

COLD OPEN

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

BARBARA GORDON AKA BATGIRL sits at the computer, wears her Batsuit and headphones. The only light on in the cave is the computer screen. Barbara <TYPES> code. Her fingers rapidly fly over her keyboard. A small window plays the news on the computer.

NEWS ANCHOR

Maxie Zeus's new club, Electric Love, is set to open in just three nights. All of Gotham is buzzing about this new shocking place to be.

Barbara sees a reflection on her computer screen of a SINISTER FIGURE wearing a ski mask, dressed in all black approaching.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

And in other news, wait, am I reading the cue card right? ... Well, in a story that should've gone first, a series of break ins have been happening all over Gotham as of late. In trying times like these police warn citizens to stay vigilant and to stock up on guns. Because as we all know guns are the solution to every problem.

Barbara <CLICKS> the mute button on the computer. Takes her headphones off. Grabs her phone. Sends Alysia a text that reads: "Might be home late. Swim team practice running overtime." Barbara turns around her chair to face the person.

BARBARA

How did you find this place?

Barbara stands up. Grabs a batarang. Flings it at the person. It hits them in the face. The person clutches their nose.

PERSON

Shit. Fuck. Balls.

BARBARA

Harley?

PERSON

Uhhhhh... no...

A LITTLE LESS "TOUCH ME", A LITTLE MORE SIXTEEN CANDLES

The person does a series of flips. Lands behind Barbara. A finger taps Barbara's shoulder. She wheels around.

BARBARA

I really don't have time for this today.

Puff. Dust flies into Barbara's face. <THUD.> She collapses onto the ground.

INT. DARKLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT

A small bare windowless room, dark except one desk lamp. The light shines on Barbara. She squints. Barbara sits behind the desk. Tied to a chair with rope. A person stands behind the light. It's too dark to see anything but their outline.

PERSON

(Feminine voice that is pitched lower to sound more masculine)

When were you going to tell us?

BARBARA

(sighs, annoyed)

I don't even know what you want.

PERSON

Stop dodging the question. I know you've been withholding important secrets from the people closest to you, Batgirl.

The person <SLAMS> their fist on the wall. Points the light at Barbara's eyes.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell your friends what day it is?

BARBARA

Harley can you please stop speaking in riddles?

The Person flicks on the overhead light. It's HARLEY. She wears a pink party hat

HARLEY

SURPRISE!!!

**END COLD OPEN**

ACT 1

INT. HELLO TITTY NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Barbara surveys the room. It's filled with classy red and black furniture. Dark red walls. Fancy lighting.

There's a bar along a wall. Shelves full of Liquor. Neon signs of risqué feminine silhouettes decorate the walls. Fancy lingerie is hung as wall decor.

A fancy wedding cake sits on the bar top. Only the statue of the bride stands on the top of the cake. A lopsided wall banner reads: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY THOMAS!" with pictures of dinosaurs on it. Random balloons fill the room. Some heart shaped. Some say "It's a boy!" or "Happy 50th!"

<LOUD DANCE MUSIC.> Scantily clad men and women dance on a stage at the center of the room. The room is filled with people in lingerie. The room is dimly lit with red and pink spotlights shining on the dancers.

BARBARA

What is this?

HARLEY

A birthday party! But also a gentlemen's club. Or in this case a gentle-WOMAN's club. Uh-doi!

BARBARA

Oh. You - you shouldn't have.

Harley pulls a party popper in Barbara's face.

HARLEY

I'd say I did pretty damn good given the time constraints.

BARBARA

No, really, you shouldn't have.

HARLEY

Ok how about some compliments.

BARBARA

Harley, I've never accepted your invites to come here so... why is *this* the venue you chose?

HARLEY

Well, since you've never taken my offer, I thought I'd save it for a special occasion. Everyone loves a room filled with sweaty half naked dancing people!

BARBARA

I mean... I don't know about everyone..

HARLEY

In its most undiluted form a strip club is sex positivity turned into a building. People with full bodily autonomy, establishing their boundaries and sexual desires on their own terms. Living freely in their body without shame. While also organizing for government reform and revolution with like-minded individuals who want a better government that changes with the times, and works for the people and by the people, like our forefathers before us wanted.

(to crowd)

HEY EVERYONE! THIS IS THE BIRTHDAY GIRL!

The crowd <CHEERS.> Barbara shrinks back. Harley grabs Barbara's shoulders. Pushes her through the room.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Didn't really know who you were into, so I invited everyone so that you have an all-you-can-eat buffet of babes!

BARBARA

Oh.

DAISY(40s) hangs upside down from a pole on stage, chats with MATTHEW (30s), grinding against the pole next to hers but looking bored. Barbara blushes bright red.

HARLEY

Daisy! How's it going? How's the kid? Caleb right?

DAISY

Harley! Yeah, my baby Caleb. He's doing great, finally starting to sleep through the night!

HARLEY

Isn't he in his twenties? - You  
know what - never mind - Glad to  
hear! Talk to you later!

Harley and Barbara walk past RON (20s) larger body type, blue  
spiked mohawk, a shit ton of facial piercings, twerks against  
PEYTON (20s) sheer mesh top, braids, scar under each  
pectoral. Peyton is flipping through flashcards.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Rob! Loving the new hair color!  
Peyton good luck on the chem final!

