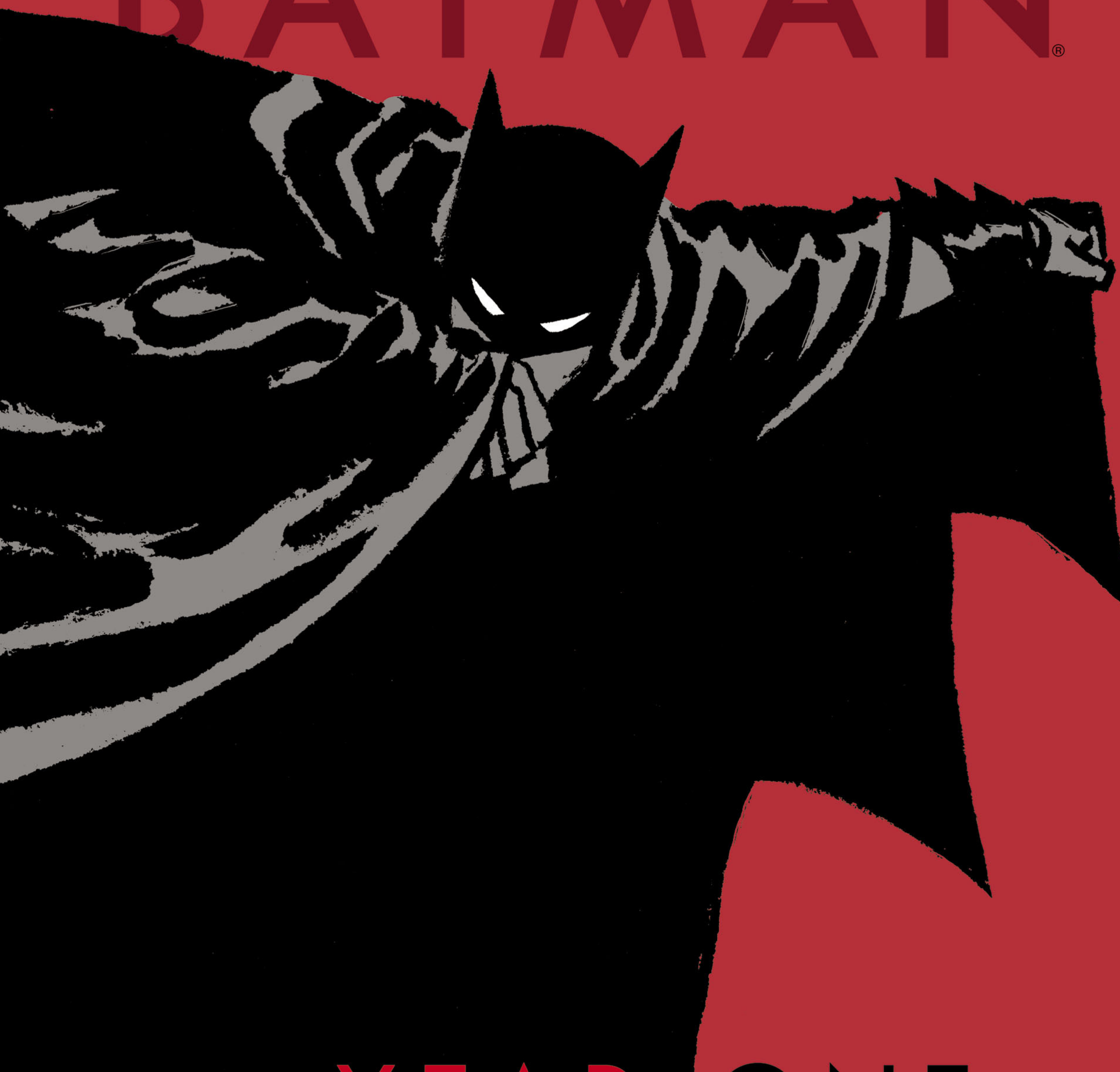
FRANK MILLER DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

WITH RICHMOND LEWIS

BATMAN®



YEAR ONE

DC™



BATMAN: YEAR ONE

FRANK MILLER

WRITER

DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

ILLUSTRATOR

RICHMOND LEWIS

COLORIST

TODD KLEIN

LETTERING

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE.

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF BOB KANE, BILL FINGER AND JERRY ROBINSON.

BATMAN: YEAR ONE

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Cover and publication design by Chip Kidd.

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THE CRIME BLOTTER

by Slam Bradley

OOPS! SHE DID IT AGAIN!

■Gossip diva Vicki Vale got her legendary, notoriously firm, shapely fanny tossed into the hoosegow yet again after trying to lift an estimated $11,320.00 worth of merchandise from the Sprang. The cutie klepto pled guilty. After paying for the loot and promising on a whole big heap of bibles to seek counseling, she got off with a wink and nod to the judge.

Leave us say the dame knows how to wink.

One juror says she even blew a kiss to the horny old fart.

You can't make this crap up!

THE PERP LIKED PISTACHIO

■How that little snot pulled off this heist is anybody's guess. I know what my own guess is, but you can figure that out for yourself. I just report this stuff:

It was like somebody's bad idea for a joke. Like some dumbass screenwriter's idea for a crowd-pleasing gag that every last dimwit on the planet would laugh at. But only the dimwits. For Christ sake, it was a goddam doughnut shop. In the middle of the night. And yeah, of course the joint was full of Gotham City cops, more even than you'll find in most saloons. So in waltzes this punk – he is, as of this writing, still unidentified, but I'll get to that in a minute – and this punk, he bellies up to the counter, orders himself a pistachio puff and a cup of joe. Then instead of paying a two-buck bill for the chow, the punk tells the poor sap working the register that he's packing heat. "You know the drill," he says, right in front of a baker's dozen of Gotham's Finest.

The cops don't need you, and man, they expect the same.

So the poor sap clerk empties the register and he empties the joint's safebox and gives with a since-declared fifteen grand. Cash. And Sergeant Novick - yeah, that Novick, the one who's still squeezing all the printer's ink he can out of that one time he did something right and saved a kid – well, it looks like Hero Cop Novick didn't notice any of what was going down, on account of how fixated he was on his Chocolate Chip Crunch Special.

The security camera showed some kind of exchange between the perp and the good sergeant before the perp walked out, unidentified. Easy as you please. Scot-free. The exchange seemed pleasant enough.

And it just so happens our hero cop just bought his girlfriend an eight grand boob job. Fancy that.

Must've won the lottery.

Right. Sure.

FUGGEDABOUTIT

■22-year-old paralegal Stacy Lynch withdrew charges of gang rape in the notorious Robinson Park incident, that now, she says, despite witnesses, never happened.

In her press conference, it was observed that Lynch was missing her right index finger.

Prosecutor Harvey Dent could barely keep his lunch down. Hell. He looked like he was about to give birth to something really ugly.

What a town. You gotta love it.

ON A MORE SERIOUS NOTE

■Our very serious Mayor confronted the city legislature yesterday, taking no prisoners in his brave campaign to eliminate ATM fees.

What a man. What a champ.

What a town.

INTRODUCTION

In 1986 the editorial board of DC Comics decided that their heroes, some of whom were nearly a half-century old, had become dated. A massive revamping was clearly in order, and the place to begin was with the company's three most popular and enduring characters—Superman, Wonder Woman and Batman. The writers and artists assigned to the task had quick and clear ideas about how to update Superman and Wonder Woman, but Batman was a problem. He was fine just as he was. The origin that Bob Kane and Bill Finger had created in 1939 was a perfect explanation of how and why Batman came to be, why he continued his obsessive crusade, and, perhaps more important, it mirrored the fears, frustrations and hopes of a readership coping with the realities of 20th-century urban life.

So, DC's editors decided, Batman's origin should not be changed. But it might be improved. It could be given depth, complexity, a wider context. Details could be added to give it focus and credibility. Bruce Wayne's struggles to become the thing he was trying to create, the Batman, could be dramatized. And, finally, all the storytelling techniques that comic book creators had developed in those 50 years could be applied to realize the potential of the basic material.

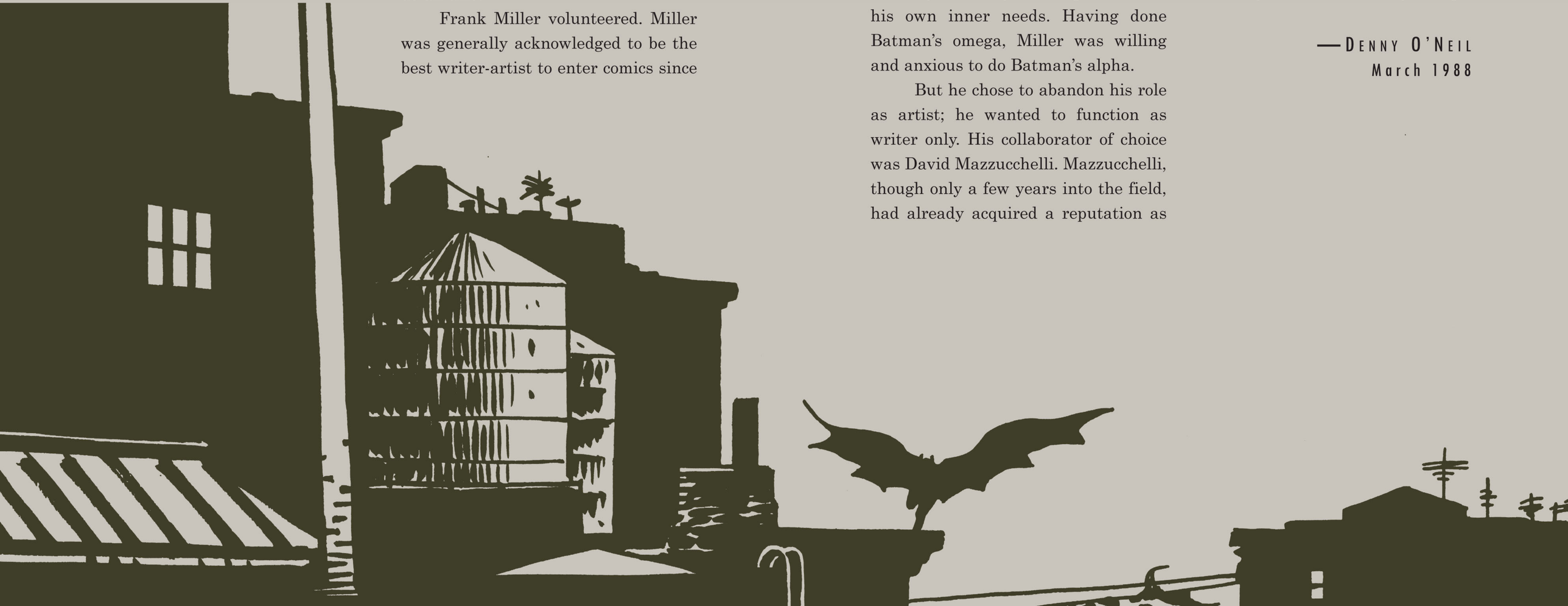
The question then was, who would do all this?

Frank Miller volunteered. Miller was generally acknowledged to be the best writer-artist to enter comics since the early 1960s; indeed, some said he was the best ever. When he was a beginner at DC's chief competitor, Marvel Comics, he had re-created a minor character called Daredevil and produced a series that was at once faithful to established continuity, dazzlingly innovative and immensely popular. At DC, he had done an extended graphic novel titled RONIN, which incorporated Japanese and European influences into a personal vision of a horrifying future and, more recently, he had collaborated with Lynn Varley and Klaus Janson to produce the phenomenal BATMAN: THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS, which portrayed an aging Batman driven out of retirement by a society running amok and his own inner needs. Having done Batman's omega, Miller was willing and anxious to do Batman's alpha.

But he chose to abandon his role as artist; he wanted to function as writer only. His collaborator of choice was David Mazzucchelli. Mazzucchelli, though only a few years into the field, had already acquired a reputation as one of comics' extraordinary talents. He had an absolute command of composition, a powerful sense of visual drama and an unerring eye for the telling details that bring a scene to life.

Miller and Mazzucchelli complemented each other perfectly. With the help of colorist Richmond Lewis, herself a gifted artist, and letterer Todd Klein, they produced the definitive version of one of popular culture's enduring stories. Originally published in four parts, BATMAN: YEAR ONE is presented here as the organic whole that Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli mean it to be—a graphic novel that combines a familiar urban myth with an unmistakably modern sensibility and brilliant storytelling.

—DENNY O'NEIL
March 1988





He will become the
greatest crimefighter
the world has ever known...

It won't be easy.





CHAPTER ONE:
WHO I AM
HOW I COME TO BE

January 4

Gotham City.

Maybe it's all I deserve, now.

Maybe it's just my time in Hell.

Twelve hours. My stomach's been trying to eat itself for the last five.

Barbara's flying in. I don't care how much it costs.

Train's no way to come to Gotham...

...in an airplane, from above, all you'd see are the streets and buildings.

Fool you into thinking it's civilized.

...BEGINNING OUR FINAL DESCENT TO *GOTHAM CITY.* PLEASE RETURN SEATS AND TRAYS TO THEIR UPRIGHT POSITIONS...

From here, it's clean shafts of concrete and snowy rooftops. The work of men who died generations ago.

From here, it looks like an achievement.

I should have taken the train. I should be closer.

I should SEE the ENEMY.

By now Barbara's gotten her tests back. I only hate myself a little for hoping they came out negative.

This is no place to raise a family.

NICE *BOOK* FOR A SMALL *DONATION*--

NO, PLEASE--

GORDON!

LIEUTENANT JAMES *GORDON!*

NICE *BOOK*-- LOOK AT THE *PICTURES*-- GAA*

WALK, SKINHEAD.

NAME'S *FLASS*, LIEUTENANT. DETECTIVE *FLASS*. COMMISSIONER *LOEB* SENT ME TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T MISS YOUR *APPOINTMENT* WITH HIM.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I CALL YOU *JIMMY*.

WELL, I --

NICE *=koff=* COLORS...

WELCOME TO *GOTHAM*, JIMMY. IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT *LOOKS*. ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A *COP*.

COPS GOT IT *MADE* IN *GOTHAM*.

--WELCOME *HOME*, MR. WAYNE--

--HOW'S IT *FEEL* TO BE *BACK*--

--PRINCESS *CAROLINE*--

--ANY *PLANS*, MR. WAYNE--

--ANY TRUTH TO THE *RUMORS*--

THE TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEIR TO THE WAYNE MILLIONS DECLINED TO COMMENT ON RUMORS OF *ROMANCE* IN HIS LIFE...

...OR ON HIS *PLANS* ON HIS *RETURN* TO GOTHAM AFTER *TWELVE YEARS* ABROAD. WE'LL KEEP YOU *POSTED* ON GOTHAM'S *RICHEST*--AND BEST *LOOKING* -- NATIVE SON. TOM?

THANK YOU, JACKIE. FOLLOWING THE *DISAP-PEARANCE* OF A KEY *WITNESS*, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY *HARVEY DENT* HAS WITHDRAWN *CONSPIRACY* CHARGES AGAINST POLICE *COMMISSIONER LOEB*...

YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL *DELIGHTED* TO HAVE YOU ON THE *TEAM*, LIEUTENANT.

GILLIAN B. LOEB
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

YOU'LL GET MY BEST WORK, SIR. I PROMISE.

AND WE ARE A *TEAM*. A *TEAM* NEEDS *TEAM SPIRIT*, DON'T YOU THINK?

YES IT DOES. AND YOUR *RECORD* SHOWS YOU'VE *GOT* WHAT IT *TAKES*.

I KNOW I'VE MADE MY *MISTAKES*, SIR. I'M *GRATEFUL* FOR THIS CHANCE TO *PROVE* MYSELF...

IF THERE'S *ONE* THING I CAN'T *STAND*, IT'S *SMOKING*.

WHAT *MISTAKES* HAVE *YOU* MADE, LIEUTENANT? YOU KEPT THE *MEDIA* AWAY FROM IT. THAT'S THE *BOTTOM LINE*, ISN'T IT?

YES IT IS.

I'd feel better about tough-ing out the nicotine fit...

...if I didn't have to smell those Eucalyptus Cough Drops of his...

I *SWEAR* YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY *HONESTY*, COMMISSIONER.

LAST THING ON MY MIND. *LAST* THING.

Wayne Manor.

Built as a fortress, generations past, to protect a fading line of royalty from an age of Equals.

ALFRED.

I TRUST YOU'VE BEEN *WELL*, MASTER BRUCE.

Mother. Father.

It's good to be back.

KNEW YOU'D LIKE THE COMMISSIONER, JIMMY.

AND HE'LL BE JUST AS GOOD TO YOU AS YOU ARE TO HIM, YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT...

I keep telling myself it's either this or pumping gas...

...then I tell myself I'm doing it for Barbara...

SCREECHH

FLASS-- WHAT'S--

NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE SOLO, JIMMY.

MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE HERE, STEVIE?

OH, MAN...

...NOT DOING ANYTH--

WHUKK

I keep talking to myself. This time I say you'd better know your facts before you bring another cop down.

Especially in public.

Flass has had Green Beret training. I can tell. And he knows how to use his size.

I watch and I don't do a damn thing and I memorize every move.

For future reference.

WAS THAT *NECESSARY?*

HAD *THIS* LITTLE BEAUTY IN HIS *POCKET.*

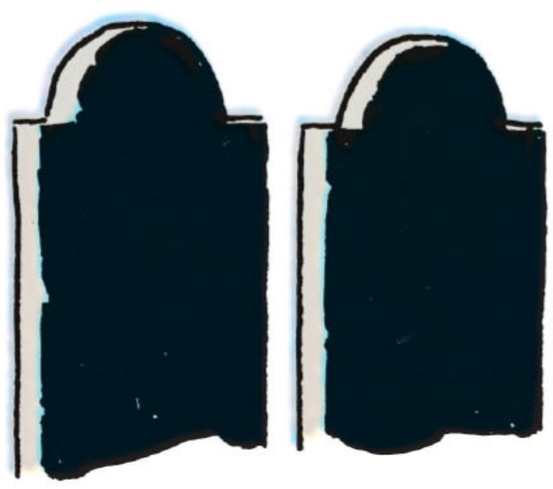
IT'S A *COMB,* FLASS.

I'M ONLY *HUMAN,* JIMMY.

The tests.

I pray they're negative.





February 12

THE *BOYS*-- THEY'VE BEEN ASKING ME TO *TALK* TO YOU, JIMMY. THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD GET A *WORD* IN, KNOWING HOW *TIGHT* WE ARE.

THEY'RE *WORRIED* ABOUT YOU.

I'M *TOUCHED,* FLASS. BUT RIGHT NOW *I'M* WORRIED--ABOUT A *HOMICIDE.* TURN *LEFT.*

NEVER MAKE IT IN THIS BUSINESS IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO *RELAX,* JIMMY. I MEAN, WE'VE GOT OUR OWN WAY OF *DOING* THINGS, HERE IN GOTHAM.

I MEAN, YOU CAME DOWN PRETTY *HARD* ON MORGAN...

I MEAN, YOU WITH A *BABY* ON THE WAY...

CALL ME *LIEUTENANT.* MAKE YOUR NEXT *RIGHT.*

February 21

I'm not ready.

I have the means, the skill -- but not the method...

...no. That's not true. I have hundreds of methods.

But something's missing. Something isn't right.

I have to wait.

I have to wait.

February 26

...SO FATHER DONELLEY, HE SLIPS GORDON A *FIFTY* WITH THE *HANDSHAKE*...

GILLIAN B. L

COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

...AND *GORDON*, HE LOOKS AT IT LIKE HIS *HAND'S* GOT A *DISEASE*. THEN HE *THROWS* THE FIFTY IN THE PADRE'S *FACE*.

GIVES THE *SQUAD* A TWO-HOUR *LECTURE*. PUTS *SCHELL* ON *PROBATION*.

HE'S JUST NOT FITTING *IN*, GILL.

I HAD SUCH HOPES FOR THAT BOY...

I COULD GET THE *BOYS* TOGETHER -- SOFTEN HIM *UP*.

NO. NOT WHILE I'M IN *TOWN*. THERE'S ENOUGH HEAT ON ME AS IT *IS*.

NO. YOU'LL ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO *WAIT* UNTIL I'M AT THE *CONFERENCE* IN *WASHINGTON*...TWO WEEKS, FLASS...

March 11

The engine hums, gently, not quite convinced it should stop.

Everything is in place. The attendant was even obliging enough to ask me for my autograph. My alibi is set.

Bruce Wayne has been sighted at the same hotel as a visiting Hollywood sex queen. That should generate sufficient rumors--

--to account for my whereabouts for the next few hours.

This is a reconnaissance mission. Until I know more, I must avoid combat. Until I'm ready...

...my anonymity is an obvious priority. The murder of my parents is a matter of public record.

All it requires is a change in clothing and complexion--

--and a single, memorable, distracting detail.

Requested off this night shift four times now-- damn it, Barbara needs me at night these days, Barbara, and little James...

...so I hope it's a boy. So what.

Four times and no reply. I'm not making friends in the department--

GOING TO *WORK*, LIEUTENANT?

GOING TO BE *LATE*.

MAY HAVE TO SKIP THE WHOLE *NIGHT*.

Old trick--talking to distract me--

--guarantees an attack from behind--

--should've checked my military record--

--I was taught to handle worse than this--

--but then--

--it's been a while--

Somewhere in the middle of it they tell me it's just a warning.

They remind me that I've got a pregnant wife.

Toward the end I hear a familiar chuckle.

Flass.

It's a twenty block walk to the enemy camp.

It's been educational. I was sized up like a piece of meat by the leather boys in Robinson Park. I waded through pleas and half-hearted threats from junkies at the Finger Memorial. I stepped across a field of human rubble that lay sleeping in front of the overcrowded Sprang Mission.

Finally, the worst of it.

The East End.

HOTEL EDWARDS

ADULTS ONLY

TOPLESS

VIDEO 25

XXX GIRLS XXX

WILD

HOT N' SEXY

XXX WATER P

Hard to believe it's gotten worse.

SEXY GIRLS

PEEP SHOW

XXX

ALL NIGHT

BURLESQUE

ON STAGE: ACTION

WILD WILD!!!

CHEER YOU UP.

BIG TRIPLE FEATURE

1 ALL NIGHT LONG

2 SENSUOUS SUE

3 EROTIC WONDER

TOPLESS GIRLS

MORE XXX

I DOUBT IT. HOW OLD ARE YOU?

YOUNG AS YOU *WANT* ME TO BE.

STUPID B-- THAS ALL *WRONG*, HOLLY. YOU DOIN' IT *WRONG*.

DID WHAT YOU *SAID*. JUST LIKE--

THAS *RIGHT*, HONEY. BUT YOU GOT TO PICK YOU *TYPES*. GOT TO KNOW WHICH ONES *WANT* WHAT YOU *GOT*.

THIS ONE'S NOT--

I HAVEN'T *SAID*, HAVE I?

THAT *VICE* I SMELL?

THAT *CRAZY VET* BIT--THAS *OLD*, MAN.

I'M NOT THE POLICE.

BELIEVE ME.

YOU STILL *HERE?* *TOLD* YOU TO *GO*, HOLLY.

HE HADN'T *SAID.*

WE TALK THIS OVER *LATER*, SWEET CHUNKS.

NO...

...I THINK YOU'RE *FINISHED* WITH HER.

I'm provoking him.

I really shouldn't.

MAN, YOU *PUSHIN.* YOU ON THE *EDGE.*

YOU LOOKIN' FOR A *NEW* SCAR. *THAS* RIGHT. JUS TELL ME *WHERE*, MAN...

OH. GEEZ...CAN'T BE *VICE*. WE'RE PAID *UP*. JUST SOME *IDIOT* OUT TO GET HIMSELF *KILLED.*

SELINA... DON'T STOP *NOW...*

SHUT UP, SKUNK.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE *MOST* ABOUT *MEN*, SKUNK?

PLEASE, SELINA... *TELL* ME... WHY YOU *HATE* US SO... OH, *PLEASE...*

NEVER MET ONE.

SAY IT *AGAIN...*

His eyes keep flicking away from the girls to me. He turns away for a second--

--a dead giveaway--

--he's pretty fast--

--I won't say he has a chance--

--but he's fast.

This is getting a little too good to me-- better wrap it up--

XX ALL NIGHT TOPLESS

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS !!!

Idiot-- never should have done this--

--have to get out of here before I draw attention--

AAAA

COME ON YOU GUYS-- I GOT HIM--

Very good, Bruce.

You've really put the fear of God into them.

DAMN IT--

NOBODY HURTS HOLLY--

HURTS. BET HE BROKE MY WRIST--

Mess--made a mess of it--

--NO EXCUSE-- didn't control myself--

--another one--missing like a cat--

--looks like she knows what she's doing--be careful--

--that's good--she's had Karate training--

--but only Karate--

EEEEEE

--oh, no--

EEEEEE SKREEEECHH

FREEZE--

SELINA GET UP-- SELINA--

--if I'm caught-- it's over--

KBLAM!!!

HEY--HE DIDN'T *MOVE*, MAN.

HE WAS *GOING* TO.

--hit an artery-- losing blood--

--get up-- before they--

NEEDS A *DOCTOR*.

MAYBE AFTER HE'S *BOOKED*.

NNGG

--no-- can't let them--

can't

ANY *CASH*?

COUPLE BUCKS. NO I.D. ...

LOOK, MAN--

--HE'S *BLEEDING* ALL OVER THE *SEAT*. WE *GOT* TO TAKE HIM TO THE *HOSPITAL*.

YOU LOOK, BOY. I'VE RUN IN A *THOUSAND* LIKE HIM. *DRIFTERS*. WHO NEEDS THEM.

IF HE DIES, HE--

YOU TWO.

STOP THE CAR. GET OUT.

WHAT THE *HELL*...

DON'T MIND *HIM*, BOY. PROBABLY HOPPED *UP* ON SOMETHING *FAST*, Y'KNOW?

I WARNED YOU.

OH MY *GOD*-- HE--

CHINKK

BLAH

WHOKK

SKREEEEEEEE

NO -- LET GO--

NNNNNN

Fire--only take seconds to reach the gas tank--

Sirens--more police--

--tank will go before they get here--

--these men--they probably have families--

SMOKE FROM THE BLAZING POLICE CRUISER CAN BE SEEN FOR BLOCKS-- THE TWO OFFICERS WERE FOUND UNCONSCIOUS, THIRTY FEET AWAY...



HHNNGG

...made it... somehow... mustve made it here...to the car...

...hope I didn't... do anything stupid... getting here...

...done enough... wrong tonight...

...turn... the key, Bruce... isn't difficult...

...just a little... slippery...

They did just enough to keep me out of the hospital...

...can't let Barbara see me like this...

DETECTIVE FLASS? HE'S OFF DUTY, LIEUTENANT. PROBABLY AT THE POKER PARTY OVER AT CHUTE'S.

WITH THE GUYS.

The guys.

Maniac-- almost hit me--

SKREE!

--should arrest the clown--no way to treat a Porsche--

...God... fear of God...

THAT'S *BRUCE WAYNE'S* CAR. WHAT'S *HE* ON?

COCAINE. RICH PEOPLE TAKE *COCAINE.*

SAW A *SPECIAL* ON IT.

...fear...

...I have to make them afraid...

Dodging the Porsche gives me enough adrenalin to make the drive to Bay Ridge.

The bruises are starting to form and my spine feels fused when Wilson says good-bye to the guys.

Of course Wilson's the first to leave. Doesn't want to make his wife stay up too late waiting for him.

And he still has his' girlfriend to see tonight.

Twenty minutes later Stannsen stumbles out, hunched over like he's lost his life savings.

Then Renny.

I let them both go home.

Finally.

Flass.

He staggers to his station wagon and gets in. It only takes him two tries.

I hear his engine start and watch him pull out. He almost flattens the mailbox before he remembers to turn his lights on.

I keep mine off and follow.

I haven't seen a house in three minutes when I pull up beside him and jerk the wheel.

He's ten miles over the speed limit.

Not fast enough to kill him when he hits the tree.

I show him my gun. He says my name and drops his.

He's big.

Green Beret training.

It's been fifteen years since I had to take out a Green Beret.

Even so--

--he deserves a handicap.

I don't crack his skull.

GOTHAM HIGH

I don't crush his larynx.

I don't break his ribs or punch my hand through his chest.

I do just enough--

--to keep him out of the hospital.

I toss his gun into the woods. It should be rusty by morning.

I take his clothes off and leave him in his own cuffs by the side of the road.

He'll never report it. Not Flass. He'll make up some story that involves at least ten attackers and never admit I did it.

But he'll know. And he'll stay away from Barbara.

Thanks, Flass.

You've shown me what it takes to be a cop in Gotham City.

Father...

...I'm afraid I may have to die tonight.

I've tried to be patient. I've tried to wait.

But I have to know.

How, father?

How do I do it?

What do I use... to make them afraid?

If I ring this bell, Alfred will come.

He can stop the bleeding, in time.

Another of your gifts to me, father.

I have wealth. The family manor rests above a huge cave that will be the perfect headquarters...

...even a butler with training in combat medicine...

...yes, father. I have everything but patience.

I'd rather die... than wait... another hour.

