

SHADOW OF THE BAT

I: CAPES

103 - "Extraction"

Batman and related characters were created by Bob Kane & Bill Finger and are owned by DC Comics and Warner Brothers. This is a work of transformative fiction... aren't they all?

FADE IN:

INT. ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - NIGHT

Fade in on a dark, tightly cramped laboratory. We pan over plants cluttering every surface, eventually coming to Dr. PAMELA ISLEY, who is watering a flower.

Isley is in her late 30's. She wears an ill-fitting lab-coat, her hair is up in a messy bun, and her glasses slide halfway down her nose. Her splotchy face displays no make-up, though there is a noticeable smudge of soil across her brow.

She hums "Big Yellow Taxi" by Joni Mitchell.

Across the lab, a cordless phone sits on her cluttered desk under a desk lamp; the only illumination in the room. It rings.

ISLEY
(to the plants)
I'll be right back.

Isley delicately puts down her watering can and makes her way to the desk.

She picks up the phone and leans over her desk.

ISLEY (CONT'D)
Hello? *(listening)* Oh, hello.
(listening) I'm sorry, it's taking longer than I expected.
(listening) It's not as if-
(listening) I understand that, but science does not run on a timetable. *(listening)* The Metus Timorus is a delicate plant sir, if she doesn't get just the right-
(listening) Well it's not just the harvesting, there's a chemical aspect. *(listening)* Those were *your* expectations, not mine. *(listening)* I'm in the middle of watering my plants, you'll have to excuse me.

She hangs up the phone.

ISLEY (CONT'D)
(to plants)
He's very pushy isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

Isley stands upright and walks back over to her plants. She picks up her can and continues to water.

ISLEY (CONT'D)

It's okay, you take as long as you like.

OPENING TITLE CARD: SHADOW OF THE BAT

ACT ONE:

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of the estate.

Light glints off the giant latticed windows of the mansion.

SI: "Extraction"

Vicki Vale's sports car pulls up to the mansion and parks in the round-about.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

We slowly push toward the set of massive double doors. The doorbell rings loudly, echoing.

As we push closer, a hand reaches and turns the handle, opening the door and revealing Vicki standing on the porch.

Alfred, at the door, sizes her up with disinterest.

ALFRED

Miss Vale. Is Bruce expecting you?

VICKI

Actually I'm not here to see Bruce.

ALFRED

I'm afraid I'm very busy at the moment.

VICKI

I was hoping to talk to Richard Grayson.

ALFRED

He's much too young for you, Miss Vale. Have a nice afternoon.

Alfred tries to shut the door, but Vicki shoves her foot in the frame, preventing it from fully closing.

(CONTINUED)

VICKI
C'mon, Al. This is a great
story. Spectacle, theatrics,
tragedy.

ALFRED
Master Grayson is far too busy with
his studies.

Alfred tries to shut the door again.

VICKI
When should I come back?

He stops moving the door just long enough to answer.

ALFRED
When Mr. Wayne invites you.

Alfred closes the door the rest of the way and turns around.

We follow behind him into the study, watching as he opens
the face of the grandfather clock and twirls the hands into
position.

INT. THE CAVE - MEANWHILE

Bruce and Dick stand in battle-stances on wrestling mats,
each wearing monotone Gis. Dick's is red and Bruce's is
navy blue.

Dick notices Alfred entering the Cave as Bruce switches
stances.

DICK
Boxing, Southpaw.

BRUCE
What's the strategy?

Bruce jabs with his right.

Dick moves his head, avoiding the jab.

As Bruce throws a powerful left haymaker, Dick ducks inside
it and throws an uppercut at Bruce, stopping his fist at his
chin.

DICK
Dodge the right jabs and get inside
the left hook.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Very good.

Bruce pulls a batarang-grapnel out from the black belt of his Gi.

DICK

Not again.

BRUCE

You need the practice.

DICK

I've been practicing for like three months.

BRUCE

And you're still not good enough.

Dick takes the batarang-grapnel from Bruce and looks to the ceiling of the cave.

He winds up and throws the batarang. It hooks on a steel strut in the cave's structuring.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Good. Again.

Dick flicks the rope. The batarang unhooks and falls into his hand.

He throws it again, but the batarang sails clear of the strut.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Keep practicing.

DICK

I got it the first time.

BRUCE

You need to get it every time or you're a mark on the pavement. Again.

Dick throws the batarang again and it catches.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Good. Climb it.

