

PAGE 1

SINGLE PANEL, FULL PAGE

In a dark alley, Batman drops out of the night. A perp in close-fitting black clothes and a ski mask stabs a man in a business suit in the back with a dagger.

The space between the two buildings on either side shows some night sky.

PAGE 2 AND 3

TWO PAGE SPLASH

The victim falls to the ground.

Batman dives toward the perp. The perp throws a smoke bomb, the plume streaming as the bomb flies through the air.

TITLE: CHIPPING IN

WRITER: SARAH BEACH

PENCILS:

INKER:

LETTERS:

COLORIST:

EDITOR:

INSERT PANEL ONE

The perp runs from the cloud of smoke, pulling off his mask. He's glancing back, grinning (hey! He's getting away) [Note to artist: We'll be seeing him again later, so don't make him too anonymous.]

INSERT PANEL TWO

Billowing smoke haze, seen through a green filter, framed as if seen through some sort of scope. It's focused on the dwindling thermal red shape of the runner.

TEXT (YELLOW LETTERING) IN CORNER: HEAT REGISTRATION - 18 METERS

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

The perp mounts his motorcycle, starting it up. He's glancing up.

Batman emerges from the smoke cloud, coming straight at him.

PANEL TWO

The motorcycle whizzes away.

Batman throws a bat-a-rang.

PANEL THREE

Close on the perp's left leg. The bat-a-rang cuts the cyclist's leg as it goes by.

PANEL FOUR

Batman stands by the fallen bat-a-rang, looking up the street at the disappearing motorcycle.

We see we're near the marina.

BATMAN: HE'S HEADING TOWARD THE FREEWAY, ORACLE. TRACK HIM.

PANEL FIVE

Batman stoops, gathering blood off the bat-a-rang, collecting it in a vial.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: HE'S RIGHT INTO THE TRAFFIC LEAVING THE ARENA. LOST HIM.

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Batman walks toward the businessman's body.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: WHO'S THE VICTIM?

PANEL TWO

Batman studies the face without touching the body.

BATMAN: I KNOW HIM. IT'S BOB KINNEY. HE USED TO WORK FOR ZakTech. IS HE CONNECTED TO THE FIRST VICTIM?

PANEL THREE

Oracle's computer bay. Her fingers fly over the keyboard in her lap as she scans a trio of holo-screens around her.

BARBARA: THEY'RE IN THE SAME FIELD - COMPUTERS. COMPUTER TECH. IT SEEMS THEY'VE BEEN WORKING TOGETHER RECENTLY.

BATMAN COMMUNICATOR: CURIOUS.

BARBARA: OH?

PANEL FOUR

Batman snaps a picture of the body with a mini-camera, of the dagger in the back.

BATMAN: A LOW TECH CRIME FOR HIGH TECH VICTIMS.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: GCPD IS APPROACHING.

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

The Batcave. Batman works at a bank of lab equipment, his cowl pushed back. In the background, the big computer screens have mug shots and lists of M.O.s on display.

BATMAN: CROSS CHECK DNA RECORDS.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: YOU KNOW THAT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME. EVEN WITH YOUR EQUIPMENT THE DNA SCAN WILL TAKE 32 HOURS.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: BY THE WAY, GCPD FOUND A LIST OF NAMES UNDER KINNEY'S BODY. THE KILLER MUST HAVE DROPPED IT.

BATMAN: EXCELLENT.

PANEL TWO

Barbara's face is in a screen window on the big computer monitor.

Bruce glances up at it, partly surprised.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: NOT SO EXCELLENT. YES, THE TWO VICTIMS' NAMES ARE ON IT. BUT SO IS BRUCE WAYNE'S.

BRUCE: THAT MEANS LUCIUS FOX WILL BE GETTING A VISIT FROM THE POLICE IN THE MORNING.

BRUCE: WHO DO YOU THINK THEY'LL SEND?

PANEL THREE (LARGISH)

The spacious office of Lucius Fox, with its great view of the city. In the foreground, Harvey Bullock, looking ruffled, talks to the sharply dressed Lucius Fox. Lucius has an anxious look.