I have waited... eighteen years...

...eighteen years ... since...

...since Zorro.

The Mark of Zorro.

Since the walk. That night.

And the man with frightened, hollow eyes and a voice like glass being crushed...

...since all sense left my life.

Without warning, it comes...

...crashing through the window of your study ...and mine...

...I have seen it before... somewhere...

...it frightened me... as a boy...

...frightened me...

...yes. Father.

I shall become a bat.



He has trained and planned and waited eighteen years.

He thinks he's ready...

CHAPTER TWO: WAR IS DECLARED



April 4

The day starts early with a call from Merkel about a hostage situation in Brigham Circle.

Barbara wakes up with me--she always does, no matter how quiet I try to be--and somehow has my coffee ready by the time I pull on my pants.

COME IN, MERKEL...

WORL GREA

The rain has worked its magic on the wiring of my heap. Between Rice Krispy sounds I get every fourth word.

I'm two blocks from the action, my stomach lurching with the engine through backed-up traffic.

Damn rubberneckers...

NO CAN'T DON'T WANT ISN'T BLANK

Best I can tell, nobody's sure what the kidnapper wants. He isn't making much sense.

He's holding three children at gunpoint. Sounds like Merkel's got some background on him...

...I SAID NO, SIR. HE HASN'T FIRED A SHOT...

...NO, SIR, NOT A CRIMINAL RECORD. GOT THE WORD FROM ARKHAM ASYLUM ...YES, SIR. ARKHAM...

...NAME'S ALBERT BLUME. DIAGNOSED PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC. RELEASED TWO WEEKS AGO...

=SKRKK= NO, SIR--NO SKRKK OF VIOLENT =SKRKK=

SIR-- TROUBLE-- IT'S SKRKK=

=SKRKK= BRANDEN =SKRKK=

WORLD'S GREATEST DAD

Branden.

JESUS, YOU--

Coffee splashes in my lap, taking the last of the cotton from my mind.

Branden. Him and his lunatic gestapo.

It'll be a massacre.

WE'RE NOT HERE TO *ARGUE*, MERKEL. WE'RE HERE TO *CLEAN THINGS UP.*

AND I DON'T SEE A *SIGN* OF YOUR SOFT-HEARTED *LIEUTENANT GORDON--*

OH, NO...

Last month Branden and his swat team calmed down a riot in Robinson Park.

Didn't even leave the statues standing.

POLIC

ALMOST *HIT* ME--

NOT CROSS

WHAT THE--

--CAN'T *SEE* WHAT'S--

DEFRIBBILATE.

DOESN'T *SMELL* OFTEN. TOO MANY *GUNS.*

Those kids don't have a chance--he'll push that poor bastard over the edge--

GORDON...

GO FIND YOUR *OWN* WAR, BRANDEN. OR I'LL HAVE YOU UP ON *CHARGES.*

WHFF

OH *MAN* IT'S *GORDON--*

WHERE'D HE--

I take the ugly weight off my hip...

...I hold it up like a dead rat and pray that the man understands...

Behind me Branden curses.

I head for the front door.

I'm sure nobody can see my knees wobble.

I hope Barbara isn't watching.

I know she is.

LIEUTENANT GORDON HAS *ENTERED* THE BUILDING--NO *SHOTS* YET...

baby

The stairs creak, too loudly. A sneeze that's been building for twenty minutes just keeps threatening.

My nose drips. I don't have the nerve to wipe it.

The little girl is crying.

SPIDER NASTY DON'T *NOISE* IT--

--NO *LUNCH*. NO *LUNCH*.

I'LL ORDER OUT.

My shoes are full of icy rain. My feet are warm, compared to my stomach.

SAID *NO LUNCH* NO GANGRENE *LUNCH*.

I KNOW, I KNOW...

NO GANGR--

Poor kids must've been scared out of their wits.

Right. Like I wasn't.

April 5

HUMILIATED ME. IN FRONT OF MY MEN. HUMILIATED ME.

GILLIAN B. L

COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, THAT ONE.

YOU DO KNOW I SYMPATHIZE, DON'T YOU, BRANDEN?

YES YOU DO. AND YOU KNOW I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO REMOVE HIM FROM SERVICE. MY GOOD FRIEND DETECTIVE FLASS HAS MADE SEVERAL SUGGESTIONS ALONG THESE LINES.

HERO COP

STOP

BUT WE MUST BE PATIENT. GORDON HAS THE PRESS ON HIS SIDE...

It kicks.

Gunpowder burns my eyes and fills my nostrils.

A wad of lead flies...

If that were a man--

--the wad would shatter his spine and he'd feel his legs go dead even as his heart explodes...

Another kick.

The wad would leave a neat, round hole and I'd see the horror in his eyes as it pushed half his brain through the back of his skull.

I hate the gun.

I hate my job.

I keep practicing.

April 6

Another kick.

Strong boy, little James...

...I pray he's very strong. And smart enough to stay alive.

How did I let this happen?

How did I screw up so badly...to bring an innocent child to life...

...in a city without hope...

April 9

They call it my night off.

It starts out well enough, with the smell of Barbara's lemon chicken--

--and her fingers, kneading baby oil into my shoulders...

...Rachmaninoff, played soft...her idea...corny, but it works...

DON'T HAVE TO GO TO METROPOLIS...

...FOR A MAN OF STEEL...

...COULD USE A JACKHAMMER ON YOUR BACK...

FEELS GREAT, HONEY...

RINGG

...SAID YOU'D UNPLUG IT, JIM...

HONEY, I FORGOT... I'M SORRY...

YES, SERGEANT.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALL THE ZOO.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL GET HIM.

IT'S MERKEL.

SOMETHING ABOUT A GIANT BAT.

CHICKEN WILL KEEP.

The costume works-- better than I'd hoped.

They freeze and stare and give me all the time in the world...

...I come in close on the one who looks the strongest -- throw him a growl I've brought all the way from Africa --

--and suddenly everything falls to pieces.

The one to my left calls for his mother --

--to my right the other collects his SENSES and leaps to position -- he'll be trouble --

--the strong one gets scared -- too scared --

--No--

--I'm no killer--

--he screams-- like a girl--

--can't be older than fifteen--

--a child-- just a child--

--the one I was worried about takes his shot--

--he's trained-- kick's got power--

--he doesn't realize-- or he doesn't care--

--that if I let go--

--we're twenty stories up--

--again--

--this is getting bad--

--steady-- hold on--

--some of that one's ribs go--

--forget him--

The television--still hasn't hit the street--

--doesn't matter--hold on--

--here he comes--

--brace-- with leg--

--now-- grab it--

--twist it--

--make it count--

--the television hits--

--I pull a limp body up...

...good thing he blocked out... if he'd kept thrashing...

...my shoulder... and teeth... are still where they belong...

...lucky.

Lucky amateur.

May 15

IF WE CAN STOP BEING ***HYSTERICAL*** FOR A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN.

OUR ***VIGILANTE*** --OR ***BATMAN***, AS HE'S CALLED -- HAS APPARENTLY COMMITTED SEVENTY-EIGHT ACTS OF ***ASSAULT*** IN THE PAST FIVE WEEKS.

A

B

C

DURING THIS TIME, CERTAIN ***PATTERNS*** OF ***TIMING*** AND ***METHOD*** HAVE EMERGED. IT IS CLEAR THAT HE POSSESSES EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL ***SKILL***...

NOT HE. IT.

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO ***CONTRIBUTE***, DETECTIVE FLASS?

HE'S NOT HUMAN. I'M JUST TELLING YOU HE'S NOT HUMAN.

THANK YOU, DETECTIVE FLASS.

WHILE THE VIGILANTE HAS BEEN CAREFUL TO REMAIN *UNPREDICTABLE*, CHOOSING THE *NEIGHBORHOODS* FOR HIS ASSAULTS AT *RANDOM*--

--HE CONSISTENTLY OPERATES BETWEEN THE HOURS OF *MIDNIGHT* AND *FOUR A.M.*...

...ANYBODY GOT A *MATCH*?

THANK YOU, DETECTIVE ESSEN.

HE'S WORKING HIS WAY FROM *STREET LEVEL* CRIME TO ITS *UPPER* ECHELONS, FROM JUNKIE *MUGGER* TO *PUSHER* TO *SUPPLIER*--

--AND, ALONG THE WAY, TO ANY *COPS* THAT MIGHT BE HELPING THE WHOLE PROCESS *ALONG*...

...NOW, FLASS. TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT *BATMAN*.

TRY NOT TO *EXAGGERATE*.

IT'S LIKE MY *REPORT*, LIEUTENANT. I RECEIVED AN ANONYMOUS *TIP* LEADING ME TO AN EAST END *COCAINE* DELIVERY...

"...I was in the process of single-handedly apprehending the felons," says Flass, and coughs.

He looks around the room to see if anybody's going to challenge him, and goes on...

..."then I heard giant wings flap. It flew down from the sky--"

Somebody chuckles. Flass turns another shade redder.

"--its wings were about thirty feet across. It bellowed like...well, I've never heard anything like it..."

"...one of the felons I had not yet disarmed produced a .357 magnum--"

"--he fired--point blank range, at the creature--"

"--and the bullet passed straight through the creature like it wasn't there--"

The snorts and giggles stop Flass cold for a second. He shoots me a look I'd like to frame and put on my wall.

"--and it started laughing..."

"...Other members of the gang drew forth their guns--something flew from the creature's hand."

"I remember noticing it had claws..."

CLAWS. RIGHT.

...IT WAS LITTLE *DART THINGS*...THEY *PARALYZED* THE *FELONS*...

...BUT *ME* HE SINGLED OUT...

...LITTLE *DART THINGS*...

GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN...

GO *ON*, FLASS. PLEASE.

May 19

The costume--and the weapons--have been tested. It's time to get serious.

Chauffeur by chauffeur, I make my way toward the Mayor's mansion...

Only three of them are awake.

PFFT

Only half of them are armed.

There's a guard with a machine pistol in the yard...

LIEUTENANT GORDON. WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

BATMAN? I AM EATING, LIEUTENANT.

...NO, I HAVE NOT FILLED YOUR REQUESTS FOR PERSONNEL. I FIND THEM EXCESSIVE.

...YES, LIEUTENANT, I AM WELL AWARE OF HOW MANY LAWS THE VIGILANTE IS BREAKING. BUT THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING, AREN'T THERE?

Lieutenant Gordon. I've been hearing his name often.

All the right people seem to hate him.

Flood's all set...

YES THERE ARE. AND THE BATMAN IS HAVING A POSITIVE EFFECT ON PUBLIC SPIRIT. OR HAVE YOU NOTICED THE DROP IN STREET CRIME THESE PAST WEEKS?...

...FURTHER, I AM NOT IN THE HABIT OF EXPLAINING MYSELF TO MY LIEUTENANTS.

I HOPE WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, GORDON.

HAVE YOU SEEN BATMAN, COMMISSIONER? THEY SAY HE'S HUGE...

YOU SHOULDN'T PRY, MARIAN. GILL HAS HIS HANDS FULL, THESE DAYS.

WE'RE TRUSTING HIM TO COPE WITH BATMAN--AND WITH GORDON.

AND I APPRECIATE YOUR TRUST, BOYS. YES I DO.

GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL. IT'S BEEN A WHILE...

Not yet...

HELL, GILL. NOBODY WAS ABOUT TO COME NEAR *YOU* UNTIL THE *POLLS* WERE IN ON THE *BATMAN* THING.

DON'T GO CHEAP ON THE *WINE*, MARIAN.

CHARLIE. THE THINGS YOU SAY.

THE *COUNCILMAN* IS *BLUNT* ABOUT HIS *CONCERNS*. THIS *IS* AN *ELECTION* YEAR.

MY ORGANIZATION IS *LIKEWISE* CONCERNED, COMMISSIONER. *BATMAN* IS COSTING US *MONEY*.

TWO SIDES TO *EVERYTHING*, FRIENDS. LOOK AT THE *LONG TERM*. A FEW *STREET* OPERATORS ARE PUT OUT OF ACTION, YES--

--BUT THE *PEOPLE* OF *GOTHAM CITY* HAVE A *HERO*. MAKES THEM FEEL *SAFE*. AND THE *SAFER* THEY FEEL, THE FEWER *QUESTIONS* THEY ASK.

I DON'T LIKE IT. IT'S STIRRING THINGS *UP*.

THAT KID *DENT* IS PUSHING *INTERNAL AFFAIRS* TO GO AFTER DETECTIVE *FLASS*.

FLASS WOULD BE *DIFFICULT* TO *REPLACE*. AND, SHOULD HE *TALK*...

DENT IS *YOUR* PROBLEM, FALCONE. YES HE IS.

...*now*.

WHAT THE *HELL*--

WHO THE--

GOD WE'LL ALL *DIE*--

THE *LIGHTS* WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *LIGHTS*--

now--take out the wall--

--hit the flood--

--it's showtime--

SETTLE *DOWN* DAMN IT IT'S JUST *SMOKE*--

SOME STUPID *PRANK*--

POISON IT'S--

SHUT *UP*--

LADIES. GENTLEMEN.

YOU HAVE EATEN WELL.

YOU'VE EATEN GOTHAM'S WEALTH. ITS SPIRIT.

YOUR FEAST IS NEARLY OVER.

FROM THIS MOMENT ON--

--NONE OF YOU ARE SAFE.

May 20

--NO *EXCUSES*, GORDON. THAT *VIGILANTE* GOES *UNDER* --*INSTANTLY*-- OR IT'S YOUR *JOB!*

...YES, SIR...

June 2

She knows how to walk in heels.

So few women do, these days. It's practically a lost art.

And she knows how to scream. You could hear it from the rooftops.

Normally, screaming wouldn't help. Not in this neighborhood.

Here on the East End, a midnight walk constitutes attempted suicide.

Lucky for her that there are so many cops around.

There's Sergeant Feck, playing who...

And hunched in that sedan-- Detectives Shelly and Lerner.

There are six more officers waiting, crouched in stoops and garbage dumpers, down the block.

COFFEE

Gordon's wasting a lot of manpower on these traps.

June 5

SIR-- YOUR ROLLS-- IT'S GONE--

SIR--

IT WAS *HIM*. SAID THE *ROLLS* IS IN THE *RIVER*. EVEN TOLD ME WHICH *PIER*.

THINKS HE'S A DAMNED *ROBIN HOOD*.

HE *DIES*.

June 6

HE KNOWS *WHEN* AND *WHERE* WE SET OUR *TRAPS* FOR HIM--

--AND NIGHT BY *NIGHT*, HE *TERRORIZES* THE MOST *POWERFUL* MEN IN *GOTHAM*. YOU HEARD WHAT HE DID TO THE *ROMAN'S* CAR?

LAUGHED MYSELF *SILLY*, LIEUTENANT. A *ROLLS ROYCE*...

YES--YOU'VE BEEN AFTER THE *ROMAN* FOR *YEARS*, FROM WHAT I HEAR. ACTUALLY CAME CLOSE TO *INDICTING* HIM, ONCE OR TWICE.

SOME OF YOUR WITNESSES CHANGE THEIR *TESTIMONY*. THE REST *VANISH*. IT MUST BE *FRUSTRATING*.

OH, YES.

I UNDERSTAND HE'S USED HIS *MUSCLE* TO KEEP YOU AN *ASSISTANT* DISTRICT ATTORNEY...

=*WHFF*= YOU KEEP IN *SHAPE*, DON'T YOU, MR. DENT?

WHAT ARE YOU *DRIVING* AT, LIEUTENANT?

I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES...

...THOUGHT HE'D NEVER LEAVE.

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW.

ALIBIS? DENT HAD ONE ALIBI, ESSEN. FOR EVERY DATE.

SAYS HE WAS HOME BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND FOUR. WITH HIS WIFE. NO POINT IN QUESTIONING HER.

YOU REALLY THINK HE'S BATMAN, LIEUTENANT?

IT'S POSSIBLE. DENT CERTAINLY IS PASSIONATE ENOUGH.

BUT IT'D TAKE MORE THAN MUSCLES TO FIGHT THE WAY BATMAN DOES--OR TO GET AROUND THE WAY HE DOES. AND THOSE WEAPONS...

...I MEAN, HE'S GOT AN ARSENAL. HARD TO AFFORD ON DENT'S SALARY.

MONEY-- LIEUTENANT... BRUCE WAYNE IS THE RICHEST MAN IN GOTHAM--AND--

--BEING FROM OUT OF TOWN, YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW THIS, BUT HIS PARENTS WERE MURDERED. BY A MUGGER, I THINK.

HE WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY AT THE TIME ...

I COULD KISS YOU, ESSEN.

I'm already tasting her lipstick on the cigarette...

...her fingernails bite into my knee--

--that truck-- what the hell--

SKREEEEEEE

Maybe it's pills--

--maybe it's a heart attack--

--maybe it's both, but that doesn't matter--

--he's out of control-- his foot must be pressed to the accelerator--

--oh, no-- that old woman--

--can't let this happen--

SKREEEEE

--come on you heap move--

LIEUTENANT--

TAKE THE WHEEL.

--damn--no time--

--no time--

--can't reach--

--no time--

--it's over I've blown it--

...how long... have I been out...?...

...not long... Essen...

...Essen's got him...

DON'T **MOVE**, YOU.

LIEUTENANT-- YOU ALL **RIGHT**?

NEVER... MIND **ME**...

...DON'T TAKE YOUR **EYES** OFF...

I CALLED FOR **BACK-UP**--

NGGG

STOP OR I'LL...

Fingers don't work...

LIEUTENANT-- SHE SAID IT'S **BATMAN**--

--AND **BRANDEN**, HE--

BATMAN-- WENT DOWN THAT **ALLEY**--

--**THERE** HE IS--

KBLAMM
KBLAM

--SAVED THAT OLD WOMAN... HE...

They think--I attacked those cops--opening up--

--catch a bullet in my leg--

--ignore it--

Blind alley--no way out--

--except that window--

--only chance--

--buy me a moment--

NO ONE FIRES WITHOUT MY ORDER--

--GET THE FRONT OF THAT PLACE COVERED--

--MERKEL--TAKE A SQUAD TO THE ROOF--

LIEUTENANT--IT'S THE COMMISSIONER--

--the roof--if I can reach it before they do--

--before they get air support--

--COMMISSIONER, THERE'S NO NEED FOR--

--BATMAN HASN'T ATTACKED ANYBODY--

--COMMISSIONER--YOU CAN'T LET BRANDEN--

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP

NO.
OH, NO.

The Commissioner didn't want to miss this chance.

Called in his friend Branden.

Said he checked the building.

Said it's due for demolition.

Said nobody would be hurt--

--nobody-- except a derelict or two--

--and Batman...



They've got him CORNERED.
They've got him OUTNUMBERED.
They've got him TRAPPED.

They're in TROUBLE...

CHAPTER THREE:
BLACK DAWN

--stairwell's collapsing-- fall with--

--get away from the fire--!

--that old man-- doesn't have a chance--can't help him--

--can't help him--

--screaming--can't help him--

--oh no--

--thermite-- in my belt-- catching--

--get it off--

--still have weapons--in cape--and boots--

--need them-- if I survive this--

--metal--

--trap door's metal--

--might be enough-- to protect me--

--provided that warning-- is a lie--

DANGER
ELECTRICITY
80,000 WATTS

--lucky--keep the pick in my glove--

--lucky--

June 7

nffmgmm

GO WAY, OTTO. YOU DON' EAT FR 'N' HOUR.

MROWW

mmfgg

SIAMESE. TOO NOISY. SHOULD'VE LEFT YOU AT THE MARKET.

WHOLE *CREW* NOW. GANGING *UP*. IT'S *MUTINY*.

HOLLY. WHAT THE HELL TIME IS IT?

MROWWRR RRWREOWW RROWW

SE*LIN*A-- OUTS*I*DE--

VOGUE

--EX*PLO*SIONS--

ggnf

CHRIST. NOT EVEN *LIGHT* OUT.

CHRIST. FIVE IN THE MORNING.

MMREEEOWW

MRROWWWRRRP

I'M BEING *SERIOUS*, SELINA. THINGS ARE BLOWING *UP* OVER BY ROBINSON *PARK*.

MAYBE *BRANDEN'S* CORNERED A *JAYWALKER*.

TURN THE TV ON, HOLLY. GOT TO HAVE *SOMETHING* ON THIS...

The fifth load goes up. I pray it'll be the last.

He will be soon, anyway. Branden and the collection of sociopaths he calls a swat team will see to that.

Commissioner's orders. That's what Branden told me.

The Police Commissioner of Gotham City wants a corpse.

THIS IS UNIT *THREE*-- WE ARE APPROACHING *TARGET AREA*--

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE *GOING*, YOU--

NO *PRISONERS*, MEN.

LIEUTENANT *GORDON*-- YOU SHOULDN'T BE *STANDING* JUST YET.

I'M ALL RIGHT...

Batman. He's made enemies of every criminal in Gotham--and nearly every elected official.

They've only got him cornered because he got hurt saving an old woman's life. They--

--I mean we, of course...

--REPORT THAT THE *BATMAN* HAS BEEN *SURROUNDED* BY GOTHAM *POLICE* AFTER HE *ATTACKED* TWO *OFFICERS*-- ONE OF THEM HERO COP *LIEUTENANT JAMES GORDON*--

--THE VIGILANTE IS NOW TRYING TO *HIDE* IN AN ABANDONED *TENEMENT* OFF *ROBINSON PARK*-- *GUNFIRE* HAS BEEN HEARD--AND *EXPLOSIONS*--

SELINA-- IT'S *BATMAN*-- CAN WE--

WHAT THE HELL. GRAB YOUR COAT.

DOWN, OTTO. THERE'S *PLENTY*.

--NOW THERE IS TENSE *SILENCE*-- EYEWITNESSES SAY A HEAVILY ARMED *SWAT TEAM* OF EIGHTEEN MEN HAS ENTERED THE BUILDING--



--WE HAVE ENTERED THE *LOBBY*--NO *SIGN* OF HIM YET--

UNIT *ONE*, REPORTING--SECOND FLOOR'S A *MESS*--NOTHING *LIVING*--

UNIT *TWO*, REPORTING--FOUND A *BODY* UNDER THE *WATER HEATER*--JUST AN OLD *WINO*--

KEEP IT *TIGHT*--KEEP IT *TIGHT*--

OVER *HERE*--GIVE ME SOME *LIGHT*--

JUST A *CHIMNEY*--

--NO--DOWN *THERE*--OVER *THERE*--THE *FLOOR*--

--IF HE GOT DOWN *THERE*--TRAPDOOR'S *METAL*--HE MIGHT'VE *SURVIVED*--

--SO *PERFORATE* IT, SOLDIER--

UNITS *ONE* AND *TWO*--STAY WHERE YOU *ARE*--THIS IS ONLY *PRECAUTIONARY FIRE*--

IF HE'S *DOWN* THERE--HE *TRAPPED* HIMSELF--

BRAKABRAKABR

PRAEGER! FENTON! SUSSMAN! DOWNSIDE! MOVE IT!

--CHECKING BASEMENT AREA-- NO TROUBLE YET--

ANOTHER WINO UP HERE-- HE'S COLD--

--WAIT-- GOT SOMETHING--

--NO-- IT'S JUST A DOG--

STEADY BURST IF YOU FIND HIM--NO MATTER HOW DEAD HE LOOKS--

--GO FOR THE CHEST--WE'LL NEED HIS FACE FOR IDENTIFICATION--

-- NO TROUBLE YET--

-- JESUS-- ANOTHER WINO --THEY SAID THE PLACE WAS DESERTED--

SUPER MUST'VE LIVED HERE--

God is NOBODY HOME NOW--

HONK IF YOU JES

NOTHING HERE, MEN. WE'RE COMING BACK UP.

THOOM

I LIKE YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, BRANDEN.

HOLD YOUR FIRE. YOU'D ONLY KILL YOUR OWN MEN.

TOO MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED ALREADY. HAVE THE OTHER SQUADS WITHDRAWN. I CAN'T GUARANTEE THEIR SAFETY.

=NFF= NO *USE*-- SOMETHING'S ON *TOP* OF IT--

UNITS *ONE* AND *TWO*-- CONVERGE ON *LOBBY*--HE'S *HERE*--

--SHOOT ON *SIGHT*--

FSSS

HERE, SIR-- A *HOLE* IN THE *WALL*--MUST'VE BEEN A *FIRE-PLACE* HERE ONCE--

--MUST'VE KICKED *THROUGH*-- CLIMBED UP THE *CHIMNEY*--

SSSSS

--WHA--

GAS MASKS! FAST!

--UNIT *ONE*-- DO YOU *COPY*?

I THINK *BRANDEN* NEEDS SOME *HELP*, LIEUTENANT.

WE CAN'T HELP, MERKEL. ORDERS. BREAKS MY HEART.

STAND *BACK*--

--STAND *BACK*-- LET US DO OUR *JOB*--

--*BAT*MAN, SELINA -- SOMEBODY JUST SAID HE'S A *LIVE*--

--MAYBE WE'LL *SEE* HIM--

WE'LL SEE HIS *CORPSE*...

SIR--HE'S TAKEN OUT UNIT *THREE*...THE WHOLE UNIT, COMMISSIONER...

THIS WILL NOT DO. THIS WILL NOT DO AT ALL.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR *MARKSMAN*? I TRUST YOU DIDN'T GET ME A BLIND *MARKSMAN*, DID YOU?

NO, SIR. HE'S OUR BEST MAN. BUT THERE ARE A HUNDRED PLACES TO *HIDE* IN THERE--

--UNTIL THE *SUN* IS HIGHER IN THE *SKY*. IT WON'T BE LONG, SIR...

The only other survivor of the attack shares a shrinking shadow with me.

I owe him an apology.

I've made a mess of things. Let it all get out of hand.

The enemy is closing in, relentless, unstoppable...

...through a crack in the wall I look at him.

With my belt, I lost my rope, my thermite, my tear gas -- even my batarangs.

I'm down to the blowgun in my boot --

KREEE

STEP IT *UP*--

CAREFUL-- STAIRS ARE *GIVING*--

WHAT THE *HELL*--

JUST A *CAT*, MAN--

IT'S A *BAT* WE'RE AFTER--

KEEP AN *EYE* OUT--

KREEOOWWW

Knew he wouldn't stay quiet.

Siamese.

Down to the blowgun and its three darts --

--and an unofficial invention of Wayne Electronics.

Haven't tested it for this great a distance. Or for use in daylight.

Too bad I can't afford to patent it. I'd make a fortune.

But then, I already have a fortune...

...if I didn't, I couldn't have built the device.

If my family manor weren't placed over a huge cave...

...the Batcave, I call it.

SKEE SKEE

It's full of bats.

Extraordinary creatures, bats. Nearly blind--

--they are sensitive to a range of sound far beyond our hearing.

Took me weeks to find an ultrasonic tone that attracts them.

All of them.

SKEE SKEE SKEE

Wayne Manor is miles from Gotham. They'll take a few minutes to get here--

--should things go well.

Wait... wait...

...let them waste all the time they want...

KEEEOOOHWRRR

STEADY, MAN--JUST THAT CAT AGAIN--

--GETTING ON MY NERVES--

WHFF WHOEVER BATMAN IS-- HE'S STRONGER THAN A...

HOLD IT, YOU IDIOT--

QUIET--HE COULD BE NFFGNN ANYWHERE...

SAID HE WAS IN THE CHIMNEY--THERE--

DROP THAT BEAM-- THEY WEREN'T QUICK ENOUGH--THEY'RE USELESS--

--WE'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T KILL THEM--

--NOW FAN OUT--YOU'RE LEAVING YOURSELVES WIDE OP

HHKKK

The slightest dose of Anaconda on the darts-- enough to put a man to sleep--

BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

--for a day or so--

--twelve men left-- two darts--

--no good--

--one bullet-- will make all the difference--

--they've got thousands--

SPAKK

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAK

--THERE--

--CAN'T SEE HIM-- WHERE--

--MOVES SO FAST--

--DARK--

--COULD BE ANYWHERE--

REEOW

WHA--

--DAMN THAT CAT--

ABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

--THERE--

--SO FAST--

WREEOWWWWW

WREEEE

NGG

--TAGGED HIM -- CLOSE IN--

COMMISSIONER-- FOR GOD'S SAKE-- COME IN--

--THOSE IDIOTS ARE FIRING OUT THE WINDOWS-- FOR GOD'S--

NGAAA

--MERKEL!--

GOT HIM--

--GET IN CLOSE-- CUT THAT BASTARD IN HALF--

--GOT HIM, MAN, WE'VE GOT HIM--

Groggy-- losing-- too much blood--

--had to-- put a bullet-- in my good leg-- didn't they--

KKRAAAKKK

--forget it-- ignore it--

--put what's left into it--

YOU'RE THE ONE--

--WHO TRIED TO SHOOT THE CAT--

HHWHFFF

=KOFF=

CAN'T SEE--

BRAKK

CAN'T MOVE--GET ME OUT--

The crowd is all screams and angry shouts. Then, I hear a wrecking ball take out the wall--

--and a hardware store clatter across the street.

A cheer goes up. They've made a hero out of him.

Then the cheering disintegrates...

...and the screaming starts again...

