

T H E G U A R D I A N K N I G H T

By: Nathan Peck & Michael Dennon

A WHITE BRICK WALL. Something BLACK TRICKLES into frame.
OOZING. Blood, or is it ink? The dark substance comes
together, briefly forming the BAT SYMBOL. The substance oozes
back into its shapeless form.

CUT TO:

A WANTED POSTER. BATMAN'S face stares menacingly out at us.
Pulling back, we see the words: "ARMED AND DANGEROUS -- CONTACT
POLICE ON SIGHT".

The poster is plastered on a brick wall. The camera then pulls
to the LEFT, revealing a LINE OF BLACK CARS, HEADLIGHTS BLAZING
in the dark night.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The cars, each holding MOB BOSSES, drive up to the warehouse
and park in a random formation.

PASSENGER DOORS open, and many different mob bosses step out,
looking distinguished in fancy suits.

These bosses are MALONE, CHURCHILL, VINCENT and TUDESKI. They
all acknowledge each other.

MALONE
Churchill, Tudeski.

He shakes hands with Churchill.

CHURCHILL
Malone, Vincent.
(Looks at warehouse.)
So...any idea why we're here?

MALONE
I got no idea. Just got this phone
call saying I should come here

tonight. Guy on the line sounded like he had a few bolts loose in here.
(Puts forefinger to his head.)

VINCENT

So we don't know why we're here in the first place? This could be a trap set by the cops and we're walkin' right into their hands. Blind.

TUDESKI

Not necessarily.

Tudeski slips one side of his jacket back to reveal a SUBMACHINE GUN strapped over his shoulder. Tudeski gently puts his hand around the grip.

The rest take out hidden guns as well.

CHURCHILL

I say we go in, guns blazin' and cut down anyone in there. People seem to have forgotten about the power of the mob recently...let's give 'em a reminder.

Each boss motions at their driver to wait in the car, and they all cross in front of the headlights and gang up at the main door.

Malone KICKS IN THE DOOR.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bosses comb through the first hallway, weapons leveled and at the ready.

They come to a GLASS WALL separating the hallway from a main conference-like area. Some of the window panes on the wall are either CRACKED, BROKEN or MISSING. The walls themselves are covered in grime.

Malone, Churchill and Tudeski DART around the wall, guns aimed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

The bosses come into the main area ready to shoot.

The room is dimly lit on the outskirts, but the center is flooded with light by a solitary lamp hanging from the ceiling. FIVE CHAIRS sit around the table and situated in the middle of the table itself is a small GREEN fold-over card.

The bosses cautiously gather around the table, each eyeing the green card suspiciously.

On the card, written in RED, are the words: "READ ME."

Churchill glances quickly around the room, his eyes attempting to penetrate the darkness in order to find a lurking figure, but he finds none.

Malone picks up the card, places his gun down on the table, and opens the card to read it.

We don't see the text, instead Malone reads aloud.

MALONE

"I kill millions every year, My sound
instilling fear. I'm not someone
that can be caught, But my loyalty can
easily be bought. Beware of a loud
boom, Because it'll be the sound of
your doom."

Vincent looks over Malone's shoulder, puzzled.

VINCENT

The hell is it?

MALONE

A riddle. What kinda freak leaves a
riddle in an empty warehouse?

Churchill steps closer.

CHURCHILL

What's the answer?

Tudeski GRABS the card from Malone's hand, quickly peruses the text.

TUDESKI (THINKING)

Sound...fear...boom.....Wait.

CHURCHILL

What? What is it?

TUDESKI

I think I know the answer.

(Beat.)

It's a bomb.

KA-BOOM!!

The room EXPLODES with a loud noise and BRIGHT LIGHT.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The BLAST is powerful enough that it causes the entire building to ERUPT IN FLAMES.

One of the drivers gets out of his car, shocked.

DRIVER

Holy...

The warehouse is now a GIANT BALL OF FLAME.

The camera PANS UP, taking in the devastation...

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

An SUV pulls up to the CURB next to the WAYNE CENTRAL HOTEL. FOUR thugs get out from the SUV and walk over suspiciously to the trunk. One of them POPS the TRUNK, which reveals a child in the back seat in a BODY BAG moving ANXIOUSLY and STRUGGLING. A thug HEAVES him over his shoulder. The thugs walk towards the Hotel doors.

INT. WAYNE CENTRAL HOTEL - NIGHT

The thugs walk anxiously down the hallway until they stop at Door Number 121. The lead thug KNOCKS three HARD strikes and then one SMALL TAP. The door opens. INSIDE the room is half a dozen men, all sitting around a large dining space. They are all centered around one LARGE MAN, this man's name is TONY ROMANO. Easily distinguished by his large size and love for cigars. The group of men look at the men at the door. Tony RISES from the table.

ROMANO

Ahh yes, the gold mine.

(Blows from cigar)
What took you so long?

THUG 1
Ran into a bit of trouble
transporting him.

ROMANO
You know I don't like incompetence.

THUG 1
Yes, sir. It was a mistake but we made
it with the product safe and sound.

ROMANO
And that's all that counts, right
boys?
(Turns to the thugs at the table, who
all start laughing.)
Take the boy and lock him in the safe
room down the hall. I want you guys
to guard him.

The thugs shake their heads and walk back out the door. Romano
sits back down at the table. He puffs from his cigar.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The guys continue down the hallway until they find the lock up.
A LARGE metal door easily sticks out from the hallway. The men
open the door and toss the boy in there. The door snaps and locks
as it closes on the boy.

THUG 1
What's the boss's problem?

THUG 2
He's been testy lately. Don't screw
it up.

THUG 1
God damn, it wasn't even my fault.

THUG 2
Whatever. Know next time you screw
up, its our heads on a platter.

INT. ROOM 121 - CONTINUOUS

Back in the room we see the thugs around the table. Another quick knock rattles the door. The nearest thug walks up and opens the door. A man with a GCPD vest on walks in the room frantically. His name is Roy.

ROY
They're coming!

ROMANO
Who's coming?

ROY
The police, SWAT...anybody that can hold a weapon is coming for that damn kid we took.

ROMANO
Hahaha, we didn't just take a damn kid. If I wanted a damn kid, I'd go down to the swimming pool and take me one, Roy. This kid is easily worth double digit millions, my friend. Give it time, the Police will only know if we are here if we get anxious.

ROY
I don't know, I don't know. I got a report that Gordon was furious that no leads on the case were coming up. He said that he wanted cops to start raiding all the buildings til they find the kid. We only have 12 hours before the family meets the deadline. (Roy brushes his hands through his hair.)

ROMANO
Look, listen and listen good. If the family doesn't pay up the 15 million we have asked from them, we go and sell him to the Russians. They use him for their pity games and we get commission. It works out in our favor either way.

Romano stands from the table and walks over to Roy. He PATS him gently on the back and walks with him over to the side. He puffs from his cigar and holds it in his hand.

ROMANO (CONT'D)

And Roy, if you ever and I mean ever,
come in here with your loud,
obnoxious, low morale screams, I'll
make sure that you will fall out the
tallest building in Gotham. And I
guarantee it'll look like an
accident.

(Sticks Cigar back in his mouth)

Romano walks back over to the table and sits back down again. Roy shivers in fear...almost. Then out of nowhere the lights begin to FLICKER. Then they completely shut OFF. The lights out in the HALLWAYS shut off as well.

THUG IN ROOM 1

What the hell is that?

ROMANO

Nothing, numbskull, get back to work.
The lights will comeback on.

Out in the hallway the thugs are looking around. A swift light FLASHES around them as PUNCHES and KICKS are thrown.

Gun rounds are shot and then the lights turn ON. BATMAN stands around the four knocked out men. Showing no signs of injuries, Batman pulls a small hot tip object from his utility belt and uses it to burn out the lock to the safe. The lock BURNS OFF easily. Batman pulls open the door to reveal the little boy standing up. The boy looks at The Batman eagerly. The boy is probably 7 or 8. His eyes sparkle behind his thick glasses. His name is Timothy.

TIMOTHY

You are Ba...Ba...Batman?

BATMAN

Yes. I'm here to take you home.

TIMOTHY

Okay.

Batman reaches his hand out to grab Timothy.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

LOOK OUT!

A sudden blur of movement sends Batman into the next room at the end of the hallway.

Batman beats the opponent down and then is faced by another set of thugs. With his quick agile movement he is able to defeat all of them. Batman moves out of the room and grabs Timothy. We see him go to the room of the thugs.

INT. ROOM 121 - SAME TIME

Batman scans the room for the remainder of the men. Then Romano steps out, pointing a GUN and using Roy as his hostage. Batman staggers and then puts down Timothy.

ROMANO

That's the weakness of you, Batman!
Your will to save those and risk
anything for them will be your un-
doing. You can't save both of them.
You're limited.

Batman doesn't hesitate and LEAPS out with his sheer QUICKNESS. He knocks down both Roy and Romano. The gun SLIDES all the way to the back of the room. Two quick punches knocks out Romano. Then a click of the safety behind Batman's head triggers him alert. He quickly SPINS out and knocks the gun out of Roy's hand. Roy backs into the wall.

ROY

Go ahead, kill me. Show your true
weakness.

BATMAN

I've faced worse than you, Roy.

ROY

I'm sure you have and you will when
you meet my boss. That Joker fellow
you faced is just the beginning.
There are worse and they all want your
head on a plate.

Batman GRABS Roy and RAISES him up against the wall.

BATMAN

Tell your boss this city belongs to
me.

He drops Roy. Roy slides to the ground, his head bobbing against
the wall.

ROY
You mind as well kill me. I won't live
to tell your threat to him.

Batman grabs Timothy and pulls out his rappel gun, ignoring Roy.
He shoots the gun into the night and jumps out.

ROY (CONT'D)
You're not going to let me die, you
can't let me die. My boss is going to
kill you. This city won't be yours for
much longer.

EXT. STREETS - SAME TIME

Police cars and vans pull up the hotel. They look up as they
see Batman glide through the air. One of the Officers BARKS out
requests and then we see Police cars chase him off.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

Batman lands to the ground and lightly puts down Timothy. Batman
starts to walk away.

TIMOTHY
Thank you, Batman.

Batman turns around to slightly SMILE at the boy. He then shoots
his rappel off and rides off into the sky. Right when TWO POLICE
cars then stop in the alley.

EXT. ROOF-TOP - NIGHT

PANNING UP...fading into a solid structure...a building...lit
by BURSTS of lightning...to reveal a GARGOYLE kneeling on top.

NEWS REPORTER #1 (V.O.)
*A lack of evidence has still left the
Gotham City Major Crimes Unit digging
for answers to the secret identity of
the one known as The Batman.*

EXT. ALLEY BELOW - CONTINUOUS

A KID walks out of his house with a BATMAN costume in his hands. He walks over to the TRASH CAN and LAYS the costume in the can. He pauses and then puts the lid back on. He turns and walks away.

EXT. ROOF-TOP - CONTINUOUS

Batman watches the kid walk back inside and FROWNS. His EYES become very dark. His CAPE is caught in the wind and spins around him.

NEWS REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

What do you think of this news, Karen?

KAREN (V.O.)

I think a man who runs around in a Halloween costume needs to come to terms with himself. We don't need saving anymore, Batman, and last time I checked you're a wanted man. Why are you still helping us?

Batman RISES from his GARGOYLE and LOOKS down.

NEWS REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

I think you're right, Karen, I mean no one wants him around...why is he still flocking the night protecting Gotham? I mean it's not like parents are going to let their kids look up to this man and it's not like the government is paying for his services.

Batman CLUTCHES his fist and looks up. LIGHTNING strikes from miles away.

KAREN (V.O.)

I think The Batman is doing this for reasons that we don't know of. It could simply be a personal vendetta...

Batman JUMPS off the gargoyle and DEPLOYS his CAPE as he GLIDES through the alley. As he glides off we get to see the kid's Batman costume as it is getting rained on.

KAREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All I know is a world where you don't feel accepted and no one looks up to you must kill inside of The Batman. One day he is going to realize he isn't needed and hopefully that is the day we get to see no more of him.

INT. GOTHAM POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS: *The REPORTER and KAREN.*

NEWS REPORTER

Of course, in the meantime, Gotham Police will vigorously continue their search for The Batman in an attempt to bring him to justice.

KAREN

And I think I speak for all the citizens of Gotham when I say that we await that day pretty eagerly.

JIM GORDON watches the news broadcast on a television in his office. Gordon appears FATIGUED and DREARY. He's UNSHAVEN and DISHEVELED, all the stress of hunting Batman clearly showing.

He stares at the screen in mute frustration. His head is encased in his hands.

Gordon, fed up with the broadcast, SNATCHES up the remote and CLICKS off the television.

On his cluttered desk are STACKS of FILES, a BOTTLE of WHISKEY and a FAMILY PHOTO.

Gordon opens the bottle, takes a swig and gingerly grabs his family photo. Gordon gently strokes his fingers down the photo, which is the classic snapshot of happiness. In Gordon's eyes is a SADNESS, a SENSE OF LONGING that's unmistakable.

There's a KNOCK at the door. It opens, and RAMIREZ comes in.

Gordon hastily OPENS a desk drawer and STUFFS the liquor and the picture into it.

RAMIREZ

You watchin' the news, Commissioner?

GORDON

Why should I? It's the same thing every night. How the police are incompetent because we haven't caught The Batman yet.

RAMIREZ (NODDING)

Yeah, I'm sick of it, too. Mainly because I don't buy that he's a killer. It just doesn't fit.

Gordon eyes her curiously.

GORDON

Well, it doesn't matter what we may believe. The people think he's a murderer, so we have to keep hunting him. Because once you stop chasing the light, the darkness catches up with you.

Ramirez absorbs Gordon's words.

Suddenly, a POLICE OFFICER RUSHES into the room.

OFFICER

Commissioner, there's an old lady on Line 2. She says it's urgent.

Gordon leans forward and switches the speaker on his phone to Line 2.

GORDON

This is Commissioner James Gordon, what's the problem?

The voice on the other end of the line sounds PANICKED, URGENT.

OLD LADY (V.O.)

I saw two men going into this building across the street...they had guns...and something big...

The camera PANS UP to

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Batman sits CROUCHED on the edge of the roof, blending in perfectly with the shadows. His fingers are PRESSED against one of the ears of his COWL, listening in on the call.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Intercut between the office and rooftop as necessary.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
...there was a gunshot...and only one
came back out. I think one murdered
the other!

It's like the voice has reawakened Gordon's regular self. He's now ALERT.

GORDON
Listen, Miss, I need you to give me
your location.

By now, Gordon is up, slipping into his coat.

OLD LADY (V.O.)
Right across from the abandoned
apartment complex on Avenue X.
Please hurry!

Gordon hangs up.

GORDON
Get a SWAT team to that complex, tell
them to raid the building. Find
whatever it was that those people
left in there.

Gordon and Ramirez DASH OUT.

Batman stands up, WHIPS out his RAPPEL GUN, SHOOTS IT and GLIDES AWAY.

EXT. AVENUE X - NIGHT

The P.O.V. is from behind the front window of a cop car, LIGHTS BLARING and SIRENS ROARING, as it pulls up in front of a darkened building. It comes to a stop.

Gordon gets out, sees a SWAT van unloading UNIFORMED SWAT OFFICERS, weapons cradled in their hands.

An officer hands Gordon a radio. He presses the Transmit button, speaks into it.

GORDON (INTO RADIO)
Mendez, is your sniper team in position?

