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# Batman and Harley Quinn

By Bruce Timm

- (GUNS FIRING)
- (MAN SCREAMS)

**GUARD:**

- (WOODRUE ROARS)
- (SCREAMS)
- (YELLS)
- (GRUNTS)
- (WHIMPERING)
- (GUNSHOTS CONTINUE)
- (EXCLAIMING)
- (GRUNTS)

"Hey! Try to work here!  
Perhaps you could work a little faster.  
Perhaps if you hadn't tripped  
the damn alarm.

(GROANS)  
Pamela, we are out of time!  
The police will be here soon.  
Or worse...

Batman. I know, I know!  
But it's like trying to find  
a needle in a... Haystack.

- Come on, come on.
- (COMPUTER BEEPING)
- (MAN SCREAMING)

Bingo.  
(OPENING MUSIC PLAYING)  
(SIRENS WAILING)  
(INDISTINCT CHATTER  
ON POLICE RADIO)

WOMAN". Nothing was physically stolen.  
Obviously.

There was no effort  
to minimize collateral.  
This was about information.  
There's no way Poison Ivy could've  
accessed S.T.A.R. Labs secure data.

- They're...
- Got it.

Here's the file they copied.  
Looks like this is the only thing  
they cared about.

Oh, no.

"Holland."  
Holland...  
Why does that sound so familiar?  
Be my guest.

**BATMAN:**

a bio-restorative formula  
to turn deserts into forests.  
Until a saboteur's bomb  
destroyed that dream.  
His body engulfed in the burning  
experimental compound,  
Holland tried to douse the flames.  
The chemicals reacted  
with the surrounding bayou.  
His entire physiognomy changed.  
- Holland was transformed into...  
- Swamp Thing.  
That's it! That's what attacked me!  
Not quite.

**BATMAN:**

AKA the Floronic Man.  
Terrific.  
Poison Ivy teaming up with Jason Woodrue.  
We're in for a ride.  
I see two immediate objectives.  
If you'll excuse us.  
A, figure out what Ivy  
and Woodrue are up to.  
And B, find out where the Green is hiding out.  
I'll take A.  
I have a hunch I need to look into.  
You take B.  
Check previous addresses,  
known associates...  
Oh, crap.  
Right.  
We need Harley Quinn.  
Last I heard, Harley went off the grid  
after she got out on parole.  
No one's heard a thing since.  
Rumor is she's gone "straight,"  
but also just plain gone.

No one disappears without a trace.  
Someone knows something.  
Someone always does.  
It's just a matter of shaking  
the right tree.  
Hey, thanks again for helping us out  
with that League of Assassins thing  
in Nanda Parbat.  
Oof! That Lady Shiva...  
Wouldn't say no to a slice of that pie,  
know what I mean?  
So, what can I do for you, Batman?  
Lot going on today,  
but I can spare a few minutes.  
A man was abducted from his home  
two days ago.  
- Harold Goldblum.  
- (MUG SHATTERS)  
Stupid hand.  
Henderson!  
How do you even know about that?  
We've got a total media lockdown.  
Let's just say I've got eyes  
and ears everywhere, Sarge.  
Hacking the A.R.G.U.S. computer  
is a federal crime, Batman.  
Goldblum is a former professor  
of chemistry at Metropolis University.  
Spent 15 years heading up  
GothCorp Chemical's R&D division.  
Most recently, he's been working  
for the NSA,  
specializing in biological warfare.  
He was their top mind  
in biology, botany and toxicology.  
I need to know what he was working on.  
That'll be all, Henderson.  
Right, Sarge.  
Big fan.  
I'm sorry, Batman, that's classified.  
My hands are tied.  
Strange that you would put it  
just that way.  
Why?

A fringe hacker group recently accessed information about key A.R.G.U.S. employees. Some of them seemed to be engaged in, shall we say, questionable nocturnal activities. Are you blackmailing me? I'm explaining that I can help stop a crime in exchange for some information. Fine.

But for the record, what Mistress Ilsa does for me is considered therapy.

In some countries.

It's an odd case. No ransom demands, political requests, nothing.

He just vanished.

Whoever took the guy, they either killed him, or they're keeping him alive for reason or reasons unknown.

- Any leads?

- Nothing viable.

The investigation is at a dead end.

Goldblum's field of expertise is man-made pandemic terrorist attacks. Anthrax, Ebola, flesh-eating bacteria...

You know.

Yes, I do.

In fact, he's the world's leading expert on the subject.

Jesus, the stuff that guy knows.

I don't mean to be callous, but part of me hopes they just killed him.

- No, sorry.

- Uh-uh.

Nah, man.

- Mmm, no.

- Haven't seen her.

Would've liked to. (LAUGHS)

Dame owes me three weeks back rent!

If you find her, you tell her she can eat my...

She had the cutest smile.

Morty! That was your niece, Irene!