Dick scampers up the rope.

Once Dick is clear of the frame and cannot be seen, Bruce smiles.

(CONTINUED)

Alfred walks up to Bruce, having finally reached the training area.

ALFRED

Bruce, may I speak with you for-

Bruce's beeper goes off.

His brow furrows as he checks it. He looks back up at Alfred.

BRUCE

Sorry.

Dick drops to the floor in superhero pose, one knee and one fist on the ground.

Bruce turns to Dick, gesturing with his beeper, unsure what to say.

Dick stands, brushing his hands together to clear off dust and debris.

DICK

It's alright. I'll knock out some cardio while you're gone.

Bruce nods and walks off, out of the training area and into the darkness between lit areas.

Dick walks across the training area to a pull-up bar, leaps up and starts doing jerk-ups.

ALFRED

(to Dick)

I will see you upstairs for lunch I hope?

Dick speaks between jerk-ups.

DICK

Maybe.

Jerk-up.

DICK (CONT'D)

Have to train

Jerk-up.

Alfred stands there a moment, perhaps wondering if he should continue the conversation, perhaps hoping Dick will. After a beat he turns and walks toward the long winding stairs.

INT. GORDON HOUSEHOLD, DEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Gordon enters his den in his overcoat, carrying his briefcase, looking exhausted.

He sets the briefcase down and loosens his tie. He heads over to his recliner and slumps down into it.

He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes for a moment of well-deserved silence.

Barbara bursts in from the hallway.

BARBARA

Hi Daddy.

Without opening his eyes, Gordon acknowledges his daughter.

GORDON

Hello dear.

BARBARA

Long day at work?

He raises his gaze to her.

GORDON

Always. Something on your mind?

BARBARA

No...

GORDON

Good.

Gordon puts up the footrest of the recliner.

BARBARA

Well... Dick and I were talking and he's having trouble with Advanced Algebra and I said I'd go over to his house and-

GORDON

(interrupting)

Absolutely not. No daughter of mine is going over to the Wayne mansion unattended.

BARBARA

But daddy-

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

(interrupting)

Enough. Bruce Wayne is not the kind of person you need to be around, and I don't trust his "ward" anymore than I can throw him.

BARBARA

You don't know Dick. He's not like those other jagoffs.

GORDON

He's being raised by the playboy, and that's all I need to know.

BARBARA

That's so unfair!

GORDON

Honey, as a parent I have to make certain judgment calls, and I don't think it's unreasonable-

BARBARA

(interrupting)

Whatever... I'm going to mom's apartment.

Barbara walks out of the den in a huff.

Gordon puts down the footrest and sits upright, calling after her.

GORDON

Babs, you come back here and we can have a reasonable adult conversation about this.

From the den he hears the front door slam.

Gordon waits a moment. then takes a pack of cigarettes from his coat pocket. He stands up and steps toward the interior garage door.

He opens the door and steps in.

Through the door frame we watch as Gordon lights his cigarette, takes a long healthy drag, and exhales.

He brushes away the smoke creeping into the house and closes the door, remaining on the other side.

INT. JARRICO WEST'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING

Batman approaches a set of double doors which are blocked by police tape. He cracks open one of the doors, then ducks under the tape, entering the cordoned off office.

INT. JARRICO WEST'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Batman notices the breeze flowing through the open window and immediately heads toward it.

He puts his finger to his ear.

BATMAN

I'm in.

ALFRED

(over comm)

Very good.

There is a circle missing from the window. Batman runs his gloved finger along the edge of the cut glass.

BATMAN

Familiar.

ALFRED

(over comm)

You think you know who perpetrated the robbery?

Batman turns away from the window and walks across the room to the closet safe, which is ajar. He kneels down to inspect it.

BATMAN

Combine the methodology for entry with the fact that the victim is under investigation for his ruthless foreclosure of affordable housing... yes, this safe confirms it.

ALFRED

(over comm)

Confirms what?

BATMAN

Selina.

INT. THE CAVE -

Dick runs on a treadmill at sprinting speed, seemingly with little effort, but he's sweating like he has been at it a while.

Alfred walks up carrying a tray with two plates; each with a sandwich on it. They are very simple turkey sandwiches made with thick slices of actual turkey breast, a perfect workout companion.

DICK

Hey.

ALFRED

Master Grayson. Bruce will not be back until late, so I took the liberty of making sandwiches.

DICK

I'm running.

ALFRED

You've been training since five o'clock this morning, you need to eat.