MENDEZ
Affirmative. We have eyes on all access points, sir.

On two adjacent rooftops, SNIPERS have their RIFLES aimed at the apartment complex.

GORDON (INTO RADIO)
Okay, don't fire without my go signal. Standby.

The SWAT team leader approaches Gordon.

SWAT LEADER
What's the plan, Commissioner?

Gordon observes the building.

GORDON
Do we have the schematics for the building?

SWAT LEADER
Yes, sir. The building has only four access points. Two on the bottom, one being an emergency exit. One on the roof and a fire escape on the back side of the building. Its six stories. Since the building is vacant we expect zero casualties, sir.

GORDON (PAUSE)
Alright then, I want a systematic stack up on the front entrance. Send the rest of Delta team onto the rooftops. Avoid any confrontation unless necessary.

SWAT LEADER

Yes sir.

The SWAT leader does a few HAND GESTURES and then SWAT teams move to their designed spots. Gordon focuses on the front door and almost makes an UNKNOWNING face.

GORDON

All teams, you are go for go.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The DOOR to the building is KNOCKED down with a swift KICK by the SWAT leader. The P.O.V. Follows the front entrance team as it clears the first floor.

SWAT #1

All clear, right!

SWAT #2

All clear, left!

SWAT LEADER

Let's advance!

The P.O.V. then switches to the top squad who stop on the first floor they enter. The story lacks any DESIGN, the walls lack color and the floors are CONCRETE. Most of the floor is DARKENED by the late night. The only light comes from the SWAT LIGHT BEAMS outside. The P.O.V. then shows that the light coming from outside reveals a wall with blood dripping down it.

SWAT LEADER #2 (INTO RADIO)

All teams, this is Delta squad. We are on the 6th floor, it looks to be a setup of some sort.

EXT. AVENUE X - CONTINUOUS

Gordon reaches for the radio and puts it to his mouth.

GORDON (INTO RADIO)

What do you mean its a setup?

SWAT LEADER #2 (V.O.)

There is no bomb sir, but I think we found what we were supposed to find.

GORDON (INTO RADIO)
Goddamnit, what the hell is it?

SWAT LEADER #2 (V.O.)
It appears to be some kind of blood
dripped on a wall.

GORDON (INTO RADIO)
Team Lead 2, can you confirm this?

SWAT LEADER
Roger that sir. It appears to be some
kind of...riddle.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Now both teams are on the 6th floor LOOKING at the RIDDLE. The P.O.V. changes to the Riddle. It reads in dripping BLOOD...

Darkness is where I live...With only despair to give...Whereas others require brightness to fight, To me darkness is as clear as daylight.

The P.O.V. changes to a lone wall, full of complete DARKNESS. In the SHADOW we suddenly see a FIGURE stand, the FIGURE has the look of a BAT. Batman stands in the shadow, waiting. His eyes FOCUS on the RIDDLE.

SWAT LEADER
Is it some kind of animal or
something?

SWAT LEADER #2
It's possible. (starts to read excerpts
from the riddle)

SWAT LEADER #2 (CONT'D)
Sir, we can't figure out this riddle.

GORDON (OVER RADIO)
It's possible some damn kids could be
playing tricks on us.

SWAT LEADER #2
Listen to this...Darkness is where I
live...With only despair to
give...whereas others requir-, hey
this sounds like a....

BATMAN
IT'S A TRAP!!

Two SWAT officers WHIP around, aiming their guns at Batman. The flashlights ILLUMINATE him.

SWAT LEADER #2
BATM--

KABOOM

Batman tries to SHIELD himself from the EXPLOSION and is THROWN out of the nearby WINDOW. The P.O.V. looks over as we see him FALL HELPLESSLY into an ALLEY TRASH BIN, six stories below.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Batman lays in a TRASH BIN. He pulls himself out of the trash bin and falls AWKWARDLY on the ground. His suit is SEVERLY damaged. His CAPE is SHREDDED. His armor is almost all TORN and in some parts, his skin is showing. A LARGE piece of SHRAPNEL is stuck in his shoulder blade section causing severe bleeding. He is able to stand but falls against the wall. He reaches for his COMMUNICATOR.

BATMAN (WEAK; INTO COMMUNICATOR)
Alfred, I'm hurt in an...alley.
Alfred...

The BLOOD continues to fall from his wounds and the pain causes him to PASS OUT.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

A sleek BLACK CAR pulls up, Alfred gets out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

P.O.V. is inside the car, back seat, our vision BLURRY.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BAT-BUNKER - DAY

HOLD ON WAYNE'S FACE as his eyes slowly open. His eyes take in his surroundings wearily.

Alfred brings a tray over. Wayne is laying on a makeshift cot. His head has some SEVERE bruises and scars on it.

Slowly, painfully, he sits up.

WAYNE

Alfred...how long was I out?

ALFRED

Four days, Master Wayne.

Alfred places the tray on a nearby table. The tray has a PITCHER of WATER and a GLASS. Alfred pours Wayne a drink.

Alfred hands Wayne the water, Wayne takes it and drinks it all in one LARGE GULP.

WAYNE

It happened again?

ALFRED

You falling out of a window is surely news to me, Master Wayne.

WAYNE

Someone tricked the MCU into that building and it was wired with explosives. Maybe the same person who killed those four mob bosses in that other blast.

On the bank of monitors near the far side of the bunker is news footage which shows the destruction of the warehouse.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Did anyone else make it?

ALFRED

Not that I've heard, sir.

WAYNE

Before I was thrown out of the window, there was a riddle written on the wall. The answer was bat.

ALFRED

It seems someone is targeting not only the Gotham Police, but you as well, Master Wayne.

Wayne stands from the cot and STUMBLES forward.

WAYNE

I don't know what to do, Alfred.

ALFRED

I would suggest stop the late-night boozing, sir.

(Off Wayne's look.)

Although you don't seem to be in the mood for those comments.

WAYNE

Normally, I'd keep an eye on criminal activity and look for any connections.

(Beat.)

But I just don't know anymore.

Alfred looks at Wayne curiously.

ALFRED

What do you mean, sir?

WAYNE

How can I protect a city that refuses to accept help?

ALFRED

Gotham is finally strong enough to stand on their feet. The bad thing is they don't know how to walk yet. They will eventually take their first steps and tumble. Even if you don't believe it and even if the citizens of Gotham don't, you make the difference.

WAYNE

I'm a wanted man, Alfred.

On one of the monitors is another piece of news coverage on Batman.

ALFRED

A wanted man that they know, Master Bruce. It's human nature to be undeserving of what you have and to feel sad when you realized what you've lost.

WAYNE

Regardless of what I'm going to become or what I am for Gotham, I can't do it anymore. You stop one, two of them appear, you stop three, six of them appear. I'm one man and Gotham realizes this now.

Wayne pushes a button on the CONTROL PANEL. The BAT-CABINET RISES FROM THE FLOOR.

ALFRED

Gotham realizes it momentarily. In order for Gotham to accept you back into society, they will have to fear something equally, or possibly worse, than what they perceive from you.

WAYNE

Then what do I do, Alfred? What does Batman do?
(Beat, looks at the damaged suit.)
How does he repair what's been broken?

ALFRED

An intelligent man often said,
"Patience is a virtue".

Wayne turns around.

WAYNE

That man wasn't as intelligent as you thought, Alfred.

ALFRED (SOLEMN)

That man, Master Wayne, was your father.

Wayne frowns.

WAYNE

I hope for the sake of Gotham that
you're right, Alfred.

EXT. AVENUE X - WRECKAGE - DAY

YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE cordons off the wreckage that was the
apartment complex. Men and women in HAZARD SUITS walk about
the wreckage, searching for any bodies or clues.

Police sirens BLARE in the background and TELEVISION REPORTERS
broadcast live on the outskirts of the crime scene.

In front of the yellow tape, Gordon is conversing with the leader
of the investigation team, BOWMAN.

GORDON

Has your team uncovered anything that
could be considered evidence yet?

BOWMAN

Sorry, Commissioner, we've combed
every square inch, but so far all
we've found are the charred bodies of
your SWAT team. Or what's left of
them.

Just then, one of the investigators searching the wreckage calls
out.

INVESTIGATOR

Hey, we got something here!

EXT. SAME - LATER

Gordon, Ramirez, Bowman and the INVESTIGATOR kneel over a piece
of wreckage that has lettering on it: WAYNE ENTERPRISES.

RAMIREZ

Wayne Enterprises...

INVESTIGATOR

This came from what we believe was the
source of the explosion.

RAMIREZ (TO GORDON)

You think Bruce Wayne is involved in this somehow?

GORDON

Seems to point that way.

(Stares at shrapnel.)

Get in touch with the team we have down at the warehouse. Tell them to check to see if the evidence is the same.

RAMIREZ

We should also try to find Wayne. Where would he be?

INT. BAT-BUNKER - DAY

The Batsuit lies on a table, the extent of its damage clearly visible. The suits COMPONENTS lay spread around the table as well.

Wayne and Alfred stand over the table.

ALFRED

The suit is beyond repair, I'm afraid, Master Bruce.

WAYNE

Fox warned me that the split of the plating would make me more vulnerable to damage.

ALFRED

I believe Mr. Fox was warning you about small weapons fire and knives, not building explosions.

WAYNE

I thought my agility would add to the suits armor and I could avoid these mishaps. Apparently I was wrong.

ALFRED

I took the liberty to call Mr. Fox and explain your current situation to him.

WAYNE

And?

Wayne slightly lifts the right shoulder-blade of the suit, sees that shrapnel has torn completely through it. Alfred takes a sip of the coffee he has by him.

ALFRED

It appears that Fox didn't take much hope in your suit. He started a new prototype suit as soon as you took that one off the rack.

WAYNE

He can't remake the suit?

ALFRED

Your wounds, Master Bruce, aren't in a stable condition for you to run amok around Gotham. Fox says the suit will have a new rehabilitation system built in. It will be slower than that suit.

(Points to damaged suit.)

But it appears that you have another option.

Alfred stares at him in silence.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

What do you plan to do after that, Master Bruce?

WAYNE

I'll try to find whoever is behind this mess and stop him before he can cause another city-wide panic.

Wayne looks up from the table and looks at the television screens. His eyes focus DEEPLY on them. His eyes WANDER, searching for something in those screens. Alfred looks at the screens.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Then...then I will hang up the suit.

Alfred catches his look and STARES into him. Bruce's face is stable, no sign of regret in his statement.

INT. COMPLEX BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

A FIGURE emerges down a long narrow hallway. He is carrying a newspaper in one hand. The hallway is masked in complete DARKNESS except for a tiny swinging lamp that emits little, next no light. He stops at a door marked in blood with a ? MARK. He knocks twice on the door and then walks in.

INT. COMPLEX BUILDING ROOM - SAME TIME

The figure enters the dark room. The room is simple with a chair and a desk. The walls are all white. The chair is turned back from the camera.

FIGURE 1

I brought the paper, boss.

FIGURE BEHIND CHAIR

Put it on my desk and leave.

Figure 1 goes over to the desk and drops the paper down on the desk. He hesitates.

FIGURE 1

You think that frame-up will work?

FIGURE BEHIND CHAIR

I told you to drop the paper on my desk and leave. I won't say it again.

Figure 1 quickly exits the room. The man behind the chair slides the chair over to the camera. The figure is still hidden. We then see the newspaper. It reads in big bold letters, **CHAOS RISES IN GOTHAM**. The figure starts to LAUGH. He stands from the desk and clenches his hand, revealing himself to be Coleman Reese; THE RIDDLER.

RIDDLER

In a world where the mob and police
scramble for power, only a riddler
can have the upper hand.

His laugh continues as we pull out of the room.

INT. ENIGMA INDUSTRIES - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A spacious, brilliantly lit ballroom filled with men and women in suits and dresses. Everyone is facing a PODIUM, where DAVID NEWTON stands, making a speech.

NEWTON

First, I'd like to extend my family's gratitude to the Gotham City Police Department for safely returning our son Timothy to us.

Applause rings out, Newton pauses, waits for it to cease.

Behind him sit Timothy and his mother, Abigail.

NEWTON (CONT'D)

And now onto the real reason for tonight's Ball. As of this week, Enigma Industries has surpassed every one of its competitors to become the leading name in business on the east coast. Including Gotham's very own Wayne Enterprises.

More applause.

Standing at the head of the crowd is FOX, holding a GLASS of CHAMPAGNE and looking neat in a trimmed suit.

NEWTON (CONT'D)

Enigma Industries looks forward to a healthy competition and we are thrilled to join the city of Gotham. Thank you.

As the final round of applause sounds out, Newton turns around to warmly embrace his family.

He then departs from the stage, goes to greet Fox.

FOX

Mr. Newton.

NEWTON

Mr. Fox.

The two shake hands.

NEWTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry my company's CEO couldn't be here tonight.

FOX

Same with Mr. Wayne. He is, of course, quite a busy man --

Just then, the ROAR of an engine fills the air.

Everyone turns toward the see-through glass entrance to the building. Outside, a LAMBORGHINI REVENTION pulls up beside the curb.

The door OPENS, and Wayne steps out with a stunningly beautiful woman. Arm-candy.

Wayne, a limp noticeable, and the model enter the Ballroom. The cool quarterback and the lead cheerleader incarnate. Wayne limps over to Fox and Newton.

FOX (CONT'D)

Well, speak of the devil.

WAYNE

Sorry I'm late, but traffic isn't a friend to me.

NEWTON

Mr. Wayne, it's nice to meet the competition.

Wayne takes some champagne from a tray held by a passing waiter.

WAYNE

Well, here's to what should prove to be an interesting business trade.

They all sip champagne.

Timothy runs over to his father, grabs his leg affectionately.

NEWTON

Oh, well, may I introduce my son Timothy.

(To Timothy.)

Timmy, say hello to the nice gentlemen.

TIMOTHY

Hi.

For a brief moment, Timothy meets Wayne's gaze and it's almost as if Timothy recognizes him for his second identity. Finally, Wayne breaks the stare.

NEWTON

I wish we could talk some more, but
I have other people I'm obliged to
mingle with.

He nods, departs with Timothy into the crowd.

FOX

Nice guy.

WAYNE

He certainly is.

Beat.

FOX

His company won't beat us.

WAYNE

Obviously not.

Fox smiles as Wayne sips more champagne.

INT. - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The POV follows an officer with a trench coat holding a manilla folder as he opens the door that reads, COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON.

This is MARCUS. He has a smug air about him.

Marcus opens the door and extends his hand to give Gordon the folder. Gordon is still rough looking and is still a bit dazed-looking.

GORDON

What's this?

DETECTIVE

It's the information you wanted on
that Wayne wreckage we found.

GORDON

And?

MARCUS

We found a serial number not too far from it. It reads 09442838-A.

GORDON

What does that lead to?

MARCUS

That same explosion we had early in the week that claimed those mob bosses, we got the same serial numbers from that wreckage as well. We traced the serial number with the person who bought them, it comes up with the billionaire Bruce Wayne, sir.

GORDON

Wayne?

MARCUS

Yeah, supposedly he bought 250 55 gallon drums four weeks ago. It looks like he tried to delete his steps but left a few traces behind.

Gordon looks PUZZLED.

GORDON

Wayne?

(In disbelief.)

Wayne is the least person I would expect. The man is a complete imbecile.

MARCUS

I'm not denying that the man is a self-righteous playboy but it says what it says.

