

Batman Beyond: Future's Legacy Revised Adaptation

By

Richard James Fischer

Based on:

Batman Beyond "Rebirth"

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - 2039

Traffic is brutal. Cars race along the crossing highways. Police shuttles soar along the airways, directing and clearing traffic jams. Their sirens blare as they detect someone illegally using the airwaves restricted for law enforcement

Below the highways stretching along the skylines of the city, a metro-rail chugs forward in abrupt lurches.

A young man of nineteen with dark hair and dark eyes, wearing a beaten brown jacket over a black tank grabs the post inside the train as it throws him forward. This is TERRY McGinnis, a junior at Hamilton Hill High School.

Terry's eyes are fixed on the projected TV near the front hub of the train deck, spanning the width and length of the driver's window. An anchor covers a breaking story.

ANCHOR V.O.

Derek Powers will be taking the position of the former executive, billionaire, Bruce Wayne, when he steps down at the end of the month. Wayne has been the face of his company for over sixty years.

A plump man sitting in a seat behind Terry scoffs.

MAN 1

Old man Wayne's finally relinquishing control of his company, but if you ask me, a politician like Powers is risky.

The woman beside him comments.

WOMAN 1

Nobody did. Powers is a good delegate. Maybe he can get the company back on it's feet after Wayne tarnished his parents' name.

MAN 1

You talk as if the company was buried. People won't forget about Bruce Wayne.

WOMAN 1

Well, maybe they should. The creep's a playboy, a modern day Hugh Hefner. You think the one

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN 1 (cont'd)  
percent cares about the other  
ninety-nine?

The train screeches to another abrupt stop. Terry catches himself on a guard rail aligned in the center of the train. He collects himself and stumbles into a seat beside the couple as the train pulls forward in a jerky movement.

Someone cranks the volume on the TV. sxcxxyzcxcxzc

ANCHOR V.O.  
Powers promises to continue support for both technological advancement and biochemical defenses through the applied sciences. He believes his prior success will not only supplement, but rejuvenate Wayne's company.

MAN 1  
Wayne's done a lot of good for this community, you ought to do your research miss.

WOMAN 1  
He's a fraud. He hosts these peace campaigns and advocates armistice, yet he wastes hundreds of millions of dollars on military weapons.

Terry's eyes wander between the couple in a heated argument and the anchor on the TV.

ANCHOR V.O.  
Yesterday marked the twentieth anniversary of the last appearance of Batman. People of all ages gathered at the commemorative statue downtown to pay tribute to his service to Gotham.

A large man, SCAB, in a bright red jester costume stirs restlessly in his seat. He rises from his seat and hurries towards the projected screen. He swings his backpack off his shoulder and retrieves a ghoulish mask and a spray paint canister.

SCAB  
Batman, Batman, Batman. Such a glory hog.

(CONTINUED)

Scab turns to the television and sprays green paint along the monitor. He paints a smiley face along the anchor's face.

One of the off duty guard's rises from his seat and proceeds towards Scab.

SCAB

Nobody ever remembers the greats.

The guard approaches Scab as he turns and sprays the paint in his eyes.

SCAB

If you don't like the art, stay for the performance.

The guard draws backward screaming as his hands claw vigorously at his eyes. He falls back on his knees and brings his face to the floor. He immediately radios for backup.

A man shouts from the back of the train.

MAN 2

He's the Joker!

Happy rears on the man. He steps toward the man and smiles.

SCAB

Aww, you're making me blush. I'm absolutely thrilled you remembered him. I mean, shouldn't this be his day?

MAN 2

He was a monster!

SCAB

No, no, no, no, no. He was a teacher. And you were just another student who didn't want to learn.

Scab takes another step towards the man, more menacingly.

Terry springs from his seat and puts himself between the man and Happy.

TERRY

That's enough, beat it clown!

SCAB

Another unmotivated student. The Joker lived care free, we should too.

Scab lunges forward as Terry falls to the ground and kicks Scab's shin, sending him crashing to the ground. Scab grimaces before leaping again at Terry. This time he slams Terry down, pinning him against the wall.

Scab plants his arm across Terry's neck as he raises the canister to Terry's face. Terry knees him in the stomach. As Scab recoils, Terry delivers another swift kick to his shin.

Scab removes his arm from Terry's throat as he grasps his shin. Terry takes advantage of his vulnerability and throws a fist, crushing the mask against his face.

Terry is uplifted by the neck of his jacket by another stern guard. He directs a pointed finger to Scab.

SFKKSDLFMSDKLFLSAFLK F SDA

GUARD

Enough! You're under arrest.

GUARD

(to Terry)

As for you sir, you'll need to call someone else to take you from here. We'll provide a transport if you don't have one.

TERRY

Relax, chief. I'll call someone.

Another guard appears in the passage between boxcars. He is carrying a scan gun.

GUARD 2

I need your IDS to validate your ticket purchases.

Terry fishes his ID from his wallet and offers it to the guard. The guard turns to Scab and extends his hand. Scab slaps it away.

SCAB

I don't have any pass, bucko!

GUARD 1

It is required that every citizen of Gotham maintains identification at all times.

(CONTINUED)

SCAB

Well, I don't have one.

GUARD 1

That's enough out of you. Drop him off at Hayes, have an escort dispatched and ready.

GUARD 2

(to Scab)

You're barred from all public transportation use, possibly longer once we review your records. You can seek appeal with the court after six months.

Two more officers appear in the doorway. The guard ushers Scab to go with them before looking at the first guard, while sliding the I.D. in the scanner.

GUARD 2

Was this one giving you a hard time as well?

GUARD 1

Not at all, he broke up the fight. Although, you should know better son, then to get yourself tangled up with one like him. Let us handle those situations in the future.

GUARD 2

Terry McGinnis, junior in high school... Released from juve a couple months ago.

GUARD 1

Well, I can assure you kid this won't bring any marks on your record. I hope you understand I'm only requesting your leave to avoid any more conflict. You do have someone you can call?

TERRY

Yeah.

EXT. MARY'S HOME - EVENING

A car hovers onto the yard. The top slides open, held by mechanical limbic hinges. DANA TAN, a slender Asian-American woman with dark eyes and silky dark hair sits in the driver's seat.

TERRY

Thanks for the ride. I'll see you tomorrow, right?

DANA

After your practice. I still don't understand why you didn't call your mom.

TERRY

She'd be disappointed.

Dana casts him a skeptical look.

TERRY

It's a different kind of disappointment with her. I didn't do anything wrong.

DANA

But you should have stayed out of it... Do you want to go to the game with Max and I on Thursday?

TERRY

This Thursday? I'll check my calender.

Terry kisses her cheek.

TERRY

Thanks again, Dana. I'll see you tomorrow. Drive safe.

DANA

I'm not even ten minutes away.

TERRY

Yeah, but it's Gotham.

Dana smiles as the roof of the car folds over her.

INT. MARY'S HOME - EVENING

Terry's face is swollen with bruises. As he scarfs down his food at the dinner table, his mom, MARY MCGINNIS studies the abrasions. Mary has shoulder length red hair and brown eyes.

MARY

What happened to you?

Terry's eleven year old brother, MATT, rolls the peas over his fork, arm crutched under his chin in boredom.

MATT

Looks like he lost.

Mary glances Matt a scolding look which he ignores. He pushes the plate away from him in mock disgust.

MARY

Terrence?

MATT

Terrence. Sounds like you're in trouble.

TERRY

I got into it with one of the Jokerz on the tram.

MARY

The Jokerz. I told you to stay out of trouble. You're still on probation.

MATT

Yeah Terrence. They'll lock you up in Arkham next.

MARY

Matt! That's inappropriate.

Matt stands on his chair and jokingly rolls his eyes and sticks his tongue out in an absurd gesture to suggest lunacy. Terry shoves his arm and he crashes to the ground.

TERRY

Beat it, twip.

Matt rises to his feet, nursing his elbow. He hits Terry across the back of the head.

(CONTINUED)



MATT

Tweeb.

Terry rises and starts after him but his mom grabs his arm.

MARY

Boys! Enough! Matthew, go to your room.

Matt scurries off into his room. Terry wriggles free of her wrist and begins to leave.

MARY

You sit!

Terry glances at her before collapsing back into his seat.

MARY

You just got out of juve, Terry.  
What were you thinking?

TERRY

He was roughing up some people mom.  
What was I supposed to do?

MARY

Stay out of it. You have a future,  
I don't know why you insist on  
pissing it away. I guess your  
father did too at your age.

TERRY

So I'm just supposed to watch while  
those thugs terrify people?

MARY

There are other people to handle  
those situations.

TERRY

No, there isn't...Where is dad?

MARY

He said he might be late today.  
You're brother won't be happy. He  
misses him. It's been awhile since  
we've seen either of you.

TERRY

What's he doing?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

As you know, Warren's been working exhaustively in research for Wayne Tech. Today he had a scheduled meeting with Mr. Wayne.

TERRY

Bruce Wayne?

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - COUNCIL OFFICES - EVENING

WARREN MCGINNIS, a man with black cropped hair, spectacles and a bushy mustache, sits opposite an elderly BRUCE WAYNE who rests his arms on the large and sturdy coffin-like table.

BRUCE

Thank you for seeing me Mr. McGinnis.

WARREN

Of course, it's my pleasure. Not everyday you get to talk to-- well you.

Warren chuckles uneasily. Bruce flashes a smile.

BRUCE

That's very humbling. Have you seen the news recently?

WARREN

Yes. I understand you're stepping down as chairman of Wayne Enterprises.

BRUCE

Stepping down and being forced into submission are entirely different.

WARREN

I didn't realize it was so ill conceived. You're one of the wealthiest men in the world Mr. Wayne. Even Powers couldn't buy you out.

BRUCE

It's not my wealth that protects me. I'm afraid I'm not as healthy as I used to be. I don't have the time to devote anymore. I don't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (cont'd)  
have the energy to exhaust in  
meetings.

WARREN  
Couldn't you appoint a successor?

BRUCE  
What I do isn't something anyone  
can just walk into. I fear  
resigning is the only option before  
I become an unfit King Lear.

WARREN  
I understand the reference, but not  
how it applies here.

BRUCE  
I'm sorry, but I didn't ask you  
here today to banter about  
literature.

Warren shifts rigidly in his seat.

WARREN  
Forgive me for being so forward,  
but why exactly did you ask me here  
today?

Bruce reaches for his cane resting at the edge of the table.

BRUCE  
I take a mutual interest in all of  
my personnel, Mr. McGinnis. That  
said, I'd like to secure your  
loyalty.

WARREN  
I'm sorry?

BRUCE  
Derek Powers has been trying to  
consume my company for months now.  
He invests his time in dirty  
politics.

WARREN  
I've seen the ads. The "Power  
Play."

BRUCE  
Not that. Every politician slings  
mud, it's a trade of the business.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (cont'd)

But Powers, he doesn't compete. He burns his competition.

WARREN

He certainly has the fortune to do so.

BRUCE

Powers has slowly made purchase of several branches of Wayne Industries. He's collapsing them from the inside.

WARREN

Haven't you dealt with people like Powers before? I thought the affluent only spoke affluency?

BRUCE

I have, but I'm not as spry as I once was. Powers has squandered all the resources and research I had gathered in the departments he bought out.

WARREN

So what could I do? That's why you requisitioned me, right?

BRUCE

Like I said, I'm requesting your loyalty. You've devoted time to research in chemical engineering. I want your word that you will not submit your research to Powers-- at any cost.

WARREN

The funds of Wayne enterprises currently support my research. In a buyout, he will control those funds. In exchange, he will want to see the merits of his expenses.

BRUCE

I don't trust Powers. His compulsion for experiments unsettles me.

The door to the office opens. DEREK POWERS stands prominently in the door way.

(CONTINUED)

POWERS

I do hope your not trying to poach  
my future client Mr. Wayne.

Powers stalks forward and brazens a smile at Mr. McGinnis.  
He offers his hand.

POWERS

Warren, is it? You're Tully's  
friend, aren't you.

Warren nods uneasily.

WARREN

We've coordinated a few projects  
together, yes.

POWERS

Shame about him, I do hope he  
recovers swiftly. Mr. Wayne,  
holding private meetings in my  
enterprise.

BRUCE

It's not yours yet.

POWERS

No? Haven't you taken the time to  
look at one of the hundreds of  
monitors floating around the rooms?

Bruce clicks a button on a long necked stand on his desk. A  
bulb at the end of the neck turns blue. Bruce swipes his  
hand in front of the buld and a screen emits from the frame.

The screen contains a news anchor. Bruce slides his hand  
vertically and the volume increases.

ANCHOR 2

Powers merged the two companies  
early yesterday morning. Future  
owner Derek Powers says there will  
be vast changes to Wayne-Powers  
Industries over the next several  
weeks.

