

Harley Quinn's Great Escape

An original screenplay by
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BLACK

It's pitch black, but the sound of a chain-saw pierces the silence as it cuts through metal. The chunk of metal falls to the floor and echoes as it hits the surface.

The sound of a metal door creaks open.

HARLEY QUINN (V.O.)
I knew you'd come for me puddin'!

Laughs are heard, then quiet as kissing noises take over.

Then suddenly: a metallic BANG is heard!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HARLEY'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

HARLEY QUINN snaps out of her dream as she lays in her cot. She's groggy and disoriented until she hears another metal BANG!

She realizes she was dreaming about the Joker rescuing her. She smirks as she reminisces the dream. Then her smile turns to a frown as she looks at the wall next to her and the source of the interruption.

She walks to the wall and bangs on it with her fist.

HARLEY QUINN
Hey, a girl's trying to sleep over here?

She hears indistinct chatter and walks to the iron bars that lock her in and tries to squeeze her face through the bars as much as possible to peak out and see what's going on.

She doesn't get very far at all, but she does manage to see VETERAN GUARD and ROOKIE GUARD placing the new inmate, BLACK MANTA in the cell right next door to hers.

The open cell door blocks her view of the new inmate and curiosity takes over her.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
Oooh we gotta new one huh? Who is it this time?
(beat)
Please tell me it's not Nygma again. That guy is such a bore and he's always saying the weirdest things. I mean seriously what's with all the stupid riddles anyway? They're not even funny.
(beat)
Not like Puddin's jokes.

She looks up, and as she thinks about Joker she looks smitten and almost completely forgets she just asked a question. She goes off into her own world like she has A.D.D.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

I bet you anything he wishes he was more like Mr. J.

(serious)

But, he doesn't have anywhere near the charm that my puddin' does.

INT. MANTA'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

Veteran Guard and Rookie Guard sit the restrained Black Manta down on his cot. Black Manta is a tall, very muscular and intimidating black man with three scars, like claw marks, across his face and over the bridge of his nose, horizontally.

He is very calm and is following their every command like a good prisoner. But his eyes are obviously casing the area. Searching, analyzing, learning, looking for weaknesses.

As the guards situate Black Manta, Harley continues to talk non-stop.

HARLEY QUINN (O.S.)

(tangent)

He even chose a name that just screams wanna-be. Try and tell me "The Riddler" isn't him trying to rip-off "The Joker", seriously.

The Rookie Guard rolls his eyes as he gets more and more annoyed with Harley.

ROOKIE GUARD

Shut up!

HARLEY QUINN (O.S.)

But it's probably not Nygma anyway. This isn't Arkham, heck it's not even Gotham. So why would they bring him here? Batsy--

Finally, the Rookie Guard has had enough and storms out of the Black Manta's cell.

VETERAN GUARD

Where the hell are you going?

HARLEY QUINN (O.S.)

--usually just busts us and we end up back in Arkham cuz it's actually in Gotham. I guess I was just lucky. Good ol' Waller made sure of that. Waller--

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CELLS IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

The Rookie Guard rushes over to Harley's cell. He lets out his frustration as he walks over.

ROOKIE GUARD
I said shut the hell up. Do I need
to smash your face in?

He pulls out his night-stick like he's planning to beat her with it.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)
I will shove this--

Then he finally sees her through the bars.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)
Whoa!

Harley has the tip of her index finger in the side of her mouth. She smiles pouty and seductively and waves with just her fingers.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)
Well... Who's this little number?

He smiles as he gets closer to the bars to get a better look.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)
You are one sexy little girl.
(beat)
I bet you were real naughty to get
stuck in here, weren't you?

Harley looks at him with seductive eyes and a teasing smirk.

The Veteran Guard slams Manta's cell door closed as he exits the cell. BANG! Causing the Rookie to stop hitting on Harley and look back at him.

Veteran Guard walks over and looks at Harley while he talks to the Rookie.

VETERAN GUARD
You're new. I get it. So word of
advice: stay away from this one.

The Veteran stares at Harley as he talks and the Rookie finally looks back at Harley too as he listens.

VETERAN GUARD (CONT'D)
Don't let her looks fool you. She's
hot as all hell, but this bitch is
nuttier than squirrel shit.
(beat)
And she's just as dangerous as he
is.

The Veteran guard nods at Black Manta's cell to indicate he's talking about Manta. The Rookie looks surprised, then smirks, almost turned on by the thought of Harley getting rough.

The Veteran Guard smacks Harley's cell door with his Night-stick.

VETERAN GUARD (CONT'D)

Go back to bed Harley.

HARLEY QUINN

I was just wanting to know who my new neighbor is.

(seductive)

Is that so bad?