THWOKK

--ART-- GET OUT OF THE WAY--

--LOOK--

WHAT THE HELL--

--UP THERE--

--MY GOD--

--MY GOD--






PCT 1


MY LORD, WHAT'S--
THERE-- DOWN THERE-- HE'S GOT A MOTORCYCLE-- GET AFTER HIM OR I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT--
--GET AFTER HIM--

Commissioner Loeb chased a cloud of bats for twelve blocks. When the cloud broke up, he found out that was all he was chasing.

Somewhere along the way the Batman must've taken a turn--and told his pets to keep going.

POLICE

Always eager to please the Commissioner, Detective Swanson pursued the bats to the bitter end...

...and, speaking of bitter ends...

...every member of Branden's team, every cop, and everybody in the crowd were vaccinated for their bat bites.

Never have so many had so much trouble sitting down.

The owner of a nearby men's store opened up his shop, four hours later, to find a three-piece suit missing--

--and payment for it sitting on his cash register.

Four of Branden's men were hospitalized with broken bones.

Pratt--who Batman had punched through a brick wall--suffered from five broken ribs and internal bleeding.

The dead winos had no relatives to complain about their firebombing.

Everyone who would've ordered Branden or Loeb up on charges remains unavailable to me by appointment or phone...

June 9

...as has my prime suspect in this case-- Bruce Wayne, the richest man in Gotham City.

Sgt. Essen informed me that Wayne's parents were murdered by a mugger when he was six years old. That's enough motive, I suppose, to make a man dress like Dracula and assault criminals...

...and save cats...

...Wayne's butler informed me that his boss has been skiing in Switzerland for six weeks.

I squeezed permission for an international call from Captain Pierce...

...I've had easier root canals-- you'd think Pierce was paying for the call out of his own pocket...

...and I spoke to somebody in Switzerland who said he was Bruce Wayne--

--then told me he'd taken a nasty spill on the slopes--broken both legs and one arm--

--but assured me he'd be back in the country in a month. Said he'd be happy to talk with me. Laughed when I mentioned Batman.

Asked me for his autograph.

WAYNE COULD AFFORD AN ***IMPERSONATOR***-- AND ***CASTS*** ON HIS ***ARM*** AND ***LEGS*** WOULD COVER ***BULLET WOUNDS***--EXACTLY WHERE ***BATMAN*** RECEIVED THEM...

...I'M SORRY, ESSEN. DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

WORLD'S GREATEST DAD

YES, SIR. IT'S QUITTING TIME.

SHARE A CAB?

Think of her as a cop.

Think of her as a cop.

June 15

I leave the casts and the sleeping alibis back at the lodge.

They were so eager to support my story with Lieutenant Gordon -- all I had to say was that a woman was involved --

--one of them even pretended to be me, just for laughs, before I arrived...

...the air is cold and sharp and hard to breathe -- it's good to be alive --

--I don't deserve to be alive.

This isn't a game. I can't afford mistakes.

I have to learn to make it work -- step by step -- method by method --

--but that won't be enough.

Too many people want me dead.

I can't do it alone.

I need an ally -- an inside man.

I need Jim Gordon.

On my side.

June 17

SELINA-- YOU PUNCHED STAAN--

HOTEL

WE'RE CHANGING OUR LINE OF WORK, HOLLY.

I GOT AN IDEA.

HOPPER

It's getting to be a habit for Essen and I to have a cup of coffee at the local diner before calling it a night.

Actually, I'm the only one who has coffee--she goes for herb tea--she'd qualify as a health nut if she didn't smoke...

...we stay longer tonight, hoping to wait out the rain. We run out of shop talk, but keep going...

...turns out her first name is Sarah and her family is from Germany, a generation back. She's got a thing about the bad rap that Germans generally get.

She got into law enforcement after being told she was too masculine for about six other careers.

Whoever told her she was masculine must've been blind, deaf, and dead.

The rain's eased up and I'm an hour late and feeling terrible about having forgotten to call Barbara when we decide to risk it and look for a cab.

A group of bikers notice Essen's legs and make the usual remarks.

We ignore them and keep walking.

Turns out she's from Chicago, some years back. Small world.

Even went to the same place for ribs. I'm sure I would've noticed her...

...though, come to think of it, she was probably in high school then...

...Gotham weather. Just when the rain seems to be clearing up, lightning flashes--

--and we learn how Noah felt. Not having an ark, we settle for a doorway.

A cab comes. She takes it. We don't say good night.

August 7

I DON'T KNOW, SELINA-- I MEAN, YOU SPENT ALL OUR MONEY ON THAT COSTUME--

I MEAN, IT'S PRETTY QUEER--

I MEAN--

IT'S MONEY, HOLLY. BE A KICK. JUST WATCH.

SELINA--

I hate this city.

I hate myself and the night and everything it brings.

Mostly, I hate it when she cries...

...another fight. We fight so much, Barbara and I. She tells me I'm away too much and just when I should apologize, I snap at her... I freeze up inside...

...tonight, she called the office and I wasn't there-- I was out having coffee with Sarah--

--Sarah--my God, I'm calling her Sarah now... it's all wrong...

...and Barbara's right, as always...

...and right now I should be talking to her-- begging her to forgive me for--

--for the baby in her stomach and the way that I'm thinking about Essen--that's right--call her Essen--forget how she felt-- how her body and her lips felt--

--Barbara--I should talk to her. I shouldn't be thinking -- not about Sgt. Essen--

--and not about Batman.

He's a criminal. I'm a cop. It's that simple. But--

--but I'm a cop in a city where the mayor and the commissioner of police use cops as hired killers...

...he saved that old woman.

He saved that cat.

He even paid for that suit.

The hunk of metal in my hands is heavier than ever...



He's out to clean
up a city that
likes being dirty.

He can't do it alone.

CHAPTER FOUR:
FRIEND IN NEED









HERO COP LIEUTENANT ***JAMES GORDON*** TODAY APPREHENDED NOTORIOUS NARCOTICS DEALER ***JEFFERSON SKEEVERS.*** IT LOOKS LIKE ***GORDON'S*** OUT TO SET A ***RECORD.*** RIGHT, TOM?

IT SURE DOES, TRISH. HE'S CAUGHT A ***BIG*** FISH THIS TIME. IF SKEEVERS IS ***CONVICTED***, THIS'LL BE THE ***FOURTH*** TIME HE GOES TO PRISON. BET THEY THROW AWAY THE ***KEY.***





September 7

Her arms are strong. Her whole body's strong.

It's late. We've both worked late again.

I never get tired around her.

She's requested a transfer. She's leaving Gotham City.

I'm in love with her.

It's the only thing to do.

JUDGE RAFFERTY SET **BAIL** FOR **JEFFERSON SKEEVERS**. SURPRISINGLY, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY **HARVEY DENT** DID NOT **ARGUE** WITH THIS DECISION...



September 10

I **KNOW** YOU AREN'T ON THE **TAKE**-- AND I DON'T **THINK** YOU'RE **CRAZY**--

--SO TELL ME **WHY** YOU LET THEM LET **SKEEVERS** OUT ON THE **STREET**, DENT--

I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU **FEEL**, LIEUTENANT.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BORROW MY **UMBRELLA**?

September 11

NO. NO. NONE OF THAT. YOU STAY **CLEAN** UNTIL WE'VE GOTTEN YOU **OFF**.

DON'T SWEAT IT, BABE. JUST A COUPLE OF **LINES**.

DENT AND **GORDON** ARE **HOT** FOR YOU, SKEEVERS. THEY'D **LOVE** TO CATCH YOU WITH YOUR PANTS DOWN.

NNFF

CATCH ME? THEY **CAUGHT** ME, BABE--AND THEY LET ME **GO**. AND **YOU** GOT ME A **COURT ORDER** TYING **GORDON'S** HANDS...

...I MEAN, I'D BE **SWEATING**, BABE-- IF IT WASN'T FOR OUR **COP**.

THEY **NAIL** ME AND I **TALK** ABOUT **FLASS**--

--AND MAYBE **FLASS** TALKS ABOUT **COMMISSIONER LOEB**...

YOU SAY **ONE WORD** ABOUT **FLASS** AND THEY'LL KILL **BOTH** OF US, SKEEVERS.

NOW TAKE THAT THING OUT OF YOUR **NOSE** AND **LISTEN** TO ME.

JUST A COUPLE OF **LINES**...

SNIFF

WHERE DO I START. BAD ENOUGH THAT YOU'RE **BLACK**.

I WANT YOU IN A **BLUE SUIT** AT THE **INQUEST**. WITH A **TIE**. MAKE IT **BLACK**. SAME FOR THE **SHOES**. NONE OF THAT **PIMP** STUFF.

AND WHEN YOU **SMILE** AT THE JURY, MAKE IT **NICE**. PARTICULARLY THE **WOMEN**.

I SMILED AT THEM OKAY.

JUST REMEMBER THEY'VE STILL GOT THEIR CLOTHES ON.

KLIK

KLKLANGG

CLOSED THE WINDOW...

SKKRASSHH

EXIT

WHAT THE HELL--

--SKEEVERS. YOU ALL RIGHT?

EXIT

I'M FINE.

BETTER LAY OFF THAT COKE.

EXIT

BAD ON THE NERVES.

EXIT

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE ME.

NNGG

BULLETS DON'T HARM ME.

NOTHING HARMS ME.

BUT I KNOW PAIN.

I KNOW PAIN.

SOMETIMES I SHARE IT.

WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU.

September 12

WANT TO TALK TO *DENT*. COP A *PLEA*. WANT TO *TALK*. ABOUT *FLASS*.

MERKEL. GET *DENT*.

FORGET TO TELL THE *COMMISSIONER*.

I'M GONE...

SOURCES INSIDE THE POLICE DEPARTMENT REVEALED THAT GOTHAM POLICE DETECTIVE *ARNOLD FLASS* HAS BEEN IMPLICATED IN SKEEVERS' DRUG OPERATION...

September 13

DETECTIVE ***FLASS*** IS A ***FRIEND*** OF MINE, GORDON. YOU MIGHT HAVE AT LEAST ***INFORMED*** ME OF YOUR PLANS BEFORE HANDING HIS HEAD TO ***INTERNAL AFFAIRS***.

IT WAS A ***SLIP***, SIR. EVERYBODY'S WORKING SUCH LONG HOURS.

GILLIAN B. L
COMMISSIONER
OF POLICE

FRIENDSHIP, GORDON. ***LOYALTY***. THESE WORDS STILL ***COUNT*** FOR SOMETHING IN ***GOTHAM CITY***.

WE TOOK ***YOU*** IN. YES WE DID. BLEMISHES AND ALL. AND YOU ***DO*** HAVE YOUR ***BLEMISHES***. AND YOU GO AND --

DRUG RING SMASHES

STOP

I'VE DONE EXACTLY WHAT I PROMISED, COMMISSIONER. YOU GET MY BEST WORK.

YOU GET GOOD ***PRESS***, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.

THEY ***LIKE*** YOU, DON'T THEY, ***AGEE*** AND HIS PACK AT THE ***GAZETTE***.

BUT THEY DON'T ***KNOW*** YOU. NO THEY DON'T.

NOT THE WAY ***WE*** KNOW YOU.

TERRIBLE IF THEY-- OR YOUR ***WIFE***-- LEARNED OF THE ***SPECIAL NATURE*** OF YOUR ***RELATIONSHIP***--

-- WITH SERGEANT ***ESSEN***.

WALLS HAVE ***EARS***, JIMMY.

September 25

COMMISSIONER LOEB ASSURES GOTHAM THAT THE MANHUNT FOR THE *BATMAN* CONTINUES, WITH HERO COP *JAMES GORDON* ON THE CASE...

The butler makes us feel as welcome as a virus. He leads us through a few dozen rooms the size of small states to Wayne's study.

Wayne's been out of the country. Wayne's had the flu. This morning I was told he had a hangover, but he'd see me.

Better than having Barbara stay at home and worry about being so overdue...

POLICE LIEUTENANT AND MRS. *GORDON*, SIR.

MRS. GORDON. I'M CHARMED.

ALFRED--BE A JOY AND GET SOME *GLASSES* FOR OUR *GUESTS*.

AND ANOTHER *BOTTLE*. THIS ONE'S *EVAPORATED*.

LITTLE *EARLY* IN THE DAY FOR US, THANKS.

MR. WAYNE--I DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR *TIME*...

MY TIME IS *WORTHLESS*, LIEUTENANT. JUST ASK *ALFRED*.

HMF.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR *EXPLOITS*, LIEUTENANT, AND I MUST SAY THAT I'M *IMPRESSED*. YOU'RE GETTING AS MUCH PRESS AS *BATMAN*.

IT IS *BATMAN* YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, ISN'T IT? SOMETHING ABOUT MY *BEING* HIM?

EXCUSE ME. IT MUST BE THE *CHAMPAGNE*. I NEGLECTED TO INTRODUCE MY *FRIEND*--YOU SEE, I'M NOT SURE OF HER *NAME*, AND SHE DOESN'T SPEAK ANY LANGUAGE *I* KNOW...

THAT MUST BE CONVENIENT.

BARBARA.

MR. WAYNE, I NEED TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES...

He laughs and rings for his butler. His butler brings his datebook.

I could auction off the phone numbers in his datebook for a fortune.

They're all women. They're all famous. They're all beautiful.

HE'S A *PIG*, JIM.

HE'S *ACTING* LIKE ONE, THAT'S FOR SURE ... BUT...

...BUT ANY MAN WHO'D WEAR A *CAPE*-- AND IT'S A *CAPE*, NOT WINGS, I'VE SEEN IT--

--ANYBODY WHO'D WEAR A *CAPE* AND HUNT *CRIMINALS* MIGHT GO PRETTY *FAR* TO KEEP HIS *SECRETS*...

... SECRETS. DAMN IT ALL...

JIM -- WHY ARE YOU *STOPPING?*

HONEY, THERE'S SOMETHING WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT.

TEN MINUTES HE'S BEEN THERE...

... NOW HE'S MOVING. GOOD.

ALFRED-- HOW DID YOU LIKE MY *PERFORMANCE?*

POSITIVELY *VAUDEVILLIAN*, SIR. I GATHER THE *REMAINING* BOTTLE OF *CLUB SODA* MAY BE LEFT IN ITS *PROPER* CONTAINER?

HMF. I SUPPOSE YOU'LL TAKE UP *FLYING* NEXT--

--LIKE THAT FELLOW IN *METROPOLIS.*

SKEEVERS TOLD US *WHERE*, *WHEN*, AND *HOW MUCH* MONEY YOU RECEIVED, FLASS.

AND YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING A LOT MORE THAN YOU'RE EARNING...

October 2

YOU'RE FACING *TEN YEARS* IN *PRISON*, FLASS.

THAT'S IF SKEEVERS IS ALIVE ENOUGH TO *TESTIFY.*

MY *CLIENT* DIDN'T *MEAN* THAT...

October 5

YES, SIR. I KNOW ABOUT SGT. ESSEN. PLEASE DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN.

October 7

Somebody slips rat poison into Skeevers' food.

Merkel gets his stomach pumped in time.

October 10

SKEEVERS IS STILL GOING TO *TESTIFY* AGAINST *FLASS*. DOESN'T *CARE* THAT HIS ATTORNEY *QUIT*.

WHATEVER HE'S *SCARED* OF, IT'S-- WHAT'S SO *FUNNY*, DENT?

October 12

LIEUTENANT *GORDON*?

IT'S A BOY. YOUR WIFE IS FINE.

...*FOURTH* IN A DARING SERIES OF *CAT BURGLARIES*. COMMISSIONER LOEB'S PRIVATE COLLECTION OF *POP MEMORABILIA* IS VALUED AT *FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS*...



November 2

FORTY THOUSAND. SURE. SO WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO SELL IT?

THOUGHT HE'D HAVE JEWELS--OR PAINTINGS--

--NOT NOW, OTTO...

MROWWRR

RIPP

THIS ONE DOESN'T EVEN WORK.

...LOEB WAS QUICK TO CHARGE THE BATMAN WITH THE CRIME...

BATMAN. THEY'RE GIVING THE CREDIT TO BATMAN. ACES.

SELINA--YOU DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW IT WAS YOU...

...LEAVING GOTHAM TO WONDER --IS THE BATMAN A VIGILANTE--A THIEF--A ROBIN HOOD?--

--IN OTHER NEWS, DETECTIVE ARNOLD FLASS FACES INDICTMENT TOMORROW ON THOSE DRUG CHARGES...

I HEAR THE ROMAN'S GOT A FORTUNE IN OLD STUFF. MAYBE I'LL GIVE HIM A SCRATCH OR TWO BEFORE I STEAL IT. WON'T THINK IT'S BATMAN IF I GIVE HIM A SCRATCH.

WHERE'D I PUT THAT DAMN COSTUME...

=Klik= AND I WANT TO BE A FRIEND TO YOU...

I FIXED IT, SELINA--

...COME ALONG NOW AND JOIN THE PARTY...

SELINA--I FIXED IT--

SCRATCH HIM. ON THE FACE. JUST ONCE. HE COULD USE IT.

...INDUSTRY EXPERTS WERE STUNNED BY THE DEMONSTRATION OF UNHEARD-OF POSSIBILITIES FOR LIGHTWEIGHT, DURABLE PLASTICS...



JOHNNY. LITTLE JOHNNY. YOU'RE A MAN NOW. A STRONG MAN.

AND HOW IS MY SISTER? MY BEAUTIFUL, FAITHFUL SISTER.

MOTHER IS WELL, SIR. SHE SENDS HER DEEPEST DEVOTION. SHE PRAYS FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS.

I FEAR I NEED HER PRAYERS, JOHNNY. I NEED HER SON.

AND YOU HAVE SHOWN THAT YOU ARE BRAVE AS HORATIUS, JOHNNY.

HAVE I TOLD YOU OF HORATIUS? ONE MAN ON A NARROW BRIDGE--HOLDING THE LINE AGAINST HUNDREDS --UNTIL--

IT HAS THRILLED ME EVERY TIME, SIR.

I AM, OF COURSE, YOURS.

MOTHER HAS SAID THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL MEN WHO ARE PLAGUING YOU, SIR.

I NEED ONLY BE TOLD THEIR NAMES.

YOUR MOTHER IS *WISE,* IN HER WAY.

...YOU SEE, JOHNNY, THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHO ASK *QUESTIONS.* AND FAR, FAR TOO MANY WHO GIVE *ANSWERS*...

MOTHER SAID--

WHAP

...WE MUST AVOID MORE BAD *PUBLICITY,* JOHNNY. LISTEN TO ME. I WILL TELL YOU WHAT MUST BE DONE.

OVER *THERE*-- IT'S--

HSSSSSSSSSS

--IT'S A *WOMGGAHHH*

SSSSSS

--OVER *HERE*--

--MY *FACE*--

--IT'S A *WOMAN*--

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT--

--LET *GO* OF ME YOU *IDIOT*--

--HOW'D SHE GET *UP* HERE--

--WHO THE *HELL*--

--CLAWS MY *FACE*--

BATMAN. YOU WORK FOR THE BATMAN.

I WANT HER ALIVE.

IN PAIN.

--OH GOD SOMEBODY HELP ME--

--HOW'D SHE GET UP HERE--

JOHNNY.

SNAKK

YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE.

JOHNNY?

THUNK

WHAT THE--

--BATMAN--

--IT'S BNNG

THUNK

-- MY GOD IT'S--

--WHERE--

THUNK

WASTING MY TIME--

MY FACE--

--MY FACE--

November 3

MASTER *BRUCE*--I'VE JUST COME ACROSS A *FASCINATING* PIECE IN THE *TIMES*.

CONCERNS THE *EFFECTS* OF LACK OF *SLEEP* AMONG THE MARGINALLY *SANE*...

QUIET, ALFRED.

...YOUR MOTHER IS *WISE*, IN HER WAY...

IF ONLY THAT *WOMAN* HADN'T BEEN THERE... THE ROMAN WAS ABOUT TO TELL HIS NEPHEW...

...*WHAPP* WE MUST AVOID MORE BAD *PUBLICITY*, JOHNNY...

..."MARKED INCREASE IN PARANOIA" ... hmm...

I SHOULD'VE *CRIPPLED* THE ROMAN'S *NEPHEW*. WOULD'VE BOUGHT US *TIME*.

NO... HE'D HAVE JUST GOTTEN SOME-BODY *ELSE*. AT LEAST I KNOW WHO HE'S *USING*.

Times

BATMAN ROBS ROMAN SLASHES FACE

=WHRR= ... AVOID MORE BAD *PUBLI-CITY*... =KLIK=

..."TENDENCY TOWARD ABERRANT, EVEN VIOLENT BEHAVIOR "...

HE DOESN'T WANT BAD PUBLICITY. IT FOLLOWS THAT HE WON'T *MURDER* ANYONE...

...THAT LEAVES *BLACKMAIL*, OR...

OFF AGAIN, SIR?

SHALL I FETCH YOUR *TIGHTS*?

NEVER DURING THE *DAY*, ALFRED.

...LAST NIGHT'S INCIDENT CONNECTS THE *BATMAN* WITH THE RECENT *CAT BURGLARIES*. A *WOMAN* WITH *CLAWS*--PRESUMABLY BATMAN'S *ASSISTANT*-- IS SAID TO HAVE...

ASSISTANT. NOW I'M HIS *ASSISTANT*.

I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING *REALLY* NASTY, NEXT TIME...

CAT FOOD

GORDON, JOHNNY. ONCE A MAN BECOMES A *FATHER* HE IS NEVER TRULY *FREE*.

LISTEN CLOSELY...

WAAAAHHH

FEEDING TIME.

MY TURN, HONEY...

WAAH HHK WAHHH

EASY, NOW. GETTING IT WARM--

RINGG

WAAAAAAAHHH

...YES, COMMISSIONER...

...SIR, MERKEL'S ON DUTY. HE CAN--

...YES, SIR. ON MY WAY.

GORDON IS LEAVING HIS APARTMENT. TELL THE ROMAN.

Third-rate witness in a nickel-and-dime open-and-shut domestic grievance and Loeb knows I've only had two hours sleep--

Maniac--

--should arrest the--

--wait a minute...

SCREECHH

...heading into my building's garage-- I don't recognize him--

--suddenly my stomach's cold as death and I'm twisting the wheel again--

--nickel-and-dime domestic--

--getting me out of the apartment--

SCREECH!!

--Barbara--

--James--

--no sign of the motorcycle-- plenty of places to hide in here--

--come on-- come on-- I'm ready for you--

WWAAUUUUH

DROP THE GUN, LIEUTENANT. GO TO THE OFFICE. WAIT FOR OUR CALL.

JIM--

JIM--

If I let them go, they're dead--

KBLAMM

--can't go for a wound--

BLAMM

--Good, Barbara --stay low--

NNGG

BLAMM

--caught one in the shoulder--

--throws my aim off-- just for a second--

BLAMM

WASN'T SUPPOSED TO *HAPPEN*--

GET *OUT* OF HERE--HE'S *CRAZY*--

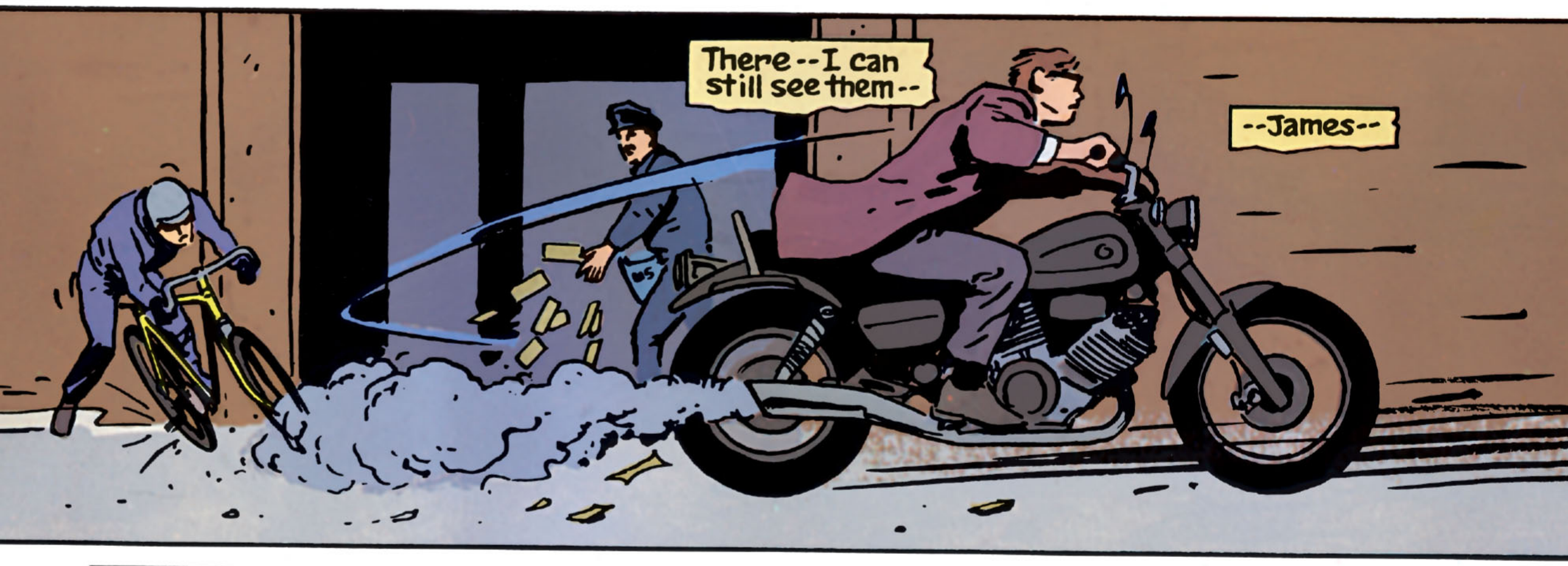
KPWEE

SKREEEE

Behind me a motorcycle starts--


BLAMM


GET OUT OF HERE, BARBARA--CALL A COP--


There--I can still see them--
--James--


DON'T--I'LL KILL YOU--
MRS. GORDON. YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME.


I WON'T LET YOUR BOY DIE.



BLAMM

POWW

The driver hits the brakes, too late--going too fast--

--the bridge shakes--

--I listen to the rending metal and clattering glass--

--I listen--the radiator hisses, spits water on the street--

--I don't hear a human sound--

--I don't hear my baby cry--

WHUMPP

NNGG

--the metal rail digs into my back--

--he's heavy--

NO.

NO

WWAAAAHHHHH

WAAAAAAHHHHH

WAAAHHHHGLBB

THAT'S RIGHT. GOOD BOY. SETTLE DOWN, NOW. YOU'RE SAFE.

YOU MUST BE WEARING SOME *ARMOR* UNDER THAT JACKET.

YES.

YOU KNOW, I'M PRACTICALLY *BLIND* WITHOUT MY GLASSES.

SIRENS COMING. YOU'D BETTER GO.

Turns out Flass is smarter than anybody knew.

He took notes on every little talk he'd had with Commissioner Loeb. Dates, times -- it was all there.

Two weeks and five days in jail and he remembered where he kept the notes.

Loeb's holding up pretty well under the strain.

Judge Norton's on the case, so I don't think Dent has a chance of putting him behind bars--

--but word is Loeb's conferring with the mayor on the terms of his resignation.

December 3

They've already got Grogan primed to replace him, who's worse. Still, things aren't so bad, right now.

The Roman's been at war with his sister ever since he tried to get a hired knife slid between his nephew's ribs.

I had a few run-ins with his sister, back in Chicago, a few years ago. I don't envy the Roman.

They were all too busy to stand in the way of my promotion to Captain.

Sarah's in New York, doing well, I hear.

Barbara's not crazy about the marriage counselor, but we're making progress.

As for me -- well, there's a real panic on. Somebody's threatened to poison the Gotham reservoir.

Calls himself the Joker.

