
Just go do what the fuck I told you
to do.

Eve and Ben CHARGE at the officers.

Floyd does flip tricks with the T91 and then FIRES it rapidly. He knows what he's doing with this rifle. The bullets ricochet off walls and HIT THE OFFICERS SEVERAL TIMES.

Ben FLIP slams two officers into one officer and starts RIPPING and TEARING through all three of them at the same time. Eve is fist fighting and BEATING the FUCK out of them. Both Eve and Ben combine mixed martial arts with brutal street fighting.

The fighting in the scene is very hyper-active and fast paced.

CUT TO:

FLOOR ONE

Harley's jumping around doing flip kicks, fighting dirty, and **SMASHING** officer's heads in with her baseball bat. Harley fights very brutal and street.

Boomerangs are **PIERCING** them at the same time(courtesy of Digger Harkness).

Harley starts **BLOWING** some heads open with her dual Rhino Revolvers.

HARLEY
YAY!!! TEAM WORK!!!

(CONTINUED)

Danton's duplicates are **BEATING THE CRAP OUT OF** the officers.

CUT TO:

SIDE VIEW

We get a SIDE-VIEW shot of the whole team. Floyd, Eve, and Ben fighting on the second floor and Harley, Danton, Digger fighting on the first floor.

CUT TO:

Floyd is strangling the last officer. His outfit is bloodied along with his mask. The officer's face is grotesquely scratched up and bloody.

Floyd pops out empty shells from his wrist canon and then **BLAM!! He loads two rounds into the officer's head.**

Floyd gets up from the blood bath. He's surrounded by bullet shells and dead bloody corpses. He presses a button on his mask, and it opens up allowing him to take it off his face.

He pulls out his cigarette box and pulls a stick out. He lights it up and puts it between his lips.

FLOYD
(to Everyone)
They're all dead?

BEN
Yeah I think so.

Floyd walks over to cockily Ben and gets up in his face.

FLOYD
Now that's how you get the fuckin'
job done.

Floyd blows the cigarette smoke in Ben's face and walks away slowly in gangster fashion.

Everything is quiet and good until suddenly, someone starts applauding the squad.

Everyone starts looking around in confusion. *Who the fuck?*

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
BRAVO! UP HERE!!

QUICK PAN-UP to the Gothic man from the mug shots. **Werner Zytte**. He's even more fucked up looking in person.

(CONTINUED)

He's wearing a long black leather trench coat(steam punk styled), a dark lime green dress shirt, and skinny black leather pants.

He has a German accent to go along with his creepy voice.

WERNER

Long time no see Lawton.

EVE

(to Floyd)

You know this asshole?

FLOYD

I used to be his bodyguard during his drug deals years ago.

EVE

You want me to take this one?

FLOYD

Fuck no.

Floyd SHOVES Eve out of the way and **BLAM!!!** FIRES a bullet at Werner.

The bullet misses Werner. Floyd's eyes and mouth open in disbelief. His cigarette falls out. *Did I just fucking miss?*

Werner walks from the ceiling to the wall, to second floor. He cracks his knuckles and smirks.

WERNER

Have you forgotten what I could do?

Floyd continues to shoot at Werner **OVER AND OVER**. All his bullets miss Werner. Floyd's face is in disbelief. *What the fuck? I never miss!*

Werner laughs cockily.

POV- FLOYD

Werner's eyes are engulfed in super natural simmering green flames. His tattoos burn green also.

Floyd's vision starts to VIBRATE WILDLY and everything starts BECOMING OVERLY SATURATED AND RAINBOW LIKE.

Floyd collapses to the floor unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA CONFERENCE OFFICE- MORNING

Amanda and the rest of the officials watch the monitors as the squad does the mission. Amanda looks a bit worried with a sense of anger. She speaks into her earpiece.

WALLER

(angrily)

What the hell is going on in there?!?!?

Klebba sits in the corner with his serious face on. He looks pissed.

KLEBBA

(mumbles)

I knew this wasn't gonna work.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SHADOWS BASE- MORNING

Ben and Floyd are unconscious. Nightshade is PUNCHING herself **OVER AND OVER** again furiously. Digger is also unconscious.

Werner is literally walking on air. He has his hands crossed mischievously. He lands on the first floor in front of Harley and Danton.

POV- DANTON

Danton's vision is **VIBRATING RAPIDLY AND WILDLY**. His vision is **SUPER SATURATED**. He sees Werner as a silhouette with **FLAMING GREEN EYES**.

WERNER (V.O.)

Danton, Danton, Danton. Do you realize how pathetic you are? A stupid nerd who steals money for technology.

(laughing)

You could have millions of dollars, girls, and cars and you spend it on tech for your dead wife? Just kill yourself.

Danton grabs one of the abandoned T91s and puts it under his chin.

BLAM!!! DANTON BLOWS HIS OWN BRAINS OUT.

(CONTINUED)

His blood and brain pieces fly onto Harley. She licks the blood off her lips and wipes the brains off her face.

HARLEY

Awesome! He was the real brains of the operation!!!

CUT TO:

INT. CIA CONFERENCE OFFICE- MORNING

Waller is looking at the monitors. They have several red darts that represent each member of the squad. Danton's red spot disappears.

WALLER

(whispers)

Shit.

Waller taps on a holographic contact that says "A.R.G.U.S. HQ". A person's voice can be heard on the call. This person's an A.R.G.U.S contact.

A.R.G.U.S CONTACT (O.S.)

Director Waller? What seems to be the problem?

WALLER

The squad's getting their asses beat. We just lost an asset. I need Slade down there ASAP.

A.R.G.U.S CONTACT (O.S.)

Yes Miss Waller.

CUT TO:

INT. TASK FORCE X TRANSPORT JET- MORNING

Slade is laughing his ass off. He walks over to a military suitcase, unclips the locks and opens it.

Inside of the suitcase is a half orange half dark blue helmet laid on top of bulky bronze and dark blue armor. Slade pulls a big ass sword out of the suitcase.

SLADE

Big Daddy Wilson's about to wreak some havoc.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SHADOWS BASE- MORNING

HARLEY'S SKIPPING AROUND SHOOTING ROUNDS AND ROUNDS OF POWERFUL T91 BULLETS AT WERNER. All the bullets just keep on missing him.

His eyes start flaming green again and then suddenly---
Harley's unconscious.

Werner looks around smiling cockily.

WERNER

Looks like we're done here.

He pulls out a cigar roll and a dime. He starts sprinkling the weed into the wrap. He starts to roll up, while humming lullaby baby. He puts the blunt in between his lips.

He walks up to the second floor, on air. He takes Floyd's lighter and lights up the joint. He removes the joint from his mouth and exhales.

Several more Russian military officers slowly walk out the warehouse facility dragging a large cartridge with them on wheels.

MILITARY OFFICER 1

(in Russian)

SIR!! ARE THEY ALL DEAD?!?!

(Subtitles in: red)

WERNER

(in Russian)

I incapacitated them. I have no
interest in killing them now.

(Subtitles in: red)

The men bring the cartridge out in the open. Werner chuckles as he walks onto the air and moves towards the cartridge. He strokes it with his hand.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Think of all the money and power
we'll have once we sell this thing.

BraKOOM!!!

The steel vault that hides the facility EXPLODES. A bulky silhouette is in the dark debris.

The silhouette LEAPS out of the dark and charges at Werner and the Russian men.

(CONTINUED)

The silhouette is actually Slade. He's in the heavy armor that he was looking at earlier. He has the helmet on. **He looks absolutely bad ass.**

Slade **SLICES and SHOOTs** through the men with his sword and assault rifle. He **PIERCES** the sword through three guards at one time and makes a Russian guard shish kabob.

Werner picks up one of the dead guard's assault rifles and SHOOTs ROUNDS at Slade.

It's DEFLECTING ALL THE BULLETS BY RAPIDLY SWINGING HIS SWORDS. He THROWS the sword at Werner's rifle, completely BREAKING it into several pieces.

Werner looks at the dismantled assault rifle, terrified and nervous.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Mein Lebben.

Slade **SMASH KICKS** his booted foot into Werner's throat. Werner start coughing up blood and gasping for air.

SLADE

You better stay the fuck down. Your mind tricks ain't workin' on me.

Suddenly A.R.G.U.S agents come SPRINTING into the base with their rifles aimed at Werner. One guard **SMASHES** the butt of his gun into Werner's jaw, rendering him unconscious.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY

The interrogation room is dark with a single light bulb giving it light.

CLOSE-UP to Werner's bloody and bruised face. He opens his mouth and starts panting. He's sweating heavily and he's stripped down to his boxers.

He's tied to a wooden chair.

Footsteps can be heard getting closer and closer. They're heavy footsteps. The person walking is whistling the tune to Don't stop me now by Queen.

The person from the dark starts walking into the light. It's Slade. He's wearing the same heavy uniform that the prison guards wear. He has rolled up sleeves and leather gloves.

(CONTINUED)

He's grinning with a toothpick in his mouth dragging a chair with him. Werner looks horrified as if he knows who Slade is.

WERNER

(nervously/frightened)

Oh no! You're **Deathstroke**!

SLADE

(laughing)

Today, I'm Big Daddy Wilson.

Remember that. Say it.

WERNER

No.

Slade **SMASHES** his fist into Werner's jaw full power, rocketing him off the chair.

Slade **PUNCHES** him in the chest and **SHOVES** him back into the chair. He redoes the ropes and pats Werner on the cheek. Werner looks groggy and slumped as he drools blood all over the floor.

SLADE

What's my name?

WERNER

Big Daddy Wilson.

Slade sits down in his chair, right in front of Werner.

SLADE

I got a couple of questions for you to answer.

WERNER

Fuck you and your American friends.

Slade pulls two drill guns out of his heavy vest pockets. He presses the drills on Werner's skin softly. Werner starts panting heavy and fast in fear and nervousness.

SLADE

You're ready to answer some questions?

WERNER

(nervous)

P- please. Please Big Daddy Wilson please!!!

SLADE

(chuckles/grinning)

Now you wanna scream my name, huh?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SLADE (CONT'D)
(snarling/scowling)
Answer my damn questions.

WERNER
YES, YES, OF COURSE WHAT ARE
THEY?!!?!

SLADE
Who were the cartridges being
delivered to?

WERNER
I can't tell you that information.

SLADE
Why's that fucker?

WERNER
I'm not a(beat)snitch.

Slade PULLS THE TRIGGERS on both drills. They RIP VICIOUSLY through Werner's leg. WERNER SCREAMS IN AGONY. HE'S SCREAMING "NO" IN GERMAN.

Slade turns off the drills and leaves them in Werner's legs. He still has his hands grasped on the triggers.

SLADE
Your client. Name and location now.

Slade JERKS out the two drill guns and puts them really close to Werner's face. **HE TURNS THEM ON.**

WERNER
NEIN! NEIN! PLEASE STOP IT!!!
PLEASE!!!

SLADE
Tell me who the client is you
little fuck!!!

WERNER
MAJOR WILHELM ZASTROW!!! WILHELM
ZASTROW!!! HE'S IN GOTHAM!!!

SLADE
That wasn't so hard now was it?

WERNER
Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

SLADE

I saw your track record. I can't believe Waller wants you on her little team. You're a fucking pussy. I saw your track record. Drug trafficking, human trafficking, possession of crack, heroine, and marijuana, and rape. You're a fucking punk(beat)a scum bag. I should feed you to that man bat on cell floor 1. You prick.

Slade starts to get up from his chair. He starts walking back into the dark.

WERNER

I'm in a prison?

SLADE

(chuckling/grinning)

This ain't prison. It's worse. Get comfy.

Slade leaves Werner in the room by himself.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- CAFETERIA- DAY

The Belle Reve cafeteria is quite the cluster fuck. It's noisy, crowded, and dirty. The PCB tainted lights give the prison a dark green like tone.

Floyd is walking to a seat. He's in his prison jumpsuit like the rest of the prisoners.

The other prisoners though, have all done something unique or different with their uniform.

Floyd pulls a loose leaf paper and a photo out of his jumpsuit. The photo is of a little mixed girl that we saw earlier. It's Zoe. Floyd smiles at the photo. He uncrumples the piece of paper and starts reading it. The letter has a lot of typos considering that it was written by a seven year old.

Floyd tears up a little as he reads the letter. He cracks a little smile.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM EAST PLAZA- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

The plaza is large and packed. It's seems to be a place for the higher class. The place has a bright gold like tone from the lights and gold metal architecture. It has beautiful chandeliers and designs.

PAN-IN to a fat rich man in a heavy fur coat. He's walking through the plaza with intimidating men in leather coats surrounding him along with his young daughter. The men are tatted and built.

The man is old and middle aged. He's wearing nice GUCCI glasses. This man is **Luigi Maroni**, late 50's. Ambitionz az a Ridah by Tupac Shakur plays in the background.

His young daughter walks next to him looking disinterested and irritated. Her name is **Sabrina Maroni**, early 20's.

SABRINA

(annoyed)

Daddy! Do they have to follow me everywhere? Can I go to places by myself with some goddamn privacy?!?!

LUIGI

It's for your safety mia dolce!
Plus, what I gotta tell you about swearin'!!

Luigi has a thick Italian accent. Sabrina sounds like a valley girl. The family of two and their entourage continue to walk until, **Luigi gets a phone call.**

Luigi picks up the phone.

LUIGI (CONT'D)

*HELLO?!? WHO THE FUCK IS THIS?!?!
WHY'RE YOU INTERRUPTIN' MY QUALITY
TIME WITH MY DAUGHTER!!*

A familiar voice starts speaking on the phone. It's Floyd's.

FLOYD (O.S.)

Don't get rowdy with me fat ass.
You know who this is.

LUIGI

(eyes widened/shock)
Lawton.

FLOYD (O.S.)

Not screamin' now are you.

(CONTINUED)

LUIGI

(in panic)

Look, tell your boss to hold off
for now I'll pay him back soon,
alright?

FLOYD (O.S.)

You said the same exact shit last
month, and the month before that,
and so on so forth.

LUIGI

(stuttering/nervous)

C'mon Lawton this isn't what you
want. We could talk this out!!!

FLOYD (O.S.)

(laughing/chuckling)

What you mean it isn't what I want?
I'm gettin' paid millions for this!

LUIGI

C'MON FLOYD!!!

FLOYD

Conversation's over Maroni. You'll
pay the debt with you and your
daughter's blood.

Two red laser targets reflect on Luigi and his daughter.

AERIAL-SHOT of the exterior of the plaza.

The sound of the scene is dominated by Tupac's verses
Ambitionz az a Ridah. ***GUN SHOTS START ERUPTING IN AND OUT OF
THE PLAZA.*** An exchange of fire.

People can be heard screaming and running.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM STREETS- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

Floyd is walking through Downtown Gotham holding Zoe's hand.
He's holding shitloads of bags from the 'American Girl'
store.

