

BRUCE & CLARK NEED TO TALK

Written by

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Based on the DC Comics characters

FADE IN:

INT. SEEDY BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT

A shady, rundown bar in downtown. Full of smoke, tacky wall art and unsavory patrons.

INSERT - TABLE

A hand spins a RING on a table. The ring comes to a stop. We see a familiar S-symbol on it.

BACK TO SCENE

The hand belongs to a man sitting alone at a booth. His face is in shadow. He downs a tall drink, sets the empty glass down. He leans forward into the light and we see the face of-

CLARK KENT. 50ish, with some gray hair but otherwise still fit and handsome. He has a little stubble going on and wears loose, casual clothes.

He rubs his eyes, looking tired.

The door opens and another man enters the shadowy building. Clark looks up, recognizing the man as-

BRUCE WAYNE. Early 60's. Balding, but otherwise looks good for his age. He is wearing a stylish suit.

He sees Clark, smiles and walks over to the booth.

CLARK

You came.

BRUCE

How could I miss out on visiting this fine institution? I feel like I need to buy it. And demolish it.

CLARK

Trust me, it'll grow on you.  
(waves hand)  
Take a seat.

Bruce sits down. Clark looks around, confused.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Where the hell is that waitress?

(beat)

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

I'm ordering another Clown Prince.  
You want one?

BRUCE

No thanks. One drink and I'm  
flying. And you can't even get  
drunk.

Clark LAUGHS bitterly.

CLARK

Things have changed. Speaking of  
which, did I hear right? Has Gotham  
lost its most eligible bachelor  
finally?

BRUCE

(confused)  
Who told you that?

CLARK

(smiles)  
You don't need super-hearing to  
hear gossip.

BRUCE

Well, it's not quite true. Selina  
and I are back together. But she  
didn't want to do the whole  
fairytale wedding thing and live in  
my castle. I don't think she ever  
will. But that's fine with me.

(beat)  
How's Lois?

CLARK

(nervous)  
Lois is . . . good. She's just  
fine.

They sit in uncomfortable silence for a while. Clark fingers  
the ring almost obsessively. He holds it up, and looks at  
Bruce through the hole.

CLARK (CONT'D)

So, what can I do for the world's  
greatest Detective?

BRUCE

I don't know. You'd have to ask  
Sherlock Holmes. But there is  
something I wanted to ask you  
about.

CLARK

Go on.

Bruce licks his lips nervously.

BRUCE

I need to ask you, if you know how you got here?

CLARK

In this bar? I walked here.

BRUCE

This isn't a bar.

Clark looks around, amused.

CLARK

Looks like one to me.

BRUCE

This isn't real, Clark.

Clark drops the ring. It disappears. He grips the table. Tight enough his nails dig into the wood.

CLARK

What the hell are you talking about?

BRUCE

We're in your cell at Arkham Asylum. Every time I come here we have the same conversation. I try and convince you this is all just an illusion you've constructed to protect yourself. And you call me crazy and tell me to leave. But I can't leave this time. I need you back in the real world.

Clark stares at him silently for a moment. Then he lets out a loud, almost MANIACAL LAUGH. Bruce keeps his poker face until Clark's hysterics finally cease.

CLARK

Oh, that was a good one. I never knew you had a sense of humor, Bruce.

BRUCE

I wish I was joking.

CLARK

So tell me, how did I end up in Arkham?

Bruce looks uncomfortable. This is not a question he wants to answer.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Come on. I really want to hear this incredible story of yours.

BRUCE

Okay.

(beat)

You started World War III.

Clark has another LAUGHING fit. This one is less intense than the first.

CLARK

And . . . why exactly would I do that?

Bruce really doesn't want to answer this one.

CLARK (CONT'D)

(intense)

Tell me.

BRUCE

Because of Lois. Because of the attack on Metropolis. You declared war on terrorism after that day.

Clark is stunned. He shakes his head.

CLARK

Something happened to Lois? That's impossible. I just talked to her the other day.

BRUCE

She's dead, Clark. She has been for five years.

Clark looks like he got hit with a sledgehammer. He clutches his forehead. Images burst in front of his eyes.

CLARK'S VISION

A plane flies towards a tower in Metropolis.

People running and SCREAMING.

Rubble and flames.

LOIS LANE lies dead in the ruins of the Daily Planet skyscraper.

BACK TO SCENE

Clark looks up, tears in his eyes.

CLARK

I tried to save her. I tried to save everyone. But there were too many.

BRUCE

I know. I was there. But if not for you, thousands would have died instead of hundreds.

Clark stares off into space. The horror of the truth consumes him. The bar setting slowly dissolves to:

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - CLARK'S CELL - NIGHT

The cell is dark except for the moonlight coming in through a tiny, barred window near the ceiling. The padding on the walls is scratched and some of the stuffing is spilling out.

Clark sits on the floor, wearing a straight jacket. Bruce sits across from him.

BRUCE

I'm sorry. I didn't want you to have to remember this. But I have no choice. We need some information that only you possess.

CLARK

How did I get here? You said I declared war on the terrorists. Why would that make me a threat?