Harley fist bumps Ron as she passes. Peyton gives a thumbs  
up. Barbara turns her head to look at Harley.

BARBARA

Boy this sure is your kind of  
place. It's like a family barbecue  
but everyone's weirdly naked.

BETTY (30s) bald with intricate black and white tattoos, pink  
cowboy hat, runs to Harley, arms spread. They hug.

BETTY

Harley! Who's this? Is Ivy joining  
you two later? Haven't seen y'all  
here for a while!

HARLEY

Nah. Not tonight, she's busy. But  
I'll be sure to bring her back  
around soon. Just trying to get  
this one into the dating game.

Harley slings an arm across Barbara's shoulder. Betty gives  
Barbara a flirtatious once-over. Strokes a hand down  
Barbara's chest.

BETTY

I'll be back for you later.

Betty winks. Walks off, hips swaying.

RON

Speech! Speech!

BARBARA

(sighs)

Virginity is an outdated social  
construct that is not only  
heteronormative and sexist but also  
allonormative.

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

It is odd that we as a society both put a societal pressure on needing to "lose" your virginity, while at the same time shaming women for their so-called promiscuity. All of this is to say that I am a virgin.

MATTHEW

PREACH GIRL!

BARBARA

And I'd like to keep it that way!

Harley marches Barbara up to the cake. Cuts a slice. Hands it to Barbara. Barbara takes the plate. Awkwardly shoves a bite into her mouth. Looks around. Makes eye contact with Daisy. Blushes, then looks away. Keeps her eyes on Harley.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Gosh. I didn't realize places like this could be so friendly. Watching you with them is like watching a family reunion.

Harley leans on the bar table admiring the dancers onstage.

HARLEY

Yeah. Isn't it just amazing?

ARIEL (20s) fat, curvy, flies around a pole. Doing intricate flips, twirls and dance moves. Lands in a split on the floor. Harley <WOLF WHISTLES.>

Ariel blows a kiss to Barbara. Barbara quickly looks down at her cake. Scrapes the frosting with a fork.

BARBARA

I mean, they are really talented.

HARLEY

Oh, you haven't seen talent yet.

Harley scans the room. She makes eye contact with Matthew. Waves him over. Matthew pats Daisy's shoulder. She looks past him. Grins at Harley. Matthew makes his way through the crowd.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Me-wow! Look what the pussy dragged in.

Barbara looks up from her cake.

BARBARA

Oh no. Harley- actually-

Matthew walks up to Barbara. Puts a hand on her shoulder.

MATTHEW

You needed some company?

BARBARA

No no no no, uh *no thank you*. What I need-

(she reads the name tag  
attached to his panties)

-Matthew! I need you to tell me  
where all of the exits are because  
I'm going to use all of them. ASAP!

Matthew steps back. Takes his hands off Barbara.

MATTHEW

Let me know if ya change your mind.

HARLEY

Oh. Men not doing it for ya?

Matthew wanders off.

BARBARA

What- no- I- some of my best  
friends are men.

HARLEY

Oy! Daisy! Get over here and sing  
the birthday girl a song.

Daisy saunters over to Barbara. Hips swaying in tune with the club music. Barbara jumps over the bar, putting a solid piece of furniture between her and Daisy.

BARBARA

Harley no!

Harley winks. Skips away.

The door slams open. Nightwing bursts through holding his escrima sticks (like batons but for violence) up defensively.

NIGHTWING

We got here as fast as we could!  
Where is she?

HARLEY

Finally. Did you bring the stuff?

Robin pops through the door.

ROBIN  
(deep voice)  
I have come armed with Justice!

Robin holds up two packs of paper plates. Throws them into the room like frisbees.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
(deep voice)  
And paper plates.

He sees all of the dancers.

ROBIN (CONT'D)  
Woahhhh.

Harley grabs a lingerie corset being used as wall decor. She covers his head with it.

HARLEY  
No. No no. He needs to leave. He  
can come back when he's a big boy!

Harley pushes Robin back with a palm on his forehead. Slams the door in his face. Locks it.

NIGHTWING  
Where's the danger, Harley?

HARLEY  
I didn't say bring him! I have *some*  
morals!

NIGHTWING  
Are you sure about that? Because  
last time I checked the Bat-Signal  
isn't for paper plates and PARTIES!  
You said there was danger! That you  
needed backup to save Barbara. Of  
course I brought him for backup.

HARLEY  
Yeah! We were in danger of a lame  
party. Because you were missing!

NIGHTWING  
Harley! LYING isn't morals!

MATTHEW  
Nor is kidnapping.

NIGHTWING

Yeah! Wait- what? Who did you  
kidnap, Harley!?

HARLEY

This was an emergency!

Nightwing sighs. Pinches the bridge of his nose.

NIGHTWING

Where is Barbara?

Harley points.

HARLEY

Getting freak-ayyy with Daisy.

Nightwing shoulders past Harley. Beelines to Barbara.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

(shouts)

You need to relax. Enjoy yourself.  
Hang with some girls.

