

Alfred S01E01 - "Batman"

written by

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Based on characters created by Bob Kane

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COLD OPEN

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - DAY

A white driving glove wipes a chamois cloth across the dashboard of a Rolls Royce on the front drive of WAYNE MANOR.

The gloves are worn by ALFRED [50, polite, tuxedo'd] as he takes care to remove dust from a dozen classic cars, all lined up along the drive.

Finished, Alfred starts the car and takes a beat to appreciate his work. He grips the wheel with his driving gloves, checks his mirrors and carefully backs the Rolls out from the line.

Alfred's gloved hand changes gear to first and he heads to the garage to park the car. We see the gorgeous facade of Wayne Manor as Alfred drives past to reveal the title of the show - "ALFRED"

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INTERCUT - INT. WAYNE MANOR/INT. BATMOBILE - EVENING

ALFRED enters the Wayne Manor kitchen with some supplies just as the phone rings.

His purchases include:

- A) A roll of makeup remover pads
- B) A 'Kiss The Cook' apron
- C) A pair of Batman pyjamas

ALFRED

(On the phone) Hello, Wayne Manor.

BATMAN is driving, rubbing his crotch with a fist full of wet, wadded-up cotton pads.

BATMAN

Alfred! I spilled a smoothie in the batmobile and used all my eye-makeup remover pads to clean it. Did you get me some more?

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

(Retrieving the newly-purchased pads from his bags) Of course Master Bruce, I'll put them beside the bat-computer ready for your return.

BATMAN

Also, can you pick up some lip balm? It's breezy and I'm chapping so fast it's criminal.

ALFRED

Yes Master Bruce, I'll add it to the list.

BATMAN

That ... that was a joke Alfred. I still have plenty of Chap Stick from the last time.

ALFRED

Yes, very good Master Bruce. A real cracker.

BATMAN

Okay Alfred. ... I'll bring you back a smoothie.

Alfred hangs up the phone, and looks to the calendar. On it, Bruce's birthday is circled. Alfred dials a number on the home phone, and talks as he unpacks his purchases.

ALFRED

(On the phone)

Ah, hello? Yes, is this Gotham General Party Supplies? ... Yes, with a z, I did see ... Yes, well, Gareth, I'm calling in regards to an e-mail that I sent to your representatives only two day- ... Oh, I see. Well, never mind. My question is, what do you have in the way of party supplies that are ... spooky? ... Yes, very morose. Oh, that could be good. Is that jumping castle fit for adult use, do you think? ... No? Oh, well, can you think of anyth- ... Oh! Excellent. I'm sure Bruce will love those. Is that an adult-sized piñata? ... Well, okay, that's some very strong language,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED (cont'd)
sir. ... Oh, he's 34. ... No, no,
not "3 or 4", 34. Three-four.
Hello? Hello? Gareth?

Alfred seems disappointed as he hangs up the phone, just as the Wayne Manor SMARTHOME system buzzes to life.

SMARTHOME
Alert: Batmobile detected on
premises. Arrival in T-minus 3
minutes

Alfred begins out the door, as the pre-recording cuts awkwardly, and Batman's voice is heard.

BATMAN
(through speaker)
Hey, hey Alfred. I'm hoooooome! ...
Come to the cave.

TIME CUT:

INT. BATCAVE - EVENING

The BATMOBILE pierces a curtain of water hiding the entrance to the Batcave and comes to a stop at the end of the subterranean drive. The door swings upward and out steps BATMAN.

An empty smoothie container rolls out onto the floor after him, filled with smoothie-soaked cotton pads.

BATMAN
Alfred, the seats are all sticky
with smoothie, get the leather
cleaner!

ALFRED carries a large bucket full of cleaning products and cloths.

ALFRED
Yes Master Bruce, on my way!

BATMAN
Thank you Alfred. Here, help me off
with my cape.

Alfred sets down the equipment and unclasps Batman's cape, folding it neatly.

Batman removes his cowl to reveal BRUCE WAYNE, sweaty and sporting enormous black circles of eye-makeup around both eyes like a raccoon.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Did you get the pads?

ALFRED

Yes Master Bruce, just beside the bat-computer.

BRUCE

Ah!

Bruce wipes his eyes with the pads in the side mirror of the Batmobile. Alfred wipes furiously inside.

BRUCE

The streets are clean for another night my friend - it's the *seats* that need the most attention!

(then)

It's time to update the world on the state of Gotham's crime.

Bruce spins in a chair to the bat-computer, a large bank of screens that display that one space screensaver from the late nineties.