In the background, Bruce breezes happily in, a newspaper under one arm and waving a white card.

LUCIUS: WHAT YOU'RE SAYING THEN IS THAT WE NEED SOMEONE ON HIM WHO IS MORE THAN JUST A BODYGUARD.

BULLOCK: IT'D BE A BIG HELP TO THE INVESTIGATION. CALL IT A CIVIC DUTY.

LUCIUS: BUT THIS IS BRUCE WAYNE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT....

BRUCE: I DON'T KNOW WHY I NEVER THOUGHT OF THIS! I NEED A BREAK.

LUCIUS, LOU ZAKATOE HAS INVITED ME TO A PARTY AT THE MARINA.

BRUCE: I THINK I'LL SPEND A WEEK ON MY YACHT! SOAKING UP THE RAYS....

ENJOYING SOME COMPANIONSHIP....

PANEL FOUR

Bruce tosses his newspaper in front of Lucius, but he continues to burble to Bullock.

Lucius stares at a picture in the paper, and we can barely make out that the picture is of Black Canary. There's part of a headline "BLACK CANARY HELPS HOMELESS FAMILY" (all or part, but at least her name).

BULLOCK: WOULD THAT BE LOUISE ZAKATOE OF ZakTech?

BRUCE: IT WOULD. DO YOU KNOW LOU, DETECTIVE?

BRUCE: WAIT! YOU GOT A PROMOTION, DIDN'T YOU? HOW COULD I FORGET THAT?

BRUCE: THIS PARTY OF LOU'S SHOULD BE SOME FUN.

PANEL FIVE:

Lucius holds up the newspaper so we can clearly see Black Canary's picture. Lucius and Bullock both exchange "ah ha!" looks. Bruce stares at the picture.

LUCIUS: I THINK WE MAY HAVE FOUND SOMEONE TO FIT *BOTH* OUR NEEDS, LIEUTENANT.

BRUCE: HEY NOW! *SHE'S* A LOOKER! HOW HAVE I MANAGED TO MISS *HER*?

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

The apartment of Dinah Lance. She lounges in an armchair, a leg draped over one arm of the chair. She's wearing sneakers, bicycle shorts and an old, large sweatshirt. Her hair is pulled back in a disheveled ponytail. But she's wearing her canary pendant.

She's watching a John Wayne western on TV, and eating a pint of ice cream.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: DINAH?

DINAH: IT'S MY DAY OFF, BABS. REMEMBER? GO AWAY. I'M WATCHING RIO BRAVO.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A VISITOR.

DINAH: I DON'T WANT ANY.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: ABOUT A JOB.

DINAH: I *REALLY* DON'T WANT ANY.

PANEL TWO

Close on Dinah's face. She's about to shovel a spoonful of ice cream into her mouth. But she looks frustrated, because —

(OFF PANEL) SOUND EFFECT: KNNK, KNNK, KNNK.

PANEL THREE

Dinah holds her door open as Bullock and Lucius walk in. Bullock's already into his routine as he's walking, but Lucius is embarrassed by the lack of finesse.

BULLOCK: JUST HEAR US OUT, MS. LANCE. WE'VE GOT A PROPOSITION—

LUCIUS (small): *cough* *cough*

BULLOCK: ... A REQUEST FOR YOU.

PANEL FOUR

Dinah has scooped a disordered newspaper off the sofa, where Lucius sits down. She's looking to dump the newspaper behind the sofa.

Meanwhile, Bullock just continues to stand, explaining.

BULLOCK: WE'D LIKE YOU TO GO UNDERCOVER FOR US. IT INVOLVES A MURDER INVESTIGATION. WE'VE GOT A LIST OF POTENTIAL VICTIMS. YOU'D BE GUARDING ONE OF THEM.

PANEL FIVE

Dinah stands holding the newspaper, staring skeptically at Bullock.

DINAH: WHERE?

BULLOCK: DOWN IN THE MARINA. THE YACHT SET.

