

BATMAN: THE ANIMATED SERIES

"All That Glitters"

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM MUSEUM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Through the skylight we SEE a solid gold MASK. Four shadows fall over it.

THIEF #2 (O.S.)
That's it? What's the big deal?

THIEF #3
Besides being solid gold, the Mask of
Hermes is supposed to have magical
power.

THIEF #4
Yeah, the power to increase my bank
account.

THIEF #1
You're not being paid by the word.

Quietly, they get to work.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM MUSEUM

ANGLE ON SKYLIGHT

The thieves descend like darkness.

CLOSE ON THIEF #1

Special hover-boots aid their stealthy descent. Inches from
touchdown they stop. The ringleader points at the wall and
presses a button on his wrist.

CLOSE ON SECURITY CONTROL PANEL

The system shorts out in an electronic danse-macabre.

THIEF #1
All right. Make it quick.

They land. The security system is dead. The mask is theirs.
It's a perfect crime.

BATMAN (O.S.)
Nice shoes...

Almost.

CLOSE ON BAT SYMBOL

BATMAN
...but I wouldn't want to be in them.

Camera WIDENS to a full shot of Batman. He's their worst
day in a cape.

Two of the thieves charge! But they might as well have
Everlast tattooed on their chests. The third panics and
launches back toward the ceiling. The fourth, mask in hand,
pulls a gun and opens fire.

Batman takes cover behind a support pylon. The thief
advances. He gets a thought and starts taking aim at
various objets d'art in the room.

THIEF #1
Of course, it'd be a real shame if any
of these priceless artifacts got
destroyed under your watch, eh? What
are you gonna do?

BATMAN
Take a load off.

A batarang ricochets off the shield of a nearby suit of
armor. It strikes the thief's hover-boot, activating it and
sending him cartwheeling through the air and finally
smashing into the wall. The mask spins across the floor and
comes to rest at the base of a pedestal holding a gold cat
statue.

Three down and one to go. Batman fires a grappling hook
through the skylight and disappears in a flash after the
final thief.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM MUSEUM ROOF

The thief runs across the roof, Batman close behind. He nears the edge, there's no where to go when a rope ladder drops in front of him. He grabs hold as a getaway chopper pulls away. Batman leaps and snags the lowest rung as the chopper climbs high over Gotham.

Gasping, the thief climbs into the cockpit, but with Batman close behind, the cockpit doesn't seem so safe.

ANGLE ON ROPE LADDER WINCH

The thief cuts the rope ladder. Batman plummets.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET

An elderly couple out for a stroll.

WOMAN

I don't know, Henry, despite what they say, I think Gotham is a lovely town. So quiet without people flying and such.

MAN

Yes dear.

WOMAN

But I do miss Metropolis, I guess. It'll be good to get back.

MAN

Yes dear.

Ground approaches fast! Batman gathers slack from the ladder and hurls it toward a flagpole projecting from a building. It catches! The momentum slings him back into the air. He uses his cape as a parachute and lands right in front of the couple.

BATMAN

Excuse me.

Batman presses a button on his utility belt.

CLOSE ON THE BATMOBILE

This thunder rolls. In a flash, Batman is gone.

WOMAN

(a beat; looking skyward) Oh dear. I didn't know he flew, too!

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. BATCAVE - MORNING

BRUCE WAYNE, still in his "work clothes" sans mask, watches news coverage of the break-in. ALFRED PENNYWORTH, Wayne's steadfast servant, brings breakfast on a perfectly appointed tray replete with the day's headlines and a rose.

NEWSCASTER

The Mask of Hermes was almost stolen from the Gotham Museum last night if not for Batman. The solid gold mask, discovered by noted archeologist Dr. Dana Jennings, is part of the Treasures of the Manori exhibit.

ALFRED

Seems you're not the only one obsessed with masks.

BRUCE

A room full of solid gold artifacts...but they only wanted that one.