BATMAN

Hmm... Alfred?

Alfred shakes the mouse for Batman, forcing the screensaver to close.

BATMAN

Ah, the Batcomputer!

Batman opens a new window, Googles 'wikipedia.com', clicks the first link and navigates to the entry on 'Batman'. He reads.

BRUCE

This isn't right... it says here my suit has raised nipples. My suit doesn't have raised nipples.

Bruce rubs his nipples, just in case.

BRUCE

And it says here that I have a special credit card that lasts forever - someone is vandalising my entry!

Alfred has finished wiping the seats in the Batmobile and places the cleaning bucket on the table.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

Do you know who it might be sir?

Bruce slams his fist down, knocking the cleaning bucket to the floor.

BRUCE

It's tough to say Alfred, this is a real enigma. To solve this riddle, to find this... jokester... I'll need to investigate. Only then can I weed out the bane of my online identity.

ALFRED

Very well sir, I'll leave you to your investigation. Don't stay up too late, we have dinner plans tomorrow evening remember!

BRUCE

Crime doesn't sleep Alfred, so neither does justice.

ALFRED

Of course Master Bruce. Good night.

TIME CUT:

INT. SUPERMARKET - MORNING

ALFRED stands looking at greeting cards. He thumbs through a few:

1. "Happy Birthday, love from Mum & Dad"
2. "Birthday Wishes, from your loving parents"
3. "Let's all go to the theatre! Happy Birthday"

Alfred places them all back on the shelf, deciding on a card that reads "Con-BAT-ulations on your spooky birthday" that scares Alfred with a recorded 'boo' as he opens it.

ALFRED

Oh my!

He pushes his trolley filled almost entirely with fruit to the counter where KAREN the cashier is waiting.

KAREN

Hello stranger! We haven't seen you in a while, here to pick up your magazines?

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

Yes thank you, and just a few things for Master Wayne's birthday.

KAREN

Oh, another birthday? It seems so soon... how time flies!

Karen bobs below the counter and returns with an armful of different magazines. Alfred starts unpacking his cart onto the conveyer.

KAREN

I'm still holding 'Silverware Quarterly' for you, I've got your last two copies of 'The Tablecloth' and the most recent 'Dinnerware Digest' came with these complimentary dessert spoons-

Karen waves the spoons and bundles the lot into a bag.

KAREN

Very snazzy!
(then, quietly)
I kept you a copy of 'Motocross Madness', I know how you like to see how the other half live!

ALFRED

(embarrassed)
Oh, ah, thank you Karen, um, would you mind?

KAREN

Of course dearie, no shame in it!

Karen puts the motocross magazine into a brown paper bag. She starts ringing up the items as Alfred receives a phone call from BATMAN.

BATMAN

Alfred! The Batcomputer is stuck in space again!

ALFRED

Hello sir, have you tried shaking the mouse like we did yesterday?

There's a pregnant pause as Batman shakes the mouse on the other end of the phone.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED
Is that better sir?

BATMAN
Yes, thank you.

ALFRED
How is the investigation coming?

Karen gives Alfred the eyebrows, excited by the word 'investigation'.

BATMAN
I'm still looking into the case but it seems to be getting worse. Someone's dumped a bunch of information about bats onto my page. Some of it is pretty cool - it says I'm one of the only mammals naturally capable of true and sustained flight.

ALFRED
Very interesting sir.
(covering the mouthpiece)
Perhaps the wings are having an impact?

BATMAN
I think so but they still need testing, I'm still having problems with the landings.

Karen attempts to eavesdrop on the conversation. Alfred's posture straightens.

ALFRED
No doubt you'll get the chance soon sir. Is there any correct information there? I read that you were primarily a fruit-eating mammal.

BATMAN
I'm fixing that now - who would believe something like that? I'll see you back at the cave, I have some clues to follow up.

Batman hangs up. The pile of fruit Alfred has shopped for is enormous and now unnecessary.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Would you like to add an eco-bag
for extra \$1?

INT. BATCAVE - MORNING

BRUCE sits at the batcomputer in the Batman pyjamas.

He calls the Gotham City Police Department (GCPD) and gets
CINDY [19, blonde, nasal tone], a receptionist at the
station.

CINDY

Hi, you've reached the GCPD, how
can I help you today?

BRUCE

Police! I have a suspect you need
to track down.

CINDY

Thanks for your call, would you
like me to pass you on to-

BRUCE

There's no time - you need to help
me find The Editor.

CINDY

Uh, I don't really get to do that
here.