Always saying she looks like  
this Harley Quinn,  
but I don't see it.  
And an adorable tuckus!  
Mot?!'-!  
Hasn't been around.  
Afraid not, my son.  
- Lo siento.  
- Can I have that picture?  
It was at that deli on Third Street.  
Morty! That was two years ago!  
In Miami!  
I could go for a Reuben myself about now.  
With extra kraut.  
Hang on...  
(PEOPLE CHATTERING)  
Okay, we got one Power Girl jumbo combo,  
one Black Canary leg-and-thigh  
with coleslaw...  
Gonna lose that hand, puddin'.  
(EXCLAIMS)  
(GRUNTS AND GROANS)  
Anything else for you today, boys?  
- Uh, no.  
- I'm good.  
- Yeah, me too.  
- (MAN GROANING)  
Totally good.  
Crazy broad broke my freakin' arm.  
Hey, Chick, this crazy broad  
broke my freakin' arm!  
Gotta be her.  
(YAWNS)  
Come on out, I know you're there.  
I got good ears.  
Your hearing gets mighty sharp in Arkham.  
Things go bump in the night.  
Hi, Harley. Long time no see.  
I'd like to keep it that way.  
You're a hard girl to find.  
Pretty clever,  
hiding in plain sight like that.  
I have a few questions.  
For example, where can I find

your BFF Poison Ivy?  
We need your help.  
- Ivy is...  
- Save it, honey.  
I don't mix it up  
with the costume crowd anymore.  
I've turned over a new leaf, as it were.  
Listen, Ivy's fallen in  
with the wrong crowd.  
She and Jason Woodrue are up to something.  
And we have to stop them.  
They're a lethal combo, Harley.  
Lots of people could get hurt or killed.  
Ivy could get hurt or killed.  
Nuh-uh. I'm done  
with capes and tights and masks.  
Just trying like hell  
to lead a normal life.  
Really? Funny that you're not, say,  
using your psychiatric training  
to make a decent living.  
Instead of dressing up  
in skimpy red and black  
for minimum wage plus tips...  
Pretty weird way to kick a habit.  
You've got to be  
just itching to get back in the game.  
Nice try,  
but you're on your own, Nightwig.  
You haven't reported  
to your parole officer in months.  
I should just drag your crazy ass  
back to jail right now.  
Oh. yeah?  
- (GRUNTS)  
- Just freakin' try it, buttwipe!  
(GRUNTING)  
- (YELLING)  
- (CLANGS)  
- (YELLING)  
- (GRUNTS)  
(CLANGS)  
Sorry, kiddo,  
but you're getting the payback

for every pinch, goose, and butt slap  
I've gotten for the last three months.  
(GRUNTING)  
(GRUNTS AND GROANS)  
(GROANING)  
Give up?  
Just when things are getting interesting?  
Fat chance!  
- (EXCLAIMS)  
- (GRUNTS)  
Huh? (GRUNTS ANGRILY)  
(GROANING)  
(EXCLAIMS) Whiff.  
(YELPS)  
Ready to call it a night, Harley?  
(SNORTS)  
(LAUGHING)  
What's so funny, Chuckles?  
(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY)  
Some girls like mace.  
I prefer a little low-grade Joker venom.  
Only useful thing  
I ever got from that asshat.  
Nighty-night, jerk.  
(STOPS LAUGHING)  
Don't know what you expect to find.  
My best people have  
been over this place a dozen times.  
No offense to your best people,  
but they're not me.  
What is it?  
Oh, yay! A leaf.  
Kind of like all of these.  
No, not like those.  
It's a completely different phylum  
from every other leaf in here.  
Great. You're the world's  
greatest florist, too.  
Look closely.  
Have you ever seen a leaf like this?  
Can't say that I have.  
That's because it isn't from our planet.  
Not even from our dimension.  
Wait. You mean Jason Woodrue?



That freak was here?  
This is bad.  
Your forensic people are bad.  
This is catastrophic.  
Nightwing, this is Batman. Come in.  
Nightwing?  
Everything okay?  
He should've reported in by now.  
You want me to send out a search team?  
They're the best at...  
Well, they're pretty good.  
Like I said, eyes and ears everywhere.  
Besides, Nightwing can handle himself.  
(GROANING SOFTLY)

**HARLEY:**

bringing him back to my place.  
But what was I supposed to do?  
I couldn't just let him go. He knows  
the secret location of my hidey-hole.  
He'd blab to Batman for sure.  
Could've just killed him, dumb-ass!  
Nah, I'm not a criminal anymore.  
Plus, he's kinda too cute to kill.  
And anyway, maybe I should help out.  
Sounds like Ivy  
could be in some serious...  
Don't bother yelling for help.  
This dump is condemned.  
Nobody in the whole building  
but us, Nightwig.  
"Wing-u  
Heh?  
It's "Nightwing."  
Really? Huh.  
Guess I was thinking of  
that goofy mullet you used to have.  
Yeesh. That was like  
a whole decade of bad hair days.  
Sticks and stones, lady.  
I've taken trash talk  
from bigger criminals than you.  
"Criminals"? if you hadn't noticed,  
I went straight!