CLOSE ON MONITOR IMAGE OF MASK

ALFRED

The importance?

BRUCE

The mask was considered only a legend until Dr. Dana Jennings found it on an expedition in Peru.

ALFRED

Dr. Jennings? The renegade archaeologist?

BATMAN

The one and only. She's a leading authority in her field and a thorn in the side of most of the governments she deals with over property rights. But

she's someone definitely worth talking to.

ALFRED

In that case, it would seem fate is on your side.

Alfred places an invitation on the console. Bruce reads it and smiles.

aLFRED (cont'd)

May I suggest your other outfit?

CLOSE ON THE INVITATION HEADING:

"Treasure of the Manori Gala Event"

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM MUSEUM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The heading on the invitation transforms into a banner.

Camera TRACKS through the doors into the main foyer. It's a huge society turnout. Black-ties, gowns, paparazzi.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM MUSEUM

Bruce Wayne, tuxedoed, makes his way across the crowded exhibit hall towards DR. DANA JENNINGS, who is mingling with benefactors in her own unique way. Three words: Calamity Jane Goodall.

BRUCE

Nice party.

DANA

Except for all the people.

BRUCE

Having a bad time?

DANA

I've had worse. There was that time I got leeches. Socialites...They come here to munch hors d'oeuvres and press the flesh, but they have no idea.

BRUCE

About?

DANA

The Mask of Hermes isn't costume jewelry. It's a link between myth and history. Legends tell of the mask having magical powers to heal, give eternal life, and even turn lead into gold.

BRUCE

Neat.

DANA

Neat? And just how neat do you find it?

Just then, a rich couple passes by.

RICH MAN

Bruce? Bruce Wayne? My wife and I just wanted to say thank you from the museum's board of trustees.

RICH WOMAN

Absolutely, Bruce. Without your donation, none of this would be possible. You must really stop by for a weekend to let us make it up to you.

Bruce smiles sheepishly.

DANA

(deflated) And me without my edible shoes.

BRUCE

How about joining me for a cocktail? Perhaps we can get things off on the right foot.

He escorts her past a display of a golden cat. Bruce stops to look at it.

DANA

You a cat-person, Mr. Wayne?

CUT TO:

EXT. CROESUS INDUSTRIES - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The office building of William Croesus, international businessman, is a corporate fortress.

INT. CROESUS MAIN OFFICE

A slim man approaches the receptionist. His face is bruised and he walks with a crutch, a contrast to her sharp, severe features.

RECEPTIONIST
(into headset) Jack Turpin to see you.
(beat) Open sesame.

Jack approaches the massive double doors; they swing open automatically.

INT. CROESUS OFFICE--BALCONY

WILLIAM CROESUS, an impressive man in an impressive suit, tends a rosebush. His white gardener's gloves are out of place, but no one would dare tell him. A thorn has torn a small hole in one of them.

ANGLE ON CROESUS

Croesus stares at the roses like a lover stealing a last glance. He waits a few, uncomfortable beats, then...

CROESUS
(without turning) You weren't quite successful.

TURPIN
I don't know how he coulda known.

CROESUS
There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophies, Mr. Turpin.

TURPIN
Well, next time will be different.

CROESUS
I don't care about variety, Mr. Turpin. I want the mask you promised me. You see, I believe a man is only as good as his word--and right now you're not worth much to me.

TURPIN
That's gonna change.

CROESUS
Most assuredly.

Croesus peels off a glove and extends his hand. Jack, grinning nervously, grabs it.

Over Turpin's screams, CAMERA PANS back to the rose Croesus was pruning...it's solid gold.

CUT TO:

INT. CROESUS OFFICE FOYER

A scream from behind the doors. Then, Croesus emerges, newspaper in his hand.

CROESUS
Set an appointment with Dr. Dana Jennings at the Gotham Museum. And cancel the wire to Mr. Turpin's account. I don't require his services any longer.

