

Bad Day For The Batman

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EXT. Night time. Camera pans down, a man is seen running down a street, scared and breathing heavily. In his arm he is carrying a pouch. He keeps looking around him and tripping over his own feet. He stops to catch his breath. He then turns around to see if anyone is following him, and instantly he is punched in the face and falls to the ground. He looks up, afraid of what he might see, and a dark shadow looms over him. He sees the silhouette of the BATMAN.

THIEF (breathing heavily, scared):
Oh jeez, oh man. Dude, don't hurt me! Here, take it!

He offers the bag of goodies to BATMAN.

THIEF (con't):
I don't need this stuff anymore!

BATMAN:
Shut up, that's not the point.

THIEF:
What do you want from me, then? What're you gonna do to me?

BATMAN reaches down and picks the THIEF up by his coat.

BATMAN:
First, I'd like to punch you in the face one more time.

The light from the lamp post shines on BATMAN's face, revealing it. He is wearing a cheap looking mask, and the THIEF begins to laugh.

THIEF:
Haha, what?

BATMAN punches him in the face.

THIEF:
Dude, what is this? Who are you?

He gets punched in the face again.

BATMAN:
Shut up!

THIEF (laughing):
You're not Batman! You're just a freak in a cheap knockoff Halloween costume!

BATMAN punches him again and lets him fall to the ground.

THIEF:
Look at that, man, it's plastic! Your mouth isn't even real!

BATMAN begins to get really angry. He picks up the THIEF again and punches him in the face. He falls back down.

BATMAN:
It is too real!

THIEF:

Oh yeah? Then here, drink this.

He reaches over to the bag he had and pulls out a beer and opens it. BATMAN hesitantly takes the drink. He looks at it for a while, and notices the THIEF staring at him slyly with a smirk on his face.

THIEF:

What're you waiting for, Bats? Is there a problem?

BATMAN throws the can to the ground.

BATMAN (angry, ashamed):

Agh! You're right, it's just a plastic Halloween costume. THIEF (laughing):

Hah! Oh man, you're such a tool!

BATMAN sighs and props himself on the ground. He looks depressed. The THIEF sits down next to him and hands him another beer. He also takes one for himself. They sit there silently for a while. BATMAN just handles his drink, unopened, while the THIEF slowly drinks his. After a while...

THIEF (turning to BATMAN):

So?

BATMAN:

So, what?

THIEF:

So, who are you?

BATMAN (looks at THIEF angrily):

Don't make me hit you again.

THIEF:

Okay, okay. So you're Batman. Then what the hell is this?

He points at the costume.

THIEF (con't):

I always heard stories about the Dark Knight and how freaky he was. Pals down at the asylum telling me they'd rather have a bullet between their eyes before they have another run-in with you. And now I get my chance to see what it's all about and I get some dork in a dollar store costume. Gotta tell ya, I'm disappointed.

He takes a drink.