I'm a friggin' waitress already!  
Oh, golly, that's right.  
I stand corrected.  
Check this out, smart guy.  
My pile of rejection letters.  
Evidently, the Mayo Clinic's  
got some dumb policy  
of not hiring  
former costumed supervillains.  
Just like  
every other hospital in the world.  
There're other jobs.  
Sure! I got a ton of offers.  
"We got a very special role for you  
in Bad Girls After Dark. "  
And you got to love this one.  
"A tasteful pictorial to  
be shot in Thailand for legal reasons."  
You say I'm a criminal.  
They say I'm a whore.  
Well, I'm sick of other people  
telling me what I am!  
Whatever.  
Got to say, you gave me  
a heck of a workout.  
Got me all sweat-stinky.  
(SNIFFS) Ew!  
Definitely could use a shower.  
I think better when I don't reek.  
Still got to figure out  
what to do about Nightwig over there.  
Hmm, what to wear? What to wear?  
Sucker-punch Harley?  
Arctic Harley? Street-luge Harley?  
Roller-babe Harley?  
Steam-punk Harley. Goth-Lolita Harley.  
Hey, Nightwig, is it true  
you used to be Robin?  
Huh. Ain't that a kick in the pants?  
Little Boy Wonder all grown up.  
Okay, now...  
Don't be getting any funny ideas.  
Too late!  
It's funny.

I always kinda thought  
you and Batman didn't like girls.  
Wait, what?  
You know, that book?  
With the headlights  
and the eyeball-gouging?  
I had to write a paper on it  
back in college.  
Got a B-minus.  
Look, Harley...  
Pretty lonely these last few months,  
if you know what I mean.  
You don't meet  
a lot of likely prospects at Super-Babes.  
I'm kinda choosy.  
I'm not saying I don't want to,  
'cause that could be nice.  
All sorts of wrong, but nice.  
- Right now, I just really need to find...  
- Shh!  
Face it, Sugar.  
I got something you want, and you  
sure-as-shootin' got something I want.  
So, be a good boy and maybe...  
Maybe mama will give you a cookie.  
The things I do for Gotham.  
I'm taking that as a "yes."  
Mmm...

**WOODRUE:**

It's an abomination!  
You think I like swapping spit  
with this geezer every six hours?  
If you've got a better way to  
keep him under our control, I'm all ears.  
There's always torture.  
I don't torture.  
The seven billion meat bags  
who infest this world  
would probably consider  
our plans for them torture.  
Or at least cruel and inhumane.  
Our plans are for the improvement  
of every organism on Earth.

The very definition of humane.

"Humane."

What an ironic word coined by a species completely devoid of compassion for any other life-forms.

Or each other, for that matter.

They all talk about climate change, but have they actually changed anything?

Indeed they have.

They've doubled their output of greenhouse gases, increased the rate of deforestation, ravaged the planet.

You said it yourself, Pamela, and I quote, "Humans simply will not give a crap unless we force them to."

Well, once our virus is activated, every single person on this planet will have a vested interest

-

(TRACKER BEEPING)

(BEEPS RAPIDLY)

(HARLEY LAUGHING)

**NIGHTWING:**

HARLEY". You stop it!

You're gonna make me pee!

(NIGHTWING LAUGHING)

Hey, hey, hey!

Cut it out!

How about there? You ticklish there?

(BOTH LAUGHING)

- (BATMAN CLEARS THROAT)

- (HARLEY GASPS)

Harley Quinn reporting for duty, sir!

I was, uh... Was just about to call you.

Meet you at the car! (HUMMING)

Did you get what you needed?

Well, yeah.

Ivy's whereabouts, of course.

That's what you meant. Uh, no, not yet.

Like you never

made out with a super-villain.

So, here's how

it's gonna work, Dynamic Duo.  
Nobody knows Ivy like I know Ivy.  
Now, I can help you find her,  
but you're gonna let me talk some sense  
into her before you come in swingin'.  
And then, when this whole thing is over,  
you're gonna put in  
a good word for me with the parole board,  
tell 'em what a fine, upstanding citizen  
I am, etcetera, etcetera.  
Hmm...  
No.  
What the what?  
But... I mean, aren't you gonna...  
- Don't you need...  
- I don't make deals with psychopaths.  
Sociopath!  
So-ci-0-path!  
Jeez, why does everybody  
always get that wrong?  
If you aren't willing to  
agree to my terms, why should I help you?  
You'll help us or the rest of the world  
will cease to exist.  
As insane as you are, you enjoy living.  
How about just a little something  
to sweeten the deal?  
Spa day?  
Autographed picture for my little cousin?  
He's real sick.  
Okay, fine, whatever. You're the boss.  
Wait, she's coming with us?  
Is that really a good idea?  
It's not my first choice,  
but we can't afford  
to let her out of our sight.  
She might tip off Ivy that we're onto her.  
Yeah, dangerous loony over here,  
never know what she's gonna do!  
(GRUNTING)  
Here, there's a little trick to it.  
Hey, watch the hands, Buster Brown!  
Sorry, I was just...  
Jeez, 20 minutes of naughty fun-time

and they think they own you.  
I wasn't... I was just trying to...  
Look, maybe I'll call you sometime, okay?  
Like, when I'm  
outta batteries or something.  
(ENGINE ROARING)