BRUCE

Look Cindy, this is your chance to
shine. You might be a young upstart
on the force but you can do this -
I'll be with you every step of the
way.

CINDY

Oh, okay, I guess-

BRUCE

I need you to find the person who
goes by the online username
"xXxBlunt\$chmoker420xXx".

CINDY

Oh, can I get that again?

BRUCE

xXxBlunt\$chmoker420xXx. Little x,
big x, another little x, 'blunt'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (cont'd)
with a capital B, a dollar sign, c,
h, m, o, k, e, r, 420 and the
little-x-big-x-little-x again.

CINDY
Okay, well, I just Googled that
name and I got a few hits - a
Facebook page, no name though. I
have a WordPress account... let's
see...

BRUCE
I'd certainly like to have some ...
pressing ... words with this
Editor.

CINDY
Oh! A Foursquare account. Looks
like their last check-in was down
at the Fish Markets.

BRUCE
Perfect, thank you for your help
Cindy. You'll make a great
commissioner one day.

CINDY
You really think so? I'm sure
Gordon will appreciate that! Wait,
can I get your name sir?

BRUCE
Bru-BATMAN!

Bruce hangs up the phone with gusto, ready to take on the
night dealing JUSTICE.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - EVENING

Guests mingle around the grounds of Wayne Manor. Supermodels
giggle and flirt, suited men laugh and chide one another and
the air is fresh.

ALFRED wanders through the party with a tray of hors
d'oeuvres, greeting and speaking with guests.

(CONTINUED)

He leaves the main throng, entering a pool outhouse, where further meals are laid out ready. A FEMALE GUEST, obviously a few drinks in, follows him in, closing the door behind her clumsily.

FEMALE GUEST
You've certainly outdone yourself
Alfred!

ALFRED
(checking watch)
Thank you ma'am, I'm sure Master
Wayne will be here any moment to
enjoy the festivities.

FEMALE GUEST
(flirting)
Loosen up, you silver fox! Look at
you, all tuxedo'd up...

The female guest starts walking painted fingers seductively up his arm.

FEMALE GUEST
...but maybe you'd look better
without it on...

The door reopens and CLARK KENT appears.

CLARK KENT
(to female guest)
Excuse me ma'am, but I believe your
friend is waiting for you over by
the jumping castle.

FEMALE GUEST
(disgusted)
Eww no, I'm not going outside -
that guy is creepy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOUNCY CASTLE - EVENING

GARETH [35, overweight, name-tagged and uniformed] stands by the jumping castle, obviously bored, humming "Bouncy Bouncy" by "The Mighty Boosh".

GARETH
(to guests)
No shoes. Shoes off. No- eughhh...

BACK TO

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - EVENING

CLARK KENT

Well, Alfred and I have some business to talk first.

FEMALE GUEST

Eww, business? I hate business.

The female guest stumbles off, leaving Clark and Alfred to talk. Clark turns to Alfred, his bookish expression dropped and replaced with a devilish grin.

CLARK KENT

Did you see that piece of work? Check out that ass! Oh, wait, you can't. But I can. Because I have X-ray vision.

Clark focuses intently through the solid wooden door, his smile grows.

ALFRED

It's good to see you Mr. Kent, thanks for making the party. Master Wayne was concerned you might not make it on such short notice.

CLARK KENT

I managed a quick flight from Metropolis. Where is Brucey-Boy anyway - I haven't seen him like, anywhere. What time is he getting here?

ALFRED

He should be joining us a little later, he's caught up with some work in the city at the moment.

CLARK KENT

I understand. I have a job opening for him if he's interested, can you pass these details to him when you get the chance?

Clark produces a sealed envelope with the word "CLASSIFIED" printed across the front. He extends it towards Alfred who is too busy to accept it. Clark impatiently tosses it towards the bar, where it slips under a tray.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

I'll be sure to inform Master Bru-

Alfred looks back to Clark, but he's gone.

ALFRED

-ce... Well, I hope he doesn't make
a habit of that.

EXT. THE RED HERRING - EVENING

BATMAN struggles up the side of a two storey building across the street from a fish shop named The Red Herring. He sees the FISHMONGER lock up, pulling down the shutter and locking it with a key.

BATMAN

Got you!

Batman leaps off the building clumsily. His suit wings deploy but he comes in too fast, smashing the FISHMONGER into the shutter door and landing in a heap.

FISHMONGER

Oof!

BATMAN

Ah!

FISHMONGER

What the hell are you playing at?

BATMAN

I'm here to find The Editor, take
me to him!