He's wearing everything sweats, with a beanie on his head.
Zoe's wearing a bright pink jacket and she has bright green
boots. It's heavily snowing outside. Zoe's skipping hyper
actively and asking Floyd a lot of questions.

(CONTINUED)

ZOE

Daddy? Are we rich?

FLOYD

Nah of course not! What makes you think that?

ZOE

You always buy me stuff and take me to places.

FLOYD

Daddy just has a good paying job.

ZOE

I wish I was rich! I would buy you and me a big castle and we could play dolls and have tea all the time!!

FLOYD

(chuckles)

All the time? That's amazing!

Floyd picks up Zoe with his free arm.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

(re: Zoe)

You know daddy's always gonna be here for you right?

(strokes Zoe's cheek)

No matter what, I'm never gonna leave your side. Where ever you go, I'll always be right behind you. You understand?

ZOE

Yes(beat)I love you big daddy bear.

FLOYD

(kisses Zoe on the cheek)

I love you too little baby bear.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- CAFETERIA- DAY

Floyd starts to throw out his finished lunch tray. He starts making his way back to his seat. Harley slowly walks in front of Floyd and seductively touches his chest.

Floyd scowls at her and starts breathing heavily.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY

(smooth/flirtatious)

Howdy there cowboy. You're lookin'
a bit tense! I think I could help
you with that.

Floyd GRABS Harley's neck and SLAMS her into a wall. He
flares his nostrils as he scowls at her. Harley looks at him
back, with her wild violent eyes and that sexy smile.

FLOYD

Didn't I tell you not to fuckin'
touch me?

HARLEY

Didn't you say you were gonna break
my neck if I touched you again?

FLOYD

Shut up.

Floyd starts to walk back to his seat.

HARLEY

You know, you're really not that
fun!!!

Floyd walks to his seat to find a group of prisoners sitting
where his seat was. One prisoner has tribal tattoos all over
his body and face. He has some stingray and shark tattoos.
The rest of them look weird and inhuman. They're features
include colorful scales, glowing tattoos, and pure black
eyes.

FLOYD

That's my seat.

The prisoner with the tribal tattoos gets up in Floyd's face.
He looks intimidating and very built and big.

PRISONER 1

And?

FLOYD

Get out of it.

PRISONER 1

(chuckles/grinning)

You're gonna have to make us leave
then, pussy.

(CONTINUED)

Floyd PUNCHES the prisoner in the nose. The prisoner FLIPS FLOYD OVER and SLAMS him into the floor. He turns Floyd around and SMASHES his fist into his face repeatedly.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- SECURITY OFFICE- DAY

There's four guards sitting around doing nothing. They have their heavy uniform and protection on. One of the guards has his legs crossed and on top of the table.

He's watching something on his small antennae television. Moaning and heavy breathing can be heard coming from the television.

PAN-IN to the television. **The guard's watching porn.** The television quality is very hazy and 1980's looking. *It's an old television.*

He has his walky talky on the table in a stance position. Muffled yelling starts to sound off the speaker. The guard listens to the message.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)
*WE NEED SOME ASSISTANCE IN THE
CAFETERIA!!! WE HAVE A META-HUMAN
BRAWL IN PROGRESS!!!*

GUARD 1
(whispers)
Shit.
(re: other guards)
MOVE OUT!!! MOVE OUT!!!

All the guards RUSH and SCATTER looking for their assault rifles. They grab their rifles and ROLL OUT.

The guards start SPRINTING out of the office and into the prison corridors.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
*ROLL OUT!!! ROLL OUT!!! THIS PLACE
IS GOIN' ON LOCKDOWN!!!*

One of the guards run of to a hard plastic red lever and JERKS it back.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- CAFETERIA- DAY

Floyd's getting his FACE BEATEN in until the prisoner with the tribal tattoos hears the sirens.

The lights shut off.

He gets off of Floyd and starts looking round. There's bright red sirens sounding off everywhere.

Tear gas grenades EXPLODE ALL OVER the floor. Prisoners start ripping their jumpsuit tops off and covering their noses with it.

Sabotage by The Beastie boys starts playing.

THE GUARDS START CHARGING AT THE INMATES, WHILE THE INMATES DO THE SAME.

The guards start SHOOTING at the inmates. The meta-human inmates start BRAWLING with the guards.

Floyd comes back to consciousness. His face is bruised the fuck up. He has a nose beyond broken, swollen lip, and swollen cheek. His face is pretty bloody.

A body comes HURLING TOWARDS Floyd. There's a loud CRUNCH as the body hits the prison wall.

Floyd turns around and looks at the body. A SIG Sauer slides out of the arms of the guard's corpse. The corpse starts leaking blood.

Floyd crouches down and crawls over to the guard's corpse. Floyd picks up the rifle and starts walking in military crouch pose until---- **Digger walks in front of him.**

EXTREME CLOSE UP-- FLOYD'S FACE

Floyd's eyes go wide and his eyebrows raise--- *shit.*

Digger grins at him with his fists squeezed hard. His eyes look crazy, and he's breathing heavily.

DIGGER

You thought I forgot about you
breaking me jaw you dumb fuck?
You're gonna pay for that mate.

Digger CHARGES at Floyd laugh/growling. He SOCKS Floyd in the jaw with a left hook. Digger PUNCHES THE FUCK OUT OF FLOYD OVER AND OVER AGAIN. Floyd's drool and blood splatter onto Digger's knuckles more and more every punch.

(CONTINUED)

Digger stops punching Floyd. He grabs Floyd's rifle and starts to make his way up.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
(examining rifle/laughing)
Looks like I'm gettin' out this
shithole.

He nods and sticks his tongue out laughing. *His face looks so disgusting.* You could see his rotten teeth and his metal capped ones.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
This gun looks pretty nice.

Floyd quickly HURLS himself off the floor and SMASHES his knee into Digger's balls.

Digger SCREAMS IN AGONY and drops the gun. ***Floyd grabs the rifle and SMASHES the butt into Digger's jaw twice. Digger collapses to the floor unconscious. The blood from his jaw goes all over the floor.***

FLOYD
That ain't gonna tickle.

Floyd gets in a tactically ready posture. He's walking groggily and tired. He's crouched with the rifle in front of his face for aiming.

POV- FLOYD

The rifle aims at guard's head. **BRAKKA! BRAKKA!** Floyd pumps to rounds of hot led in the guard's brain. They splatter all over the wall. He turns over to another guard and **BRAKKA!!** Shoots him in the spine.

The guard collapses to the ground SCREAMING IN AGONY. Floyd walks over to the guard chuckling. It's the same guard that helped beat the fuck out of Floyd his first night in the prison.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
(chuckling/grinning)
Goodnight asshole.

SLADE (O.S.)
Goodnight to you too. Don't let the
bed bugs bite.

Floyd rolls his eyes.

FLOYD
Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

Floyd turns around and sees Slade smiling at him, cracking his knuckles. SLADE GRABS him by the collar and **CRUNCH!!! HE HURLS FLOYD'S BODY HALFWAY THROUGH THE WALL.**

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. CIA CONFERENCE OFFICE- NIGHT- HOURS LATER

The monitors are showing security camera footage from the riot. The footage replays every time it ends.

The usual people are gathered at the table. Casey shakes his head at Waller smirking.

Amanda looks at him back, pissed and disinterested. Klebba starts laughing at her. He's laughing sarcastically.

KLEBBA

I knew this wasn't gonna work from the minute you announced your line up.

WALLER

(furiously)

What do you mean it didn't work? We extracted the target that we wanted did we not?

KLEBBA

I'm not talkin' about field work Waller.

Klebba looks at the monitors. He pauses the footage and points at the monitors with the remote in his hand.

KLEBBA (CONT'D)

I'm talking about this shit. You obviously can't control those people.

WALLER

I have a plan.

There's a beat of silence.

KLEBBA

What's your next step.

WALLER

I'm planning to bring in Flag so that he could prep the squad.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WALLER (CONT'D)

They have to be prepared for any funny shit that pops up on their next mission.

KLEBBA

The weapon trade in Gotham?

(confused)

It's a weapon trade(beat)that's not such a big deal.

WALLER

No I think it's a trap. It has to be more than just a trade.

KLEBBA

Why do you say that?

WALLER

Does it add up to you? Why the hell would the Red Shadows establish weapon trade in Gotham?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT- GOTHAM CITY

PAN-IN to the back of four guards walking through the entrance of the Asylum. The hospital security look back at the men in disgust and confusion. *They do it secretly since the men look a little intimidating.*

CLOSE-UP to **GUARD 1**'s face. His right eye is grotesquely scarred up. He has a gruff beard and his skin looks dirty.

All four guards look odd, dirty, and intimidating. They're wearing SWAT grade uniform with rolled up sleeves and helmets. Their skin is so dirty that there's brown flakes on them. They're pretty hairy men.

The four of them walk up to the receptionist and scan their ID cards. They walk to the steel elevator. They walk inside and the elevator closes.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT- MOMENTS LATER

One of the guards start beat boxing mellow toned while the others look at the elevator door with straight faces. He starts humming the symphony to Don't stop me now.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD 2

AY YO! CAN YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP AND
FOCUS? IT'S AN IN AND OUT JOB!! WE
GOTTA BE READY!!!

It's pretty clear by now that these men aren't real security guards.

They walk off the elevator carrying their assault rifles carelessly. They go over to the receptionist at the front desk. He's next to a monitor.

The four "guards" approach him.

GUARD 1

We need to know the **Joker's** cell
block.

RECEPTIONIST

Why?

GUARD 3

We were told to enter that cell
block by Director Sinner.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I see ID real quick. We always
check when we're dealing
with(beat)him.

They show the receptionist their Ids. The receptionist looks at them confused.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You know, you gentleman sure are
pretty odd. You didn't even flinch
when you said his name.

GUARD 1

(chuckles)
I stopped being scared of clowns
when I was four.

RECEPTIONIST

Cell Block A16.

GUARD 1

(grinning)
Thanks man.

Guard 3 pulls out a SIG 556 SWAT Pistol and **BRAKKA!!**
BRAKKA!!! Shoots the receptionist twice in the chest and
head.

(CONTINUED)

Guard 3 stands next to the front desk while the other three SPRINT to the next elevator. The guard throws the pistol and raises his rifle. He's watching the elevator.

CUT TO:

The three guards are in front of the elevator. One of them tap the down button OVER AND OVER again. They have no time to be patient. They start RUNNING to the staircase FRANTICALLY AND RUSHING.

PAN-IN to the three guards RUNNING down the stairways.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT- CELL BLOCK A16

There's ten guards barricading one metal confinement cell. The cell is isolated from any other.

PAN-IN to the guards. The guards are sweating and nervous. They're flaring their nostrils because they're panting so hard. These guards are **cell guards**.

CELL GUARD 1

Out of all the fuckin' cells they could have me guard, it had to be this one?

CELL GUARD 2

(chuckles)

What you're scared of a clown?

CELL GUARD 3

Quit actin' like you suddenly got balls. You know you're scared of the fucker too.

CELL GUARD 4

You think he could hear us?

CELL GUARD 5

I don't know man, hope not.

GUARD 2

(rowdy/maniacally)

SWISS CHEESE MOTHERFUCKERS!!!

THE GUARDS SHOOT ROUNDS AND ROUNDS OF ASSAULT RIFLE FIRE AT THE CELL GUARDS. BLAM! ONE CELL GUARD IS ABLE TO SHOOT THE SECOND "GUARD"'S BRAINS OUT BEFORE HE'S SHOT DOZENS OF TIMES.

(CONTINUED)

The guards stop shooting. **The cell guards are all dead except for one. He's severely wounded. The corpses are torn through with bullet holes.**

Guard 3 pulls out a crude sticky clown toy and SLAPS it onto the cell door. He pulls out a trigger that looks like the tongue and lips from the Rolling Stones logo. The trigger is covered in old duct tape and band aids.

The guards back off pretty far from the door.

The guard pulls the trigger.

BraKOOM!!! The door hinges **BURST OFF** and the center of the door **TEARS AND EXPLODES IN HALF.**

Beat as smoke flows out of the cell door wreckage.

Slow creepy laughing starts coming from inside the cell. Footsteps can be heard exiting.

A man comes skipping out of the cell. He KICKS a body in his way as he skips.

He's barefoot. His skin is pale white and tatted. He's in a dirtied straight jacket with dry blood on it. He has vibrant green hair and crazy eyes. His face has deep scar wounds. *You could say they're battle wounds.* This is **The Joker.**

The Joker is scary and frightening. He looks unpredictable and a little twitchy, like he'll pop off and kill you at any moment. *He definitely doesn't have his shit together.*

The Joker doesn't say a word. He just looks at the guard with crazy wide eyes.

Guard 4 pulls out a knife and starts cutting The Joker's jacket straps off. When he finishes ripping all the straps open, The Joker stretches out, grins, and sighs in relief.

THE JOKER
(long sigh of
relief/laughs)
That jacket was killin' me.

He pulls off the jacket and SNATCHES Guard 3's rifle and snarls at him.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
(toothy smile)
How about we open the curtains,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

GUARD 4

Was that a metaphor boss?

THE JOKER

Don't be stupid(beat).

GUARD 2

We're surrounded boss how're gonna
get outta here?

THE JOKER

(laughing)

Best method of escape is a pain in
the neck.

GUARD 4

Huh?

The Joker rolls his eyes in irritation and **SHOOTS Guard 4 several times**. He doesn't even look at him as he shoots. His dead body lays on the floor. The Joker SPITS on it.

THE JOKER

(to Guard 2)

Sweetie pie, would you do me a favor
and smash the back of his neck in?
Word in the cells is that his
arthritis has been killing him.
(laughs)

GUARD 2

Yes boss.

Guard 3 turns Guard for over face first. He pulls out a baton and SMASHES the guard's spinal cord in. He hits his spine with the baton OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT

BraKOOOM!!! DIFFERENT CORNERS OF THE MENTAL
ASYLUM EXPLODE WITH GREAT IMPACT. POLICE CARS CAN BE SEEN
GOING HAYWIRE OUTSIDE OF THE ASYLUM BECAUSE OF THE BLAST.

CUT TO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT- CELL BLOCK A16

The Joker and Guard 3 gather as many rifles as they can
carry.

(CONTINUED)

The Joker takes a look at the rifles that he's carrying. He looks confused. He has a cartoonish confusion. He's twisting the rifles around and looking all over it.

THE JOKER

(frustrated)

This gun's so basic. Where's the party on this thing? So bland and colorless!

GUARD 3

Don't worry sir we have your fun box in the truck.

THE JOKER

(grinning)

You got me anxious (beats) let's get outta here and have some fun.

Heavy Guards start RUSHING into The Joker's cell block. They've got their shotguns raised and aimed at the two of them.

HEAVY GUARD

FREEZE FUCKERS!!! DON'T YOU DARE MOVE!!