**BATMAN:**

area of expertise,  
Woodrue and lvy's ideological profiles,  
and the S.T.A.R. Labs break-in,  
there's only one conclusion.  
They're going to synthesize the formula  
that created Swamp Thing,  
convert it into a fast-spreading virus  
and save the world  
by turning humanity  
into animal/plant hybrids.  
What! EW!  
Look, don't get me wrong,  
I ain't no racist.  
I mean, some of  
my best friends are plant people.  
Well, on the bright side, at least  
they aren't actually killing anyone.  
Perhaps not intentionally.  
Here we go.  
It's bad enough if they succeed  
and we all live as plant people.  
But that's not even  
the worst-case scenario.  
If any part of their plan is off  
even a slight bit, within weeks,  
days, maybe...  
We could be looking at  
the extinction of all life on the planet.  
'Keepers.  
But wait a minute,  
why do they need the Holland formula?  
Why not just  
make the virus from themselves?  
It's a shortcut.  
Reverse-engineering their own DNA  
could take years, maybe decades.

Neither of them  
was ever fully human to begin with.  
She's a natural mutation  
and he's an exiled dryad  
from another dimension.  
"Exiled dryad from..." You're shittin' me!  
We've seen weirder things.  
Harley, we just need you  
to help us find Ivy. That's all.  
- We'll handle the rest.  
- No problem.  
I know this guy,  
one of lvy's top henchmen,  
probably still tight with her.  
And he's... Oh, my God! Stop the car!  
- No.  
- But it's him!  
"Who?  
(TIRES SCREECHING)  
Hey, you! Bobby Liebowitz!  
Oh, crap!  
Harley, wait!  
(CAR HONKING)  
(TIRES SCREECHING)  
- (TIRES SCREECH)  
- (CRASHING)  
(HARLEY EXCLAIMS)  
(GRUNTS)  
(PANTING)  
(GRUNTS)  
(SCREAMS)  
(GRUNTS)  
(WHIMPERS)  
(YELLS)  
Lousy, stinkin'...  
- Stands me up for senior prom!  
- (GRUNTING)  
That's enough.  
Dumps me for that shiksa with the big...  
- Sorry, she's off her meds.  
- Won't happen again.  
(MUFFLED SHOUTING)  
But seriously, dude.  
Sounds like you kinda had it coming.

Made my mother cry!  
Was she worth it, douchebag?  
Waited 10 years to get that...  
I was just...  
But...  
He...  
Pull a stupid stunt like that again  
and I'm dumping you off  
at the nearest police station.  
Oh, big whoop.  
(IN A DEEP VOICE) "You're livin' under  
my roof. You play by my rules."  
(NORMAL VOICE) Is that it?  
Newsflash, gruesome, you ain't my dad!  
This isn't a game, Harley!  
I need you to  
stay focused on the job at hand.  
Focus-shmocus!  
You know, I'm starting to  
re-think this whole deal.  
Here I am helping you guys out,  
pro-boner I might add,  
and you gotta go  
and get all mega control-freaky on me.  
"Do this, don't do that. Sit up straight.  
Brush after every meal.  
"Don't bite your toenails.  
"Keep your knees together  
when you're wearing a dress."  
Harley, there are lives at stake!  
Oh, my God!  
Yeah, yeah, the whole world's  
going to plotz! I get it, I get it!  
You think I'm just some dizzy airhead  
that don't know nothin'.  
Do you know what I am?  
My punishment  
for dropping out of med school.  
(MIMICS BUZZER) Wrong! I'm the answer  
to all your prayers, pally.  
Take the Donnenfeld Expressway  
to Bludhaven.  
Come on. Trust me this time.  
(TIRES SCREECH)



Okay, you really  
want to stop the car this time.  
Those Hawkgirl spicy wings  
I had at Super-Babes  
are doing a tango in my tummy.  
Seriously, I'm dying back here.  
Fine.  
(FARTS)  
(EXCLAIMS IN DISGUST)  
- Holy...  
- It's not so bad.  
Smells like... Discipline.  
(FARTING)  
Oh, man!  
Batman, I'm begging you.  
(HARLEY HUMMING)  
I'll give you 10 bucks if you floor it  
and don't look back.  
(MUFFLED DANCE MUSIC PLAYING)  
I know, it looks like a total dump,  
but trust me, it is a total dump.  
Howsomever, all the cool hench-people  
hang out here.  
Betcha dollars to donuts  
Shrubby's inside.  
Guy just loves to dance!  
(LOUD CLUB MUSIC PLAYING)  
I have nightmares like this.  
Not sure just how welcome we are here.  
Oh, relax, you'll fit right in.  
Try to look  
a little less stick-up-your-assy.  
(MIN AND MAX SINGING  
"DON'T PULL YOUR LOVE")  
Oh, look, I was right! There's Shrubby!  
Hey, Shrubby!  
Be right back.  
(WOMAN EXCLAIMS)  
Long time no see, Shrubby.  
(CONTINUES suns-nus)  
You still got the moves, Shrub.  
Milk for the gentleman.  
(LAUGHING)  
(INAUDIBLE)

I gotta do somethin' for Shrubby  
or there's no deal.