The Rookie immediately steps forward as if anxious for her attention again.

ROOKIE GUARD

No, not at all. He's a transfer from Iron Heights. His name's David--

A thunderous voice from the next cell interrupts them.

BLACK MANTA

(interrupts)

The name's... Black Manta!

The Rookie gets pissed that Manta interrupted him and without moving from his spot, he yells at Manta.

ROOKIE GUARD

Shut up you piece of shit!

The Veteran walks back over to look in Manta's cell.

VETERAN GUARD

Yeah, I heard about you. "Black" Manta.

The Rookie walks over and looks at Manta.

ROOKIE GUARD

Black Manta? Yeah, thanks for letting us know you're black. We couldn't tell that by looking at you.

VETERAN GUARD

He calls himself, the Scourge of the Seven Seas.

The Veteran starts to laugh.

VETERAN GUARD (CONT'D)

You ain't in the seas now are you?

(taunting)

Worst of all you let that one guy
that talks to fish bust your ass.

Fish? Really? Yeah, you must be a
real scary guy.

ROOKIE GUARD

(laughing)

I hope you enjoy your stay ya' little
bitch. Your Waller's pet now.

Both guards laugh and the Veteran walks down the hall to
exit the cell block.

The Rookie turns around to look at Harley one more time and
sees she's looking at him through the bars. He winks at her
then rushes to catch up with the other guard.

INT. MANTA'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON BLACK MANTA'S FACE

Black Manta has an icy stare that could kill someone. In
his head you can tell he's thinking of killing those guards.

INT. HARLEY'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

Since Harley can't actually see Black Manta through the bars
in the next cell, she walks over to the adjoining wall and
puts her hand on it.

HARLEY QUINN

So, you go by Black Manta, huh?

No response from him, but she continues to try.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

The scourge of the seven seas. Wow,
that sounds so cool.

(beat)

Ya' know me and my best pal Ivy, we
were called 'Gotham's Queens of
Crime'. That's pretty cool too,
huh?

Still nothing. Then she puts her other hand on the wall and
leans her cheek against it as if cuddling with the wall.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

Yeah well, I also go by...

She jerks strait up, newly energized and holds out her hands
wide as she says her name, as if she envisions them in lights.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 'The Clown Princess of Crime and
 Mayhem'.

She stops and tilts her head. Then she rubs her chin with her hand as she replays the name in her head.

She stops and looks at the wall.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 Do you think that's too long? I
 think it might be too long. Maybe
 I'll shorten it. Maybe drop the
 'Mayhem' part. What do you think?

She leans against the wall with her ear pressed against it.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BOTH CELLS

BLACK MANTA (O.S.)
 Damn! The guards were right... Do
 you ever shut the hell up?

Harley immediately pulls away from the wall and stands up
 strait.

HARLEY QUINN
 (pouty)
Hmph! Fine!

She turns and walks back towards her cot and lays down.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 I was just trying to be nice. Thought
 maybe we could get to know each other.
 Ya' know, since we are going to be
 neighbors?
 (beat)
 But hey, it's cool if you don't wanna
 be friends. You want quiet? Fine,
 you'll get quiet.

She gets situated in her cot and continues.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 I can be quiet. Quiet like a ninja.

She holds up her hands and gestures a couple of karate chops.
 Then she nods and smiles, proud of her faux kung-fu skills.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 You'll never even know I'm over here,
 buddy.
 (beat)
 When you look up the word 'quiet' in
 a dictionary, you'll see a picture
 of me: Harley Quinn. That's right.

It's quite for a moment.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

But hopefully the picture is in color.
I don't think black and white looks
good.

(beat)

If my picture was color in the
dictionary---

BLACK MANTA (O.S.)

Shut up!

Harley suddenly goes quiet, crosses her arms across her chest
and sighs loudly.

FADE TO:

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CELLS IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

The Rookie Guard does his regularly scheduled walk through.
He peeks in cell after cell until he reaches Harley's cell.
He looks in and sees Harley.

She's sitting with her legs spread on her cot. She isn't
revealing anything due to her prison jump-suit, but that
doesn't stop him from fantasizing for a moment.

Then he decides to taunt her a little. He pulls out his
cell phone.

ROOKIE GUARD

(smirking)

Hey, Harley take a look at this.

She looks up at him and smiles seductively again. He pulls
up a website, looks at it and smirks.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

Looks like your boyfriend left you
high and dry. And it looks like
he's causing quite a stir in Coast
City.

The Rookie notices her smile drops and he continues to try
to torment her. He holds the phone up to show her the screen.

INSERT SMART PHONE

The screen reads "CoastCityDaily.com" Subheadline, "Joker
Terrorizes Coast City!"

BACK TO SCENE

Harley gets off the cot and slowly walks to the bars in
disbelief.