GORDON

I guess it would make sense. His parents were killed when he was a boy by some street thug. Maybe he is trying to get back at the world.

MARCUS

That and I noticed something as well. Something that leads me to believe he is the sole person to do this. Wayne's parents employed a cook named Ms. Dawes. Her daughter Rachel Dawes became a long-time childhood friend of Wayne's. She was killed by that maniac Joker eight months back. That'd be another motive, sir.

Gordon frowns, stares at Marcus.

GORDON

That is all, Detective. I'll issue the warrant for Mr. Wayne.

MARCUS

(caught off guard)
Uhhh, yes sir.

Marcus leaves the room without turning back.

Gordon pulls out a BOTTLE of scotch from his drawer and pops off the cap. He takes an overdone swig of the liquor and takes a long hard swallow. He puts his right hand on his head and moves his hair around. He takes a long breath.

GORDON

Bruce Wayne.....is.....Batman!?

EXT. WAYNE CARGO HOLDS - DAY

A CADILLAC SEDAN pulls up next to a large RED CRATE. Fox steps off the SEDAN. He looks around the perimeter of the SHIPPING AREA and then continues to the back of the car where he POPS open the TRUNK. Inside is a BRIEFCASE in which he pulls out with his right hand. He CLOSES the trunk door and carries the heavy briefcase over to the cargo door. He unlocks the door with a KEY from his POCKET. The door OPENS and he walks into a DARK ROOM. The floor then GRAVITATES downward.

INT. BAT-BUNKER

The SHIFT that Fox is on sits still on the floor. Across from Fox we see Wayne and Alfred viewing their monitors. Fox

continues to walk towards the two of them. We then see Bruce turn to see Fox.

FOX

Mr. Wayne, I'll be happy to tell you that on my way here, I passed your face a handful of times.

ALFRED

They just released a press conference held by Gordon stating that Master Bruce here is wanted for the deaths of over twenty people.

FOX

It looks like they are blaming both of the explosions on you, Mr. Wayne. Sadly these events are going to make my job and certainly *your* job a lot harder.

Fox brings the briefcase over to the metal planted table by Alfred and Wayne. Both Wayne and Alfred stand from their position, Wayne STUMBLES a bit but is picked up by Alfred. The two of them stand by Fox, overlooking the briefcase

FOX (CONT'D)

I heard that you've had some suit trouble.

ALFRED

I think falling out of buildings is a bit more than *trouble*, Lucius.

Fox cracks open the case locks. He then opens the case for a horizontal view. The case then slides to each side, showing another HIDDEN COMPARTMENT. The MAIN SUIT LAYS out on the FIRST SLIDE. Then on each side is the GAUNLETS, THE COWL AND THE LOWER HALF OF THE SUIT.

FOX

Due to the extent of your injuries, I had to explore the options for armor that could protect your wounds and also could deflect explosions better.

Lucius pulls out the CHEST PLATE.

FOX (CONT'D)

What I came up with is more titanium plating. For more protection, I added extra plates to your weaker areas but you or the enemy won't be able to tell a difference. I also increased the Kevlar fiber wrapping. The previous suit had seven fiber wraps, this has double that.

WAYNE

How will the weight be?

FOX

A lot, your going to be twenty pounds heavier than your first suit. Which is going to be roughly 100 pounds. However, I did make the suit more to your liking. I created the first ever in use Ablative molding.

WAYNE

Ablative molding?

FOX

Ablative armor was actually in the works for the military but again, it cost too much to put into production. I was able to apply it to the entire suit. Basically any explosion, being a bullet or a simple grenade, it will take the explosion and act on it with another explosion deflecting any damage from you.

WAYNE

How long will it be able to sustain this?

FOX

The molding sadly is just a prototype so I haven't explored the weaknesses. I know that after a while the ablative armor will buckle. I can almost guarantee an explosion will save your life and most, if not all injuries you have.

ALFRED

Sounds just like something Master Bruce needs.

FOX

The funny thing is, I'm not quite done. I've also integrated a bigger utility belt. It can hold triple the previous amount of supplies as before. It comes with three medical kits, a few pain killer caps and enough extras to help along the way.

WAYNE

Batman is a man of fear, I don't think a tank will provoke that.

FOX

As much as you'd like to think you're invincible Mr. Wayne, you're not. The suit will protect your severe injuries. Since I know that you can't take a hint and get rest, I was forced to double the protection on the suit to make sure your wounds heal.

The conversation is INTERRUPTED by a RADIO beeping noise. A STATIC noise ERUPTS.

WAYNE

That's not good.

ALFRED

What is it?

WAYNE

A radio scanner I fixed. It picks up any radio frequencies that are trying to be hidden along the air waves. Only police use them.

A loud SQUEAK barks out of the RADIO.

POLICE 1 (RADIO)

Doctors have cleared the witness for travel. He claims to have information regarding the first bomb. We are prepared to have him shipped out by

2300 hours to the safe house for
interrogation, over.

POLICE 2 (RADIO)
Roger that. We will dispatch a SWAT
unit and a convoy truck to your
position at 2200 hours, over.

POLICE 1 (RADIO)
Roger that, Control. Are you
confirmed on our position?

POLICE 2 (RADIO)
Gotham Central Hospital?

POLICE 1 (RADIO)
Roger that, control. Over and out.

Fox looks up from the radio to face Wayne. Wayne is almost done
pulling out the suit from the briefcase.

ALFRED
Expecting something, sir?

WAYNE
That man has information I need and
if I need that information, then
someone else does, too. I can
guarantee that the convoy will be
attacked by the same people trying to
frame me.

FOX
With all due respect, Mr. Wayne, it
looks like your new suit won't be
clean for long.

WAYNE
I need to talk to someone first,
though. Someone who might be able to
point me in the right direction.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The lights of the Gotham City buildings illuminate the features
of the city on the streets.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sitting at the bar is DIKE, a snitch, who's already very drunk. Dike is skinny, short and is scrawny.

He DOWNS the liquor in a shot glass quickly and drunkenly rises to his feet. He motions toward the bartender.

DIKE
Keep 'em comin', Joe. Gotta take a
piss.

Joe, the bartender, nods.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dike pushes the door to the bathroom open and enters, stumbling a bit.

The bathroom is lighted in a dim light, giving the room a bluish haze.

Dike rubs under his nose, goes to one of the urinals, but notices that the WINDOW is OPEN.

Dike cautiously crosses the room to stand in front of it, looks out. He sees nothing, so he SHUTS it and turns around.

BATMAN is standing behind him, a menacing sight.

Batman SLAMS Dike against the wall, holds him there.

BATMAN
Hello, Dike.

DIKE
Jesus Christ! Wh...what d'you want?

BATMAN
Information. Someone blasted four
of the city's biggest crimelords to
bits and did the same to a SWAT team
four nights ago. I wanna know who.

DIKE (FRIGHTENED)
And what makes you think I know
anything about it?

BATMAN

You're the city's biggest snitch.
You know about every move the mob
makes. Start talking.

DIKE

I swear...I don't know a thing!

Still holding onto Dike, Batman PUNCHES THROUGH the bottom
window, glass SHATTERS, then he does the same with the lower
half of the top portion, leaving a JAGGED and SHARP edge.

DIKE (CONT'D)

Hey...what're you gonna d--

Batman HAULS Dike to the window and sticks Dike's head
UNDERNEATH the broken window.

BATMAN

WHO SET THE EXPLOSIVES?

DIKE

Alright! Okay! I'll tell you!
Just pull me back in!

Batman obliges, but does so roughly. He THROWS Dike onto the
floor and slumps him against the wall.

BATMAN

Talk.

DIKE

Okay. Cause of that Joker guy a
while back, the mob figured out that
you and the police were using marked
bills to track their money. After
Lau died, they needed to find a way
to get back in the game.

BATMAN

And?

DIKE

Eventually, this guy comes to them,
says he can give them new money, some
that'd be impossible for the cops to
trace. He required payment for his
services, so they started payin' him

regularly. What they didn't know was that they was gettin' duped.

BATMAN

How?

DIKE

While the mob was givin' this guy real money, the stuff he was givin' them was fake, counterfeit. This guy ripped off the mob and did it right under their noses.

BATMAN

So, this man takes all the mob's money, then starts killing everyone who knows about the deal.

DIKE

Yeah. He has to cover his tracks.

BATMAN

What's his name?

DIKE

The creepshow calls himself The Riddler or something. Guy seems like a lunatic.

With a grunt, Batman turns away to leave, but Dike yells out.

DIKE (CONT'D)

You think you're gonna stop him? You're a wanted man! Most likely, the police will catch you before they do him!

Batman turns back toward Dike, towers over him.

DIKE (CONT'D)

You're just like the people you hunt now.

BATMAN

You and your kind have turned Gotham into hell. Now rot in it.

Batman PUNCHES him in the mouth, then LEAPS out the window.

Dike spits out blood, then stands up to watch Batman glide away...but he's already gone.

Dike sinks back down to the floor.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Batman DISMOUNTS the Bat-Cycle and pulls out his grappling gun. He AIMS it at the roof, FIRES and SOARS up.

EXT. RANDOM TALL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Batman comes to a stop on top of a rather tall building. He tries to catch his breath after all of the running. He looks dauntingly over the city. His head starts to move quickly, his eyes quickly overlook the roofs across from him. Something isn't right.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

The POV sits still on a staircase. Then we see a shadow of a figure. The figure then walks up to the staircase. He wears a dark brown trench coat and a Ninja like mask to cover his face. This is DEADSHOT. He is carrying a briefcase in his right hand.

He finally reaches the top of the warehouse where a rather large window is already cracked open. Behind the window by about 5 feet is a large maroon chair. To the right of the chair is a simple 4 legged table.

Deadshot sits the briefcase on the table and opens it to reveal a SNIPER RIFLE. He quickly puts the pieces together like a puzzle. In the briefcase, he has one round. He puts the round into the chamber and sits down.

Deadshot tugs on the rifle and fits it under his arm. He puts his eyes behind the power scope and then adjusts it. We see him click a few adjustment switches on the scope.

Through the scope we see what he sees: Batman looking over the night. Batman is hidden in the darkness but to Deadshot he can easily see him.

We then pull back to see his FINGER grip the TRIGGER. The rifle breaks the silence around him and erupts a earthquake of noise.

EXT. RANDOM TALL ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Batman still sits on the rooftops trying to relate to his senses. A crack in the wind makes him turn his head as his body is IMPACTED with a rifle round. The impact of the bullet dissolves in the suit but it throws Batman awkwardly off the building.

Batman falls slowly to the ground. His body blocks his cape from grabbing any of the air. He quickly reaches for his rappel and fires it up trying to catch anything. It finds a tight niche around a rusty pipe. Slowing his descent till he reaches the ground.

We take a brief glimpse of his suit which only has a micro-fracture dent on the chest plating. Batman looks up to the roofs and does a slight growl.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Deadshot continues to look through his scope. The hit is satisfactory enough to him and he quickly unpacks his rifle and puts it back into his suitcase.

He digs into his pocket to pull out a CELL PHONE. He clicks one button and then he walks down the stairs.

DEADSHOT

Target is hit.

THE RIDDLER (O.S.)

Are you sure?

DEADSHOT

Target took a round to the chest and fell off the roof.

THE RIDDLER (O.S.)

Very good, your payment will be in the negotiated spot in ten minutes.

Deadshot leaves the warehouse and then the screen goes black.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The driver from the opening scene is escorted out the front door of the Gotham Police Station by two uniformed officers.

Outside is a collection of POLICE CARS, lights blaring in the darkness.

A group of officers stand around Gordon and Ramirez as Gordon issues orders.

GORDON

Okay, I want this transport to go as
sm...smoothly as possible.

From his slurred words, we can easily conclude that he's drunk.

GORDON (CONT'D)

The priority is to...
(Hiccups.)
...keep him alive.

Ramirez, sensing Gordon's trouble in being coherent, steps in and takes over.

RAMIREZ

Stay on full alert with weapons at the
ready. You see a shadow move, you
shoot. If a light flickers, you take
it out. Any questions?

None of the officers say a word. Their faces show full confidence.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Good. Mount up.

As the officers DISPERSE, Ramirez takes Gordon by the arm and drags him over to an area outside the perimeter.

GORDON

What're you doing?

RAMIREZ

Listen, Commissioner, I know I'm not
in a position to boss you around, but
you need to lay off the booze.

GORDON

Detective --

RAMIREZ

Don't try to deny it. Look, I know
this whole Batman thing is really

stressing you out, but you need to
find a better way to cope with it.

Gordon looks down at his feet, Ramirez continues.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

You're pushing your family farther
and farther away with each drink.
You're even drunk now.

GORDON

You noticed?

RAMIREZ

I can smell the liquor on your breath.
(Beat.)
Pull yourself together,
Commissioner. You won't only be
doing yourself a favor, but everyone
else as well.

Ramirez leaves him alone, walking back towards the cars.

Gordon is left pondering her words, his eyes filled with
emotion.

Gordon reaches into the pocket of his coat and pulls out a small
bottle of JACK DANIELS, his eyes now contemplative. He stares
at it for a few minutes before finally TOSSING it on the ground,
which causes the bottle to SHATTER.

Gordon walks back over towards the convoy, now more composed.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Batman lays unconscious on the ground.

He STIRS with a growl and sits up. He pulls a BULLET out from
the side of his chest armor, observes it and tosses it away.

Next, he presses two fingers against one of his ears, listening
in on police chatter.

OFFICER (OVER RADIO)

Exiting lower 5th, turning on Kane
Street with witness escort.

Batman JUMPS to his feet, WHIPS his cape behind him and MOUNTS the cycle.

He SPEEDS away.

EXT. KANE STREET - NIGHT

The police escort glides through the night on clear streets.

INT. SUV - SAME TIME

Gordon rides in the back with the driver, while Ramirez rides up front in the passenger seat.

Gordon takes a BULLETPROOF VEST from underneath the seat, hands it to the mob driver.

GORDON
Here, put this on.

The mob driver takes it, slips it over his head.

DRIVER
You expecting trouble?

GORDON
Always.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

MASKED GOONS line the edge of a rooftop, loading RPG'S.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

The Bat-Cycle RACES through the streets...sharply takes a corner.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The officer driving spots the Cycle approaching fast in the side mirror.

He switches on his radio.

OFFICER 1 (INTO RADIO)

Be advised...Batman is on the scene.

As the Bat-Cycle passes the car...

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

A goon FIRES his RPG.

EXT. KANE STREET - SAME TIME

The car behind Gordon's SUV EXPLODES in a BALL OF ORANGE FLAME.

IN GORDON'S CAR:

RAMIREZ

Was that him?

Batman zooms by on the Cycle.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

He has weapons in that thing, right?

Outside, another car a few places up EXPLODES. Batman weaves between the following car and the wreckage. This makes it look like he did it.

Back in the SUV...

GORDON

Divert to Brecker Street! Now!

The cars and SUV turn onto a street to the right.

EXT. KANE/BRECKER STREET - SAME TIME

The convoy turns onto Brecker Street...

EXT. KANE STREET - SAME TIME

Batman SWERVES the Cycle around, circling BURNING WRECKAGE, and follows the convoy onto Brecker Street.

EXT. BRECKER STREET - SAME TIME

The convoy has picked up speed.

Inside the SUV, Ramirez spots Batman's progress.

RAMIREZ

He's still on our ass.
Commissioner, I highly recommend you
give the order to open fire.

Gordon looks conflicted as both Ramirez and the witness stare at him, waiting for his answer. Finally:

GORDON

(Heavily.)
Open fire.