(CROWD MUTT ERNG)

(PUNK MUSIC PLAYING)

(SINGING BLONDIE SONG

"HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE")

Hey, buddy, watch this!

No, man, don't do it!

(ALL CHEERING)

(GRUNTS)

Wait.

(HARLEY CONTINUES SINGING)

(CHEERING AND WHOOPING)

(CROWD APPLAUDING)

(FEEDBACK WHINES)

Happy?

Thanks a heap, Shrub.

I got it, let's go.

You put a lot of our buddies  
in the slammer, Bat-fink.

Only way you're getting out of here  
is in a black plastic bag  
with a zipper up the front.

- A body bag.

- He knows what it is!

Okay, boys...

Let's dance.

(CRASHING AND SCREAMING)

See, that was fun, right?

(CAR PHONE RINGING)

Go ahead, Watchtower.

Hey, Bats, it's Booster.

Got your emergency alert.

Hey, the thing is, most of  
our heavy hitters are out near Rigel,  
trying to stop a rogue comet,  
or a black hole or something.  
And a bunch of 'em are  
at that christening at Aquaman's place,  
and you know  
the reception down there kinda sucks.  
I only got a handful of guys  
here on stand-by.

I could send... Let's see...

Black Condor?  
Elongated Man?  
Triumph?  
Bloodwynd?  
Or I could just come down myself,  
give you guys a hand.  
Not much goin' on up here,  
and the foosbaH table's still busted.  
That's all right, Booster.  
Thanks anyway. We'll make do.  
You sure? 'Cause it's no problem.  
B'wana Beast can totally cover for me.  
Sorry, Booster. Going under  
some high-tension wires.  
That sounds like paper.  
Over and out.  
(GROANS) That was too close.  
HARLEY". We got any of them fries left?  
(SQUEAKING)  
You're just going to feel  
a bit of pressure here, little fellow.  
Everything's going to be just fine.

**W O O D R U E:**

He's stable!  
(EXCLAIMS DELIGHTEDLY)  
Look how beautiful you are!  
Come to mama, cutie pie.  
It works. It works!  
This is no ordinary leafy mouse,  
but a harbinger of the new age!  
The dead, grinding factories of man  
will be replaced  
by cathedrals of mighty redwoods!  
A verdant, green, life-covered Earth  
- will burst forth with...  
- (GAS PS)  
Ew!  
"Subject response, negative."  
Why isn't it working?  
He's faking! He's not even trying!  
Your persuasion kiss has worn off!  
He's still under my control.  
Harold, tell us what went wrong.

This is an incredibly complex azeotrope.  
The virus conversion of the formula  
works perfectly on paper.  
There are literally millions of variables  
that could be corrupting the process.  
Take a guess, meat bag.  
Well, guessing is hardly scientific,  
but I suspect it may have something to do  
with the fact that we've been  
using plain old swamp water  
from nearby Slaughter Swamp  
for our experiments.  
No, what we need  
is the precise bio-nutrients and chemicals  
from the water at the exact place  
where the Swamp Thing was created.  
The Weinwright Swamp in Louisiana.  
Oh, for God's sake,  
what a pain in the ass.  
No, Pamela, no.  
It's perfect, don't you see?  
The lagoon feeds  
directly into the Gulf of Mexico,  
where the Gulf Stream currents will  
carry the virus into the Greater Atlantic  
and then the world!  
Mother Earth's salvation, ground zero!  
- (GLASS SHATTERING)  
- (POISON IVY GASPS)  
I said it last time.  
- Your turn.  
- It's over, Ivy.  
Harley?  
Hiya, Red.  
You're with them?  
Oh, Harl...  
Come on, Pammie, what are you doing?  
You really going to  
change us all into plants?  
You know I don't look good in green.  
I'm sorry, Harley,  
but there's no other way.  
Humankind have had their chance.  
And you've had yours!

(EXCLAIMS)  
(POISON IVY GRUNTS)  
(BATMAN GRUNTING)  
(GRUNTS)  
(GRUNTING)  
Oh, gross!  
(HARLEY SCREAMS)  
(GRUNTS)  
(EXCLAIMING)  
(GRUNTS ANGRILY)  
(HARLEY EXCLAIMS)  
Jason, the work!  
(STUTTERS) What's happening?  
He's waking up.  
I need to keep him hypnotized.  
Mmm, no.  
(GASPS)  
Occam's razor.  
Red! You can't leave me here, Pammie!  
You know my skin. I burn easy!  
That idiot meat-skank  
betrayed you, Pamela!  
She is your worst enemy!  
Leave her to her fate!  
(WHIMPERS)  
(GROANING)  
Nightwing?  
Nightwing?  
NIGHTWINGI (GROANING) Over here.  
(STRAINING)  
(BOTH STRAINING)  
You Okay?  
My ears are going to be  
ringing for a week,  
but no broken bones. Ow!  
I think.  
Where's Harley?  
(GOLDBLUM GROANING)  
Shh, it's okay. You're gonna be okay.  
- Just hang in there, Doc.  
- (PANTING)  
Look, here's Batman.  
He'll fix you right up. Sure he will.  
Don't pull it out.