THE JOKER

(saddened)

C'mon gents. I'm not a big fan of cursing. Can we all just (sigh) get along?

HEAVY GUARD

SHUT THE FUCK UP FREAK!!!

The Joker twitches and snarls in anger. His eyes go wide open. He has a big creepy grin on his face.

THE JOKER

(laughing)

A freak I am.

The Joker starts **SHOOTING RAPIDLY** at the heavy guards with his **DUAL** rifles, **LAUGHING MANIACALLY** and **CHEERING**. **HE'S SHOOTING THE MEN DOWN LIKE A TEENAGER PLAYING VIDEO GAME**. The bullets are **TEARING** the guards' bodies apart.

He steps shooting and skips around. He sees that one guard is still alive. He skips over to him and crouches his. He turns it to one side. The guard looks horrified. He's bleeding to death and wheezing.

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
And now you're roasted pork(beat)if
you get the joke.

The Joker slowly places the rifle barrel in the guard's
nostril.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
Keep your nose where it belongs.

BLAM!!! The Joker ***BLOWS*** the heavy guard's nose off. The
guard ***SCREAMS IN AGONY***.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
OH WOULD YOU SHUT UP?!?!

THE JOKER PUMPS THE GUARD'S HEAD WITH DOZENS OF BULLETS.

He gets up grinning and chuckling.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
(re: Guard 3)
Let's get the hell out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT

There's about ten police cars outside the prison. The
officers are hidden near their cars with their pistols and
shotguns aimed at the entrance. The officers look nervous.

Another police car PULLS UP to the scene. Commissioner Yindel
walks out with a GCPD vest on. She's holding a shotgun.

YINDEL
(to Officers)
What the fucks the deal here?

OFFICER 1
(nervously/frightened)
He(beat)he's trying to escape.

YINDEL
(sarcastically)
Where the hells the BATMAN when you
need him. Keep your guns trained on
the doors(beat)I'm going in.

Yindel starts SPRINTING towards the Asylum with her shotgun.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER 2
COMMISSIONER(beat) SHIT!!

CUT TO:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM- NIGHT

Gun shots can be heard RIPPING through bodies. Guards can be heard SCREAMING IN PAIN and asking for mercy. Yindel start panting nervously.

She has the shotgun right to her face. She's examining every section of the asylum she passes by, ready to shoot and survive.

The Joker walks in to plain set and lets out a comedic scream.

BROOM!!! Yindel shoots at him but he quickly ducks to cover.

YINDEL
*COME OUT FROM BEHIND THERE WITH
YOUR ARMS RAISED!!!*

Complete silence after Yindel makes her request. The Joker slowly walks of hiding with Guard 3 in a headlock, and the rifle pressed against his head.

THE JOKER
(eyebrows raised/smirk)
I'm not too sure I could do
that(laughs)as you can see, my
hands are full.

Yindel's eye go wide open in shock at the site of The Joker. She's never seen him before. She tries to keep her cool through the fear in her eyes.

YINDEL
Let him go and you won't be harmed.

THE JOKER
(laughing)
As if I'll fall for that shit.
You'll just shoot me the minute I
drop him! I have an even better
request though.

YINDEL
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER

I drop him and shoot the both of
you, or you shoot me and I still do
the same thing. Lose lose
situation.

GUARD 3

*BOSS WHY THE HELL ARE YOU DOING
THIS?!!!*

THE JOKER

It's every man for themselves out
here Bob.

GUARD 3

THAT'S NOT EVEN MY FUCKIN' NAME!!!

The Joker **BLOWS** Guard 3's brains out and **SHOOTS** Yindel in the
stomach. Yindel's **PUSHED** back by the shot. She's grunting in
pain. The Joker throws his rifle away and grabs Yindel's
shotgun and **SMASHES** it into her jaw.

Joker wipes his face with his sleeves. He got brains
splattered all over the side of his face.

THE JOKER

Absolutely disgusting.

The Joker starts whistling a creepy tune. He looks over to
Guard 3 and **SHOOTS a ripple of bullets into him creating a
SMILEY FACE in his torso.**

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

(grins/chuckle)

Art(beat)the cure for insanity.

The Joker puts the shotgun over his head and starts **SKIPPING**
to the entrance. He goes behind the rubble of the Asylum
entrance and comically sticks his head out at the cops.

The BLOW a hole in the rubble but miss The Joker.

OFFICER 1

*STOP MOVING!!! I WILL BLOW YOUR
FUCKING BRAINS OUT!!!*

THE JOKER

Make sure you do that before your
back breaks!!

OFFICER 1

THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN!!!

(CONTINUED)

KraBROOM!!! A RAGGEDY ARMORED TRUCK CRASHES THROUGH THE POLICE CARS, DEMOLISHING THEM AND KILLING OFFICERS ON IMPACT.

The truck door is kicked open from someone inside. The Joker slowly creeps out of hiding smiling. He starts walking out of the Asylum with the shotgun raised.

He **SHOOTS** two Officers who survived the blast. The Joker steps on the bodies and then jumps on top of a police car to climb in the truck.

The truck's armor is dosed in spray painted graffiti and weird drawings. The spray paintings are bright and colorful. The drawing are crude, weird, and violent.

The engine starts and the truck start leaving.

CUT TO:

INT. STREETS OF GOTHAM- NIGHT

Untouchable Swiss Beatz remix by Tupac Shakur plays as the ***SPEEDING truck wreaks HAVOC*** in the streets. The truck CRASHES into everything in it's path.

POLICE SIRENS sound off as police cars start tailing the armored truck. The officers in the cars are SHOOTING at the truck with pistols.

Joker's goons **SHOOT** back at the cops with gold AK-47s.

PAN-IN to The Joker, in the truck with a flashlight. He's chuckling to himself as he opens a large leather suitcase. Like most of his belongings it's covered in crude and weird spray painted art. It has a strip of duct tape on it that says "THE FUN BOX".

The Joker slowly unclips the suitcase slowly laughing.

THE JOKER
(sighs in relief)
Sure is glad to be home.

He opens the case revealing a whole arsenal of stylized makeshift weapons. The weapons look like obvious Joker customs. They're over the top and colorful.

They've been overly modified, some of them upgraded with extra barrels, explosive rounds, and shotgun power. The Joker grabs a red, purple, and gold RPG out of the suitcase. It has 4 barrels. The RPG is large as fuck. It looks Liberace esq.

(CONTINUED)

The Joker loads the RPG with a steel rocket. He opens the truck door and aims it at the police cars.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY!!!! ENJOY THAT
FIREWORKS BOYS!!!

KaBROOOOM!!!

The Joker COMPLETELY DEMOLISHES a whole block worth of police cars and civilian cars. The Joker STARTS LAUGHING MANICALLY. It's at this moment we see how sadistic and psychopathic he is.

JOKER THUG 1
What's first on the to do list
boss?

THE JOKER
(maniacal grin)
Green haired Pappy here's gettin'
some new wardrobe.

JOKER THUG 1
It's glad to have you back boss.

The Joker can be heard laughing maniacally on the truck's way out of the chaos.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- MISSIONARY ROOM- NIGHT

The team is back to the white room. They all look like complete and utter shit. They're bruised and battered, and they all look angry and tired(except for Harley of course).

PAN-IN to Harley and Floyd who are sitting next to each other, detained and restraint. She smiling at Floyd very flirtatiously.

Floyd slowly turns to look at her. He looks angry and weirded out. Harley winks at him so he turns back to the front of the room. Harley rolls her eyes.

HARLEY
(irritated)
You're no fun.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

I'm just tryna avoid your crazy ass
boyfriend(beat)and your crazy ass
self.

HARLEY

What're you so worried about? We
have an opened relationship.

FLOYD

Yeah(beat)bullshit. And I save
people in spandex for a living.

HARLEY

You know, I don't get how you wanna
die but you're scared of Mistah J.

FLOYD

I'm not scared. Plus fuckin' with
him ain't death. It's worse than
hell.

HARLEY

Mistah J really does have the
squeeze on that shit hole city.

Waller walks in to the missionary room. She wearing a tuxedo
jacket and pants. Her button down shirt is bright red, her
pants and tuxedo jacket is dark blue.

WALLER

You bitch ass punks really fucked
up now. There's someone I'd like
you to meet.

A gruff and intimidating man walks into the room. He has a
scar over his eye(generic war monger scar). He's wearing a
dark yellow polo shirt and heavy military cargo pants with
boots. He has dirty blonde hair. This man is **Rick Flag**, late
30's.

FLAG

My name's Colonel Rick Flag Jr. You
will never call me by my first
name. My name to you is Colonel
Flag, Sir, or Captain Flag.

DIGGER

(smirking)

Got it Ricky!!!!

Rick lets out a centimeter of laughter from Digger's remark.
He slowly walks over to Digger and stands behind him.

(CONTINUED)

Rick **PUNCHES** Digger in the trapezius. Digger goes in shock and he starts spitting blood.

FLAG

Don't be this idiot. It won't go too well for you.

Rick bends down, GRABS Digger's neck and snarls a mumble in Digger's ear.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Another word outta you and I will crush your fuckin' windpipe. Got it?

DIGGER

(wheezing)

Fucking asshole.

Rick **KNOCKS DIGGER OUT** with a left hook. Digger's eyes roll back and then close.

WALLER

Flag was part of the original Task Force X program during The Gulf War.

FLOYD

Oh trust me. I know who this crazy motherfucker is. One hundred ten confirmed military kills.

FLASH TO Rick sitting in a wooden chair laughing. There's bullets dangling all to the ground from his lap. He's laughing as a Muslim extremist **SCREAMS** in front of him, soaked in gasoline and tied to a chair with ropes. He's surrounded by the bloody corpses of fellow extremist.

Rick walks over to him slowly with gas tank as he smokes a cigarette.

FLAG

(laughing)

My favorite kind of cook out.

FLASH TO Rick throwing the cigarette onto the extremist. The extremist is **ENGULFED IN ROARING FLAMES**. He **SCREAMING** louder and louder than before. Rick just stands there and laughs at him.

FLAG (CONT'D)

Now(beat)you assholes got a dangerous mission comin' up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLAG (CONT'D)

We need to make sure you're
prepared for the inevitable.
(snickering/chuckling)
You're gonna be transferred to my
little fun camp I like to call The
Devil's Playground.

FLOYD

(mumbles)
Shit.

HARLEY

(to Floyd)
You know what it is cowboy?

FLOYD

(re: Harley)
I heard about it, and it don't
sound too fun.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SANDY ROADS- MORNING

The prison bus drives through the sandy road. The environment is very similar to that of Guantanamo Bay, but with sand and desert like weather.

The bus has the words "Belle Reve Penitentiary" spray painted on it.

PAN-IN to the interior of the bus. The members of Task Force X are all chained up and handcuffed. There's two prisoners sitting next to each other in each row.

Floyd is sitting next to Eve. She's not wearing her bullet proof glasses. Her eyes aren't human looking. The sclera of her eye is dark blue, and the pupils glow bright white.

FLOYD

So what're you in here for?

EVE

Why the fuck are you talkin' to me
asshole? Didn't you spend the
majority of our last mission
insulting me?

FLOYD

I wasn't looking forward to making
friends.

(CONTINUED)

EVE

What changed?

FLOYD

I plan on getting out of this shithole program, and the only way to do that is to work as a team.

EVE

So you're making friends for your own personal gain?

FLOYD

Pretty much.

EVE

Fuck it, we're all assholes right?

FLOYD

So how'd you get here?

EVE

I was getting a hit for the Alma Tomadores gang. Some jive ass puto didn't pay his cut. Shit went sour, they escaped and I got busted by the feds.

FLOYD

I know what that must feel like.

EVE

You got busted by the cops getting a hit?

FLOYD

Nah, not the cops. A fucker scarier than the cops. The BATMAN.

EVE

Oh yeah. You're from Gotham right?
(looks at Harley)
Like the loon over there. You Gothamites are pretty crazy.

FLOYD

We're crazy. She's not crazy. She's insane. Like her boyfriend.

EVE

The Joker?

Floyd starts looking around paranoid. His eyes go wide open and his forehead wrinkles him.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Don't be fuckin' sayin' his name
out loud like that.

EVE

(chuckles)

What? You scared? He's the boogey
man or something?

FLOYD

You're not?

EVE

Never met'em. I've only heard
stories. I'm from Southern Los
Angeles not Gotham.

FLOYD

What did you hear that you look so
fuckin' unfazed?

EVE

It wasn't spooky. It was things
I've seen before(beat)He chops off
heads to make smiley faces with
them and hangs them up in crime
scenes to leave his mark.

FLOYD

That it? You have no fuckin' idea
how scary that guy is.

HARLEY (O.S.)

I thought you said you weren't
scared of Mistah J!!!

FLAG

*EVERYBODY STOP TALKING AND SHUT
FUCK UP!!!!*

CUT TO:

PAN-IN to a chipped wooden board sign with nails smashed into it. The sign reads "DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND" in spray painted red and orange letters. There's a drawing of a devil laying on top of the logo smoking a cigar.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND TRAINING GROUNDS- MORNING

The Belle Reve bus pulls up to the Guantanamo Bay esq facility. There's gruff and militaristic looking guards in every corner of the place.

The bus door opens, and the Task Force X members start walking out of the bus in their handcuffs one by one. Harley's giddy and excited as she looks around.

HARLEY

This isn't the ideal school bus
trip but it'll do!

Rick Flag comes at last with a toothpick in his mouth. He looks out into the distance. He lets out a little laugh.

FLAG

This is gonna be one hell of a
vacation.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND TRAINING GROUNDS- MORNING

The "team" is inside the training grounds. They're in a steel room with rusty metal. Rick Flag stands in front of the squad members.

They look annoyed and disinterested. Guards are in all corners of the room. The members of Task Force X aren't in handcuffs.

EVE

Is it necessary to have a fucking
meeting every two seconds? I wanna
see some action!!

Two guards go over and **CHARGE** at Eve. They **PUNCH** her in the jaw twice. Eve just looks at them unfazed.

EVE (CONT'D)

Was that supposed to hurt?

Rick BREAKS open a wooden box on the floor. There's a baseball bat inside of it. He takes it, and prepares a swing with his arm.

He **SMASHES** the bat into Eve's nose. Eve's jaw drops open, and her nose starts bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

FLAG

You're gonna shut up now?
(to the rest of the squad)
Now I'm gonna walk you through the
assholes that you're up against.

Rick turns the projector on. There's 4 mug shots. The men in the mug shots look intimidating have a lot of tattoos similar to the men from the airport terrorist attack.

FLAG (CONT'D)

First up, Ivan Gort. He's a mercenary and war monger. Like most of the Red Shadows, he's an expert in blade fighting, bomb tactics, armed combat and hand to hand combat. If he gets the upper hand on you, it's over.