He smiles because his sadistic ass knows he hurt her.

But then, suddenly she smiles a big fake smile.

HARLEY QUINN

Who needs him anyway? I'm in a prison
full of bad boys.

His own smile drops, disappointed he didn't hurt her like he was hoping. But then he realizes she's faking it.

ROOKIE GUARD

Right. I heard about you two.

He looks at the cell phone again.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

I know all about your sick obsession
with him.

Then he looks back at her.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

But he really did abandon you, sweetie.

Her eyes narrow as her fake smile drops. Now he knows he has her. He looks her body up and down.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

(sleazy)

So, you just let me know if he left
a void that needs filling. I'm sure
I can help you out.

He starts laughing as he walks away. Harley follows him with her eyes only.

When he's gone, Harley thinks for a moment with a frown on her face.

Then she slowly looks at the wall next to her and a small smirk cracks on her face as she gets an idea.

She walks as close as she can to the bars and wall so Black Manta can hear her.

HARLEY QUINN

Mr. Manta, sir?

INT. MANTA'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

Without getting off his cot, Black Manta sits calmly but looks with his eyes at the wall.

He shakes his head, already annoyed. He tries ignoring her.

HARLEY QUINN (O.S.)
 Black Manta?
 (beat)
 Mr. Scourge of the Seven Seas?

His nostrils flare as he gets more and more impatient.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 ...David?

BLACK MANTA
 (angry)
What the hell do you want?

INTERCUT BETWEEN CELLS

Harley starts twirling her hair with her finger.

HARLEY QUINN
 Since you're the Scourge of the Seven
 Seas, I guess you know the Pacific
 Coast pretty well, right?

BLACK MANTA (O.S.)
 What of it?

HARLEY QUINN
 Well, I really need to get to Coast
 City, and I've never been. Do you
 think you could get me there?

Manta starts laughing.

BLACK MANTA (O.S.)
 (sarcastically)
 Oh, sure...

Manta is smirking.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
 (sarcastic)
 Just hop on in my car, I'll drive us
 there right now.

His face and tone drop.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
 (serious)
Shut up woman!

Harley continues without hesitation.

HARLEY QUINN
 (seductively)
 All we gotta do is get out of these
 cells, get passed the walls, then
 use a decoy to get away and Boom!
 Free as a bird.

Black Manta is obviously frustrated and in disbelief.

BLACK MANTA

(frustrated)

"All we gotta do—" are you serious?
Unless you know magic or some shit,
we ain't gettin' outta here anytime
soon, so stop bothering me!

HARLEY QUINN

If you think about it, the walls are
the only real obstacle.

She caresses the bars.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

(seductively)

Can't you get us past the walls?

He face-palms out of frustration. But as he thinks about it more, he considers how he would get out. He reluctantly answers.

BLACK MANTA

Maybe...

(beat)

Maybe if I knew the guards, their
routines, the lay of the land, but
that shit takes time.

Harley's shoulders go limp and drop from disappointment and she frowns again.

BLACK MANTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Or if I just had my helmet...

Harley's eyes light up and she smiles real big.

Black Manta looks at the wall.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)

Even if I could get out of here, I
wouldn't take your crazy-ass with me
anyway, so drop it.

Without missing a beat.

HARLEY QUINN (O.S.)

(upbeat)

Your helmet. No problem.

Manta heard the ring in her voice and knows she's up to something. He turns and looks at the wall contemplating what she's up to.

FADE OUT:

SMASH CUT TO:

A tray of nasty looking food slams on the floor and the Rookie guard slides it in a cell.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CELLS IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

Rookie pushes the cart full of food trays down the hall to the next cell and does the same thing.

He proceeds to Black Manta's cell and does the same thing. They exchange looks. Black Manta looks ready to kill him, but the guard is too cocky to think he can be touched: he chuckles at Manta.

Then the guard makes his way to Harley's cell and smirks as he picks up her tray.

He looks in and sees her just sitting in the corner, facing the wall. She's rocking back and forth with her arms holding her knees.

He looks at her for a moment, confused at what she's doing.

ROOKIE GUARD

Time to eat Harley.

She ignores and keeps rocking back and forth, staring at the corner.

She starts laughing quietly.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go.

She ignores him and continues laughing and rocking.

He starts to get agitated. He looks back down the hall and contemplates calling for back-up.

But then he looks at her again and sees how small and harmless she appears.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Pshh, I can handle one little girl.

He pulls out his keys and unlocks the cell, opens it and cautiously makes his way to Harley.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

Come on, Harley! Get up!

He puts his hand on his night stick just in case.

She still ignores him and keeps rocking and laughing.

He finally gets impatient and rushes over to pick her up from under her armpits.