(CHOKING)  
Lift his head up.  
Loui...  
Sana...  
- Don't try to talk. It's okay...  
- No.  
(COUGHS)  
Must...  
They need swamp water.  
Complete... (COUGHS)  
Process...  
- We're losing him.  
- (G ROANS WEAKLY)  
- it's okay, Doc. You did good.  
- (BREATHING RASPIPLY)  
You did real good.  
We'll take it from here.  
Hey, Doc.  
When you get to heaven,  
you should look up my bubbie.  
Fran Quinzel.  
She's super nice.  
I think you two would really hit it off.  
(EXHALING)  
(SIGHS)  
(INDISTINCT CHATTER  
ON POLICE RADIO)  
It was wrong.  
We shouldn't have left them there.  
Not in the flames. What if she...  
Died? Good.  
She's on the wrong side of this, Ivy.  
Don't tell me you're getting cold feet?  
No! I just...  
Never mind.  
Safe to say, we are thoroughly screwed.  
They're bound to have all the airports  
and train stations covered by now.  
I could maybe disguise myself  
and squeak through the cordon, but you?  
(SCOFFS)  
Well, it was a nice dream while it last...  
Is that a yam?  
A very special yam, yes.

With certain unique properties.  
I removed half a dozen of these tubers  
from Swamp Thing's corpse a few years ago  
while he was temporarily deceased.  
This is my last one. I've been  
saving it for just such an occasion.  
Not hungry.  
Eat.  
It's frozen.  
Eat.  
More.  
Ugh! It tastes awful.  
Whoa.  
Take my hand.  
(GROGGILY) What the...  
Relax.  
(ECHOING) Concentrate on our destination.  
Become one with the Green.  
With the Green...  
Silly me. Almost forgot.  
(SIRENS WAILING)  
Oh, man, I'm beat.  
How you doin', Nightwing?  
(SIGHS)  
Oh, right. Nightwing. Sorry.  
It's like that thing,  
when you can't remember  
if it's supposed to  
be "their" with "E-l-R"  
or "they're" with "Y-apostrophe-R-E".  
You know you got a 50/50 chance  
of getting it right,  
but somehow, you always pick the wrong...  
Anyhow.  
Sorry.  
Forget it.  
Yeah?  
So, we're good?  
Sure.  
The police are setting up roadblocks,  
covering the airports,  
bus terminals, train stations.  
Sarge Steel is calling in  
the FBI and the National Guard.

- What about us?  
- We're headed to Louisiana, fast.  
(JET WHOOSHING)  
The GPS coordinates  
for the Holland lab are locked in.  
Saddle up.  
Thanks for your help.  
Hey, now, wait just a goddamn minute!  
That's it? You got what you wanted,  
now you're just gonna dump me?  
Like Nightwig over here, Captain-Kirk-in'  
me for info, and then... (BLOWS RASPBERRY)  
See ya later, toots?  
Hey, you were the one who...  
And I never...  
You need me, Batman!  
Uh-huh. That's right. You need me!  
You saw how tough plant guy is,  
tossing you guys around  
like raggedy-dolls!  
If he kicks your butts again, then what?  
You think you're gonna be  
able to sweet-talk Ivy  
into giving up her diabolical plan?  
Huh, Mr. Smoothie'? 'Cause I gotta tell ya,  
your line ain't that great!  
- And besides...  
- Enough.  
I can't trust you.  
But I thought...  
I mean, we...  
You're the walking definition  
of loose cannon, Harley.  
For all I know,  
you might decide at the last minute  
that lvy's plan doesn't sound  
so cock-eyed after all,  
because the wind changed direction,  
or because it's Thursday.  
- But...  
- I can't risk it.  
The stakes are way too high.  
- But...  
- But what?



But I'll never survive  
the veggie apocalypse!  
Once, I begged my mom for a cat,  
but I left the back door open one day  
and it ran away.  
And then I begged her for a hamster  
and I forgot to feed it for like...  
A month!  
So then... Then she said that  
maybe I could have a plant,  
so she got me this itty-bitty fern  
in this cute little yellow pot and...  
(SOBS) I forgot...  
(STUTTERS) ...to water it!  
Well, what if I forget to water myself?  
(CRYING)  
Oh, please, Mr. Kinda-scary  
but-actually-really-nice Batman,  
please let me come with you!  
I can make Ivy change her mind and  
give up her diabolical plan with Tree Guy!  
I know I can! We're pals!  
Yeah, good pals!  
Like Jack and Jill, or pork and beans!  
(CRYING) Please! Please!  
You know, you're always saying,  
"Have a contingency plan."  
So...  
Your Plan B is Harley Quinn?  
(HARLEY CONTINUES CRYING)  
God help us.