FLOYD

This Ivan guy(beat)he's human right?

FLAG

Yeah. Why the fuck does that matter?

FLOYD

We have an upper hand. We got a teleporting regenerative meta.

FLAG

And exactly how long could your upper hand take bullets?

EVE

Twelve minutes from a pistol, and four from an assault rifle.

FLAG

You guys are clearly fucked. Now shut up, and let me speak. Anyway, let's move on to the second asshole(beat)Natalia Spirin. She's a former KGB trained in stealth tactics, hand to hand combat, and gorilla warfare. Now, last but not least.....

Flag slides to another mug shot. The man in the mug shot is gruff with several scars on his face. He has a tattoo on his neck. He looks like a ferocious bruiser. He could probably break your back with one punch

(CONTINUED)

FLAG (CONT'D)

Anton Zastrow. He's trained in every single military skill and tactic known to man.

FLOYD

Holy shit.

FLAG

You know what you're up against. Let's get to work assholes.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND TRAINING GROUNDS- FIELD- MORNING

The members of the squad are lined up one by one. Harley pushes Eve so that she could be next to Floyd.

FLOYD

(mumbling/furiously)

How many times I gotta tell you to stop fuckin' botherin' me?

HARLEY

As many times as you want sweetie.

Rick walks back and forth, examining the members of the squad. He starts chuckling, playing with the toothpick in his mouth.

The guards behind him are carrying rifles and baseball bats. Floyd snarls as he looks at them.

FLOYD

Biggest thugs of them all. Codeless pussies. Think you're all tough and bad ass cause you wear those uniforms.

Rick slowly walks in front of Floyd smirking.

FLAG

What was that Lawton? I'd hate to make little Zoe an orphan.

Floyd CHARGES at Flag. Flag GRABS Floyd by the neck and starts CHOKING him. The guards HIT Floyd's feet with baseball bats, and the Rick SLAMS him into the sand.

(CONTINUED)

FLAG (CONT'D)

Alright(beat)ALL YOU SONS A BITCHES
DROP DOWN AND GIVE ME THREE
HUNDRED!!!

DIGGER

AWW FUCK YOU IF YOU THINK YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE ME ARSE DO THREE HUNDRED
PUSH UPS!!!

One of the guards **SMASH** Digger upside his head with the baseball bat.

SLAM CUT TO:

MONTAGE

- Flag is doing hand to hand combat Digger. *He's beating his ass.* Digger holds no challenge to Rick. Rick has a sort of dirty and calm fighting style. He fights street, but he calculates the opponent's every move. He **SLAMS** Digger to the floor and **SMASHES** his fist into his face.

- Back to the crew doing push-ups. Floyd and Digger are the only two people struggling. Rick walks over to the two of them grinning and laughing. The guards come and **BEAT THE FUCK** out of the two of them **OVER AND OVER AGAIN.**

- Floyd and Nightshade are doing targetting practice. Floyd **SHOOTS** the target in the same place **EVERY SINGLE TIME.** Nightshade **SHOOTS** the shape of a skull into the target with bullets.

- Digger finishes his push-ups as Floyd continues to struggle. The guards **BEAT THE FUCK** out of Floyd again.

- The crew's doing a crisis simulation using paint ball guns. Floyd proceeds to take lead by pushing Ben out of the way, until Ben **PUNCHES** him in the face. The whole crew starts fighting with each other instead of the pose soldiers.

- Ben and Flag are blade fighting with machetes. Rick **SWINGS** fast and **POWERFUL** at Ben, but Ben gets the upper hand when he **CARTWHEELS** over Rick and **SLAMS** him into the floor. Rick tries to get up but Ben holds him at **KNIFE-POINT** smirking.

- Harley and Floyd are hooking up bombs to live car models. Floyd continues to hook his bombs as Harley finishes.

BraKOOM! Harley's **BOMB EXPLODES** and Floyd growls as she giggles.

- **CUT BACK** to Digger and Flag doing hand to hand combat. Flag **THROWS** a punch which is blocked by Digger.

(CONTINUED)

Digger **PUNCHES** him in the chest and **HITS HIM WITH A COMBO** in the stomach. Digger laughs obnoxiously and **STOMPING** Rick in the stomach. Flag **KICKS** Digger in the balls and then **PUNCHES HIS LIGHTS OUT.**

- The team is doing the crisis simulation again. Floyd shoots the pose dummies with paint balls as Ben leads the team. They're examining every inch of every room. Harley looks behind one of the door and giggles. **CLINK! She attaches something to the door. KRABOOM!!!** The door and the wall are **BLOWN TO BITS.** The crew looks at her with wide eyes. She skips passed all of them. Floyd and Digger check her out.

- CUT BACK to Floyd getting up from doing his last push-up. *He finally fucking finished.* Floyd is ecstatic and jumping. He looks at Flag.

FLOYD
*HOW YOU LIKE THAT?!!!!?? THREE
HUNDRED FOR YOUR BITCH ASS!!!*

Two guards hold Floyd's arms down as Rick **SMASHES** his nose in.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND TRAINING GROUNDS- MORNING

The team's in the mission room of the training grounds. Flag is right in front of them serious faced.

FLAG
You assholes ready for what comes next?

EVE
Bring it. What you got for us.

Rick turns on the protector. The projection of Waller digitalizes onto the platform. She looks serious and pissed like always.

WALLER (V.O.)
Hello assholes. It's come to my attention that you've finished your training. It's time for the hard shit now.

FLOYD
What you got for us Waller!!!

(CONTINUED)

WALLER (V.O.)

You're going undercover as standard thugs in Gotham City. You'll dress in civilian clothing and show up to the arms deal with the bomb we confiscated from the Red Shadows compound. Here in the CIA offices we've made some calls posing as buyers. You guys are playing the parts of those buyers.

BEN

Anything else?

WALLER (V.O.)

Just in case there's more to the mission than we've seen, you'll have suitcases with upgraded versions of your suits. You're also equipped with \$300,000 for hotel rentals and more efforts to blend in. There will be a white truck outside the hotel carrying the bomb.

FLOYD

WHOO!!! FUCK YEAH!!! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT!!!

WALLER (V.O.)

If I see any other charges, you won't want to know what's gonna happen.

HARLEY

(excited/ecstatic)

That's fair!!!

CUT TO:

GOTHAM CITY- DAY

AERIAL-SHOT of the whole city. The sky is gray and the streets are noisy and lit up. The buildings are a mix of steampunk/modern architecture.

CASH (V.O.)

It's been weeks since he escaped Arkham. We've had officers lookin' for him all over the city for weeks. Still no fuckin' leads.

CUT TO:

INT. GCPD POLICE DEPARTMENT- DAY

Cash is in the police department lobby. It's noisy and crowded. There's newspapers and files flying all over the place as they're thrown in frustration.

He's walking around reading about The Joker's escape from Arkham. A fellow officer runs over to Cash. Cash continues to read his paper.

FELLOW OFFICER
*SIR!!! SIR!!! YOU GOTTA HERE
THIS!!!*

CASH
You got a lead?

FELLOW OFFICER
*YES SIR!!! OUR MAN HIT A LOCAL
GOTHAM TAILOR SHOP WITH HIS
GOONS!!!*

CASH
What tailor shop?

FELLOW OFFICER
MILLER'S CUSTOM TAILORS!!!

Cash starts walking fast when he sees Commissioner Yindel. She has a cast from what happened in Arkham.

CASH
(to Yindel)
We're gonna need a couple'a
officers in the tailor shop on
Fifth Street.

YINDEL
Why?

CASH
We got a mothafuckin' lead.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLER'S CUSTOM TAILORS- DAY

Officers can be seen outside the glass doors and windows of the tailor shop. They BURST open the glass doors shattering them.

OFFICER 1
FREEZE!!!

(CONTINUED)

The officers look around the shop turning their bodies frantically to investigate the place. They're panting and sweating.

The shop is dark and quiet.

One cop looks up at something disgusted and frightened. He's holding his flashlight up to it.

OFFICER 2
*Jesus fuckin' Christ. TURN ON THE
FUCKIN' LIGHTS!!!*

The officers turn the lights on revealing---- **the decapitated heads of all of the tailors PIERCED into the wall with large ring shanked nails, in the shape of a smiley face.**

Officer 2 HEAVES vomit. *He couldn't take the smell and sight.* He starts HITTING himself in the hand.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
(murmuring)
Get your shit together man. Get your shit together.

The rest of the officers look on the grotesque scene in fear and disgust.

OFFICER 3
What--- the---- actual fuck.

The officers hear ticking coming from the something in the shop. Officer 2 and 3 turn over to a colorful gift box. The box is pretty big.

Officer 1 pulls out his walky talky and speaks into it.

OFFICER 1
This is officer dispatch, we gotta
code 10-34 on 107 Bleeker Street,
Fifth Avenue. Requesting back up.

The officers BUST open the box with the butt of their guns. Inside the box there's a card. The card has pictures of balloons and rainbows on it. The officer opens the letter.

"CAN'T WAIT FOR THE SLEEP OVER!!"

- Sincerely, your green haired friend.

OFFICER 3
Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

There's a bomb right under the letter.... it's ticking.

KraBOOM!!! THE TAILOR SHOP EXPLODES KILLING ALL THE OFFICERS INSIDE INSTANTLY.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. GCPD POLICE DEPARTMENT- NIGHT

PAN-IN to several thugs JUMPING out of a truck with makeshift assault rifles and RPG's. They're wearing goofy and creepy cartoonish masks.

CUT TO:

INT. GCPD POLICE DEPARTMENT- NIGHT

SLOW-MOTION as the thugs **SHOOT** at the officers in the Police Department. **THEY'RE SHOOTING RAPIDLY KILLING EVERYBODY.** The thugs are cheering and laughing. The thugs start RUNNING throughout the whole Police Department.

PAN-IN to leather dress shoes standing in the middle of the Police Department. A cane SLAMS onto the floor. The end of the cane has an assault rifle barrel on it.

PAN-UP to **The Joker** in a silk orange dress shirt with rolled up sleeves, turquoise suspenders, and striped purple dress pants. He has dirty white leather motorcycling gloves on. His cane is wooden and gold.

He slowly walks up the wooden GCPD steps. He's walking up to Aaron Cash laughing slowly and creepily. *Aaron looks scared for his fucking life.*

Aaron slowly tries to get up.

THE JOKER
(grinning)
Oh you're lookin' a little tense.

The Joker PUSHES Cash back into the chair. He jumps on top of Cash's lap.

CASH
(nervously/angrily)
The fuck do you want?

THE JOKER
I just came for the sleep over. You didn't get my message?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

(confused)

Wait, (laughs) *OH YEAH I FORGOT I
KILLED THOSE GUYS!!!*

The Joker HURLS himself off Cash and into the chair in front of Cash.

CASH

What you mean?

THE JOKER

You sent officers to the tailor shop, right?

CASH

(nervously)

Yeah.

THE JOKER

I left a message for them saying I was comin' over.

(bummed out)

I guess they were too dead to deliver it. Anyway, let's have some fun!!

(to Joker Thug 1)

WOULD YOU HAND ME MY FUN BOX?!?!?

The thug THROWS the fun box at him and The Joker catches it. He opens the box and looks at it with a funny face.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

HOO, HOO, HOO!!!! Pretty colors!!!

The Joker pulls out a dark pink and gold compact circular saw. The saw has gold sculpts on it of aces, spades, diamonds, and cartoon drawings of him and Harley.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

Now, this is how we play the game (beat) it's like truth or dare. I ask questions, you give me the truth, got it?

CASH

Fuck you man.

THE JOKER

That's Round 1, I guess.

The Joker laughs as he turns on the saw. He starts **RIPPING THROUGH CASH'S HAND WITH THE SAW**. He LAUGHS MANIACALLY as Cash SCREAMS IN AGONY.

(CONTINUED)

Cash's whole hand RIPS OFF and falls to the floor. He pants in shock for a couple of minutes and then faints. The Joker grabs Aaron's dismembered hand and starts stroking his face with it soothingly.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

You know Aaron? We got quite the history together. You ever need a hand, call me up.

(laughs maniacally)

The thugs come back to The Joker DRAGGING Rancor into the lobby. He's roughed up with band aids on his face from his encounter with **the BATMAN**. The Joker grins at Rancor and start rubbing his shoulders and patting them.

He KICKS Cash's unconscious body off the chair and places Rancor in it.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

(grinning)

It's been a while buddy.

One of the thugs **SMASH** the butt of their AK into the back of Rancor's neck.

JOKER THUG 2

(grimly/angrily)

Tell him.

The Joker looks confused. Rancor starts crying and sniffing. The Joker looks at him interested in what he has to say.

RANCOR

(nervously/terrified)

I- I told the BATMAN what your plan was boss. I told'em everything boss. I- I'm- I'm sorry boss.

The Joker starts snarling angrily. His eyes go dead, and then the snarling turns to creepy, happy laughter. Rancor starts laughing with him, his laughter nervous and slow.

THE JOKER

It's all merry. Let's go!!!

Rancor and The Joker start to get up and walk out. Rancor's walking in front of The Joker. The Joker lifts his cane revealing three barrels.

BLAM!! BLAM!!! BLAM!!! The Joker **SHOOTS** Rancor in the head three times as he starts walking away.

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

HA! HA! HA! HA!
HAAAAAA!!!

JOKER THUG 3

Boss we got the bomb from the
docks.

THE JOKER

(grinning/laughing)

Time to start the real party then.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STREETS OF GOTHAM- NIGHT

The members of the squad are dressed in civilian clothing.
Floyd and Harley are wearing lumberjack like clothing.
Harley's wearing the kind of outfit that would be considered
"slutty".

Everyone else wears standard clothing(sweaters, jeans,
skirts, dresses, casual clothing, etc.).

EVE

Why's this city so goddamn empty?

FLOYD

It's not. Sullivan's Road is just
the least visited place in Gotham.
That's why I like it here.

The walk to the front of a dark wood hotel. The sign reads
GOTHAM CITY ROYAL HOTEL.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM CITY ROYAL HOTEL- NIGHT

The squad walks into the hotel. The receptionist looks at
them weirded out and creeped out.

POV- RECEPTIONIST

The squad looks pretty intimidating from the Receptionist's
eyes. They're all bruised up and patched, and most of them
are very muscular scary people. Floyd's in the front as
always.

(CONTINUED)

DIGGER
5 hotel rooms doll?

There's an awkward silence as the Receptionist and Digger look at each other for several minutes.

DIGGER (CONT'D)
What you wanna kiss?

RECEPTIONIST
No asshole. I was waiting for you to give me your reservation.

Everyone starts looking at Floyd. Floyd looks back at them flaring his nostrils in anger.

FLOYD
*THE FUCK ARE YOU GUYS LOOKIN'
AT?!!?*

BEN
You're the man with the plan right?