BRUCE

You wiped out all terrorism within a month. But you didn't stop there. You were prepared to destroy anyone who threatened this new peace. Including the U.S. Government.

Clark shudders.

CLARK  
How many died?

BRUCE  
You were consumed by grief. You weren't yourself.

For a split second, Clark's eyes glow RED.

CLARK  
HOW MANY?!

Bruce pretends not to notice the momentary glow.

BRUCE  
Thousands. Most of the casualties were friendly fire. The United Nations declared war and threw everything they had at you, including nukes. But in the end, there was only one man who could defeat you.

Clark smiles bitterly.

CLARK  
Luthor. I remember now. He took my powers. That's why I'm trapped here. They've been pumping Kryptonite into my blood. Like a damn lab rat.

BRUCE  
I never approved of that part of the plan.

Clark stands up, looks at him with murderous rage.

CLARK  
You helped him!

Bruce stands up, too. Their faces are inches apart.

BRUCE  
I had no choice! They wanted to destroy you. This was the only option where nobody else got hurt.

CLARK  
So you took my powers and left me here to rot. And now you expect me to help you.

Bruce looks guilty.

BRUCE

I'm sorry. I have no right to ask.  
But this is about the safety of the  
world we fought together to protect  
so many times.

Clark backs away.

CLARK

What is it now?

BRUCE

After they attacked you, you  
destroyed or disarmed all nuclear  
weapon capabilities worldwide.  
Every missile and delivery device  
we've been able to account for. All  
except for one truck full of  
ICBM's.

(beat)

I need to know where they are. If  
the wrong people find them before  
us, then we're looking at several  
major cities being wiped out.

Clark thinks hard.

CLARK

And if I tell you, you'll let me  
out of here? Is that the carrot?

BRUCE

No. I don't have that power. If I  
had, you'd already have been moved  
to a more humane facility.

CLARK

Then why should I help you? I've  
lost everything.

Bruce meets his gaze, unblinking.

BRUCE

Not everything. Part of you still  
cares. Part of you wants to help me  
save the world, one last time.

He puts a hand on Clark's shoulder, tenderly.

Clark stares off into space. He sighs, reaching a decision.



INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - OFFICE - NIGHT

Bruce, looking weary, enters the Spartan office. The walls are adorned with pictures of gruesome medical experiments. A hellish-looking lava lamp sits on the desk.

A stern-faced woman, 40ish, waits for him. She wears a long trench-coat. This is COMMISSIONER BARBARA GORDON.

BRUCE  
(nods at her)  
Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER GORDON  
Bruce. Did you get what you needed?

BRUCE  
He told me where our missing ICBM's are. I'm already confirming the GPS coordinates.

COMMISSIONER GORDON  
Well, that's one less thing we have to worry about.

BRUCE  
Not that I'm not happy to see you, but why are you here?

COMMISSIONER GORDON  
The Mayor asked me to do an inspection. He's heard some . . . troubling things about the Warden. There's been talk of moving our friend to a more secure location.

Bruce looks back towards the cells. We hear a distant SCREAM.

BRUCE  
Good. He needs to be released from here. We can't keep him locked up with the psychopaths I spent my life fighting.

COMMISSIONER GORDON  
Are you sure his powers are completely gone?

Bruce takes a barely noticeable pause.

BRUCE  
As far as he knows. Regardless, he's not a threat to anyone anymore.

COMMISSIONER GORDON

I'll do what I can. We both know Luthor is the one calling the shots now. He has the President wrapped around his finger.

BRUCE

Well, he did save the world. For his own ends, of course, but that buys a lot of favors.

(beat)

Good to see to you, Barb.

Bruce starts to leave. He pauses.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Oh, almost forgot.

He pulls an envelope out of his coat, hands it to the Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER GORDON

What is this?

BRUCE

Something for Clark. To remind him that he's still a hero.

She nods and takes it.

COMMISSIONER GORDON

Where are you going?

BRUCE

I have to patrol.

COMMISSIONER GORDON

Bruce, you know I love you like a crazy Uncle. But don't you think you're getting a little old for your . . . nocturnal activities? Don't make the same mistake my father did.

Bruce turns back to her. He slips effortlessly into his gruff Batman voice.

BRUCE

I'm Batman. I don't retire.

He leaves the office.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - CLARK'S CELL - NIGHT

The envelope is pushed under the door to Clark's cell.

Clark struggles with his straight jacket. Suddenly, he gets an arm free.

He reaches for the envelope, his hand trembling.

He tears it open. Pulls something out.

It's his Kryptonian ring.

He slides it on his finger. He suddenly goes still. His face is serene.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - NIGHT

A limousine sits outside the main entrance to the Gothic building. Bruce exits the building. He looks up at a gargoyle casting a shadow over him.

He climbs into the back seat of the vehicle.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bruce sits silently in the back seat for a moment. The car doesn't move. He looks at the driver's seat.

Empty.

Bruce shakes his head and smiles sadly. He gets out of the car. A moment later he gets back in the driver's seat. He starts the engine up.

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - NIGHT

The limousine drives away.

We pan up to the roof of the decrepit building. Ominous clouds RUMBLE.

Suddenly the BAT SIGNAL appears, illuminating the dark sky.

FADE TO BLACK.