Nightwing storms up to Barbara. She is awkwardly trapped  
behind the bar by Daisy who is giving her a lap dance while  
<SINGING HAPPY BIRTHDAY.> Barbara covers her eyes.

NIGHTWING

Leave.

Daisy gets up from Barbara's lap.

DAISY

You new here? Haven't seen your  
face around.

Nightwing crosses his arms over his chest.

NIGHTWING

I do not work here.

DAISY

Shame. Would love to see you peel  
yourself out of that tight suit.

Daisy saunters off.

BARBARA

Oh, thank god. I don't know how  
much more of that I could've  
handled before exploding from  
embarrassment.

Harley storms over to Barbara and Nightwing. Betty catches Harley's shoulder as she passes.

BETTY

I got a brother like that girl. I think you might have brought her to the wrong place.

HARLEY

I don't catch your drift.

BETTY

Think you might have an ace in yer hands if you know what I mean?

HARLEY

Yeah, Babs is pretty aces.

A blacked-out exterior window next to them opens. Robin stands outside. His arms raised triumphantly.

ROBIN

AH HA!

Harley walks over. Slams the window shut. Locks it.

HARLEY

NOPE! It's barely been 6 minutes, much less 6 years.

BARBARA

Harley. This has been .... Fun.... And all. But I really gotta go.

NIGHTWING

*This* has been a nightmare. If you were going to plan a party, you should've included all of us. Why do you always do this for parties? Why don't you ask some of us to be your party goons?

HARLEY

I don't need your help!

NIGHTWING

Actually I think you do! You never ask anyone anything!

A vent opens up in the ceiling. A gas canister drops into the room. Green gas fills the room.

HARLEY

Woah. Nightwing, you went all out on us. You didn't tell me you had a fog machine up your sleeve!

NIGHTWING

What? What are you talking about?

Barbara sniffs the air.

BARBARA

Shit.

Daisy, closest to the gas canister, collapses.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

EVERYONE GET DOWN!

<SQUEEEAK!> Dancers slide down their poles. Some do flips off the stage. Others do splits then lie down from there.

Matthew falls limply onto the floor. <SCREAMS OF TERROR.>

Harley crawls over to Daisy. Grabs her by her shoulders. Shakes her.

HARLEY

Daisy! DAISY! Wake up! Please! No! You're too sexy to die!

Harley shakes Daisy by her shoulders.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I always knew God was just waiting to call you and your gorgeous bazonkas back up to heaven so he can bask in the light of his most glorious creation again. But this is too soon!

Harley collapses on top of Daisy, drooling onto the floor. Multiple people <SNORE.> Everyone in the room is asleep.

INT. HELLO TITTY NIGHT CLUB - LATER

GOONS WEARING ALL BLACK come in and drag out the strippers' bodies. Including Harley.

Nightwing and Barbara still lie behind the bar. Left behind. Unseen by the goons.

**END OF ACT 1**

A LITTLE LESS "TOUCH ME", A LITTLE MORE SIXTEEN CANDLES

ACT 2

EXT. HELLO TITTY NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A security camera blinks red as it records a big black truck driving up. It backs up to the entrance. Goons throw the people's sleeping bodies into it. It drives off.

Robin runs toward the club holding a brick. He watches the truck drive off, confused. Shrugs.

INT. STRIP CLUB

The room is empty except for Nightwing and Barbara. They lie on the floor behind the bar, passed out.

<CRASH.> <GLASS SHATTERS.> A brick flies through a blacked out window. The brick bounces off Nightwing's head. <THUD.> Hits the floor.

Nightwing and Barbara <SCREAM.> Sit up. Barbara looks around. Nightwing <GROANS.> Rubs his head.

ROBIN

The life of the party has arrived!  
Get ready for this, ladies!

Robin jumps in through the broken window.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Awww. What? How is it already over?  
Are you guys really that fucking  
old? It's not even midnight yet!

BARBARA

The party! Harley! Shit!

Barbara jumps to her feet. Scans the room.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(gasp)  
Do you think this is what Harley  
really had planned for my birthday?

Barbara claps. Nightwing rubs his head.

NIGHTWING

I don't know, Batgirl. That all  
seemed a bit too serious to be  
purposefully staged.

BARBARA

Either way. A Mystery is a mystery.  
The outcome is still the same. Find  
Harley and the strippers. OK, gang,  
Let's split up and look for clues.

NIGHTWING

You've seen too much Scooby Doo.

Barbara opens the door to the security room.

INT. MOVING VEHICLE - NIGHT

Boxy dark room. Walls lined with benches. Two doors with  
barred windows. Long walls.

HARLEY

(groans)

Damn. I haven't partied that hard  
since undergrad.

Harley <YAWNS.> Rubs her eyes. Blinks blearily.

GOON KYLE (30s) all black clothing, beard, golden laurel  
wreath on his head, fingerless gloves, buzzcut, sits across  
from Harley.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU? WHERE AM I?

GOON KYLE

Ah, ya know. I'm Kyle. Just a goon  
trying to make ends meet. Much like  
you, I suppose, since you're a  
stripper and all that.

HARLEY

Excuse me? I am Harley fucking  
Quinn. I don't have nearly enough  
talent to be a stripper.