POWERS

I thought a retired man in your  
position would have plenty of time  
to check the news. Especially with  
all the turmoil and backlash your  
company has been receiving.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Any backlash has been propagated by you, Powers. You purchased various branches just to sabotage them. You collected the insurance policies while Wayne Industries appraisal value diminished.

POWERS

Still smart as a whip--even in your decrepit old age. Don't worry Bruce, you can still live in your mansion by yourself--at least until I receive title ownership. Then I may reconsider.

BRUCE

What are you going to achieve Powers?

POWERS

I'm going to put Wayne Industries back on the map. I'm going to take it in new directions and increase its value ten-fold.

BRUCE

I'm done wasting my breath on you.

POWERS

We both know you don't have many left. Bankrupting your own company seems to have aged you. You're parents would be so proud.

BRUCE

We can continue our dispute another time. I'm with a client.

POWERS

My client, Bruce. Your senility seems to have forgotten proper manners. You should mind your tongue in front of the new CEO.

BRUCE

Perhaps as CEO you should spend a little more time doing your research. Then you'd know that this office is extended property of Wayne Manor, not the enterprises you've assumed control over.

(CONTINUED)

POWERS

It will all be mine eventually, Mr. Wayne.

BRUCE

That's nice. Now would you kindly get the hell off my property? Or do I need to contact the authorities for trespassing?

Powers turns to address Mr. McGinnis.

POWERS

Warren, keep in mind that you'll be working for me soon. I demand loyalty of my employees, and yours is currently subject to speculation.

Powers leaves the room.

WARREN

Wow. Mr. Wayne, with all due respect, I don't think that was the wisest of choices. You'll be paying him rent soon.

BRUCE

Forget Powers. He demands loyalty, so do I. What do you need for yours?

WARREN

I can't be bought Mr. Wayne. I make an honest living. I won't be a pawn, simply to save your company face.

BRUCE

I didn't ask you to.

Bruce taps the desk and stretches his hands wide, signaling the initiation command for a keyboard. He types rapidly as Warren talks to him.

WARREN

You don't have a good reputation.

BRUCE

But you do.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

There's so many people condemning you, criticizing you for how your company fell.

BRUCE

Let them.

WARREN

You're just a stubborn man with an ego. Why else would a man of your stature need to live in a mansion bigger than the President's? To keep up appearances?

BRUCE

You could say that.

Bruce sweeps his hand around the monitor, which effectively turns it toward Mr. McGinnis. The screen contains several decrypted files of research pertaining to Powers.

BRUCE

Derek Powers attended Stanford University. It seems he took an interest in both law and chemical engineering. Odd complementary choice, isn't it?

WARREN

I didn't think he had the charisma.

BRUCE

He doesn't, his parents had the money. Chemical engineering is very profitable, so why the interest in law?

Bruce begins typing on the keyboard again. A documented arrest pops up on the screen.

BRUCE

He was arrested after college for distributing illegal drugs to a sick family member. His aunt.

WARREN

He's not exactly Robin Hood, but that's not really damning evidence.

BRUCE

It is when he caused the illness.

(CONTINUED)



Bruce rips one of the windows from the hologramic monitor and swipes to the next one. Bruce points at the screen.

BRUCE

Look here. Powers researched compositions of lead, glutamate, ethanol, nitric oxide. They're all toxins, used in conjunction to create a neurotoxin. I've had some experience with similar concoctions.

WARREN

My God...

BRUCE

Powers' aunt was living with him. His research paralleled the symptoms she suffered when she was exposed to the toxin.

WARREN

It could just be a coincidence.

Bruce swiped across the screen again.

BRUCE

Or a test. A couple years later, when Powers gained more footing amongst his political consultants, he attempted to repeal an embargo act on drug-trafficking.

WARREN

On what claims?

BRUCE

He said he wanted to transit the drugs for medicinal purposes.

Bruce switches the monitor off.

BRUCE

I think Powers is developing biochemical weapons for distribution. When he studied law, he had plenty of opportunities to review foreign and trading policies.

WARREN

This is an internal affair. If these are all proven true, he'd be privy to severe litigation.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

He will use my company to manufacture his bio-weapons, if he isn't already.

WARREN

I don't understand, if you suspected such malpractice, why didn't you build contingency plans immediately?

BRUCE

The same reason we can't come forward with this information yet. What Powers doesn't have in brains, he has in muscle. He has several bribed constituents at his disposal. I'm an honest man too, Mr. McGinnis.

WARREN

How did you even find all this dirt on him? Wouldn't several of these constituents cover up his messes?

BRUCE

Like I said, I make an effort to know my employees.

WARREN

What can I do to help? Until we can bring this public?

BRUCE

Bide time. Use your vacation time, anything you can do to make it look like your still obeying company policy. You're instrumental to his success as the lead engineer right now. We can't stop him but we can slow him down. That's what I need until I figure out the next move.

WARREN

I'm impressed. There's certainly more to you than meets the eye. I owe you an apology.

Warren extends his hand. Bruce takes it, smiling.

BRUCE

And I owe you my gratitude. It's nice to know there's still good people in Gotham.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN  
Indeed it is.

INT. MARY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Matt is crouching on the couch, playing on a handheld. Terry and his mother watch the news, covering the Wayne-Powers convergence.

The phone rings. A small and round earpiece illuminates on the table in sequence with the ringing phone. Mary deposits the piece in her ear.

MARY  
Hello? Oh, hi Warren.

Matt lowers the handheld. His eyes lock onto his mom.

MARY  
You're still in the meeting?...  
Well, I saved dinner for you... Why  
don't you just come for a bite.  
It'd be good to see you.

Mary sighs.

MARY  
Alright, I'll tell them. Bye.

Matt tosses the handheld and hurries to his room. Terry and his mom exchange glances as the door slams.

Terry gets up and follows him.

INT. MARY'S HOME - EVENING

Terry eases the door open. Matt is lying on the bed with his head buried in a pillow. He raises his head slightly to see Terry's shadow stretching in the doorway.

MATT  
(sobbing)  
Go away Terry.

TERRY  
(smiles)  
Make me.

MATT  
I mean it. Leave me alone.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Come on squirt, it's been awhile  
since I've seen you. Are you really  
going to ignore me?

Terry walks forward and sits on the bed. He shakes Matt's leg.

TERRY

Come on Matt, we can have just as  
much fun without dad.

Matt pulls himself up. He wipes the tears away.

MATT

You don't understand, you always  
get to see dad. But he can never  
make it here. He never wants to see  
me.

Terry hugs his arm around Matt's shoulder.

TERRY

That's not true. And I don't always  
get to see dad like you think.

Terry looks out the window in the bedroom.

TERRY

You see, dad's doing some really  
important work for a very  
influential person right now. He's  
had to put in some really long  
hours. He's tired.

MATT

Yeah, whatever.

TERRY

But if you think that's because he  
doesn't care about you--then your  
crazy. Dad loves this family. He's  
working so hard to make sure we're  
happy. He mentions you all the  
time.

MATT

I'll bet.

Terry jabs Matt in the side. Matt flinches, trying to suppress a smile.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Hey, why don't we go to the arcade  
like we used to?

MATT

I don't really feel like going out.

TERRY

It's the arcade--whatever.  
Unfortunately as your big brother,  
you don't have a choice.

Terry wraps his arm around Matt's stomach and lifts him sideways before leaving the room. Matt fights him and desperately tries to cling to the walls, but Terry easily pries his hands free. He starts shouting.

MATT

Mom! Mom!

Mary rushes into the hallway.

MARY

What's going on?

Terry grins slyly.

TERRY

Matt and I are going to the arcade.  
We'll be back before his bedtime.

MATT

No, I don't want to go! Mom!

Mary smiles awkwardly as Terry cautiously makes his way outside, careful not to bump Matt on the frame.

INT. WARREN MCGINNIS' HOME - STUDY - EVENING

Warren is sitting in front of a monitor in his study. Drowsily, he flicks through reports and documents pertaining to Derek Powers. The phone rings, jolting him in alarm.

Warren clutches his chest with one hand while the other wipes the screens on the monitor away before sweeping to his ear.

The screen refreshes as an older man appears onscreen. He appears frail and weary. He is wearing spectacles and his hair is thinning into wispy threads. His name is HAROLD TULLY.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Hello?

HARRY

(coughs)

Warren?

His voice is hoarse and raspy, choking on his words.

WARREN

Harry? My god... what happened to you?

A feint smile creaks onto Harold's face.

HARRY

It may sound odd, but I appreciate your cynicism.

WARREN

You look awful, Harry. Like you've aged fifty years in a matter of weeks. What happened?

HARRY

I think I was somehow exposed to one of the experiment chemicals in the lab. The doctors said I have radiation poisoning.

WARREN

What is the procedure for that?

Harry's face tightens.

HARRY

There isn't one. Our bodies aren't prepared for this kind of contact with the skin.

WARREN

What are they doing for you?

HARRY

I asked them to be honest with me... They've given me a couple weeks.

WARREN

What? No, there's got to be something--

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

There isn't Warren... I contacted you for a reason. It's just, I don't know how I contracted this...hell I don't even know what I have...but it's cancerous.

WARREN

Are the files of your recent productivity regarding the research still on file in the lab?

HARRY

(coughs)

They might be. But Powers usually likes to collect them for assessments at the beginning of the week.

WARREN

Powers has made some unethical decisions. I would like to do some digging.

HARRY

May I join you? The doctors released me from quarantine recently. I may be a dead man, but I'm not contagious.

WARREN

Are you sure you're up for it?

HARRY

I'd rather be out doing things than sulking here. Keep my mind off it as much as I can.

WARREN

We'll figure something out, Harry.

HARRY

Thanks, but I respected your honesty more.

INT. GOTHAM CITY - ARCADE - EVENING

Matt is scrambling around on a virtually simulated field, toting a hologramic rifle in his arms. A tight visor is fitted to his head as he darts behind one of the barricades.

(CONTINUED)

Terry stands outside the simulated arena, leaning against a register. His phone buzzes in his pocket. He pulls it out and reads the message. *Up for anything tonight?-Dana*

Terry begins to type a response, bites his lip as he reconsiders. He sighs, erases his response and repockets his phone.

Matt laughs as he dodges incoming fire from projections of enemies. He dives to the ground and scampers behind a large slab of bedrock. Several enemies train their fire on him, pinning him there.

MATT

Terry, I could really use your help!

Terry swipes his credits in the scanner. The glass folds open, allowing Terry to grab a visor. He snaps it into place and hurries beside Matt. Seconds later, a rifle manifests into his hands.

TERRY

Okay, I'm going to flank left and draw their fire. You take out the sniper on the right. I'll get the infantry leading the assault.

Terry dives out of cover to the left. He fires four rounds, incapacitating the two closest units. The third one returns fire. Terry rolls over his shoulder and springs into an armed stance, discharging three more shots. The third enemy collapses.

Matt strafes sideways, burst firing at the sniper. The enemy turns its attention on Matt, and Matt collects a shell in the side of his head.

Terry's shoulders are drawn forward, aiming precisely at the sniper. He rushes over to Matt and shoves him behind the closest cover.

MATT

I've missed this.

TERRY

Not now squirt, we're at war.

Assault units manifest at the sides of the grid, forming a stranglehold on Matt and Terry who are in the middle.



INT. GOTHAM CITY - CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Bruce is wearing an eye patch, a baseball cap, and sweats. He works his way along the railing, trying to hide his limp.

Strobe lights pound the ground furiously as Bruce makes his way to the back of the club. A bodyguard blocks Bruce from proceeding any further, raising a hand to his shoulder.

BODYGUARD 1  
Easy there, Gimpy. I can't allow  
you to go any further.

Bruce throws the arm off him and attempts to shove past but the man grabs him.

BRUCE  
I'm a buyer.

Bruce speaks with a thick accent.

BODYGUARD 1  
Not without creds you ain't.

Bruce aggressively pushes the man off him.

BODYGUARD 1  
Whoa, buddy. I don't want to hurt a  
cripple. You a vet or something?

BRUCE  
You're making a mistake.

BODYGUARD 1  
You better make with either your ID  
or the creds.

Bruce sighs as he dips his hand into his pocket. He pulls out a small square taser and jabs the bodyguard in a discreet manner. The guard convulses violently before collapsing.

Bruce makes his way forward, ignoring the man as he writhes on the ground.

He disappears behind a barred off section of the club, making his way behind a door with a 'No Access' sign bolstered to it.

Several guns train on him as he enters. Bruce casually takes a second to process all the guns pointing at him.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
Geesh, even Falcones' don't have  
this much security.

HENCHMAN 1  
What's your name, tough guy?

BRUCE  
Must be a good product.