**HARLEY:**

I sometimes get a little airsick...  
(HARLEY RETCH ES)  
(FROGS CROAKING)  
(FLIES BUZZING)  
(EXCLAIMS) Gettin' eaten alive out here.  
Oh, thank God, can I have some of that?  
It's concentrated sulfuric acid.  
A super-dehydrating agent.  
All of the crazy crap  
you got stuffed into that belt,  
and you didn't think to bring bug spray?

To a frickin' swamp?

Um...

What are ya good for? Hmm?

You're probably just low on Vitamin B.

Never mind!

Some Boy Scout you turned out to be.

Ow!

(CHUCKLES)

(NIGHTWING CLEARS THROAT)

I can't see how

they could have gotten here ahead of us.

With the airports

and train stations locked down?

Probably not.

But supervillains

do tend to be very resourceful.

All I know is, if they are here already,  
you can bet your tushy

lvy's turned some of these bushes

and trees into monster watchdogs.

Like Little Shop of Horrors on steroids.

No foolin', one time

she turned my stinkin' lollipop stick  
into a three-headed snake-twig thingy.

While it was still in my mouth!

Haven't had a lollipop since.

- (HARLEY CHUCKLES)

- What?

What you said before.

I keep thinking about

Plant Guy ridin' on the subway.

In a trench coat and hat, like some kinda  
7-foot-tall flasher all made outta celery.

(CHUCKLES)

- (GROWLING)

- (GASPS)

(SOLDIER EXCLAIMS)

(SCREAMING)

(GROWLING)

Guess they're definitely here then.

(U-ussnuca)

They're coming.

I can feel it.

Would you please stop fidgeting?

I really need to concentrate.  
Just hurry.  
Almost done. One last step.  
(DRUMMING)  
(SIGHS)  
Look out! Ivy trap!  
Come on. This way.  
(BOTH EXCLAIM)  
Harley!  
(GRUNTING)  
(HOWLING)  
What are you doing?  
Just what you expected me to do. Sucker.  
Because it's Thursday.  
Harley?  
Hiya, sweetie! Look, sorry about before.  
I had to make these jerks think  
I was on their side  
so I could bring 'em here  
and wrap 'em up for ya,  
so you can get on with your plan!  
Nice, huh?  
Pammie, honey,  
you gotta give up this crazy plan.  
It's really, really nutzoid. Please don't  
turn us all into veggie people.  
Gotta be another way.  
You're tampering with things  
man was never meant to know.  
I'm sure I could put in  
a good word for you at your trial,  
'cause after all,  
your heart's in the right place,  
even if you did kill all those people.  
But please give up your plan,  
Pammie, sweetie, honey, baby.  
Please, please, please give up your plan!  
What? No! Harley, the Earth is dying.  
I'm not destroying the world!  
I'm saving it!  
Saving it from the takers and the users.  
We've been surrounded  
by men like that all our lives.  
But we can change them.

Trim them.

Shape them like a good gardener.

I don't want to do it. I have to do it.

Well, you can't blame a girl for tryin'.

(SCREECHING)

(ROARING)

Concentrated weed-killer.

I always keep some on hand  
since the lollipop incident.

I thought we were friends!

Red, friends don't let friends  
kill seven billion people.

- (GRUNTS)

- Uh-oh.

- (GRUNTING)

- (GROANING)

(GRUNTING)

(YELLING)

(ALL GRUNTING)

(YELLS)

- (GROANS)

- You really are an idiot, Harley.

We could've changed the world,  
but you're too dumb to see that.

Oh. yeah?

Smart enough to take away  
your spankin' stick.

Pretty cool, huh?

- (SNARLS)

- (EXCLAIMS)

No. That is cool.

You suck.

(BOTH GRUNTING)

- (SCREAMING)

- (ELECTRICITY CRACKLING)

(GROANS)

(BEAM PULSATING)

(GRUNTS AND GROANS)

(GUNSHOTS)

(BOTH STRUGGLING)

(ALL SCREAMING)

(ROARING)

(YELLS)

(SCREAMS)

Seriously, Pammie,  
your plan is totally bat-shit bonkers!  
They're killing our world!  
What else can I do?  
I don't know.  
Vote Democrat, give money to Greenpeace.  
That's for saving whales, moron!  
Whatever!  
Anything's better than turning us all  
into walkin' brussels sprouts!  
(SCREAMING)  
(GROANS)  
(BOTH GRUNTING)  
(YELPS)  
(YELPS)  
(GROANING AND GRUNTING)  
I can do this all night.  
I don't have that kind of time.  
(EXCLAIMS)  
No fair!  
(STRAINING)  
That's it? The virus?  
The solution.  
To all the world's problems.  
One way or another.  
What's that supposed to mean?  
My God, Pammie.  
You haven't even tested it yet, have you?  
Have you?  
Batman said that if you get  
just one teensy weensy thing wrong,  
you could wind up  
killing everything on the planet.  
Everything, Pammie.  
Plants, people, animals.  
Everything.  
It doesn't matter.  
Earth will die anyway if I don't act.  
I'm sorry, Harley,  
but I have to roll these dice.  
You're gonna make me do it, aren't you?  
Well, when this is all over,  
just remember,  
I gave you a chance.