GOON KYLE

Doesn't ring a bell. You some kind  
of famous prostitute? I don't  
really frequent whore houses, so  
like I don't think I'd recognize  
you. Sorry.

HARLEY

What!? No man.

GOON KYLE

Oh. Well, my bad. I thought you  
were one of the whores. Boss said  
to get all the whores, ya know.

Harley &lt;SIGHS.&gt;

HARLEY

Fair enough.

INT. STRIP CLUB - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The room has a single desk and chair. Above the desk the wall  
is lined with TVs. Each plays video from a different area of  
the club and the surrounding area.

A pair of underwear lies on the keyboard. Barbara swipes it  
off onto the floor. Barbara sits at the desk. Rewinds the  
footage. On the TVs various figures enter and exit the  
establishment like: LEX LUTHOR, TWO-FACE, Harley and POISON  
IVY, DOCTOR PSYCHO, MAXIE ZEUS, the JOKER, BANE, the RIDDLER  
and CLOCK KING, and lots of other civilians.

Nightwing peeks his head through the security door.

NIGHTWING

Any luck?

Barbara pauses the screen. On screen is DOCTOR PSYCHO.

BARBARA

I'm having too much luck and no  
luck at the same times. This place  
seems to be a villainous hotspot.

Nightwing enters the room. Stands behind Barbara.

NIGHTWING

Anyone of note?

BARBARA

Too many to list. But I did see a  
big black unmarked truck pull up  
and take Harley. Nightwing, you go  
find that truck.

Night wing points at a short man on the screen.

NIGHTWING

Is that Doctor Psycho?

BARBARA

He's been visiting a lot over the last week. And given his history with women, he's probably a good place to start. Robin and I will go and interrogate him.

INT. MOVING VEHICLE - NIGHT

The strippers are all crowded around Harley. Daisy and Betty each have a comforting hand on Harley's shoulders.

HARLEY

This is a disaster. Do you think she hates the party I threw?

MULTIPLE STRIPPERS

<CONSOLING WALLA> No way. / She loved it. / You're a great party planner.

HARLEY

Aww. Thanks guys. You're right. I am a great party planner. Barbara definitely loved it.

BETTY

Harley. Darling. You know how I tried to tell you how I think your little girl is ace?

Harley opens her mouth. Betty puts a finger to her mouth.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Shhh. Listen to me, missy. It's my turn to speak. You know how some folks like eating just hamburgers or just hotdogs and some people like eating both?

Harley nods.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Good girl. Well, I think your friend likes neither.

HARLEY

Barbara isn't a vegetarian!

BETTY

Doll, it's a metaphor.

HARLEY

For what?

BETTY

For -

Betty and the other strippers all make a different lewd hand gesture implying sex.

HARLEY

That- No- That can't be true!  
Everyone loves sex! It's like the  
top reason for being alive. Imagine  
not feeling the warm supple embrace  
of tits beneath your hands. How  
could someone not love it?

MATTHEW

PREACH!

HARLEY

I mean. Thats insane. She said she  
was a virgin. She must not have met  
the right person yet.

RON

Damn, she's starting to sound like  
my mother.

INT. DOCTOR PSYCHO'S PODCAST RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

DOCTOR PSYCHO sits at a desk with a microphone and computer.  
Four cameras set up around the room all pointing at him. Neon  
sign that reads: "PSYCHO NOT CRAZY With Dr. Psycho". Red  
walls lined with black foam sound-proofing wall panels.

DOCTOR PSYCHO

What is it with women taking CEO  
roles within the evil industry? Too  
much thinking for themselves and  
not enough obedience. That's the  
problem with women these days. But,  
enough on that, remember to stay  
tuned for todays special guest. He  
has an electrifying announcement  
that will change the nightlife of  
Gotham, then together we will be  
diving into the subject of dating  
as an alpha male super villain. And  
I'd like to thank Nastlè again, for  
sponsoring this segment. Remember  
child labor enhances flavor.

The door bursts open.

DOCTOR PSYCHO (CONT'D)  
(high pitch scream)  
AHHHHHHH.

Barbara stands at the entrance. Robin, behind her, plays a handheld video game console.

DOCTOR PSYCHO (CONT'D)  
<CLEARS THROAT> Well, well well, if it isn't the family of bat fuckers. You're not my special guests. I would never stoop so low as to have HEROES on my villainy podcast. Let alone a single mom and her son hero duo. SO, GET OUT.

Barbara throws a batarang into his computer screen. The screen short-circuits.

DOCTOR PSYCHO (CONT'D)  
You bitch! Can't you see I'm in the middle of a live recording! JACKSON, COME QUICK! I NEED MY COMPUTER BACK UP AND RUNNING LIKE YESTERDAY-

ROBIN  
Jackson won't be coming to help.

DOCTOR PSYCHO  
You KILLED him? WHY? He was the cheapest security guard/IT guy I could find!

BARBARA  
Maybe you should've invested in two separate employees for your two jobs.

DOCTOR PSYCHO  
You know this is an EVIL business right? I pay one employee minimum wage to do three jobs.

BARBARA  
Jackson isn't dead. But if you don't start talking soon I'll make sure there's nothing for him to fix.