ROOKIE GUARD (CONT'D)

I said get up.

He bends over and grabs under her armpits. Right when he touches her, she snaps her head back and grabs his head close to hers then bites down on his ear.

He starts yelling in agony as she tears his ear right off with her teeth.

He reaches for where his ear once was and she immediately grabs his night stick and hits him in the face with it.

He falls to the ground and she hits him again.

He moans as he tries to stay conscious.

She spits the ear at him and then rummages through his pockets. She grabs his gun from its holster, grabs his keys off the ring and pulls his cell phone from his pocket.

She sees him try and get back up and she picks the ear back up and talks into it.

HARLEY QUINN

(smiling)

Guess you really should've listened to the other guard about me.

She tosses the ear at him and smacks him across the face with the butt of the gun, knocking him unconscious.

She shuts the cell door behind her as she exits the cell.

INT. MANTA'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

Black Manta rushes to the bars to see what the commotion is. He reaches the bars just in time to see Harley, playfully, skip by his cell and down the hall, waving the gun around carelessly.

He tries to see where she went but the bars prevent him.

It's quiet. Then, suddenly he hears noises.

VETERAN GUARD (O.S.)

Wait! What are you--

Manta hears the gun go off. BANG! Then glass shatters, quickly followed by the alarm system.

Manta backs away towards his cot to avoid trouble, when suddenly Harley peeks into his cell.

HARLEY QUINN

(smiling)

Hi.

She shows that she has her clothes and his suit & helmet in her hand.

Manta's in shock that she pulled that off with such ease.

BLACK MANTA

How..?

HARLEY QUINN

I always knew where they kept everyone's belongings, I just never had a reason to get them.

BLACK MANTA

(confused)

Okay?

HARLEY QUINN

So, now do you wanna take me? Better hurry.

But he quickly collects himself.

BLACK MANTA

Sure.

She puts the clothes, helmet and suit down and she unlocks the cell door with the stolen keys.

INT. HALLWAY BETWEEN CELLS IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

Black Manta and Harley hear the alarm and the sounds of more guards rushing towards them from the direction she just came from. Harley and Manta quickly run the other direction down the hall.

They reach a wall and Black Manta quickly puts on his helmet. He speaks to her with a amplified, synthesized voice.

BLACK MANTA

(through helmet)

Back up.

He looks at the wall then reaches for a button on his helmet with his hand. He pushes it and it fires a red beam of light from each of the helmet's eyes. The beams shatter the wall.

They can actually see outside now. Impressed, Harley looks at Black Manta and smiles big and they run out of the building.

EXT. BELLE REVE PRISON - NIGHT

Harley and Black Manta rush out of the building and towards the parking lot.

Manta looks at Harley.

BLACK MANTA
(through helmet)
Now what?

Harley holds up the guard's keys and smiles. She starts clicking the alarm fob to locate his car.

Then they hear the alarm behind them, they turn around and see a really, really nice car. Suspiciously nice for a guard. In disbelief, Manta yanks his helmet off to see the car clearly.

Harley and Manta exchange looks, then she shrugs and smiles. Manta yanks the keys from her hand.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
I'll drive.

They rush to the car and Manta throws his helmet in the back seat. They both get in and peel out of there in a hurry.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE

BANG BANG. Bullets rip through a paper target completing a very nice cluster in it's head and torso region. The marksman, RICK FLAG, is obviously a well-trained soldier.

INSERT GUN IN HANDS

Rick releases the empty magazine and loads a new one.

BACK TO SCENE

A rear shot shows him take position to start firing again, but before he lets off the first shot his phone rings. RING RING.

He puts the gun in his holster, pulls off his ear guard and answers it. When he answers it we finally see a shot of his face.

RICK FLAG
This is Rick.

AMANDA WALLER
(on phone)
Colonel Flag.

Immediately, Flag recognizes the voice as AMANDA WALLER and straitens up as if he's a little scared of her.

RICK FLAG

Waller!

AMANDA WALLER

(on phone)

We have a code 52.

Flag shakes his head, he can't believe he's getting sucked back in again.

RICK FLAG

I'll be right there.

CUT TO:

INT. AMANDA WALLER'S OFFICE

Rick Flag sits in a chair in front of a desk as he looks through a manila folder.

He puts the folder down on the desk and looks at AMANDA WALLER who's sitting in the chair on the other side of the desk.

RICK FLAG

Harley Quinn. Why does that not surprise me? Who's the other guy?

Amanda looks at him.

AMANDA WALLER

He's an escaped convict that goes by the name Black Manta, that's all you need to know. I need you to retrieve them both, immediately.

Flag has a confused look on his face.

RICK FLAG

Why don't you have your men get them? Why do you need me?