What are... No.  
That's right, sweetie.  
The nuclear option.  
You promised me you'd never...  
Harley, I'm warning you.  
Don't you dare!  
(CRYING)  
I hate you so much.  
Works every time. Phew!  
(BOTH EXCLAIMING)  
Holy crap!  
Pamela, have you...  
So, this is where  
your true allegiance lies.  
With the cancerous meat.  
We can't do this, Jason.  
If we've made one miscalculation,  
the whole Earth will die.  
A small risk.  
And one I'm more than willing to take.  
Well, I'm not.  
Pity.  
(STRAINING)  
Get him, Red!  
(BOTH STRAINING)  
(GRUNTING)  
(WOODRUE WHIMPERS)  
The plant world belongs to me!  
(GASPS)  
(GRUNTS)  
Red!  
Okay, FUQW-  
You just bought yourself  
a first-class beatin'.  
(GRUNTS AND GROANS)  
(BATMAN AND NIGHTWING GROANING)  
At last.  
Humanity's lunatic reign is over!  
No longer will this beautiful Earth  
be ravaged by poison and ignorance.  
No more will this be  
a world of screaming meat!  
(RUMBLING)  
(wmo HOWLING)

Is... Is that...

Yes.

Swamp Thing.

Jason Woodrue.

The Earth has indeed suffered  
at the hands of mankind.

However,

this is not the way to right the wrongs  
done to Mother Gaea.

Though your cause is just,  
your actions have upset  
the balance in the Green.

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Yes!

Watch, bet you he's gonna turn Plant Guy  
into a stump or somethin'.

But it is not my place to judge.

Wait, what?

All will be as it will be.

I return now to the Parliament of Trees,  
to seek the hidden truths  
at the center of eternity.

No, no, no! Don't go!

To know unknowable nature  
in all its infinite splendors.

Screw unknowable nature! Kick his butt!

Farewell.

Well, that was a big-ass  
bucket of nothing!

(LAUGHING)

- Now what?

- There must be a way.

- I got...

- We've tried everything!

- The sonic disrupter barely fazed him!

- What about...

And the bio-feedback Batarangs  
didn't do squat!

- Guys!

- **BOTH:**

Look, you're pros here and all, but...

Well, he's all leafy and everything.

(WOODRUE CONTINUES LAUGHING)

Anybody got a match?

Aw, shucks.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

(WOODRUE SCREAMING)

WESLEY". After my wife ran off with the pizza delivery guy, my OCD started flaring up again really bad.

I've been getting up six or seven times a night, making sure the windows and doors are locked.

(CATS MEOWING)

My boss is on my case all the time about my productivity, since I have a hard time peeing anywhere but my home bathroom.

I lost my wife, now I may lose my job, my house, my cats, my collection of vintage toasters and vacuum cleaners.

If I can't get this problem under control, I don't know what I'm gonna do.

It sounds to me like you're a little bit blue.

Uh, yeah.

And that part about you being wee-wee shy, oh, that's rough.

I had this cellmate at Arkham with the same problem.

I says to her, "Sugar, we got a glass wall and a toilet in the middle of the floor.

"Urine trouble!"

(LAUGHS)

Can you help me?

'Course I can, silly.

I'm a regular Dr. Quinn, Medicine Person, ain't I?

I am legally required to remind you that my doctorate is purely honorary, and I am not a currently-accredited mental health professional.

OKQY -

Well, Wessie. Okay if I call you "Wessie"?



- I... I don't really like...  
- Well, Wessie,  
you could clearly benefit from therapy.  
I know I did.  
But one thing I learned is that  
you never get the most out of stuff  
when it's just handed to you.  
You gotta earn it. Right, everybody?  
- (AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)  
- Now, as everybody knows,  
the road to mental wellness  
is paved with pitfalls.  
But all you gotta do is make it  
to that finish line way over there  
to win a full year of therapy  
from a real, honest-to-goodness shrink.  
- (AUDIENCE CHEERS AND APPLAUDS)  
- (GROANS)  
Come on, don't be like that.  
I got faith in you, Wessie.  
Time to turn your life around  
and start feeling good  
about yourself again.  
On your mark, get set,  
get healthy!  
- (GRUNTING)  
- (AUDIENCE CHEERING)  
- (YELLS)  
- (AUDIENCE GROANS)  
You have to look through the rain  
to see the rainbow.  
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)  
You'll find love when you stop lookin'.  
(STRAINING)  
- (WHIMPERING)  
- Hang in there, baby!  
(EXCLAIMS)  
(SPLASHES)  
(EXCLAIMING)  
It takes more muscles to frown  
than it does to smile.  
(PANTING)  
(GROANS)  
(SCREAMS)

(GRUNTING)

(SCREAMING)

(COUGHING)

Aw... Ain't that a shame?

Wendel is headed back

to his crummy house and all those cats

without getting the help

he so desperately needs.

Oh, well, that's it for today's show.

Till next time, folks.

Be good to yourselves.

'Cause everyone else in the world

is probably out to get you.

Bye-bye!

English - SDH