Quick as a flash, Ramirez ducks her head under her seat, and comes back up toting a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN. She pumps it.

Ramirez leans out the window at an angle...

...while The Batman keeps driving at full-force. He sees Ramirez.

BANG! Ramirez fires her first shot. It misses by inches.

Batman SWERVES around to the opposite side of the SUV.

Ramirez slides back into the SUV. A SWAT member in the SUV aims his M16 at The Batman and FIRES at him. The rounds EXPLODE on Batman's chest.

SWAT MEMBER 1

Why won't he just drop?

GORDON

Shoot out the cycle!!

The SWAT member fires the rounds at the Bat Cycle. The first rounds BOUNCE off the tires. The last few POP the front tire. The Cycle starts to plow forward tossing Batman up into the air. He deploys his cape in time and glides to the top of the SUV.

SWAT MEMBER 1

WHERE IS HE?

In front of the convoy stands a figure, at least 6 feet tall. He stands, posing on a cane. His suit is a hunter green and he wears a fedora-like hat. His face is torn between a grin and a sadistic, smoldering look. The Riddler.

SWAT DRIVER (V.O.)
WE HAVE A CIVILIAN IN THE ROAD.

SWAT MEMBER 1
Repeat that?

SWAT DRIVER (V.O.)
We have a civilian in the road, with
a cane and funky suit. He isn't
moving.

GORDON
Tell him to keep with it, drive
through that idiot if we have to.

SWAT MEMBER 1 (INTO RADIO)
You have the go to drive through that
civilian.

SWAT DRIVER (V.O.)
Roger that. Oh my god, what the hell
is that?

The Riddler still stands in front of the convoy as it picks up speed. A Rocket Propelled Grenade IGNITES in front of The Riddler, sending the front truck FLYING over The Riddler's head.

The Riddler now has a hair raising SMILE on his face. A few more rockets explode around the convoy. The convoy halts right in front of The Riddler, who starts to do a light skip.

GORDON
Get out there and find out what the
hell is going on. Ramirez, stay with
me.

The SWAT members exit out of the truck and rush out to the fire fight. They SHOOT wildly at the top of the building. We still see Gordon sitting with Ramirez.

RAMIREZ
I'm not just going to sit here and let
those men get killed.

Ramirez takes a step out of the SUV when she is suddenly GRABBED. She screams until it becomes complete silence. Gordon takes off the safety to his weapon and opens the door. A rocket lands only feet from him, sending him FLYING into the SUV unconscious.

The witness struggles in the cuffs he is placed in. He attempts to kick open the door, but fails. Looking outside past the flames he sees a skipping Riddler who is swinging his cane intently.

The Riddler stops at the SUV door and looks into it. He SMASHES the window with his cane and opens the door.

RIDDLER

Hello there, friend.

THE WITNESS

Eh, you...you are that guy!

RIDDLER

My name is The Riddler, I take time to know your name. (ponders) Guy.

THE WITNESS

What do you want with me?

THE RIDDLER

To fill my prophecy, to bring you to a warmer place. A place with bright lights and subtle moans.

(Beat.)

I am talking about your death.

The Riddler raises his cane to strike down on The Witness. He snaps his hand down and is only inches from striking him when his cane is STUCK. He turns around to see Batman holding his rappel gun and slowly lowers it. The Riddler looks surprised. Batman leaps out and grabs him.

Batman raises The Riddler off the ground, his teeth grinding on top of each other. His eyes are a MENACING STARE. The witness watches INTENTLY at the two. The Riddler has a GIGANTIC SMILE on his face, a sense of self accomplishment set there.

RIDDLER

(In Tune)

Good evening to the richest man in the neighborhood!

Batman's face shows TRUE ANGER. Looking deep into his eyes, he remembers. His face trembles, he knows now The Riddler was once was a colleague of his at Wayne Enterprises, its COLEMAN REESE.

BATMAN

REESE!

RIDDLER

I prefer a more subtle, more defined name...call me The Riddler. Kind of catchy, don't you think, Bruce?

Batman raises up The Riddler even higher.

BATMAN

You're behind this!

RIDDLER

I'm here to prove something that menace The Joker failed to. I'm just more...elaborate.

BATMAN

The Joker is in a padded cell!

RIDDLER

That's because his schemes were weak, too weak, even for the mob bosses of Gotham. He lacked ambition, a will to take what was his.

Batman shows CONFUSION in his face.

RIDDLER (CONT'D)

Face it Wayne, I'm here to stay and once your little pathetic thing called a city falls, it will all be mine.

BATMAN

You will never get away with any of this.

RIDDLER

That would be so much more convincing if you actually believed that yourself, Wayne. I've got enough power to run out every mob boss and empower the strongest company in under 2 years, Wayne. What have you been able to do? Put a few thugs away?

BATMAN

Enigma Industries?

RIDDLER

Wow, and you call yourself the dark detective? You're laughable, at best. I powered that company under your nose.

BATMAN

The Newtons?

RIDDLER

Ha! You really think I'd inform that little snob Newton about the company? Hell, he was more a pawn in my chess game, if you will.

BATMAN

The kidnapping?

RIDDLER

Exactly. You see, with a dirty lead like Romano, I had to snip out his connection to me. Not to mention, he was a very cheap way of extorting my counterfeit money to him.

Batman is about to strike The Riddler.

RIDDLER (CONT'D)

Would you like to hear a riddle?

Batman is even closer to hitting The Riddler when The Riddler quickly jumps into it.

RIDDLER (CONT'D)

Once upon a time, there was a very intelligent burglar.

(Pauses.)

The cops finally caught him and locked him away in this metal room. No windows and no locks. All that was in there was a chainsaw and a piece of wood. How does he get out?

Batman isn't in the mood.

RIDDLER (CONT'D)

He cuts the wood in half and put them together to make a hole.

Batman clinches his fist and tries to ram The Riddler when he raises his hand.

RIDDLER (CONT'D)

As much as I'd like you to 'Beat me to a pulp', I just can't have you do that. You touch me and I guarantee you and your friend Jimmy won't live to see the downfall of Gotham. You let me go and I promise you, Jimmy won't go crying home to momma.

The Riddler indicates the still unconscious Gordon.

BATMAN

You're bluffing.

The Riddler raises his cane a bit. Then a thunderbolt of sound STRIKES the silence, spiking a round just inches from Gordon.

RIDDLER

I'm not a bluffer, save your friend and save yourself. Think of it as a favor. The only person listening to the conversation will be gone and you get to save your love. Let's not have another...Rachel fiasco.

Batman is nearly inches from crushing The Riddler's skull when another round BOUNCES near Gordon, this one closer.

RIDDLER (CONT'D)

Now...what will it be?

Batman tosses The Riddler to the side, withdraws his rappel, FIRES it and HAULS Gordon over his shoulder. The two of them escape into a building rooftop.

The Riddler cleans off his suit and adjusts himself. He pulls from his back pocket, A GRENADE. He quickly PULLS THE PIN, and tosses it into the truck with the witness. He dances away, laughing as it EXPLODES.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Batman lays down Gordon gently against a building air conditioner. He turns and walks the other way.

Gordon stands, withdraws a REVOLVER from his ANKLE HOLSTER and points it at Batman.

GORDON

HALT!

Batman stops and turns around to meet Gordon's eyes only 10 or so feet away. Gordon's eyes are still fixated on Batman's.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I can't let you get away!

Batman turns and gets on the rail of the building.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I will shoot!

Batman turns his head to look at Gordon. His eyes show compassion. He can almost feel the mood that Gordon is in, a loss of hope.

BATMAN

If you were going to shoot me Jim, I would have been dead a long time ago.

Gordon thinks and lowers his gun. Batman leaps off the building.

Gordon stares after him in frustration.

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Wayne Enterprises towers above surrounding buildings in the bright sunshine.

INT. BOARDROOM, WAYNE ENTERPRISES - CONTINUOUS

Fox stands at the head of a long table lined with BOARD MEMBERS on each side. Beside Fox is a CHART showing business growth, or in this case...decline.

FOX

Gentlemen, I don't have to remind you that Enigma Industries is outselling us at a ratio of three to one. At

this rate, Wayne Enterprises would have to let go of six percent of its staff if our profits continue to drop so steeply.

A balding man, NICHOLS, leans forward.

NICHOLS

So basically, Lucius, you called a board meeting to tell us what we already knew?

An older man, SIMMONS, speaks up as well.

SIMMONS

And why isn't Bruce Wayne attending this meeting?

FOX

Mr. Wayne is, shall we say, a bit under the weather. And the reason for this meeting is so that we can determine how we can increase sales by observing our annual budgets.

SIMMONS

And what do you hope to find?

FOX

An answer.

INT. SAME - LATER

Fox and the others, each with their coats now hanging from the backs of their chairs, sit poring over various pieces of paper, which have business growth information printed on them.

A select few are consulting laptops.

Simmons narrows his eyes at the screen of his laptop, eyes narrowed.

SIMMONS

Mr. Fox, I may have something. An irregularity with the money used for our budgets.

FOX

What is it?

SIMMONS

Well, the budget money is normally invested, but these records are indicating that a portion of it may have been used for a purchase.

FOX

Can you trace the money?

Simmons punches a few keys.

SIMMONS

Yes. I can trace where the money originated from.

He types some more.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

It came from an offshore account...a private one.

Simmons' eyes widen. He stands up.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Uh, Mr. Fox, can I speak to you for a moment? In private?

Fox stares at Simmons for a few moments, then rises.

Fox and Simmons exit the board room, Simmons carrying his laptop with him.

INT. FOX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fox closes the door behind Simmons as Simmons takes the seat in front of Fox's desk, putting the laptop on the surface of the desk.

FOX

What exactly is going on here, Greg?

SIMMONS

That irregularity I found with the money...the offshore account I traced it to belongs to you.

FOX

What?!

Fox crouches in front of the laptop screen.

FOX (CONT'D)

Impossible. I've never used the budgetary funds for any such thing.

SIMMONS

Then how do you explain the transaction?

FOX

Obviously someone must've stolen my information and used it to buy something.

(Beat.)

What was bought, by the way?

Simmons methodically types away on the keyboard for a few moments.

SIMMONS

There's a file here containing schematics for the purchased item.

FOX

Pull them up.

Simmons types.

On the screen, a window pops up with miniature pictures of folders in it. Simmons double clicks on the one in the upper left-hand corner.

DIGITAL BLUEPRINTS for a complicated-looking device pop open on the screen, each blueprint over the other.

SIMMONS

Looks like some kind of...military-grade device.

FOX

It's an EMP.

Fox's face shows recognition.

Simmons is totally lost.

SIMMONS

What?

FOX

An Electromagnetic Pulse Bomb.
Wayne Enterprises recently signed a
contract to develop various weaponry
for the military. Looks like
someone bought one of our own
products.

SIMMONS

But for what purpose?

FOX

I don't know.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Batman stands on the edge of a rooftop, his cape fluttering to the right beside him. He is looking down solemnly; a sight perfect for a portrait.

Police sirens SOUND in the distance.

From below The Batman comes a high-pitched SCREAM OF TERROR in an alley. Batman's eyes penetrate the night air to see A GANG OF GOONS CIRCLING AROUND A WOMAN.

Batman DEPLOYS his cape and JUMPS from the rooftop, SAILING directly down into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Batman LANDS directly behind one of the goons. He GRABS him, twirls him around and ELBOWS him in the face.

The next goon levels a gun, but Batman KNOCKS it away and swiftly follows the move by SLAMMING down on the goon's arm, grabs it and FLIPS him to the ground. The gun goes SKIDDING into the shadows.

A CHAIN wraps around Batman's arm, but Batman JERKS his arm back and grabs the length of the chain in front of him, causing the goon to be THROWN FORWARD. Batman meets him with a sharp JAB; the goon goes down.

With every goon down, Batman turns toward the cowering woman and gives her a look that silently tells her to get away from there. She does.

Just then, a GUNSHOT rings out in the silence behind Batman. Batman WHIRLS AROUND, and sees

A TEENAGE GIRL LIMPLY FALLING TO THE GROUND FROM THE SHADOWS.

Batman stares in mute disbelief as a thug emerges from the shadows and HOPS THE FENCE in order to escape.

Batman RUSHES over to the limp body, kneels down beside it. In the distance, the police sirens grow louder.

Batman gently cradles the girl's head in his lap, his eyes reflecting deep sadness and anger. He looks up in the sky helplessly, clearly attempting to rein in his emotions.

At the opposite end of the alleyway, POLICE CARS race to a stop. Officers emerge, WEAPONS DRAWN. The first officer runs down the alley toward Batman, his gun aimed directly at the masked hero.

Quickly, Batman whips out his rappel gun and fires it into the sky, where it connects with a rooftop. Batman flies into the sky, cape whipping in the wind.

The police officer arrives over the dead girl, lowers his weapon and kneels down.

OFFICER

Dear God...

INT. BAT-BUNKER - NIGHT

Wayne is in the Bat-Bunker, cowl off, his anger masks his face. His suit is still on his body.

He KICKS over the table holding the plans for the new bat suit.

He turns around and tosses the batarangs off their hooks. They squeak against the floor sliding away from the angered Wayne.

He taps a button that releases the bat suit cage from allow. He throws his FIST through the metal casing and dents it. He throws the replacement suit out.

His face is deeply saddened. TEARS drop from his eyes.

His left hand grabs the right gauntlet and rips it off, tossing it into the fire pit. He does the same with his other hand.

His sorrows push him to the ground as he melts to his knees. His tears continue this time much more than before. He raises his hands to his face to cover his eyes.

Behind him the lift to the Bat Bunker lowers. Still focused on Wayne we see a depressed Alfred walk up. Alfred's face is haggard; stress and sorrow fill his face, much the same as Bruce's.

Alfred stops to stand over Wayne. The mentor in him wants to say more to motivate him but the father in him pushes himself to the floor. He takes Wayne in his arms as Wayne continues to weep. A sign of hopelessness sets into Alfred's eyes.

WAYNE

I tried....I tried to save her,
Alfred.

ALFRED

I know...I know.

WAYNE

I could have done it. I could have
saved her. She was just a kid.

ALFRED

It's alright Bruce, you're not going
to be able to save everyone.

WAYNE

This is my destiny, my allegiance to
Gotham to save those who can't save
themselves. Its my job and.....I
can't do it.

ALFRED

Bruce, you've faced adversity before
and you've stood up to it. You can do
it again.

Wayne shakes his head in disbelief.

WAYNE

I can't anymore. Rachel was the first of many of my faults. I could have saved her and I could have saved that girl in the alley.

ALFRED

If there is anybody in the world that had a chance to save her, it's you, Master Bruce.

WAYNE

(Bitter.)

Your encouragement is no longer needed, Alfred.

Alfred pauses, he knows that he can't do anymore for Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

It's time.

ALFRED

Sir?

WAYNE

It's time for the real protectors of justice to stand in, the cops and the politicians to do their own work.

ALFRED

Master Bruce, you've stepped off this curb before and it was a mistake you regretted.

WAYNE

Only because I had something to lose, not anymore. I'm not risking anything anymore!

ALFRED

Gotham won't grow. Gotham will fall.

WAYNE

No, no they won't. If anything, they will adapt and overcome. I was holding them back from their own nature.

Wayne stands from Alfred and walks over to the burning fire.

ALFRED

What if this madman continues his destruction? You aren't going to allow the blood of the innocent to be on your hands, are you?