Barbara pulls out another batarang. Robin raises his fists.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What did you do with those poor people?

DOCTOR PSYCHO

I don't answer to women! And even if I did, I don't know who you idiots are talking about! Why would you just expect me to know who and what you're referring to after giving me the most generic question in the world!

Barbara <GROWLS.> Throws another batarang. It hits Doctor Psycho in the shoulder. He <SHRIEKS.>

ROBIN

You're a shitty mindreader.

Barbara punches Doctor Psycho. He falls out of the chair.

DOCTOR PSYCHO

Stop! Stop! Whatever you think I did I didn't do it!

Barbara and Robin kick the shit out of him.

BARBARA

Where's Harley and the strippers!?

DOCTOR PSYCHO

Harley and who? I don't know what you're talking about! Maybe they're hiding from you because you're a crazy PMSing bitch!

<BEEP BEEP.> Robin presses a finger to his ear.

ROBIN

Nightwing says he found them!

BARBARA

Well, I don't think this stupid misogynist knows anything anyway.

A potted plant glows red. Floats into the air.

DOCTOR PSYCHO

I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T! NOW GET OUT, I HAVE ANOTHER AD READ COMING UP!

The potted plant <CRASHES> into the wall. Robin and Barbara run out the door. Barbara runs into MAXIE ZEUS, buff, bald head, wearing a toga, as he enters the studio.

BARBARA

Sorry.

Maxie Zeus &lt;GROWLS.&gt;

INT. MOVING VEHICLE - NIGHT

<HONK.> The truck stops with a loud <CRUNCH.> The hostages are flung around in their seats. <THUD.> Footsteps on the roof of the truck.

Harley stands.

GOON KYLE

SIT BACK DOWN.

Harley swings around. Punches Goon Kyle in the face, knocking him out.

Harley takes out her bra from under her shirt. Rob <WOLF WHISTLES.> Harley ties Goon Kyle's hands behind his back with the bra.

<CLINK.> <CHAINS RATTLE.> <THUNK.> <CREAAAK.> The doors open.

Harley <SCREAMS.> Runs towards the entrance. Fist raised.

BARBARA

Woah!

Harley jumps into Barbara's arms. Hugging her tightly around the neck.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Empty residential city street. The truck is stopped in the middle of the road. Purple batcycle parked next to it.

HARLEY

Aww!! I always knew deep down you guys cherished your time with me.

BARBARA

We don't have any leads for who did this but we just talked to -

HARLEY

This has got to be the work of Doctor Psycho.

BARBARA

No. That was my first thought. We already interrogated him.

ROBIN

We beat the shit out of him!

HARLEY

Aww, without me?

NIGHTWING

You shouldn't have gotten kidnapped if you wanted to help.

HARLEY

Birthday girl! How about I take over the investigating for tonight, and you take over the hanging out with the babes?

NIGHTWING

I don't think that one's gonna work.

Barbara taps her pen to her chin. She writes something on her pad.

BARBARA

So what other villains did you meet during your time being evil that fit the description of little misogynist sleaze balls?

HARLEY

Shit. "Who isn't" is the better question.

Harley reaches for Barbara's notebook.

BARBARA

I always thought Reverse Flash gave off major freak vibes.

HARLEY

Oh, he does. You know you could really get your freak on with Daisy, right? Daisy come 'ere!

Daisy stands up from the truck. Walks over.

BARBARA

How about Doctor Trap?

Daisy strokes her hands up Barbara's arms.

DAISY

I could get trapped in your eyes.

HARLEY

Not really his modus operandi.

BARBARA

You're right. A severe lack of traps involved tonight. Say, Daisy, did you happen to notice anything off at the site during the attack?

Daisy bites her lip seductively. Rubs Barbara's shoulder. Barbara steps away, dislodging Daisy's hand.

DAISY

No, Darling. Just the usual, organizing and recruiting for the hostile take over of Gotham for a democratic communist government regime to speak for the people and provide basic human rights to those who are left behind by capitalism.

BARBARA

Notice anything or anyone out of the ordinary over the last week or two?

DAISY

I can't usually see clientele with the bright stage lights. You should ask Matthew.

BARBARA

Course, course. Hey Matthew! Could I talk to you for a minute?

Matthew looks over. Points at himself. Barbara nods. Matthew walks over.

HARLEY

Sucks so much that this is ruining your birthday bash, right?

BARBARA

What do you mean? This is great. I mean, Well. I mean its not great for uh all of these innocent people being kidnapped, but -

MATTHEW

You needed me.

Daisy pats Matthew's shoulder. Walks away. Matthew sidles up to Barbara. Drapes himself over her with an arm across her shoulders.

HARLEY

I'll take it from here.

BARBARA

I'm good. Why don't you go be useful somewhere else, Harley?

Harley huffs. Walks to the truck. Sits down. Barbara turns back to Matthew.

MATTHEW

Talk to me, girl.

BARBARA

Any new customers being weird at the joint recently?

Matthew steps back. Stops touching Barbara.

MATTHEW

Well. Now that you mention it. As we get closer to that new club opening up in Gotham, there's been a guy coming into our joint like every night. He was offering some of the girls jobs. No one has taken them, though.

