

Harley Quinn

Go'n Legit
Issue #1 of 3

Written by D Skot Whitman

PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Opening shot, birds/gods eye view of the interior of a bank. People at the counter, just a normal day at the bank.

PANEL'S TWO THROUGH FOUR

There's a banging sound coming from the entrance of the bank. Someone is clearly having trouble opening the doors. The customers and bank employee's are looking towards the racket. Then the second set of double glass doors are kicked open.

PANEL FIVE

Harley Quinn emerge through the doors with a large machine gun.

1. HARLEY: Sorry about that folks, I think that doors on backwards.

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Harley pointing the gun upwards and begins shooting up the ceiling.

PANEL TWO

2 Security guards approaches her with guns drawn.

1. GUARD 1: Drop you're weapon, hands up!

PANEL THREE

Harley placing the gun on the floor, very gently.

1. HARLEY: No way, I'm not dropping it, that's like super bad for them.

PANEL FOUR

Harley puts her hands up in the air.

1. HARLEY: Pfp, You guys should know that. I'm a girl and even I know that...

PANEL FIVE

As the first security guard handcuffs her left wrist.

1. GUARD 1: What is wrong with you lady?
2. HARLEY: Well how else was I supposed to get one of you guys close enough to try and cuff me.

PANEL SIX

Suddenly Harley turns the tables, cuffing her handcuffed arm to the guards hand.

1. GUARD 1: What?!

PANEL SEVEN

Harley knocks out both guards.

1. HARLEY: Taste My Kung Fu Fury!

PANEL EIGHT

Harley begins dragging the guard she's hand cuffed too towards a terrified bank manager.

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Panel on the page could be in profile with both the Bank Manager and Harley face to face. The bank manager looking terrified.

1. HARLEY: Hand over my safety deposit box... please

2. MANAGER: Your safety Deposit box?

3. HARLEY: Yeah, that's what I said... is there an echo?

4. MANAGER: You do realize that "if" the box is in your name, you can just walk right up to the counter. They can assist you there..

PANEL TWO

Harley is laughing with her left hand still cuffed to the guard.

1. HARLEY: Oh My god, I'm so embarrassed, I planned this whole thing out, and gosh, this whole not being a bad guy thing, it's all really new to me.

2. MANAGER: So you're not robbing the place?

3. HARLEY: Well, I Guess not,

PANEL THREE

Looking down at the guard, still hand cuffed to him.

1. HARLEY: it's really hard to emote when I'm still cuffed to you.

2. GUARD 1: Hey, this was you're bright idea.

1. MANAGER: Ok, so I'll just need to see some identification.

PANEL FOUR

Harley looking confused at the Bank Manger. She's holding up a small key with her non handcuffed hand.

1. HARLEY: What do you mean? You know who I am, I have this little key, what else do you need.

2. MANAGER: You don't have a drivers license?

PANEL FIVE

1. HARLEY: Uh duh, can you imagine me with a drivers license, I mean who'd be crazy enough to give me one of those?

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Harley gives the Bank Manager a stern look, maybe cartoon daggers shooting from her eyes.

1. MANAGER: Miss, I can...

2. HARLEY: Can't what! (icicle word balloon)

PANEL TWO

1. MANAGER: n't see why we can't make an exception in your case, since we indeed do know who you are and you do have the key... and nobodies critically injured... yet.

2. HARLEY: oh, thank you so much. I was afraid we were gonna have to go back to plan A, you know. Things are going so well and...

PANEL THREE

Looking down at the guard.

1. HARLEY: and you, how we doing with those keys. I would think you'd have uncuff'd yourself by now.
2. GUARD 1: I left them at home.

PANEL FOUR

Harley laughing.

1. HARLEY: HAAAAHA! You're kidding Right?!
2. GUARD: Nope.
3. HARLEY: Hey could someone check the other guard for those keys, I'm pretty sure he's still breathing...