WAYNE

I'm the reason The Riddler isn't in jail. I'm the reason these streets aren't safe anymore. The Police has dedicated their entire unit to finding me...imagine if they dedicated the entire thing to a man like The Riddler. Gotham will get better.

ALFRED

I can usually find your logic in any statement you make, but I can't in this one.

WAYNE

Logic wasn't going to save that girl tonight, Alfred.

ALFRED

I'm afraid it didn't, Bruce.

The two stand AWKWARDLY. Wayne turns from the fire and takes off his chest piece. We see Alfred as his face turns grim.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - DAY

A uniformed cop stands in front of a brick wall. He slips his fingers underneath a 'Wanted' poster proclaiming Wayne's guilt. The officer tears it down.

He then speaks into his shoulder radio.

OFFICER

Just got the last of 'em, Detective.

INT. GOTHAM POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MARCUS'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Marcus sits behind his desk, a radio to his mouth.

MARCUS

Fine. Bring them all back here.

INTERCUT as necessary between the officer and Marcus.

OFFICER

I just don't get why the Commissioner ordered the arrest warrant on Wayne to be rescinded.

MARCUS

Me neither, but orders are orders.

OFFICER

But if Wayne is still considered dangerous, shouldn't someone keep looking for him?

The officer gets in his squad car, closes the door behind him.

MARCUS

Yeah. Which is why I'll be continuing the investigation by myself.

OFFICER

You think the Commissioner will like that?

MARCUS

Probably not.

EXT. OUTSIDE GCPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

We see Gordon walk up a tower of steps to the HQ. Along the pillars to the HQ leans Marcus.

He GLARES at Gordon and then walks over towards him. Gordon stops. Gordon still looks rough, but there is a little improvement in his stature. We can tell his is greatly IMPATIENT.

GORDON

What is it? I got criminals to chase after.

MARCUS

Don't be such a prude, Jim. We all know you're just chasing ghosts.

GORDON

Then what in the hell are you chasing,
Marcus?

Marcus grins at Gordon's comeback.

INT. GOTHAM POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Gordon enters the station, followed by Marcus. Marcus is still a few steps behind Gordon. Gordon does some half waves at some of the police men and woman going through the building.

MARCUS

I wanted to know why you rescinded
that warrant for Wayne.

GORDON

I didn't find the lead evidence to be
drawing enough.

MARCUS

What's more drawing than two
different motives? Wayne has the
resources to do it or is it the
playboy attitude that throws you off?

Gordon sneers and continues to walk away, this time is pace is a bit faster. He digs into his pocket for his keys.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You can't continue to ignore the fact
that you have some relationship to
this man, Jim.

GORDON

If you want to keep your job, Marcus,
I recommend you get your neck out of
here.

MARCUS

Gimme the clearance to watch Wayne.
A few stakeouts and I'll come to you
with concrete evidence. (Pauses)
I'd hate to have a monster run amuck.

Gordon stops and turns around to face Marcus, who doesn't stop his pace and time. He stops only inches from Gordon.

Gordon pushes Marcus into the wall, their faces inches apart. All the police men in the station watch, all frightened. Gordon pulls himself off Marcus and adjusts his coat. He walks away.

EXT. OUTSIDE BENNETT'S RESTAURANT- DAY

A Lamborghini Reventon speeds up to the valet parking tent. TWO MEN wearing red Bennett's attire walk up to each side of the door and open it. The driver reveals Bruce Wayne in a nice Armani suit stepping out. He smiles pleasantly at the valet parking attendant. Bruce still has signs of a limp and getting out of the car he struggles near his ribs.

On the passenger side is the beautiful MICHAELA. She is wearing a black dress that highlights the curves of her body. Her hair is brownish blonde. She too smiles at her attendant and waits a moment for Bruce. She takes him under his arm and they walk towards the door.

INT. BENNETT'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

The dining hall is lined with beautiful bright white rectangle tables. Each table has a bright and extravagant chandelier above them. The dining area is full of other rich business people. Some turn their heads to address Wayne, others continue with their meal.

A table sitter takes Wayne and Michaela to their table. Wayne sits Michaela first and then sits down at his seat. He sits down gracious and almost groans at his pain.

MICHAELA

This is a beautiful place.

WAYNE

You've never been here before?

Michaela grins awkwardly here.

MICHAELA

I, unlike you, can't afford a grand of plate food such as the ones offered here.

The two of them catch each other's eyes and laugh.

WAYNE

So tell me a little about yourself,
Michaela.

MICHAELA

What's there to tell? My parents got
divorced early and left me to pick up
the pieces of my life. The usual
Hollywood story.

Wayne smiles and takes a sip of his wine.

WAYNE

I see. It's a tough world, isn't it?

MICHAELA

Yes it is. How about you, what is
behind this four grand Armani suit?

WAYNE

There isn't much to me. My parents
were killed rather early and I've
been mentored by my butler.

Michaela is a bit shocked.

MICHAELA

Oh, I'm sorry I never heard of their
death. When was this?

WAYNE

When I was a boy...too long ago for
anyone to remember.

MICHAELA

Well, I'm sorry. Life's mysteries are
often too painful.

WAYNE

My parents did teach one thing before
they died.

Michaela turns her head intrigued.

MICHAELA

What was that?

WAYNE

They taught me, lying on the cold pavement, that the world only works when you force it to.

Wayne nods his head. His glare becomes deep.

INSERT CUT: In black and white, the girl being killed.

Bruce's eyes show confusion, sorrow and depression.

MICHAELA

Wayne, is everything okay?

WAYNE

Yeah. I was just thinking of a memory, that's all.

MICHAELA

Oh, I hope it was a good one.

(Beat.)

So how does it work at Wayne Enterprises, what do you do there?

WAYNE

I....I decide where my parents fortune is divided into.

MICHAELA

Ahh, do you like it?

Wayne has lost focus. The bright lights in the building sway his eyes. A shell shock feeling emerges on his face.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

Bruce, are you okay?

WAYNE

Uhhh....Yeah. Just having a hard time getting over something, that's all.

MICHAELA

It was the parents thing, wasn't it? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to mention it. It's just really hard to level with a man of your stature.

Wayne STANDS from the table.

WAYNE

Can you excuse me for a moment? Order anything you want.

Wayne turns from Michaela before she can show any sort of emotion. Wayne sways through the crowds of people.

INT. MEN'S ROOM BENNETT'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Inside the men's room we see Bruce, staring deep into the bathroom mirror. His eyes are puzzled. TEARS drop from his face. He quickly wipes them off.

The flashes continue in his head. He ignores them and pours some water on his face. He looks up and swallows his pride. He smiles and adjusts his suit.

INT. BENNETT'S RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Wayne returns to his table to see that Michaela is GONE. Beside his glass of wine is a napkin with DARK RED lipstick words *I'm sorry Bruce*. Bruce sighs heavily.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Wayne SPRINTS out of the restaurant. He looks down the streets. Down to his right he can see Michaela walking by herself. Wayne makes a face and starts to sprint. He is easily a few blocks from her.

WAYNE
MICHAELA!!

Wayne's screams are voided by the trains and the cars that are still flooding the roads in Gotham. Wayne continues to dodge random people here and there.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
MICHAELA!!

Wayne continues to run when Michaela stops. Wayne thinks she finally heard him and he walks. Michaela pivots to reveal a gunman holding a .45 Caliber hand gun to her head. The man just snatches the purse from Michaela. Michaela flinches and then Wayne starts running as fast as he can.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

MICHAELA GET OUT OF THERE!!

The gunmen starts to walk away until he hears Wayne. He starts to run away when he thinks briefly. He turns around quickly and SHOOTs Michaela. He turns and runs out of sight.

Wayne grabs Michaela. A bullet hole is around her stomach area and blood pools around her. Wayne rocks her gently in his arms. Her eyes go wildly and then he kisses her gently on top of her head. Her body suddenly goes limp.

Wayne looks up from her body, a beautiful woman, soaked in her own blood. Wayne pushes her hair out of her head and looks up from her. His eyes show, anger, sorrow and regret. The screen goes black.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

The black screen becomes the polished surface of a black LIMO as the camera PANS RIGHT to reveal Wayne standing a short distance away, his back facing us.

Back on the limo, Alfred stands beside the front passenger door, wearing all black clothes and his hands stuffed inside his pockets. On his face is a somber expression.

Wayne stands astutely in front of a tombstone, a bouquet of flowers in his hands. For a while, he stands there silently, searching for the right words.

After a quick glance of the flowers, Wayne looks back up at the tombstone.

WAYNE

You were right.

(Beat.)

I convinced myself that I needed to continue fighting injustice, when the reality was the people no longer needed me.

A solitary tear escapes from Wayne's left eye. He wipes it away.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I just wish I'd realized it sooner.

(Beat.)

Then maybe, just maybe...you'd still
be alive.

In the distance, a low rumble of thunder swells into existence.

Beside the car, Alfred tightens up as a fresh wave of cold sweeps
over the cemetery.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm the one who brought this madness
down upon the citizens of Gotham. I
should be the one to take it away.

(Beat.)

I'm so sorry.

Wayne places the flowers down at the foot of the tombstone.

Then, almost cautiously, he bends down and kisses it.

Wayne straightens back up and walks away.

Another swell of thunder crackles as we can finally read the
name on the tombstone: "RACHEL DAWES". The flowers cover up
the date of death.

INT. GOTHAM CITY BAR - NIGHT

The camera pans back from the window with the words 'Gotham City
Bar'. On the sides of the window, deals are plastered
everywhere.

The camera continues to pan back until we fully see three men
sitting around a table. This is BOB, ETHAN and RYAN. They are
all highly depressed. They are all dressed in the same white
shirt, tie mash up that symbolizes office work. A couple beers
are spread across the table.

ETHAN

If this couldn't get any worse.

RYAN

It's not that bad.

ETHAN

That bad? Enigma Industries bought
over half of the company's shares.

BOB

I thought Wayne had more than half of the company shares.

RYAN

Wayne Enterprises expanded stock size when E.I. started building up to bring in stock holders. Apparently it didn't work.

Bob sighed. He then starts drinking down the beer profusely. Ethan looks at him, confused.

ETHAN

It's only a matter of time before they buy us out completely or shut us down.

RYAN

You don't know that!

ETHAN

It's obvious they have something planned if they took over half of our shares. Hell, our company belongs to them now, technically. What am I, supposed to go home and say to Debra that I lost my job and then explain this unrealistic story to her?

BOB

What's so unrealistic about it?

ETHAN

Wayne Enterprises for over 40 years out sold, out bought, out produced and out did any other company. Even thinking about taking on Wayne Enterprises would be suicide and yet Enigma did it in a year and a half. How is that possible?

RYAN

So what, you're saying this is some kinda inside job, some conspiracy?

Ethan gulps down his beer and then grabs at the other one. Ryan loses his tie and rubs his eyes in EXHAUSTION.

ETHAN

In this world, it's not hard to believe. We have a damned lunatic running around in a suit for protection.
(Laughs.)

BOB

Don't even bring up that fraud. He is a murderer, no different than the men we put behind bars.

RYAN

I'm sorry but if it wasn't for the Bat, we would all be terrorized by The Joker and his goons. If anything, we owe a certain something to this certain individual.

The camera pans back even farther to show Bruce Wayne sitting beside the men, a few glasses are by him. He shakes his head awkwardly and then stands up. He then heads out of the bar not to be seen in the camera.

ETHAN

Damn, I'm out. I'm gonna get some more. Ya guys want some?

RYAN

Nah, I'm still working on this one.

BOB

Hit me up with one more.

A car drives behind the window, parked alongside the curb. It blends into the background.

RYAN

I think you ought to give Batman a chance.

BOB

What? For murdering Harvey Dent? That man was a modern day Lincoln.

RYAN

That's a lil' much but one man's opinion I suppose.

Ethan sits back down and slides the beer to Bob. Ethan raises his glass for a toast.

ETHAN

If anything can't get any worse, we will be here as best friends. Live together, die together. To us, best friends.

Everyone collides their beers together as a MAJOR EXPLOSION ERUPTS in the background.

EXT. STREETS - SAME TIME

Wayne turns around to see the bar completely destroyed, he covers his eyes in disbelief. His eyes start to water.

INT. RIDDLER'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Looking through a glass window, we see the reflection of The Riddler's sinister face. His eyes are so sharp, they threaten to burn through the glass.

The Riddler stands inside a darkened room, the only light coming from the cloudy sky outside. Through the window is the city skyline of Gotham.

The Riddler stands at an angle, his cane tilted in a relaxed position beside him.

Behind him, a door creaks open and one of The Riddler's goons shuffles inside.

RIDDLER

(STILL LOOKING THROUGH WINDOW)

Close the door.

The goon does as he's told.

He holds up blueprints that are rolled up.

GOON

Got the specifications, Boss.

RIDDLER

(TURNS AROUND)

Put them on the table.

The Riddler indicates a blank table in the middle of the room, situated beneath a dim overhead light.

The goon walks over to the table, unfurls the blueprints on top of it as The Riddler also walks up.

Etched into the blueprints are specifications for an object unfamiliar to average eyes.

GOON

These weren't easy to get, but it looks like this thing is just like we figured. Easy enough to steal.

The Riddler uses his cane to smooth out one of the edges.

RIDDLER

(ENIGMATIC)

Under ideal circumstances...which we've manufactured.

(Beat.)

To think that one can form a whole new society with one simple little object.

GOON

Remind me again why we're doin' this, Mr. Riddler?

RIDDLER

(HOLDS UP THE BLUEPRINTS)

Gotham has forgotten what it means to feel fear. This will serve as a reminder.

The Riddler turns around, still studying the blueprints and leaving the goon in silence.

GOON

Well, anyway, it should be here right on schedule, according to Port Authority.

The Riddler is still absorbed in the drawings on the parchment.

RIDDLER

(DISINTERESTED)

Ah, the solace that comes from the assurances of authority figures. They're just as comforting as spending the night in a secondhand hotel.

(Beat.)

Until the shipment arrives, I want rotating guards on the docks all day. Never the same group.

GOON

Yes sir, Mr. Riddler.

(Off Riddler's non-reaction.)

I'll just go, then.

The goon exits, leaving The Riddler in plotting silence.

INT. GOTHAM POLICE HEADQUARTERS

The camera pans into Commissioner Gordon's office, revealing him sitting behind his desk.

Gordon doesn't look miserable anymore, in fact this is the best look he has had in over a year. He does, however, look tired and a bit haggard.

In the background, a white noise of constant phone calls haunts Gordon as he sits in his desk puzzled.

The door to his office opens up, revealing one of the Police Officers to the station. He has folders stacked in both of his hands. He looks rushed and impatient.

OFFICER 2

Sir, this is getting out of control.

Gordon sighs.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

When we get the phone lines quiet, a mob of people come in with issues. Crime is a mess.

Gordon stands up and grabs his trench coat. He walks past the Officer.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)

What should we do?

INT. POLICE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Gordon walks down the staircase and reveals the lobby to the Police Station, flooded with calls, people and police officers.

GORDON

Nothing we can do. We have to stop
this crime wave while we can before
Gotham towers down.

The officer looks confused, a good stride behind Gordon.

OFFICER 2

I get that sir, but we just don't have
the manpower to do all this.

Gordon FROWNS, he turns around to face the Officer.

GORDON

Where do you expect we get the
manpower and firepower to handle an
entire city there, Corporal?