BARBARA

New club?

MATTHEW

Yeah. I dunno. Some rich guy wants his own strip club I guess. There's been a huge buzz about it. Some of the girls are a bit afraid its gonna put us outta business, but I ain't too worried. I mean, after all, they didn't seem to have much luck recruiting from our joint.

BARBARA

What's the place called?

BETTY

I think it's called Electric Love. I got a business card from that freak who is trying to recruit back in my locker if ya need.

NIGHTWING

Electric Love? What, like the Børns song?

Robin <GROANS.>

BARBARA

Isn't that Maxie Zeus' new joint?

INT. PARKED TRUCK - NIGHT

Harley sits next to Ron.

RON

You know, I'm actually a-spec. It's not an uncommon sexuality. Just people don't really know what to do with us.

Harley looks confused.

RON (CONT'D)

A-spec. Y'know. Asexual and aromantic spectrum.

HARLEY

But you're literally a stripper. A *SEX* worker.

Rob shrugs.

RON

So what? I don't actually have sex with people who come to the club. And I love how freeing it is to be in that kind of safe hyper sexual space without having to actually do sex. Just don't really feel the desire to have sex for myself. I do know some ace people that will have sex though, if their partner likes it and isn't ace.

Barbara runs up, followed by Robin and Nightwing.

BARBARA

We figured out who it is. Quickly, we got to go to Maxie Zeus's house.

Harley looks at the strippers still in the truck.

HARLEY

Actually. I'll meet ya there.  
Someones gotta make sure these  
angels get back to the club safe.

EXT. HELLO TITTY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Harley holds open the door. The strippers enter. ALYSIA,  
Barbara's college roommate, walks over. Looks up from her  
phone.

ALYSIA

Harley! What are you doing here?

HARLEY

Oh sup Alysia! What's shaking at  
the good old Alysia and Barbara  
house?

ALYSIA

Well, nothing. She isn't home. I  
actually was coming to check on  
her. Her Wayne Phone's location  
lead me here. Any idea why she was  
here? Doesn't really seem like her  
kind of place, y'know?

HARLEY

(nervous laugh)

I mean someone might've thought it  
was a good birthday surprise?

ALYSIA

Oh. Huh. How'd that go?

HARLEY

Ah... Not great. So, do you know if  
Babs is into pussy or dick?

ALYSIA

I don't know if that's really my  
place to say, but have you ever  
seen her date? Or show any interest  
in anyone like that?

HARLEY

She always agrees with me when I  
point out how hot someone is.

ALYSIA

Right. But has she ever initiated  
that kind of conversation?

HARLEY

Probably. I mean everyone has. I do it all the time.

ALYSIA

Not Babs.

HARLEY

Oh.

ALYSIA

But you know where Barbara really likes partying?

HARLEY

Casinos?

ALYSIA

Bowling Alleys.

EXT. MAXIE ZEUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A large, extravagant mansion with fountains and hedge statues of Maxie Zeus. Barbara and Robin stand next to a wall behind a nude Maxie Zeus hedge statue. Nightwing picks a window lock.

ROBIN

Why can't we just go back to Doctor Psycho's studio and beat the shit out of him there?

BARBARA

Zeus'll be home soon. And we need solid proof first.

<CLICK.> Nightwing steps back. Pushes the window open. The three jump through the window.

INT. MAXIE ZEUS' HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Garish decor. Lots of gold paint, gaudy marble columns, and obscene statues of himself. A giant wall-sized nude portrait covers an entire wall. Fancy glass desk with golden legs and a computer. White modern leather office chair.

BARBARA

Guard my back while I check his email.

NIGHTWING

Is he still on the talk show?

A LITTLE LESS "TOUCH ME", A LITTLE MORE SIXTEEN CANDLES

Barbara sits down at the desk. Robin picks his nose. Looks up from his phone.

ROBIN

Ya.

He turns up the volume on his phone.

MAXIE ZEUS (O.S.)

You know crying is why females are the weaker gender. It's just scientifically a fact. Only pussies cry. So my advice to all of you men out there is never show emotion. Bottle it all up. Never shed a single tear.

DOCTOR PSYCHO (O.S.)

Exactly. Men's tear ducts are like men's nipples. Useless. Why do we even have them.

MAXIE ZEUS (O.S.)

Never crying is what ultimately got me rich. I didn't even shed a single tear when I was a baby. Crying right after being popped out of your moms vagina is a sure sign that you will die a stinky poor lonely ugly beta male.

ROBIN

You know, they're kind of spitting facts.

BARBARA

ROBIN!

Nightwing swipes the phone out of Robin's hand.

NIGHTWING

Alright, you're off Podcast lookout duty.

Nightwing turns off the sound. Puts it on the desk.

Barbara boots up the computer. The desktop screen is a picture of Maxie Zeus smiling at the camera with his pecs out and oiled up. Barbara makes a face of disgust.

She pulls out a flash drive from her pocket. Puts it into the computer. She goes through files, emails, and code on the computer.

NIGHTWING (CONT'D)

What's that one say?

BARBARA

Nothin good.

Barbara clicks "Download." Puts the file on the flash drive.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Okay. I think we got all of the evidence we need.

