

INT. OFFICE - CLUB - NIGHT

A dimly lit office. The dull thump of base can be heard from the club downstairs. There are some pictures on the wall: a vulture, an emperor penguin, pigeons etc.

A FLICK of a ZIPPO. The flame is bright. It lights the tip of a cigarette. The zippo is then SNAPPED SHUT.

A CLOUD of smoke makes the air thick. A of LIPS take a drag on a cigarette:

Still on the MOUTH:

MAN (O.C.)

Smoke? I didn't think you would. But without manners what are we?

Silence in the room.

MAN (O.C.)

I was always very interested in meeting you. I'd heard and read so much about you.

Still silence. The man taps his cigarette and ash falls into the ash tray.

MAN (O.C.)

I know why you're here. It's not to shut my operation down. You could have done that a long time ago.

(pause)

You want information.

He smiles. Smoke evacuates through his nose.

MAN (O.C.)

Quid pro quo: If you tolerate the small scale operation that goes on in this place, then I will provide you with the information you want.

He stands from his seat walks around the desk and leans against it's front.

How can you trust me? I mean to you I am no different to them. Those drug dealers, killers, rapists, and thugs. But I am different.

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MAN (O.C.) (cont'd)
Syndactyly. At school people
called them my "flippers". I
couldn't hold a pen properly. I
coudn't play sport. I was teased
incessantly. Kids can be so cruel.
I suppose someone like you couldn't
understand what it is like to be
deformed? Although, internally...
maybe you do.

(pause)

I got my nickname because of my appearance.

He shows his hands again:

MAN (O.C.)

"The Penguin". I'm know it was derogatory but like it. Like the penguin I can survive a harsh environment like Gotham and thrive.

We have zoomed out to reveal OSWALD COBBLEPOT AKA "THE PENGUIN" leaning back in his desk. He takes a drag.

MAN (O.C.)

So. What do you want to know?

Finally we see things from his POV: The darkness of his room. Out of the shadows steps BATMAN.

BLACK