DINAH: LOOK, PEOPLE LIKE THAT HAVE THEIR OWN SECURITY. YOU DON'T NEED ME.

PANEL SIX

The newspapers spill out of Dinah's hands, mostly going behind the sofa. She stares at Lucius surprised.

BULLOCK: WELL, IT'S MORE THAN GUARDING. WE NEED AN INVESTIGATOR.

DINAH: SO, WHO WOULD I BE GUARDING THEN?

LUCIUS: BRUCE WAYNE.

DINAH: *WHAT?!*

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Dinah leans against her closed door, brushing hair off her forehead.

DINAH: I HAVE TO BE OUT OF MY MIND. SAYING YES TO THIS.

PANEL TWO

Dinah sits in her armchair holding up her spoon, watching melted ice cream drip from it. She's got a pained expression.

DINAH: MY ICE CREAM!

DINAH: SO, BABS. I KNOW YOU'VE GOT CONNECTIONS WITH GCPD, BUT HOW'D YOU PULL THIS OFF? I'M OFFICIAL AND ALL.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: UM. BULLOCK AND FOX ARE NOT THE VISITOR I MEANT.

DINAH: THEY'RE NOT? WHO IS?

PANEL THREE

Dinah's head whips around in surprise, because—

Standing behind her chair, in his ominous mode, is Batman.

BATMAN: I AM.

PANEL FOUR

Dinah stands opposite Batman, trying to stay casual. He just stands there, draped in the cape, holding out some pages to her.

On her coffee table, the ice cream carton is tipped over and the liquid spills onto the surface.

DINAH: HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE? NO, WAIT, NEVER MIND. THAT'S RIGHT—

DINAH: YOU'RE *BATMAN!*

BATMAN: THIS CASE IS NOT A SIMPLE PROFIT MOTIVE. BUT THERE ARE TWO VICTIMS ALREADY, AND APPARENTLY MORE PLANNED. AND THE PERSON PLANNING THEM IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE NAMES ON THE LIST.

BATMAN: YOU ARE YOUR FATHER'S DAUGHTER, DINAH. ONCE ESTABLISHED UNDER COVER AS WAYNE'S BODYGUARD —

PANEL FIVE

Dinah's greeted as she boards the Wayne yacht. Lucius in his suit is polite. Bruce beams at her, with a long terry robe wrapped close, the belt tied. Dinah's in a flowing sun-dress, looking as far from deadly as possible.

CAPTION: "WE SHOULD QUICKLY PICK UP LEADS."

LUCIUS: I WANT TO THANK YOU AGAIN, MS. LANCE.

BRUCE: HOW HAVE I MISSED YOU, DINAH? I MAY CALL YOU DINAH? CAN'T I? I WANT TO MAKE A *SPECIAL* EFFORT FOR YOU!

DINAH: WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO BE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS, MR. WAYNE?

LUCIUS (small): My God! She's going to talk serious to Bruce!

LUCIUS (normal): WELL, I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TO GET ACQUAINTED THEN. YOU BOTH KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE.

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Dinah leans on the rail of the Wayne yacht, looking at the other boats in the marina. Her canary pendant shines in the sun.

DINAH: ORACLE? YOU KNOW THAT PHRASE "TOO STUPID TO LIVE"?

PANEL TWO

Barbara's computer bay. Her elbow is propped on a counter as she sips from a coffee mug.

BARBARA: YEAH?

CANARY COMMUNICATOR: BRUCE IS GIVING THE PERFECT IMITATION OF- *WHOA!*

PANEL THREE

Dinah stares at Bruce in swimming trunks as he sits down on a long deck chair. His terry robe hangs open. His sunglasses hide his eyes.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: DINAH?

DINAH (small): Eye candy. That's it. Just eye candy. Look. Don't touch.

PANEL FOUR

Bruce stretches out on the deck chair. Dinah gets a nice head to toe look at him. She fans herself.

DINAH: UM. SOMETHING COOL TO DRINK. YOU WANT ANYTHING, BRUCE?