Dick stops the treadmill, only barely betraying his mild annoyance.

DICK

Alright.

Dick grabs a towel from the arm of the treadmill and throws it around his neck, getting off the treadmill and walking with Alfred to a sturdy, utilitarian bench on the outskirts of the training area.

Alfred sets the tray down on the middle of the bench. Dick sits on one side of the tray, Alfred sits on the other.

Alfred hands Dick his plate, and then takes his own, setting it on his lap.

Dick wipes his brow with his forearm, then picks up the sandwich. He goes to take a bite, but stops.

ALFRED

Something on your mind?

DICK

No.

Dick goes to take a bite again, but stops again.

(CONTINUED)

DICK (CONT'D)

It seems like he works so well alone, you know?

ALFRED

Batman?

DICK

Yeah. Why does he need a Robin? I mean, won't I just get in his way?

ALFRED

You need each other right now. Being Batman has traditionally been a lonely responsibility. He has had me to come back to, but up until now, out there in the no man's land between Gotham's underworld and its citizens, he has been alone.

DICK

So he's never worked with anyone?

ALFRED

This is not a task that just anyone can perform. This is a calling. Most are not up to the responsibility. The rest... can't understand.

DICK

But I do?

There is a beat as Alfred adjusts the plate on his lap.

ALFRED

Batman is larger than life, he is a legend. You may not feel you can follow in his footsteps. However, you know Bruce. He is a moral, righteous man. But he is a man. You too carry an understanding of decency beyond most others. There is no need to worry, Master Richard. You will grow comfortably into the role.

EXT. SELINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the old apartment complex.

EXT. SELINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman, a satchel over her shoulder, climbs up nimbly onto her roof and saunters over to her window. She crouches, quickly but quietly opens the window, and tosses her satchel inside.

She stands upright.

From over Catwoman's shoulder, she sees in the newly opened window the reflection of a large shadowy figure looming behind her.

She turns and high-kicks at the figure, mostly as a distraction, then immediately blows past the figure at a sprint.

The figure is Batman.

He turns and runs after her.

They skip over minor gaps in the rooftops. Batman's ambulation is more straightforward, whereas Catwoman's is fluid, almost beautiful.

Catwoman "Kash Vaults" (both legs through the gap between her arms as she plants her hands on the raised lip of the roof) over the side of a roof into a particularly nasty gap.

Batman eventually follows her down, cape billowing behind him like wings.

When Batman reaches the bottom he surveys the alley, but Catwoman is not there.

FADE TO BLACK:

ACT TWO:

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - MORNING

We slow push in to the massive double doors in the mansion foyer.

The doorbell rings loudly throughout the mansion, echoing. Alfred's hand reaches down and opens it, revealing Barbara standing on the other side holding a small stack of textbooks.

Alfred looks down at Barbara.

ALFRED

Miss Gordon. How may I assist you?

BARBARA

Is Dick home? He and I are supposed to study.

ALFRED

I'm afraid Master Grayson is indisposed at the moment, and will be for the remainder of the day.

BARBARA

Oh.

ALFRED

I will, of course, inform him that you called.

BARBARA

(disappointed)

Thanks.

Alfred closes the door.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Barbara walks away down the large gravel path.

She passes SELINA KYLE, who makes her way up the walkway, wearing a slinky black dress, looking gorgeous.

Barbara's head turns to watch Selina walk by, but Selina looks straight ahead.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Alfred walks in and slowly lets himself down on a chair.

The doorbell rings.

Alfred slowly gets back up out of the chair and walks into the foyer.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Alfred opens the door.

ALFRED

Miss Kyle. Bruce is expecting
you. Right this way.

Alfred gestures Selina into the foyer.

As he closes the door Barbara can be seen far down the path,
walking off the property, books in hand.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, PARLOUR - MOMENTS LATER

Selina sits patiently, seductively, waiting for Bruce on a
beautiful settee.

The door to the Parlor opens and Bruce emerges in black
slacks and a tight-fitting black tee.

He has a small knick on his chin.

BRUCE

Sorry about the wait, I was in the
gym.

SELINA

I don't mind. That's a nasty
little scrape you've got
there. You'd think after all this
time you'd know how to shave.

Bruce sits down next to Selina.

BRUCE

Some razors have a little bit more
of a kick to them.

SELINA

Yet you keep using the same brand.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Statistics show that you can tell
an orphan by his shaving ability.