The officer is puzzled, he doesn't have a solution.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Exactly. This is a mess that we must
contain, we have plenty of officers.
Twenty-Five in station, seventy-five
out in the field. I can't request
anymore from the major if I do, this
will become a militarized city and I
won't have that.

The Officer looks uneasy.

Gordon walks behind the counters that is keeping the mob at bay.
He continues behind a pillar that has a calendar, the calendar
is clearly marked at 2 months and 13 days. Below the days it
says 'Last Batman sighting'.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I think we scared away our only hope.

The Officer is definitely confused.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Batman. He was our only hope.

OFFICER 2

How could a murderer be useful to a bunch of cops?

Gordon scratches his head.

GORDON

Batman isn't a murderer.

The Officer is uneasy. He takes a microsecond to calculate that thought in his head.

OFFICER 2

Maybe. I should ask Ramirez for help.

The Officer backs away from Gordon, in his inference guessing that Gordon isn't in normal state.

Gordon frowns. He looks over to the desk and shakes his head. He walks over to the desk where a young officer is attending people. He is extremely nervous and awkward.

GORDON

How goes the mob, son?

OFFICER 3

Uhhh
(Beat.)
Okay, sir.

Gordon smiles.

GORDON

What is the consistent problem with these folks?

Gordon picks up a file that was recently filled out. He opens it and flips through some paper work.

OFFICER 3

Murder, Grand Theft Auto, Theft, Vandalism, Kidnapping and drug dealers, sir.

Gordon's half smile now turns to a face of unknowing.

GORDON

Alright, thank you Private. Continue
with your work.

Gordon walks away from the mob that is forming around him. He ignores the random screams, harassments and threats and walks into his office.

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus is sitting in his chair, chopping on an apple. His face has a big fat smile planted behind the apple.

MARCUS

Commish,
(Tips hat)
Good to see you on this wonderful
morning.

GORDON

Get the hell out of my chair,
Detective.

Marcus smiles even bigger and rolls out of the chair as commanded. He stands behind Gordon's desk as Gordon sits down.

GORDON (CONT'D)

What's with the smile?

Marcus tosses the apple into the trash.

MARCUS

Convenient, isn't it?

Gordon is puzzled.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

The fact that Batman hasn't been
sighted for over 2 months and yet...
(Beat)
...crime is at a record high.

GORDON

That isn't a shock. Batman put away
half of our criminals.

MARCUS

I wasn't finished, Gordon. The other
coincidence is the fact that Wayne

Enterprises stocks have fell below their average 12,000 mark and have dipped below 8,000. And the fact that Bruce Wayne is attending actual meetings.

Gordon stands from his chair.

GORDON

I told you to not spy on him, Marcus.

Marcus smiles and turns from Gordon, he looks out the window in Gordon's office.

MARCUS

So what is it? Why you keeping the Police Department back?

Gordon looks faint.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Don't give me that clueless look Gordon, I know you know. There is no coincidence that the minute Batman goes away, is the minute that Bruce Wayne is actually known to the public.

Gordon is angry but he tries to hide it, as Marcus turns around.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'll let you play your little game with Costume Boy, but oh help me God, the minute I catch him, I'll bring him in myself and put him at your feet. I'm sure he will talk.

Marcus side steps Gordon and walks out his office. Leaving Gordon to ponder his thoughts.

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - DAY

The camera graciously scans by the enormous Wayne Enterprises main building.

In the background, a not too distant sight, the haunting same size tower of Enigma Industries looks upon it.

INT. W/E MEETING - SAME TIME

It's that time of the day: Members of the board circle around an oval table centered in front of the CEO, Fox who stands in front of the men like usual with his pie charts and such.

The unusual site comes from the right corner of the oval, Bruce Wayne attending an actual meeting over his company. But this has been a thing for 2 months now.

The members of the board whisper to each other during the presentation, agreeing or disagreeing on Mr. Fox's statements. Wayne does the same, showing his experience within the board.

For the most part, they seemed pleased.

FOX

I think with some time and patience
this trouble with Enigma Industries
will end up benefiting the company.

Fox smiles, believing every word intently that comes from his mouth.

In the opposite corner of Wayne is Bob Turner, one of the consultants for the company.

TURNER

Mr. Fox, so let me get this straight,
we will have to fire over a thousand
employees and slash some of our
salaries.

(Beat.)

I thought you said this was a benefit
for our company.

Fox smiles.

FOX

I also said that patience was the key
to this matter.

(Beat.)

Think of it like this, Mr. Turner. We
cut a thousand jobs and slash some of
our salaries and as soon as we equal
out our company with EI, we will end
up opening two thousand more jobs and

have a chance at raising salaries.
Patience is all I'm asking for.

Fox again smiles. Turner still seems discontent. A voice breaks out from the two.

WAYNE

I agree with Fox's proposal. We wait it out, we take some hits in some departments and we benefit from it. Who knows, EI might blow over come Christmas time.

The rest of the members shake their heads in agreement. Turner now does the same thing.

FOX

That's all I have for today, gentlemen. Be sure to check your e-mails for more in-depth information on the proposal.

All the members get up from the table and leave the room. All except Wayne, who stands by his chair. He waits for Fox to turn off the monitor running his projector.

Fox turns to see Wayne standing by the table, immediately realizing something is off.

FOX (CONT'D)

You're going on two months straight, Mr. Wayne.

Wayne smiles awkwardly.

WAYNE

Do you have a minute, Lucius?

Fox looks up from his computer equipment, NOT GOOD.

FOX

What is this concerning, Mr. Wayne?

WAYNE

It's concerning the future of Wayne Enterprises.

Fox hesitates.

FOX

I hope it's not over my CEO job
because I just bought my vacation
home.

Fox and Wayne both smile. Wayne slightly shakes his head in
disagreement.

FOX (CONT'D)

Let's take this to my office.

INT. FOX'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Fox and Wayne both enter Fox's office. Fox goes behind his desk
and offers Wayne the chair across his desk.

Both men sit down and smile awkwardly at each other.

FOX

What's on your mind?

Wayne hesitates.

WAYNE

Enigma Industries is dirty, Lucius.

Lucius SMILES.

FOX

I can understand why your aggravated-

WAYNE

(Interrupts)
No, I got some 'exclusive'
information.

Fox looks around suspiciously.

FOX

The information a casual man can get
or the information Mr. Wayne can get?

Wayne smiles.

FOX (CONT'D)

From who?

Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE

Not important. The information pretty much assures that EI was funded off laundered Mob money.

FOX

Oh, I see.

WAYNE

The company is a puppet to tyranny, tyranny that isn't needed in Gotham.

FOX

I was worried about this.

Wayne is CONFUSED.

WAYNE

You already knew?

FOX

Uhh, yes and no. I found some shares missing from Wayne Enterprises that mysteriously disappeared. I also dug into EI's company share holders. They are the same exact share holders from Wayne Enterprises. Which is odd, to move shares from one company and almost instantly place it into another. It's like an employee from our company openly funded EI with our money.

WAYNE

You're right. The company is being funded by an ex-employee of Wayne Enterprises and he is also the mastermind behind the mobster murders, the random explosions and acts of violence.

Fox is shocked.

FOX

You mean it's...

WAYNE

Reese. His revenge is sparked by his hate over me and his aspiration over The Joker's incite to destroy Gotham for the better of man.

Fox is GRIM. He opens his desk drawer and pulls out a folder. He slides the folder over to Wayne.

FOX

That's all the information you need to shut down Reese and EI. I was going to use it but I was never really sure how real it was until now.

Fox looks deep into Wayne's eyes as Wayne stands from his chair.

FOX (CONT'D)

Besides the business aspect, how are you doing Mr. Wayne.

WAYNE

I feel with purpose now, Lucius. Thanks for asking.
(Beat.)
You have a good day. Say Hi to the missus for me will ya?

Fox grins eagerly at Wayne.

FOX

Will do.

Wayne leaves the room, empty handed without the folder.

INT. WAYNE APARTMENT - LATER

The elevator to the apartment slides open revealing the work torn Bruce who looks a bit tired. He sighs and slides his keys/wallet onto the counter. He takes off his coat and sits it behind a nearby chair.

He walks over to the living room to see Alfred sitting there enjoying a cup of tea. Alfred smiles.

ALFRED

Good to see you home earlier than usual, Master Bruce.

Bruce smiles.

WAYNE

Yeah, I have some things to think over.

Alfred shakes his head and puts down the cup of tea. He stands up and walks over to Bruce. He stops and remembers something.

ALFRED

Ahh yes, I almost forgot I got a call from the contractors on your house they say that they have laid down the final bricking to the Manor.

WAYNE

About time.

ALFRED

It's only been about 2 years, Master Bruce.

Alfred shakes his head and continues to walk past Bruce. Bruce turns to Alfred.

WAYNE

Can I ask you something, Alfred?

Alfred turns back to face Wayne, he has reassurance in his look.

ALFRED

Of course, Master Bruce.

WAYNE

If you had the chance to destroy something at the cost of saving lives in the long run and yet risking everything to do so, would you do it?

Alfred shakes his head, CONFUSED.

ALFRED

Not quite sure what you mean, Master Bruce.

WAYNE

If you had the chance to take out something that could control the way you see your life, completely, would

you risk the person you were and all
the people around you?

Alfred shakes his head.

ALFRED

This is about Enigma Industries and
some crime relations thing isn't it?

Wayne shakes his head.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Ah, I see.

(Beat.)

When I finished my schooling in
London, I decided to travel the
world. During my traveling affairs I
came across a small town in Brazil,
very small desolate town full of corn
farmers and such. The lead farmer of
the town was a Spanish man named
Perez. He was a nice man, very
charismatic and such. After spending
a few weeks on his farm, I soon came
to the discovery that he was stealing
crops from other farmers around him
and selling them or using it to feed
his family.

WAYNE

Why was he doing that?

ALFRED

Come to find out that the farmer had
become so big that he eventually
scared all the farmers into giving
him their crops. Before anyone knew
it he had soldiers on his property
making sure nobody stole his crops.
The man had become a dictator by doing
the smallest thing. You know why this
happened?

WAYNE

Why?

ALFRED

None of the rival farmers knew better, they stood there and took it from Perez none of them could man up to him. Eventually, most of the farmers starved.

Wayne shakes his head, understanding. The story fits his current predicament.

WAYNE

I got to make it public.

Alfred half smiles.

ALFRED

Very well, Master Bruce, good to be of service.

Wayne checks his pockets nervously, nothing. He walks over to his jacket and checks, NOTHING. His face quickly sours up. He forgot the envelope at Wayne Enterprises.

He quickly grabs his keys and leaves.

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - AFTERNOON

It is not dusk, rush hour is dying down and many people are ready to go home for the weekend, if they aren't already.

Wayne parks his Lambo on the side of the curb for a quick in and out. He gets out of the driver seat and loads up the toll for an hour's time. He checks both ways, and then crosses the street into the Wayne Enterprises Tower.

The camera pulls back to show a Chevy Suburban SUV in black watching Wayne.

Inside is Marcus, watching Wayne closely. He half smiles at the chance to capture the infamous Batman. He exits his car.

SCREEN BLACK

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - SAME TIME

The elevator door slides open for the thirty-third floor of the central tower building.

Wayne and two others step out. Wayne checks nervously around the office. The office is literally next to EMPTY. A few workers here and there sit in their cubicle working furiously. Some janitors are in the hallways cleaning the random trash cans. Mostly it looks empty like the rest of the floors.

Wayne dodges a few cubicles and knocks on Fox's office. Not surprised to hear no answer. He digs in his pocket and pulls out a key. He unlocks the door to reveal Fox's office.

INT. FOX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In the middle of Fox's desk is the folder with a sticky note attached to it. It says: *I figured you would come back for this unless you are a new Wayne and anything unlike your father I guess you will get this Monday. ~Fox*

Wayne smiles. He goes to leave the office when a crackling noise erupts from Fox's computer. He stops and turns, CONFUSED. The screen then has jets of white and black stream across it. Then a ripple, then the screen reveals a man behind a shadow. It hides his face particularly well but his body it doesn't. It's none other than The Riddler. Wayne looks around anxiously.

The other screens in the office contain the same figure on all screens, computer, T.V. and even certain cell phones.

The workers around the office stand around, clueless. Some scratch their heads, others scream in anger.

RIDDLER

Hello Gothamites.

RANDOM WORKER

Get the hell off my screen you goon!

The video is obviously automated, but it doesn't stop Wayne from worrying.

RIDDLER

If you don't know who I am then you shall be grateful to find out that I'm the mastermind behind the vicious Gotham attacks.

The random workers look absolutely paranoid.

RIDDLER

My random acts of violence aren't meant for enjoyment.

(Beat.)

Actually, I lied. It is for my fun but its also for so much more than that. It's about delivering a message, that message is that none of you deserve what you have.

Wayne stares at the monitor, FURIOUS.

RIDDLER

Kinda like my ol' friend The Joker taught me, but I've taken it to a new level. The mobs...

(Beat.)

...what's left of the mobs, I should add, don't understand what it is to be a criminal. Like The Joker said, its about sending a message and not just to the criminals of Gotham, but also to the civilians.

RANDOM WORKER 2

What the hell is this, someone turn this off.

RANDOM WORKER 2 (CONT'D)

Someone call the cops!!

RIDDLER

I figured that most of you have an average size brain and with that thought I have prepared for the snitches to call the cops on me. If I was you and trust me on this, I wouldn't do such a thing. My dad once told me, numerous amounts of times,

that in order to clean up a mess you have to make a very, VERY big mess first.

(Beat.)

That's right, the mess is the blood from you, the person next to you and so on and so forth. Wayne Enterprises has served as the major foundation for Gotham for over 50 years, it's time that Gotham takes a look in the mirror and realizes who the man is behind the puppet. That's right, I'm talking to you, Bruce.

Wayne grinds his teeth.

The random workers look around, realizing that Wayne just walked in the building.

A worker walks over to Fox's office and looks at Wayne.

RANDOM WORKER

You're behind this, Wayne?

Wayne shakes his head in disbelief. The look is enough for the worker, who walks away a bit awkward.

RIDDLER

If I haven't made it apparent yet, I plan on blowing this building back to the stone ages. Three tons of plastic C4 are hinged to the structure of the tower. At any moment it will explode, collapsing the support beams and launching you all to your doom. Gotham will wake up for a Saturday morning breakfast to find that their biggest, brightest and boldest building is crumbled down to their feet. Everyone will bow down to a new corporation, a new control.

(Beat.)

And if any of you try to escape the building, you will all be blown to the tiniest, crispiest pieces on the planet.

(Beat.)

Call me a master of elusion, a threat beyond a bullet or explosion. I can cause the average man to fall to his knees and beg for mercy. What am I?

A little chuckle erupts from the screen. It continues until its unbearable, the laughter is overdone and outrageous. The screen then goes black, the monitors, T.V.'s and cellphones go back to normal.

Wayne pauses for a moment. Then he slides his hand under Fox's desk pressing a BUTTON. The closet behind Wayne slides open. Wayne turns around to face whatever the closet has to offer. We can't see it but whatever it is, it's what Wayne needs to embody, what he needs to become. His face is determined and at the same time it feels right to him.

The random workers in the office sit around in panic. All looking for different solutions to their one ultimate problem.

RANDOM WORKER 2

I have kids!

RANDOM WORKER

We all have kids.

(Beat.)

We can't get stressed or panic, that's what he wants. How can we all threaten some voice over a television? With technology these days, any kid can do any of that stuff.