The hotel land line phone rings. The Receptionist picks it up and starts nodding her head. She hangs up and looks at the squad nervously.

RECEPTIONIST
Your five hotel rooms are ready.

FLOYD
What rooms?

RECEPTIONIST
B16, B17, B18, B19 and 820.

FLOYD
(to Squad)
Let's roll.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

Floyd's in his hotel room looking around. He looks inside of the suitcase and sees his new outfit with the high-tech mask. Floyd takes out a touch screen phone and examines it.

FLOYD
Tight.

Floyd JUMPS onto the hotel bed and lays down. Harley walks into the Floyd's room slowly and JUMPS on top of him.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY
(grinning)
Hey cowboy.

FLOYD
Get the fuck out of here Quinn.

Harley stands on her knees on top of Floyd. She unbuttons the flannel crop top that she's wearing and unstraps her blue and red bra.

HARLEY
I wanna ride you cowboy. I just
wanna have some fun, play with me.

Floyd gives it some thought as he looks at Harley's extremely nice breasts.

FLOYD
Oh fuck it.

Cherry Bomb by Joan Jett and the Runaways starts playing as **Harley RIPS Floyd's shirt open. She SHOVES him down to the bed. They start making out, Floyd grabbing her ass.**

Floyd GRABS Harley's neck and slams her head into the wall. Harley starts laughing ecstatic. She WRAPS HER LEGS AROUND FLOYD'S WAIST and SLAMS HIM DOWN to the floor. She RIPS his jeans open.

They start making out again until Floyd turns Harley around and **SLAMS her into the furniture. He RIPS her shorts and panties down.**

The two of them are now butt naked. **Harley surprises Floyd with her tremendous strength as she FLIPS HIM OVER and SLAMS him onto the bed.**

Floyd grins, a menacing grin. **Harley JUMPS on top of him.**

PAN-OUT to the exterior of the hotel. **Furniture can be heard BREAKING and SHATTERING.**

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRIN AND BARE IT STRIP CLUB- NIGHT

The strip club has gold furniture and vibrant flashing colorful lights. There's bare chested and some butt naked strippers on poles dancing dirty.

Based on the name you could already tell that the club is owned by none other than The Joker himself.

(CONTINUED)

There's scary and intimidating men with tattoos sticking their tongues and grinning obnoxiously at the women. They're throwing bills at them.

PAN-IN to one gruff Russian man walking around the strip club. He's wearing a dirty button down flannel shirt with black leather overalls on top, with black construction boots. He has a mechanical arm. This man is **KGBeast**, mid 40's.

He looks like a death row convict with tats and everything. Two men in colorful mismatched tuxedos and clown masks approach KG. KGBeast looks at them creeped out and confused. *What the fuck?*

The two men's clown masks are duct taped on and dirty. They have playing card inspired tattoos. They stand in front of KG and stare at him for a while.

KGBEAST
*WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU CLOWNS
WANT?!?!?*

He has a heavy Russian accent.

CLOWN MASK 1
The boss man's ready to see you
now.

He raises his eyebrows. *What the fuck did I just sign up for?*

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRIN AND BARE IT STRIP CLUB- BACKSTAGE- NIGHT

KGBeast walks in slowly. The back of the strip club has gold lighting and furniture. There's a chandelier on the ceiling. KGBeast looks at someone snarling.

PAN-IN to **The Joker**, sitting with his legs crossed on a maroon sofa. He's grinning at KGBeast.

KGBEAST
This was unexpected.

THE JOKER
Why's that? Did you not get the
phone call?

KGBEAST
You weren't the one on the phone. I
didn't think I'd be working for a
fucking sociopath.

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER

(laughs)

Well this sociopath needs your help
old boy.

(pats sofa)

Sit down would'ya?

KGBeast sits down on the sofa. The Joker JUMPS in his lap and wraps his arm around him. KGBeast growls.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

I have plans for tonight. I have
bombs planted around the city for
my big curtain closing. I have
bombs, weapons, but there's two
things I'm missing.

KGBEAST

(snarls/growling)

What might that be.

THE JOKER

(laughs)

Your expertise and my Harley.
First, let's discuss your
expertise.

The Joker crawls on the sofa, closer and closer to KGBeast,
kind of sexually.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

It's come to my attention that you
Russians have the knack for big
scale(beat)**catastrophe**.

(growling/smoothly)

I like that.

KGBEAST

How much are we talking?

THE JOKER

How much do you want?

KGBEAST

One hundred grand.

THE JOKER

(laughing/grinning)

Consider it done darling.

KGBEAST

What's the reasoning behind all of
this? Why're you doing this crazy
shit?

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER

Tonight's my curtain close. The final act. **My last laugh.**

KGBEAST

Why your last? You run this city, why would you want to give up your power?

THE JOKER

I don't care about the power. It bores me. I just like chaos and fun. There's only a slight amount of times you could enjoy it.

KGBEAST

It's the BATMAN stopping you from enjoying it, isn't it?

The Joker kisses KGBeast's cheek cartoonishly three times, and then starts stroking his face.

THE JOKER

(laughing)

You smart hunk. You know, I think I might just hand you the torch after all this.

KGBeast chuckles and grins.

KGBEAST

Fuck it(beat)I'm in.

A short and mildly fat man PUSHES passed the guards and walks up to The Joker slowly. He looks excited and happy. He's sweating.

The Joker looks at him and snarls. He gets off of KGBeast's lap and plays with his turquoise suspenders.

FAT MAN

J MAN!!! WHAT UP!!! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME BUDDY!!!

THE JOKER

(menacingly/grinning)

Yeah, Yeah, who are you again?

FAT MAN

ME JOE!!! REMEMBER?!?! THE MERCHANT BANK HEIST A WHILE BACK!!!

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER

(slowly/disinterested)

Ohhhhhhhh yeah. Would you like a drink?

FAT MAN

Yeah sure!

The Joker grabs a large bottle of whiskey. He starts pouring a glass and then SMASHES the bottle into the man's head. He STABS HIM with the bottle shards **OVER AND OVER AGAIN** until he **dies**.

The Joker gets up off of the dead bloody corpse. There's splashes of blood on his silk orange dress shirt. He exhales in relief.

He pulls out a turquoise handkerchief and wipes spurts of blood off his face. He turns back and looks at KGBeast grinning.

THE JOKER

(relieved/smoothly)

Sorry about that(beat)I really just hate being interrupted.

(grinning maniacally)

Wanna drink?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM- NIGHT

Floyd and Harley are laying in the bed together naked. Floyd has his arm around Harley, smoking a cigarette with his other hand. The both of them have small bruises and hickeys all over their bodies.

FLOYD

So, tell me(beat)how does a psychiatrist with four Phd's and two diplomas fall for an insane criminal kingpin like The Joker?

HARLEY

We're the only ones that understand each other. That's why I love him.

FLOYD

You're fuckin' insane.

HARLEY

The doctors did tell me I had somethin' when I was younger!!!

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

I always wondered what the fuck your life must be like. I've done a lot of bad shit since I started this career(beat)but I never got how you lived your life. Creating fuckin' chaos everywhere you go and then buy yourself nice clothes and shit.

HARLEY

Just tell yourself it's normal and get caught up in the moment.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM DENTAL OFFICES- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

There's a gruff looking man with thick rimmed glasses. He looks worn out, but still capable of kicking your ass. He's reading The Gotham Gazette. This man is **Detective James Gordon**, early 40's.

He seems like the type of guy who would beat the fuck out of you and then hang you for touching his daughter.

The Dental receptionist is chewing gum and wearing pure red lipstick. She looks disinterested in her job.

DENTAL RECEPTIONIST

Jim Gordon!

Gordon lets out a groan of annoyance.

GORDON

I hate the goddamn dentist.

Gordon walks into the dental office. The dentist and the nurse look creepy. They're wearing black leather goggles and black leather gloves.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You know, you two don't look like dentist.

The dentist SHOVES Gordon into the seat and lets out a small chuckle. Jim looks a bit alarmed.

The dentist starts TIGHTLY strapping Gordon into the stretch bed. **THIS GUY DEFINITELY ISN'T A DENTIST.**

Gordon looks over to the corner where the nurse is. There's *a puddle of blood leaking out of the cabinet.*

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (CONT'D)
(furiously/terrified)
Who the fuck are you people?

The dentist and the nurse PULL off their masks, their dental uniform, and take off the goggles revealing--- **THE JOKER AND HARLEY QUINN.**

The Joker looks younger than when we last saw him. His face doesn't have any scars and some of his tattoos aren't existent yet. He's wearing a dress vest with a rolled up silk dark purple button down underneath.

Harley's wearing a red and bronze designer dress. She's holding a detonator that looks like a cartoonish tooth. Both of them have gun holsters on both of their arms.

THE JOKER
(grinning)
Hey Jimmy! It's been a while. Heard you went into retirement buddy(beat) that brooding old face of yours is missing a little smile.
(to Harley)
Am I right Harley?

HARLEY
Right as rain Mistah J!!!

GORDON
The hell do you want from me?

The Joker slaps his hand onto his chest as if he's shocked. He leans in to Jim's face.

THE JOKER
And why do I have to want something from you Jimmy boy? I can't just have some fun with an old friend?

Gordon SPITS in The Joker's face.

GORDON
Fuck you psychopath.

THE JOKER
(laughing)
Well-- you're not wrong. Harley!
Hand me the trigger sweetheart!

Harley THROWS the trigger to The Joker. He presses the red button on it. Harley places a small glass bottle in her nose and SNORTS up some white daydream. *Cocaine.*

(CONTINUED)

BOOM!!! Everything outside the dental office **EXPLODES**.
Gordon looks at The Joker in horror.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Why're you looking at me like that?
It's not like I killed a bunch of
babies!!! We're doin' that later!!
(laughing maniacally)

The Joker and Harley START LAUGHING MANIACALLY TOGETHER.

HARLEY
(giggling)
Oh puddin' you're too funny.

She kisses The Joker on the cheek and wraps herself around him. He rolls his eyes, SMACKS her in the face and PUSHES her off of him.

THE JOKER
(snarling)
Keep it professional would'ya?

Harley RUNS up to The Joker and SLAPS him in the face.

HARLEY
(angrily)
DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH ME LIKE THAT
AGAIN!!!

The Joker slowly SQUEEZES her neck and pulls his gun out of the holster. He presses it under her chin.

THE JOKER
(smoothly)
Harley, Harley, Harley. You know
what you are to me? You're like a
shit. You love the way it feels,
but you hate keepin' it in. I'd
kill you right now if I felt like
it but (beat) you're useful. Now
stand here and look pretty
would'ya? Stop acting like a piece
of shit you keep in.

The Joker SLAMS Harley into the dental tool cabinets. He gives Gordon a toothy grin.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
How about we get this on Jimmy!!!

(CONTINUED)

KRABROOM!!! The BATMAN **BURSTS** through the hospital room door GROWLING and JUMPS on top of The Joker **SMASHING** all his body weight on top of him. *He SMASHES his fist into The Joker's face several times.*

Harley becomes furious as she sees this and quickly SNATCHES her pistol out of the holster. It's a purple and red six barrel Rhino Revolver with decorations on it.

HARLEY
(angrily/crying)
LEAVE'EM ALONE!!!

Harley **SHOOTS SEVERAL GUNSHOTS** at The BATMAN, who is now a brooding large figure over The Joker. He GRABS Gordon, **THROWS A BANG GRENADE in Harley's face** and disappears with Gordon.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JOKERZ HIDEOUT- NIGHT- HOURS LATER

The Joker angrily SLAMS his piano. The way he slams it, it creates a horror sound. He has tears in his eyes. He's HITTING his head in frustration. His face is battered and bloody from the fight with BATMAN.

He's surrounded by several knocked over pill bottles of Xanax. Some of the bottle have still pills which are just spilling onto the piano.

The Joker CRUNCHES the Xanax pills in his mouth with his teeth. He has a little bit of drool coming down his mouth.

Harley watches as The Joker does this. *She's frightened.*

THE JOKER
**WHY!!! WHY CAN'T I DO ANYTHING
RIGHT!!! HE'S ALWAYS THERE!! HE
ALWAYS FU-----**

The Joker SMASHES his chair into the piano. He falls on the floor and stays silent for a couple of minutes. Suddenly, **HE STARTS LAUGHING MANIACALLY** while kicking his feet in the air.

Harley walks over to The Joker. She's trembling because she's afraid of him. *She has no idea how to approach him in this state. She's never seen him like this.*

HARLEY
You alright Mistah J?

(CONTINUED)

The Joker slowly gets up and grins at Harley. He starts laughing a little with his eyes wide open.

THE JOKER
(grinning/laughing)
Of course Harley!!! You always
gotta have a smile on your face.

The Joker starts snarling at Harley and then **KRUNCH!!!** He BACKHANDS her roughly. He slapped her so hard that her JAW BROKE. Harley has her hand over her mouth, with a tear in her eye.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
(snarling)
Of course I'm not fine. I look fine
to you, you stupid chipmunk voiced
idiot? BATMAN just fucked up
another chance for me to have some
fun.
(furiously/growling)
And maybe if you didn't screw
around so much(beat)

The Joker walks over to a baseball bat next to the piano and STORMS over to Harley. He **SMASHES** the bat into her ribs once.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
WE WOULD'VE BEEN OUTTA' THERE!!!!

He **SMASHES** the bat into her ribs again.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
ON FUCKIN'!!!!

He SMASHES the bat into her ribs one more time.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
(calmly/exhaling)
Time.

He starts panting in exhaustion until he freezes in place and his eyes go wide open. **The Joker's eyes go dead**, and he stays silent for a couple of minutes. His mouth's wide open as he freezes.

Harley's eyes light up with tears of fear. There's a little blood dripping from her mouth. Her cheek is bruised.

HARLEY
(terrified/teary eyed)
Mistah J?

(CONTINUED)

The Joker starts grinning again. His eyebrows curl and a tear's in his eye.

THE JOKER
(grinning/laughs)
Harley.

HARLEY
Yes Mistah J?

THE JOKER
I love you babe.

HARLEY
(terrified)
I love you too Mistah J.

The Joker helps Harley up and embraces her. She's limping and holding her stomach because of the pain from the beating. He kisses her on the forehead and dances with her in the middle of the hideout.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM- NIGHT- PRESENT DAY

Floyd and Harley are still in the bed. Harley starts getting sleepy. Floyd embraces her even more now that he understands why she's the way she is. *She's a broken and damaged beauty.*

HARLEY
So what's the deal with your daughter?

FLOYD
How the hell did you know about that?

HARLEY
The way you were looking at that picture when we were in the slammer. I was watching your pupils and stuff. Your smile too.

FLOYD
You're smarter than you look.

HARLEY
I get that a lot(beat)Just kidding!!! Nobody cares. So what happened to her? You looked like you were having a flashback after you looked at the photo.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD
(confused)
Are you in my fuckin' head?