Selina's posture changes to sudden disinterest.

She quickly gets up to go.

SELINA

I should go.

Bruce grabs her by the hand and spins her around into his
arms, kissing her passionately.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Or not.

INT. THE DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Bruce and Selina sit across from each other at a small table
in the swanky restaurant.

Bruce eats a steak while Selina picks at a cornish gamehen.

SELINA

I hear you've got a brat now.

BRUCE

A ward.

SELINA

Does he know?

BRUCE

About me or about you?

SELINA

About you.

BRUCE

I'd rather leave him out of it.

SELINA

You don't seem like the type.

BRUCE

What type?

SELINA

The kid type.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Are you?

SELINA

We are not having this conversation.

BRUCE

Sorry.

Selina looks down at her bird, poking it with her fork.

SELINA

Good lord, Bruce. You're lucky you're good in bed.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT - EVENING

A small group of a half-dozen protesters stand outside the restaurant with signs, chanting something inaudible.

Among them is a shouting Pamela Isley, whose sign reads **"SALAD IS MURDER"**.

Other signs sport **"P.E.P.L."**, **"Equality for Plant Life"**, and **"P.E.P.L. OVER PEOPLE"**

ISLEY

Equality for plant life! Salad is murder!

Having finished their meal, Bruce and Selina exit the building and walk past the rabble.

Isley cuts in front of the couple.

ISLEY (CONT'D)

Plants over people!

Isley throws a cup of red liquid on Selina's dress, smiling menacingly.

Selina immediately goes to attack the woman, but Bruce holds her back, getting bits of the liquid on his suit jacket.

SELINA

You're dead, tree-hugger!

BRUCE

Selina, we should probably get out of here. We don't want to draw undue attention.

(CONTINUED)

Selina checks her red hands.

SELINA
(disgusted)
This is blood!

Selina looks up at Isely who continues smiling as she backs away into the mob.

BRUCE
Let's go, Selina.

Selina calms down enough for Bruce to let her go.
She dusts herself off and straightens her clothes.

SELINA
Crazy bitch.

Selina and Bruce walk off.

ISLEY
Equality for plant life! Salad is
murder!

INT. WAYNE MANOR, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Dick and Barbara sit at one end of a large oak table surrounded by papers and books.

DICK
(frustrated)
I just don't understand!

BARBARA
Chill out, it's cool.

DICK
It seems to come so easily for you.

BARBARA
We all have our strengths and weaknesses. You may not be very good at math, but you've obviously got a knack for languages, right? How many can you speak?

Dick looks her in the eyes.

DICK
I know a little bit from a couple dozen, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA
See? And I can barely speak
English so there you go.

DICK
You do alright.

She puts her elbows on the table and chin in her hands.

BARBARA
Say something in another language.

DICK
Say what?

BARBARA
I don't know, anything.

Dick looks to the side and thinks a moment, then looks back into Barbara's eyes.

DICK
< Dick speaks in Bulgarian >

As Dick speaks Bulgarian, English subtitles pop up, superimposed on the bottom of the screen.

SI: I should have saved my parents. I didn't and now they're gone.

BARBARA
That was beautiful.

A beat.

A clock chimes.

Barbara checks her watch.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Oh shit, it's late. It's later than I thought! Can Alfred give me a ride home? My dad would have a conniption if I walked home this late.

DICK
Yeah, I'm sure it's no problem. But if your dad feels so strongly about it couldn't he come and pick you up?

BARBARA

He... doesn't know I'm here. In fact he told me not to come over at all. He really doesn't like Mr. Wayne.

DICK

Yeah, Bruce is an acquired taste.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, BRUCE'S BEDROOM - MEANWHILE

Bruce and Selina lay naked in bed, their naughty bits covered by a thin sheet. Their clothes litter the floor next to the bed, including Selina's blood-stained dress.

SELINA

I might need to borrow some clothes.

BRUCE

Alfred can get the stain out by morning.

SELINA

I'm kind of in a hurry.

BRUCE

You have somewhere to be?

SELINA

Don't you?

They lay in silence.

SELINA (CONT'D)

I don't know what you're expecting.

BRUCE

A little comfort.

SELINA

Well you've gotten it... I have to leave.

Selina gets up and quickly looks around for a shirt to cover up with. She finds a large black tee and pulls it over herself.

She picks her heels up off the floor and walks to the door.

She opens it, and takes one step into the frame.

(CONTINUED)

She pauses as if wanting to say more. Eventually she speaks, her back still to Bruce.