One of the workers leans against one of the beams in the building. He hears a subtle beep. He quickly moves from the pole.

RANDOM WORKER 3

That beam is beeping!

The workers turn around to see the worker staring at the beam.

RANDOM WORKER

You sure?

RANDOM WORKER 3

I know a beep when I hear it.

The workers go over to the beam and listen to it. A faint beep erupts every few seconds from it. They all frown.

The elevator to the floor opens up, revealing Marcus. He has his gun in hand and he looks anxiously for Bruce Wayne.

MARCUS

Where is Bruce Wayne?

All the workers stop in shock. They all turn to face Fox's office.

Marcus sprints to the office and peeks inside. He leans into the office, gun pointing in every direction within seconds. He sighs, EMPTY.

He exit's the office.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

He isn't there.

RANDOM WORKER

He was just in there a few seconds ago.

BATMAN (V.O.)

We have no time for this, Marcus.

Marcus turns around, trying to find the voice.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

I need to save these people, NOW.

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS

I don't think so, Bats. You're coming in with me. Your tyranny stops now.

BATMAN

Tyranny? You really think a man who plans to blow up a building would be inside it?

Marcus pauses. He lets his gun go down to his side. He looks around, taking in every frightened and confused face. Finally...

MARCUS

Save these people, then you're going
in with me.

Batman appears from a shadow in the corner of the room. The people are stunned to see him. Batman is wearing his older Batman suit, the only available suit.

BATMAN

You need to leave the building now.

RANDOM WORKER

He said if we left that he would blow
the building.

BATMAN

He lied. The Riddler, in order to blow
it up, would have to be within a few
hundred feet of the building. Too
much of a risk for him. He has
automated charges in the building. We
can get you all out safely, if we
leave now.

The people shake their head. They sprint for the elevator. They click the button anxiously. Nothing happens.

RANDOM WORKER 2

They are shut down.

Batman walks over to the elevator and tries to pull the door open. He struggles as it barely moves. A bit more with every push.

The elevator door finally is pressed back far enough.

Batman looks down and up the elevator shaft. The elevator is at the bottom of the shaft, the entrance of the floor.

Batman retrieves a batarang and TOSSES it at the cable carrying the elevator, SNAPPING it in half. This is to make sure it doesn't come back up.

He snaps out his batarang and SHOOTS a zipline to the elevator at the bottom. He then rigs it up to the elevator door, assuring that it will stay open and assuring certain weight for the people to go down.

BATMAN

Go down, it will hold your weight, as soon as you leave the building, run for help.

The workers shake their heads. The first one looks down, anxious to get out of the building.

Marcus looks at Batman. He is puzzled at the man behind the mask. A random gun FIRES off, clipping Marcus in the shoulder.

Marcus slides to the ground. The workers turn to Batman.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Go down! I'll cover you.

Batman looks at Marcus' shoulder. It clipped his shoulder blade, but nothing too serious.

MARCUS

What the hell was that?

Batman looks up.

BATMAN

Deadshot.

Marcus looks curious.

MARCUS

Who?

BATMAN

An assassin, paid to kill me.

MARCUS

Not a very good assassin. He missed.

BATMAN

Deadshot doesn't miss. He did it on purpose.

Batman looks up and takes a KICK to the face.

Deadshot stands by Marcus, carrying his signature rifle with random weapons strapped around his body. His face is hidden by his black ninja-like mask. He faces Batman, looking him in the eyes.

It's no question that Batman is a bit out of his game. He is slow to get up and even slower to attack.

He LUNGES at Deadshot, but hits nothing but thin air. Deadshot reveals his knife and CUTS along Batman's suit. The blade barely scratches the surface of Batman's suit.

Batman SWINGS at Deadshot and HITS him straight in the face. A few quick moves and Deadshot FLIES awkwardly in the air, away from the escaping workers and injured Marcus. Deadshot slings his KNIFE at Batman, clipping him in the shoulder.

Deadshot moves quickly and TACKLES Batman. He TOSSES Batman against the cubicles. Batman falls awkwardly into them.

DEADSHOT

The legendary Batman is rusty.

Batman SPITS blood out of his mouth.

DEADSHOT (CONT'D)

Must say, I'm a bit disappointed. No, disappointed isn't it. You insult me, Caped Crusader.

Batman pulls himself up from the cubicle mess, in a fighting stance.

DEADSHOT (CONT'D)

Why fight Batman, if you can barely protect a cubicle, how can you protect an entire city?

(Beat.)

You can't!

Batman attacks Deadshot and SLINGS him to the side. He throws random punches, all connecting with Deadshot's head. He then BULL RUSHES Deadshot into two different offices at once, sending broken glass FLYING.

Deadshot appears to be wounded but is still in the fight. Deadshot KICKS Batman off him. He quickly extends out a sawed off shotgun from his leg holster and FIRES it into Batman, sending him back two offices from where they started.

Deadshot steps out from the offices.

The last worker slides down the line, leaving Marcus all alone. Marcus pulls out from his shoulder holster a .45 and points it at Deadshot, within a second it's CUT in half by Deadshot's blade.

Marcus drops the end of the gun he is holding. Deadshot stands over him, like a prey he has claimed. Behind his mask, he SMILES. Deadshot then aims his shotgun at Marcus. Marcus stares blank at Deadshot.

A RANDOM FLASH OF LIGHT EXPLODES INTO DEADSHOT. Deadshot and the blur fall awkwardly over into the elevator shaft. The flash was no other than Batman. Marcus hears the bodies hit the walls and then a loud, THUMP! From the bottom of the elevator.

Marcus slides his body over down to the shaft to see Batman hanging on with his rappel gun. His armor is SHATTERED in a few spots from hitting the side and his chest piece is IN PIECES from the shotgun shell.

Batman slides all the way up to Marcus. Marcus pulls him up to the floor. Batman lays awkwardly, in mass pain from new wounds and previous ones.

MARCUS

How much time do we got?

Batman clicks the side of his cowl revealing a x-ray like goggle system. He looks at the beam. It blinks 0:22 seconds.

Batman slides up from the floor, blood still spilling from his suit and mouth.

BATMAN

Twenty-two seconds.

Marcus pulls himself up.

MARCUS

How the hell do we get out of here in twenty-two seconds?

Batman looks at Marcus and then at the window.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

No, you're crazy! There is no way we can live from this height!

Batman HEAVES Marcus under his armor and SPRINTS dead ahead to the assortment of room height windows. He THROWS himself hard enough to break the glass. Just as he breaks the glass, the building EXPLODES.

The explosion throws them even further out than the original drop.

GLASS and random SHRAPNEL fly from the building behind Batman as he and Marcus tumble to the ground.

Batman reaches for his rappel gun. He TUGS on his cape and it deploys its glide, barely stopping their descent.

Batman aims the rappel gun and connects with a nearby sister building to the main Wayne tower.

They SHATTER the window and fly through the random office room and then a few other rooms.

Batman pulls himself up, weak, tired and exhausted. The Wayne Tower COLLAPSES. The tower that his dad helped built, falls into millions of pieces below Gotham's towers.

Batman picks himself up. Marcus looks at Batman. Batman can barely stand and shakes around.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Marcus pulls himself up, he easily has a few broken ribs, he holds his arm gently, showing a fracture on his elbow.

BATMAN

Going to find The Riddler.

MARCUS

You don't even know where he is. Hell, none of us even knew he was real. He could be anywhere within Gotham.

Batman looks outside, at the collapsing building.

BATMAN

There is only one, building in Gotham city with brick and granite layering.

Marcus looks confused.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

My home.

Marcus shakes his head. Batman leaps out into the darkness. Marcus is simply amazed at what Batman did. He pulls himself against the wall and sits. He looks down at the floor and sees a trail of blood where Batman jumped off. He frowns.

EXT. GOTHAM POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

The HQ is flooded with cops from street to street as the biggest building in Gotham City lays in rubble blocks down from them.

Gordon is among the men crushed between civilians, cops and hopelessness.

Gordon sighs as he pushes his hair back across his eyes. He adjusts his glasses and frowns at the on-going line of cop cars and fire trucks rushing towards the scene.

Ramirez walks up to Gordon, hair in pony-tail but yet it is frayed and bowed in each direction. She is tired and depressed.

RAMIREZ

This is a mess, Jim. I've sent pretty much all available officers from the precinct and up to the scene. Reports are coming in that we are looking at roughly 100 casualties. Not to be shallow, but it could have been a lot worse.

Gordon sighs, he doesn't like the comment but knows she is right.

The cell phone in Gordon's pocket vibrates, he jumps, agitated. He pulls it from his pocket and flicks it open.

GORDON

This is Commissioner Gordon?

RIDDLER (V.O.)

Hello....Gordy.

GORDON

(pause) Who is this?

RIDDLER (V.O.)

A friend...of a friend....of, well,
a friend. We have common interest,
you and I.

Gordon waves at Ramirez, getting her attention. He motions two
quick hand signals...Ramirez runs and grabs two officers.

GORDON
What do you want?

RIDDLER (V.O.)
For Gotham's real avenger to stand
up. I want Gotham to show that the man
who protects them is as weak as the
people who need protection.

GORDON
Don't make any rash decisions.

RIDDLER (V.O.)
Well, too late....This city, like
your precious tower, will collapse to
my shoes and beg for mercy,
protection and food. It will all
happen with the click of my big,
shiny, metal friend.

GORDON
I can't let you destroy Gotham for
some kind of game.

RIDDLER
(V.O.)
Then try and stop me, Jimmy. Come to
the richest man in the village's
house. We will see who the real man
is.

The phone goes dead. Gordon shuts it off. Ramirez looks at
Gordon, confused.

RAMIREZ
What is it?

GORDON

We have a real big problem. Grab a police car, we're heading to Wayne Manor.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A police car RACES out from the parking complex, SCREECHING onto the street with a blatant disregard for any traffic.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ramirez drives frantically as Gordon barks orders into the radio. The siren and lights atop the car BLARE continuously.

GORDON

All available units converge on Wayne Manor!

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Batman SPRINTS across rooftops, LEAPING the distance between them with his cape billowing in the wind behind him. He seems determined, his mind set on winning the race.

On the streets below, BLAZING COP CARS line up behind one another, all heading in the same direction.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

The still unfinished Wayne Manor is aglow with the light from the full moon, its bricks and steel frames tinted with white.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shadowed figures wheel a large object covered by a white sheet into the large, empty area that is the dining room and place it in the center of the floor.

As one of the figures, who has a cane in his hand, WHIPS open blackout curtains, the sheet covering the object is simultaneously pulled off.

The moonlight filtering in through the window space catches the revealed object...spotlighting a glowing GREEN TIMER.

The figure beside the window frame steps into the light. It's The Riddler.

The Riddler wordlessly motions with his cane for his henchman to go to their positions. They do, but not before one of them ACTIVATES THE BOMB.

The timer jumps to life, the digital readout indicating thirty minutes.

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The wave of police cars all take a side road that leads into the countryside.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

GORDON (INTO RADIO)
E.T.A. is two minutes!

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Batman reaches the end of the line of buildings, stopping just before the expanse of empty country land begins.

Not fazed in the slightest, Batman deploys his wings. He waits briefly before JUMPING off the rooftop.

The wind catches his cape and allows him to SOAR high over the ground and above the police cars.

The camera SOARS ahead of Batman and the cars, reaching Wayne Manor before they do for an overhead shot. Halting momentarily above what is clearly the chimney, the camera then ZOOMS INTO the mansion, until we are back in

INT. WAYNE MANOR - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The timer now reads twenty-eight minutes.

The Riddler paces back and forth in front of the window, twirling his cane and whistling like a little kid.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - MAIN HALL - SAME TIME

The Riddler's henchmen, each armed with either a machine gun or some other weapon, quietly patrol the premises, on the lookout for any disturbance.

One henchman walks by another open window frame just as a flutter of wind causes the blackout curtain to ripple inward. The henchman is curious about this, so he steps forward to investigate, and...

BAM! The henchman is KNOCKED backward by a massive punch.

Batman jumps inside through the window, ready for battle despite the visible injuries all over his body.

The henchman instantly struggles to his feet the moment he sees Batman and LUNGES with his weapon held in front of him.

Batman GRABS the BARREL of the gun firmly and PUSHES BACK on it so that the end of it collides with the henchman's face. The henchman STUMBLES backward, but regains his footing and lunges again. Batman, still holding the gun, TWISTS the weapon over his head and ELBOWS the henchman in the GUT before delivering one final UPPERCUT to the henchman's jaw.

The henchman goes down, unconscious.

Almost instantly, another thug is upon Batman. He catches Batman off-guard, placing his gun around Batman's throat.

After a few seconds of struggling, Batman finally manages to SLAM his head against the thug's, causing the thug to relinquish his hold. This allows Batman to pull the gun free from the thug's grasp and toss it away. Next, Batman grasps the thug's right forearm and FLIPS him to the ground. To ensure he doesn't get back up, Batman lands three final blows.

Out of nowhere, a goon MAULS Batman, using a CROWBAR to HIT one of Batman's wounds. Batman screams in pain, crumples to his knees.

The goon acts quickly, STRIKING Batman square in the chest, knocking the wind from him. Batman, still on his knees, doubles over in pain, clutches his chest. The goon then SLAMS the crowbar down on top of Batman's back.

Batman fully goes down, barely moving.

The goon calmly and self-assuredly approaches Batman, FLIPPING the crowbar up into the air and catching it.

Batman's face TIGHTENS, teeth GRIT as he steels himself back up to continue the fight.

Just as the goon goes in for the killing stroke, Batman ROLLS away with great agility, causing the crowbar to become LODGED in the wooden floor. The goon STRUGGLES to pull it free.

Batman rises up, KICKS the goon before grabbing him by the back of his coat and hauls him over to the wall, where he knocks the goon unconscious by SLAMMING him headfirst into the wall.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

The timer on the bomb is still ticking away...twenty minutes...

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - SAME TIME

The police cars SCREECH to a halt in front of Wayne Manor.

Gordon exits his car, already issuing orders.

GORDON

Set up a perimeter and have a SWAT team ready for brute-force entry on my word.

Nearby, the SWAT team in question gears up.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

Batman cautiously enters the dining room, his eyes scanning the darkness for any sign of The Riddler. There are none.

Batman slowly takes the first step in...

AND A CANE SWINGS FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, TRIPPING BATMAN UP.

Batman stumbles to the floor as The Riddler emerges from the shadows, KICKING Batman in the same instant. Batman groans.

As Batman turns on his side, The Riddler SKIPPING around him in a circle and WHISTLING the same merry tune. He uses his cane to fully roll Batman onto his back and steps down HARD upon his chest to ensure that Batman doesn't get up.

The Riddler eyes Batman's wounds with morbid interest.

RIDDLER

You know, no matter how hard we try,
we can never close up old wounds.
They always seem to (presses cane
against wound; Batman gasps) come
back and hurt us.

Outside the window, the WAIL of sirens and the vague FLASH of
police lights make themselves known. The Riddler notices this,
smiles.

RIDDLER

(CONT'D)

Ah, I see you brought some friends
with you. The more the merrier.
All of you will have a front-row seat
to the nail in the coffin, as it were.

Batman manages to SHOVE The Riddler away and back against the
wall. As he stands up, The Riddler BANGS the top of his cane
against the wall, which makes a short but sharp KNIFE POP out
from the tip.