PANEL FIVE

Harley Turns to the Bank Manager as she raises her foot to stomp the security guard.

1. HARLEY: I mean, after all this, oh my god, that would be so embarrassing, right?!
2. GUARD 1: No, Wait!

PANEL SIX

The shot if from his perspective as her foot comes down...

1. HARLEY: Nighty Nighty!

PANEL SEVEN

Single panel of Black

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Inside the bank vault. Harley is pulling stack of cash out of the box and dumping it into a duffle bag. The bank manager is standing near the vault door.

1. HARLEY: Believe it or not, my sack with the big dollar sign is dirty.

PANEL TWO

On her way out the door she stops to talk to the bank manager.

1. HARLEY: So how's this work?
2. MANAGER: What do you mean?
3. HARLEY: I know when I break stuff I'm supposed to pay for it and I just feel awful...

PANEL THREE

Harley drops the duffle bag of money on the floor and fishes out a stack.

1. HARLEY: I mean I honestly can't remember the last time I was in a bank and I wasn't holding up the joint...

PANEL FOUR

As the bank manager reaches for the money...

1. MANAGER: Oh thank you that should be adequate.

PANEL FIVE

but Harley pulls it back out of his grasp.

1. HARLEY: So we're cool, no cop's or lawsuits cuz Harley here's got 99 problems and she doesn't need another one.
2. MANAGER: Oh, no, I mean yes, yes, just like you said... it was just a... misunderstanding.

PANEL SIX

Harley hands him the money.

1. HARLEY: So next time I just come see you?
2. MANAGER: (stuttering) Ne, next, next, next.. ti.. ti.. tim..tim.time
3. HARLEY: maybe I'll call ahead...
4. MANAGER: Yes, wonderful idea. yes yes. Goodbye.

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PANEL ONE

The security guard is off in the distance being attended to by other bank employees. As Harley is walking past them on her way out.

1. GUARD 1: You broke my nose crazy pants!

PANEL TWO

Harley throws some money at him and yelling back

1. HARLEY: Quit all your pussy'aching!
2. GUARD 1: I think you dislocated my arm
3. HARLEY: I'm wishing it was your jaw... Mister Worlds Worst Security Guard EVER! Seriously, (under her breath) forgot your hand cuff keys, jeez who does that! Pff So unprofessional.

PANEL THREE

Looking at the Bank Manager and running her finger across her throat.

1. HARLEY: You should fire that guy... Or I could just do you a solid, keerrrrrick, it'll be quick....

PANEL FOUR

Bank manager looks terrified

1. HARLEY: Kidding, kidding, lighten up....
2. GUARD 1: I'm gonna sue
3. HARLEY: I'm starting to regret not killing you... Your probably insured any ways drama queen!

PANEL FIVE

Harley walks off leaving the security guard and the bank manager.

PANEL SIX

Harley pops back in frame doing the head turned side ways tongue hanging out imitation of someone hanging from a noose.

PANEL SEVEN

Security guard and the bank manager looking scared. Harley has a word balloon coming from off panel.

1. HARLEY: kidding, kidding

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

3/4 page splash. Harley's is leaving, she has her empty rifle slung over her shoulder and is holding it by the barrel, and the duffle bag of money in her left hand. Cops with guns are pointing them at her.

1. COP ONE: Freeze!
2. COP TWO: Drop the bag!
3. COP THREE: Drop You're Weapon

PANEL TWO

Harley is standing in front of them looking annoyed.

1. HARLEY: Well which is it felles? Like what, is today literally your first day on the job! Honestly, how's it I'm supposed to freeze AND drop all this stuff at the same time.

PAGE 8

9 panels on this page all the same size. Harley's dialog is split up across all the panels.

HARLEY: How do all you guys not know dropping guns on the ground is super bad for them... I swear if Deadshot was here...

PANEL ONE

Harley drops the bag.