Amanda stands up and walks around her desk and towards Flag.

AMANDA WALLER

As you know, the current administration isn't exactly keen on the Task Force X project. If they find out two of my subjects escaped, they would shut me down.

RICK FLAG
(sarcastically)
Well, we sure wouldn't want that now
would we?

AMANDA WALLER
No. We wouldn't.

RICK FLAG
If you're so worried, why don't you
just trigger the bombs in their necks
and be done with it?

AMANDA WALLER
Harley wasn't scheduled for another
mission yet so they haven't replaced
the explosive device since the last
one was de-activated. As for Black
Manta, unfortunately, he just arrived
and hasn't had one implanted yet.

RICK FLAG
(sarcastic)
That is unfortunate.

Flag stands up.

RICK FLAG (CONT'D)
Who's on my recovery team?

AMANDA WALLER
This is top secret and it needs to
stay that way. You're going solo.

Flag's eyes show his anger at her but then he chuckles in
disbelief.

He shakes his head as he makes his way to the door. Before
he leaves he looks back at her.

RICK FLAG
I'm getting real tired of cleaning
up your messes Waller.

AMANDA WALLER
Do I look like I care? Now do your
job.

RICK FLAG
Yes, ma'am.

He slams the door as he exits.

EXT. FREEWAY- NIGHT

ESTABLISHING: The stolen car speeds down a lonely, dark freeway.

HARLEY QUINN (O.S.)
 ...and this one time, after a robbery,
 Ivy just blew the wheel right off
 the cop car chasing us.

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Harley is changing clothes as she babbles on. Black Manta just ignores her babbling as he looks up at the rear-view mirror and then at the door mirrors: he does this repeatedly to check if they are being followed.

Harley just looks worry free and lost in her memories. She finishes changing.

HARLEY QUINN
 Ah that's better.
 (beat)
 Ivy really is amazing. She's a great
 friend too, she would do anything
 for me.

She looks at Manta.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 You'd like her.

Manta shakes his head, annoyed with her.

Harley pulls out the stolen phone and starts texting.

Manta continues to look around, almost paranoid. Then finally, he notices Harley texting.

BLACK MANTA
 What the hell are you doing?

Harley turn and smiles at Manta.

HARLEY QUINN
 Texting my good friend Ivy! She
 always said to hit her up when I got
 out.

BLACK MANTA
 Where'd you get the phone?

HARLEY QUINN
 Off the guard.

BLACK MANTA

Are you crazy?

Angry, he yanks it out of her hand, rolls down his window and throws it out.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)

They can track us with it.

Harley turns up her chin at him.

HARLEY QUINN

I was done with it anyway.

(beat)

And yes.

He looks at her.

BLACK MANTA

Yes what?

She looks back at him.

HARLEY QUINN

I am crazy. Helloooo!

He scowls at her and looks like he'd really love to hit her.

There is an awkward silence before he starts looking in the mirrors again. This time she notices.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

BLACK MANTA

Something's wrong. We've been driving for hours, don't you think it's weird we aren't being chased or anything? Not even a helicopter. Nothing.

She looks up to search for a helicopter and realizes he's right.

HARLEY QUINN

(looking up)

Hmmm. Maybe they let us go.

(looking at him)

See? I told you it would be easy.

BLACK MANTA

Are you stupid?

(beat)

It's gotta be Waller. She's up to something.

Harley ignores the Waller comment, and shakes her head.

HARLEY QUINN

You're all the same... well except for Ivy anyway. You all just think I'm some dumb blond, but I was a doctor once ya know.

(beat)

I bet you'll regret underestimating me one day.

She holds up the red and blue parts of her hair.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

And this ain't blond..

Then she looks at her hair.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

Well, not all of it anyway.

Harley looks back at Manta.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

If you're so worried about Waller, then maybe we should ditch the car in the next town.

Manta looks at her, surprised she would suggest something so logical. Then he looks at the gas gauge and sees they are running low on gas anyway.

BLACK MANTA

Yeah.

EXT. FREEWAY- NIGHT

The car exits the freeway and heads towards a small town.

INT. BELLE REVE PRISON - OFFICE - NIGHT (DISPOSABLE SCENE)

Rookie Guard sits at a desk with a bandage wrapped around his head. Rick Flag paces in front of him.

RICK FLAG

Tell me again what happened. There has to be something that can tell us where she went.

ROOKIE GUARD

I already told you three times. There's nothing. She's just a crazy bitch.

RICK FLAG

She's crazy but she's a lot smarter than you think. She chose to escape at this particular moment for a specific reason. So what is it?

The rookie shakes his head as he struggles to think. Then suddenly he stops and looks back up at Flag.

ROOKIE GUARD

Wait. The day before the attack I told her Joker left Gotham.