But first, The Riddler grips his cane like a baseball bat and
swings FURIOUSLY at Batman. The cane catches Batman in the GUT,
and The Riddler presses the length of his cane against Batman's
throat and uses his momentum to PUSH Batman up against the far
wall.

The number on the timer: sixteen minutes.

In one fluid motion, The Riddler FLICKS his cane so that the
end with the knife is now trained on Batman's throat, poised
to pierce through the suit and flesh.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - SAME TIME

A FLOODLIGHT is switched on and turned upward so that its beam
of light starts to comb across the outer surface of Wayne Manor.

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

The floodlight's beam SHINES THROUGH the window space to the
left of Batman and The Riddler, shrouding the darkened dining
room in brief waves of white.

RIDDLER

You know, I think I should take this opportunity to really (tightly adjusts knife angle) emphasize my point.

BATMAN

You're a lunatic. It's not so hard to understand.

RIDDLER

(AMUSED)

Is that why you think I'm doing this? Because I'm an alleged psychopath?

BATMAN

You've killed too many people to deserve to be called anything else.

The Riddler begins to laugh maniacally.

RIDDLER

(LAUGHING)

I killed those people as a reminder to Gotham. The citizens believe that they're free from any injustice. Well, nobody's ever free. Ever.

Suddenly, Batman gets his arm underneath the cane and slams it up so that it UPPERCUTS The Riddler's chin.

The Riddler stumbles back, which allows Batman to deliver two SHARP JABS to the criminal; one to the chest, the other to the cheek.

Batman advances, but The Riddler LUNGES at him with two swipes of the knife. Batman grabs the cane beneath the knife portion and JABS the opposite end into The Riddler's face. The Riddler doesn't let go, however, and while tightening his grip on the cane, he gets his left foot behind Batman and makes him tumble. In the same motion, The Riddler TWISTS them around and pushes Batman back to the ground with the cane against Batman's throat.

ON THE TIMER: TWELVE MINUTES.

The Riddler sits on top of Batman.

RIDDLER
(CONT'D)

In about ten minutes, Gotham will find out the answer to the riddle I poised before I blew up your little tower.

(Starts laughing again.)

You wanna know the answer? Panic. It's panic. The one threat bigger than any bullet. And it's about to bring all of Gotham to their knees, courtesy of this EMP.

BATMAN

Even if you do blow the device, you can't be sure the effects will be permanent.

RIDDLER

You're overestimating the citizens of Gotham. Introduce a significant-enough force and everything will crumble like dominoes.

Batman grunts.

BATMAN

You're just as misguided as The Joker. You don't realize that the people of Gotham will always be willing to rebuild whatever's been destroyed.

RIDDLER

And yet they destroy too much. Take me, for example. A childhood full of abuse and hatred, and I'm still not the same. Gotham tainted me so badly that I had to change my name from Edward Nigma to Coleman Reese.

Batman SHOVES The Riddler off of him and GRABS his legs before TOSSING The Riddler to the side of the room like a rag doll.

When The Riddler tries to swing his cane at Batman again, Batman CATCHES it in mid-swing, pulls it free of The Riddler's grasp and BREAKS IT IN HALF on his knee.

Batman uses both broken pieces of the cane to attack The Riddler, using one half to hit him in the side of his gut, the other to hit the side of his face.

The Riddler manages to recover briefly and GRABS both halves of the cane, still in Batman's hands, but Batman KICKS The Riddler SQUARE IN THE CHEST, sending him flying against the wall.

Batman turns toward the ticking EMP bomb, LEAPS toward it. He briefly considers the layout, seeing the time: SEVEN MINUTES.

Batman raises one half of the cane, prepared to strike it against the activation system --

From behind, The Riddler JUMPS onto Batman's back, now a powerhouse of furious energy. The Riddler delivers a series of swift blows to Batman's back before attempting to wrestle the half-cane from Batman's hand.

Batman PROPELS themselves backward, with The Riddler having his back SLAMMED HARD against the ground. That doesn't seem to deter him though, as he slips his fingers around Batman's throat and starts to squeeze.

But Batman manages to ELBOW The Riddler in the gut, causing The Riddler to release his hold.

On the timer now: SIX MINUTES.

BATMAN

Give it up. You lose. Any minute, the police will swarm in here and you'll be taken to Arkham in a straightjacket.

Batman grabs The Riddler by his tie, HAULS him up.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You confuse insanity for genius. Deep down, you're just a scared little man who's so uncomfortable with emotional scars, your only

solution is to make others feel the same way.

Here, a flicker of truth breaks through the previously impassive expression on The Riddler's face.

Batman PUNCHES The Riddler in the mouth. When The Riddler comes up for air, there's a thin trail of BLOOD escaping from the corner of his mouth. Batman pulls him in closer, their faces now mere inches apart.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You're no mastermind. Just a confused and jealous boy trying to get revenge against bullies.

Fear and anger now inhabit The Riddler's eyes. Batman just hit the nail right on the head.

RIDDLER

(BABBLING)

Y--you...c-can't say th...

The timer reads FOUR MINUTES.

Batman regards The Riddler once more, this time in disgust, before shoving him to the floor. The Riddler sits up and pulls his knees to his chest, still babbling away incoherently. Clearly, Batman's words elicited a powerful emotional response.

RIDDLER

(CONT'D)

Can't say that...can't say that...I'm not a boy...not pathetic.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - SAME TIME

The SWAT team stands ready at the front door. The team leader looks to Gordon for the go-ahead.

Gordon, standing at the head of the collection of police cars, nods curtly.

SWAT LEADER

Blue Team, go! Go!

The SWAT team BURSTS open the main door, RACES inside.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Batman SMASHES the arming mechanism of the EMP with three powerful SWIPES.

SPARKS FLY, WIRES SIZZLE and THE TIMER BECOMES IMMOBILE AT TWO MINUTES, THIRTY SECONDS.

Batman heaves a deep sigh, visibly relaxes.

The Riddler is rocking himself back and forth like a little child as the SWAT team runs in, the flashlights on their automatic weapons illuminating the darkness. Illuminating Batman.

SWAT LEADER
FREEZE!

Batman doesn't. He gets up, RUNS to the window.

The SWAT leader opens fire, the bullets never hitting Batman, just trailing behind him in a line.

Gordon enters behind the SWAT team and immediately goes to the firing officer, bringing his arms down upon the gun.

GORDON
DON'T SHOOT!

Batman LEAPS out the window and DEPLOYS his wings in the same instant.

Gordon goes to the window, looks down at the ground --

But there's no sign of Batman.

Gordon instead looks to the sky, sees Batman gliding away underneath the moonlight.

Gordon observes the fleeting figure with a look of deep admiration before turning back.

Flashlights are now directed at The Riddler, still mumbling and rocking. The Riddler looks up into the light, smiles insanely.

RIDDLER
(CRAZY TONE)
Are you going to take me home now?

Gordon can obviously see that The Riddler's mind has deteriorated in a downward spiral. He turns to the team leader.

GORDON

You heard him.

The SWATs converge on The Riddler. They pull him to his feet, slap handcuffs onto his wrists.

The Riddler turns his head back to Gordon just before he's dragged from the room.

RIDDLER

You know, I'm not pathetic.

The SWATs carry him away.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS ROOF - MUCH LATER

The night still hangs over and it seems like it will never end. Police sirens scream through the streets, people flood them unaware of what is going on.

Gordon looks over the balcony, his face not surprised by the faces of the civilians. He sighs and pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from his jacket pocket.

He pulls a cigarette out of the container and sighs again. Then a rough wind comes in, an unusual one for the night. He stops his hand short of his mouth.

GORDON

A few months ago, I would sit out here and smoke two packs of these and down an entire bottle of Jack's. And now, I don't know why I did it.

The camera phases back to show a shadow, in the shadow is Batman, only identifiable from his moving cape fluttering in the wind.

Gordon turns around and stuffs the cigarettes back into his pocket. He shakes his shoulders, showing signs of the cold.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I never got to apologies for my actions. I was thinking deep in my heart that there was a true reason we

hunted you, I dug deep down to find a reason in which we could blame all this mess on you and I simply couldn't do it. Then I thought of a way to say sorry and get past my guilt and I couldn't do that, either.

Batman doesn't move, he's completely still. His cape continues to whip around him.

Gordon adjusts his glasses, unsure what to say.

He turns away from Batman, searching for words among the buildings across from him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Thanks for nabbing Reese. I never would have thought that he would have been a problem.

(Sighs.)

But, I guess I, and many others, underestimated him. I searched his records as soon as I returned to the station. Before he came to Gotham he was under the name Edward Nigma. Appears he got away with a lot of robberies and murders. Man was a real manipulator if you ask me. He will spend a long time in Arkham for what he did.

Gordon turns to see if Batman is still there, shocked to find he is.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I also covered your back on Marcus. He had some intrusive leads to your life. An actual file I 'borrowed' from him.

Gordon pulls out the file from his coat. Marked 'Bruce Wayne' and 'Classified' in bold letters.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Marcus also announced his retirement from the force after sustaining the blow to his shoulder. So it looks like just him and I will know the secret.

Gordon pulls out his lighter and sets the file on fire. He shakes it a little bit to absorb oxygen. Within seconds, it's nearly nothing.

Gordon again turns around. Awaiting Batman to take off.

BATMAN

Thank you, Jim.

That's the first time in a long time that Gordon has heard the voice. He cracks a short smile from underneath his mustache.

He spins around to see Batman, but is surprised to see him gone. He smiles big this time.

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - DAY

A moving shot shows off the new headquarters for WE, it's now the second biggest building before the tower exploded.

However, in the near background, it's visible that construction of the new tower has started. A few floors can now be visible with the steel structure in place. A few months of work already completed.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - SAME TIME

A large gigantic, ballroom-type area has hundreds of big and small business men flooding the room.

Numerous signs hang around the room that share the same motto, "Wayne Enterprises, The Future Is Bold". Many of the banisters have little CG models of the new towers.

In the middle of the ballroom is a podium. On the podium is none other than Lucius Fox with a big, well-earned grin attached on his face.

FOX

In continuing ideas, we have reached our full funds to finish the Thomas Wayne Tower that is looking for a bright and early 2014 finish date. The building will reach an outstanding 1,600 feet, a feat that was helped by all of you generous

donators. All of you deserve a million and more thanks.

(Beat.)

I can't exactly explain how grateful Wayne Enterprises is for this charity.

Across the room from Fox sits Bruce Wayne. In his usual tuxedo, the nice slicked back hair and his most precious smile. Accompanied by some famous female who also garners a smile as large as Wayne.

Wayne raises his glass in the middle of the speech to signal thanks to everyone.

Fox shakes his head.

FOX (CONT'D)

Eh, I don't mean to ramble. Let's give a round of applause to the man who made this possible, Bruce Wayne.

Bruce stands up.

Everyone claps, smiles, takes pictures and whistles.

Bruce stumbles, showing that he is drunk but really is faking it. He takes a quick sip of his wine glass and stumbles through the crowd.

He finally makes it on stage. He walks over to the podium.

He smiles, he stares intently trying to get past the bright light. Everyone is buying his drunk state.

WAYNE

Thank you, Lucius.

(Beat.)

When I told Mr. Fox and the board members that we were going to have to take a hit to save this company, no one backed me...no one except Lucius. Lucius had a plan and it's obvious he deserves all this necessary credit. He is a man of many words and actions and I thank him for his hard work he has donated to this company.

(Beat.)

Defeating such an empire as Enigma Industries was hard.

Bruce laughs.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Okay, I lied, it was beyond hard. But we all stuck together, made necessary changes and came out on top. I was shocked to hear that such an inclined opponent like EI couldn't stay in the race but if anything, it shows us how strong this company is. I think that's what we should all take out of this.

Wayne stops. He looks around. Everyone is smiling still. He shakes his head, knowing he is a bit out of character. Wayne bends down and picks up a glass of wine off a nearby waiter and downs it.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Hell, don't want to ramble anymore. Lucius, get back up here.

Wayne signals Lucius reluctantly. Everyone laughs at Bruce's drunk state.

Bruce hops off stage and walks by Lucius.

Lucius grabs his arm and stops him.

LUCIUS (WHISPER)

Good cover, Mr. Wayne.

Fox smiles.

WAYNE

Thank you.

Wayne walks back to his seat and occasionally on the way back shakes some random hands.

Lucius gets back on stage and continues to talk.

Wayne sits down and listens.

Alfred grabs his shoulder.

Wayne turns his head to see Alfred and smiles.

ALFRED

It's good to see you back, Master
Wayne.

Bruce smiles. It felt good for him to be back. It was what he
was destined to do and now he knows that.

WAYNE

It feels great to be back.

Wayne's date turns around. She shakes her head confused.

WOMAN (BROKEN ENGLISH)

You a-a good to be back?

WAYNE

To my tennis team, they really needed
me.

The woman shakes her head and turns back to listen to Lucius.

ALFRED

If I may make a statement, Master
Bruce.

Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE

Anything, Alfred.

Alfred looks down at him.

ALFRED

I bloody told you so...again.

Alfred smiles and turns to see the many windows aligned against
the left wall.

Wayne smiles and then looks up at Alfred.

Alfred continues to stare.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

It appears that you have a meeting
with your....tennis team, Master
Bruce.

Wayne looks...A GIANT BAT SYMBOL lights the sky. Wayne smiles.

Wayne stands from his chair. His date turns to him.

WOMAN (BROKEN ENGLISH)
What is umm...the a problem?

WAYNE
I got a tennis meeting to attend.

Wayne smiles. He backs away from the table, but not before making a few noises. Everyone turns to him, curious their lead presenter leaving. This disturbs a few contributors.

Lucius shakes his head.

Wayne grabs a wine glass. He shakes it around.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
EVERYONE (looks around), I have to pee!

Everyone is completely quiet. Then a BURST OF LAUGHTER erupts from the crowd. Wayne smiles and sips down the rest of the glass. He exits the room, leaving Fox to continue entertaining the crowd.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - LATER

A wide sweeping shot of Gotham frames the shot. The camera picks up speed as it dodges around streets and buildings. The camera then lifts up to a building.

Batman sits on top, his cape in front of him, making him completely black and almost invisible to the night. The suit he is wearing is a combination of his old suit and the new suit. But its barely visible, only viewed with the random spurts of wind.

WAYNE (V.O.)
The time has come.
(Beat.)
I rejected it.
(Beat.)
I hid from it.
(Beat.)

But the truth is that I can't hide behind it anymore. The fact is...Gotham needs me. Gotham does need a hero. A hero who can save them from the vermin of the street, the punks, the murders and the rapists. I can't deny people salvation when they are being killed, humiliated and destroyed by the scum that I let scavenge around.

(Beat.)

My father wouldn't do it.

(Beat.)

And I won't do it.

(Beat.)

Because the truth is, I'm the savior to these people. Not the police and not the representatives. It's me. A man behind a mask, I'm no longer that rich child who needed mommy and daddy. That part of me died the same night as my parents. In cold blood, I died like my parents.

Batman slides his cape across his side, revealing his RAPPEL GUN. He aims and FIRES. It attaches to a random, unknown building. He LEAPS off.

His wings harden, making him glide.

WAYNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now that I can face the truth, I can finally be one with myself. Because there has to be someone to seek true justice. Because, I'm no longer that Bruce Wayne. I'm something more.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Three police cars, their red and blue lights blazing with life in the dark, race down a street toward an unknown danger.

Coming into frame behind them from the left: Batman, his cape spread out to its full length behind him.

WAYNE (V.O.)

The Guardian Knight.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS.

END.