HARLEY
I don't think so, why?

FLOYD
You know exactly what was going on
in my head at that moment.

HARLEY
(sarcastically)
I was a psychiatrist remember!!! So
tell me what was the deal. What
happened to her?

FLOYD
Why do you care?

HARLEY
We're giving each other therapy
sessions right now so it's only
fair that you share too.

Floyd pinches the cigarette to put out the flame. He throws
the cigarette out the window.

FLOYD
She got takin' away from me by the
FBI. They put her in an orphanage.

HARLEY
What makes a young handsome rich
boy wanna kill for money?

FLOYD
I'm not rich anymore.

Harley gives Floyd a comedic *don't give me shit* look.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
I'm not shitting you. I'm serious.

HARLEY
Explain, would'ya?

FLOYD
My father was a drunk. He owned one
of the biggest businesses in
Gotham. He used to beat the shit
out of me every time he got tipsy.
(laughs)
Shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

I think I started liking getting beaten the fuck out of. (beat) He loved my brother though. He had somethin' goin' for 'em. He was a special kid. He was so fuckin' smart.

(serious)

So smart that him and my mom decided to try and kill Pops.

HARLEY

Did they do it?

FLOYD

(teary eyed/scowling)

I had to shoot my brother to stop him from doin' somethin' he was gonna regret.

HARLEY

How about your Ma and your Pops?

FLOYD

What do you think? They got what was comin' to them.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LAWTON MANOR- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

PAN-IN to black leather boots walking through a dark house. The house is large, and mansion sized. The furniture is made of glossy wood and fancy glass.

PAN-OUT to a man with a spray painted helmet and a targeting lens. This man is **Floyd Lawton** in his early 20's.

He's wearing a long leather trench coat, and leather pants. He's holding a **Chrome IMI Desert Eagle**. The gun has a silencer.

He walks up the long marble staircase to the balcony of the house. There's light coming from one of the rooms. There's water on. He looks at the nearly opened door. There's steam coming out. **Someone's taking a bath.**

BRAKOOM!!! Floyd BURSTS the door open revealing a naked wet FAT MAN in the large marble bathtub. He looks at Floyd shocked and afraid. His hair's greasy, along with his mustache.

(CONTINUED)

FAT MAN
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!?!? GET THE
FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE!!!

FLOYD
(chuckling)
You don't recognize me? That breaks
my heart.

FITT!! FITT!! FITT!!! Floyd shoots the man in both his legs
and his chest. The man starts SCREAMING IN TREMENDOUS AGONY.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Here I was thinkin' all those
fuckin' beatings were personal.

PAN-IN to the overweight man, wheezing with blood oozing out
of his gun wounds and his mouth. This man is **George Lawton**,
late 50's. He's Floyd's father.

GEORGE
(laughing/wheezing)
Floyd. You worthless piece of shit.
Could've been my goddamn CEO.

FLOYD
I wouldn't work for you if my
fucking life depended on it. You
ruined me. You fucked up our
family.

GEORGE
(wheezing/grinning)
And you think killing me's gonna
make that any better?

Floyd unscrews the silencer and puts it in his coat pocket.

FLOYD
One less asshole on this planet.
Plus, I'm gettin' a pretty nice
paycheck for this.

BLAM!!!!

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM- NIGHT- PRESENT DAY

Harley and Floyd are both asleep. They're cuddled together
like an actual couple. She's resting her head on his chest,
and his fingers are in her hair.

(CONTINUED)

This is the first time we see Floyd bare chested in a calm frame. There's a tattoo on his right pec. It's a heart with large angel wings. The scroll on the heart reads **"Michelle+Zoe"**.

Floyd wakes up as his A.R.G.U.S touchscreen phone starts RINGING. Floyd picks up. Waller's on the phone.

WALLER (O.S.)

The weapons deal is in forty minutes. Be ready. Choose your weapons from under your hotel beds.

FLOYD

Alright, copy.

Floyd hangs up the phone. He starts putting his clothes on. He walks out of the apartment room.

CUT TO:

INT. SULLIVAN'S IRISH PUB- NIGHT

Floyd is sitting in a wooden chair in front of the bartender's desk. He's doing exactly what he was doing in the beginning of the movie, but this isn't the same scene.

The young woman from the beginning of the movie walks up to Floyd smiling.

YOUNG WOMAN

Where've you been pure fucker?

FLOYD

(chuckling)

Away.

YOUNG WOMAN

I thought you came here everyday?
It been months.

FLOYD

The last couple'a months have been
a bit crazy for me.

HARLEY (O.S.)

HARLEY QUINN NICE TO MEET'CHA!!

The young woman's eyes go wide open in heartbreak. Tears start coming out her eyes, and she walks away.

PAN-IN to Harley smiling with her arm out for a handshake and her other hand comforting Floyd's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Harley what the fuck?

HARLEY

What? I was just tryna make some friends!!!

FLOYD

(serious faced)

Cut the shit. Why're you here.

HARLEY

It's time for that deal thingy.

FLOYD

Alright let's go.

Harley hands Floyd an earpiece.

HARLEY

Waller said we have to wear these
boo boo.

Floyd puts the earpiece in his ear and turns it on.

CUT TO:

INT. STREETS OF GOTHAM- NIGHT

The team is walking, they're all still in their civilian clothing. Harley's the only one carrying her suitcase. Floyd looks at her confused. Eve, Ben, and Digger are carrying the cartridge with the bomb.

FLOYD

Why'd you bring that with you?

HARLEY

I could pretend it's money like in
one of those cop shows!!!

DIGGER

(laughing/chuckling)

Fuckin' loon.

Floyd walks over to Digger and SHOVES him. He scowls at him and gets in his face.

FLOYD

Watch your mouth.

(CONTINUED)

DIGGER

Touch me again and I'll jam one of
my boomers in your bloody throat
mate.

Harley walks over to Floyd and holds him back.

HARLEY

(playfully)
Cowboy!!! Be fun!!!

Floyd backs off of Digger and keeps walking. They stop at a
dark apartment building.

WALLER (O.S.)

Waller to Lawton do you copy?

FLOYD

Yeah what's good?

WALLER

I'm here to tell you the plan.
You're going to the apartment door.
You have knock three times in a
pattern. Once you knock, confirm
that you know the password for
entry. The password is "Mudak". Go
in and proceed to start the deal.
Fire once you see the targets.

FLOYD

What do I do if things go sour?

WALLER

Flag and his guys are on the roof
as backup.

POV- FLOYD

There's silhouettes of men with guns on the roof. Floyd looks
around and sees a good amount of them.

WALLER (CONT'D)

You're ready to start the mission?

FLOYD

Fuck yeah.

Floyd walks up the dark cement sepia stairs of the apartment
building. He knocks three times in a pattern. Someone with
boots can be heard walking down the staircase.

The person is a Russian man. His voice is gruff and deep.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSIAN MAN 1
(in Russian)
Password.
(subtitles in: Red)

FLOYD
(in Russian)
Asshole.
(Subtitles in: Red)

The apartment door opens. There's a man with a scarred up face is standing in front of the door.

RUSSIAN MAN 1
(in Russian)
You must be the dishonorable
assholes with the party favors.
(Subtitles in: Red)

FLOYD
(in Russian)
I prefer we do this deal in
English? I'll feel more
comfortable. Do you mind complying
with these needs?

RUSSIAN MAN 1
(smirking)
Of course not. Come in.

The squad starts making their way into the apartment building. The Russian man helps them carry the cartridge up the stairs.

PAN-IN to the dark room which has several large russian men waiting in a circle. The Russian man who opened the door helps Eve push the cartridge into the middle of the circle.

Floyd pats the cartridge.

FLOYD
We went through a lot of shit to
get this cartridge so your'e gonna
have to pay big bucks.

RUSSIAN MAN 1
300 grand.

Diggers whisper to Harley.

DIGGER
(whispering)
Too bad we're not sellin' the damn
thing.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSIAN MAN 1

Alright let's-----

**BROOM!! BROOM!! BROOM!! BROOM!! BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!** *Someone SHOOTs ROUNDS OF SHOTGUN AND PISTOL
fire at the Russians in the apartment building.*

The Russian's corpses bleed all over the floor. The squad looks confused. They have no idea what the fuck just happened.

Floyd presses a button on his earpiece.

FLOYD

WALLER THEY'RE ALL DEAD!!!

WALLER (O.S.)

Good.

FLOYD

NOT FUCKING GOOD!!! WE DIDN'T KILL
THEM!!!

WALLER (O.S.)

Maybe it was Flag.

FLOYD

THE SHOTS CAME FROM INSIDE THE
APARTMENT!!!

Someone starts chuckling maniacally. A dark silhouette comes out of the apartment kitchen. **IT'S THE JOKER and two of his henchmen.**

The light from the moon hits him as he gets closer to the squad. Floyd's eyes go wide open in fear.

THE JOKER

(laughing)

Don't mess your pants yet bullet
boy. Don't wanna have to change
diapers in the beginning before the
party starts.

(grins)

Harley looks at The Joker mesmerized.

HARLEY

Mistah J?

THE JOKER

(grinning)

C'mon baby. Ya missed me?

(CONTINUED)

Harley pushes through everyone else to get to him.

CUT TO:

INT. ACE CHEMICALS- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

Harleen Quinzel and The Joker are embracing each other on top of a vat of chemicals. Harleen looks like a regular person, in the sense that her skin isn't bleached and her hair is gold blonde. She has thick rimmed glasses on, and she's wearing psychiatrist attire. **She's not Harley yet.**

The Joker's wearing his fancy button downs and dress vests. He's stroking Harley's cheek intimately. Harley looks nervous as if she has butterflies in her stomach.

THE JOKER

Happy anniversary, doll.

HARLEEN

Anniversary? What do you mean
Mistah J?

THE JOKER

Today's the day Harley Quinn
started to **live with me**. The day
you hopped in the car and started
riding for me.

(smoothly)

Let me make you a proposal(beat)I
want this forever. **Harley Quinn and
I**. I want her to be mine. I want
her to surrender to me. Can you
make it happen?

Harley gets teary eyed. She's scared. She doesn't know if she wants to do this or not. Her eyes wander off for too second until---- she looks up smiling shyly.

HARLEEN

(nervously)

Of course Mistah J.

THE JOKER

(grinning)

Very well then my dear.

The Joker **SHOVES** Harley into the **STEAMING** vat of chemicals several feet down. Her body **SPLASHES** in on impact. The Joker jumps in as well.

(CONTINUED)

The STEAMING green chemicals BUBBLE for several minutes with Harley deep down inside. The Joker's clothes start to disintegrate off of him. The color bleeds into the water.

The Joker GRABS Harley out of the steaming green chemicals. Her skin is burning to a pale white color. Bright vivid variants of pink and blue start popping and fizzing into Harley's hair. The Joker grins at her.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
(grinning maniacally)
Happy Anniversary, **Harley Quinn**.

Harleen's eyes go dead with a creepy smile on her face.

Visions and flashes of Harley getting tortured and beaten by The Joker go through her head.

The Joker kisses Harleen on the lips, long and passionately. **Harley Quinn is born.** She wakes up and starts LAUGHING MANIACALLY with The Joker.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT- PRESENT DAY

BRAKKA!BRAKKA!BRAKKA! The soldiers from above FIRE RAPIDLY at the windows of the apartment building. The squad starts SPRINTING out. Floyd GRABS Harley and carries her out of the apartment building.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK APARTMENT BUILDING- NIGHT

Everyone BURSTS out of the apartment door. Floyd comes out carrying Harley who's KICKING her feet throwing a hussy fit like a little girl. Floyd drops her down gently and puts his arms around her to restrain. Harley starts ELBOWING him in the ribs.

KRACKLE!!! IT STARTS RAINING HARD OUT OF NOWHERE.

HARLEY
LET ME GO!!! LET- ME- GO!!!

Floyd lets go of Harley and stands in her way.

FLOYD
YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!!! THAT MAN DOESN'T LOVE YOU A'IGHT?!!?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD (CONT'D)

HARLEY YOU'RE STAYIN' RIGHT FUCKIN'
HERE!!!

HARLEY

(crying/angrily)
Floyd(beat)move.

FLOYD

WHY THE FUCK DO YOU KEEP GOIN' BACK
TO HIM!!! DO YOU SEE WHAT THE FUCK
THAT SADISTIC ASSHOLE DOIN' TO
YOU?!?!?

HARLEY

We're all assholes cowboy.

KRUNCH!!! Harley FRACTURES FLOYD'S JAW WITH A LEFT-HOOK.

SLOW-MOTION as Harley walks back into the apartment with her suitcase. Floyd falls to the ground in SLOW-MOTION as well. Bullets aimed for Harley hit everything in slow motion but Harley.

Love hurts by Joan Jett plays throughout this whole scene.

SLOW-MOTION as Harley walks in through the door and smiles at The Joker.

The Joker LAUGHS MANIACALLY as Harley walks in.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM- NIGHT

Floyd is suiting up. He zips up his dark red long sleeve protective upper body gear. He attaches the wrist canons to his gloves.

Flag BURSTS into the room with his assault rifle in hand, and in heavy military gear.

FLAG

THE FUCK ARE YOU DOIN' LAWTON?

FLOYD

I'm stoppin' a goddamn crisis from
happening.

FLAG

WHO FUCKIN' CARES?!?!? THIS AIN'T
OUR WAR!!! WE CAME HERE TO DO A
MISSION AND IT'S DONE!!!

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Quinn left with The Joker(beat)and
when he's outta jail nothing good
happens.

FLAG

(furiously/annoyed)

And you think you could take down
that sociopathic freak by yourself?
You are aware that the CIA hasn't
even been able to take him down
right?

FLOYD

We got a team of badasses we don't
need no CIA.

Floyd puts on his high-tech helmet and switches on the
targeting eye.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

Let's do this shit. Tell Waller
that we're pursuing The Joker.

FLAG

(smirks/intimidating)

Man, can't wait to see what she's
gonna do to you.

FLOYD

I don't give a fuck what she's
gonna do.

Floyd starts placing his lucky Desert Eagles in their gun
holsters.

FLAG

Why're you really doing this?

FLOYD

Cause I gotta spare this city from
bullshit like this happening again.

FLAG

(chuckles)

No I get it. You have feelings for
that girl.

Floyd SHOVES Rick and PRESSES him against the wall. Rick
smirks at him.

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Another motherfuckin' word outta'
you and Imma' pull one of my
triggers.

Rick KICKS Floyd in the balls and SHOVES him into the wall roughly. He SNATCHES out his butterfly knife and presses it against Floyd's neck.

FLAG

You're forgettin' who the big dog
is asshole.

Someone loads a handgun in back of Rick's head.... IT'S BEN.

BEN

And it ain't you. Do us all a favor
and call the real top dog.

Colonel Flag SNARLS and presses his earpiece.