RECEPTIONIST
Was there a problem?

CROESUS
He came down with a touch of something.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. GOTHAM MUSEUM - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Much more imposing without the decorations.

INT: MUSEUM ARCHIVES

Camera TRACKS through labyrinthine archives, past shelves and stacks of books. Dana leads Bruce to a desk strewn with charts and manuscripts.

BRUCE
I appreciate the tour, Dr. Jennings.

DANA

We do it for all our benefactors.
Besides, after the way I acted the
other night...

BRUCE

Forget it. So how did you end up here?

DANA

From following my father around on his
expeditions as a little girl. After a
while you kinda develop a thing for
this stuff.

BRUCE

You don't seem to be the only one.

DANA

The break-in? I've seen it before.
Punks after the gold or even fanatics
who think these myths are real.

BRUCE

You mean someone actually thinks the
mask can give them eternal life?

DANA

Or cure disease. Or pick winning
lottery numbers. Who knows.
That's probably why I was "urged" so
strongly to take the desk job here in
Gotham. To keep me out of trouble.

Suddenly a cat jumps up on the desk.

DANA (cont'd)

(startled) Hey!

Dana scoops the cat in her arms.

DANA (cont'd)

Now how did you get in here?

CLOSE ON COLLAR

No name or address. Just a strange rune.

DANA

I guess trouble just follows some
people.

CUT TO:

INT. - GOTHAM MUSEUM - NEXT DAY

A steady stream of field trip children file out the door. Croesus makes like trout against the pint-size crowd.

EXT. DANA'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING

A knock at the door. Dana answers.

ANGLE ON CROESUS

He fills the doorway.

DANA

Yes?

CROESUS

Dr. Jennings? I hope I'm not too late.

DANA

Absolutely not. Come right in.

Croesus enters and sets a metal briefcase on her desk. This kind of case only holds one thing.

CROESUS

I recognize the value of the work you're doing, Dr. Jennings, and I want to contribute to the cultural growth of Gotham. After all, a city should be known for more than a grown man in a costume.

DANA

Right, and what's with that ridiculous cape of his?

Croesus opens the case.

CLOSE ON DANA'S EYES

Just visible above the open briefcase, they are as big as saucers. Her face reflects a gold glow from the coins.

CROESUS

Something amiss, Dr.?

DANA

Um...no. I've just never received an endowment in gold coins before.

Croesus smiles.

DANA (cont'd)

I don't know how I...I mean, the museum can repay you.

CROESUS

Actually, there is something.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM MUSEUM EXHIBIT HALL

Dana shows Croesus around.

CROESUS

A magnificent collection, Dr. Jennings. You should be proud.

CLOSE ON THE MASK

It catches the light just right. Croesus makes a beeline for it.

CROESUS

The fabled Mask of Hermes. No doubt the crown jewel of the collection.

DANA

Absolutely.

CROESUS

What can you tell me about it?

DANA

That's what I'm working on right now. What little we know is speculation and legend.

CROESUS

You know, doctor, I've heard legends that the mask was used in alchemy.

DANA

Riiiiiiiiight. If you believe that, I've got some swampland in Central City to sell you.

CROESUS

Still, I wonder...would you do me a small favor?

DANA

What?

CROESUS

Help me test a belief.

ANGLE ON DANA

Croesus' shadows falls over her as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN ON

INT. GOTHAM MUSEUM - LATER

Through the skylight, the Batsignal blazes. Inside, the Treasures of the Manori exhibit has a few new additions- COMMISSIONER GORDON and a cadre of Gotham's finest. The exhibit is now a crime scene. Gordon commands the center of the room as various officers report in.

FORENSIC TECH

No prints, Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER

No sign of forced entry either. Are the security systems online?

ANGLE ON TECHS AT SECURITY PANEL

OFFICER

Yes sir. We replaced them after the last break...

A withering look from Gordon.

OFFICER (cont'd)

Yessir. System 100%, Sir.