ROBIN

Oh, shit. Uh, guys. The podcast ended.

BARBARA

What? When? Nightwing! Did you forget about lookout duty?

MAXIE ZEUS

Ended 30 minutes ago.

Maxie Zeus stands at the door.

**END ACT 2**

ACT 3

INT. MAXIE ZEUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The bat family holds up their weapons defensively.

NIGHTWING

No matter. We got all of the proof  
we needed to bag your Andrew Tate  
looking ass. Don't even think about  
fleeing the country.

Barbara pulls the flash drive from the computer. Grabs the  
monitor. Chucks it at Maxie Zeus. The monitor hits him in the  
face. He's uninjured.

MAXIE ZEUS

What did you call me!? I was Andrew  
Tate before Andrew Tate was even  
conceived. I am a GOD!

<THUNDER BOOMS.>

BARBARA

You're delusional at best and a  
detriment to feminism at worst.

Maxie Zeus lets out a <BATTLE CRY.> Lightning arcs through  
the window. Zaps Barbara's hand with the flash drive. Barbara  
<CRIES OUT.> The flash drive flies out of her hand.

Harley jumps in through the window.

HARLEY

BATGIRL! I just wanted to say that  
you're aces and I'm sorry I didn't  
realize it sooner!

Maxie Zeus runs. Reaches out to grab the flash drive.  
Nightwing slams into Zeus knocking him off balance.

BARBARA

What?

NIGHTWING

Robin! Catch!

HARLEY

You know, that you can reproduce an  
exact copy of yourself so you don't  
need sex.

Nightwing uses an escrima stick like a baseball bat, hitting the flash drive and flinging it across the room.

BARBARA

Careful with that! We need it!

HARLEY

I get it now! I get that you're different!

The flash drive bounces off Robin's head. It <CLATTERS> to the floor and slides away. Barbara and Maxie Zeus both lunge for it. Barbara gets it first. Maxie Zeus takes a swing at her. She uses her grappling hook to get away.

BARBARA

Robin! alert the Police! Harley!  
Can you HELP! I don't know what  
you're talking about!

Robin pulls out his phone.

MAXIE ZEUS

You little shit.

HARLEY

I am helping! I am repairing our  
friendship! I know now that you  
don't need to try sex in order to  
know if you like it or not. Even  
though it's still absurd to not  
want to do sex.

BARBARA

Can we do this later! Please!

Maxie Zeus shoots lightning from his fingers. Nightwing jumps in front of Robin holding his sticks in an X to block the attack. Nightwing gets blasted back. Hits into Harley.

HARLEY

Hey! Can't you see we're having a  
heart to heart here!

BARBARA

We literally aren't! We are trying  
to stop human trafficking!

MAXIE ZEUS

What? This little girl doesn't like  
sex? That's unnatural. A woman's  
only purpose is to get sex done at  
her! By men!

Robin runs. Jumps out the open window.

HARLEY

Hey! Don't you fucking dare say  
that about my bestie!

Harley jumps onto Maxie Zeus' back. Strangles him with her  
baseball bat at his throat.

MAXIE ZEUS

Get back here, you runt!

He blasts lightning. It arcs out the window. Misses Robin.

HARLEY

I'm sorry for trying to push my  
values onto you.

BARBARA

STOP!

Everyone turns to look at her. Barbara stands in front of a  
wall sized nude portrait of Maxie Zeus holding the desk chair  
above her head, aimed at the painting.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Or he'll get it!

MAXIE ZEUS

You wouldn't.

Nightwing grabs his arms. And puts them in cuffs. Barbara  
throws the chair at the painting anyway. Ripping a giant hole  
in it. Maxie Zeus sobs. Robin peeks his head in the window.

ROBIN

Didn't he say crying is for  
pussies?

<POLICE SIRENS APPROACH.> Red and blue lights flash as a  
brigade of cop cars pull up to the house.

EXT. MAXIE ZEUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A shit ton of cop cars are parked in front. CHERYL, the  
acting police chief, stands talking to the bat family. Maxie  
Zeus is handcuffed. COPS are shoving him into a cop car.

CHERYL

Good job y'all. Glad to see we  
caught him before he could do any  
more human trafficking.

BARBARA

Thank you.

CHERYL

Do you have anything to say for yourself, Mr. Tate?

MAXIE ZEUS

I'm not Andrew Tate!

BARBARA

Unfortunately ma'am, Tate is still at large. But you'll find this man also has an extensive record of human trafficking. Everything you'll need to try this man should be on this device.

Barbara hands the flash drive to Cheryl. Turns to Harley.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Well, I gotta get home. Studying and all that. Oh- Shit- Alysia is probably worrying about me.

HARLEY

Actually! Speaking of Alysia, are you willing to let me try and surprise you again for your birthday?

Harley holds out a neck tie. Barbara looks between Harley's face and the tie.

BARBARA

Promise this time it won't be a club? Or any other establishment packed with sex workers?

HARLEY

Promise. No hamburgers and hotdogs forced onto you. Sorry I didn't realize how aces you were earlier.

ROBIN

Am I invited this time?

Barbara reaches out a hand for the tie.

BARBARA

Okay. I mean, it would be nice to do something fun with y'all tonight. I appreciate you not kidnapping me again.