One of the guys grabs Bruce's coat. Bruce raises his hand.  
He's holding a fistful of credits.

BRUCE  
Hands off me you mutt. I have cred.  
We use much more illegal ways of  
getting it then money laundering.

A voice behind them scolds the henchman. The voice is  
gravelly and menacing.

OSV  
If he works for Falcone, he's a  
client.

The voice brushes past the others and emerges in front of  
Bruce. The man is a bulky brute contained in a brown  
waistcoat. His left eye is blind, scar tissue eroding around  
the injury. A small silver dagger earring pierces his right  
ear. He has short black cropped hair. This is MR. FIXX.

MR. FIXX  
Nice patch, who are you hiding  
from?

BRUCE  
(off his appearance)  
Everyone. I'd hate to see the other  
guy.

Mr. Fixx chortles sharply.

MR. FIXX  
I'm sorry for the rude greeting. My  
boys aren't trained yet.

Bruce glares at the henchman who grabbed him. The man shies  
away into the crowd. Mr. Fixx beckons Bruce toward him,  
signaling the men to the sides of the room to create a path  
to the back table. He places his arm on Bruce's shoulder and  
urges him forward.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FIXX

How much are you looking to buy?

BRUCE

Just a sample for now, but I'll pay handsomely for it. My employer is a very generous man who knows how to conduct business.

MR. FIXX

Why just a sample then?

BRUCE

My boss is very indoctrinated. He wants to test the supply before demanding more.

Bruce lays out the credits on the table. Mr. Fixx smiles.

MR. FIXX

Who did you kill to get that kind of credit. That will easily buy you more than a sample, my friend.

BRUCE

It's a gesture of good faith. We don't want any bad blood.

Mr. Fixx plants his arm into a suitcase beside him and collects an armful of vials topped with a chemical substance. He sprawls them across the table.

BRUCE

But I--

MR. FIXX

Consider it a gesture of good faith rewarded.

Bruce pulls a bag from his coat and stuffs the vials inside. He rises from the table. Mr. Fixx stands up and clicks his fingers at some of the henchmen near the door.

MR. FIXX

I hope to do business with you again. My men will show you the back way out to avoid any troubles.

BRUCE

(nods)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Two henchman stand on either side of Bruce and escort him to an exit door in the far left corner of the room. After they exit, Mr. Fixx summons a few more men to him.

MR. FIXX

I want you to follow our guest.  
Find out who he is and who he's  
working for. Be a little more  
discreet this time.

INT. GOTHAM CITY - ARCADE - NIGHT

Terry is blindfiring his rifle, trying to keep Matt safely concealed behind him. A stray shot hits him and an alarm rings overhead, signaling his elimination. Matt is eliminated briefly after.

MATT

When did you get so good?

Terry glances up as the top scores scatter and fixate on the large dome-like screen.

TERRY

Not as good as I used to be.

Terry acknowledges his name in the second slot of high scores, just below Maxine Gibson. He returns his attention to Matt.

TERRY

I came here a lot when I played  
hooky from school. Best not to  
share that with mom.

Terry checks his phone.

TERRY

Actually, we should get going. I  
told her we'd be back before your  
curfew, best not make a liar out of  
me.

Terry's hand falls to Matt's back as he ushers him outside.

EXT. ABANDONED SHIPYARD - GOTHAM CITY - EVENING

Bruce hobbles forward. His breathing is heavy. His hands shakily unscrew a cap to a container of pills. He pops a few into his mouth. He walks a few more paces before taking out his phone.

(CONTINUED)

He holds it up in the light, cast from street lamp overhead. He holds it high enough to see the mirror reflection of the men following him, about sixty meters away. Bruce limps toward one of several boxcars.

Bruce heaves the heavy door of the boxcar up and slips inside the dark container. He dials a series of buttons on his phone- a code. The platform he is standing on begins to sink, descending like an elevator. Above him a new floor is installed in the same place as the previous one.

Two men open the same boxcar. One uses his phone as a flashlight to illuminate the boxcar, while the other follows the light with a trained gun. He looks helplessly from side to side, shrugging.

A few moments later, the platform halts and Bruce raises the door, entering a dimly lit cave. A large black great Dane canine stands alert, but wags it's tail when it sees Bruce. He pats the dog's head.

BRUCE

Not as easy as it used to be.

Bruce empties the bag of vials onto a work bench and drops into a chair.

BRUCE

We've got a long night ahead of us  
boy.

INT. MARY'S HOME - LATE EVENING

Terry and Matt enter the house. Mary is still watching the news in the living room. Terry wrestles Matt playfully.

TERRY

Why don't you go get ready for bed.  
I'm going to talk to mom quick.

Matt hurries off. Terry wanders into the other room.

INT. MCGINNIS HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

Mary smiles at Terry.

MARY

Looks like someone had a good time.  
Thanks Terry, he needed that.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

I know.

Terry sits beside Mary on the sofa.

TERRY

Mom, I was old enough to understand divorce when you and dad were going through that. But I don't think Matt was.

MARY

He misses his father.

TERRY

He misses the family.

MARY

I tried to invite your father.

TERRY

I know, but it's unfair for him not to have any father figure. He needs that. I say we try to do this more often, with dad next time. I'll talk to him.

Terry gets up and begins walking away.

MARY

Terry.

Terry spins around.

MARY

He needs a brother too. Matt thinks a lot of you, even though he'll never admit it.

TERRY

Goodnight, mom.

MARY

Are you heading out then?

TERRY

Naah, I think I'll spend the night here. It's late, and dad would probably prefer his peace if he's still working.

( CONTINUED )

MARY

There's pillows in the spare  
bedroom and there's blankets--

TERRY

Under the cabinet next to the  
stove. I know mom, I lived here  
once too you know.

MARY

Goodnight Terry.

INT. HAMILTON HILL HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Terry inserts his ID into the slot on his locker. The  
cylindrical locker rotates open. Terry rummages through it,  
tossing books aside until he finds his History book. He  
yawns.

DANA

Terr!

Dana approaches him, a frown twisting across her lips.

TERRY

Hey Dana.

DANA

Terr, you blew me off yesterday.

TERRY

I was with my family. I'm sorry. I  
forgot to message you.

Another woman with curled blonde hair, dark lips, and bright  
blue eyes passes through the hallway. Several of the teenage  
boys gawk at her. Terry sneaks a peak as well. Dana clicks  
in front of his face.

DANA

Terry, I'm here.

Dana spots the distraction.

DANA

Well, whenever you're done staring  
at the new girl, Melanie--whatever,  
I'll be eager to hear a better  
apology.

Terry snaps out of his stare.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Dana wait.

Dana pauses.

TERRY

After my practice tonight, how  
about you and I go to that coffee  
shop you like.

Dana wears a grin as she walks away.

INT. WAYNE INDUSTRIES- RESEARCH LABS - DAY

Harold staggers behind Warren in the lab.

HAROLD

You sure this is a good idea?

Warren shrugs.

WARREN

Honestly, no. But if we can prove  
that Powers caused your illness, we  
may be able to scrape some useful  
evidence here.

HAROLD

All this risk because of Bruce  
Wayne. The man's a gazillionaire,  
Warren, what's he have at stake?

WARREN

He was very convincing. Besides,  
why would a prospect like Wayne  
even concern himself in our  
affairs?

HAROLD

It's his business. He doesn't want  
to see it plummet, even if he does  
have it made- for thousands of  
lifetimes.

Warren indicates Harold's deteriorating skin.

WARREN

Well, unfortunately we do know  
what's at stake. Now hurry up and  
unlock the cabinets containing the  
records.

( CONTINUED )



Harold meagerly walks towards the file cabinets. He tugs a band with a key over his head and inserts it to open the drawer. He tosses the key to Warren and implores him to do the same in the subsequent cabinets.

Warren quickly attends to each cabinet, clicking the locks open. Once all of them are unlocked, the two men begin rifling through them.

WARREN

Why was it so urgent that we did this today?

HAROLD

Powers collects all assessments and analytical records early in the week. Basically, he keeps tabs on *all* of our operations.

WARREN

He's been maintaining constant surveillance on us, but he goes unsearched. We should have suspected something sooner.

HAROLD

Would it have mattered?

WARREN

(sighs)

What exactly are we looking for?

HAROLD

The surveillance footage should be on some disks that were previously plugged into the cameras. Also, any suspicious documents.

WARREN

We need something substantial.

Both men are flicking through papers. Warren pauses.

WARREN

I have a couple CDs here.

HAROLD

(coughs)

Take it. We'll examine it later.

Warren pockets the CDs.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Are you alright. You shouldn't be here. I should never have coerced you.

HAROLD

I need to be... I

Harold breaks into a violent coughing fit. He falls to his knees, as his voice chokes. Warren rushes to his aid but panics when he sees Derek Powers in the feed captured by the cameras, posted in the hallway outside the lab.

WARREN

Harold, Powers is on his way now. I've got to get you out of here.

Warren throws Harold's arm over his shoulder and begins racing towards the opposite door but he's too late. Powers bursts through the door.

POWERS

McGinnis! And Harold! Good to see you, although not in your dreadful state.

Warren nearly drops Harold in his panic.

WARREN

Good morning Mr. Powers.

POWERS

As pleased as I am that you're taking your research so seriously, I don't recall asking you to come in today.

WARREN

I had some ideas over night. I thought I'd just come in and work rather than let my mind wander.

POWERS

And what about him. I don't think he was issued any medical release, as those forms would have been presented to me. I don't believe this is the most accommodating atmosphere for Mr. Tully right now, do you?

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

No, of course not. Harold insisted that he came in with me, he was dying of boredom at home.

POWERS

Really? I thought he may be here because he's the only one with access to our records. Which appear to have been unlocked without my approval.

WARREN

We were referencing some of our results.

Harold goes limp in Warren's hands.

POWERS

Without my authorization?

WARREN

Mr. Powers, Harold is very sick.

POWERS

I hope this excursion wouldn't have anything to do with your talk with Mr. Wayne.

WARREN

No, of course not. I was just trying to be civil with Bruce.

Harold collapses to the ground. His body starts convulsing.

WARREN

Harold! Harold, stay with me.

POWERS

He doesn't look well at all. I'll take him to the hospital.

WARREN

I'll do it.

POWERS

Warren, I could report you to the authorities for trespassing and exploiting confidential information, or I could drive Warren to the hospital.

( CONTINUED )

WARREN

Very well. I'm very sorry Mr.  
Powers. I hope you'll be able to  
overlook this lapse in judgment.

Powers walks over to Harold and gently hoists him to his  
feet. He begins to make his way toward the exit.

POWERS

Relax, Warren. Go home and relax.  
No need to kill yourself here.

INT. HAMILTON HILL HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Terry is wearing a yellow skin-snug wrestling tunic and  
headgear. He stands at the edge of the mat as people wrestle  
in the middle.

COACH GRIMSON watches at the base of the mats.

COACH

Keep your legs under you. This  
isn't kick-boxing.

One of the wrestlers is locked into a submission hold.

COACH

Come on, Carter! Focus on breaking  
the hold. If you don't shake it  
soon, you won't.

Carter is slammed against the mat. He desperately pries at  
the legs wrapped around his stomach and the arm snared under  
his neck.

COACH

Alright, ease off him. He's  
submitting.

The man breaks the hold. Carter lies there dizzily for a  
moment. The coach bends down next to him.

COACH

You have to use their momentum  
against them Carter. And you need  
to break the hold soon as it's  
placed or you'll waste too much  
energy.

Coach pats Carter on the shoulder and helps him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

COACH

Alright, good practice fellas. Hit the showers. Weigh in is next week.

Coach disappears into the locker room. NELSON NASH, a physical specimen with dark auburn hair and beady eyes walks up to Carter whose still catching his breath.

NELSON

I heard you tried to make a move on my girl, Carter.

Nelson violently shoves Carter back onto the mat. Carter trips as his body folds onto the mat. Nelson advances on him.

CARTER

I never made a move on her.

Nelson plants his foot into Carter's sternum, towering over him venomously.

NELSON

Chelsea's friend says you told her she was way too good for me.

Carter's hands grab Nelson's leg as it slides closer to his neck.

CARTER

(strangled)

I'm sorry, I thought that was common knowledge.

Nelson squeezes his hand into a fist.

TERRY

That's enough, Nelson.

NELSON

McGinnis, this is the one time I won't pound you. Beat it.

Terry steps onto the mat and shoves Nelson so that he staggers backward.

TERRY

Leave him alone.

Nelson's eyes lash like whips at Terry.

(CONTINUED)

NELSON

I suppose, haven't kicked your ass  
in a while.

Nelson lunges at Terry, but Terry's too quick. He drops to one hand and traps Nelson's legs in his own sending him onto the mat. Nelson crawls to his feet and lunges again. This time, Terry drop kicks Nelson's shin.