SELINA (CONT'D)
I'll see you in two days.

BRUCE
My place or yours?

SELINA
Yours.

She quickly leaves the room and shuts the door behind her.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Selina exits Bruce's bedroom, Dick and Barbara are walking by. They notice Selina in Bruce's shirt, her hair disheveled, and they stop.

After an awkward moment Selina walks past them and down the stairs.

EXT. SELINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SUNRISE

Establishing shot of the old apartment complex.

INT. SELINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Selina walks up, still wearing only Bruce's shirt, heels in one hand, key in the other ready to open her front door. She notices the corner of a manila envelope sticking out from under her door.

She unlocks and opens the door, then squats down to pick up the envelope.

Selina opens the envelope and takes out a piece of paper.

Focus on the piece of paper which reads **"181 Moldoff St."**

EXT. OUTSIDE ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the Greenhouse Lab. Focus on the posted address: **"181 Moldoff St."**

Catwoman walks up to the door.

She uses her diamond-tipped claw glove to cut a hole in the glass of the door.

She reaches in and opens the door from the inside.

INT. ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman prowls around in the dark, looking under each table, staying low to the floor.

She makes her way to Isely's desk. Under it, she finds a cryo-safe with a digital number pad.

She crouches down and smoothly removes her left glove, continuing to hold it in her right hand. With her bare fingers she holds down both the '2' key and the '*' key, then jams the zero a few times with her thumb before finally pressing the 'ENTER' key.

The cryo-safe unlocks and opens with a quiet hiss and a small puff of cold vapor.

The door to the lab unlocks and then opens. Catwoman reacts and takes cover, putting her glove back on.

The lights turn on.

Isley, still carrying her "Salad is Murder" sign, walks into the lab.

Isley walks up to the desk and sets her sign down next to Catwoman, who remains unseen underneath the desk.

Isley notices a dull glow on the ground near her feet, cast from the interior of her cryo-safe. As she looks down Catwoman leaps out and pounces on her.

Isley is knocked onto her back; Catwoman bounces over her, landing on her feet.

Isley begins to get back to her feet, Catwoman approaches her.

CATWOMAN

Salad is murder, huh bitch?

Isely's head tilts in confusion.

Catwoman punches Isley in the face, sending her face and chest first onto a small table.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

(aside)

I'm glad I took this job.

Focus on Isley's hand hastily grabbing a scalpel.

(CONTINUED)

Catwoman turns to head toward the door. Isley explodes into motion, stabbing Catwoman in the shoulder with the scalpel.

Catwoman screams in pain, stumbling toward the door.

Isley leaps awkwardly at Catwoman but Catwoman dodges the grab. Isely cannot fully compensate and catches only the left ear of Catwoman's cowl, yanking it back and revealing the raven hair and furious face of Selina Kyle.

For a brief moment the two women stare at each other in shock.

Taking advantage of the momentary distraction, Catwoman kicks a rolling tray full of bio-science technology onto Isley, then leaps away.

Isley tries to clear herself from the chaos as quickly as she can, but Catwoman is gone.

ISLEY

Now we know what you look like,
pussy!

FADE TO BLACK:

ACT THREE:

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - MORNING

We slow-push in on the front door of Isley's lab from the inside. The morning sun shines through the hole Catwoman left.

Montoya knocks.

Isley's hand reaches out and opens the.

Though initially hidden from view, Merkel leans to the side, becoming visible behind Montoya.

MERKEL

Hello.

MONTOYA

Hello ma'am. I am Officer Montoya,
this is my partner Officer
Merkel. We're here regarding the
break-in last night.

Isley gestures them inside.

(CONTINUED)

ISLEY

Took you long enough. Right through here... She cracked my safe.

MONTOYA

You're sure it was the Cat-Woman?

ISLEY

She was dressed like a cat, so yeah.

Montoya kneels down and looks at the safe.

Merkel looks around the lab and notices the remnants of the tussle that occurred.

Isley leans back, surveying the floor around her in the new light.

MONTOYA

And what was taken exactly?

Isley notices blood on the sill of an open window.

ISLEY

Papers... Business papers.

Montoya looks at the protest sign.

MONTOYA

Papers. Anything having to do with those protests yesterday? You know, throwing blood on someone is technically bio-terrorism.

ISLEY

I don't appreciate your tone, Officer. You are here because I called you.

MONTOYA

I only-

ISLEY

(interrupting)

And now I'd like you to leave.