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

Barbara in her bay, realizes what's happened. She's laughing, covering her mouth.

CANARY COMMUNICATOR: ORACLE, IT'S NOT FUNNY!

BARBARA: WHAT? SOMETHING YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE?

CANARY COMMUNICATOR: IT'S NOT NICE TO LAUGH AT YOUR FRIENDS. YOU'RE A BAD GIRL, BABS.

PANEL TWO

Bruce pulls down the top of his sunglasses as Dinah pulls a cabin door closed behind her. He has a wicked smile quirk. We see an ear piece running from his ear to something that looks like a mp3 player.

BRUCE: YOU ARE A BAD GIRL, BARBARA.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: WHAT?! YOU HEARD THAT? WAIT-

PANEL THREE

In Babs' bay, her fingers fly over her keyboard.

BARBARA: YOU TAPPED MY SYSTEM!

PANEL FOUR

Bruce lays back, sunglasses pushed up. Smiling.

Dinah returns with two glasses filled with ice and beverage.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: I'M NOT THE ONLY BAD ONE AROUND! I SHOULD TELL HER ABOUT THE TIME-

OFF PANEL: BRUCIE!

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PANEL ONE

Bruce and Dinah stand side by side at the rail. On a nearby yacht there's a small party on its bow. A woman, Louise Zakatoe, waves at Bruce.

BRUCE: HELLO, LOU!

LOU: COME JOIN THE PARTY! WE STARTED EARLY!

DINAH (small): That's Louise Zakatoe? One of the women on the list?

PANEL TWO

BRUCE (small): Hmm-nh.

LOU: AND BRING YOUR FRIEND, TOO!

DINAH (small): Friend. Yeah. Like that's what she really thinks of me.

PANEL THREE

Bruce kisses Dinah - very thoroughly.

On the other boat, Lou watches, arms akimbo.

LOU: WELL, IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE GOING....

PANEL FOUR:

Dinah breaks the kiss - a bit wobbly.

DINAH (small): mmm... mm... *Not fair!*

BRUCE: OH, WE'LL BE OVER IN A BIT, LOU!

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: CANARY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

BRUCE (small): Ummm. Well, you wanted to meet the people on the list. Now you'll fit right in.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: DINAH?

PANEL FIVE

Babs is doubled over in her chair, laughing.

CANARY COMMUNICATOR (small): Masher!

BARBARA: YOU MEAN HE— *NO! HE DIDN'T!*

CANARY COMMUNICATOR: HE DID!

BARBARA (small): I don't believe it! I don't believe it!

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PANEL ONE

On board Lou's boat: Bruce, in a white shirt and slacks, with an arm around Dinah's waist greets Lou. Lou looks a bit pinched.

Terrence Leeds, another high-powered exec looks Dinah over appreciatively, taking her hand, as if to draw her away from Bruce.

BRUCE: IT'S BEEN A WHILE, LOU.

BRUCE: OH! AND THIS IS DINAH.

LOU: YES. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, BRUCE. UNTIL RECENTLY—

TERRENCE: CALL ME TERRENCE, DINAH. AND ANYTIME YOU WANT MORE SUBSTANCE THAN THIS LUNK—

PANEL TWO

Bruce and Dinah move on to others. Lou frowns at their backs.

Bruce greets a balding man, Nelson Rhodes, who looks uncomfortable. A beautiful black woman, Michelle Simpson, looks at Bruce grimly.

DINAH (small): That's Terrence Leeds of SiliconWorks? He's on the list.

BRUCE (small): Yes, Dinah. They'll all be here.

BRUCE (NORMAL): NELSON! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU HERE!

NELSON: THE COPS PULLED ME - AND MICHELLE HERE - OUT OF THE NEGOTIATIONS. DO YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL ON A DEATH LIST, BRUCE?

MICHELLE: FIRST JASON VANCE OF CoreCode, THEN BOB KINNEY. IS SOMEONE TRYING TO WIPE OUT GOTHAM'S HIGH TECH BUSINESSES?