Nelson limps toward him. Terry swiftly steps aside, kicking one leg out to trip Nelson again. He begins walking away, but Nelson's hand catches his ankle. Nelson wraps both hands around the ankle and jerks upward, reeling Terry off his feet.

Terry hits the mat face first. He twists onto his back and Nelson is immediately in his face. Nelson throws one punch across Terry's cheek. He catches him with a second under his chin before beginning to wrestle with Terry's headgear.

Terry pulls legs in and pushes them out into Nelson's abdomen. Nelson clutches his ribs as he and Terry clamber to their feet.

Nelson wraps his arms around Terry's neck.

COACH

Enough!

Nelson spits in Terry's ear. Terry pushes him off and throws an elbow into his face.

COACH

McGinnis! My office, now! Nelson,  
you wait out here. You'll be next.

Terry straightens up and walks to meet the Coach.

EXT. HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL - EARLY EVENING

Terry looks at his motorcycle. Both tires are flat.

TERRY

Nelson...

INT. HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - EARLY EVENING

Terry peers around a row of cubicles. He finds MAXINE GIBSON at the farthest computer.

(CONTINUED)

Maxine is an African American woman who stands out with her hot pink flaring hair on her shaved head, her mellowed yellow tank, and studded ears. She resembles a misfit punk rocker.

TERRY

Hey Max.

MAX

Sorry Terry, I can't help you with your homework now.

TERRY

Oh it's not that... What are you doing?

MAX

Hacking the system so I can play games.

TERRY

Isn't the software of the school protected?

MAX

Ppphh, with the aptitude of a thirteen year old boy. All I have to do is decrypt the codes to the firewall. Once that's down, the rest is a cinch.

TERRY

Do you ever leave the library?

MAX

My sister won't be home until later, so I thought I'd chill here til then. It's really quite easy. I setup a virus that installs off the disguise of a genuine spyware program. It's easy to debunk any program like--

TERRY

Max... Max! Do you have your car here?

MAX

Yeah, why?

TERRY

Nelson deflated my tires, looks like I'll be taking the old bike

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TERRY (cont'd)  
for awhile. May have to fix it up a  
bit.

MAX  
You really should should turn him  
in. Of course I can give you a  
ride. Are you going out with Dana  
and I on Thursday?

TERRY  
Not sure yet.

Max folds her hands as if in prayer.

MAX  
Please, for my sake?

TERRY  
You like Dana?

MAX  
Yes, but if I have to listen to her  
being upset for an evening because  
you couldn't make it... Just don't  
let us down.

TERRY  
I'll try to be there.

MAX  
Tomorrow I'm going to the arcade.  
There's a new virtual reality sim  
and apparently it's pretty dope.  
I'm going to check it out if you  
want to come.

TERRY  
Maybe, do you mind if we get going?  
The longer I wait the more heat I'm  
going to take from my old man.

MAX  
Sure, I'm parked in front.

INT. WARREN'S HOME - ENTRANCE

Warren's eyes narrow on Terry.

WARREN  
Suspended?

Terry begins to protest but Warren scolds him.

(CONTINUED)



WARREN

Not one word. We can't keep going through this, Terry. You better grow up. Soon.

TERRY

He jumped *me* dad. Not the other way around. And he was beating on another guy pretty good too. You saw what he did to my tires.

WARREN

I'm sick of your excuses.

TERRY

Yeah, well I'm tired of giving them.

WARREN

All your faults are reviewed by your probationary officers.

TERRY

I was being attacked. You taught me to stand up for myself. When you weren't a coward yourself.

WARREN

Excuse me?

TERRY

Bailing on Matt and mom because you had to work late?

WARREN

Terry if you understood the pressures I'm under right now--

TERRY

Maybe I'm sick of *your* excuses dad. Matt needs a father right now. And Mom and I are done covering for you.

Terry storms off.

WARREN

Where are you going?

TERRY

I'm late to see Dana.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Oh, no. You're not leaving this house. You're grounded.

Terry slings the backpack over his shoulder.

TERRY

Call the police.

He proceeds through the door, slamming it behind him.

EXT. CRIME ALLEY - PARK ROW DISTRICT - EVENING

Terry walks briskly through the harrowing and haunting alley of Gotham. This area is defined by poverty. Homeless people line the streets next to makeshift firepits. Many of them have tattered clothes.

He walks past a man who is kneeling on the road, wearing a weathered trench coat. The man unfolds two white roses from his coat and lays them down neatly.

Terry breezes past all of them, keeping his head lower to ignore their pleas. He takes out his phone. Four missed calls--all from Dana. He frowns, drops his phone into his pocket and pushes forward.

SCAB

I can't believe my luck.

Terry stops and turns. Scab stands on the other side of the street. He is wearing his clownish garbs along with the matching mask. This time he's accompanied by the rest of the Jokerz gang.

Scab's face twists into a sickening smile.

SCAB

I was hoping I would run into you again. J-Man this is the kid I was telling you about.

Terry spots the other four members of the gang gathering beside Scab. J-MAN, COE, SMIRK, and DOTTIE. All of them are wearing flashy colors that draws as much attention to them as their painted masks. They drift towards Terry.

J-MAN

Scab says you were giving him a hard time on the metro.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Leave me alone. I don't want any trouble.

COE

You should have thought about that before you mixed up with Scab.

Scab takes the lead as he stalks closer to Terry.

SCAB

You left some deep emotional scars. But we all talked and decided all would be forgiven--

Dottie giggles behind her small hand. Coe pulls a knife.

COE

If you wore the matching physical scars.

SMIRK

It only hurts for a second.

J-MAN

Then it's numb forever.

SCAB

An eye for an eye, right?

Terry stands to face them, bracing himself for a fight.

DOTTIE

Try to hold still handsome.

J-MAN

Or we may miss and hit your brain.

A cane meets J-Man heavily in his side. The gang turns to face the attacker. Bruce Wayne stands stoically in front of them with his cane raised. He brings it down across J-Man's shoulder who whelps in pain and goes to the ground.

SCAB

Who's the old man?

DOTTIE

Isn't that Bruce Wayne?

SMIRK

Wayne? Aren't you a little far from home?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Aren't you out past your curfew?

J-Man pounds the ground with his fist as he rises to his feet. He stamps his foot on the ground before grabbing Bruce by his coat.

J-MAN

These streets belong to us. This is our territory. We're the Jokerz.

Bruce holds his cane sideways in both hands and thrusts it under J-Man's chin, sending him to the ground again.

BRUCE

You're just a bunch of clowns.

Terry rushes beside Bruce.

TERRY

I can handle this. Get out of here.

Bruce slams his cane into the ribs of an advancing Coe, who topples to the ground beside J-Man.

BRUCE

You get out of here.

Terry swings at Scab and he stumbles backward. Bruce swings his cane backward catching a sneaking Dottie off guard. He catches her in the leg and she falls onto her knee.

Terry dances around the flurry of fists and kicks, dodging and then countering in impressive fluidity. Bruce continues delivering precise blows with his cane, keeping the members of the gang out of the fight.

Terry spots the gleam of a knife, this time in Smirk's hand. He dives to the ground, narrowly missing a wild swing. Smirk lingers over Terry and waves the knife when it is suddenly knocked from his hand by Bruce's cane.

Terry props his arms beside his head and propels onto his feet, performing a back round house kick to Smirk's throat.

Scab is the only one who gets back up. He wrestles Bruce's cane from him and spears it at Terry, who raises his arm to deflect it from his face.

SCAB

Not so quick without your cane,  
huh.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce elbows Scab in the face in a very deft motion, Terry barely sees it. Scab crumbles to the ground. They all remain on the ground this time.

Bruce begins to hobble toward his cane. Terry retrieves it and offers it to him.

BRUCE

We should probably leave, Terry. I don't think you'll want to explain this to the police.

TERRY

How do you know my name?

BRUCE

You're father works for me. We'll take my car.

TERRY

He talks about me?

Bruce presses the cane on the ground, pulling himself towards the parked hearse.

BRUCE

No.

TERRY

What were you doing in crime alley?

BRUCE

Visiting an old memory.

TERRY

Of what?

Bruce hands the car keys to Terry.

BRUCE

Something I wanted to forget.

Bruce slides into the backseat of his car. Terry awkwardly continues to the front driver's seat.

INT. BRUCE'S HEARSE - CRIME ALLEY - NIGHT

Bruce unscrews the cap of pills and pops a few into his mouth. He drops his head back tiredly.

Terry opens the drivers side and ducks into the car.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Don't you want to sit up front?

Bruce has already busied himself in the digital monitor in the back of the cab.

Terry turns the car on and eases onto the road.

TERRY

Where are we going?

BRUCE

Home... Drive past the harbor.

TERRY

I know where Wayne Manor is.  
Everyone does... This is a nice car  
car Mr. Wayne.

BRUCE

I like the old one better.

TERRY

I suppose a man like you has  
several options.

BRUCE

What were you doing in crime alley,  
Terry?

Terry sees Bruce tapping buttons on the monitor in the rear-view mirror. Bruce doesn't even glance up.

BRUCE

Eyes on the road.

TERRY

I was supposed to meet someone. I  
thought I'd take a short cut to  
make up some time.

BRUCE

Best not to go this way again.  
People who spend too much time here  
tend to end up staying.

Terry fidgets as he reaches into his pocket. He pulls his phone out and frowns. Smashed.

TERRY

(sighs)

Must've cracked when one of the  
Jokerz hit me.

(CONTINUED)

He tosses the phone onto the seat beside him.

TERRY

By the way, where'd you learn how to fight like that? What are you, a hundred?

Bruce glares at Terry. Terry turns onto a narrow stretch of road.

TERRY

Sorry...

BRUCE

I haven't really got anything to lose. I'm sick of seeing these punks trying to run this city.

TERRY

People like you normally don't have a death-wish.

BRUCE

People like me?

TERRY

The Jokerz try to intimidate people, shake them up. I can't imagine how they'll try to get to you.

BRUCE

I can handle myself.

TERRY

Seems so, but the way you *handled* yourself wasn't the blind luck of an angry man.

BRUCE

I used to go to the movies with my folks when I was younger. Many of them were action films, ones that inspired me to train in ju-jitsu. In fact the day they were murdered we had gone to see--

TERRY

The Mask of Zorro.

Bruce casts him a calculated look. The car winds around a long arm hugging around the cliff side.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

I told you Mr. Wayne. People know everything about billionaires like yourself. Your life doesn't belong to you as much as you think it does. It's theirs too.

Terry pulls the car up to a large black ironed gate. Bruce taps a button on the computer and the gate slowly stretches apart. Terry pulls forward.

TERRY

Where am I supposed to park?

A garage door peels upward as the car gets closer. The car slowly climbs into the garage and shuts off.

Terry gets out and opens the door for Bruce on the other side. Bruce limps out, catching himself on his cane.

Terry offers assistance, but Bruce pulls away from him.

BRUCE

You can use the phone inside.

Bruce slips, clutching his chest. Terry rushes beside him and holds him up.

TERRY

Are you alright?

BRUCE

(grunts)

My heart medicine is inside.

Terry aids Bruce to the entrance.

INT. MCGINNIS' HOME - EARLY EVENING

Warren draws the disks from his coat. He inserts one into the drive and waits.

After a few moments he sees footage of Harry working alone in the lab. Derek Powers' voice booms over the footage.

POWERS V.O.

We will be conducting a series of trials in the coming weeks to challenge the proprieties of our compound as well as scalability.

Harry studies notes.

(CONTINUED)



POWERS V.O.

The compound will be released through the ventilation shafts in the lab. Symptoms should start to develop soon after.

Harry makes some adjustments to his notes.

Warren skips ahead in the video.

POWERS V.O.

In the third and fourth week the virus will start to take its hold. The subject will be rendered completely catatonic and may suffer severe body aches that will induce paralysis.

Warren's eyes widen. He rewinds the disk to previous entries.

POWERS V.O.

My business partners will wonder why my product reigns supreme, and the answer is simple. The virus is undetectable, and therefore untraceable. The contagion will lie dormant the first week. Observe the weekly examinations of my test subject, Harold Tully, documented in the following footage.

Warren collapses the screen of his computer. He buries his face in his hands.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - STUDY - NIGHT

Bruce sits in a chair. Holding a glass of water on his knee. Terry walks toward him, unclasping the medicine jar. He pours a few pills into his hand and offers them to Bruce.

Bruce slips them in his mouth and reclines in his chair, depressing a heavy sigh.

A monitor is on in front of Wayne. The voice of the news anchor is faint.

TERRY

So which one of these hundreds of phones should I use? I don't want to get lost here.