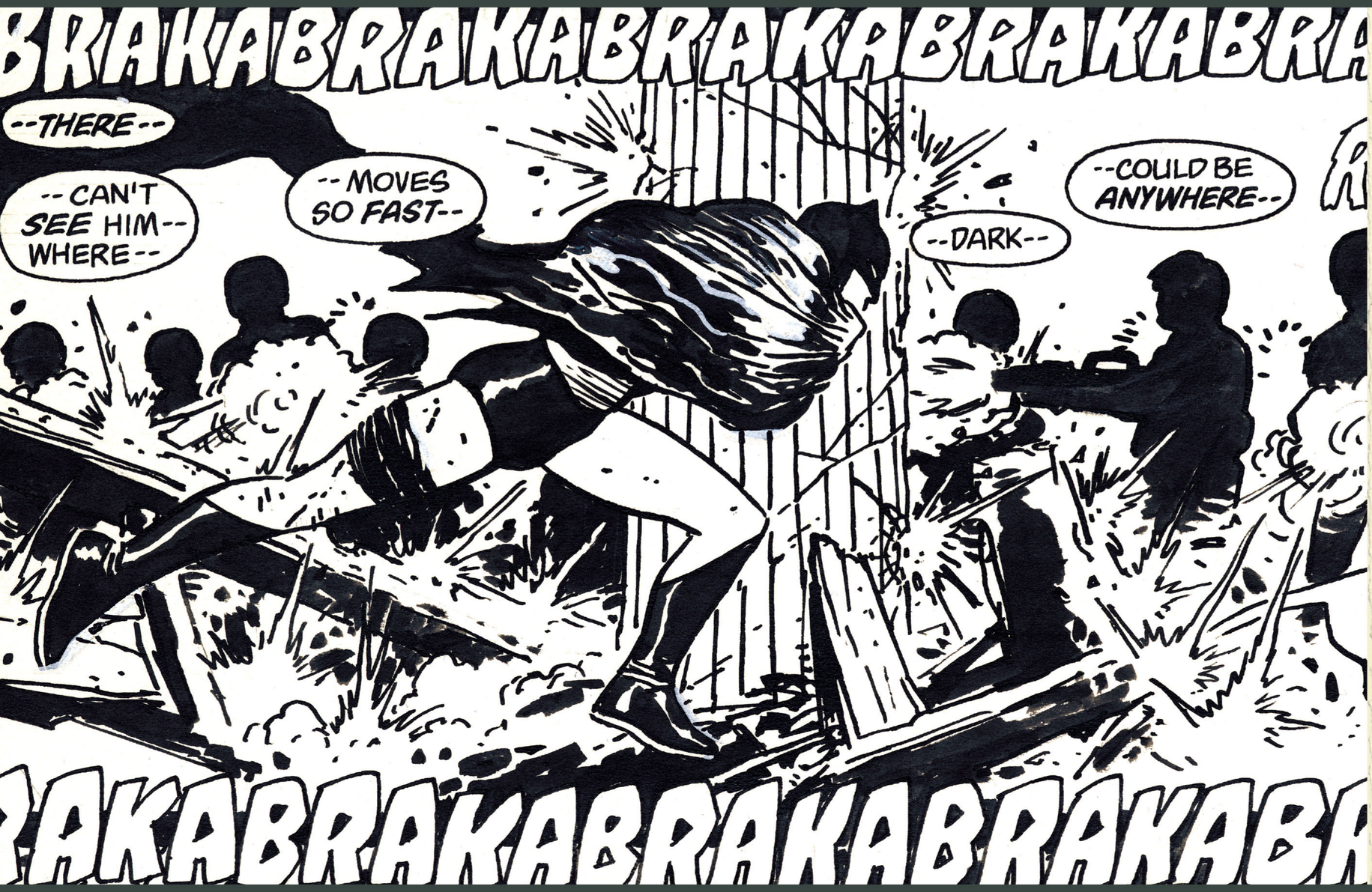
I've got a friend coming who might be able to help.

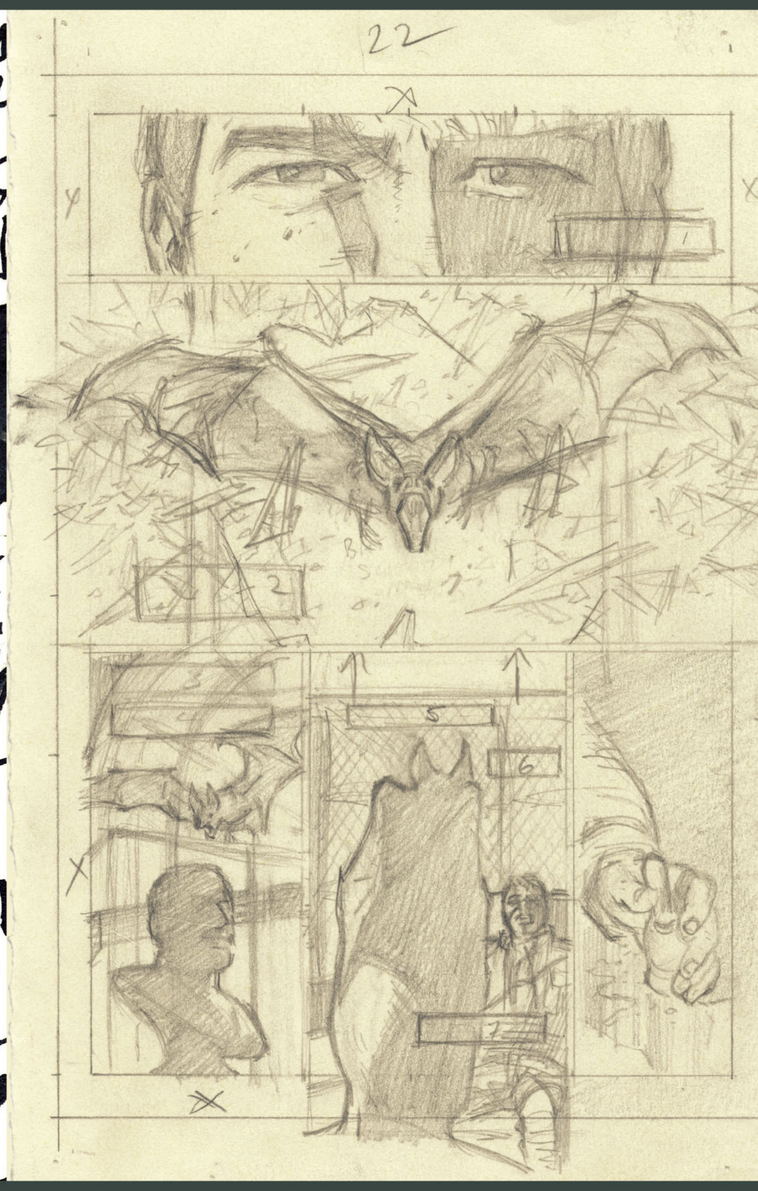
Should be here any minute.



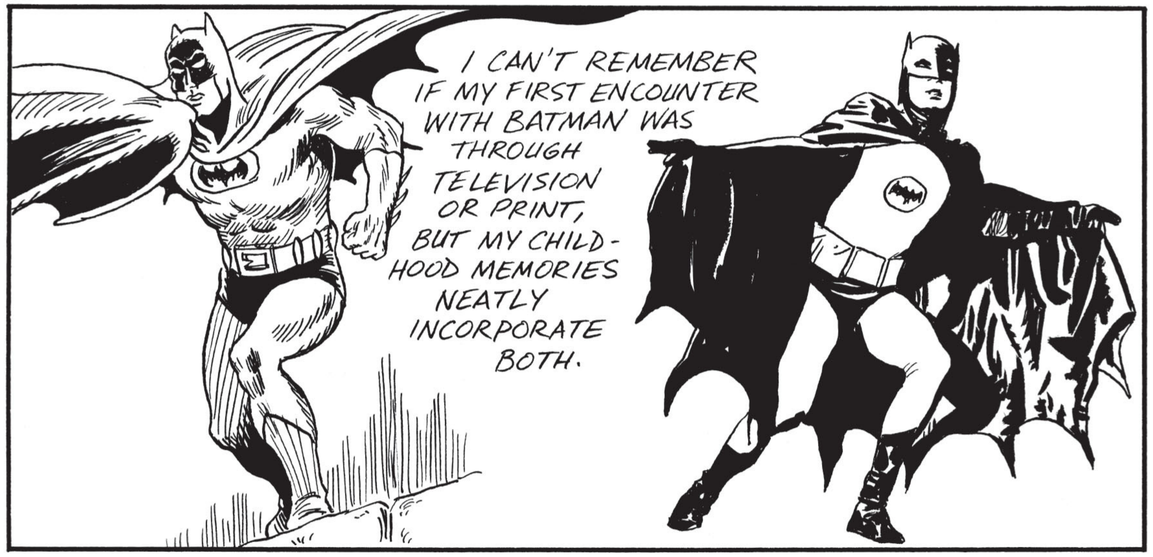
AFTERWORD(S)

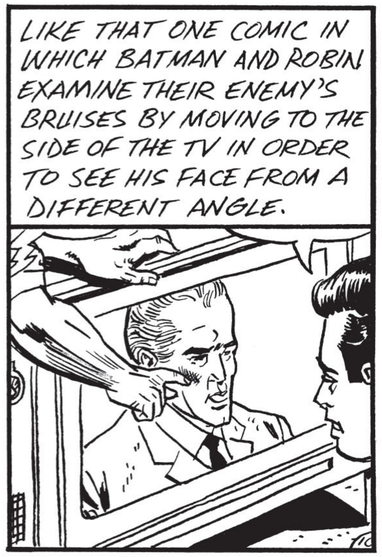
DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI



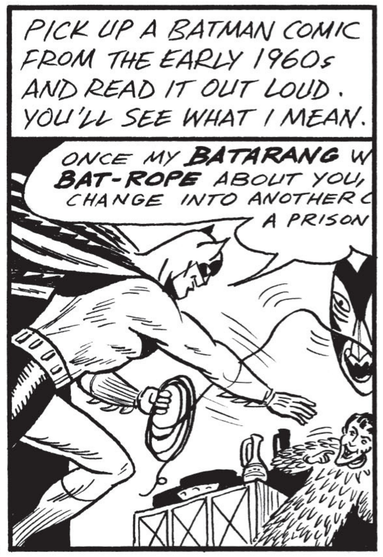


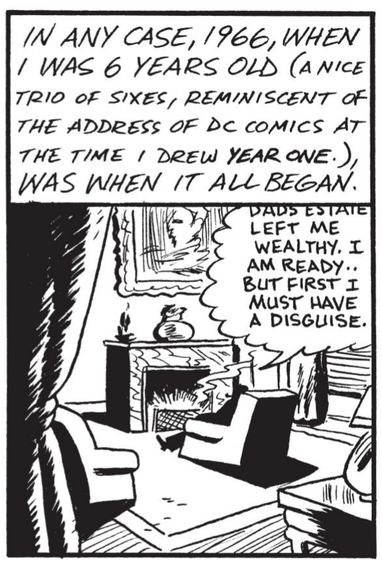
THE CAPED CRUSADER

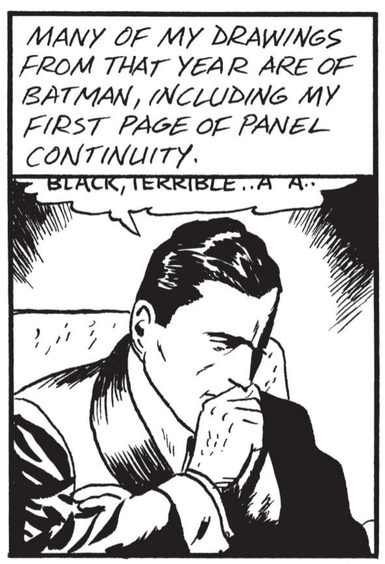






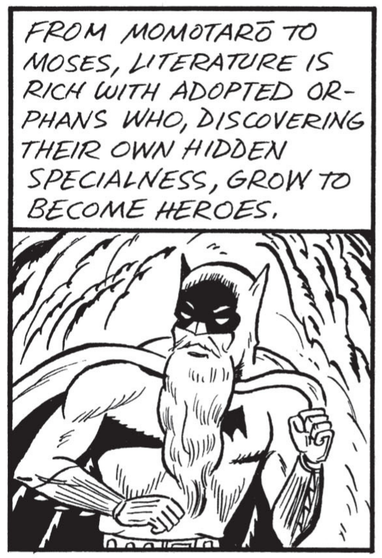








THE WEIRD CREATURE OF DARKNESS





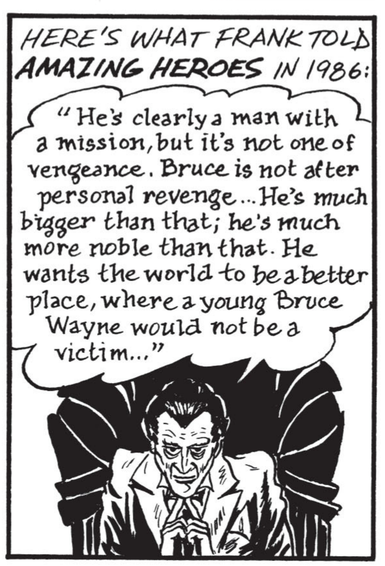


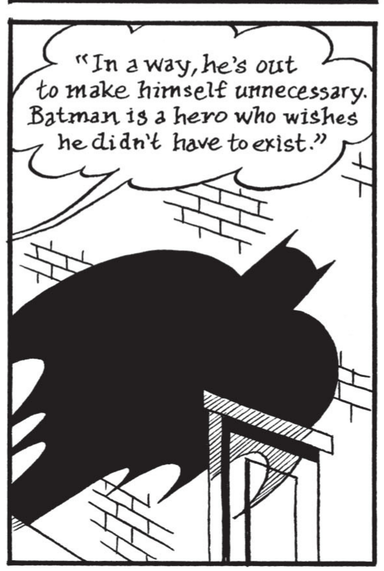












THE DYNAMIC DUO

BECAUSE OF THEIR SIMPLICITY, SUPERHEROES ARE EASY PREY FOR REVISIONISTS.

TIME TO BEGIN OUR PATROL, DICK-- AS BATMAN AND ROBIN!

BE READY IN A SECOND, BRUCE!

IN 1954, DR. FREDERIC WERTHAM SAW IN BATMAN AND ROBIN'S RELATIONSHIP A CODED METAPHOR FOR HOMOSEXUALITY.

FIRST, LET'S REMEMBER THAT SUPERHERO COMICS WERE INVENTED FOR CHILDREN — BOYS, REALLY.

HMM!

WERTHAM MADE THE FUNDAMENTAL MISTAKE OF EXAMINING THESE COMICS WITH AN ADULT SENSIBILITY — AND WITHOUT HUMOR.

HERE'S HOW I SEE IT: WHEN BRUCE WAYNE WAS A KID, HIS PAMPERED, IDYLLIC LIFE WAS SHATTERED TO PIECES.

SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN TRYING TO PUT IT BACK TOGETHER.

IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE THAT HIS BEST FRIEND WOULD BE TWELVE YEARS OLD, BECAUSE BATMAN IS STILL A LITTLE BOY STUCK IN A MAN'S BODY.

IF THERE'S A "NO GIRLS ALLOWED" SIGN ON THEIR BATCAVE/CLUBHOUSE, IT'S BECAUSE GIRLS ARE ICKY.

THAT'S WHY CATWOMAN IS DANGEROUS — SHE REPRESENTS A MATURITY THE BOYS AREN'T READY FOR.

MATTER? HAVEN'T YOU SEEN A PRETTY GIRL

(THE TV SHOW GOT A LOT OF MILEAGE FROM THIS DYNAMIC.)

SUPERHEROES LIVE BEST IN THEIR OWN WORLD — A PREADOLESCENT WORLD.

WHILE AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT, IT'S PROBABLY NOT A GOOD IDEA TO SHOEHORN TOO MUCH "REALITY" INTO THE FANTASY REALM OF THE SUPERHERO.

THE MACHIN BATHING ME

CLICK

...OOPS

EVER SINCE STAN LEE INTRODUCED ANXIETY INTO SUPERHEROES —

AULT--ALL AULT! IF Y I HAD PPED HIM N I COULD E! BUT I T--AND NOW CLE BEN-- S DEAD...

— NO, EARLIER, SINCE HARVEY KURTZMAN FIRST TRAINED A SATIRIC EYE ON THEM IN MAD —

— THE QUESTION, "WHAT WOULD SUPERHEROES BE LIKE IN THE REAL WORLD?" HAS BEDEVILED SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS OF COMICS CREATORS.

L RROW ?

MY WARD IS A JUNKIE!

FRANK WROTE THE DARK KNIGHT IN A FORTISSIMO, OPERATIC MODE.

BUT HE RECOGNIZED THAT MY STRENGTHS AS AN ARTIST WERE MORE ATTUNED TO THE MUNDANE.

SO WITH YEAR ONE, WE SOUGHT TO CRAFT A CREDIBLE BATMAN, GROUNDED IN A WORLD WE RECOGNIZE.

BUT, DID WE GO TOO FAR?

ONCE A DEPICTION VEERS TOWARD REALISM, EACH NEW DETAIL RELEASES A TORRENT OF QUESTIONS THAT EXPOSES THE ABSURDITY AT THE HEART OF THE GENRE.

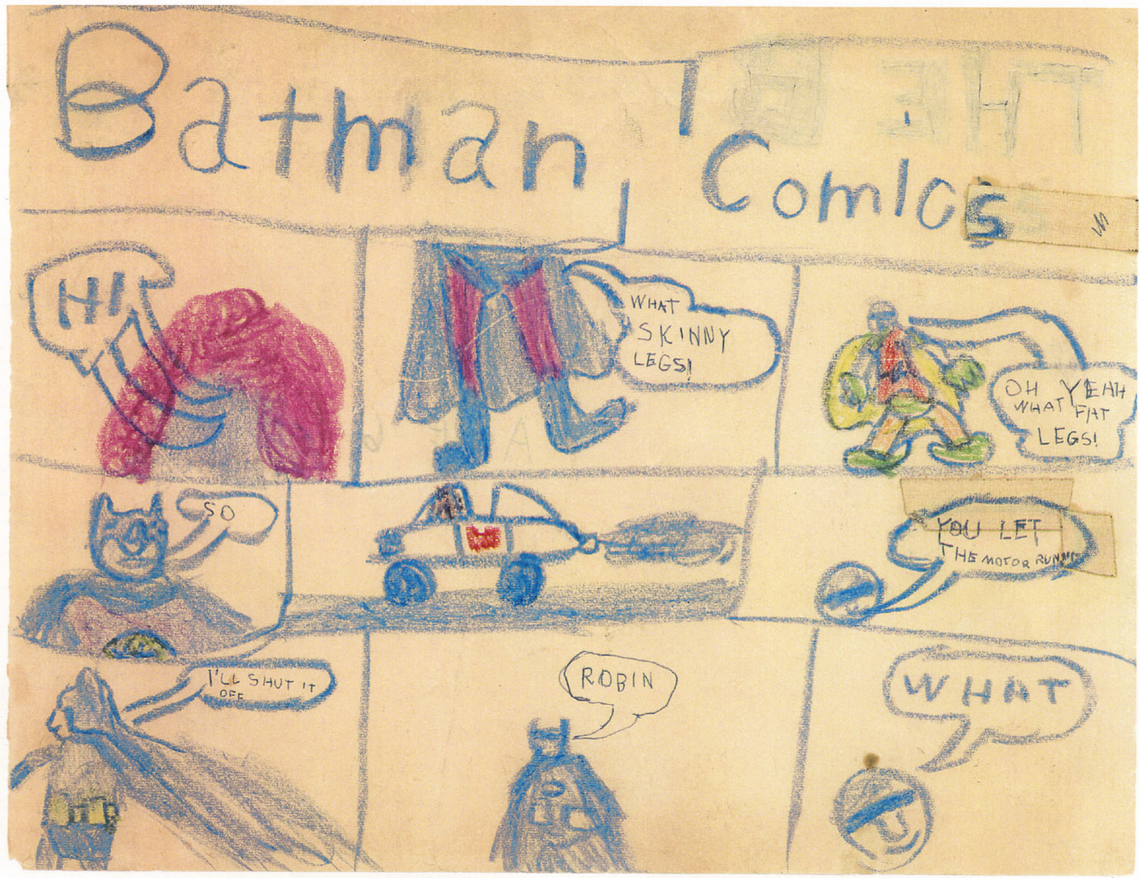
THE MORE "REALISTIC" SUPERHEROES BECOME, THE LESS BELIEVABLE THEY ARE.

IT'S A DELICATE BALANCE.

BUT THIS MUCH I KNOW:

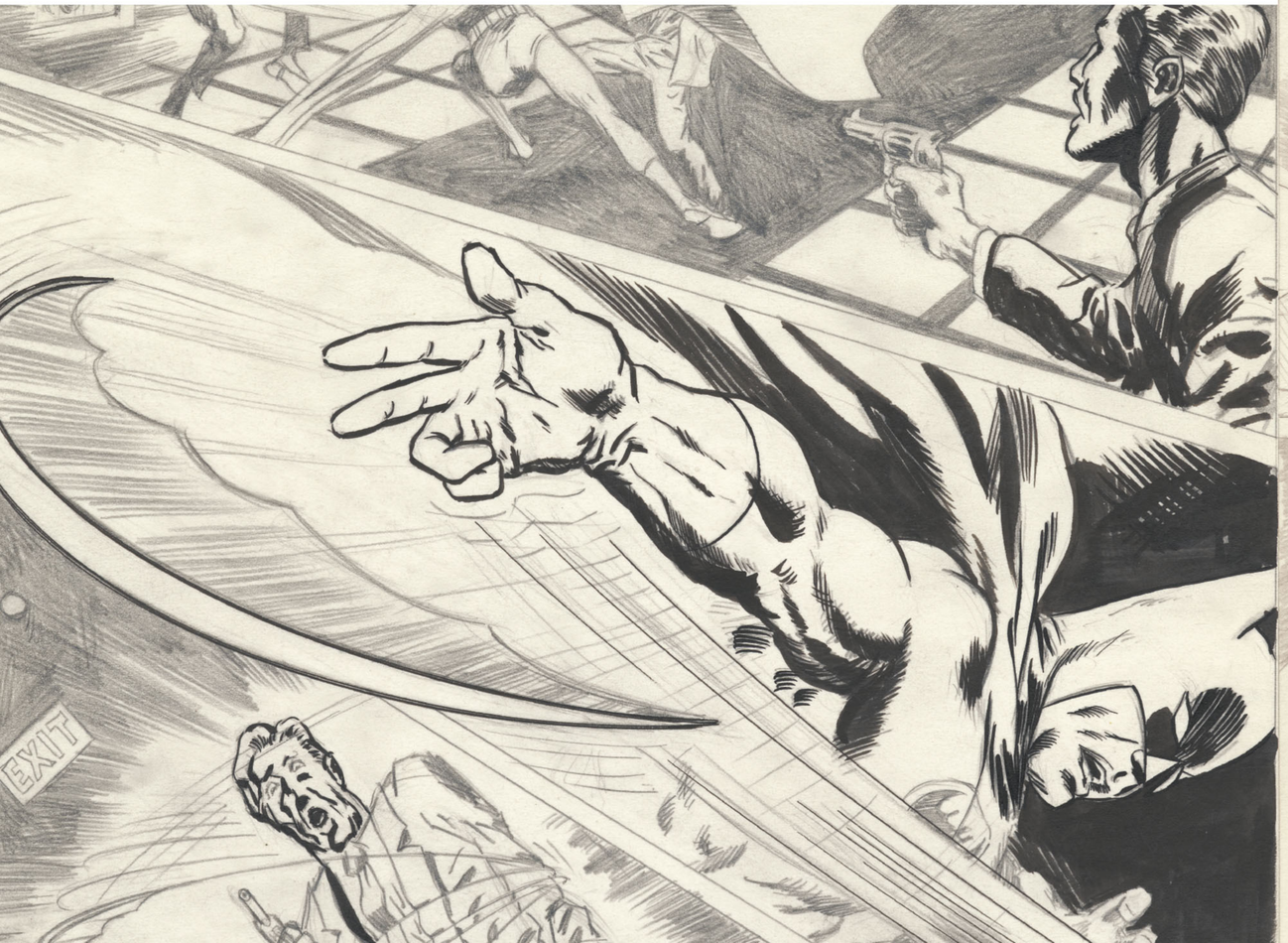
SUPERHEROES ARE REAL WHEN THEY'RE DRAWN IN INK.

MAZZUCCHELLI 2005



"Batman Comics," 1966 (above). My first comic page.
Submission sample, 1983 (facing page).
Submission sample, c. 1981 (below).

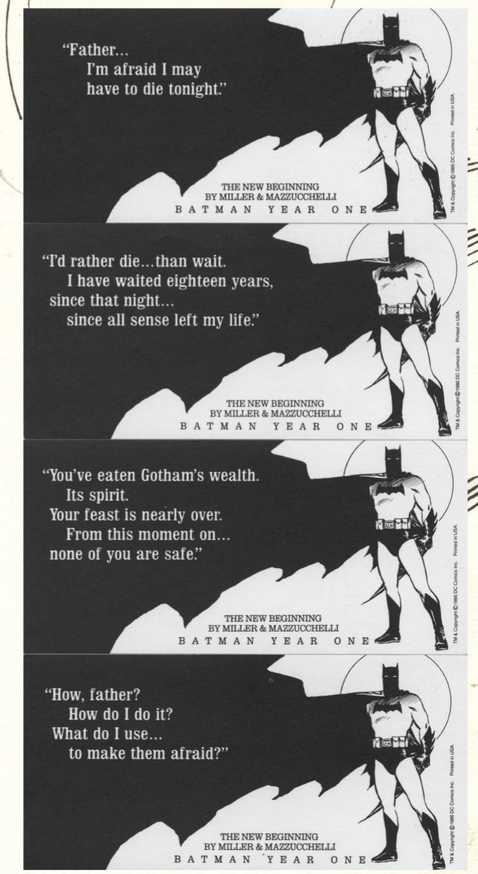


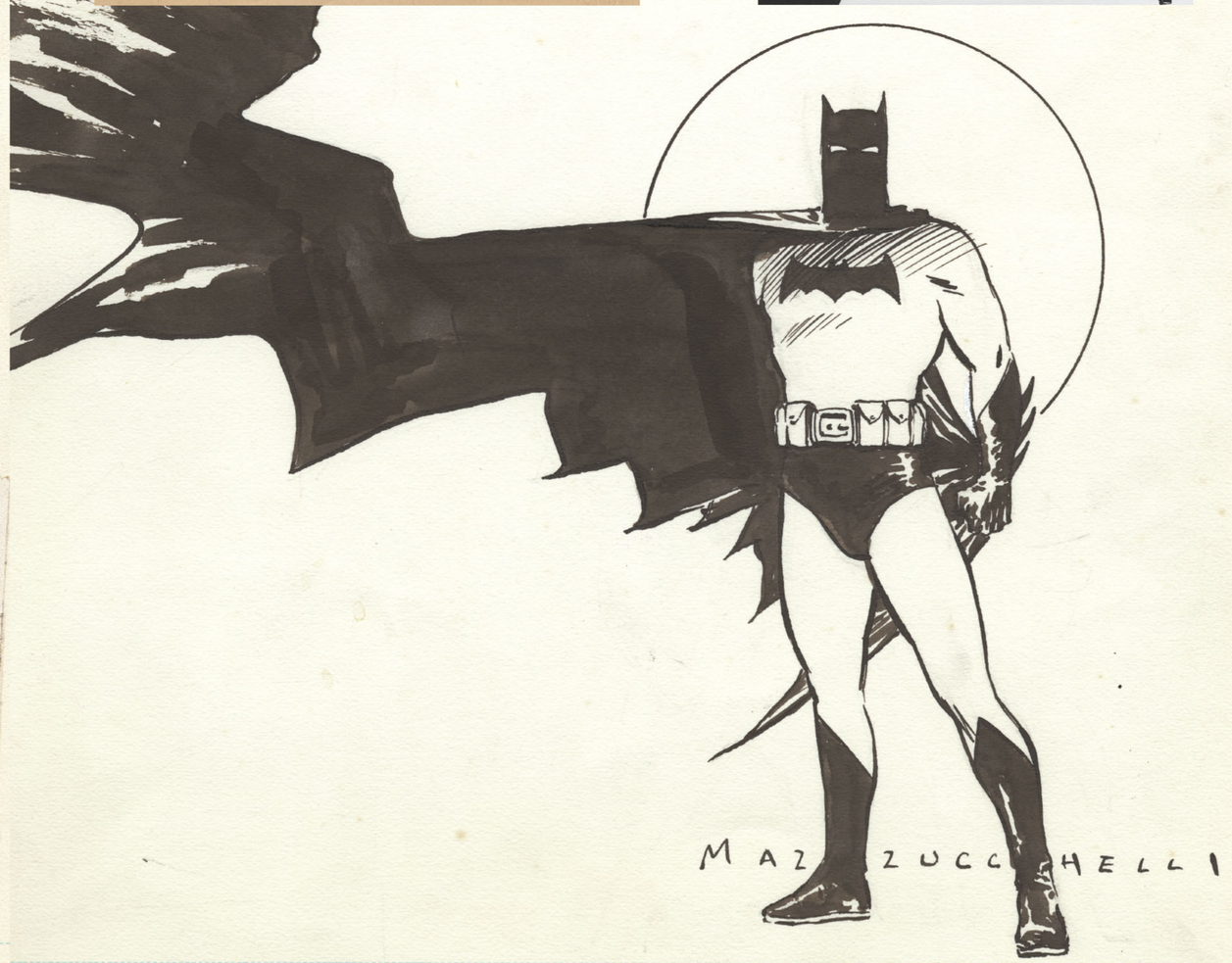


Promotional drawings for a DC house ad (this page), and a series of bumper stickers (facing page). The coffee stains were added by an anonymous DC staffer.