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
(she takes the tie)  
I'm not putting this on though.

Barbara throws the tie over her shoulder.

HARLEY  
Understandable. Let's get our  
civilian on and party the night  
away.

BARBARA  
Not too late, though. I do have  
exams to study for.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

Shitty colorful decor that hasn't been updated since the 1980s. Ten bowling lanes with ball return machines and TV scoreboards. The place is empty except for the bat family and two employees. Goon Kyle turns around behind the shoe rental desk. He squints at Barbara.

GOON KYLE  
You're that bat girl, ain't ya?

Barbara touches her cheekbone. No mask.

BARBARA  
Ah haha. No. Nooooo. What? Me? You  
must be mistaken. Have a great day.

Barbara takes the rental shoes. Scrambles off.

GOON KYLE  
Hey, you saw that too, right? That  
was Batgirl, I'm sure of it.

HARLEY  
Woah. Kyle. How'd you get work so  
fast?

GOON KYLE  
Goonings got lots of transferrable  
skills. Hey, do I know you?

HARLEY  
Harley Quinn. Come on. You  
kidnapped me! Like four hours ago!

GOON KYLE  
Don't recall.

Harley snatches the rental shoes. Runs to Barbara.

BARBARA

This is much more my place. What made you think of here?

HARLEY

This was actually my first idea. That *I* thought of, all on my own, without help. No one suggested it.

BARBARA

Right. Well, I like it much better, and I would appreciate, for future celebrations, if you would either leave the sex clubs out of it or me out of it.

HARLEY

But-

BARBARA

But nothing. I shouldn't have to explain myself to you. Was it not obvious enough that I was uncomfortable? I'm asexual but I shouldn't have to tell you that for you to pick up my discomfort.

HARLEY

You're right. I shouldn't have forced you to come out to me. And I'm sorry I needed strippers to explain asexuality to me, since I couldn't see past my own point-of-view.

BARBARA

Thanks. Let's go bowl.

The bat family and Alysia sit at the lane farthest from the entrance. They wear their civilian attire with bowling shoes.

The modified wedding/birthday cake at their table, has a few slices cut out. Used plates sit forgotten.

Harley holds a bowling ball in one hand, baseball bat in the other.

ROBIN

I'm glad we've all come to the sensible solution to include me on Barbara's big day.

Robin sits at the table playing video games on his handheld console.

HARLEY

You're not even participating.

ROBIN

Yeah I am. I just rolled a spare.

Robin turns around his device to show a Wii Sports like video game. The low poly CG character models dance in a low quality bowling rink. His screen says strike.

HARLEY

Aww. So cute. Real bowling too hard for you? You want the kiddy slide for your bowling ball?

ROBIN

E-sports are the future. Laugh now, but in two or three years I'll dominate over you while bowling in the Metaverse, Granny!

Harley sticks her tongue out at him. Throws the bowling ball into the air. Swings her baseball bat at it.

NIGHTWING

If you keep playing like that he wont even need the Metaverse to win against you.

<CRACK.> The bat splinters in half.

The bowling ball flies down the lane at eye level, not touching the ground. <CRASH.> The bowling ball leaves a perfectly circular hole in the wall. All pins are left standing. <SCRREEECH. CRASH. HONK.> The bowling ball flies into traffic outside.

An EMPLOYEE, behind the counter (16) silly colorful polo shirt with bowling alley logo, long black hair, braces, startles awake. Surveys the damage.

BARBARA

<nervous laugh> We'll fix that.

Employee shrugs. Lays his head back in his arms. Face down on the table.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Now see how a real pro does it.

Barbara <CRACKS HER KNUCKLES.> Barbara grabs a purple ball from the bowling ball return. Alysia <WOLF WHISTLES.> Barbara walks to the lane. Rolls the ball.

The ball rolls straight down the middle of the lane. <CRASH.>  
Knocks all of the pins down. Harley <CHEERS.> Hugs Barbara  
tightly. Alysia <CLAPS.>

BOWLING LANE TV  
Strrrrrrikee!

The lane TV's score board fades into video of a bowling pin  
orgy. Bowling pins lay in a heart shaped bed having  
passionate sex. <MOANING SOUNDS> play from the shitty TV  
speakers. Barbara cover's Robin's eyes.

ROBIN  
Hey! Get your hands off me. I'm  
mature enough to see this. It's  
educational.

On TV a bowling ball rolls in. Jumps onto the bed. Crushing  
the bowling pins. Text appears on screen that reads: Strike!

BARBARA  
Imagine spending 60k a year on an  
animation degree only to have to  
animate that.

Harley shakes Nightwing's shoulders.

HARLEY  
Okay! You're up. Go grope those  
balls and smash those pins.

NIGHTWING  
Why do you have to say it like  
that?

Behind the Goon Kyle a TV plays the news.

TV ANCHOR  
We are getting news that just this  
morning Andrew Tate was caught in  
Romania and will be on trial for  
human trafficking. Coincidentally,  
in Gotham today there was a ruckus  
as Andrew Tate look alike was  
arrested on human trafficking  
charges.

HARLEY  
That was us, baby!

**END OF EPISODE**