PANEL THREE

The group turns toward Charlie Noonan, who's hunched down on a deck chair. He's a good looking guy, who's been drinking a lot. Lou stands beside him, resting a hand on his shoulder.

Lou's expression is hard, not sympathetic.

Charlie stares at his drink.

Everyone except Dinah looks at Charlie. Dinah's watching Lou.

CHARLIE: STABBED IN THE BACK. THAT'S A FUN ONE. THEN TO FIND OUT SOMEONE'S AFTER ME, US. MAKES ME SORRY I LEFT ZakTech.

LOU: SHUT UP, CHARLIE.

PANEL FOUR

Charlie gestures drunkenly, splashing his drink. Lou looks even more ticked off with him.

Bruce plays it sympathetic. Dinah brushes at a splash on her dress from Charlie's drink.

CHARLIE: I MEAN IT, LOU. I'M SORRY. BOB, HE SAID— AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO DIE!

BRUCE: THAT'S AWFULLY PESSIMISTIC OF YOU, CHARLIE!

PANEL FIVE

Bullock arrives, very out of place among this power & money group.

Everyone, except Dinah and Bruce, look at him alarmed. He's zeroed in on Lou.

BRUCE: HEY! HERE'S ONE OF GOTHAM'S FINEST! THEY'RE ON THE CASE.

BULLOCK: MISS ZAKATOE. I HAVE TO TELL YOU FRED DEDORFF WAS KILLED A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO.

MICHELLE: HE WAS YOUR HEAD OF R & D, LOU!

CHARLIE: I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. TO SOME PLACE SAFE!

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PANEL ONE

Night on the deck of Bruce's boat, with Lou's lit up in the background. Bruce and Dinah, still in their party clothes, look at the other boat, Bruce waving at the people there. Bruce has an arm around Dinah's waist.

BRUCE: THAT WASN'T MUCH OF A PARTY.

DINAH: I GUESS BEING ON A DEATH LIST KIND OF PUTS A DAMPER ON THINGS.

DINAH: YOU CAN UNHAND ME NOW.

BRUCE: ARE YOU PLAYING HARD TO GET?

PANEL TWO

High rise rooftop at night, by the stairway entrance. Canary, in her work outfit, checks a security lock on a metal door.

Batman arrives in the background.

CANARY: YOU MEAN I BEAT YOU HERE? I THOUGHT YOU'D ALREADY BE INSIDE.

BATMAN: WHAT'S YOUR EVALUATION OF THEM?

CANARY: WHY IS LOUISE ZAKATOE ANGRY?

PANEL THREE

Batman leads the way down the stairwell.

BATMAN: HER FATHER DIED RECENTLY.

CANARY: I SAID ANGRY. NOT GRIEVING.

CANARY: DON'T YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?

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PANEL ONE

Batman and Canary peer around a corner, looking down a dimly lit corridor. At the far end a security guard disappears around another corner. On one wall, we see the ZakTech logo.

CANARY: THERE IS, OR WAS, SOMETHING BETWEEN HER AND CHARLIE NOONAN.

CANARY: AND IT WASN'T JUST WORK.

BATMAN: WHAT ABOUT TERRENCE LEEDS?

CANARY: LAND SHARK.

PANEL TWO

Batman and Canary slide through a door marked "PERSONNEL".

The room is dim and Canary shines a flashlight around.

A bank of dark computers fills one side of the room. Along another wall is a large set of file cabinets.

BATMAN: EXCUSE ME?

CANARY: RUTHLESS BUSINESSMAN. BUT A KILLER? I'M NOT SO SURE.

BATMAN: ORACLE? READY TO BOOT UP?

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: I'M GOOD TO GO.

PANEL THREE

Batman works the computer, Canary looks through some of the files.

BATMAN: NOONAN'S RECORDS DON'T INDICATE WHY HE LEFT ZakTech.

CANARY: HUH. NEVER MIND THAT. THE ANSWER MAY BE ELSEWHERE. IF I INTERPRET THIS NOTE RIGHT—

CANARY: SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHAT LOUISE ZAKATOE WAS WORKING ON BEFORE HER FATHER'S DEATH.