PANEL TWO

She raises her hands.

PANEL THREE

The bank manager is running and shout's

1. MANAGER: "no, no , no !"

PANEL FOUR

The bag hits the floor.

PANEL FIVE

The cops attention is momentarily diverted. They are looking at the floor.

PANEL SIX

She swings the empty rifle.

PANEL SEVEN

The butt of the rifle clocks the first cop.

PANEL EIGHT

She kicks the second cop in the crotch.

PANEL NINE

She punches the third cop in the face. It's a perspective shot with his head going backwards and it and her fist are the largest things in the panel

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Outside the bank, it's the middle of the day. The sun is shining. Harley comes strolling out without a care in the world.

1. HARLEY: WOW if I just came here every other day I could cancel my gym membership... well I mean if I had a gym membership.

PANEL TWO

She's walking away from the bank and looks back to see the Bank Manager standing at the door to make sure she's gone.

1. HARLEY: Ok bye, see you next time, I'll call ahead, like we talked about.

PANEL THREE

Cops stumble out of the bank. While Harley pops the trunk of a car parked near by.

PANEL FOUR

She tosses the bag of money and the rifle in the trunk.

PANEL FIVE

Harley is now sitting in the car and leaning out the broken window. As the bank manager walks up.

1. MANAGER: I thought you said you don't have a license.

PANEL SIX

Shot of inside the car. The steering column is already exposed and all she has to do touch a screw drive to make the connection and the car starts.

1. HARLEY: I don't.

2. MANAGER: but.. but

3. HARLEY: Just because I don't have a license doesn't mean I don't drive silly.

PANEL SEVEN

As she speeds away the Bank Manager has a look of confusion as he tries to process.

1. MANAGER: but.. but.. can't.. you have.. to...

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

She speeds off into traffic causing people to slam on their breaks, horn honking. Swerving all over the place.

PANEL TWO

Inside the car. Harley has her tongue sticking out the side of her mouth and is making race car sounds as she tears off down the road.

1. HARLEY: Zvooommm, streeeeetch, out of the way good citizens of Gotham, Harley quinn has come to save the day. va, va, va rrrroooooooooommmmm... ya know, this is kinda like a video game! vroom, vroom!

PANEL THREE

Suddenly, out of know where Batman drops out of the sky and crashes down with such weight and force the car stops dead in it's track.

PANEL FOUR

Cut to a shot from Harley point of view, the cars windshield is cracked and the edge of the screen looks like an old eight bit driving game and the words game over are in the center.

PANEL FIVE

Harley get's out of the car. She's laughing and jumping around.

1. HARLEY: Wow B-man, that was awesome .. it was so cool when you just dropped in out of nowhere and you just boom! Just like a video gam..

PANEL SIX

Harley stops clapping as the realization sweeps over her that it's her car and not a "video game" she has a frown, looking a little sad and disappointed.

1. HARLEY; Aw dude, you totally wrecked my ride B-man, quick pull some bat shit outta your utility bet and fix it cuz.. Sniffling... Cuz (looking like she might actually cry now)
2. BATMAN: Your not going anyway Quinn, robbery Assult...

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Harley snaps out of the crying and its Completely fine, no sign that she was just upset, like someone flipped a switch.

1. HARLEY: Nah, it's cool, it was from my account, or box, whatever but i didn't even shoot anyone or nothing, honest B-Man.

PANEL TWO

Batman is all up in her face.

1. BATMAN: Operative words being shoot and anyone, I'll be watching you Quinn.

PANEL THREE

Harley putts her hands up next to her head and point her index fingers in the air like the ears on batman's cowl. A Mocking impersonation of Batman.

1. HARLEY: You forgot the operative word being DIDN'T!!!

PANEL FOUR

Still up in her face.

- 1.BATMAN: You're unstable and it's only a matter of time before you hurt or worst kill someone.