BULLOCK (O.S.)

We got something here, Commish.

DETECTIVE HARVEY BULLOCK, a generous slab of detective who's as fast with a sandwich as a sidearm, hands Gordon a datebook.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
Jennings' dayplanner. Her last meeting
was with some guy named Croesus, Cr...

BATMAN (O.S.)
Croesus.

COMMISSIONER
As in *William Croesus*?

BATMAN
Founder of Croesus Industries and an
avid patron of the arts.

BULLOCK
She was a no-show for every appointment
after Mr. Moneybags.

COMMISSIONER
Wonderful. The only suspect is one of
the few men in town who don't need the
money.

OFFICER
Here's a list of what's missing,
Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER
The Mask of Hermes, some robes, and a
gold cat statue.

Batman studies the empty cat pedestal.

CLOSE ON PEDESTAL

It's inscribed with the same rune from the stray cat's
collar.

A disturbance.

ANGLE ON COPS

The hapless officers try to corner a frightened cat. The
one from before.

CLOSE ON COMMISSIONER GORDON

This does nothing for his investigation or his ulcer.

COMMISSIONER

(shouting) Get that cat outta here!
This is a crime scene, not a petting
zoo! (Beat, back to the list) I don't
see a pattern in the missing...items?

Batman is gone.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
I'll never get used to that.

CUT TO:

INT. BATMOBILE

A small monitor flicks to life. On screen: Alfred.

ALFRED
I don't suppose you've called to see if
we need anything from the grocery.

BATMAN
I'm making a business call. Patch me in
to the mainframe, Alfred.

ALFRED
A lead, sir?

BATMAN
Barely. An obscure reference in Manori
legend, specifically alchemy.

ALFRED
Alchemy?

BATMAN
I dismissed it before, but now I think
there's something to it.

ALFRED
You don't believe that fairy tale?

BATMAN
No. But I'm beginning to think someone
does.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROESUS INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

The batmobile slides silently into an alley. When the coast is clear, a batarang shoots toward the penthouse. Batman begins his ascent.

MATCH CUT TO:

BATMAN CLIMBING

Someone watches Batman's progress.

CUT TO:

INT. CROESUS INDUSTRIES FOYER

Batman searches the reception desk, finds a hidden button. The massive doors to Croesus' office open.

INT. CROESUS' OFFICE

Batman, flashlight in hand, continues his. He senses a presence behind him. He turns to see...

CLOSE ON JACK TURPIN

Frozen forever in a gold death wail.

BATMAN

(Gasp)

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Isn't the look on his face priceless?

The lights come on. Batman isn't alone.

ANGLE ON RECEPTIONIST

From an overhead catwalk. Below, four imposing thugs form a circle around Batman.

RECEPTIONIST

He figured you'd show up sooner or later.

BATMAN

Where is he?

RECEPTIONIST

Shhhh. Silence is golden.

BATMAN

I want answers.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Croesus is unavailable at the moment, but his associates will be more than happy to help you.

The "associates", four hulking thugs, burst through the door.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)

We'll have to continue this conversation another time.

The receptionist leaves Batman surrounded by a shrinking circle of henchmen.

THUG

It's four against one, Batman.

BATMAN

(sneering) I'll keep one arm behind my back.

Batman slips one hand behind his cape and throws a bolo. It brings down with one thug hard. Batman ducks a punch from another thug and returns a smashing blow to the solar plexus. The third thug connects with a left, but Batman recovers and judo-flips him into the fourth. The first returns to the fray with a club. Batman slips the first swing, the second, on the third, he lands a punishing side-kick and disarms the thug, using the club to KO the thug who was sneaking up on him.

ANGLE ON RECEPTIONIST

Frightened--and rightfully so--she races through the building, finally making it to the outside door. She throws it open and runs headlong into dark and immovable.

BATMAN

Now, where were we?