Bruce doesn't answer. His breathing is heavier.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Are you alright, Mr. Wayne? You don't look good. I think you may have overexerted yourself.

Bruce has broken into a pained sweat. He sits there with his eyes closed. Wheezing.

TERRY

I better call my folks. It's getting late. Guess I'll help myself, and maybe you too.

Terry looks at the grandfather clock, appearing to be made of sturdy oak.

TERRY

That can't be right.

Terry spots another clock on the mantle of the fireplace. He goes to the grandfather clock to adjust it. He winds the hands to 10:44 p.m.

TERRY

(concerned)

Mr. Wayne, should I call you an ambulance?

Terry hears static chatter.

He glimpses an earpiece on the table. He picks it up.

TERRY

What's this, a hearing aid?

Terry raises it to his ear. The voices are much more distinguished.

OS MAN 1

Word is Powers snuffed Wayne out.

Terry puts the piece in his ear and glances out the closed window. He sees two figures standing behind the gates at the end of the twisting driveway. Hundreds of yards away.

OS MAN 1

Couldn't have been too hard since Wayne doesn't attend board meetings.

Terry tucks the piece behind his ear. The voices are crystal clear despite the glass and distance barrier.

(CONTINUED)

OS MAN 2

What do you think he does up there?

OS MAN 1

I don't know. What do people do  
with billions of dollars?

Terry hears the pattering steps of insects in the room. He hears the cracking of wood as the fire chews it to thin splinters.

He can also hear the monitor playing in front of Bruce.

ANCHOR 2 V.O.

Harold Tully was found dead this morning in his home. Police are uncertain of the cause of death at this time but do not suspect foul play. We reached out to Derek Powers for further comment. Powers claimed to have seen Tully hours before his death.

DEREK POWERS V.O.

Harold's death is a tragic loss. He was a valued employee but also a friend. My deepest sympathies go out to his family during this tough time and all my resources will be used to determine what caused his death.

Terry hears the monotonous hum of the wind outside and the churning of gears behind the sturdy grandfather clock.

Terry's eyes dart to the clock. Bruce sleeps silently in the chair. His chest rises and falls in content breaths. Terry hears something unlatch behind the clock.

Terry flicks the earpiece away and hesitantly steps toward the grandfather clock. He gently tugs on the glass door barricading the chimes and swinging bronze pendulum.

Terry's hand slides along the oak and the metallic chimes. He extends his arm into the small shelf space at the top of the towering clock. His hand bumps a small knob in the back corner of the shelf and the clock is thrown backward.

Terry only glimpses the clock being hoisted and catapulted upwards, opening into a gaping hole in the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Terry slips through the hole and stumbles down a couple of paved concrete steps. He awkwardly limps to the bottom of the stairs. Blindly, he waves his hand in front of him, finding a control switch. He flicks it and a dim light dulls the cave he finds himself in.

Terry's eyes wildly swing from the stalactites protruding from the ceiling to the descended platform where a supercomputer is wired to several monitors and the different apparatuses beep and click in their own language.

His eyes fall further to a rotating platform beneath the supercomputer where an antique batmobile model sits.

Terry's lips curve into a smile. Beyond all the memorabilia of Batman's past adversaries; a coin, old weapons, and outfits, were the original cape and cowl of Batman. On either side of him the costumes of Robins and Batgirl were mounted. Another costume is under a tarp beside the others.

Terry starts to walk toward the tarp. A bat skirmishes past him, brushing his arm. Terry gasps.

BRUCE

I was afraid of them too at first.

Terry spins around.

TERRY

I don't believe it. You're Batman.

BRUCE

I was Batman.

TERRY

That's Robin's costume. The Boy Wonder. What happened to him?

BRUCE

He left.

Terry reaches toward the tarp. Bruce smacks his hand with the cane.

BRUCE

It's time you left.

Terry nods his head toward the tarp.

TERRY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Get out.

Terry folds his arms.

TERRY

What are you going to do, call the cops? I think they'll be much more interested in your records than mine.

Bruce grumbles under his breath.

TERRY

I'm not leaving until you show me what's under there.

Bruce grudgingly grasps the tarp and throws it backward. A black suit with a blood red bat emblem across the chestplate. The legs and chestplate are made of similar materials, combinations of synthetic and mechanical appendages. Smart sensory systems are interconnected.

Terry walks closer to admire the suit.

TERRY

Schway...

The gauntlets are finely trimmed and razor sharp. The boots have small robust thrusters. The eyes glow white as if someone occupies the suit.

Bruce holds up the earpiece.

BRUCE

I've been trying to figure out a way to recalibrate the cowl to the to this device. It's a bit too sensitive.

TERRY

What is it?

Bruce hands the earpiece to Terry.

BRUCE

It was designed by Walter Shriev, a brilliant and impressive sound engineer at Wayne Industries.

Terry pushes the device back to Bruce. He nods at the suit.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

No...

BRUCE

I was trying to develop a suit that would supplement my less able body. It's designed by state of the art technology.

Terry smiles.

TERRY

You have so many toys.

BRUCE

And you have a curfew. You may take my car to get yourself home. I can get it another time.

Terry eyes the batmobile.

TERRY

Which one?

Bruce glares at him.

TERRY

You trust me? Just like that?

BRUCE

It wouldn't really matter anymore now would it?

TERRY

I'll bring the car back tomorrow.

BRUCE

Leave it outside the gate.

Bruce casts Terry a warning look and Terry quickly hurries up the steps and out the entrance of the cave.

EXT. WARREN'S HOME - LATE NIGHT.

Flashing sirens light up the driveway like a rave. Terry hops out the car and runs into the complex.

INT. WARREN'S HOME - LATE NIGHT.

Different colored spray paints stain the walls of the narrow stairwell leading up to the bedrooms. The words "HA HA" bleed into the paint as Terry blazes up the steps.

His mom is talking to a couple of the police officers outside his bedroom. He rushes to her.

TERRY

Mom!

Her relief bursts from her in drawn out choking sobs.

MARY

Oh, thank God. Terry!

Mary throws her arms around him. Terry places his hands on her shoulders and pulls himself backward.

TERRY

What's going on mom?

The terror registers in her face and Terry's eyes tear up.

TERRY

Where's dad?

MARY

It was a robbery. The police say it was the Jokerz. Your father must have tried to fight them and--

Mary buries her face into Terry's chest. He holds her gently for a moment before breaking from her and darting towards the cops. They try to bar him from the room but he wrestles through them and disappears inside.

The corpse of Warren McGinnis is stiff and lies concealed beneath a heavy blanket. Terry sits on the bed and buries his face in his hands.

After a moment he gets on his knees and gently peels the blanket back that's covering Warren. He sees the pale face of his father, lifeless. Terry's eyes water and spill tears.

Mary is standing in the doorway behind him.

MARY

Terry...

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

I should have been here. I should have listened. I could have helped him fight.

A grim smile etches on Mary's face.

MARY

You're father wasn't much of a fighter. One trait I wished he had passed on to you.

Terry pounds the bed with his fist.

TERRY

It doesn't make any sense!

MARY

What?

TERRY

I've lived with dad for several years. He always peeked through the eyepiece to see who was on the other side.

MARY

The police said there didn't appear to be any indication of forced entry. What's this really about, Terry?

TERRY

I called him a coward, mom. I yelled at him.

Mary cradles Terry and gently kisses the top of his head.

MARY

You're overtired dear.

TERRY

My final words to him--

MARY

Wouldn't have mattered if he was still here. So why do they now?

Terry pulls away from her. His eyes drop to the floor.

MARY

We can't blame ourselves for being human, sometimes it's a blessing,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



MARY (cont'd)  
but more often it's a curse. You  
can't live with regret. That's no  
life.

Mary rubs his back before standing up. She remains in the doorway for a moment.

MARY  
I know you're hurting right now.  
You've spent the most time with  
Warren these last years. But you  
don't have to hurt alone, and I  
promise you you're not.

Mary beckons Terry toward her.

MARY  
I think we should both try to get  
some sleep. I need to check on your  
brother.

EXT. GOTHAM - CEMETERY - EARLY MORNING

Terry is in a black suit, standing over the grave site of his father. The coffin containing Warren McGinnis is lowered into the ground.

Mary stands in between her two sons. Matt hides himself in her dress. She strokes his head as tears creek down her face.

The minister stands at the side of the coffin. The sun gleams brilliantly behind them, beyond the pasture. A blue painted sky rises behind the sun.

Derek Powers stands on the opposite side of Terry.

DANA  
Terry.

Terry turns around. Dana is there, wearing a black dress with similar trim to Mary's.

Terry ushers her away from the crowd.

TERRY  
Dana, I'm so sorry.

Dana hushes him.

(CONTINUED)

DANA  
None of that's important right now.

TERRY  
(smiles)  
Thanks for coming. It means more  
than you think.

DANA  
He was a good man. What I knew of  
him.

TERRY  
He didn't really allow anyone to  
get too close. I think that's why  
he and my mom split.

DANA  
Don't talk like that now.

TERRY  
It's so good to see you, really.

DANA  
I can't stay long. We're out of  
town for the weekend. Listen Terry,  
if or when you're ready to talk...

TERRY  
I know.

Terry spots Bruce standing alone at a gravestone, apart from  
the congregation. He puts his hand on Dana's shoulder as he  
brushes past.

TERRY  
Excuse me.

Terry walks toward Bruce. As he gets nearer, Bruce turns to  
face him.

BRUCE  
My sincerest condolences for your  
loss.

TERRY  
Didn't think I'd see you here. But  
in a way you probably knew him  
better than I do. He always  
occupied himself in his work.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

He was a hard working and  
hard-earned man.

TERRY

What are you doing so far away from  
everyone? The congregation's over  
there. Don't tell me your shy.

BRUCE

I came to pay my respects but also  
to visit an old friend.

Terry observes the back of the gravestone in front of Bruce.

TERRY

Your parents?

BRUCE

In a way, yes.

Terry circles around to the front of the gravestone.

TERRY

Alfred Pennyworth. Who was he?

BRUCE

A second father. There's a lot of  
good people buried here Terry.

TERRY

(grins wryly)

Yeah.

His eyes flash to the large Batman monument.

TERRY

Looks like you're buried here too.  
It was nice to see you Bruce.

Terry begins to walk away.

BRUCE

The Jokerz didn't kill Warren.

Terry pauses. Bruce looks at him.

BRUCE

It's not their MO, they're thugs  
yes, but murderers? Unlikely.

Terry wheels around.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Mom says there wasn't any forced entry.

BRUCE

She's right. You're father let the killer inside. He trusted him.

Bruce's eyes nod to Derek Powers who is offering his sympathies to Mary. Terry recognizes the acknowledgment.

TERRY

You think Powers did my old man in?

BRUCE

Someone close to him, a hired gun perhaps. He won't get his hands dirty if he can avoid it.

Terry starts toward Powers.

BRUCE

What are you doing?

TERRY

(venomously)

I'm going to talk to him.

BRUCE

Terry!

Terry wheels around again.

BRUCE

I need time. There is a critical file missing from the company, something that was property of Harold Tully. It was removed without Powers' discretion.

TERRY

And he didn't find it on Tully did he?

BRUCE

The lack of evidence suggests not. I have a hunch that the document switched hands.

TERRY

You think he gave it to my father?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Like I said, I need time.

Terry starts off again.

BRUCE

Leave him alone.

TERRY

You're want me to just watch as the man who quite possibly killed my father fakes his concern to my mother.

BRUCE

Yes. These are dangerous people. I know it's not easy.

TERRY

You're damn right it's not easy.

BRUCE

If he's guilty he will pay, but not now. You need to keep your folks away from Powers while I figure this out.

TERRY

You're asking me to wait? Not something I'm good at.

BRUCE

I was never asking.

INT. MARY'S HOME - MATT'S ROOM - DAY

Terry bumbles through the doorway with a stack of boxes in his arms.

Matt lies on his bed reading a comic book. He smiles to himself as Terry trips over one of his action figures.

MATT

I can't believe I have to share a room with you again. I guess I better lay out the ground rules like we used to.

Terry drops the boxes on the unoccupied bed.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Guess I'll have to punch you like I  
used to...

Terry opens one of the boxes and begins rummaging through  
it.

TERRY

I think I forgot some things. Want  
to take a trip with me?

MATT

Naah, mom told me to stay here.

TERRY

Suit yourself, I'll be back in a  
little while.

EXT. MCGINNIS HOME - DAY

Terry slams his heel into the kickstand on his motorcycle.  
He snaps his helmet over his head and twists the throttle.  
The engine roars to life before he peels out of the driveway  
and onto the road.

Terry races through the freeway, eventually veering onto  
backroads. A car trailing behind him for several miles  
speeds up and swerves in front of him. Terry squeezes the  
trigger on the handlebar and veers his bike sideways,  
squealing the brakes.