PANEL FOUR

Canary leans over Batman's shoulder as they look at a complex computer

chip design on the computer screen.

CANARY: WHAT'S THIS?

BATMAN: OFFICIALLY, IT'S THE NEW CHIP FROM SiliconWorks. BUT THESE RECORDS SHOW THAT MS. ZAKATOE WAS DEVELOPING IT PRIOR TO HER FATHER'S DEATH.

CANARY: ABOUT THE TIME CHARLIE NOONAN AND BOB KINNEY LEFT ZakTech TO JOIN JASON VANCE AT CoreCode.

CANARY: THAT CONNECTS THE VICTIMS, SINCE DEDORFF WORKED FOR ZakTech.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: ZakTech SECURITY IS PICKING UP ON YOUR ACTIVITY. TIME TO LEAVE.

PANEL FIVE

Batman and Canary swing away from the high rise building on lines.

CANARY: WE SHOULD CHECK ON NOONAN.

BATMAN: HE'S AT THE HARBORGATE TOWERS.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

In the background, Batman and Canary land on the balcony of the hotel room.

Inside in the foreground, Charlie Noonan struggles with a figure in black, including a black ski mask. The figure in black has a gleaming dagger (same design as the first one we saw) in hand.

PANEL TWO

Charlie falls to the floor, while Batman and Canary dive over him, tackling the attacker. The attacker drops the knife.

PANEL THREE

The attacker shoots a gun at Charlie. Batman dives to protect Charlie.

Canary jumps out of the gun's way.

PANEL FOUR

The attacker flees out the door, Canary after him.

Batman still protects Charlie.

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[NOTE: TWO PARALLEL SETS OF PANELS, EACH PAIR THE SAME SIZE. BATMAN'S PANELS ARE ON THE LEFT, CANARY'S ON THE RIGHT.]

PANEL ONE

Batman helps Charlie to sit on the edge of the bed. Charlie's completely rattled.

CHARLIE: I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS! IT'S AWFUL!

PANEL TWO

The Attacker shoves people out of the elevator as Canary dashes up the corridor toward the elevator.

PANEL THREE

Charlie holds his head, looking at the floor. Batman stands watching him, ominous.

CHARLIE: WE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT! IT WAS BOB'S IDEA!

PANEL FOUR

The attacker rushes across an open space in a parking garage.

Canary leaps out of an elevator door behind the attacker.

PANEL FIVE

Batman drops the dagger into a clear plastic bag.

Charlie downs a drink.

CHARLIE: IS THIS NIGHTMARE EVER GOING TO END?

BATMAN: THE KILLER WILL BE CAUGHT. YOUR NIGHTMARES ARE A DIFFERENT MATTER.

PANEL SIX

Canary jumps out of the way of a car trying to run her down.

The driver still wears the ski mask.

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Night-time, Canary and Batman stand on a roof overlooking the marina and the yachts.

Canary counts off points on her fingers.

CANARY: SO OUR FRIEND CHARLIE AND VICTIM BOB KINNEY LEFT ZakTech TO GO TO CodeCore.

CANARY: KINNEY'S DEAD AND SO IS VANCE OF CodeCore. THE HEAD OF ZakTech'S RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT IS KILLED.

CANARY: IT WOULD SEEM THAT THOSE DEATHS ARE TIED TO LOU ZAKATOE'S CHIP, WHICH WOULD BE WHY LEEDS AND MS. SIMPSON OF SiliconWorks ARE ON THE LIST.

CANARY: BUT WHY ARE BRUCE WAYNE AND THE WayneTech R&D CHIEF ON THE LIST?

PANEL TWO

Batman leaps from the roof, leaving Canary behind.

BATMAN: LEEDS IS JOINING US FOR BREAKFAST. ASK ME AGAIN THEN.

CANARY(small): Smarty pants.

PANEL THREE

On the sunny deck of the Wayne yacht, Bruce sits beside the remains of a meal. He's looking cheerful, and gleaming in white sport clothes.