Batman pins the fishmonger against the metal shutter.

FISHMONGER

Woah, put me down! I don't know
what you're talking about!

BATMAN

The Editor! He's... she's...
they've been changing my
information - surely they have a
base or a lair teeming with
computer equipment for crime-doing!

FISHMONGER

There's nothing like that around
here, this is the Red Herring.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

What do you mean a red herring?
I've got evidence to take you down!

FISHMONGER

No, it's literally called the Red
Herring.

Batman's grip loosens as he loses his confidence in his
assumption.

BATMAN

You're sure?

FISHMONGER

Yes! Would you let me down?

Batman slumps further.

BATMAN

There's nothing I can investigate
or anything?

FISHMONGER

No, I just want to go home.

After a beat, Batman lets the fishmonger down from the
shutter.

BATMAN

Yeah, OK. You haven't seen anything
suspicious? Anything at all?

FISHMONGER

Sorry, nothing.
(then)
Do you need anything?

Batman looks dejected.

BATMAN

No, it's fine. I just thought I
could find something. Like a clue
or something. That's all.

FISHMONGER

Sorry I couldn't help out.
(then)
I'm off, have a good night!

The fishmonger pulls his car keys out of his pocket and
starts walking to his car.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

You too.

Batman waves as the fishmonger drives home.

Left alone, Batman fires a single grappling hook into the air to get away. The hook sails gracefully into the sky and falls impotently back down to clank loudly as it hits the ground.

BATMAN

Stupid thing.

Batman sadly winds the grappling hook back in.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - NIGHT

ALFRED wears his 'kiss the cook' apron and cleans up after the party. All the guests have gone.

BATMAN appears with a bag of takeaway food and not in the best of moods. He's had a tough day.

BATMAN

Alfred! What's all this then? Did you have a rager? You and I have talked about your ragers, I distinctly remember saying 'Alfred, no ragers!'

ALFRED

Oh, just a few friends sir, nothing crazy. Not like the last time.

BATMAN

Ha! Very funny Alfred.

Batman sits at a picnic table that has been set up for the party and starts unwrapping a burger. Alfred stops cleaning to sit with him.

BATMAN

A few friends?

(taking a bite)

It looks like you had more than a just a few friends. By the footprints in the grass I count at least thirty. And the drag marks over there, was there a hot air balloon?

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

A bouncing castle sir.

BATMAN

You had a bouncing castle and you didn't tell me? You know how much I love bouncing castles!

Batman takes another far-too-big bite out of his burger.

BATMAN

Did you invite anyone cool to go on the bouncing castle? I bet that circus family went on it, probably bounced really high too. Did Clark see it?

ALFRED

Oh yes, he was here before, and he did want me to give you something-

BATMAN

Oh man! Clark was here? This whole night has been a bat-astrophe!

ALFRED

Well, Bruce, I did get you this...

Alfred opens the dome lid of a catering tray, revealing an elaborate home-made cake.

BATMAN

Oh, Alfred! That's ... the opposite of a bat-astrophe. That's ... bat-ical!

ALFRED

And this too, sir.

Alfred reveals from his tuxedo pocket the birthday card he had previously purchased. Batman accepts the card, opens it, and is surprised by the 'boo'.

BATMAN

Oh!

ALFRED

I'm sorry you couldn't help solve your case this time Master Bruce, I hope you can see the evening isn't a total disaster.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

Alfred, oh ... that's ... so nice
... I ...

Sensing Batman's discomfort, Alfred leans over to embrace him.

BATMAN

Oh, ow, that ... that hurts.

ALFRED

Sorry sir, are you injured?

BATMAN

No, I have something in my eyes.
It's mixing with the eye-makeup. I
think ... I think it's onions.

ALFRED

(awkwardly)

Of course, sir, of course.

The embrace is finished.

BATMAN

But Alfred, why did you get me the
cake? My birthday isn't 'til next
month?

ALFRED

Oh, terribly sorry sir. It's just
... I forgot what day it was, so I
went and checked on Wikipedia...

It takes a beat but Batman knows exactly what happened.

BATMAN

(yelling to the sky)

EDITOR!!!

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

BUTTON

FADE IN:

INT. BATCAVE - EVENING

ROLL CREDITS

BATMAN sits at the bat-computer, staring at the late-nineties space screensaver. He reaches across and shakes the mouse, spilling his smoothie.

BATMAN
Bat-damn it!

Batman reaches to the eye-makeup pads that Alfred bought and mops up the mess.

END CREDITS

FADE OUT.

END OF BUTTON