2. HARLEY: Oh you mean like Robin, ooh, sorry about that by the way... too soon? I know you like your boys...
3. BATMAN: You can't carry on like this, your action have consequences!

PANEL FIVE

Harley is Nose to nose with him.

1. HARLEY: Maybe so, but you don't scare me anymore B-man. Not you, not Waller, not the Joker, not the cops. Nobody pushes Harley Quinn...

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PANEL ONE

Harley bite's Batman on the nose.

1. HARLEY: ...AROUND ANYMORE!

PANEL TWO

Batman falls backwards, Harley is standing next to her car holding Batman's utility belt.

1. HARLEY: Answer me this bat-fool, if a crazy person like me can get your utility belt, what's that make you? Ha ha!

PANEL THREE

Batman getting up from the ground and notices his belts gone.

1. BATMAN: What... How?

PANEL FOUR

1. HARLEY: There's gotta be something in here to fix my car... Some bat tool... I swear this belt is worst than an old woman purse...

PANEL FIVE

Batman moves to stop Harley from opening any of the pouches on the belt, but he's too late.

1. BATMAN: Wait don't!

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PANEL ONE

Smoke and fireworks, explosion from the utility belt.

PANEL TWO

When the smoke clears Batman is alone and Harley Quinn is gone.

PANEL THREE

Wide shot of Batman stand there and we see two cops eating lunch next to their squad car.

1. COP 1: now you know how it feels!

PANEL FOUR

Batman shoots his grappling hook and vanishes.

PANEL FIVE

The two cops looking at each other.

1. COP 2: that odd, I though he only came out at night?

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PANEL ONE

Shot of a run down sleazy motel. Broken neon sign outside.

1. HARLEY: (Voice over) "Meanwhile at hall of Harley."

PANEL TWO

Close up of one of the windows with a light on. Inside the window we see Harley is sitting on a bed.

1. HARLEY: That has a nice ring to it... I'm board...

PANEL THREE

The door is open and a sleazy looking short balding guy with a bad comb over is leaning in the open door way.

1. SLUM LORD: The rents do.
2. HARLEY: Oh right, that's why I went to the bank.
3. SLUM LORD: If you're short, we could always take it out in... Trade?!

PANEL FOUR

Harley starts looking around the room, tossing clothing and props around the room.

1. HARLEY: Lucky for you I think I've got just enough... besides, you wouldn't last the first round with a woman like me.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

As she bends over and reaching in her jacket that's on the floor as the Slum lord eyeing her up and down like a piece of meat.

1. HARLEY: let's see where did I put it, where is it... it's here somewhere... let me see, in here, no, no, the jacket, where is it...
2. SLUM LORD: I don't know about that, I could always call some friends, we could get you paid up for the whole month in one evening.

PANEL TWO

Harley pushing him out the door and the money into his chest

1. HARLEY: Ewwww, Yeah, how's about Capital N O No! No way Harley Quinn's pulling a troll train, here take the money!

PANEL THREE

She slams the door closes

1. HARLEY: See you next week and if you mention that again I'll seriously shoot you in the face, like at least twice, cuz Eww, that..s just Ewww...gross...

PANEL FOUR

She leans back against it. Making a pouty face.

1. HARLEY: People are really making it hard to be the good guy... I think being a bad guy was more fun... Yeah, bad guy was definitely more fun.

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Shot of the Joker driving around town. He's in the back seat of a car with two goons in the front seat.

1. GOON ONE: So were we headed boss?
2. JOKER: oh I don't know, what do you boy' suggest?
3. GOON TWO: Maybe some bitchz, hows about that boss?

PANEL TWO

Joker is in the back seat laughing

1. JOKER: oh, there's only one bitch I'm interested in, and her names Harley Quinn!

PANEL THREE

Worms eye view of the Car speeds down the street. On a nearby roof top we see Batman in silhouette

1. Joker voice over But first I think we might needs some party favors. HAHAAHAAAAA!

PANEL FOUR

On the rooftop Batman is standing looking over the side. A figure steps out of the shadows.