RICK FLAG

And?

ROOKIE GUARD

And that according to reports he's in Coast City somewhere.

Rick Flag's eyes narrow.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - NIGHT

The stolen car doors slam shut.

Black Manta and Harley stand by the car and look around. Harley looks one direction and Manta looks the other.

BLACK MANTA

Okay, I'm going to try and find us another car. You stay--

He looks back and realizes she's walking off towards a convenient store.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get over here.

She looks back at him and does a little pee-pee dance.

HARLEY QUINN

I have to pee.

Out of frustration, Manta face palms again.

BLACK MANTA

You don't exactly blend in around here.

HARLEY QUINN

Really? And you do in your prison suit?

Manta looks at his jumpsuit.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 Seriously, you might as well just
 put your suit on.

She turns back around and heads to the convenient store.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
 And relax. I'll be right back.

He shakes his head as grabs his Black Manta suit from the car and starts changing.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - NIGHT

Harley opens the door and enters the store. She stops after taking one step in and looks around. Then she sees something and smiles.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Manta is almost finished putting his suit on when he starts to hear a ruckus from the convenient store.

First he hears something shatter on the ground, then yelling.

BLACK MANTA
Shit! Damn it Harley!

He reaches in the car and grabs his forearm guards and puts them on. He leaves the helmet for now and rushes over to the convenient store.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - NIGHT

Black Manta barges in the store. He looks down and around and sees a mess of candy and other stuff all over the floor.

He looks up and sees CLERK 1 up close to Harley, yelling at her.

CLERK 1
You're ruining my store! You need
 to leave!

Harley is completely ignoring him as she looks at the candy diamond rings she just put on her fingers. She admires them as if they are real.

Manta snarls in disbelief of Harley's actions and walks towards her.

He grabs her by the arm and pulls her towards the door. But the clerk does not leave well enough alone.

CLERK 1 (CONT'D)

Hey, you need to pay for this or I'm calling the cops!

Manta stops dead in his tracks after hearing "cops". He lets go of Harley's arm and walks back towards the clerk who now looks scared.

Black Manta pulls a knife from his Forearm Guard.

The clerk's eyes go wide.

CLERK 1 (CONT'D)

Wait! No! I'm sorry! Just go.
Just--

Manta stabs the clerk to death.

Another clerk, CLERK 2 watches in horror from the back room. He/she covers their own mouth so as not to let out a sound.

Harley starts laughing at the dead body.

Manta suddenly grabs her by the neck and slams her against the wall. She looks at him then smiles and licks her lips.

HARLEY QUINN

Ooh Manta, you know what I like, don't you?

BLACK MANTA

Look you crazy bitch! I'm not Lawton and I'm sure as hell not that crazy ass son-of-a-bitch Joker. I will kill you if you do anything else stupid. You got it?

He releases her by pushing her back hard into the wall. She responds to the rejection.

HARLEY QUINN

Hmph! No you're not either one of them... they're both fun.

The terrified Clerk 2 watches from a distance and triggers the silent alarm. Then tries to sneak out but hits something hanging on the wall by accident.

Manta and Harley realize he/she is there and Manta immediately walks towards the clerk and pulls the knife out again.

POV of Clerk 2: Manta walks directly towards the camera, closer and closer until it fades to black on his suit.

FADE TO BLACK ON HIS SUIT:

INT. RICK FLAG'S SUV - NIGHT

Rick Flag drives, confident of his direction. His phone rings. RING RING.

He picks it up and answers it.

RICK FLAG

Yeah?

AMANDA WALLER (O.S.)

(through phone)

A silent alarm was just tripped in the town of Lockhart, Texas, just hours from Belle Reve.

RICK FLAG

Is that en route to Coast City?

There is a moment of silence.

AMANDA WALLER

Yes.

RICK FLAG

That's what I thought. I'm headed that way now.

He presses harder on the gas pedal.

EXT. FREEWAY- NIGHT

Flag's SUV picks up the pace, accelerates and exits screen.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Harley and Manta walk down the street to get far away from the convenient store.

BLACK MANTA

Hold up.

Manta stops by their old car and grabs his helmet, then they continue walking.

As they walk up the street, Manta continues to look for a new car to steal, but Harley starts window shopping. She notices a pretty white gun in the window of a pawnshop.

She picks up a trash can in the nearby alley and is just about to throw it through the window when Manta sees what she's about to do.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)

Hey! What the hell did I tell you?
You put that shit down now, or I'll
put you down.

HARLEY QUINN

But it's so pretty.

He stares at her.

Finally, she gets a pouty face and reluctantly puts the trash can down gently.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)

Fine

(beat)

Why are you such a fuddy duddy?

He can't believe how clueless she is. He clenches his fists then finally snaps.