The window of the car lowers. Powers is inside.

POWERS

How are you doing, Terry.

Terry flips the stand down on his bike and walks toward the  
car.

TERRY

I've been better.

POWERS

Warren's death was a devastating  
loss to all of us. I hate to be a  
bother, especially in what may not  
be the best time, but you don't  
seem to recall your father  
mentioning anything regarding any  
records, do you?

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

No, any way I can help?

POWERS

I appreciate your enthusiasm.  
Unfortunately, it seems I may have  
misplaced some classified  
documents. I thought perhaps your  
father had confided in you.

TERRY

What information was in these  
documents?

POWERS

They wouldn't exactly be classified  
if I told you now would they?

The door lifts upward. A platform of steps slips out from  
the inside.

Mr. Fixx steps out of the car and advances toward Terry.

POWERS

Perhaps I could show you.

Terry retreats to his bike.

TERRY

I'm afraid I have to pass. I have  
some errands and I'm running late.

POWERS

Why don't I escort you. Those bikes  
are dangerous Terry, accident  
prone. I don't want you to join  
your father simply for being  
reckless.

Terry grabs the helmet as he straddles his bike. Mr. Fixx  
grabs a fistful of his shirt. Terry backhands Mr. Fixx with  
the helmet, scraping it against his face in a swift swing.

Terry pulls the helmet on and flips the stand up. He  
squeezes the throttle threateningly as Mr. Fixx advances  
again.

Terry's bike bursts forward, slamming Mr. Fixx into the  
guardrail. He falters from the bike, but resets himself and  
spins away leaving a smog of exhaust behind him.

## INT. WARREN'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Terry picks up scattered books, pages through them and tosses them. He grabs the laundry basket and empties it on the bed before swiping through it.

Terry opens the drawers of the dresser and empties the contents. He looks at the yellow tape marking the crime scene.

Terry ducks under the tape and crosses over to the other side of the room cautiously. He carefully picks up a damaged monitor with a cracked screen.

Terry walks into the other room and retrieves a screwdriver from one of the cupboards. He attempts to pry the disk drive of the computer open but it continues to snap shut.

He reaches blindly into the drawer for a hammer. He corks the screwdriver needle under the drive again, torques it and beats the head of the screwdriver with the hammer. It opens just enough for him to yank on the tray. The tray snaps off and a disk is thrown into the air.

Terry hunts down the disk and picks it up, grinning stupidly.

## INT. WARREN'S HOME - EARLY AFTERNOON

Terry holds a cellphone to his ear. He is still holding the disk, inspecting it closely as an automated message answers.

The recorded message informs him that the number he has dialed is no longer in service. Terry tosses the phone.

## EXT. WAYNE MANOR - AFTERNOON

Terry pulls his bike into the woods before approaching the gate. He presses a button on the intercom and looks directly into the mounted camera focused on him. He holds up the disk and yells through the wind.

TERRY

I have something for you, Bruce!  
You were right about Powers!

The black gates pull back, folding in.



INT. BAT CAVE - AFTERNOON

Bruce is sitting in a chair watching the monitor.

POWERS V.O.

The virus is undetectable, and therefore untraceable. The contagion will lie dormant the first week. Observe the weekly examinations of my personal test subject, Harold Tully.

Bruce pauses the footage.

BRUCE

Are you sure you want to see this?

Terry leans against the chair Bruce is sitting in.

TERRY

I'm not a kid.

Bruce skips a couple frames ahead.

TERRY

What are you doing?

BRUCE

Skipping the suspense.

He fast forwards through more frames until Harold Tully appears to be suffering a very severe case of leprosy. His skin is deteriorated and aggravated in blackened oily spots.

TERRY

What did you do Powers?

Bruce ejects the disk and offers it to Terry.

BRUCE

Take this to the Commissioner. She's a friend.

TERRY

The cops? Powers has them wound around his finger.

BRUCE

Not all of them. Take it directly to Gordon.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

But we can stop him. There's enough evidence here to shut him down.

Terry motions to the suits in the cases behind them.

TERRY

Twenty years... don't you think it's time he came back?

Bruce turns his chair to face the monitor again.

TERRY

When I was younger, my parents told me stories about Batman. They said he was misunderstood. He wasn't some brooding vigilante who liked to put hurt on the bad guys. He was a protector, a hero. He did those things because nobody else would.

Bruce types on the keyboard in front of him.

TERRY

I don't understand why you'd ever give that up.

BRUCE

I'll be attending a meeting at city council tomorrow. I'm running a fundraiser. Many of the proceeds will be donated to your family.

TERRY

I don't want your money! You think that you can relate to me because now my dad's dead and both your parents died when you were younger? You think you're just like everyone else because of that?

BRUCE

Terry. I spent most of my life trying to decide if I was Bruce Wayne or Batman, trying to figure out which one was the mask.

TERRY

And...

Bruce spins his chair and points to the suits aligned behind them.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

When you look at those what do you see?

TERRY

People that got tired of watching their city rot. People who may have been victims of the cesspool Gotham has become, but who fought for it because they gave a damn.

BRUCE

I see costumes. Kids so delusional they dressed up and thought they made a difference. They all quit, they gave up the fight.

TERRY

But you haven't.

Bruce gestures to the foray of memorabilia he has collected from decades of fighting criminals.

BRUCE

I beat them all, countless times. And they came back for more because I had inspired some kind of sick competition among them.

TERRY

Looks like they gave up too.

Terry walks over and feels the velvety material of Harlequin's costume. He picks up a Joker card.

TERRY

And you may have a clown fetish.

BRUCE

You're too naive to understand. The fight doesn't end, not until I become one of them. When I do that, there's no return.

TERRY

Did you reach that point?

BRUCE

I stopped before I did.

Terry muses past the Robin and Batgirl costumes.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Did they? You said you lost them.

BRUCE

Not to death. Some of my adversaries left emotional scarring on them far worse than death.

TERRY

And you feel guilty for those scars?

BRUCE

Every day.

TERRY

Well you didn't hold the knife, Bruce, they did.

Terry motions to the criminal weapons and costumes. He tosses Bruce the disk and walks over the cases. He opens the case with the new suit and pulls it off the stand.

TERRY

Just making it easier for when you change your mind.

Terry storms up the steps and leaves.

INT. CITY HALL - EVENING

Bruce is sitting at the table. Two younger and beautiful women sit on either side of him. Across from him sits, ALISTAIR DROGGINS, with his wife ELLEN.

ALISTAIR

I see you haven't lost your playboy antics in your age.

Bruce sips a glass of wine.

BRUCE

Why does everyone comment on my age when they see me now?

ALISTAIR

Because many of us haven't seen you, in ages. What does the world's leading philanthropist billionaire playboy do in that time?

Bruce glances sideways at one of the women and tickles her chin.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR

Ugh, you disgust me Mr. Wayne. I'm glad Powers is stealing your company from under you. Maybe now you'll finally see what life is like for the rest of us here in Gotham.

Alistair rises from his seat, taking Ellen's hand.

ALISTAIR

Come on Ellen, let's leave Mr. Wayne to his muses.

Ellen casts a regretful look toward Wayne before Alistair leads her away.

BARBARA

Still up to your old tricks?

Barbara, a woman with graying hair and glasses hobbles toward Bruce on her own cane. She is wearing a brown overcoat over a police uniform.

BRUCE

Barbara?

Barbara sits in Alistair's unoccupied seat.

Bruce looks at both of the women on the sides of him.

BRUCE

Why don't you two go freshen up?

Bruce draws a bill from his pocket and raises it to them as they leave.

Barbara sets her cane beside her.

BARBARA

They seem lovely. What are their personalities like?

BRUCE

People don't ask questions when they see me with sleazy gold diggers like them. They don't investigate my character.

BARABARA

Isn't that concerning?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

What?

BARABARA

That you give millions to charities, promote your own fundraisers, using the money to rebuild Gotham, and they are okay that you go robbing the cradle? You're still hiding, after all these years.

BRUCE

So are you.

Barbara sips the wine Alistair left.

BARABARA

I beg your pardon?

BRUCE

You traded one uniform in for another, but you're still fighting for the same thing. Suits you well I must admit.

BARBARA

Why are you here? Tonight?

BRUCE

I'm raising money for a family that lost their father last week. Terry McGinnis, I believe he delivered the disk to you?

BARABARA

I don't know what your talking about. We were investigating that scene though. A murder yes, not the Jokerz though. Not a fixed robbery that went wrong either.

BRUCE

Terry never gave you the disk? Then why are you here?

BARBARA

It's been way too long, honestly. I know we have our differences now, I'm another badge now and you're, well you.

( CONTINUED )

BRUCE

I had nothing but the utmost respect for your father and I have no doubts you're living up to his reputation.

A bracelet around Bruce's wrist flashes red. He pulls his sleeve over it.

BRUCE

I better go check on those girls. It was good to see you, Barbara.

BARBARA

You too. I worry about you Bruce. Maybe we can catch up over a cup of coffee some time.

She turns, but Bruce is already gone.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

Bruce staggers into a back alley extending from the back of the building. He clicks a remote inside his coat. The car beeps and flashes as it unlocks.

Bruce slips into the back.

BRUCE

Home.

The door shuts and the car zooms forward.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

Terry is dressed as Batman skids across a rooftop, rolling onto his side. He gets up and perches at the edge of the building. He pulls his mask up and leans over, gauging the distance between him and the next building.

He rolls the mask over his face, exhales. He spreads his arms and retractable red wings grow beneath his elbows, extending to his wrists. The wings are flexible, formidable.

Terry leaps off the building, keeping his arms outstretched. His freefall becomes a glide, but he's losing altitude. Terry scrapes just below the rooftop and kicks his feet off the concrete to veer himself to a smaller building. He crashes over the ledge and slams into an air duct before collapsing into a puddle of muddy water.

(CONTINUED)

Terry brushes himself off as he climbs to his feet. He flaps his arms and the thrusters installed in the heels of his boots engage, launching him through the air.

Terry flails, throwing his arms out to try to open into a glide. He pulls his arms back and the thrusters disengage. Terry ungracefully glances off another rooftop, somersaulting to his knee.

Terry pushes himself upright and looks at his wings. He slowly raises an arm above him and the corresponding boot thruster spits a concentrated flame that lifts him into the air for a moment. He kicks his leg in front of him and pulls his arm back and the thruster disengages, smacking him to the ground again.

TERRY

Okay...

He stretches both arms out, the wings unroll beneath his arms. Slowly he raises them upwards. The flames spit out of his heels, kicking him off the ground. Terry blazes into the air.

INT. BAT CAVE - EVENING

Bruce prods at the couple of batarangs near the cave wall with his cane. He looks to the empty case where the batman suit used to be.

He walks over to his computer and sees several data files pertaining to Derek Powers. One of the files appears to be a GPS link, including one that has a geometrical map of the infrastructure of the company.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

Terry stands on the roof of a skyscraper overlooking one of the smaller buildings of Wayne-Powers Company. He throws his arms out and falls forward. He falls confidently before raising his arms upward. He jets towards Wayne-Powers Company.

Terry descends to the ledge clipping past the thirty second floor. He peers through the window. Mr. Fixx and Derek Powers are inside.

Terry slips behind the concrete barrier and places his hand on the glass. The audio amplifying receivers in his middle and index fingers feed him the conversation inside the room.



INT. WAYNE INDUSTRIES - OFFICE - NIGHT

Derek sits in a large chair, arms crunched on the armrests, hands folded under his chin.

POWERS

Today is our first distribution trial. I'll need more of my men to successfully push the cargo along.

MR. FIXX

Where's the first shipment?

POWERS

It'll be at the docks by the harbor. Easiest transportation there. I will be leaving soon to oversee the operations.

MR. FIXX

You want me to continue looking for the boy?

POWERS

No. His father's gone, I want you to continue to persuade them to investigate the Jokerz.

MR. FIXX

You said you thought he may know about the setup.

POWERS

What does it matter if he does? He's not a problem right now.

MR. FIXX

And if that changes? You want me to kill him?

POWERS

No. We'll consult another gun, if the need arises. I can't have them suspecting you of anything. Eventually Warren's murder may blow up, we need to be prepared for that.

MR. FIXX

When should I arrive tonight?

(CONTINUED)

POWERS

You're here to maintain PR. It will take us a while to set up. I want to assure the exchange runs smoothly. I'll call you.

EXT. WAYNE-INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Terry watches as Powers slips his coat over his shoulders. He shakes Mr. Fixx's hand before leaving.

Terry crouches down on the ledge, spying over the exit of the building.

BRUCE V.O.

I'm going to give you one chance to return the suit.

Terry pushes himself backward to avoid spilling over the ledge. He raises his hand to his head.