Dinah sits opposite him in casual clothes. A vase of a dozen yellow roses sit on the table in front of her, her dishes pushed out of the way. She's reading the card with an "oh, brother!" expression.

Terrence Leeds has joined them and watches with amusement.

DINAH: YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GET ME FLOWERS.

BRUCE: I'M HOPING TO SOFTEN YOUR HEART TOWARD ME.

DINAH: MR. WAYNE-

BRUCE: BRUCE.

DINAH: MR. WAYNE! YOU'RE MAKING THIS MORE DIFFICULT.

PANEL FOUR

Bruce pulls a sad expression. Dinah frowns at him.

Terrence is intrigued.

BRUCE: OH, THAT.

TERRENCE : IS THIS A LOVERS' QUARREL?

DINAH: NO!

DINAH: NOW, WHAT BUSINESS DOES WayneTech HAVE WITH SiliconWorks OR ZakTech?

BRUCE: WE'RE NEGOTIATING. BUT LUCIUS COULD TELL YOU BETTER THAN I COULD.

PANEL FIVE

Bruce walks away from the table, toward us, and we see a twitch of a smile.

Terrence reads a newspaper.

Walking behind Bruce, Dinah's hands are like claws, as if she'd like to strangle him.

BRUCE: LUCIUS SAID SOMETHING ABOUT CHIPS, BUT I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION.

TERRENCE: DO YOU *HAVE* TO BE SUCH AN AIR HEAD, BRUCE?

BRUCE: SAY! DID YOU EVER TRY THAT DILL DIP WITH CHIPS? I THINK I LIKE IT BETTER THAN THE TOASTED ONION OR RANCH DIPS YOU FIND AT PARTIES ALL THE TIME.

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PANEL ONE

Night again. Canary waits as Batman arrives on the roof overlooking the marina.

CANARY (small): If the murderer doesn't kill him, *I* may end up doing it.

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: WHAT WAS THAT, CANARY? I DIDN'T QUITE PICK IT UP.

CANARY: NOTHING.

PANEL TWO

Still on the roof, Batman points in one direction, Canary the opposite way.

CANARY: I THINK LOUISE ZAKATOE IS BEHIND ALL THIS.

BATMAN: POSSIBLY. BUT MICHELLE SIMPSON IS STILL IN DANGER.

BATMAN: YOU CHECK ON SIMPSON. I'LL SPEAK TO MS. ZAKATOE.

CANARY: SEIG HEIL!

PANEL THREE

Batman races along a dock toward Lou's yacht.

SOUND EFFECT: *EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!*

PANEL FOUR

Batman leaps over the rail onto the deck.

Lou crouches on the deck, holding her left forearm which is slashed and bleeding. On the deck beside her lies another dagger covered in her blood.

SOUND EFFECT IN BACKGROUND: PLASH!

LOU: HE'S... HE'S GETTING AWAY!

PANEL FIVE

Batman looks thoughtfully down at black water, unbroken by bubbles or swimmers or boats. One single cord drapes over the rail near Batman's hand.

OFF PANEL: DID YOU CATCH HIM?

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PANEL ONE

Night on a parking lot. Canary swings in as Michelle Simpson struggles with the black garbed assassin.

MICHELLE: **HELP!**

MICHELLE: **STOP HIM!!**

PANEL TWO

Canary races toward the assassin. As he leaps away, he slashes at Michelle's throat, and blood spurts.

PANEL THREE

Canary crashes into the middle of the guy's back, sending him sprawling. The knife flies from his hands.

In the background, Michelle lies in a pool of blood, dead.

PANEL FOUR

Canary has the assassin prone on the ground, kneeling on his back. She pulls the ski mask off him, letting us see that it's the same guy from the opening scene.

CANARY: WHO? WHO SENT YOU?

KILLER: UNH UNH L... L...

ORACLE COMMUNICATOR: GCPD ON THE WAY, CANARY.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Night on the deck of Lou's boat. Lou sits huddled on a deck chair, her left arm bandaged and in a sling. Terrence Leeds sits to one side, leaning forward, listening.