FLAG

Waller do you copy?

WALLER (O.S.)

Flag what the hell is going on in
there?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CIA CONFERENCE OFFICE- NIGHT

Waller and the rest of the conference members are sitting in their seats as usual. Waller's standing up looking at a technological map.

There's red darts on the map. Each dart represents members of the squad. The darts have the last name of each member with the first letter from their last name. Amanda has an ear piece in.

FLAG (O.S.)

Lawton's taking command. He's going
in to pursue The Joker.

WALLER

Is this mothafucka crazy? What does
he think he's doin'?

FLAG (O.S.)

He thinks he's a hero.

(CONTINUED)

WALLER

If he wants to die, let him die.
Bring the rest of the squad back to
base.

FLAG (O.S.)

(Beat)He's bringing them with him.

WALLER

*SHIT!!! WHAT THE HELL DOES HE WANT
FROM HIM!!!*

FLAG (O.S.)

The Joker has our bomb cartridge
and he's got Quinn.

WALLER

(whispering)

That's why I can't track her down.

FLAG (O.S.)

So what's the plan? We have to make
sure civilian lives are preserved.

WALLER

I'll contact the Mayor and the
Police force. I'll tell them about
what's going on. I gotta put that
city on lockdown. It's about to be
a bloodbath.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM CITY ROYAL HOTEL- NIGHT

The team walks passed the receptionist fully suited. She
looks at them awkwardly with opened eyes. *Holy shit they're
superheroes. But she's wrong.* These aren't superheroes. These
are the assholes that get their asses kicked by superheroes.

CUT TO:

GROUP-SHOT of the whole team walking side by side on the
streets. Rick and his military unit are right behind.

FLOYD

(to Ben)

Hey man, thanks for having my back
in the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

I wasn't looking out for you, you
murderous degenerate. I did so that
this city could be saved.

FLOYD

Fuck you too.

Floyd starts walking backward to get to Flag. He turns his
head and looks at him.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

(to Flag)

You have any transportation units?

FLAG

There's A.R.G.U.S motorcycles in
the transport plane.

A large transport jet lands on the street. The cockpit of the
jet BURSTS open. Floyd chuckles as he sees several Altius
Scimitar 670 Diesel motorcycles in the cockpit.

FLOYD

Let's wreck some shit up.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM EAST PLAZA- NIGHT

The Joker loads his white and gold Desert Eagles. He puts
them in his black gun holsters. Harley watches him do this
biting her lips. She walks over to him and wraps her arms
around his waists. She kisses him on the cheek.

HARLEY

(sadistically)

You look smokin' in that suit
Mistah J.

The Joker snarls and PUNCHES Harley in the face. She falls on
the floor.

THE JOKER

How many times I gotta tell you
about interruptin' me when I'm doin
somethin'.

The Joker puts on a Black Ballroom tuxedo jacket.

Harley gets up off of the floor and starts tearing up. The
Joker looks at the back of her neck. He notices a stitched up
scar in the back of her neck.

(CONTINUED)

He walks over to her and strokes the scar with his fingers.
The Joker growls.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)
They put somethin' in your neck
babe.

HARLEY
What?

THE JOKER
I gotta take it out.

He pulls out a thick butterfly knife and **JAMS** it into
Harley's neck. Harley **SCREAMS** in agony. He **TWISTS** the knife
in her neck and pulls something out. It's a glowing green
chip. He starts examining it.

He throws it on the ground and **STOMPS** on it.

HARLEY
What was it puddin'?

THE JOKER
They put a bomb in your neck.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STREETS OF GOTHAM- NIGHT

The members of the squad are **SPEEDING** their motorcycles
through the streets of Gotham. They're pointing their guns at
people so that they could move out of their way.

Flag and the military unit are **HOVERING** above them in the
transport jet.

Floyd presses on his earpiece.

FLOYD
WALLER!! WHERE'RE WE GOIN'?!?!

WALLER (O.S.)
There was shoot out in Gotham East
Plaza about an hour ago.

Floyd starts riding **FASTER** and **FASTER**. The rest of the team
start following where he's going. **HE'S DRIVING THROUGH THE
WRONG LANES, CUTTING OFF CARS, AND SLIDING BETWEEN THE SMALL
SPACES CARS DON'T TAKE UP.**

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM EAST PLAZA- NIGHT

The team CRASHES THROUGH the glass doors of the Plaza. They press the brakes and stop the motors.

They get off the motorcycles and raise their gun up in aiming position. Floyd raises his arms aiming his wrist canons.

The plaza looks different. It has blue green lighting. There's some blood on the floors of the lobby. The whole place is empty. *For now.*

The team starts walking slowly in circle so that every member of the team is able to secure each side of the circle. All their backs are against each other.

THE JOKER (O.S.)
(confused/laughing)
What are you doing?

PAN-UP to the second floor, which the squad is looking up to. The Joker and Harley are up there laughing at the squad. They're leaning against the gold railing of the second floor.

Harley's wearing a **leather blue and red jester outfit**. It kind of looks like a stripper type of outfit. She has the jester hat, a mask and everything. She holding a **FN Minimi** modded with red, blue, and pink color pallets.

The Joker's wearing a **black and white ballroom tuxedo**. It's stylized with gold jewelry and buttons holding it together. He has one arm wrapped and Harley's waist, the other carrying a gold **Versace chainsaw**.

FLOYD
Get the fuck away from her you
crazy asshole.

The Joker has a comedic expression of shock on his face.

THE JOKER
(sarcastically)
Floyd!! I am very appalled that you
would think of me as an asshole!!

Him and Harley look at each other and start cracking up.

FLOYD
**HARLEY!!! YOU COULD STILL COME BACK
FROM THIS!!**

HARLEY
(laughing/giggling)
Come back?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Do you know what they did to us cowboy? You wanna know the real truth about all this bullcrap?

FLOYD

What.

HARLEY

They put bombs in our heads Floyd. It's why they were able to track us down.

(kisses The Joker)

Mistah J took mine out. He could help you too if you join us.

FLOYD

Fuck you Harley. He's usin' you and you won't fuckin' admit it.

(to The Joker)

What's your genius fuckin' plan anyway?

THE JOKER

(laughing/grinning)

Stop acting like Bats Lawton. He plays these games. Stay in your lane would'ya?

FLOYD

Well you got a new player bitch. What's your plan?

THE JOKER

(sighs/chuckling)

Since you wanna know so bad(long beat)I put five bombs in this worthless city. There's four bombs in each corner of the city. Of the four corner bombs explode, they charge Mommy bomb in the center and she explodes.

FLOYD

So I gotta stop the four bombs and that's it?

THE JOKER

Yeah(laughing)but of course I'm gonna make sure it isn't that easy sweetheart. Can't have a party without party favors.

Armed men with **goofy cartoon masks and clown masks** start walking closer and closer to the squad.

(CONTINUED)

They have heavy machinery stemming from gold **Luis Vuitton AK-47s with several color mods, four barrel shotguns, and golden and pink chainguns.**

FLOYD

Shit.

HARLEY

Psst psst Floyd!!! Shadow girl's
workin' for Waller! She's not even
a real prisoner!!

Floyd looks at Nightshade. He raises his arm and aims his
wrist canon at Eve.

FLOYD

Give me one fuckin' reason not to
shoot you right now.

EVE

Floyd I don't know what she's
talking about.

FLOYD

*DON'T BULLSHIT ME, I KNOW YOU'RE
WORKIN' FOR WALLER!!! YOU'RE THE
ONLY ASSHOLE HERE WHO WASN'T SEEN
IN A FUCKIN' CELL OR IN THE
CAFETERIA!!!*

PAN-IN to The Joker and Harley watching Floyd threaten Eve.
The Joker starts laughing at Floyd.

THE JOKER

(laughing/grinning)
That was pretty smart Harley.

HARLEY

(giggling/smiling)
I learn it from you Mistah J.

THE JOKER

(kisses Harley)
I love you(beat)what's my name?

HARLEY

(giggling)
Puddin'.

THE JOKER

(grinning)
Say it again.

Harley bites her bottom lip and caresses The Joker's chest.

(CONTINUED)

HARLEY
(seductively/sexually)
Puddin'.

The Joker chokes Harley and the two of them start making out.
The Joker grabs her ass while the make out.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM EAST PLAZA- FIRST FLOOR- NIGHT

Floyd is still deciding as to what he should do right now. He has one wrist canon aimed at Eve and another at the Joker Thugs. Ben's getting ready to charge at the thugs, while Digger laughs gruffly. Ben and Digger are ready to die.

FLOYD
Hey Nightshade.

EVE
What Floyd.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Floyd BLASTS three rounds into Eve's head.

He JUMPS behind the steel and glass receptionist desk.

BRAKKA!BRAKKA!BRAKKA! The thugs SHOOT ROUNDS AND ROUNDS at the desk. SHARDS OF GLASS AND STEEL FLY ALL OVER THE PLACE AS THE THUGS SHOOT AT FLOYD.

Digger and Ben JUMP behind the desk as well. They both start looking at Floyd like he has a plan.

DIGGER
What's the plan mate?

FLOYD
WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU ASKIN' ME?!?!?

BEN
CAUSE YOU'RE THE GODDAMN MAN WITH
THE PLAN REMEMBER?!!?

FLOYD
YOU WANT A FUCKIN' PLAN?!?! KILL
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THOSE CLOWN
FUCKERS!!! GOT IT?!!?

CLOSE-UP to Digger's face as he grins when he pulls out two boomerangs. His boomerangs look upgraded and more advanced.

(CONTINUED)

VREEEEEE! The boomerang starts burning blue and making a motorized sound.

Digger THROWS it at the thugs. The boomerang SLICES group of thug's heads off in a perfect circle. The boomerang falls to the floor and start VIBRATING.

BRUNNNKKK!!!! The boomerang releases A CONCUSSIVE EXPLOSION OF VIBRATIONS AND ELECTRICITY.

Ben **LEAPS** and **CHARGES** at the thugs like A WILD TIGER. He **TACKLES** down one of the thugs and **TEARS** his inside out, **LIMB FROM LIMB**. He **CHARGES** at more thugs and **SLICING THROUGH THEM** and beating the living hell out of them.

Digger **CHARGES** at the thugs as well. *He SPINS and FLIPS as he THROWS HIS BOOMERANGS.* He doesn't miss any of the thugs he aims at except for one.

His body is filled with tattoos and he's very large and muscular. He's a gruff and intimidating man. He's wearing a dirty white dress shirt under a leather jacket. It's **KGBeast**. His mechanical hand's a minigun this time.

KGBEAST
(smirking/snarl)
Long time no see Kangaroo Man.

DIGGER
(chuckling/smiling)
That's quite the name callin' from
the shitbag wuss who had to come to
Gotham to stay relevant.

Digger **RUNS UP** to KGBeast and starts **THROWING SEVERAL BOOMERANGS** at him, but he keeps **DODGING** and **DEFLECTING** the boomerangs.

Digger **THROWS** another charged electronic boomerang at KGBeast. *IT STABS HIM* in the deltoid.

KGBeast starts SCREAMING IN AGONY as the boomerang start vibrating. Suddenly, BRAKOOM!!! The VIBRATION FROM THE BOOMERANG RIPS KGBEAST'S ARM OFF.

KGBEAST
(in Russian)
FUCK YOU BOOMERANG ASSHOLE!!!
(Subtitles in: red)

***BLAM!!** Floyd SHOTS KGBeast in the face. KG's brains and blood splatter all over Digger's face.*

(CONTINUED)

POV- FLOYD

This scene is very HYPER AND VIOLENT. The cuts and action is very fast pace like a videogame. The scene is shot in first person as if in Floyd's POV. Floyd GRABS a thug and BLASTS his brains out. He uses him as a shield.

The thugs SHOOT AT FLOYD, but all of the bullets HIT THE SHIELD. Floyd STARTS SHOOTING THUGS IN BLINK SECONDS. He shooting thugs in groups of two with one bullet.

There's four thugs left.

FLOYD

Don't worry guys. I got a bullet
with your name on it.

Floyd SPINS and SHOOTs his last bullet.

SLOW-MOTION of the bullet. It has the word 'assholes' carved into it in a fancy font.

POV- THE BULLET

The bullet RICOCHETS off of the steel linings of one of the doors and it EXPLODES through all four thug's heads at once.

Floyd picks up an assault rifle and aims it at The Joker. The Joker laughs his ass off as he looks at Floyd, Digger, and Ben. Harley's aiming her minigun at the three of them.

FLOYD (CONT'D)

They're all dead, so I'mma go
finish this game.

THE JOKER

(laughing)
Good luck.

Floyd notices thugs walking into the building with RPGs. Floyd SHOOTs a bullet into of the thug's RPG barrels.

KraBOOM!!! *The thug EXPLODES to bits, the impact killing two other thugs with him.*

Floyd JUMPS back into his cover spot. Digger and Ben follow. Floyd SLAPS the side of his helmet.

FLOYD

FLAG!!! FLAG DO YOU COPY!!!

FLAG (O.S.)

The hells goin' on in there?

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

We're surrounded. I don't think
we're gonna make it out. We could
use some fuckin' back up about now.

DIGGER

I thought we're crossing A.R.G.U.S?

FLOYD

We'll kill'em after he helps us.

KRASH!!! Rick and the A.R.G.U.S military men ZIP down to the
shootout. *They start FIRING at the RPG thugs.*

FLAG

CONCENTRATE FIRE AT THEIR
BARRELS!!!

***BRAKROOOOM!!! THE THUGS SHOOT EXPLOSIVE ROUNDS AT RICK
AND THE MEN. RICK'S BODY IS TORN IN HALF BY THE BLAST. HIS
MOST OF HIS MEN ARE KILLED INSTANTLY.***

PAN-IN to one of Rick's men. His arm and both his legs are
torn off. He manages to pull a grenade out of his pocket.

ARMY MAN

Land of the free, home of the
brave.

He bites off the grenade's safety clip and throws the grenade
at the thugs.

BOOM!!!

***THE COMBINATION OF THE GRENADE EXPLOSION AND THE RPGS CAUSE A
LARGE EXPLOSION THAT TEARS THE ENTRANCE OF THE PLAZA OPEN.
THE WHOLE ENTRANCE LITERALLY FALLS OFF.***

Harley loads her minigun.

HARLEY

YAHTZEE!!!

***Floyd, Ben, and Digger start RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES as
Harley SHOTS A SWARM OF POWERFUL BULLETS AT THEM. She's
HITTING everything in sight. Glass smithereens and steel
shards FLY EVERYWHERE.***

(CONTINUED)

Ben gets his abdomen and his chest TORN UP BY THE SWARM OF BULLETS. Floyd and Digger make it out. They're the only ones left. Floyd and Digger start RUNNING out of the situation.

DIGGER

WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE GOIN'?

FLOYD

CIA Headquarters in Virginia.