BLACK MANTA

That's it! I'm done with you. I'm
going my own way and you better stay
the hell away from me.

Just as he starts walking away, Harley and Manta both notice Rick Flag's SUV pull into town. When they see Rick Flag at the wheel, they both duck for cover in a drain tunnel.

EXT. DRAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

They both peek out and see as he gets out of his SUV and heads into the convenient store.

They duck back down and they both stay silent, but Manta looks her in the eyes and is so angry with her he pulls his fist back like he's going to punch her but instead points at her aggressively.

Instead he points at the convenient store aggressively. He knows her actions led Flag there.

He flexes as hard as he can to let out his anger silently. Then he leans over to her.

BLACK MANTA

(whisper)

I warned your ass!

Manta turns his back to Harley so he can think.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

I know Flag, he wont stop chasing
us. We have to take him out.

He thinks how they can do it then turns around to see Harley ignoring him as she peeks over to see Flag again.

As she does this Manta has an epiphany, and smirks.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 Unless...

He taps her to get her attention. She turns around.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 Follow me. I got an idea.

She follows him into an alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Harley follows Manta.

HARLEY QUINN
 What's the plan?

Manta stops and turns around to talk to her.

BLACK MANTA
 We've gotta draw Flag somewhere we'll
 have the advantage so we can take
 him out.

Harley gets excited because she knows the perfect spot.

HARLEY QUINN
 (excited)
 Ooh. I saw a warehouse back where
 we pulled into town. By the junkyard.

Manta is taken aback by her good idea.

BLACK MANTA
 Good. That's perfect.

They walk down the alley.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - NIGHT

Flag walks out of the convenient store talking on his phone.

RICK FLAG
 Yeah... I don't know how you want to
 handle this, but they killed the
 store owners.

He starts pacing.

RICK FLAG (CONT'D)
 So, either get a clean up crew here
 or some local cops.
 (beat)
 Yeah, I--

He turns and sees Harley peeking around the corner.

HARLEY QUINN
 Hiya Flaggy!

She waves.

RICK FLAG
 (quick)
 Gotta go...

Flag immediately starts running towards her.

RICK FLAG (CONT'D)
 (running)
Harley, stop!

HARLEY QUINN
 Na nana na Naaa na!

She ducks back into the alleyway.

Flag reaches the alleyway, and runs down it, but doesn't see Harley anywhere.

He stops as he tries to hear where she went.

Then he hears something in the opposite direction and sees Black Manta with his helmet on.

Flag runs that way with his gun drawn. But nw Manta seems to have disappeared.

He hears a noise.

Flag runs down another alleyway, in pursuit. When he emerges from the alley he finds himself in a junkyard.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

He slows down to a cautious walk when he realizes they could be hiding anywhere in the junkyard. He takes cautious steps always leading with his gun.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Harley and Manta both meet up on the backside of the warehouse. Manta removes his helmet and to keep quiet, they simply nod at each other.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Flag sees the warehouse in the near distance and cautiously makes his way towards it.

He looks around as he cases the area around the warehouse. He knows it could be a trap.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Manta watches as Harley leads him through the dark warehouse.

BLACK MANTA
You know, back in Belle Reve, you
were right?

Without looking back she responds.

HARLEY QUINN
Whad'ya mean?

BLACK MANTA
I do need a diversion.

He pulls a blade out of his forearm guard.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
Too bad you're gonna have to be it.

He pulls the blade up and back to stab her from behind.

Just as he is about to kill her, she smirks, she leans back fast and hard and drives her elbow into his stomach making him drop the knife.

He collects himself and sees her run towards a nearby workstation table that has junk everywhere, including a flare and oddly enough has her huge mallet on it.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
What the hell..?

Harley grabs the flare then her mallet. She looks up at the dim lights.

HARLEY QUINN
(yells)
Now!

Suddenly, what little lighting there is in the warehouse just shuts off and it's total darkness.

BLACK MANTA
I'm gonna enjoy killing you so
freakin' much you crazy bitch.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
(yells)
And whoever's helping you!

He puts his helmet on and activates the infrared.

POV THROUGH HIS HELMET

He now sees clearly, but with a red tint.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)
You stupid girl. I have infrared in
my helmet.

Then out of nowhere, she jumps in front of him and holds up the flare.

HARLEY QUINN
I was counting on it.

She ignites the flare, the screen goes white, temporarily blinding him with the infrared.

END POV THROUGH HIS HELMET

BLACK MANTA
Ahh! You bitch!

He yanks his helmet off and rubs his eyes.

She quickly hits him with her mallet across the body causing him to fall to the ground.

She hits him again and he's almost out.

POV MANTA

His sight starts to get blurry. He sees her standing over him, going blurry then focused then blurry again.