Just behind her, Bruce leans against the rail also listening.

LOU: AND THEN THAT ... THAT BATMAN DISAPPEARED JUST AS THE COPS ARRIVED. WHO CALLED THEM?

BRUCE: WELL, YOU WERE AWFULLY NOISY OVER HERE, LOU. WOKE ME UP FROM A NAP. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN TO SPEND SOME TIME DOWN HERE, BUT NOW-

TERRENCE: SHUT UP, WAYNE!

TERRENCE: DID YOU SEE WHAT THE ATTACKER LOOKED LIKE, LOU?

PANEL TWO

Canary jumps onto the deck, looking grim.

CANARY: SHE DIDN'T NEED TO.

CANARY: SHE'S THE ONE BEHIND THE MURDERS!

PANEL THREE

Lou pulls out a gun from her sling. Terrence and Bruce crowd together.

Canary prepares to dive at Lou.

On an upper deck in the background, four black clothed goons get ready to leap down on the men and Canary.

LOU: CHARLIE BETRAYED ME! HE AND BOB STOLE MY CHIP WHILE MY DAD WAS DYING!

LOU: BACK STABBERS! ALL OF YOU!

LOU: BOYS! GET THEM!

PANEL FOUR

Canary is flying feet first toward two of the attackers.

Terrence dives for cover behind a table with another attacker after him.

Lou aims her gun at Bruce, firing.

Bruce flips backward over the rail.

SOUND EFFECT: BLAM! BLAM!

LOU: DIE! DIE! *I HATE YOU ALL!*

CANARY: *WAYNE!*

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PANEL ONE

Canary swings a fierce roundhouse, sending one assailant crashing into another.

CANARY: *WAYNE! BRUCE!*

PANEL TWO

Canary dives toward Lou. Lou shoots at Canary, just missing her.

CANARY: IF YOU'VE KILLED HIM -!

PANEL THREE

Lou staggers back from a close encounter with Canary's fist. The gun goes flying from her hand.

In the background, Batman swoops from the upper deck.

PANEL FOUR

Lou lies collapsed on the deck.

Batman lands feet first on the back of one attacker, forcing that guy and another to the floor.

Canary clocks the third attacker.

The flash of a red light shows in a corner.

The fourth attacker dives over the rail, right over the crouching Terrence.

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PANEL ONE

Some uniformed cops are corralling and cuffing the attackers and Lou.

Terrence sits on a chair, holding his head in his hands. Bullock stands near him, taking notes on a pad, chewing his un-lit cigar, as casual as ever.

Canary looks beyond them toward the water.

TERRENCE: BATMAN WAS JUST HERE-

BULLOCK: YEAH. WELL, HE HAS A WAY OF BEING GONE WHEN HE WANTS TO BE GONE.

OFF PANEL (FROM BELOW THE BOAT RAIL, small): HELP!

CANARY: WAYNE! HE WENT OVERBOARD! HE MAY BE HURT!

PANEL TWO

Bruce struggles over the rail, dripping wet. Canary helps him.

Bullock and Terrence watch with different levels of interest.

BRUCE: THAT WAS AWFUL! JUST AWFUL! THAT WATER IS TERRIBLE!

CANARY: WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE ALIVE.

PANEL THREE

Bruce snatches the surprised Canary for another kiss.

In the background, Bullock grins. Terrence looks surprised.

PANEL FOUR

The furious Canary slaps Bruce, who wears a wounded expression.

BRUCE: BUT... I WAS JUST *THANKING* YOU! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

PANEL FIVE

In the foreground, Bruce walks toward us. A shadow falls across part of his face - like the cowl. And he's smiling.

In the background, Canary jabs a finger into Bullock's chest. She's ticked off, but he's grinning. Terrence tries to cover a laugh.

CANARY: AND IF HE'S EVER IN DANGER AGAIN-

CANARY: ***DON'T. CALL. ME!!***

THE END