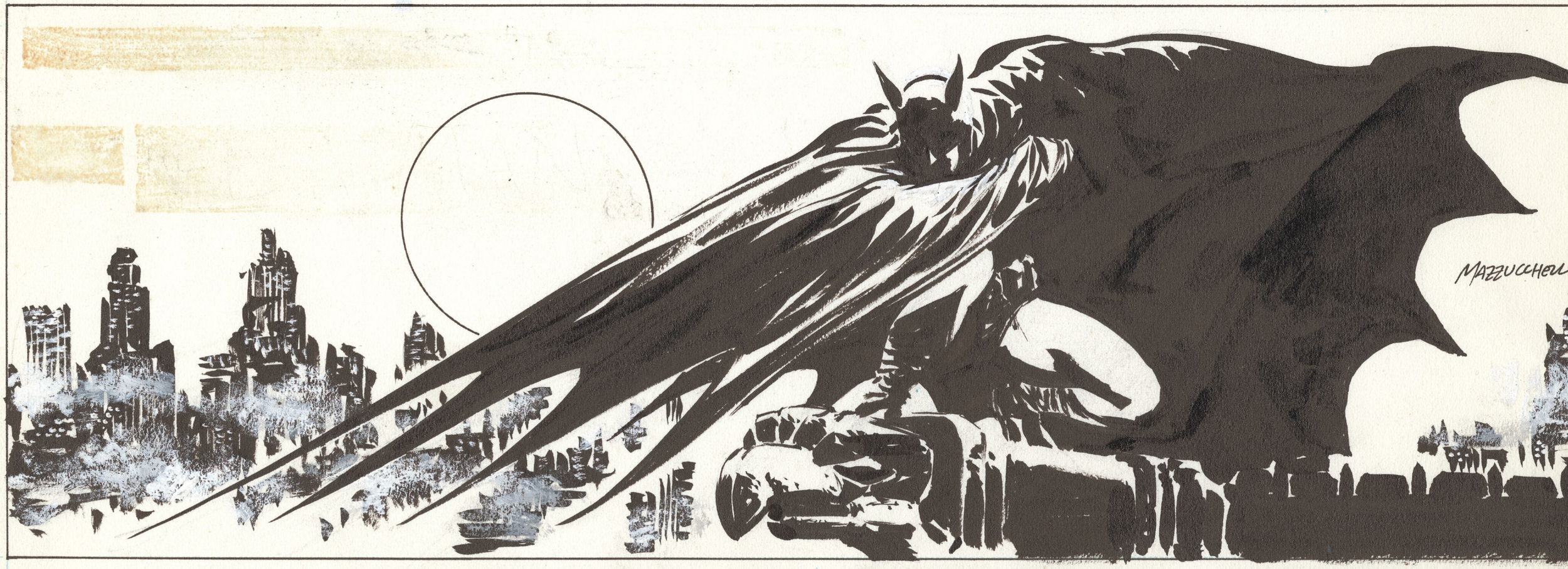




58%
~~WIA~~
Janice

INSTRUCTIONS FOR TWO-PAGE SPREAD:
BUTT PAPER AT EDGES, TAPE ON BACK. DO NOT OVERLAP AT CENTER! EACH HALF SHOULD MEASURE 10⅝" wide, FULL SPREAD = 21¼" wide.

DC Comics, Inc.
BOOK:
ISSUE/MONTH:
0/85
Issue#



My first rendering of a "Year One" Batman (above), used for a DC house ad (note the bat-like ears).

Sketches of Bruce Wayne, after photos of Gregory Peck (below).







Pages from my marked-up copy of Frank's script paired with my rough layouts.

BATMAN/p8

1.
BIG PANEL. INTERIOR A LARGE PARKING GARAGE. THE SIDES OF THE GARAGE ARE EXPOSED, MAKING VISIBLE GOTHAM ROOFTOPS. THE GARAGE IS DARK, AND ONLY A FEW CARS, ALL OF EXPENSIVE MAKE, ARE VISIBLE. PROMINENT IN THE FOREGROUND IS A GLEAMING BLACK PORSCHE, ITS HEADLIGHTS ON, ITS WINDSHIELD TINTED BLACK.

1 TITLE (AS ON PAGE 2): [redacted] MARCH 11
2 CAP(B): The engine hums, gently, not quite convinced it should stop.
3 CAP(B): Everything is in PLACE. The ATTENDANT was [redacted] even obliging enough to ask me for my AUTOGRAPH. My ALIBI is SET.
4 CAP(B): BRUCE WAYNE has been SIGHTED at the [redacted]. That should generate sufficient RUMORS --
5 CAP(B): -- to account for my WHEREABOUTS, for the next few hours.

the same HOTEL as a visiting Hollywood SEX QUEEN.

2.
CLOSE ON BRUCE, UNDERLIT BY THE DASHBOARD, [redacted] SPREADING GREY MAKE UP ON HIS CHEEK. HIS FACE IS CALM.

6 CAP(B): This is a RECONNAISSANCE mission. Until I know MORE, I must avoid combat. Until I'm READY...
7 CAP(B): ...My ANONYMITY is an OBVIOUS priority. The murder of my PARENTS is a matter of public RECORD.

3.
CLOSE ON BRUCE, ADHERING A HIDEOUS FAKE SCAR TO HIS CHEEK AND NECK.

8 CAP(B): All it requires is a change in CLOTHING and COMPLEXION --
9 CAP(B): -- and a single, memorable, distracting DETAIL.

[MORE]

BATMAN/p8, continued

[4.]
MEDIUM ON GORDON, IN HIS GARAGE, OPENING THE DOOR TO HIS CHEAP, BATTERED SEDAN [A RUST PATCH ON ITS SIDE WOULDN'T HURT]. HE LOOKS BACKWARD, OVER HIS SHOULDER, AS HE HEARS A VOICE. [DAVID -- GARAGE MUST BE IDENTIFIABLY DIFFERENT THAN THE ONE BRUCE IS IN.]

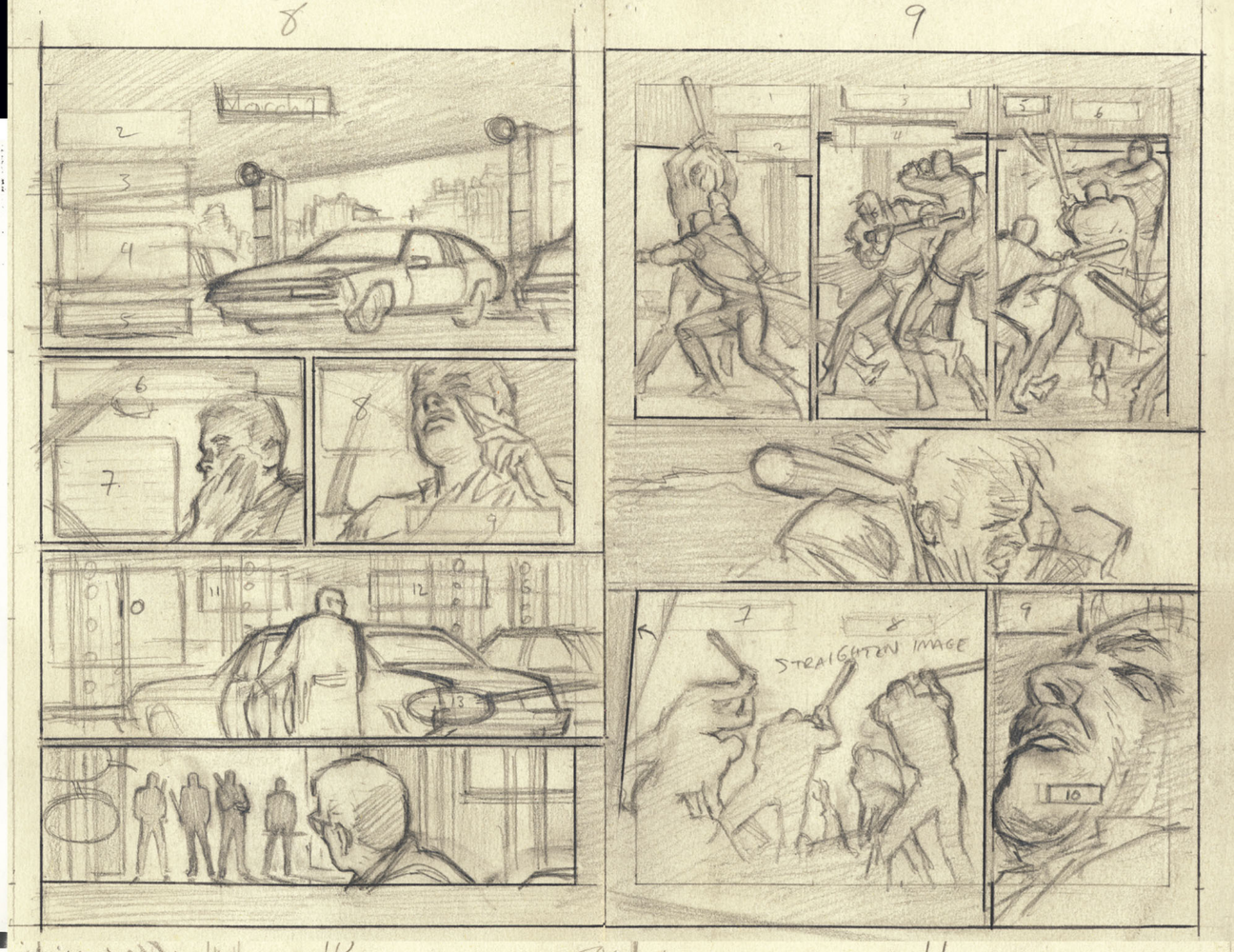
10 CAP[G]: Requested OFF this NIGHT SHIFT four times now -- damn it, Barbara NEEDS me at night, these days, Barbara, and little JAMES ...
11 CAP[G]: ... so I hope it's a BOY. So WHAT.
12 CAP[G]: FOUR TIMES and no REPLY. I'm not making FRIENDS in the department --
13 VO: Going to WORK, Lieutenant?

PARKING GARAGE? DOES HE LIVE IN AN APT OR A HOUSE?

[5.]
MEDIUM LONG ON GORDON, STANDING. HUGE IN FOREGROUND ARE SEVERAL ARMS, HOLDING BASEBALL BATS.

14 VO: Going to be LATE.
15 [2]: May have to skip the whole NIGHT.

REVERSE? GORDON UP CLOSE - LINE OF SILHOUETTES IN [redacted] COLLY POSES W/ BATS IN BG?



BATMAN/p10

1.
STREET SCENE. IN FRONT OF A HOTEL THAT ADVERTISES HOURLY RATES. ONE OR TWO HOOKERS STAND ON THE SIDEWALK. A PIMP, WHITE, VERY TOUGH LOOKING, STANDS IN A DOORWAY. VARIOUS PEOPLE, NONE DRESSED WELL, COME AND GO, INCLUDING A COUPLE OF TEENAGERS WHO OGLE THE WHORES. PROMINENT IN THE FOREGROUND, HIS BACK TO US, WALKING, IS BRUCE. HE'S DRESSED IN ARMY SURPLUS BOOTS, BLUE JEANS, AND A WEATHERED ARMY JACKET.
(DAVID -- THIS IS THE MASTER SHOT FOR THE ACTION ON THE NEXT FEW PAGES. WE NEED A STRONG SENSE OF LOCALE. IT SHOULD DOMINATE THE PAGE.)

1 CAP(B): It's a twenty block walk to the enemy camp.
2 CAP(B): It's been EDUCATIONAL. I was sized up like a piece of MEAT by the LEATHER boys in ROBINSON PARK. I waded through PLEAS and half-hearted THREATS from JUNKIES at the FINGER MEMORIAL. I stepped across a field of human RUBBLE that lay sleeping in front of the overcrowded SPRANG MISSION.
3 CAP(B): Finally, the WORST of it.
4 CAP(B): The EAST END.

2.
MEDIUM CLOSE ON BRUCE, CROPPED AT THE CHEST, LOOKING DOWN AS HE HEARS A VOICE. THE SCAR [redacted] AND THE CLOTHES SHOULD MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE HE'S TRYING OUT FOR THE TRAVIS BICKLE LOOK ALIKE CONTEST.

5 CAP(B): Hard to believe it's gotten WORSE.
6 BALLOON FROM BELOW: Cheer you up.

3. MEDIUM LONG
[redacted] ON BRUCE AND HOLLY, A PRETTY, THIRTEEN YEAR OLD WHORE. SHE STANDS FACING BRUCE, LOOKING UP AT HIM, HER HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HER BACK, HER HEAD TILTED COQUETTISHLY. (DAVID -- THROUGHOUT THIS SEQUENCE, TREAT HER AS A LITTLE GIRL, NOT AS A TOUGH URBAN WHORE. SHE SHOULDN'T SNEER OR ACT SLUTTY; SHE HAS NO IDEA THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH WHAT SHE'S DOING. SHE JUST WANTS TO PLEASE HER PIMP.)

BRUCE HAS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. HE STANDS CASUALLY, SMILES AT HER A LITTLE PAINFULLY. THE PIMP APPROACHES THEM FROM BEHIND.

7 BRUCE: I doubt it. How old are you?
8 HOLLY: Young as you WANT me to be.
9 PIMP: Stupid B -- thas all WRONG, Holly. You doin it WRONG.

PIMP WEARING RED?

[MORE]

BATMAN/p11 [redacted]

1.
MEDIUM ON ACTION AS THE PIMP TURNS, IRRITATED, TO SEE HOLLY STILL STANDING BESIDE HIM. BRUCE WATCHES.

1 PIMP: You still HERE? TOLD you to GO, Holly.
2 HOLLY: He hadn't SAID.

2.
CLOSE AS THE PIMP GRABS HOLLY'S HAIR, ROUGHLY. HER MOUTH OPENS WIDE IN PAIN.

3 PIMP: We talk this over LATER, sweet chunks.
4 VO: No ...

3.
CLOSE ON BRUCE, SMILING CHEERFULLY, VERY EAGER.

5 BRUCE: ... I think you're FINISHED with her.
6 CAP[G]: I'm PROVOKING him.
7 CAP[G]: I really shouldn't.

4.
MEDIUM LONG, LOOKING DOWN AT BRUCE AND THE PIMP. THE PIMP STANDS, SIZING BRUCE UP, ANGRY. BRUCE REMAINS STILL, HIS HANDS STILL IN HIS POCKETS.

8 PIMP: Man, you PUSHIN. You on the EDGE.
9 (2): You lookin for NEW scar. THAS right. Jus tell me WHERE, man ...
~~BALLOON FROM ABOVE: Oh, Christ...~~

5.
LOOKING UP AT A HOTEL WINDOW. SELINA KYLE, YOUNG, DARK, EXOTIC, AND SLEAZY, LEANS ON THE SILL, LOOKING OUT. SHE WEARS A LEATHER CORSET. HER HAIR IS SHORT, CUT CLOSE TO HER HEAD. SHE HOLDS A CIGARETTE IN ONE HAND: A RIDING CROP IN THE OTHER. SHE'S IRRITATED.

10 SELINA: ... can't be VICE. We're paid UP. Just some IDIOT out to get himself KILLED.
11 VOICE FROM INSIDE WINDOW (SMALL LETTERS, LARGE, WOBBLY BALLOON): Selina ... don't stop NOW ...

6.
SAME ANGLE. SELINA LEANS FORWARD, DROPS AN ASH

12 SELINA: Shut up, Skunk.
13 (2): You know what I hate MOST about MEN, Skunk?
14 VOICE FROM INSIDE WINDOW (SAME AS PREVIOUS PANEL): PLEASE, Selina ... TELL me ... why you HATE us so ... oh, PLEASE ...

7.
CLOSE ON SELINA, LOOKING DOWN, DISGUSTED.

15 SELINA: Never met one.
16 VO (AS BEFORE): Say it AGAIN ...

[MORE]



BATMAN/p12

1.
SAME ANGLE AS BRUCE STEPS INSIDE THE PIMP'S GUARD, GRABS HIS WRIST WITH ONE HAND, TWISTING IT, FORCING THE PIMP TO DROP THE KNIFE; WITH HIS OTHER ARM, BRUCE BRINGS HIS ELBOW INTO THE PIMP'S STERNUM. THE PIMP IS STARTLED, IN PAIN.

1 CAP(B): -- I won't say he has a CHANCE --
2 CAP(B): -- but he's fast.
3 CAP(B): This is getting a little too GOOD to me -- better wrap it UP --

2.
FULL FIGURES AS BRUCE DEMOLISHES THE PIMP WITH A SPINNING KICK. THE PIMP IS KNOCKED BACKWARD, INTO THE CROWD. SOMEWHERE IN SHOT, HOLLY PICKS UP THE PIMP'S SWITCHBLADE FROM THE SIDEWALK.
NO COPY

3.
CLOSE ON BRUCE, HIS MOUTH OPEN IN SUDDEN PAIN.
4 CAP(B): IDIOT -- NEVER should have done this --
5 CAP(B): -- have to get OUT of here before I draw ATTENTION --
6 BRUCE: AAAA

4.
MEDIUM ~~LONG~~ ON ACTION AS HOLLY HOLDS TIGHT TO BRUCE'S LEG WITH ONE ARM; THE OTHER HAS DRIVEN THE SWITCHBLADE DEEP INTO BRUCE'S THIGH.
7 HOLLY: Come ON you GUYS -- I GOT him --

5.
MEDIUM LONG AS: HOLLY DRAWS THE KNIFE OUT, BACK, TO STAB AGAIN; BRUCE GRABS HER WRIST; ANOTHER HOOKER, WITH ANOTHER KNIFE, TRIES TO STAB BRUCE; HE KICKS HER IN THE STOMACH WITH HIS FREE LEG; A THIRD HOOKER, A HUGE BULL OF A WOMAN WITH INHUMANLY LARGE BREASTS, TALLER THAN BRUCE, TUNDERS AT HIM FROM BEHIND, HER ARMS REACHING AROUND HIS HEAD IN AN ATTEMPT TO GRAB HIM.
8 CAP(B): Very GOOD, Bruce.
9 CAP(B): You've really put the fear of GOD into them.

6.
LOOKING UP AT THE HOTEL WINDOW AS SELINA LEAPS TO THE SILL, VAULTING FORWARD, ANGRY, THROWING HER CIGARETTE AWAY.
10 SELINA: DAMN it --

BATMAN/p13

1.
FULL FIGURE OF SELINA, WEARING KNEE HIGH BLACK LEATHER BOOTS, THE CORSET, AND SKIN TIGHT BLACK LEATHER PANTS, WITH A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS DANGLING FROM HER BELT, SWINGS ACROBATICALLY ON THE LADDER OF A FIRE ESCAPE.
1 SELINA: -- NOBODY hurts HOLLY --

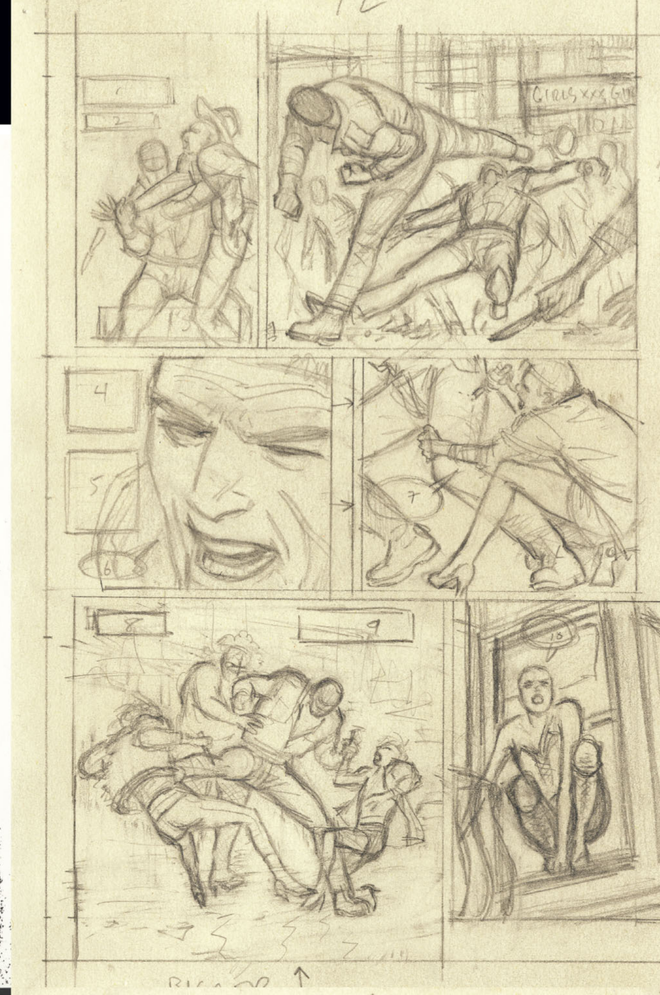
2.
FULL FIGURES AS: HOLLY SITS ON THE SIDEWALK, HOLDING HER WRIST, HOWLING IN PAIN; BRUCE FLIPS THE BIG ONE OVER HIS BACK, FORWARD; THE SECOND ONE WITH A KNIFE HOLDS HER STOMACH, IS ON HER KNEES AND ONE HAND ON THE SIDEWALK, GASPING FOR BREATH.
2 HOLLY: HURTS bet he broke my WRIST --
3 CAP(B): MESS -- made a MESS of it --
4 CAP(B): -- no EXCUSE -- didn't CONTROL myself --

3.
THE BIG ONE FLIES INTO A ROW OF GARBAGE CANS; BESIDE HER, SELINA LANDS ON THE PAVEMENT, CROUCHED FORWARD, FURIOUS.
5 CAP(B): -- ANOTHER one -- hissing like a CAT --
6 CAP(B): -- looks like she KNOWS what she's doing -- be CAREFUL --

4.
MEDIUM LONG AS SELINA THROWS A KARATE KICK AT BRUCE'S FACE; BRUCE BLOCKS IT WITH A FOREARM.
7 CAP(B): -- that's GOOD -- she's had KARATE training --
8 CAP(B): -- but ONLY karate --

5.
MEDIUM CLOSE AS BRUCE PUNCHES SELINA IN THE FACE. HER HEAD TWISTS AROUND, HER MOUTH IS LOOSE; SHE'S BEEN KNOCKED SENSELESS.
9 SE (RUNNING ACROSS BACKGROUND): EEEEEEEEEEEEE
10 CAP: -- oh, NO --

6.
LONG ON ACTION AS A POLICE CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT AT THE CURB, LIGHTS FLASHING, COPS LEAPING FROM EITHER SIDE, GUNS DRAWN. BRUCE WHEELS, MOVING TOWARD THE COPS. SELINA LIES FLAT ON HER BACK, DAZED, WITH A CONCUSSION. HOLLY LEANS OVER SELINA, TERRIFIED.
11 SE: EEEEE SKREEECHH
12 COP: FREEZE --
13 HOLLY: SeLINa get UP -- SeLINa --
14 CAP(B): -- if I'm CAUGHT -- it's OVER --



BATMAN/p18

[1.]
SILHOUETTE OF FLASS, HUGE, UNSTEADY, A BEER IN HIS HAND.
1 CAP[G]: Finally.
2 CAP[G]: Flass.

[2.]
MEDIUM ON GORDON, LEANING FORWARD IN HIS SEAT AS HE STARTS THE ENGINE.
3 CAP[G]: He staggers to his STATION WAGON and gets in. It only takes him two tries.
4 CAP[G]: I hear his engine start and watch him pull out. He almost ~~drives~~ flattens the MAILBOX ~~and~~ before he remembers to turn his LIGHTS on.

[3.]
ON A STRETCH OF DIRT ROAD, SURROUNDED BY TREES, GORDON'S SEDAN SIDESWIPES FLASS' STATION WAGON. SPARKS FLY.
5 CAP[G]: I keep mine off and follow.
6 CAP[G]: I haven't seen a house in three minutes when I ~~did~~ pull up beside him and jerk the wheel.
7 CAP[G][AT BOTTOM]: He's ten miles over the speed limit.

[4.]
FLASS STEPS OUT OF HIS CAR, HIS GUN DRAWN. THE FRONT END OF HIS CAR IS CRUMPLED INTO A LARGE TREE. LARGE IN FOREGROUND, GORDON'S HAND POINTS HIS .38 AT FLASS.
8 CAP[G][AT TOP]: Not fast ~~enough~~ enough to KILL him when he hits the TREE.
9 CAP[G][AT BOTTOM]: I show him my GUN. He says my NAME and drops his.

[5.]
MEDIUM LONG ON GORDON AND FLASS, STANDING A FEW YARDS APART. FLASS HAS DROPPED HIS GUN, LOOMS A FULL HEAD TALLER THAN GORDON. GORDON HOLD THE BASEBALL BAT IN BOTH HANDS, ONE HAND ON EACH END, HORIZONTALLY ACROSS HIS WAIST.
10 CAP[G]: He's BIG.
11 CAP[G]: GREEN BERET training.
12 CAP[G]: It's been FIFTEEN YEARS since I had to take out a GREEN BERET.

[6.]
MEDIUM ON GORDON AS HE TOSSES THE BAT FORWARD, IN FLASS' DIRECTION.
13 CAP[G]: Even so --
14 CAP[G]: -- he deserves a HANDICAP.

BATMAN/p19

[1.]
MEDIUM AS FLASS CHARGES, SWINGING THE BAT WITH BOTH HANDS. GORDON DUCKS PAST THE BAT, PUNCHES FLASS ACROSS ONE EYE, DRAWING BLOOD.
1 CAP[G]: I don't crack his skull.

[2.]
MEDIUM CLOSE AS GORDON FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A STRAIGHT-FINGERED BLOW TO FLASS' THROAT.
2 CAP[G]: I don't crush his larynx.

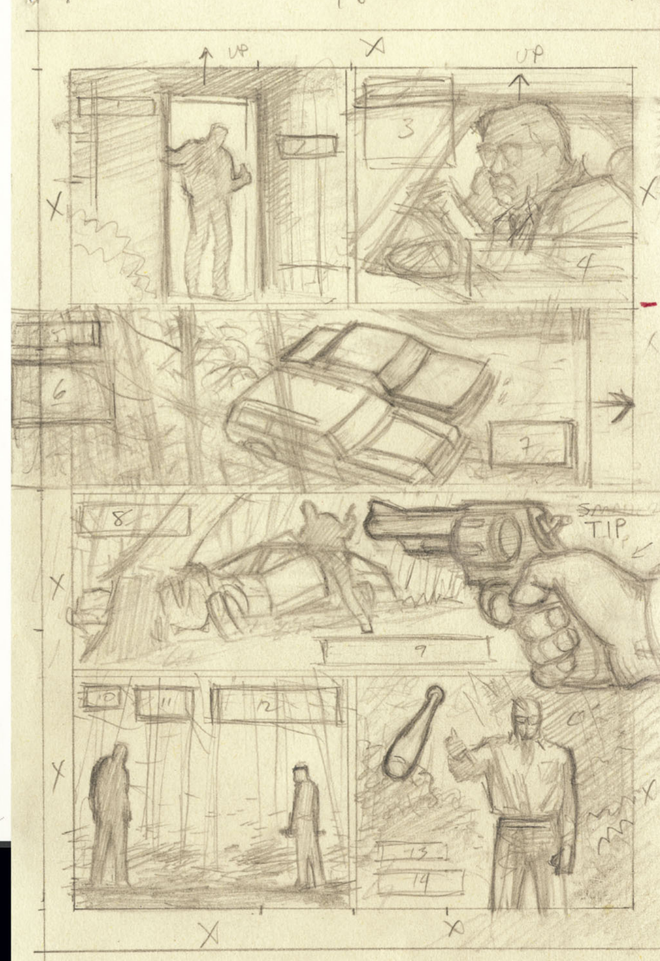
[3.]
FULL FIGURES AS GORDON LIFTS FLASS FROM THE GROUND WITH AN UPPERCUT TO HIS SOLAR PLEXUS. FLASS DROPS THE BAT.
3 CAP[G]: I don't break his RIBS or punch my hand through his CHEST.