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS UNDERNEATH CROESUS MANOR

Dana wakes in a Manori village. She double-takes and sees it's a set, like something she would have created for the museum.

CROESUS

Good evening, Dr. Jennings. I trust you recognize the surroundings.

DANA

An ancient ritual setting. The Manori marriage ceremony.

CROESUS

Close. It's a Manori sacrificial ceremony.

DANA

I don't recognize some of these pieces.

CROESUS

Not surprising. Some of these artifacts have never been seen outside the Manori tribes. But they are all completely authentic.

He picks up a gold staff. Dana's fascination and fear battle for control.

DANA

But we've never found detailed texts on the sacrificial ritual.

CROESUS

Correct. To my knowledge, none exist.

DANA

Then how...?

CROESUS

From memory. Like you, Dr., I was fascinated with the Manori.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. JUNGLE DAY

A younger Croesus treks through the jungles with a guide.

CROESUS (V.O.)

When I was younger, I traveled deep into the heart of the Peruvian jungle to live with the Manori. I learned

their culture, their science, their mythology. But I admit my interests weren't sociological.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE NIGHT

Croesus speaks with a Shaman, dressed in similar robes. The shaman also carries a rod like Croesus. As he conducts the ceremony, other elders look on in reverence.

CROESUS (V.O.)

I had heard about their legends of alchemy. I spoke with tribe elders. As you know, Dr. Jennings, the Manori aren't exactly book-of-the-month types, so it was in their oral tradition that I found instructions for the alchemy ritual.

The Shaman holds up the Mask. Camera PUSHES IN on it.

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

It wasn't long before I was ready to conduct the ritual myself...

Croesus sneaks into the temple and steals the mask.

CROESUS (CONT'D)

...or so I thought. But the ritual didn't go as I'd planned.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The Mask in Croesus' hands as he, decked in ceremonial garb, endeavors the ceremony. Moon high and full in the b.g. He holds the mask to his face and suddenly reels in pain, fire and sparks shooting from the mask. He falls back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATACOMBS BENEATH CROESUS MANOR

Croesus prepares to write a horrifying new chapter to his story.

CROESUS

Since then, I've searched for the elements needed to conduct the ritual again.

CLOSE ON DANA

She's spellbound.

DANA

But why do you need more gold?

CROESUS

Gold is the last thing I want, Ms. Jennings. My past cravings have been replaced with an understanding of gold's many limitations. You see, gold can't smell flowers in bloom, or feel the warmth of the summer sun. And it can never know a lover's touch.

DANA

So why go to all this trouble to repeat the ritual?

CROESUS

I'm not repeating the ritual. I'm reversing it.

DANA

What I have to do with this?

CROESUS

This time, the ritual requires an additional element.

DANA

(false bravado) What're you gonna do, sacrifice me to a volcano?

CROESUS

Not exactly.

DANA

Are you nuts? You'd do all this just because of some myth?

CROESUS

I assure you, Dr. Jennings, it's no myth. The mask once deprived me of life, and I want it back!

ANGLE ON CROESUS

He turns around in full Manoran attire and calmly peels at his face. Underneath...solid gold.

Dr. Jennings' veneer is stripped away as well--she is terrified.

BATMAN (O.S.)

If it's life you want, I'll see that you get it.

Batman swings into frame, planting both feet squarely into Croesus' chest. He crashes against catacomb wall.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

(to Dr. Jennings) Are you all right?

DANA

Aside from being kidnapped by an Academy Award, I'm fine.

Batman smirks. She's spunky.

CROESUS

Stay away from her, Batman.

ANGLE ON CROESUS

Croesus jumps back to his feet and charges the Dark Knight. Batman plants a right hook solidly into Croesus' jaw. He pays the price.

BATMAN

Aargh!

Croesus removes his gloves to reveal two gold hands. Batman fires a hard left, but Croesus grabs it. Batman's gauntlet starts to glow. Reflexively, he pulls his hand free. The gauntlet clanks on the ground, solid gold.

