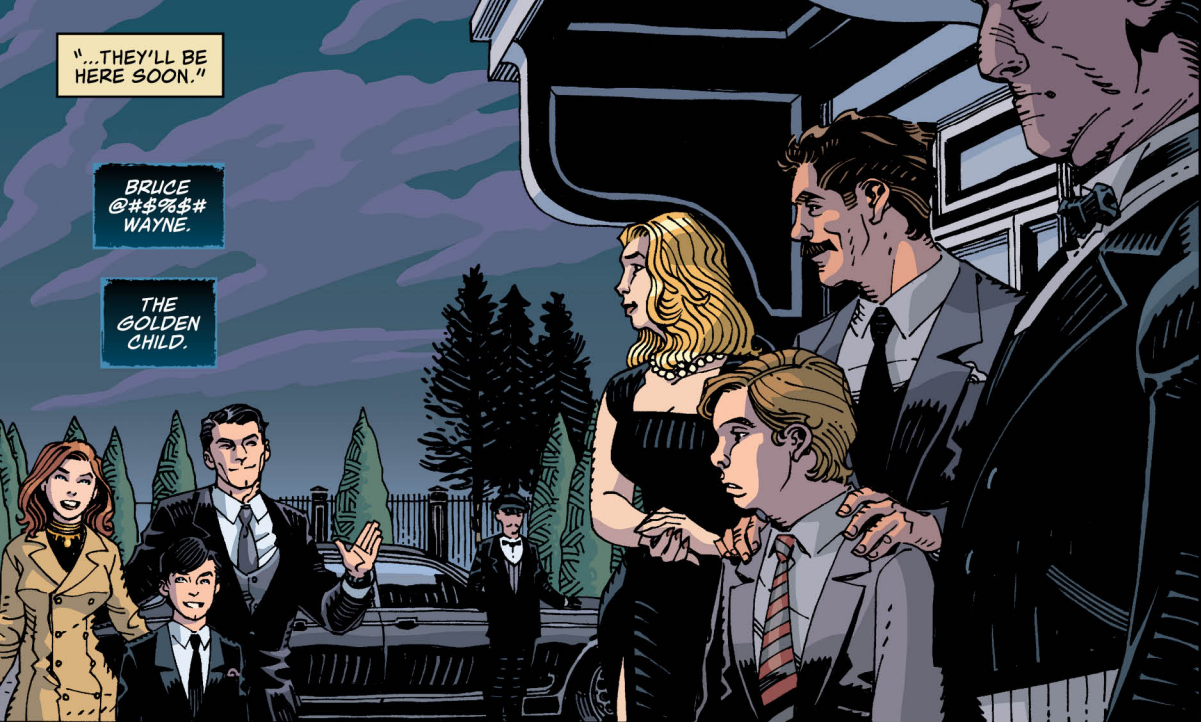


"...THEY'LL BE
HERE SOON."

BRUCE
@#%&*#
WAYNE.

THE
GOLDEN
CHILD.



THAT FACE. THE HAIR. THE MANNERS.

THANK YOU
FOR HAVING US,
MR. AND MRS.
SIONIS.

ROMAN.
WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE BRUCE TO
YOUR ROOM
TO PLAY?



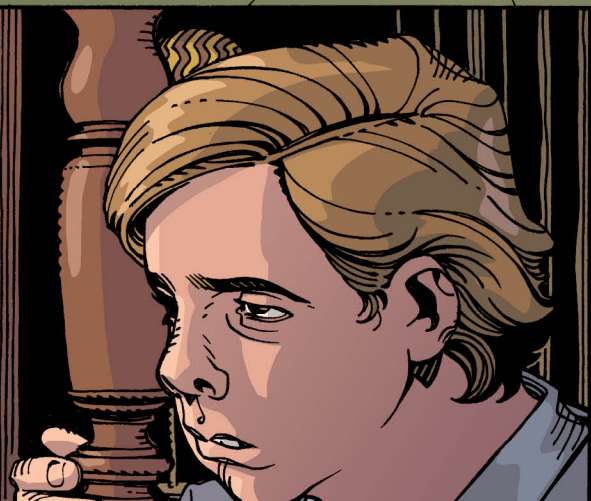
WOW. YOU
SURE HAVE A LOT
OF MASKS.

DO
YOU LIKE
MASKS?



I'VE NEVER
REALLY THOUGHT
ABOUT IT.

THAT
PERFECT
DAMN
SMILE.

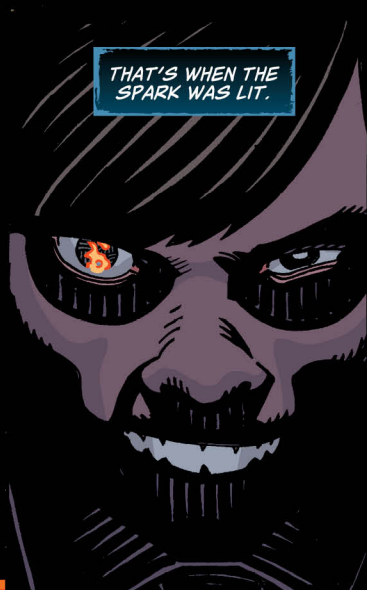




OF COURSE, THAT
SMILE VANISHED
WHEN HIS PARENTS
WERE MURDERED.



AND I THINK THAT'S
WHAT GAVE ME THE IDEA.



THAT'S WHEN THE
SPARK WAS LIT.



IT WOULD BE YEARS LATER,
BUT THAT WAS THE MOMENT
I DECIDED TO BURN MY
PARENTS WHILE THEY SLEPT.



THEY HAD TO BURN, YOU
UNDERSTAND. THEY HAD
TO BE DISFIGURED.
CLOSED CASKET.


"WHY ARE
YOU TELLING
ME THIS?"



I LIKE TALKING.



AND YOU'RE THE ONLY HOSTAGE STILL ALIVE TO TALK TO, GARY.



I MEAN, THE REST ARE VERY GOOD LISTENERS, BUT THEY DON'T OFFER MUCH BACK.



DIALOGUE REQUIRES BACK-AND-FORTH. YOU KNOW?



UH...I KNOW.



THERE IT IS.



BUT, IF I'M BORING YOU, WE CAN STOP THE CONVERSATION NOW.



NO!



OH, GOOD. BECAUSE I ACTUALLY WOULDN'T MIND BRAINSTORMING A BIT.



I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAVE ANY BRIGHT IDEAS TO GET OUT OF THIS SITUATION, DO YOU?