TERRY

Bruce? Where are you?

BRUCE V.O.

In your head. I recalibrated the cowl to a signal frequency only accessible in the cave.

TERRY

You were right. Powers didn't do it himself, but he ordered my dad's death.

BRUCE V.O.

The police will handle it. Bring the suit back and I will help you bring him to justice.

TERRY

Twenty years ago, that's not what you would have done.

BRUCE V.O.

This is not a negotiation. I know what you're thinking Terry, but it's not worth it. He's not worth it.

TERRY

You don't know what I'm about to do.

INT. BAT CAVE - NIGHT

Bruce is sitting in his chair looking at the monitor which is displaying a feed of Terry's vision from behind the visor.

BRUCE

I restored the connection of the  
video feed transmitters in the  
circuit board of the cowl.

Bruce sees Derek Powers as he walks away from the entrance of the Wayne-Powers building.

BRUCE

I'm watching you.

EXT. WAYNE-INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

TERRY

He killed my dad.

BRUCE

You stole a suit worth a small  
fortune and I want it back. I'm not  
asking again.

Terry exhales deeply, his eyes transfixed on Powers as he gets further and further away.

TERRY

I got sick of it gathering dust.  
It's time you saw that there was  
some use for it again. Sorry,  
Wayne. I'm not sitting this one  
out.

Terry leaps off the rooftop and begins to soar above Powers. He eases into a glide, closing the distance between them. He is several yards away when his suit stiffens and all the systems shut down. Electric pulses hiss inside the suit.

Terry smashes into the ground, rolling limply onto his stomach

TERRY

What's going on?

BRUCE V.O.

I installed a killswitch program  
into the suit years ago. In case I  
ever needed to neutralize a theft.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

He's getting away. Dammit Bruce!

Men in riot gear surge out of the building. They advance on Terry, guns drawn.

TERRY

People are coming. Hey, you hear me?

One of the men rolls Terry over with his foot.

GUARD 3

What the hell is this?

GUARD 4

Gotham has all the freaks.

A few of the guards stick the barrels of their guns in Terry's face.

TERRY

They're going to kill me.

The Guard jabs Terry in the side with his gun.

GUARD 3

He's alive? Someone call Powers, see what he wants us to do.

INT. BAT CAVE - NIGHT

Bruce sits meditatively in his seat. He watches Terry take a few more blows. His eyes shake as he punches the killswitch again.

EXT. WAYNE-INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

The surging electric pulses dissipate in the suit. Terry regains control. He balls his fists and directs them at the men with the guns. He fires two discs that cut and embed themselves into the armed men.

They scream and stagger backwards, dropping the guns.

Terry kicks himself to his feet and sweeps the remaining guards out with his leg. Once all of them are knocked to the ground, Terry raises his arms overhead and bursts into the air.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE V.O.

Return the suit or I will let them  
have you.

Terry raises his hand to his cowl. The visor zooms in on  
where he previously saw Powers, but he's gone now.

Terry redirects toward Wayne Manor.

INT. BAT CAVE - NIGHT

Terry storms toward Bruce, a backpack towed on his back.

TERRY

I had Powers! You allowed him to  
get away! He's moving the nerve  
toxin tonight. And I could have  
stopped him.

BRUCE

You could have killed him.

Bruce measures Terry's eyes.

BRUCE

And you would have.

TERRY

Don't I deserve that?

BRUCE

You deserve to have your father  
back. But he's not coming back.

TERRY

I am sick of your psycho-analysis  
bullshit. Maybe that worked on your  
Robin and Batgirl. But I'm not like  
them.

BRUCE

I'm worried your too much like one  
of them... I never found my parents  
killer, Terry. And I thank God  
every day that I didn't.

TERRY

You became Batman to--

BRUCE

To fight for others who were unable  
to fight for themselves. To show

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (cont'd)  
them that we aren't all afraid.  
When I was eight years old I was  
too young and didn't have the  
resources to locate the man who  
murdered my parents.

Bruce leans against his cane as he limps toward Terry.

BRUCE  
Had I found their killer, I fear I  
would be a very different man. I  
have my regrets, but that will  
never be one. What I would have  
done to him back then.

TERRY  
You never even looked for him?

BRUCE  
Just because you have the power of  
a giant, doesn't mean you should  
wield it like one. Batman never  
killed, it's what separated me from  
the criminals I locked away in  
Arkham.

TERRY  
If you had, maybe there wouldn't be  
any more criminals.

BRUCE  
Maybe I'd be one of them.

TERRY  
Powers is still moving the nerve  
gas tonight... I'm going to stop  
him, Bruce.

Terry unzips his coat, showing that he's still wearing the  
suit. He unpacks the mask and tosses the backpack on the  
floor.

BRUCE  
It's an issue for the police.

TERRY  
Not in my city.

Terry pulls the mask over his face. Bruce walks over to the  
trigger for the killswitch.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
I'll deactivate the suit again.

Terry spins around.

TERRY  
I am more than equipped to destroy  
that switch. I'll leave it up to  
the greatest detective to figure  
out why I haven't.

Terry begins walking and then stops.

TERRY  
People put faith in you for a long  
time, maybe quietly, but they did.  
Have faith in me now.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - HARBOR - NIGHT

Powers is walking pace with one of traffickers,  
HANES.

POWERS  
There was a *scuffle* at my company?

HANES  
It will be resolved Mr. Powers.  
They're looking for him now.

POWERS  
Is that supposed to comfort me? I  
don't need leak in my operations.

HANES  
Listen, you hired men to do the  
job. Let us do the job. We've dealt  
with this before.

POWERS  
I have extended several of my  
factions to avoid this type of  
error. If I am exposed--

HANES  
It may ruin your chances of mayor?  
Relax, we'll handle it.

POWERS  
Your words are empty to me until I  
see a body. I want half of this  
operation dispatched and fully  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

POWERS (cont'd)  
committed to finding the leak. I  
don't need any pinchers or tweakers  
spoilng a billion dollar  
investment.

HANES  
We're already spread thin Powers.

POWERS  
I don't care. This trial needs to  
run smoothly to gain the confidence  
of our buyers across seas.

HANES  
I would strongly advise--

Powers pulls a gun and presses it against Hanes head.

POWERS  
No, go ahead. Finish what you were  
saying. I make the demands here,  
this is *my* operation. If you want  
to keep your tongue, I would  
*strongly advise* you to stay silent.

Terry glides to the peak of a large crane overlooking the  
dock. He sees six semi trucks, but men are only loading into  
one truck.

Terry clicks his visor, scanning the trucks.

TERRY  
There's six trucks, but only one of  
them has Powers' nerve toxin. The  
rest must be divergences.

Terry scans one of the crates being lumbered by a  
trafficker.

TERRY  
Some of these contain a lot of  
lead, Bruce.

BRUCE V.O.  
A bonus for the beneficiaries.

Terry stares past the piers, across the harbor.

TERRY  
Nice of Powers to leave me an easy  
way to dispose of the toxin. How  
does it react with water?

(CONTINUED)



Terry hears fingers clicking across a keyboard

BRUCE V.O.

It's highly radioactive. It will vaporize but may leave residual radiation airborne.

TERRY

How deep would I have to go to drown it?

BRUCE V.O.

You won't be able to. It's not soluble.

TERRY

I didn't pay attention in Chemistry.

BRUCE V.O.

It will absorb the water.

Terry drops to ground level.

TERRY

Powers couldn't make this easy for us.

Terry grabs a charge from his utility belt and places it at the base of the crane. He flings himself to the other side and places a charge on a large wooden scaffold construct.

BRUCE

May I ask what you're doing?

TERRY

Installing a backup plan. If worst comes to worst I can at least contain the radiation.

BRUCE V.O.

It will spread easily unless you create either an air lock or vacuum.

TERRY

Please, one thing at a time.

Terry keeps planting charges. He races to the other side and deposits more charges.

Terry hears the whirring surge of an engine. He looks up and sees a shuttle with large turbines grounding near the pier.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Do you hear that?

Terry slings a detonator batarang at a pillar on the far side, but misses and the batarang skims the pillar and whizzes past.

BRUCE V.O.

I see it. What are you doing?

Terry whips another one, sticking this one into the pillar.

TERRY

We just ran out of time.

Mr. Fixx steps out of the shuttle.

One of the traffickers hears the slicing edge of the batarang as it meets the pillar and walks back to investigate. Terry stalks after him.

The trafficker finds the batarang. Terry quickly muffles the man's mouth with his hand and slams his knee into his back. He extends his hand to the man's neck and shoves his head into a cargo crate.

A couple more traffickers hear the raucous and rush to investigate.

BRUCE V.O.

What are you doing!

TERRY

Improvising.

BRUCE V.O.

Get out of there, now!

Terry draws fire. The traffickers, men and women pull their guns and open fire. Terry dashes into the air and finds cover behind the construct of a building in progress.

BRUCE

You won't win a firefight.

TERRY

Luckily, I have more firepower.

Terry jets off toward two gunmen who have discovered the knocked out trafficker. He hits them before they can react. Barreling into them and knocking them back. Hanes emerges from behind the crates.

(CONTINUED)

HANES

He's here!

Terry lifts him off his feet and soars into the air. He drops him at a low enough altitude that doesn't kill him, but high enough to break some bones.

He points his wrist at two more assailants, a man and a woman and fires discs at their wrists, effectively disarming them. As they whelp in pain, he lifts them off their feet and soars higher into the air.

TERRY

Don't look down.

They scream as Terry drops them onto a large rooftop of a skyscraper that has no access to a way off.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - HARBOR - NEAR SHUTTLE - NIGHT

Powers walks up to a trafficker that is running wildly toward him.

POWERS

What the hell's happening over there?

The trafficker plants his hands on his knees, catching his breath.

TRAFFICKER

It's Batman... he's here.

Powers looks at Mr. Fixx.

POWERS

Just my luck. Twenty years and he picks tonight to show up. Which means a leak in our organization tipped him off. I don't want bodies, I want heads. Find them. Mr. Fixx, we'll be departing sooner than I anticipated.

Mr. Fixx nods before making his way into the shuttle.

TERRY

I need some help here. I can't get close to Powers with all this gunfire

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE V.O.

I know.

Terry hears more turbine engines. A large black shuttle floats overhead.

TERRY

What's that?

BRUCE V.O.

Your help.

The traffickers open fire on the shuttle. It hovers above them for a moment before zipping past them into the distance. Several men race after it, firing relentlessly.

Terry smirks. Several of the traffickers and henchmen pursue it mindlessly.

TERRY

Thanks. Looks like Powers is preparing to leave. I've got to stall him.

Terry redirects and flies toward Powers. Powers turns and unexpectedly fires at Terry. The laser discharges clip him in the back and in one of his wings, singeing the suit and burning his back.

Terry dashes away and slides behind a large crate.

POWERS

So you are human.

TERRY

He's quick. And a better marksman than his flunkies.

BRUCE

You alright?

Terry shifts his back.

TERRY

I'll live. Keep looking for a way to neutralize the toxin.

Terry flicks a batarang backward. Powers picks it out of the air with his gun. Terry squeezes both hands, manifesting a batarang in each hand. He turns and hurls them before ducking behind the crate again. Powers picks them both out of the air.

(CONTINUED)

Terry continues whipping batarangs relentlessly. Powers shoots them out of the air.

POWERS

I can do this all day.

Terry looks at the crate. He opens it and examines the contents. The vials of nerve gas. He tosses a batarang before throwing himself behind a stack of pallets. Powers' back is to him.

Terry slings another batarang before throwing a vial of the toxin at Powers. Powers turns and shoots both. He cracks the vial and it explodes into a mist that shrouds him, eventually devouring him.

POWERS

No!... No!

Terry watches as Powers crawls forward, black oily spots infecting him as his skin pales.

POWERS

Help me! Please, help me...

Terry steps back as Powers hand claws toward him desperately.

BRUCE V.O.

There appears to be ventilation chambers installed in the van. Powers has to keep the toxin cool to keep it stabilized.

Terry walks away from Powers. Powers screams behind him.

POWERS

Where are you going? Help me!

TERRY

A coolant system? Don't most ventilation systems contain basic liquid nitrogen? We could freeze the toxin. At sub-zero it should be harmless.

BRUCE

I thought you didn't pay attention in school.

TERRY

Luckily I have friends that do. Remind me to thank them later.

(CONTINUED)

Terry flies over to the semi.

BRUCE

The system should be lining the ceiling of the semi. Place a thermodite charge in the center to expose it.

TERRY

Rodger that.

Terry clambers to the top and digs into the pockets of his utility belt.

TERRY

Uhh...

BRUCE

Left back pocket.

Terry locates the charge and slaps it in the center. He rotates a dial and steps back as the charge bursts. A metal frisbee shaped disc framework supports a light blue liquid. It hums in it's place.