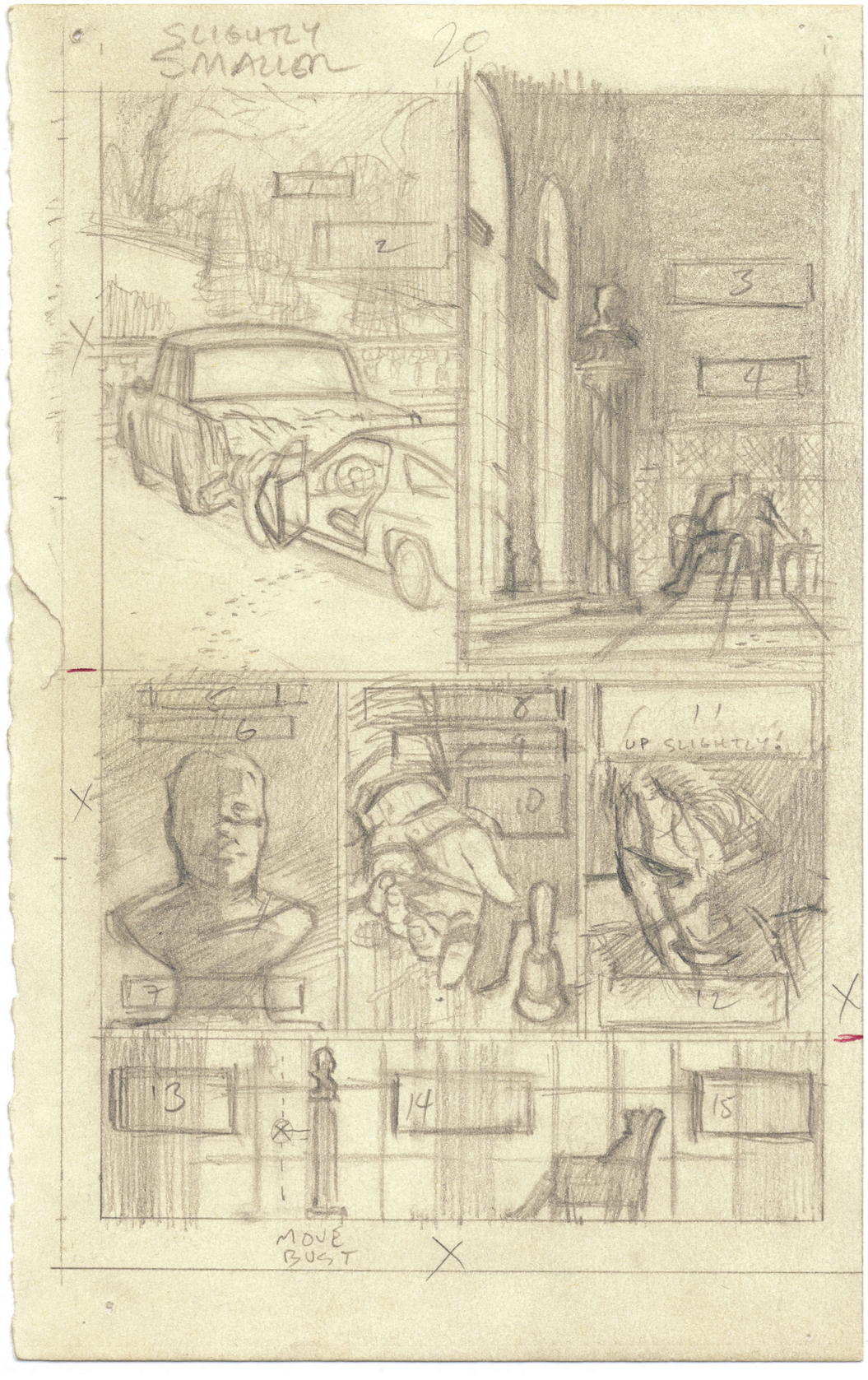
[4.]
MEDIUM ON ACTION AS: FLASS, ON HIS KNEES, FALLS BACKWARD AS GORDON KICKS HIM IN THE FACE.
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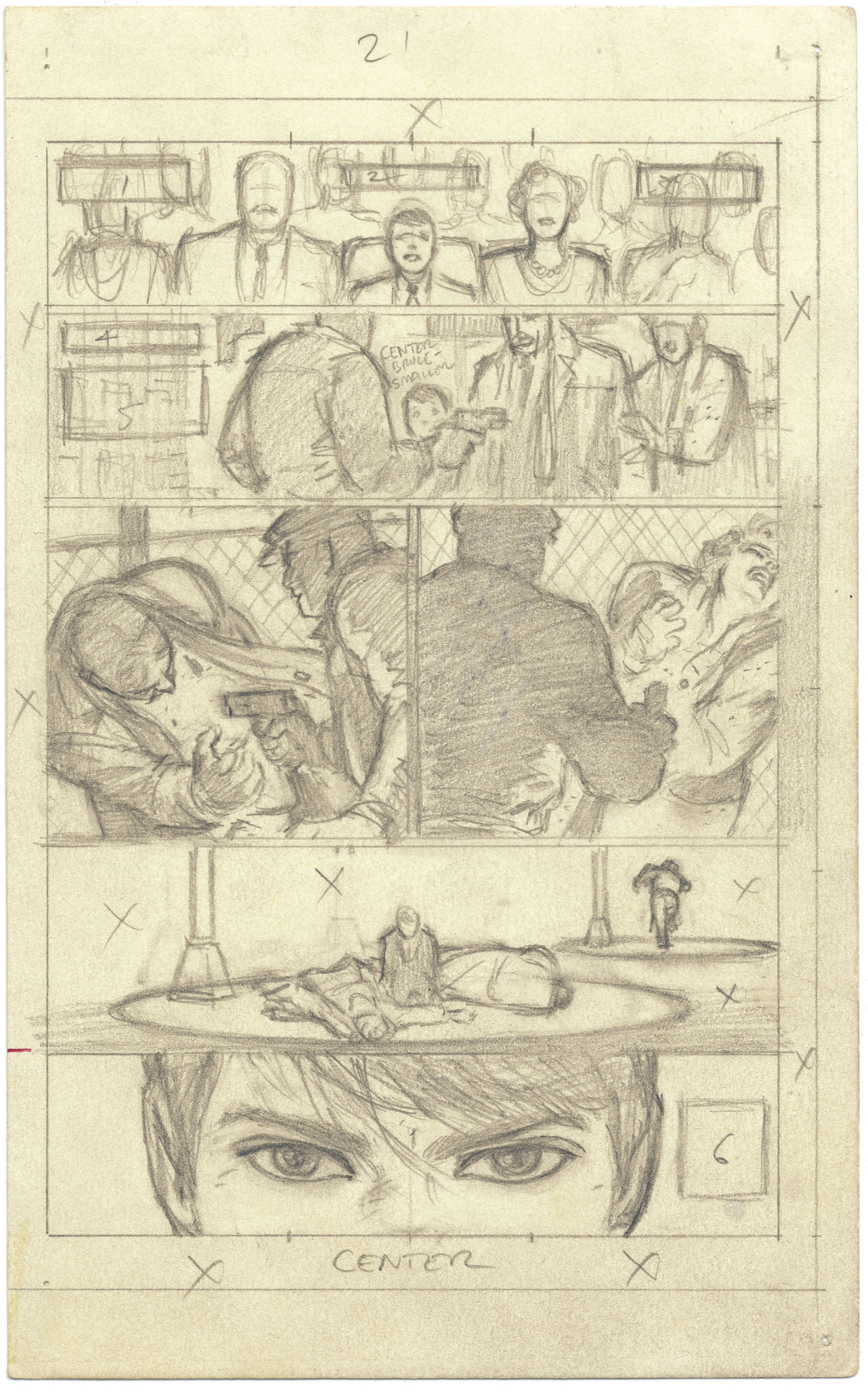
[5.]
MEDIUM CLOSE ON GORDON, HIS HAND LIFTED FROM A PUNCH, BLOODY.
4 CAP[G]: I do just ENOUGH --
5 CAP[G]: -- to keep him out of the HOSPITAL.

[6.]
FULL FIGURES AS GORDON HANDCUFFS FLASS'S ARMS BEHIND HIS BACK. FLASS IS FACE DOWN ON GRASS, COMPLETELY NAKED.
6 CAP[G]: ~~THEN~~ I toss his GUN into the WOODS, It should be RUSTY by MORNING.
7 CAP[G]: I take his CLOTHES off and leave him in his own CUFFS by the side of the ROAD.
8 CAP[G][AT BOTTOM]: He'll never REPORT it. Not FLASS. He'll make up some STORY that involves at least TEN attackers and NEVER admit I DID it.

[7.]
CLOSE ON GORDON, DRIVING, LOOKING BACK, DISGUSTED.
9 CAP[G]: But he'll KNOW. And he'll stay away from BARBARA.
10 CAP[G]: Thanks, Flass.
11 CAP[G]: You've shown me what it TAKES to be a COP in GOTHAM CITY.







More roughs, actual size.

BATMAN/p6

[1.]
INTERIOR GORDON'S BEDROOM. BARBARA LIES, ASLEEP, IN BED, THE SHEETS TWISTED AND SPREAD, COVERING HER UPPER BODY, AS IF SHE HASN'T SLEPT PEACEFULLY, WEARING ONLY PANTIES. GORDON SITS, TENSE, TROUBLED, ON THE FOOT OF THE BED, HOLDING AN ASHTRAY IN ONE HAND, SMOKING WITH THE OTHER. THROUGH A WINDOW BEHIND HIM GOTHAM TENEMENTS RISE, ALMOST OBSCURING A FULL MOON, WHICH LIGHTS THE SCENE.

1 CAP[G]: ... I pray he's VERY strong. And SMART enough to stay ALIVE.
2 CAP[G]: How did I let this happen?
3 CAP[G]: How did I screw up so BADLY ... to bring an X innocent CHILD to life ...
4 CAP[G]: ... in a city without hope ...

[2.]
BIG PANEL. LOOKING XXXX ACROSS TENEMENT ROOFTOPS THAT STRETCH BACK TO A CLEAR BLUE SKY. [illegible] STRETCHED BETWEEN BUILDINGS ON A CORD, LAUNDRY WAVES WILDLY, CAUGHT IN A FIERCE WIND. SEVERAL PIGEONS SCATTER, AS IF FRIGHTENED. THE MOON, NOT IN THE SHOT, CASTS XXXXXXXXXXXX LONG SHADOWS ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS. SMALL IN SHOT, SILHOUETTED, HIS CAPE SPREAD TO RESEMBLE WINGS, BATMAN RUNS, TOWARD US. [no copy]

[3.]
INTERIOR GORDON'S APARTMENT, AT NIGHT. FULL FIGURES ON GORDON AND BARBARA. GORDON LIES ON HIS STOMACH, SHIRTLESS. BARBARA STRADDLES HIS BACK, XXXX MASSAGING HIS SHOULDERS AND TRAPEZIUS, HER HAIR TIED UP, ATTRACTIVELY. SHE WEARS A SATIN TEDDY THAT FIT HER BETTER BEFORE SHE BECAME PREGNANT. THEY ARE ON THE FLOOR OF THEIR LIVING ROOM. NEAR THEM IS A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH, WITH PLATES AND SILVER FOR TWO, AS WELL AS WINE GLASSES AND A BOTTLE OF WINE IN AN ICE BUCKET. LIGHTING THE SCENE ARE TWO TALL CANDLES IN SIMPLE CANDLE HOLDERS. THEY HAVEN'T EATEN YET; IT'S GORDON'S NIGHT OFF, AND THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEGINNING OF A ROMANTIC EVENING. [KEEP IN MIND THAT THE XXXXXXXX GORDONS ARE STRUGGLING TO GET BY. NOTHING IN THE APARTMENT SHOULD LOOK EXPENSIVE.]

5 TITLE-APPEAR 6 CAP[G]: They CALL it my night OFF.
7 CAP[G]: It starts OUT well enough, with the smell of Barbara's LEMON CHICKEN --
8 CAP[G]: -- and her FINGERS, kneading BABY OIL into my SHOULDERS ...
9 CAP[G]: ... RACHMANINOFF, played soft ... her idea ... corny, but it works ...
10 BARBARA: Don't have to go to METROPOLIS ...
11 [2]: ... for a man of STEEL ...
12 [3]: ... could use a JACKHAMMER on your BACK ...
13 GORDON: XXXX Feels GREAT, honey ...

[MORE]

BATMAN/[illegible]

[1.]
LOOKING DOWN THE SIDE OF A TENEMENT AT A FIRE ESCAPE, ON WHICH THREE SPANISH YOUTHS SCRAMBLE TO CARRY A STEREO AND LARGE TELEVISION SET FROM AN OPEN APARTMENT WINDOW. THEY'RE FROZEN IN POSITION, ONE HOLDING THE TV IN BOTH ARMS, ALL LOOKING UP IN ABSOLUTE HORROR. [illegible]

1 CAP[B]: The costume WORKS -- better than I'd HOPED.
2 CAP[B]: They FREEZE and STARE and give me all the time in the WORLD ...

[2.]
[illegible] WAIST-LEVEL VIEW, FULL FIGURES, AS BATMAN, LIT BY LIGHT FROM THE APARTMENT WINDOW, LANDS ON THE FIRE ESCAPE, FACING OUTWARD, SNARLING AT THE YOUTH WITH THE TELEVISION SET. THE YOUTH INVOLUNTARILY LEAPS BACKWARD, HORRIFIED, DROPPING THE TV, PITCHING BACKWARD OVER THE XXXX FRONT OF THE FIRE ESCAPE, ABOUT TO FALL INTO SPACE. ANOTHER OF THEM LEAPS NIMBLY TO THE SIDE OF THE FIRE ESCAPE, CROUCHING ON IT LIKE SPIDER-MAN. THE THIRD FALLS BACK, SITTING ON THE FLOOR OF THE FIRE ESCAPE, XXX AGAINST THE WALL OF THE BUILDING, SCREAMING IN TERROR. GOTHAM CITY STRETCHES BACK INTO THE NIGHT.

3 CAP[B]: ... I come in CLOSE on the one who looks the strongest -- throw him a GROWL [illegible] I've brought all the way from AFRICA --
4 CAP[B]: -- and suddenly everything falls to PIECES.
5 CAP[B]: The one to my LEFT calls for his MOTHER --
6 CAP[B]: -- to my RIGHT the OTHER collects his SENSES and leaps to POSITION -- XXX he'll be TROUBLE --
7 CAP[B]: -- the STRONG one gets SCARED -- TOO scared --

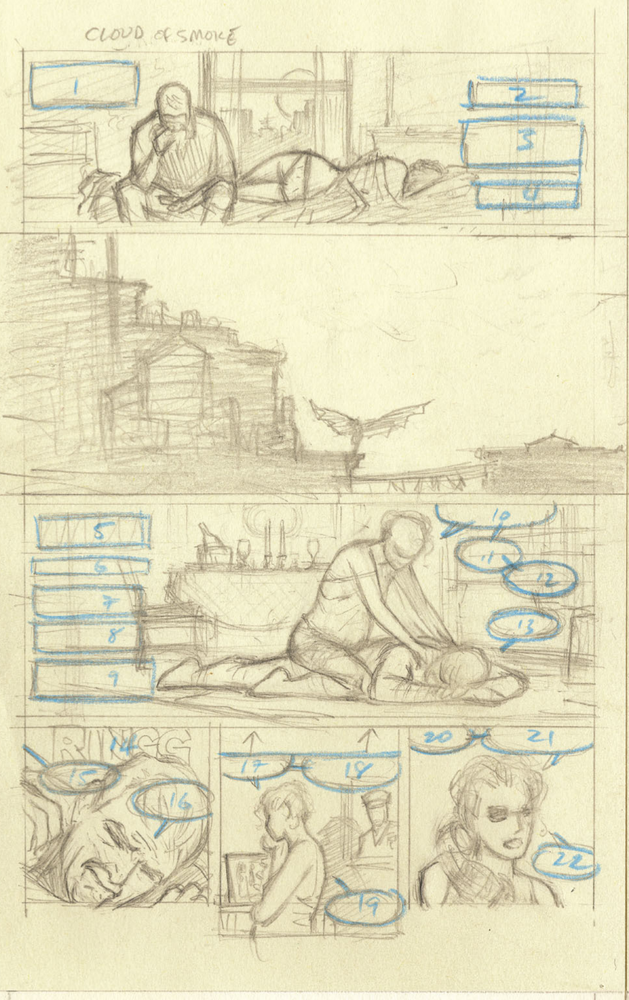
[3.]
EXTREME CLOSE ON BATMAN, DESPERATE, REACHING FORWARD.

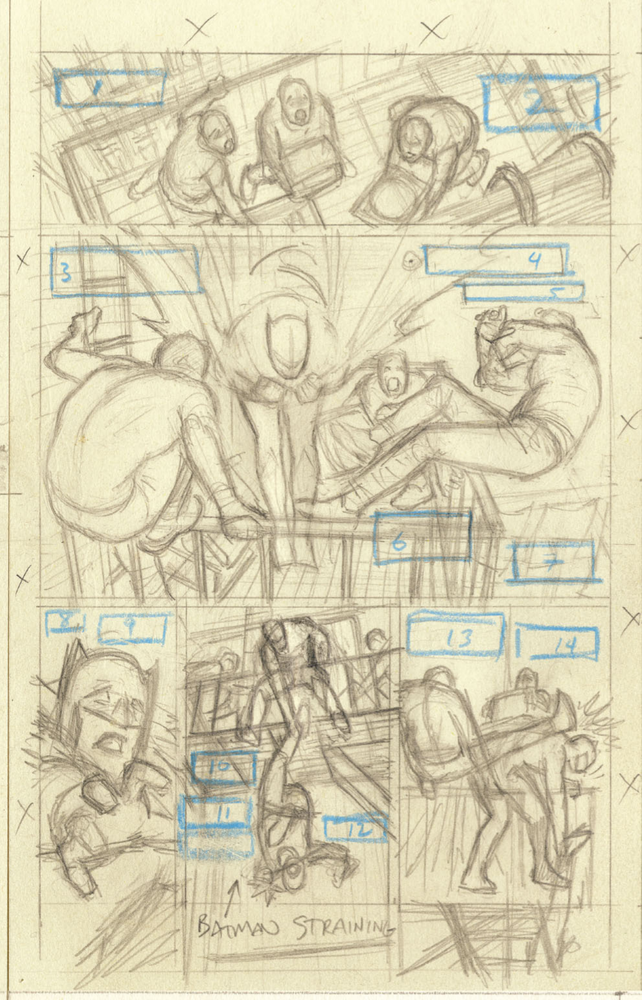
8 CAP[B]: -- NO --
9 CAP[B]: -- I'm no KILLER --

[4.]
LOOKING UP AT THE FIRE ESCAPE AS THE YOUTH STARES TOWARD US, MOUTH OPEN, SCREAMING. BATMAN IS PITCHED PARTWAY OVER THE SIDE, HOLDING THE YOUTH BY THE ANKLE. SPIDER-MAN BALANCES HIMSELF BY HOLDING ONTO A LADDER WITH ONE HAND, MOVES CLOSER, READY TO KICK BATMAN. THE REMAINING YOUTH IS WATCHING, RISING TO HIS FEET, BOTH HANDS ON THE TV SET.

10 CAP[B]: -- he SCREAMS -- like a GIRL --
11 CAP[B]: -- can't be older than FIFTEEN --
12 CAP[B]: -- a CHILD -- just a CHILD --

[MORE]





BATMAN/p18

[1.]
MEDIUM CLOSE ON BATMAN, WHIRLING, ALERT. [HE'S ON A ROOFTOP; BACKGROUND SHOULD BE A NIGHT SKY, PERHAPS A TOUCH OF ROOF DETAIL.]
NO COPY

[2.]
CLOSE ON GORDON, LOOKING UP THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW, CIGARETTE FLYING FROM HIS MOUTH, SHOULDER RAISED AS HE WRENCHES THE WHEEL.

1 CAP[G]: Maybe it's PILLS --
2 CAP[G]: -- maybe it's a HEART ATTACK --

[3.]
LOOKING UP THROUGH THE TRUCK WINDOW AT THE TRUCK'S DRIVER, WHO'S LURCHED BACK IN HIS SEAT, RIGID, EYES WIDE.

3 CAP[G]: -- maybe it's BOTH XX but that doesn't MATTER --
4 CAP[G]: -- he's out of CONTROL -- his FOOT must be pressed to the ACCELERATOR --

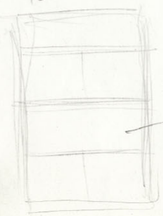
[4.]
PULL BACK TO SHOW: IN FOREGROUND, XXX A BAG LADY STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, STRAINING TO TUG A SHOPPING CART FULL OF GARBAGE, WHICH HAS A BROKEN WHEEL AND WON'T MOVE; IN BACKGROUND, THE TRUCK CAREENS TOWARD HER; GORDON'S CAR SWERVES BEHIND THE TRUCK, PIVOTING TO FOLLOW THE TRUCK.

5 CAP[G]: -- oh, NO -- that old WOMAN --
6 CAP[G]: -- can't LET this HAPPEN --
7 SE[FROM GORDON'S CAR]: SKREEEE
8 CAP[G]: -- come ON you heap MOVE --

[5.]
SILHOUETTE OF BATMAN, LEAPING FROM A ROOFTOP INTO SPACE.
NO COPY

[6.]
INTERIOR GORDON'S CAR. MEDIUM CLOSE ON ACTION AS ESSEN LOOKS ON, STARTLED, TO SEE GORDON HAS OPENED THE CAR DOOR AND IS STEPPING OUT [THE CAR IS, OF COURSE, MOVING].

9 ESSEN: LIEUTENANT --
10 GORDON: Take the WHEEL. OFF PANEL



BATMAN/p19

[1.]
MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE BAG LADY, LOOKING UP, CONFUSED.
NO COPY

[2.]
FULL FIGURE AS GORDON LEAPS FROM HIS CAR, GRABS THE RIDER SIDE DOOR OF THE RUSHING TRUCK. ESSEN GRABS THE STEERING WHEEL OF GORDON'S CAR.

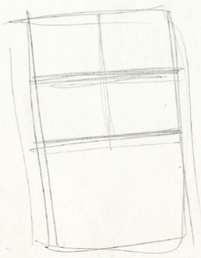
1 CAP[G]: -- DAMN -- no TIME --
2 CAP[G]: -- no TIME --

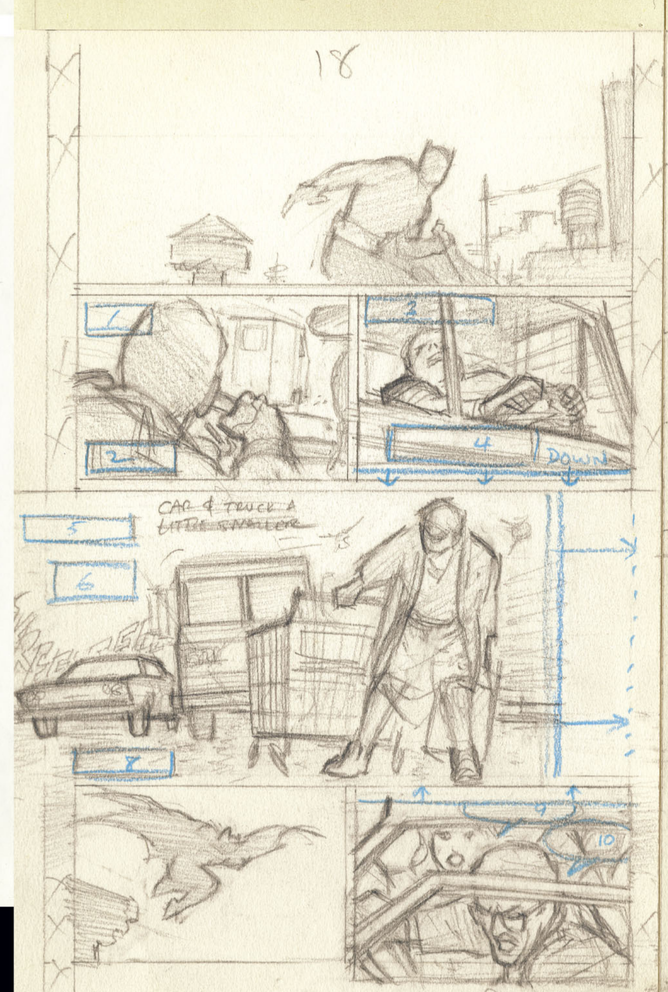
[3.]
FULL FIGURE, LOOKING UP AT ACTION, AS BATMAN BOUNDS FROM A STREETLIGHT, CURLED, FLIPPING THROUGH SPACE TOWARD THE STREET.
NO COPY

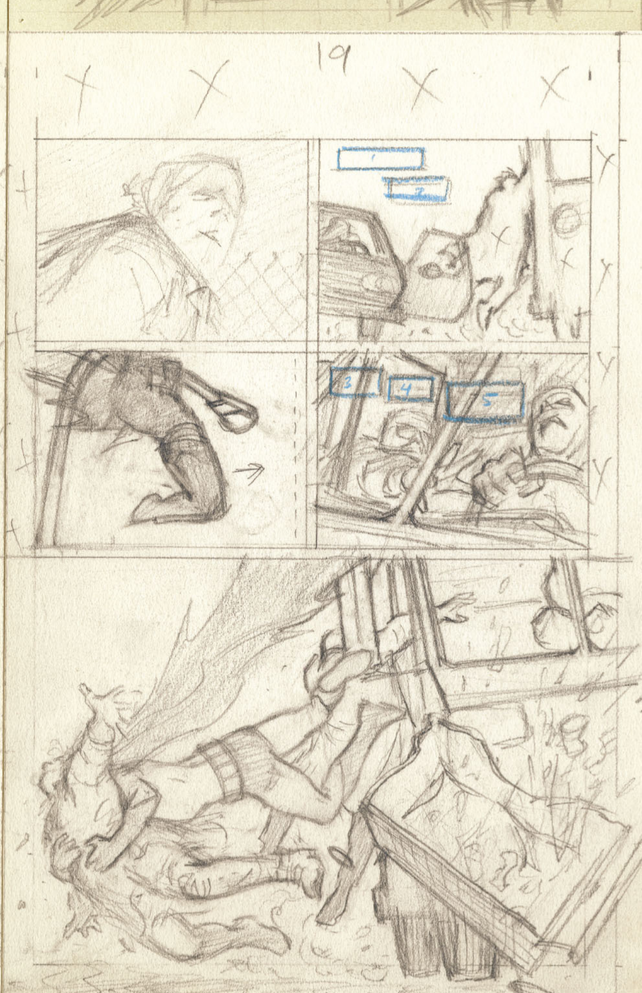
[4.]
MEDIUM ON ACTION AS GORDON REACHES IN THROUGH THE RIDER'S SIDE WINDOW OF THE TRUCK, DESPERATELY TRYING TO GRAB THE STEERING WHEEEL. THE DRIVER'S EXPRESSION AND POSITION HAVE NOT CHANGED.

3 CAP[G]: -- can't REACH --
4 CAP[G]: -- no TIME --
5 CAP[G]: -- it's OVER I've BLOWN it --

[5.]
LONG ON ACTION AS: BATMAN TACKLES THE BAG LADY, CARRYING HER OUT X OF THE PATH OF THE TRUCK; THE TRUCK SMASHES THE SHOPPING CART, SPREADING GARBAGE ALL OVER; THE TRUCK HITS A GARBAGE DUMPER, KNOCKING IT SIDEWAYS; GORDON FLIES FROM THE SIDE OF THE TRUCK, ROLLING ACROSS THE PAVEMENT.
NO COPY







BATMAN/p2

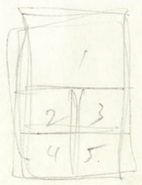
[1.]
BIG PANEL. FULL FIGURE OF BATMAN, BACKLIT, TUMBLING DOWN A COLLAPSING STAIRWELL DOWN WHICH FIRE IS STREAMING. A WINO, CROUCHED IN THE STAIRWELL, WAKES, SCREAMING, FINDING HIMSELF ON FIRE. PATCHES OF FIRE ARE ON BATMAN'S CAPE.
1 CAP[BATMAN]: -- stairwell's COLLAPSING -- fall WITH --
2 CAP[B]: -- get away from the FIRE --
3 CAP[B]: -- that old MAN -- doesn't have a CHANCE -- can't HELP him --
4 CAP[B]: -- can't HELP him --

[2.]
FIGURE OF BATMAN, UPSIDE DOWN. FLAME, AND PIECES OF THE STAIRWELL, JUST FRAGMENTS, SURROUND HIM. BREAKING HIS SILHOUETTE, PART OF HIS UTILITY BELT CATCHES FIRE. HE'S REACHING FOR HIS BELT BUCKLE.
5 CAP[B]: -- SCREAMING -- can't HELP him --
6 CAP[B]: -- oh no --
7 CAP[B]: -- THERMITE -- in my BELT -- catching --
8 CAP[B]: -- get it OFF--

[3.]
CLOSE ON BATMAN'S BELT, IN FLAME, EXPLODING, NO LONGER ON BATMAN. FLAME IN BACK GROUND.
9 CAP[B]: -- still have WEAPONS -- in CAPE -- and BOOTS --
10 CAP[B]: -- NEED them -- if I survive this --

[4.]
LOOKING PAST A METAL TRAPDOOR, ON THE FLOOR, AS BATMAN LANDS ON THE FLOOR. THE DOOR IS MARKED "DANGER ELECTRICITY 80,000 WATTS". FLAMING RUBBLE IS FALLING, ALL ROUND. BATMAN'S CAPE IS SERIOUSLY ON FIRE. THE DOOR IS LOCKED BY A CHAIN AND PADLOCK.
11 CAP[B]: -- METAL --
12 CAP[B]: -- trap door's METAL --
13 CAP[B]: -- might be ENOUGH -- to PROTECT me ---
14 CAP[B]: -- provided that WARNING -- is a LIE --

[5.]
CLOSE ON BATMAN'S HANDS, SLIDING A PICKLOCK INTO THE LOCK.
15 CAP[B]: -- LUCKY -- keep the PICK in my GLOVE --
16 CAP[B]: -- LUCKY --



BATMAN/p3

[1.]
-- GREY DAYBREAK OVER GOTHAM CITY. SMALL IN THE SKY, A HELICOPTER DROPS A PAYLOAD TOWARD A BUILDING.
1 TITLE: JUNE 7
2 VO [FROM BELOW]: Nffmgmm
3 [2]: Go way, Otto. You don eat fr n hour.

[2.]
CLOSE ON SELINA KYLE, IN BED, TRYING NOT TO WAKE UP, AS A SIAMESE CAT TRIES TO SQUIRREL ITS NOSE UNDER HER CHIN. CRANKY AS SELINA IS, SHE'S ALWAYS NICE TO HER CATS, SO THIS IS HER AT HER SOFTEST.
4 SE [FROM CAT]: Mroww
5 SELINA: Mmfgg
6 [2]: Siamese. Too noisy. Should've left you at the market.