DIGGER

So we're lettin' the bombs go off?

Floyd stops when he runs of breath. He starts panting and PUNCHING the wall. He's yelling obscenities in frustration. He start banging his head on the wall.

FLOYD

I CAN'T FUCKIN' DO THIS SHIT!!!

DIGGER

Chill out man.

FLOYD

SHUT THE FUCK UP DIGGER!!! SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THIS FUCKIN' PROGRAM YOU'VE BEEN NOTHING BUT A FUCKIN' DICKHEAD!!! JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

DIGGER

ARE YOU SHITTIN' YOUR GODDAMN GRUNDIES?!?!? YOU'RE NOT SUCH THE GREAT LAD YOURSELF!!!

FLOYD

I'm less of an asshole than you'll ever be.

BLAM! Floyd SHOOTs Digger in the leg with his wrist canon. He continues to walk away. Digger THROWS a boomerang at Floyd. It **STABS** him in the shoulder. **Floyd SHOOTs Digger in the stomach and his other leg.**

He walks into the alley of the plaza. While he's walking, he JERKS the boomerang out of his shoulder and keeps on walking. There's a ladder to the roof.

Floyd climbs up the building leader and goes to the roof. The jet is there. *Floyd buts a bullet in the pilot's head and gets in his seat. He starts the jet and BEGINS TO FLY.*

CUT TO:

INT. STREETS OF GOTHAM- NIGHT

The streets of Gotham are chaotic and packed. Civilians are jumping on top of cars and rushing to get home or out of the areas. There's police cars and fire trucks trying to clear the streets. SWAT teams are also involved as well.

CUT TO:

The other side of the street is clear. There's a GIANT BLACK TANK DRIVING on that side.

The tank head has a bat like look. It's extremely large, way bigger than your average tank. **This is the batmobile.**

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM EAST PLAZA- NIGHT

The Joker and Harley are on the first floor KICKING the dead bodies around and shooting them for no reason.

The two of them sit on top of the corpses. Harley lays her head on The Joker's shoulder. She lets out a long sigh.

HARLEY

Puddin' I'm bored.

THE JOKER

(snarling/angrily)

Stop complaining about everything
we'll go to the funhouse later.

HARLEY

When do the bombs go off?

THE JOKER

Soon. The baby bombs explode in
fourteen minutes.

HARLEY

YAY!!!

The Joker's eyes go dead and then he starts grinning.

THE JOKER

Harley did I ever tell ya' how much
I love ya'?

HARLEY

No.

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER

I love you more than I love killin'
babies in day care.

HARLEY

Aww, Mistah J!!!! I know how much
you love killin' babies in day
cares!! Come here puddin'!!

Harley tackles The Joker down and climbs on top of him. She starts making out with him on top of the corpses.

KRABROOM!!! THE BATMOBILE BREAKS THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE PLAZA DEMOLISHING EVERYTHING IN THE AREA OF THE CRASH.

Orange lights shine on The Joker and Harley.

They look up with wide open eyes. The Joker's eyebrow raises in comedic confusion.

THE JOKER

We oughta' scurry outta here
Harley.

HARLEY

You got that right Puddin'.

The Joker and Harley pick up the weapons they came with and start RUNNING out of the Plaza. They laugh as they run. There's two police cars outside waiting for them. The officer RUSH out their cars and aim the pistols.

Standing with the officers aiming their pistol is Commissioner Yindel. She's aiming it with one arm. The Joker grins at her and Harley winks.

The Joker SNATCHES the minigun from Harley. He throws Harley the chainsaw.

The Joker lifts the minigun and SHOOTS SWARMS OF BULLETS AT THE OFFICERS. He's turning them into SWISS CHEESE. Yindel manages to JUMP behind cover. The police cars are now stained with blood. Harley notices that one officer besides Yindel is still alive. HARLEY TEARS HIS BODY APART WITH THE CHAINSAW, while they both LAUGHING MANIACALLY.

Harley drops the minigun and the two of them SKIP over to the Jokerz truck. They both HOP in the two front seats.

The Joker revs the engine, STOMPS the pedal, and HITS THE GAS.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STREETS OF GOTHAM- NIGHT

The truck **SPEEDS** through Gotham City RUNNING over civilians and the two passengers **LAUGHING THEIR ASSES off**.

PAN-IN to Harley and The Joker laughing inside. The Joker has one hand steering and the other gripping Harley's thigh.

HARLEY
HE REALLY THOUGHT HE WAS GONNA GET
US MISTAH J!!!

HARLEY/THE JOKER
(laughing/comedically)
STUPID BATS!!!

Cops start tailing the truck. Harley grabs the four barrel RPG from the back and leans her body out the window.

KraBROOM!!! The police cars EXPLODE.

The Joker and Harley keep driving.

THE JOKER (laughing)	HARLEY (giggling)
Ain't this the laugh baby?	You got that right puddin'.
Fast cars, explosions, we're	
livin' in a goddamn action	
movie!!!	

THE FLAMES ARE LARGE AND DEADLY. They suddenly turn into FOG. The FOG STARTS CONSUMING the whole street. The Joker SNARLS. *The goddamn BATMAN's here.*

HARLEY (CONT'D)
I can't see nothin' Mistah J!!! I
think batsy is here!!!

THE JOKER
(snarling/irritated)
No shit you idiot.

The fog clears up revealing THE BATMOBILE STOPPED SIDEWAYS IN FRONT OF THEIR TRUCK. Harley's eyes go wide open in fear.

HARLEY
HIT THE BREAKS PUDDIN'!!
HIT THE BREAKS!!!

KraBROOM!!! The Joker doesn't hit the breaks in time and the truck is **DEMOLISHED ON IMPACT.**

(CONTINUED)

The Joker's **HURLED OUT THE FRONT SEAT**. He **CRASHES** down to the concrete face first.

The Joker gets up groggily and grinning. His eyebrow and eye is bloody with torn flesh. He looks back at Harley grinning. She's bloodied in the truck with glass piercing her skin.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
(groggily/saddened)
Mistah J?

THE JOKER
(smirking/cockily)
Sucks to be you right now
sweetheart(beat)on the bright side,
you went out with a bang.

The Joker starts **RUNNING** into a nearby building. He **SHOOTS** two civilians watching him enter. *He's the happiest he's ever been. The burn in his chest just succumbed to death.*

PAN-IN to Harley, tearing up and slowly putting her head down on the truck's AC vent. Harley looks out the cracked frontal window to see what's going on outside.

The BATMAN, a LARGE BROODING DARK FIGURE crawls out of the large batmobile. He slowly walks into the building The Joker ran into.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED GOTHAM CATHEDRAL- NIGHT

The BATMAN walks through the abandoned cathedral. It's old with cobwebs and dust all over. The building has a dark blue tone from the moon's lighting.

He looks up at the last floor of the cathedral. It's all the way at the top of the cathedral. The BATMAN pulls out his grappling hook.

CUT TO:

The Joker's looking out the broken windows of the cathedral. He's looking at the panicking people below him chuckling.

KRINK!!! The grappling hook **PIERCES** through the weak wood. The BATMAN **BURSTS** out of the floor and **CROUCHES** with his cape surrounding him. **He looks fucking scary. His eyes are glowing white like a nocturnal creature. He's looks like he's 7 feet tall.**

His mouth is the only human part of him that you could see.

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER

(grinning/laughing)

Hey bats!!! It's been a while!! I'm a little bummed out that you waited three weeks to visit. Makes me feel(beat)unimportant.

BATMAN

(grimly)

I stopped you.

THE JOKER

(laughing)

Someone clearly forgot how our games work. You foil my plan and I get arrested--- remember?

(chuckling)

Jeez bats! Who knew Five years could make such a big difference.

BATMAN

I disabled your bombs an hour ago.

The Joker KICKS the wall.

THE JOKER

(frustrated/mumbling)

Goddamn it. Guess I'll just have to find a way outta' this myself.

The Joker takes off his black ballroom jacket and rolls up his dress shirt sleeves. He pulls out a magnum starfighter pocket knife with a golden handle.

The Joker snarls as he **CHARGES** at BATMAN with the pocket knife. He **STABS BATMAN** in the ribs **OVER AND OVER AGAIN**, until BATMAN PUNCHES him off TWICE. The Joker tumbles to the floor laughing maniacally as he covers his broken nose.

BATMAN

We've been at this for years. You kill people, I beat you unconscious, you go back to Arkham, then you escape. It's a continuous pattern.

The Joker gets up groggily and wipes his mouth and CRACKS his nose back into place.

THE JOKER

Sweetheart you're acting a bit sentimental today! Is it that time of the month?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

Or is it those sweet fantasies you
have about bird boy?
(laughing)

BATMAN **BREAKS** the Joker's jaw with a SMASH PUNCH to the face.

The Joker pulls a gold and white Desert Eagle out of his gun holster and SHOTS THREE ROUNDS AT BATMAN.

One bullet HITS BATMAN in the arm.

He GROWLS and CHARGES at The Joker. He pulls a fat and sharp batarang out of his utility belt and JAMS IT INTO THE JOKER'S EYE. The Joker growls and STARTS STABBING THE BATMAN AGAIN. HE'S LAUGHING MANIACALLY UNTIL----

The BATMAN PINS JOKER TO THE WALL. He GRABS him by the neck and SMASHES his face into the wall. He turns The Joker around.

Images of a dead burnt corpse play through BATMAN's head. The corpse is wearing charred red and juniper armor.

BATMAN starts SMASHING The Joker's face in with his fist. HE PUNCHED HIM OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

CLOSE-UP to the corpse's face. It's battered and bloody. It's smashed in and unrecognizable.

BATMAN starts PUNCH THE JOKER HARDER AND HARDER. Tears fly out of his eyes as he PUNCHES The Joker.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP to a bloodied gold 'R' on the corpse's armor. The Joker's laughter can be heard in the background.

The BATMAN PUNCHES The Joker TWO MORE TIMES.

He lets go and The Joker's body drops to the floor. The Joker's face is bloody and puffed up from the beating. He's laughing slowly with a shriek in his laugh.

THE JOKER (CONT'D)

(laughing)
What's wrong Bats? You gettin'
tired?
(snarling/angrily)
Finish the job coward. At least I
hit harder than that when I killed
the boy.
(laughing maniacally)

BATMAN growls at The Joker and then **SMASH! KRUNCH!!! HE BREAKS THE JOKER'S NECK.**

(CONTINUED)

THE JOKER'S DEAD.

BATMAN
Go to hell.

JUMP CUT TO:

Yindel and two other police officers are walking up the cathedral stairs with LED flashlight pistol.

They make it to the top floor. Yindel's eyes go wide open in shock from the sight of The Joker's dead body. *He fuckin' did it.*

YINDEL
FIRE!!!!

Yindel looks up to the window--- it's **The BATMAN. BLAM! BLAM!** She shoots at him--- **but he disappears.**

Yindel and the two police officers start closing in on the graphic crime scene.

OFFICER 1
Shit(beat)looks like we're
commanding the **manhunt for the
BATMAN.**

GOD'S EYE VIEW of The Joker's dead grinning corpse. Police Sirens SCREAM in the background.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS- NIGHT- VIRGINIA

Floyd walks through the hallways of the headquarters furiously. The workers and the custodians look at him horrified.

He's fully suited with his helmet and everything. His suit is dirty and stained with blood.

He turns some switches on his helmet and then takes it off. He **THROWS** it on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA CONFERENCE OFFICE- NIGHT

Waller and the other officials look at the grid. The map has one dart that's glowing red. The other dark blinks yellow, which signifies unconsciousness.

(CONTINUED)

The red dart is reads that it's in the building. Waller slowly pulls out her pistol and loads it with one bullet.

The door **BURSTS** open. Floyd furiously walks over Waller and GRABS her by the neck. He's aiming his wrist canon in her face.

FLOYD
(furiously/snarling)
Give me a reason not to kill your
ass right now.

KLEBBA (O.S.)
Because the trigger's right here.

Floyd turns around and sees Klebba holding a tablet raising it in the air. There's a mug shot of Floyd and a summary of his background. Underneath the summary is a glowing blue button that says 'Detonate'.

FLOYD
I don't even care anymore(beat)just
eat some bullets.

BLAM! Floyd SHOOTs Klebba in the chest and head. His brains splatter all over the official next to him.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
You can't hide behind your
intimidation tactics anymore, you
sadistic conniving bitch.

WALLER
I don't need to. I got people to do
the dirty work for me, scumbag.

BLAM! Waller SHOOTs Floyd in the abdomen. He falls to the ground in shock. **A DARK BLUE GLOVED HAND GRABS** him by the back of his collar and HURLS him out of the conference.

CUT TO:

KRASH!!! Floyd's body SLAMS into the marble walls of the CIA headquarters. The man with the blue gloved hand is revealed to be **SLADE WILSON**. He's in his bulky orange and bronze Deathstroke armor.

Floyd's face is bloody and swollen. Slade's been beating the crap out of him for a while.

Floyd **SHOOTs ROUNDS AND ROUNDS** of gunfire at Slade. Slade DEFLECTS all the bullets with his sword.

(CONTINUED)

Slade walks over to Floyd and **PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE OVER AND OVER AGAIN.**

SLADE
Goodnight asshole.

FLOYD
(chuckling/groggily)
Gonna have to try better than that
this time bud.

Slade pulls out a sword and **SHOVES IT** in Floyd's stomach.
Floyd's eyes go bloodshot red and he starts drooling blood.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY- MORNING

Floyd's staring at the photo of Zoe. His face is patched up and swollen. His fist starts to tense up. He has large Band-aid wraps around his stomach.

There's a BEEP coming from his cell door. It's a speaker.
Waller's on the other side of it. Floyd scowls at the door.

WALLER (O.S.)
Hello Lawton. I've arranged a
meeting for you and your daughter.

Floyd cracks a little smile.

WALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The meeting will happen after your
reconditioning.

Floyd's face turns back into one of anger. He flares his nostrils and squeezes his fist together.

FLOYD
(angrily)
The fuck do you mean
reconditioning?

WALLER
You think I forgot about that
little stunt you pulled?

FLOYD
*BUT I GOT THE FUCKIN' MISSION
COMPLETED!!!*

(CONTINUED)

WALLER

I'm getting you ready to go back to
work. End of discussion

Waller closes the hatch on the cell door. **Long silence.**

*Three guards BURST into Floyd's room and DRAG HIM OFF of his
prison bed. THEY SLAM HIM DOWN to the floor and handcuff him.
The guards DRAG Floyd out of the cell.*

CLOSE-UP to Floyd's furious swollen face, and his bloody
mouth. One of the guards laugh at him.

GUARD 1

(grinning)

You're goin' back into the **Suicide**
Squad motherfucker.

*
*

SLAM TO TITLE:

S U I C I D E
S Q U A D

CUT TO BLACK.