Terry grabs the disc and leaps off the truck before yanking the back open, revealing hundreds of crates of the toxic vials inside.

TERRY

One more should do it.

He walks a few paces, inserting another charge. He tosses the disc into the back and scatters from it. He hears the soft burst and sees the vials instantaneously permafreeze, a chilling barrier solidifying the contents inside.

TERRY

Send the police to check to the toxin in a couple minutes. I should be done here by then.

Terry hears footsteps. A man with a large pike attempts to bash him from behind, but Terry swiftly sidesteps and catches the pike swinging the man in the opposite direction with ease.

There's two men in front of Terry now. He exchanges blows with them until both are beat into submission. He hears the click of a gun and conceals himself behind the semi.

He hears the whirring blades again. Terry peers behind his cover and sees the top propellers spinning and the turbines churning to life. He taps his fingers against the cowl.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Something's wrong. I can't run any scans on the interior of the helicraft.

BRUCE

(clicking keys)

It's painted in a thick, insulating agent. Undetectable to infra-red, or forces that may investigate a grounded shuttle in foreign territory.

Terry sees Mr. Fixx ascending the platform of the helicraft.

TERRY

Which means he's got something worth hiding. Looks like Fixx is leaving his master behind. I'm going after him.

BRUCE

Be careful.

TERRY

Is that concern?

Terry leans over the cab of the truck and fires a grappling hook from his wrist. He hits the man's gun, slamming it against his chest. Terry rushes forward, pulling the rope taut, sweeping the staggered man's legs out from under him.

Terry pounces on the man and strikes him across the face, knocking him unconscious. He leaps onto one of the semi's and peels the metal frame away until he finds another ventilation disc. He takes it and vaults off the top of the truck.

The helicraft is nearly at full capacity now. Terry races after it, flinging an explosive batarang into the left turbine. The shuttle rolls onto it's side.

Terry pries the doors to the helicraft open. He squeezes inside before they slam closed behind him. Mr. Fixx is standing near the controls. Inside the shuttle are more crates of the nerve toxin and plans for distribution.

TERRY

May I see your permit?

MR. FIXX

Killing you hardly seems worth the effort we went through, but it'll have to do.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

I'm all yours, gruesome.

Mr. Fixx marches forward. He reaches into his coat. Terry grabs the arm going for the gun.

TERRY

Can't beat me without a gun?

Mr. Fixx lifts Terry up and tosses him across the cockpit onto the control panel.

MR. FIXX

Take off your suit.

Terry climbs to his knees.

TERRY

Alright, I'll keep the suit. You keep the gun.

Mr. Fixx aims the gun, but Terry has already tossed a smoke pellet. It disperses and Terry flies through the ensuing smoke, slamming into Mr. Fixx. Mr. Fixx catches one of the pointy ears on the suit and reels Terry into a pipe overhanging the door.

Terry throws his elbow back but Mr. Fixx catches it and twists it behind his back before stomping on it. Terry's shoulder pops and he cringes backward. Mr. Fixx aims his gun as Terry slashes the ventilation disc across his face.

Terry swipes across Mr. Fixx's gun hand, this time separating the gun from his hand. Mr. Fixx lands a punch into Terry's stomach before stepping back.

MR. FIXX

I admire your spirit. But even with all your gadgets, you won't stop a private army. Powers' men will be here soon. You've left yourself no way out in your suicide mission.

Terry fires the grappling hook around the throttle and yanks back, jostling the lever backward. The helicopter blitzes to life, jetting into the sky. Terry and Mr. Fixx lose their balance and crash against the left side of the craft.

Terry plants the thermodite charge on the ventilation disc and slides it next to the crates.

(CONTINUED)



TERRY

You're right, I don't need an audience.

The charge goes off. Critical failure warnings blink across the monitors.

MR. FIXX

You're insane. We'll never land this thing.

TERRY

Are you scared?

MR. FIXX

Not of you. Not of some disillusioned punk crazy enough to believe he's Batman.

TERRY

I am Batman.

Mr. Fixx stumbles as the helicraft soars unsteadily. His hands close on Terry's throat.

MR. FIXX

Give in if you don't want to feel the crash.

Terry claws at Mr. Fixx's hands desperately, but they only tighten. Terry glances up dizzily at the pipe above his head. He wraps both his hands around the pipe and swings his feet to his stomach. The boots ignite and alight Mr. Fixx before kicking him backwards, throwing him through the glass window of the helicraft.

Terry swoons after him, throwing himself through the shattered glass. He catches Mr. Fixx as he plummets toward the sea. Before hitting the waters, Terry opens into a brief glide that lessens the impact as their bodies collide with the water.

Terry squeezes his arm underneath Mr. Fixx's chin and drags him to the surface. Terry is panting as he listens to the police sirens.

BRUCE

Terry?

TERRY

...I'm... here.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
I want my suit back.

INT. BAT CAVE - EVENING

Bruce pats his dog Ace on the head as he watches the news.  
Terry descends the steps of the bat cave.

BRUCE  
You did good.

Terry is fixated on the news.

ANCHOR V.O.  
Powers was a spectator to the scene. The billionaire suffered severe burns. However, Powers has refused any medical attention up to this point and has declined to comment on the scene.

TERRY  
Spectator? Spectator!

BRUCE  
Relax, Terry.

TERRY  
He got away.

BRUCE  
You stopped him. You saved several lives today. Be proud of that.

TERRY  
I'm not finished.

BRUCE  
You are.

TERRY  
But I--

BRUCE  
Tonight was a rare occurrence. I couldn't ask you to don the costume again.

TERRY  
You didn't ask me. I stole the suit from you, remember? I made that choice, not you.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

And I wouldn't have you put  
yourself at risk again.

TERRY

Why, because I'll end up just like  
them?

Terry looks at the cases with the sidekick costumes.

TERRY

I told you before, I'm not like  
them. I think tonight showed that  
Gotham needs Batman again.

BRUCE

Gotham never needed Batman, I did.

TERRY

You don't believe that, not really.  
It's something else.

Bruce glares at Terry.

TERRY

You don't think I can be as good as  
you were. But if you were my age,  
you'd do it all again.

BRUCE

The kind of life I have led, it  
changes people, and not always for  
the better.

TERRY

I can handle it. I've done some  
pretty rotten things. Lived like  
the thugs you brushed off the  
streets in your time. Things I'm  
not proud of.

BRUCE

Most people have their secrets.

TERRY

Yeah, but they don't have the  
criminal record to go along with  
it. And despite my time in juvenile  
contempt I've never shaken that  
guilt for my actions. Maybe I never  
will, but when I put on the suit, I  
forgot it.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

I won't have you take the risks  
because of some unresolved feelings  
of self righteousness.

TERRY

I have a little brother who  
wouldn't even recognize me if he  
knew the things I had done back  
then. As Batman, I'm someone I can  
respect again, someone who feels  
self worth.

BRUCE

You can rediscover your worth and  
value by being there for your  
family. You're not the only one who  
just lost a father. I wouldn't  
forgive myself if something  
happened to you too.

TERRY

Mr. Wayne, I am asking you--

Bruce extends his hand.

BRUCE

The suit.

Terry swings his backpack around and digs the suit out. He  
sets it in Bruce's hand.

BRUCE

You think this is what you want,  
but you don't know the implications  
or consequences of such a burden.

Terry shakes his head as he ascends the stairs.

TERRY

I've spent most of my life with  
others telling me what I want. Just  
once, I wish they'd listen to me.

Terry exits the cave.

INT. MARY'S HOME - TERRY'S BEDROOM

Mary fixes the pillows on the couch. A news broadcast plays  
in the background.

(CONTINUED)

## ANCHOR 2

Bruce Wayne asked for a full inspection of his formerly owned residence after Powers was stated to be seen at the attempted smuggling of illegal drugs. Wayne refused to address the public but stated that he suspected Powers of foul play.

There is a knock at the door. Mary opens the door but it catches on the chain. She still manages to see Bruce Wayne on the other side.

MARY

Oh my, Mr. Wayne?

Mary foolishly slides the chain and unlocks the door.

MARY

Forgive me, ever since Warren's passing, I just--

BRUCE

No apologies necessary Ms. McGinnis. I didn't even know doors still had chains like this.

MARY

Well, it may be rudimentary to your standards, but it makes me feel safer.

Mary beckons him forward.

MARY

Please, come in. Sit, please.

BRUCE

That's very gracious of you.

Bruce makes his way inside and sits on the couch. Mary sits on the chair next to the couch.

MARY

What brings you by? I never got to thank you for your contributions and fundraiser to our family.

BRUCE

No thank you is necessary either. I won't be long, I actually came to see Terry.

(CONTINUED)

MARY?

Oh...About what?

BRUCE

I would like to offer him a job. I can contact him another time, he must still be sleeping.

MARY

Nonsense, he stays up all night and sleeps all morning. I'll go get him.

BRUCE

I'm not really much of a morning person myself.

MARY

But you don't have classes to attend. I'll be just a second.

Marry hurries off to Matt and Terry's bedroom. She raps the door.

MARY

Terry. Terry!

Mary peels the door open.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Terry pulls the blanket over his waist. He rolls groggily to his side.

TERRY

Mom, I'm only wearing briefs here. a little warning would be nice.

MARY

Get dressed and in the living room. Mr. Wayne is here to see you.

TERRY

(yawns)

Mr. Wayne?

MARY

Mr. Bruce Wayne. Hurry up.

Mary closes the door before returning to the living room.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

He'll just be a minute. Would you like either coffee or tea?

BRUCE

Coffee please.

MARY

I'll be right back.

Terry stumbles out of his bedroom, tugging his black shirt down.

BRUCE

Ah, Terrence, my apologies. I told your mother not to wake you.

TERRY

It's okay. She said you wanted to see me.

BRUCE

Indeed I did. I'd like to offer you a job.

TERRY

(smirks)

Really?

BRUCE

Yes, you'd be working mostly nights because I want you to be able to focus on your studies. I don't want there to be any conflicts.

Mary returns to the room and hands Bruce a steaming coffee mug.

BRUCE

Thank you.

MARY

I'll disappear.

BRUCE

No need Ms. McGinnis, I'm not following the procedure of a standard interview. As far as I'm concerned, Terry has the job if he wants it. I'm just here for clarification.

Bruce takes a sip of the coffee.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I didn't know you knew Terry.

BRUCE

Your son stood up for me in front of a bunch of thugs once. He showed a lot of character. That kind of character should be rewarded. You would be my personal assistant, but you may glean a lot of insight into the business I conduct.

TERRY

I'm interested. Can you tell me the specifics?

BRUCE

Do you have a valid driver's license? Some tasks will be as simple as running errands.

TERRY

Sounds manageable.

BRUCE

You may also gain some hands on with some new machinery and technology you're unfamiliar with. But I will dedicate the time to teach you and familiarize you.

TERRY

What's the pay?

MARY

Terry!

BRUCE

It's quite alright. The pay is knowing you're doing something worthwhile... My sense of humor must be as old as me. You'll be well compensated, of course.

TERRY

Sounds good. When can I start?

BRUCE

The job isn't always the easiest. There are a lot of risks, failure will teach you the merits of victory. And victory will test you.

(CONTINUED)



TERRY

When can I start?

BRUCE

Take the day to be with your family and friends. If you haven't changed your mind by tomorrow night, meet me at the manor tomorrow. I trust you know how to get there.

TERRY

I'll find my way.

BRUCE

I best be getting back. I have several matters to attend to.

Bruce stands up. Terry offers his hand.

TERRY

I won't disappoint you.

BRUCE

I know.

Bruce glances at Mary.

BRUCE

Thank you for the coffee Ms. McGinnis.

MARY

Of course. Thanks for stopping by.

Bruce nods to both of them before exiting.

INT. BAT CAVE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Bruce is looking at the monitor, moving the scrubbing bar to rewind previous footage released by the media.

BRUCE

I told you to take the day off.

Terry emerges from the bottom of the steps.

TERRY

Did you think I would change my mind? That was what you wanted, right?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

I only wanted to give you the choice.

TERRY

So now what?

BRUCE

Batman doesn't operate during the day time.

TERRY

I'm not wearing the Robin costume.

BRUCE

The day's young.

Bruce rises from his chair and offers Terry a dense book.

TERRY

What's this?

BRUCE

An instruction manual for the suit. You have some reading to do.

TERRY

I'm not doing this.

BRUCE

You knew what you were getting yourself into. I've spent the last couple nights drafting that. You'll read it.

TERRY

So what, chapters one through three?

Bruce grins wryly.

BRUCE

There may be an exam.

TERRY

We have all day.

BRUCE

Then we have work to do.

Terry smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

( CONTINUED )