[3.]
INTERIOR A SMALL TENEMENT. THE ROOM IS CLUTTERED WITH MOVIE MAGAZINES, EMPTY PACKS OF CIGARETTES, AND SELINA'S CLOTHING, STREWN ABOUT -- A FAIR AMOUNT OF WHICH SHOULD BE STRAIGHT FROM FREDRICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD. SEEMINGLY OUT OF PLACE, A SMALL PUNCHING BAG HANGS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, OVER A SMALL PAIR OF ONE-HAND BARBELLS. SELINA LIES IN A LARGE, ORNATE, ANTIQUE BRASS BED. SHE'S CURLED, WRAPPING HERSELF IN BLACK SATIN SHEETS. CONVERGING ON HER ARE A DOZEN CATS, ALL COLORS AND SIZES. LINING THE WALLS ARE POSTERS OF MARLENE DIETRICH, BARBARA STANWYCK, GRETA GARBO, MARILYN MONROE, AND ANY OTHER CLASSIC SCREEN SEX SYMBOLS YOU CARE TO THROW IN. THE POSTERS ARE INTERRUPTED ONLY BY EXPOSED PIPES, AND ONE WINDOW. HOLLY, WEARING ONE OF SELINA'S BLOUSES AS A NIGHTSHIRT, WHICH HANGS DOWN NEARLY TO HER KNEES, LEANS AGAINST THE WINDOW SILL, POINTING OUTWARD, EXCITED AND A LITTLE SCARED. HEY. NO PROBLEM. I MEAN, THROW A MARCHING BAND IN WHILE YOU'RE AT IT. HOW ABOUT A MURAL OF THE TAKING OF TROY AND A COMPLETE MAP OF THE WORLD? MAYBE SOME DANCING ELEPHANTS?
7 SE [FROM CATS]: Mrowwrr RRwreOWW Rroww
8 SELINA: Whole CREW now. Ganging UP. It's MUTINY.
7 [2]: Holly. What the hell time is it?
10 HOLLY: SeLINa -- outSIide --

[4.]
MEDIUM ON SELINA, SITTING UP IN BED, CATS CRAWLING ALL OVER HER, HOLDING A PORTABLE ALARM CLOCK IN ONE HAND, PETTING ONE OF THE CATS WITH THE OTHER HAND. HER HEAD IS CRANED FORWARD. SHE SQUINTS AT THE CLOCK. SHE'S WEARING A BLACK LACE BRA.
11 VO: -- exPLOsions --
12 SELINA: GGnff
13 [2]: Christ. Not even LIGHT out.
14 [3]: Christ. Five in the morning.
15 SE [FROM CATS]: MMREeeoww Mrrowwwrrr

[MORE]

(3)

BATMAN/p12



[1.]
FULL FIGURES AS: IN FOREGROUND, BATMAN LEAPS BEHIND COLUMNS, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAT, WHO RUNS, BULLETS STRIKING BEHIND HIM. THE SWAT TEAM IS IN THE BACKGROUND FIRING, HITTING COLUMNS. ONE SWAT IS TRYING TO SHOOT THE CAT.
1 SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
2 BALLOONS[NOT TAILS, NEAR SWATS]: -- THERE -- -- can't SEE him -- where -- -- moves so FAST -- -- dark -- -- could be ANYWHERE --
3 SE[NEAR CAT]: reeOWWWWWRrr
4 SWAT SHOOTING AT CAT: Wha --
5 [2]: -- DAMN that cat --

[2.]
FULL FIGURE OF BATMAN, ROLLING ACROSS THE FLOOR, HOLDING THE CAT IN BOTH HANDS. HE'S ROLLING TOWARD A SHATTERED WINDOW. BULLET HOLES MARK HIS PATH, RIPPING PLASTER FROM THE WALL.
6 SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
7 BALLOONS[NOT TAILS]: -- THERE -- -- so FAST --
8 SE[NEAR CAT]: WREEOWWWWW

[3.]
MEDIUM ON ACTION AS BATMAN FLINGS THE CAT BACKWARD, OVER HIS HEAD, OUT THE WINDOW. BULLETS STRIKE THE WALL, AT WINDOW LEVEL. ONE HITS BATMAN BELOW THE ELBOW.
9 SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKA
10 SE[NEAR CAT]: WREEEEE
11 SE[NEAR BATMAN]: NGG

[4.]
THE CAT RUNS ACROSS A STRETCH OF PAVEMENT OUTSIDE THE BUILDING.
12 VO[FROM DIRECTION OF BUILDING]: -- TAGGED him -- -- close IN --
13 VO[FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTION]: COMMISSIONER -- for God's SAKE -- come IN --

[5.]
MEDIUM ON ACTION AS THE CAT LEAPS TO THE TOP OF A SQUAD CAR, PAST GORDON AND MERKEL, WHO ARE OUTSIDE THE CAR. GORDON SCREAMS INTO THE CAR MICROPHONE. MERKEL JERKS BACKWARD AGAINST THE CAR, CLUTCHING HIS SHOULDER, HIS HAT TOPPLING FROM HIS HEAD. A BULLET HOLE APPEARS IN THE CAR WINDOW.
14 GORDON: -- those IDIOTS are firing out the WINDOWS -- for God's --
15 [2]: -- MERKEL! --
16 SE[NEAR MERKEL]: NGGAAH

[6.]
MEDIUM ON ACTION AS THE CAT LEAPS INTO SELINA'S OUTSTRETCHED HANDS. SELINA LOOKS FIERCE. SHE'S THE ONLY ONE STANDING. HOLLY DUCKS, TERRIFIED.

NO COPY

BATMAN/p13

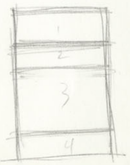
[1.]
FULL FIGURES AS: THE ENTIRE SWAT TEAM RUSHES TOWARD BATMAN, WHO CROUCHES, LEANING AGAINST A COLUMN, GETTING A LITTLE GROGGY FROM LOSS OF BLOOD. NOBODY'S FIRING.
1 BALLOON[NO TAIL]: GOT him --
2 BALLOON[NO TAIL]: -- get in CLOSE -- cut that bastard in HALF --
3 BALLOON[NO TAIL]: -- GOT him man we've GOT him --
4 CAP[B]: GROGGY -- losing -- too much BLOOD --
5 CAP[B]: -- had to -- put a BULLET -- in my GOOD leg -- didn't they --

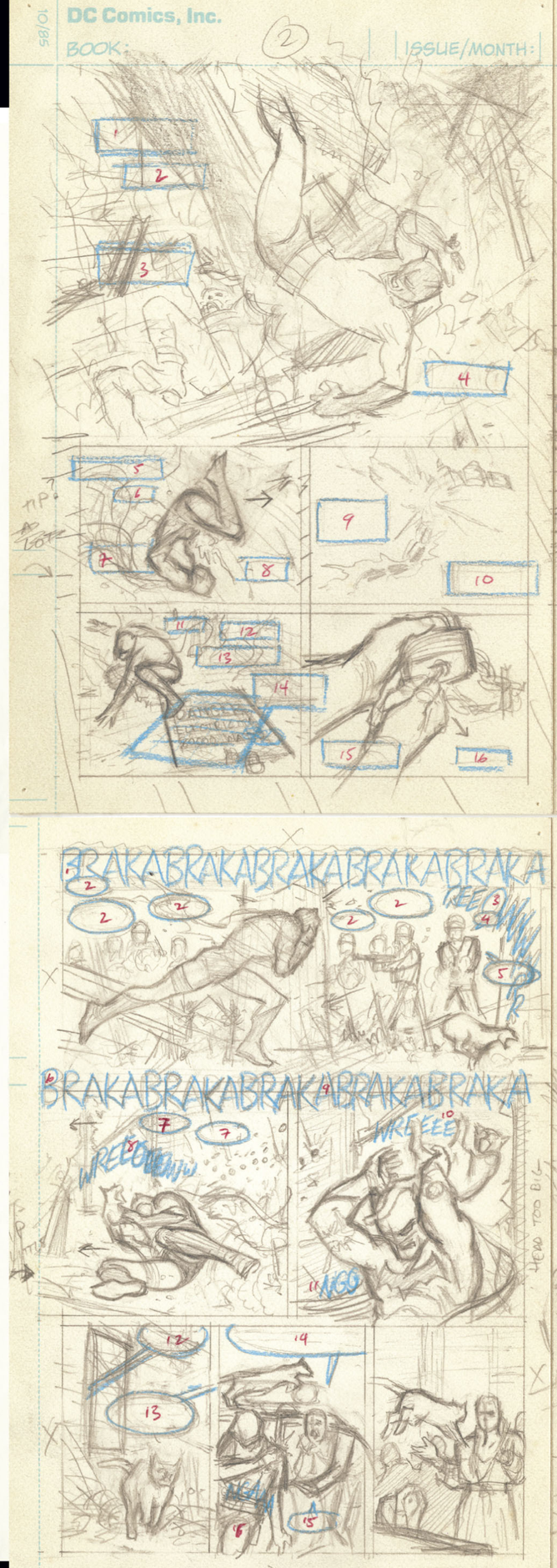
[2.]
MEDIUM LONG ON ACTION AS BATMAN KICKS THE PILLAR WITH HIS WOUNDED LEG [I SUGGEST YOU REPEAT THE LAYOUT OF PANEL 3, PAGE 7, CHAPTER ONE]. THE PILLAR SHATTERS.
6 CAP[B]: -- FORGET it -- IGNORE it --
7 SE: KKRAAAKKKK
CAP[B]: -- put what's LEFT -- INTO it --

[3.]
BIG PANEL. BATMAN LEAPS CLEAR AS A SECTION OF CEILING COLLAPSES, INCLUDING A LARGE BEAM THAT HITS TWO OF THE SWATS. WOOD, PLASTER, ETC., CRACK AND BREAK ACROSS THE REST. A BATHTUB COMES TUMBLING DOWN, DEMOLISHING ONE OF THEM. PLASTER FLIES THROUGH THE AIR. DUST BLOWS UP. ONE OF THEM, THE ONE WHO SHOT AT THE CAT, ROLLS OFF TO THE SIDE, HOLDING HIS MACHINE GUN, RELATIVELY OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

NO COPY

[4.]
CLOSE ON BATMAN, TURNING HIS HEAD, LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER, SEVERE.
9 BATMAN: YOU'RE the one --





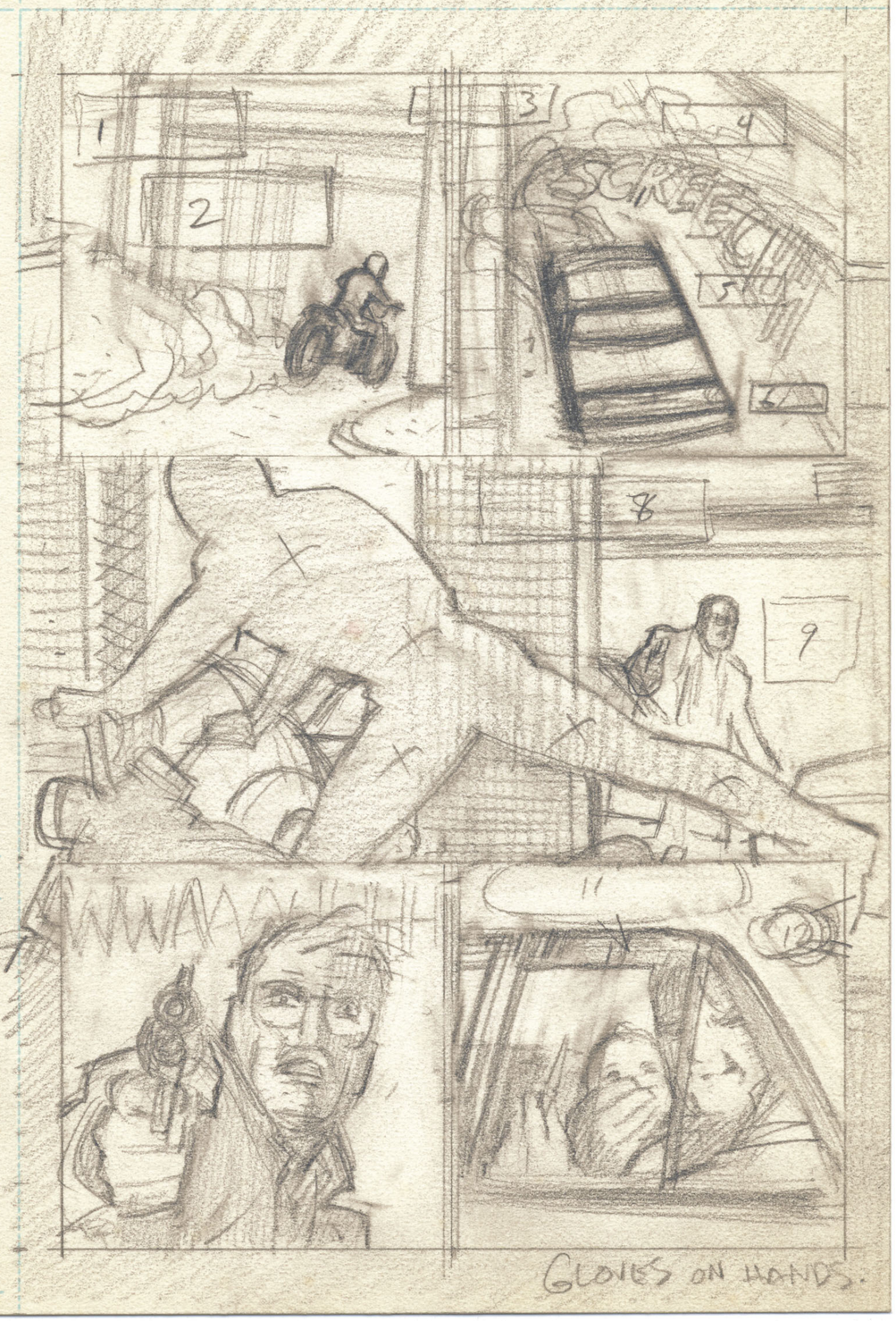
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DC Comics, Inc.

BOOK:

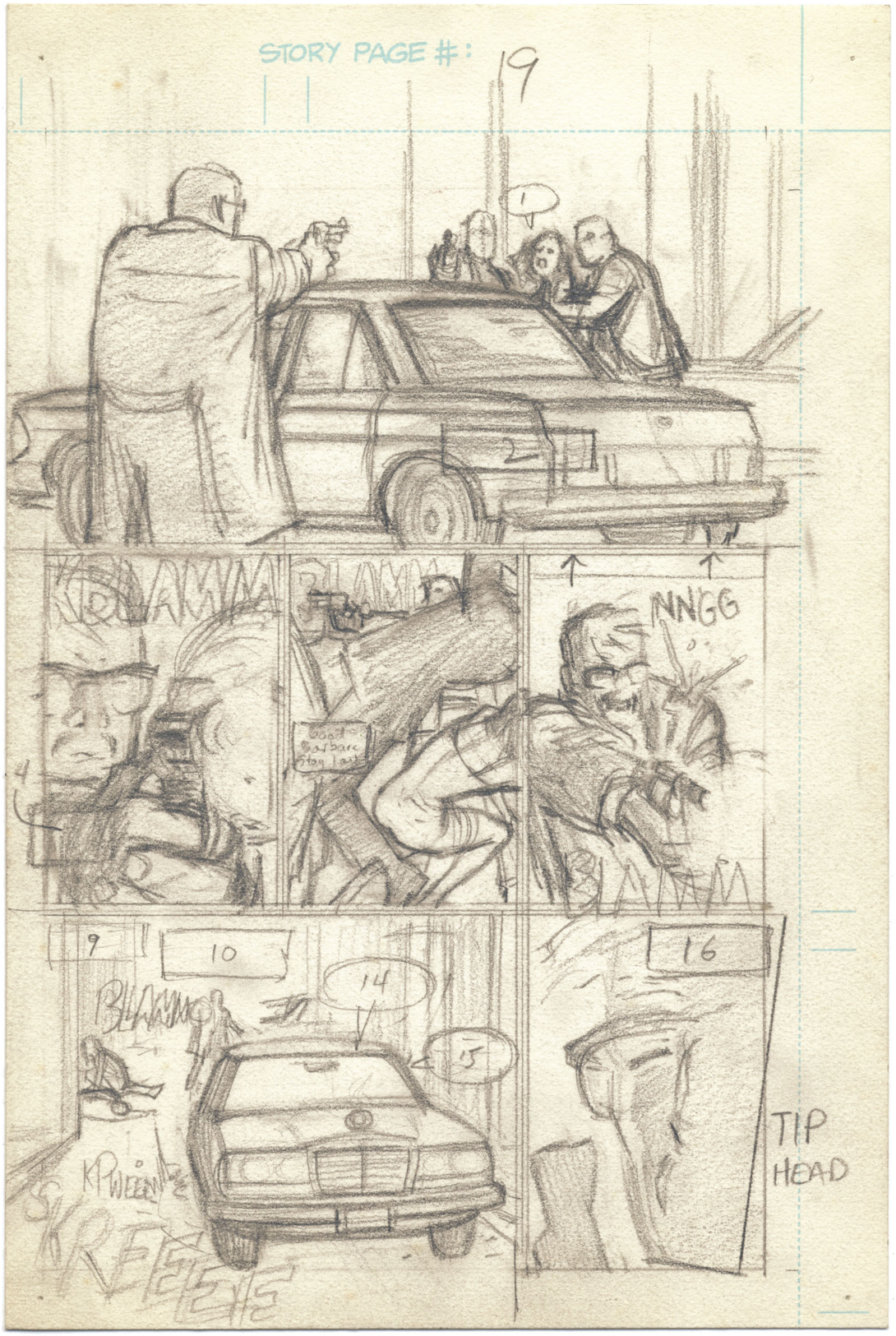
18

ISSUE/MONTH:



STORY PAGE #:

19



...fe

...I have t
them af

che gives
alin to
Bay Ridge.

The bruises are starting to form and my spine feels fused when Wilson says good-bye to the guys.

Of course
to leave. D
make his w
late waitin

And he still
girlfriend to

s later
les out,
ke he's
ings.

Maniac--
almost hit
me--

SKREE

--should arrest the clown--no way to treat a Porsche--

"God... fear of God..."

THAT'S BRUCE WAYNE'S CAR. WHAT'S HE ON?

COCAINE. RICH PEOPLE TAKE COCAINE.

SAW A SPECIAL ON IT.

...fear...

...I have to make them afraid...

Dodging the Porsche gives me enough adrenalin to make the drive to Bay Ridge.

The bruises are starting to form and my spine feels fused when Wilson says good-bye to the guys.

Of course Wilson's the first to leave. Doesn't want to make his wife stay up too late waiting for him.

And he still has his girlfriend to see tonight.

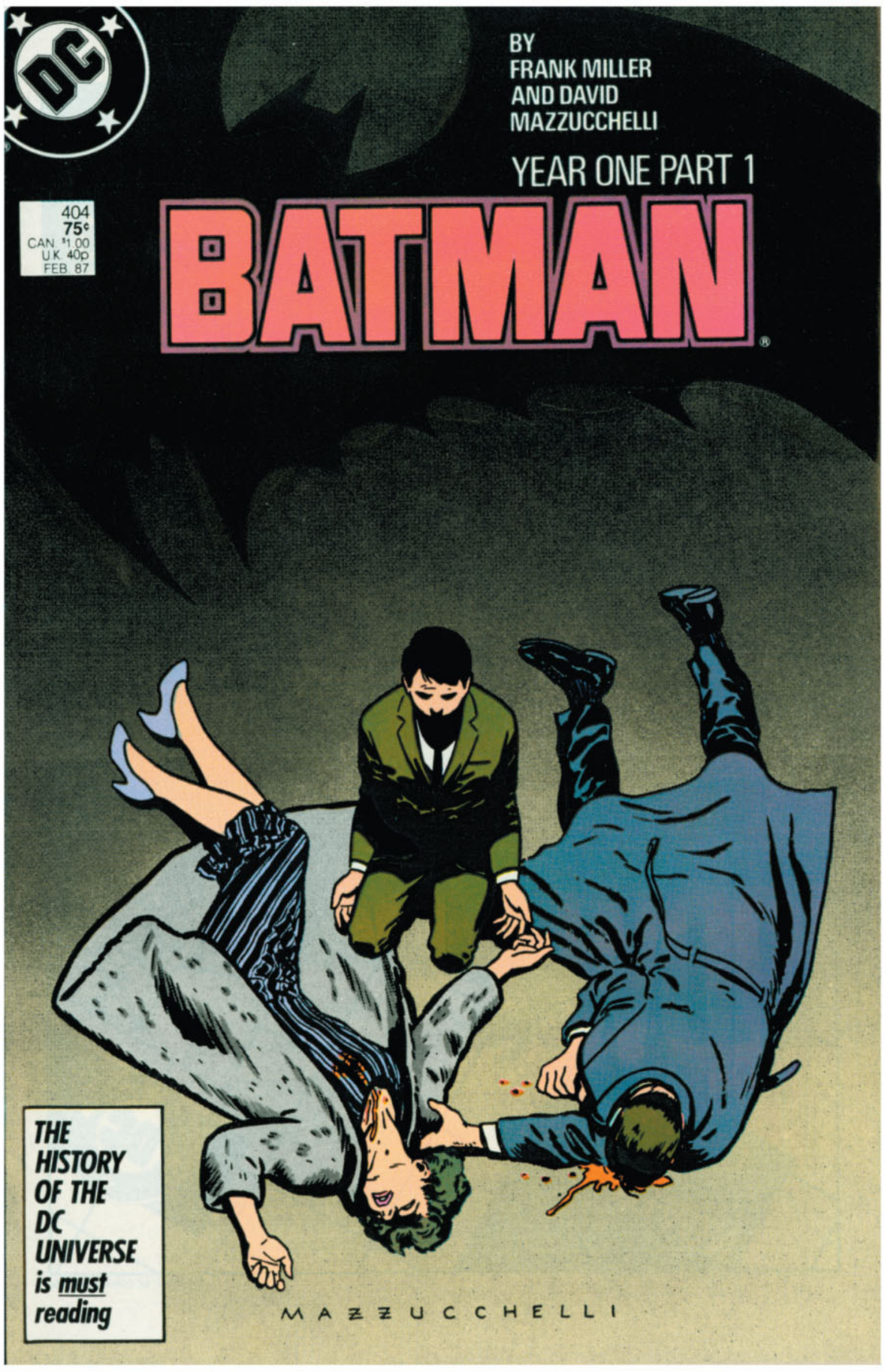
Twenty minutes later Stannsen stumbles out, hunched over like he's lost his life savings.

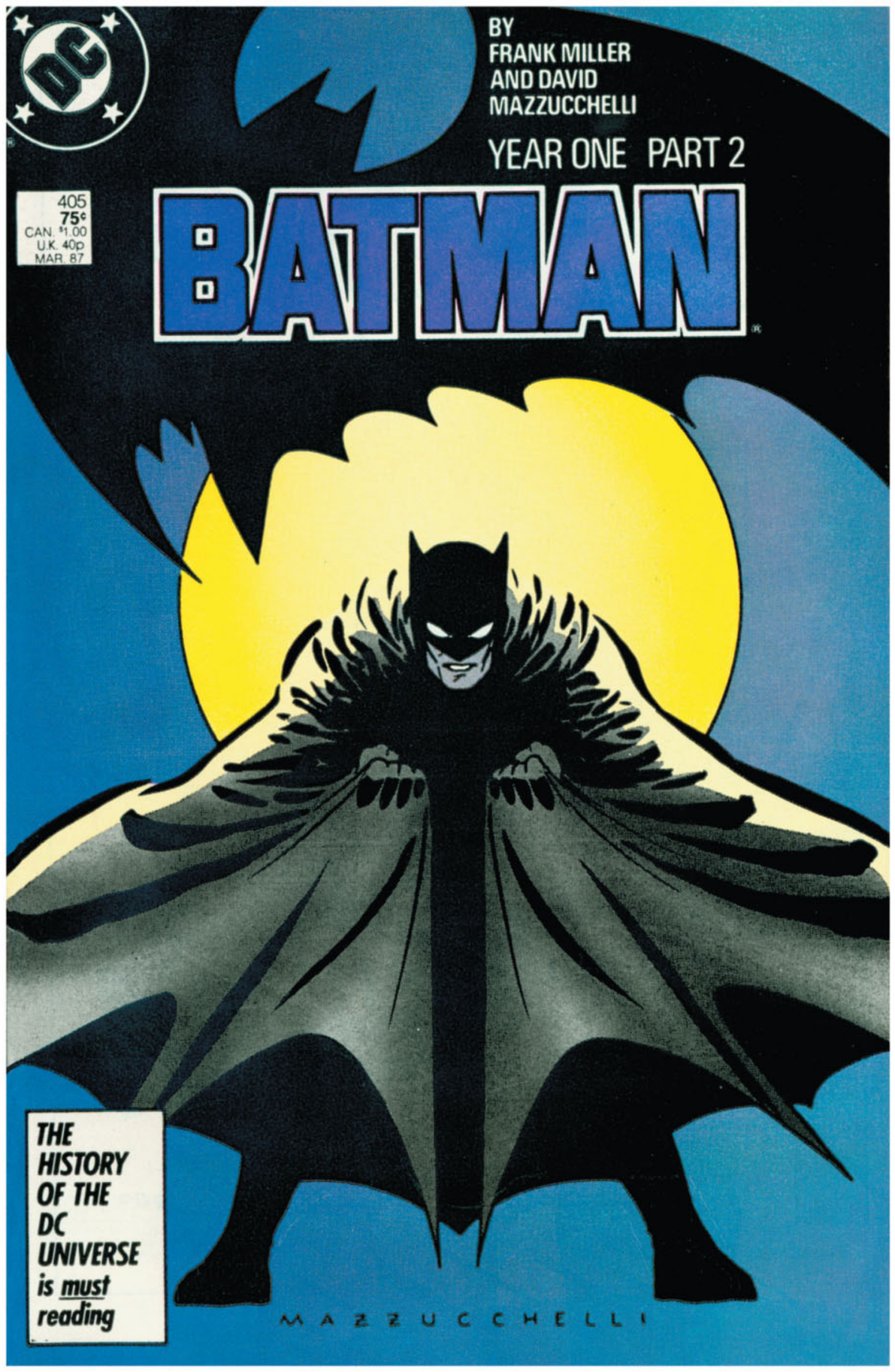
Then Renny.

I let them both go home.