1. BATMAN: You know I don't have all night.

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PANEL ONE

The figure comes into the light, we can see it's the Huntress.

1. HUNTRESS: Sorry, was in the middle of something, wasn't expecting to get called to the big leagues tonight.
2. BATMAN: I've got a job for you.

PANEL TWO

- 1.HUNTRESS: Whatever could you need from little ol me.
2. BATMAN: It's Harley Quinn, I need you to keep an eye on her.

PANEL THREE

1. HUNTRESS: Wait, isn't she the Joker's girl friend?
How is she on the loose?

PANEL FOUR

- 1.BATMAN: Amanda Waller is probably playing mind games with her or something, who knows. Point is she's out and she needs to be watched... Closely.
2. HUNTRESS: Great, so you pulled me away from making the streets safer to baby sit.
3. BATMAN: Don't under estimate Harley, she's even more unhinged than you..
4. HUNTRESS: But not nearly as mean...

PANEL FIVE

1. BATMAN: Look Helena, I don't have time to duel you in a battle of words... I still feel your a bit too unstable for this line of work...
2. HUNTRESS: Well Bruce thanks for the vote of confidence. I'm flattered, truly but I think you can find someone else in the Bat family to keep an eye on Harley.

PANEL SIX

Huntress leaping off into the night leaving Batman alone on the roof.

- 1.HUNTRESS: Seriously Bruce, don't call me, I'll call you!

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

Establishing shot of the run down Motel Harley is staying at. This should be the smallest panel on the page, theoretically.

PANEL TWO

Actually, more like a montage of Harley on the bed painting her nails, doing girl stuff. There's needs to be a TV in the room. "Somehow" We need communicate the idea of popping a dislocated shoulder back into place. I was thinking of lethal weapon 2. The scene where Riggs is in the straight jacket and he pops his dislocated shoulder back into place using the wall. But putting that on the TV screen through out the montage.

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

All the sudden! The door breaks open two guys/robbers enter the room pointing guns. One of these robbers is clearly the slum lord from the last issue in a crappy disguise.

1. Robber 1: Hands up give us all your cash!

PANEL TWO

Harley turns around rather irritated.

1. HARLEY: what da'faq man, I gotta pay for that shit!

PANEL THREE

Shot of the hallway.

PANEL FOUR

Same Shot of the Hallway except this time one of the Robbers comes flying out of the room backwards.

PANEL FIVE

Now the building manager slum lord comes out face first and ass up. Like a cartoon where someone just kicked him really hard in the butt.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Both guys are on the floor and Harley comes storming out of the room carrying a baseball bat.

1. HARLEY: See told ya you couldn't handle a woman like me!
2. Slum Lord: Oh my gawd, I think you shattered my jewels

PANEL TWO

Harley reaches down inside the first robbers jacket, pulling out his wallet.

1. HARLEY: For the record, I'm not mugging you...

PANEL THREE

Harley is fishing money out of the wallet.

1. HARLEY: just getting the money for the door...
2. Robber 1: Sure, no problem, just don't hit me no more..

PANEL FOUR

Harley turns to the building manager and throws the money at him.

1. HARLEY: Ya know, the one you two shmucks just broke.
2. Slum Lord: ouch.. yeah, sure that sounds resonable...

PANEL FIVE

She walks back to her room.

1. HARLEY: I bet Wonder Woman doesn't have to put up with this kinda crap from her land lord.

PANEL SIX

She slams the door closes.. sorta, since it's all messed up and off the hinges it doesn't close very well. The guys are still in the hallway moaning and bellyaching.

1. HARLEY: pff.. who'm I kidding Wonder Woman probably has a fancy magic castle in da clouds...
2. Slum Lord: Oh dear gawd, I gotta get to a hospital..

3. Caption: To Be Continued