ANGLE ON CROESUS

He holds his hands up menacingly.

CROESUS

As you can see, the gloves are off.

Croesus backs Batman toward a precipice.

Batman throws a batarang at Croesus.

CLOSE ON CROESUS' HAND

He snatches the batarang out of the air. Considers it for a moment, then discards it. It embeds just inches from Dana's hand.

ANGLE ON BATMAN

Perilously close to the edge, focused on those golden hands.

CROESUS

Quite a dilemma, Batman. How do you lay
the long arm of the law on someone you
can't afford to touch?

Croesus throws a series of punches. Batman evades, but can't maintain his footing on the slippery muck. He falls, but manages to grab the ledge. But his grip is weakening.

CROESUS (cont'd)

I've worked too hard to undo my past
Batman, and no one is going to stop me.

BATMAN

This isn't the way to do it.

CROESUS

This is the only way, Batman. I need
flesh and blood to trade for my own.

WIDE ANGLE ON BATMAN

A tenuous grip on the ledge. Churning water below.

CROESUS

I regret it comes to this, Batman.
After all, I just want my life back.

BATMAN

At the cost of an innocent life? It
will take more than flesh and blood to
restore your humanity.

CROESUS
I'll have my life, Batman! Which more
than I can say for you.

DANA (O.S.)
Hey, Golden Boy!

Croesus turns...

ANGLE ON DANA

She's freed herself with the gold batarang which she now
raises menacingly at Croesus.

DANA
Say goodnight, Gracie.

She hurls the batarang.

CLOSE ON BATARANG

Croesus doesn't have time to duck. But he doesn't need it,
Dana is a lousy shot.

DANA
Oops.
Croesus turns on Dana.

ANGLE ON BATMAN

He frees his grappling hook and fires. It catches overhead
and propels him up from the ledge, he releases in mid-air,
flips over Croesus and lands between him and Dana.

Croesus lunges! In a lightning flourish, Batman wraps his
cape around Croesus' hands.

CLOSE ON CAPE

The cape emanates a gold light and fuses with Croesus'
hands becoming the most expensive manacles in history.

Enraged, Croesus swings wildly, losing his balance and
falling over the edge where Batman dangled only moments
ago.

ANGLE ON WATER BELOW

A splash. Then the water is still again.

ANGLE ON BATMAN

BATMAN
Are you all right, Doctor?

DANA
Yeah, I'm fine.

Dana's never been this close to Batman before. She stares.

BATMAN
What?

DANA
I like you better with the cape.

BATMAN
Let's go.

DANA
With you? Do I get to ride in the
batmobile?

BATMAN
Don't call it that. I hate it when
people call it that.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - NIGHT

Dana and Bruce sit on the balcony, finishing dinner.

BRUCE
I'm glad we got to do this before we
lost the full moon.

DANA
(distracted) Yeah.

BRUCE
I'm glad you got the mask back.

DANA
Yeah.

BRUCE
Dana, is something on your mind?

DANA

Lost cities and forbidden jungles
didn't prepare me for Gotham.

Alfred enters with dinner on a serving tray.

BRUCE

Are you all right?

DANA

Yeah, Bruce, I'm fine. It's just...

BRUCE

What?

DANA

I've spent a career collecting
artifacts and relics, telling myself
that I was doing it for some noble
cause. But I wonder, am I really any
different than someone like Croesus? As
weird as it sounds, I kinda pity him.

BRUCE

He would have killed you.

DANA

But if I'd hadn't found the mask and
brought it back to the museum, maybe he
would have been able to cure himself.
Instead, he spent all those years
unable to feel human touch or have a
normal life; trapped behind a mask. Can
you just imagine that?

ALFRED

Indeed.

Bruce shoots Alfred a look. Camera PANS from the Wayne
Estate into sky. Overhead, a familiar signal.

FADE TO BLACK

END