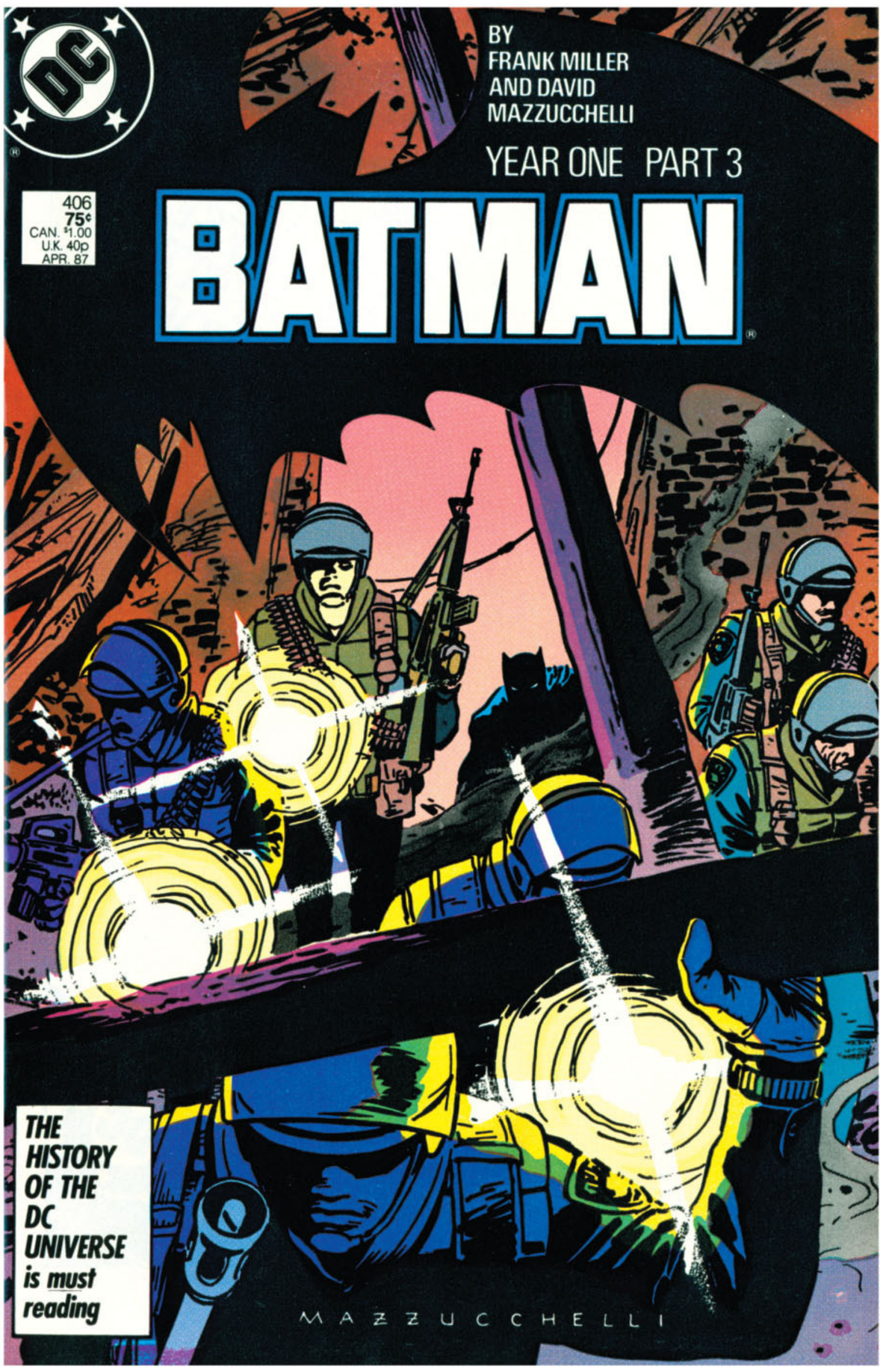
17

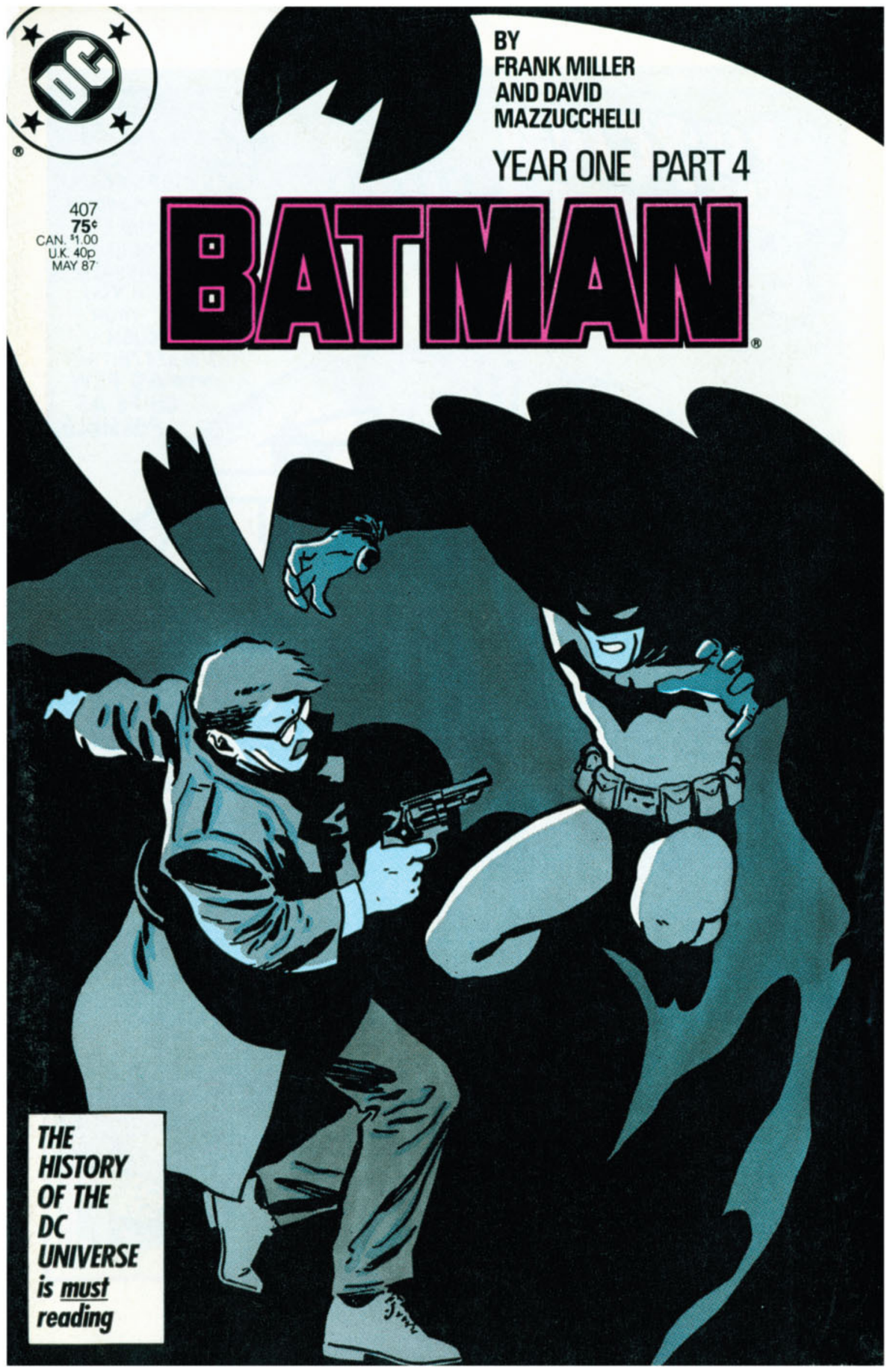
Final ink artwork, actual size (facing page), and the same page in color from the newsprint version. Comics printed on newspaper had an available palette of only about sixty colors, which Richmond utilized brilliantly.





The four issues of Batman in which Year One was first published (this page), and some interior pages (opposite).





...I pray he's very strong. And smart enough to stay alive.

How did I let this happen?

How did I screw up so badly...to bring an innocent child to life...

...in a city without hope...

April 9

They call it my night off.

It starts out well enough, with the smell of Barbara's lemon chicken--

--and her fingers, kneading baby oil into my shoulders...

...Rachmaninoff, played soft...her idea...corny, but it works...

DON'T HAVE TO GO TO METROPOLIS...

...FOR A MAN OF STEEL...

...COULD USE A JACKHAMMER ON YOUR BACK...

FEELS GREAT, HONEY...

RINGG

...SAID YOU'D UNPLUG IT, JIM...

HONEY, I FORGOT... I'M SORRY...

YES, SERGEANT.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALL THE ZOO.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, I'LL GET HIM.

IT'S MERKEL.

SOMETHING ABOUT A GIANT BAT.

CHICKEN WILL KEEP.

6

The driver hits the brakes, too late--going too fast--

BLAMM

POWN

--the bridge shakes--

--I listen to the rending metal and clattering glass--

--I listen--the radiator hisses, spits water on the street--

--I don't hear a human sound--

--I don't hear my baby cry--

21

The costume works--better than I'd hoped.

They freeze and stare and give me all the time in the world...

...I come in close on the one who looks the strongest--throw him a growl I've brought all the way from Africa--

--and suddenly everything falls to pieces.

The one to my left calls for his mother--

--to my right the other collects his senses and leaps to position--he'll be trouble--

--the strong one gets scared--too scared--

--No--

--I'm no killer--

--He screams like a girl--

--can't be older than fifteen--

--a child--just a child--

--the one I was worried about takes his shot--

--he's trained--kick's got power--

7

WHUMPP

NNGG

--the metal rail digs into my back--

--he's heavy--

NO--

NO

22

--stairwell's collapsing--fall with--

--get away from the fire--

--that old man--doesn't have a chance--can't help him--

--can't help him--

--screaming--can't help him--

--oh no--

--thermite--in my belt--catching--

--get it off--

--still have weapons--in cape--and boots--

--need them--if I survive this--

--metal--

--trap door's metal--

--might be enough--to protect me--

--provided that warning--is a lie--

DANGER
ELECTRICITY
80,000 WATTS

--lucky--keep the pick in my glove--

--lucky--

2

y from

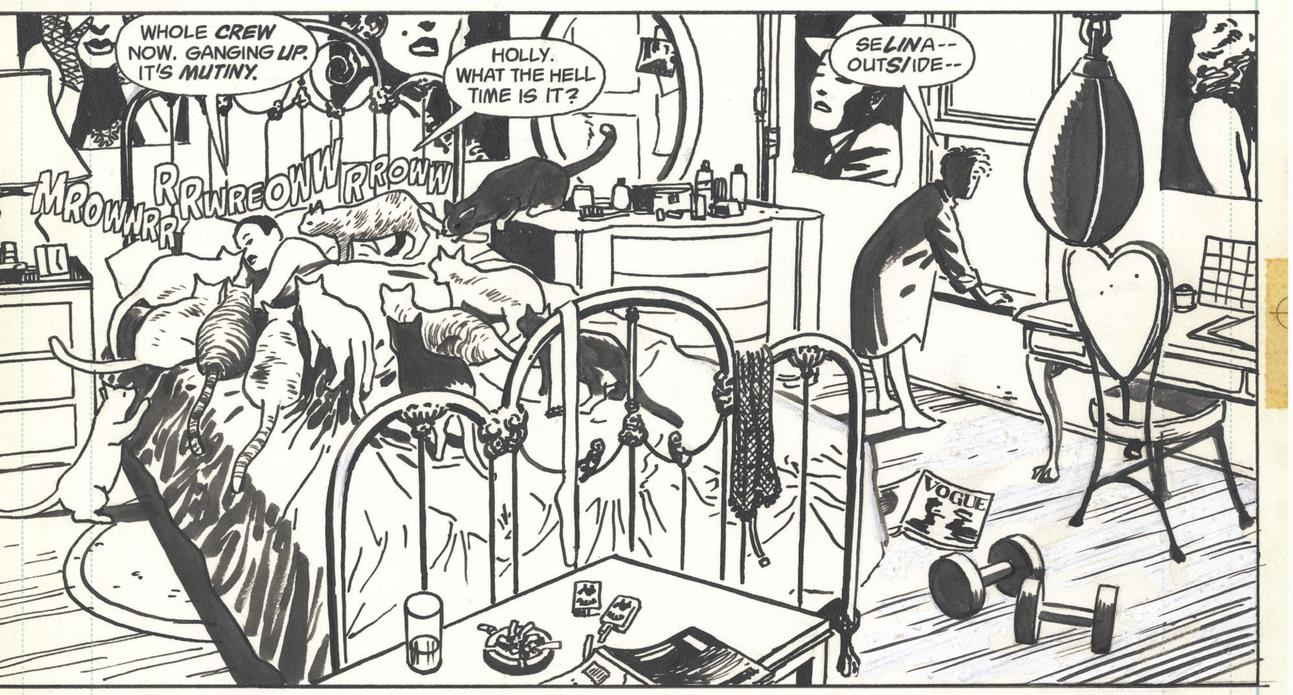
--can't help him--

--still have weapons--in cape--and boots--

When Year One was finally published in a single volume, the entire story was recolored. Richmond hand-painted the color art separately from the black line art.











INSTRUCTIONS FOR DOUBLE-PAGE SPREAD: CUT AS SHOWN, ABUT PAGES, TAPE ON BACK. DO NOT OVERLAP!
CUT RIGHT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE
CUT LEFT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE

s/s



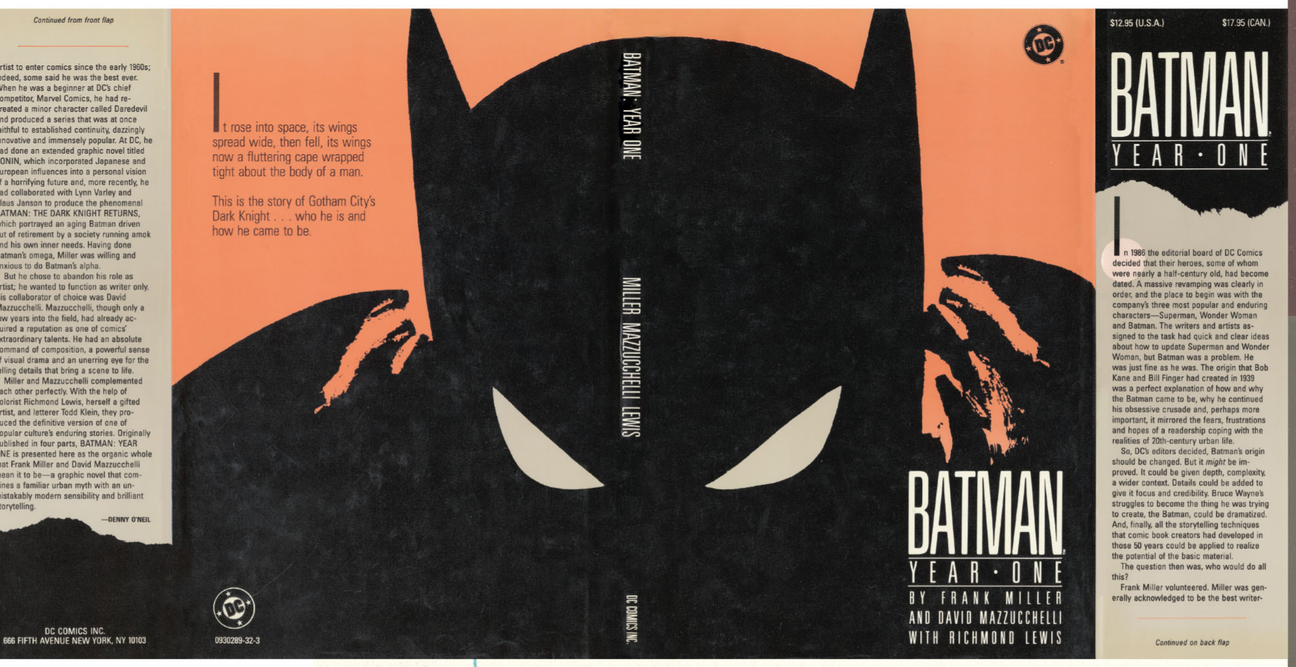






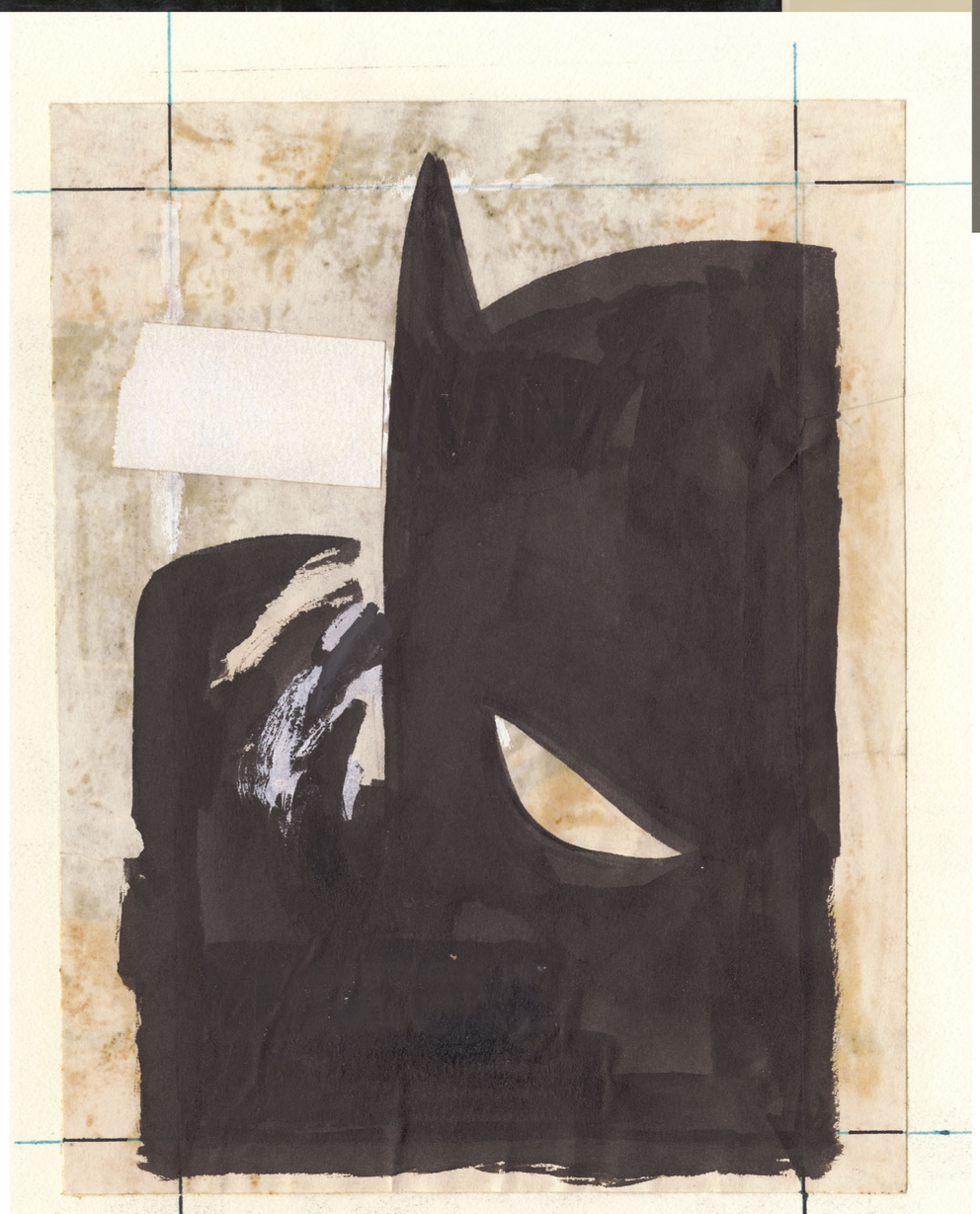


The dustjacket from the hardcover edition published in March 1988.

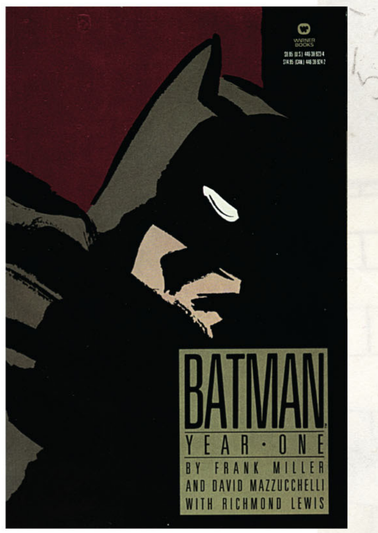




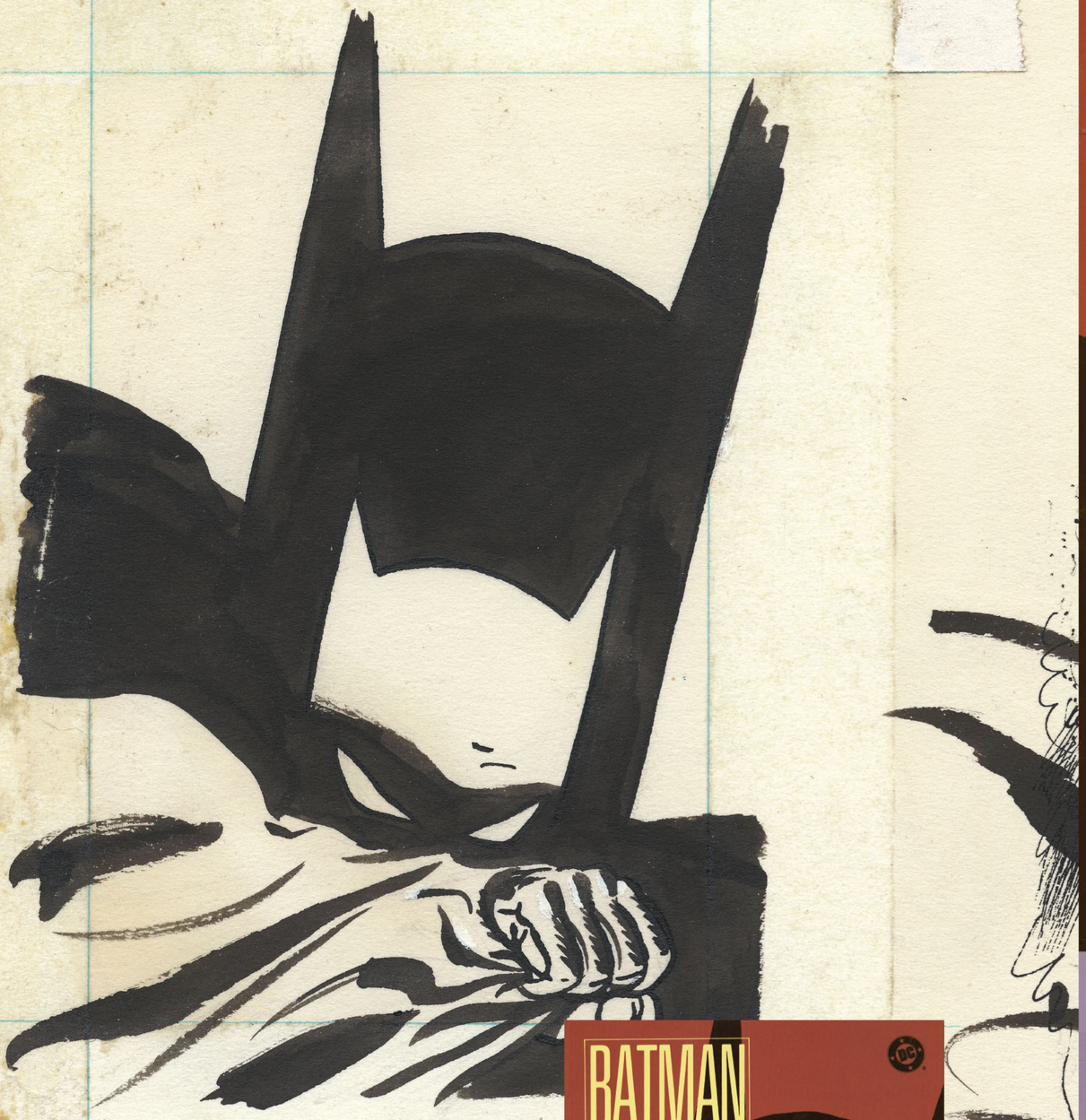
My original drawing for the cover design, actual size. This artwork was enlarged to produce the cover image above.



My first cover design (right) was used for the Warner Books paperback (below). The color artwork (detail above) was done with torn pieces of colored paper.







Another little drawing (above) for the cover of DC's first paperback edition, and my painted color artwork (facing page).

BATMAN : YEAR ONE - (DC) SOFT

MAZZUCCH





A SHADOW FELL ACROSS ME...

If your only memory of Batman is that of Adam West and Burt Ward exchanging camped-out quips while clobbering slumming guest stars Vincent Price and Cesar Romero, I hope this book will come as a surprise.

For me, Batman was never funny. I was eight years old when I picked up an 80-page annual from the shelf of a local supermarket. The artwork on one story looked good and scary.

Gotham City was cold shafts of concrete lit by cold moonlight, windswept and bottomless, fading to a cloud bank of city lights, a wet, white mist, miles below me. The street sounds were a soft, sad roar, unbroken and unchanging.

Then somewhere, somewhere in the stone rat's maze down there, tiny but unmuffled, a pane-glass window shattered. The sound was almost pretty, like chimes. The chimes became a single ringing bell, a burglar alarm, the old kind.

A Thompson machine gun spat at the bell. A madman laughed wildly, maliciously. The laughter echoed forever.

A shadow fell across me, from above. Wings flapped, close by and almost silent.

Glistening wet, black against the blackened sky, a monster, a giant, winged gargoyle, hunched forward, pausing at a building's ledge, and cocked its head, following the laugh's last seconds. Moonlight glanced across its back, across its massive shoulders, down its craned, cabled neck, across its skull, striking a triangle at one pointed bat's ear.

It rose into space, its wings spread wide, then fell, its wings now a fluttering cape wrapped tight about the body of a man.

It fell past me, its shadow sliding across walls, growing to swallow whole buildings, lit by the clouds below.

The shadow faded into the clouds.

It was gone.

...the 80-page giant comic cost 25 cents, but I bought it anyway.

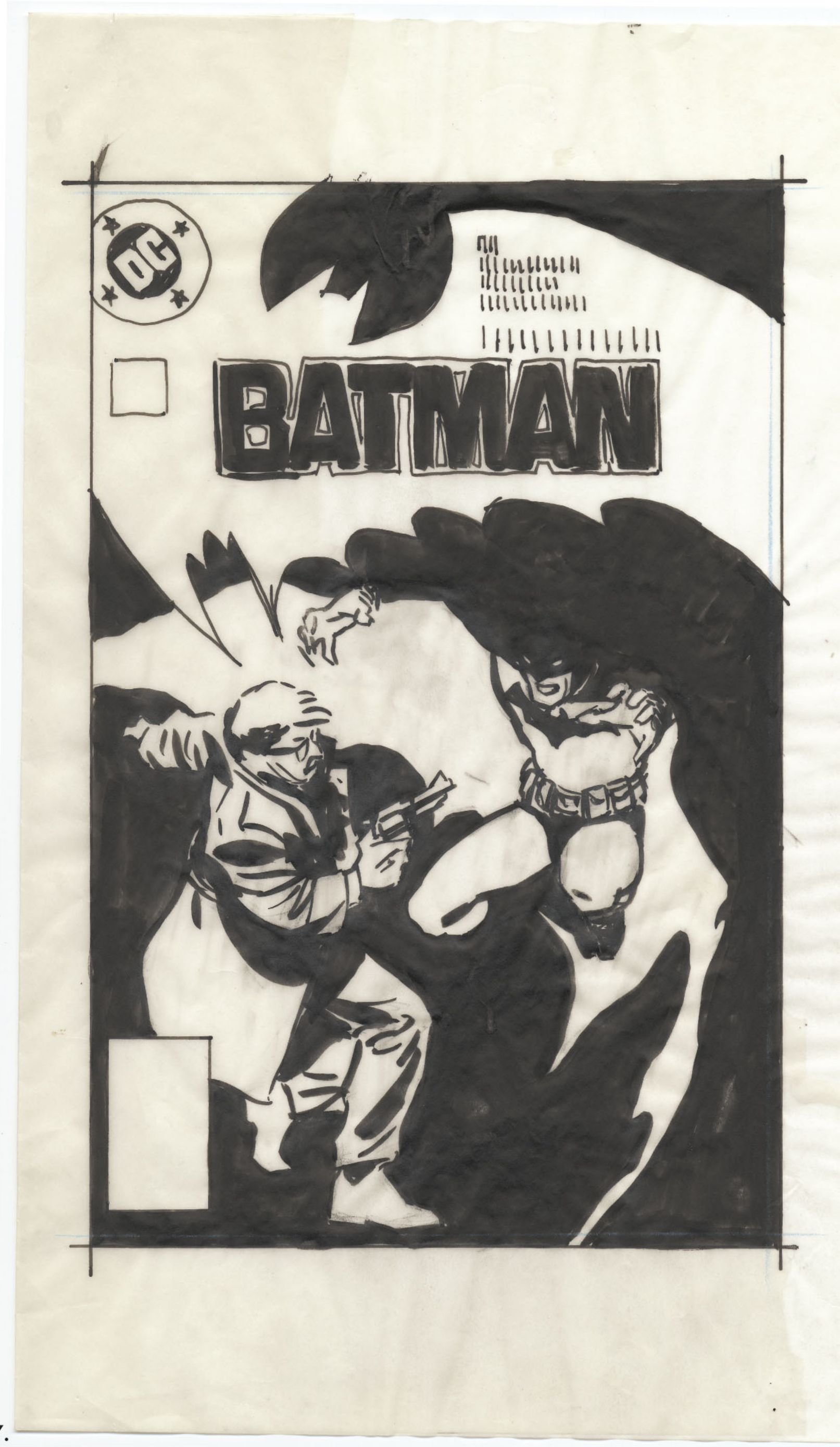
FRANK MILLER
LOS ANGELES 1988



FRANK MILLER lives and works in New York City. He draws and writes comic books and directs movies.

DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI is an award-winning comics artist whose work has been published and exhibited around the world. His other books include Daredevil: Born Again, with Frank Miller, and City of Glass: The Graphic Novel, with Paul Karasik, and many of his own comics were published in his short-lived anthology Rubber Blanket. He teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design and New York's School of Visual Arts, and is currently working on a new graphic novel.

RICHMOND LEWIS is an accomplished painter who had a brief career in comics. Her other coloring work includes Ironwolf: Fires of the Revolution and The Shadow. She lives in the New York area with her husband and two cats, Runtashiro and Sumi.



An ink on tracing paper sketch for the cover of BATMAN #407.

"If there is one book that deserves mention in the same breath as Watchmen or The Dark Knight Returns, it's Batman: Year One."

—MIAMI HERALD

"This is a story no true Batman fan should be able to resist."

—SCHOOL LIBRARY JOURNAL

"[A] graphic novel that combines a familiar urban myth with an unmistakably modern sensibility and brilliant storytelling."

— DENNY O'NEIL

In 1986, Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli produced this groundbreaking reinterpretation of the origin of Batman — who he is and how he came to be.

Written shortly after THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS, Miller's dystopian fable of Batman's final days, Year One set the stage for a new vision of a legendary character.

This edition includes the complete graphic novel, a new introduction by writer Frank Miller and a new illustrated afterword by artist David Mazzucchelli. Completing this collection are over 40 pages of never-before-seen developmental material such as character and layout sketches, sample script pages, sketches, and more that provide a glimpse into the making of this contemporary classic.

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