She stands over him and laughs.

HARLEY QUINN
Who's the stupid one now?

She pulls her mallet back and strikes him in the head.

CUT TO BLACK:

LONG SILENT BEAT

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The black is broken by Flag breaking through the door. Light floods in and we see he has his gun drawn.

He walks carefully around, searching.

Then right under a small light he sees Black Manta unconscious and tied to a chair.

He still thinks it could be a trap so he keeps his gun pointed at Manta and as he gets closer, he continues to look around with his eyes.

He reaches Manta and sees there is a piece of paper on Manta's chest.

INSERT NOTE ON CHEST

It reads "Here's a gift for you Mr. Flag, Love Harley" with a big smiley face on it.

BACK TO SCENE

Flag looks at Manta then chuckles under his breath.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - NIGHT

Flag walks the restrained Manta back to his SUV. Flag talks to Waller on his phone.

RICK FLAG

I got Manta, but Harley's still on the loose.

AMANDA WALLER (V.O.)

(on telephone)

You need to get her too Flag. That's an order.

Flag and Manta reach the SUV and see the tires are flat.

RICK FLAG

Yeah well, I'd love to but something's come up and she'll have to wait.

(beat)

Unless of course you want to try cleaning up your own mess for once.

He hears a click as she hangs up on him.

RICK FLAG (CONT'D)
Yeah, I didn't think so.

Flag opens the back door and pushes Manta in.

Flag looks at the flat tires again then looks at Manta, who is slouched over as he patiently awaits a chance to get away.

RICK FLAG (CONT'D)
Looks like Harley played you good
Manta. Never underestimate Harley.

Flag shuts the door and Manta suddenly looks up with eyes wide as realization sinks in.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE OF PREVIOUS SCENES

INT. HARLEY'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

HARLEY QUINN
(seductively)
All we gotta do is get out of these
cells, get passed the walls, then
use a decoy to get away and Boom!
Free as a bird.

INT. HARLEY'S CELL IN BELLE REVE - NIGHT

Flashes again.

HARLEY QUINN
If you think about it, the walls are
the only real obstacle.

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Flashes again.

HARLEY QUINN
If you're so worried about Waller,
then maybe we should ditch the car
in the next town.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Flashes again.

HARLEY QUINN

(excited)

Ooh. I saw a warehouse back where
we pulled into town. By the junkyard.

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Flashes again.

Manta notices Harley texting.

BLACK MANTA

What the hell are you doing?

Harley turns and smiles at Manta.

HARLEY QUINN

Texting my good friend Ivy! She
always said to hit her up when I got
out.

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Flashes again.

HARLEY QUINN

Ivy really is amazing. She's a great
friend too, she would do anything
for me.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Flashes again.

Manta sees her run towards the workstation table that has
junk on it, including a flare and her huge mallet on it.

BLACK MANTA (CONT'D)

What the hell..?

Harley grabs the flare then her mallet. She looks up at the
dim lights.

HARLEY QUINN

(yells)

Now!

INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Flashes again.

HARLEY QUINN
I bet you'll regret underestimating
me one day.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Harley stands over Manta and laughs.

HARLEY QUINN
Who's the stupid one now?

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE OF PREVIOUS SCENES

INT. RICK FLAG'S SUV - NIGHT

Black Manta snarls.

BLACK MANTA
(yells)
Harley!

His scream echoes.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Up the street a block or two a car sits watching.

As the camera gets closer, we realize it's Harley in the passenger seat and a red headed woman in the driver seat: it's POISON IVY (in civilian clothes, green to indicate it's her) roses sit on the dash.

They watch from a distance as Rick Flag looks at the tires.

POISON IVY
That should keep him busy for a while.

HARLEY QUINN
(laughs)
Thanks Ivy. Well that was fun.
Coast City, here we come!

She looks at her arm.

HARLEY QUINN (CONT'D)
I could really use a tan.

The car pulls onto the freeway and heads to Coast City.

EXT. BEACH COAST CITY - DAY

The camera pans over the surface of a beach, then over a towel sprawled out under an umbrella shade. A beach bag sits on the towel and in it is the pretty white gun Harley wanted from town.

Harley is laying out and putting suntan lotion on, even though she's sitting under the umbrella and staying in the shade.

As she rubs in the lotion, Ivy walks up.

POISON IVY

Hey you. I got a little surprise
for you.

Then Ivy nods to indicate Harley's surprise is behind her.

Harley turns around and sees him.

The audience only sees the bright cheesy Hawaiian shirt, but Harley's expression says it all when her eyes widen with excitement and she smiles real big.

HARLEY QUINN

Mr. J!!!

CUT TO BLACK

THE END... FOR NOW