Montoya stares down Isley for a moment. Eventually she softens, giving up on the situation.

(CONTINUED)

MONTOYA
Come on, Merkel.

Montoya and Merkel walk past Isley toward the door. Isely makes sure to stand between them and the blood stain.

MERKEL
(to Isley)
Ma'am.

Isley follows Montoya and Merkel to the door, watching them exit and slamming it behind them.

She runs over to a small tray and grabs a cotton swab.

Isley quickly goes back to the bloodstain and swabs it liberally.

She puts it up to the light and looks at it.

EXT. SELINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Establishing shot of the front entrance to Selina's apartment complex.

The main door opens and Selina walks out and down the steps.

A sharp wind blows back her hair. She pulls her coat tighter around herself and adjusts her scarf.

She looks to her left, then right, and then makes her way around the corner of the complex into the alley.

As Selina walks deeper into the shade of the alley, the large arm of a man takes hold of her right shoulder.

With cat-like swiftness, Selina whips around, only to be fully grabbed and slammed up against the dirty brick wall.

As the humongous man holds her against the wall, the sun rises just enough to see his face. The assailant is AARON "AMYGDALA" HELZINGER.

Selina recognizes him.

SELINA
Oh, hello Aaron.

AMYGDALA
Hello Selina.

(CONTINUED)

SELINA

I'm guessing you want what's in my purse, don't you?

AMYGDALA

No, not me. Boss wants it. Not me.

SELINA

Well, big boy, you're gonna have to let me go so I can grab it for him.

Selina makes a point by ineffectively wiggling her trapped hands.

AMYGDALA

Oh, I'm sorry Selina, I just didn't want you to get scared and hurt me again.

SELINA

I'd never hurt you on purpose, you know that.

AMYGDALA looks puzzled for a second, then comes to and releases her.

Selina brushes herself off, then reaches into her purse. She pulls out a glass vial with a white flash drive taped to it. A greenish-brown liquid fills almost half of the sealed vial.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Here you go. But be careful. It's delicate.

AMYGDALA

Okay.

Amygdala slowly, very slowly, and carefully, very carefully, places the object in his pocket.

SELINA

Tell the "Boss" I'll be checking my accounts tomorrow morning.

Selina turn and continues her walk down the alley, leaving Amygdala behind.

AMYGDALA

Okay Selina. Bye bye.

She waves over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

SELINA
Bye bye, big boy.

Amygdala smiles and wanders off in the other direction.

INT. ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - EVENING

Focus on the bloody cotton swab, now in a small plastic bag. We pan over a small test tube centrifuge, then across a pipette and used DNA sample testing tray with a couple dozen small plastic tubes, and finally up to the computer monitor.

The left side of the screen displays a DNA sequence, on the right different DNA sequences flash by rapidly.

The flashing stops when the sequence on the right matches the sequence on the left. They merge into the center and it starts beeping and flashing green.

Isley walks up to the desk and clicks the mouse.

A GCPD Badge logo comes up on the screen with a field for a password under the words "CRIMINAL DATABASE"

Isley clicks a couple buttons.

Focus on the password field as different passwords rapidly flash across the screen until one is accepted.

A mugshot pops up. Focus on the photo, she is younger by several years, but the face is unmistakable; it's Selina Kyle.

Isley's empty chair is spinning.

EXT. SELINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING, ROOF - NIGHT

Catwoman saunters up to her apartment window and opens it, tossing her bag in.

She glances behind herself before entering nimbly through the window.

INT. SELINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman turns on a light and pulls back her cowl. She removes her gloves as well and sets them on a small table as she walks past it.

(CONTINUED)

Selina walks over to her refrigerator, opens it, and grabs a half gallon of milk. She whistles "Old Fashioned Millionaire" by Eartha Kitt as she heads over to her two cats at their bowls. Selina kneels down and pours some milk into the first bowl.

SELINA

You're going to love what I got
tonight, ladies. We might finally
be able to move up town.

Selina goes to pour the milk in the second bowl.

As one of her cats hisses, Isley's reflection appears in the metal of the empty bowl.

Before Selina can react, Isley is already sticking her in the neck with a syringe, rendering her immediately unconscious.

EXT. CRIME ALLEY - NIGHT

Batman stands just outside the circular light of a streetlamp, patiently waiting.

In the distance, a church bell rings for midnight mass.

Batman looks up through the buildings at the distant bell tower and grumbles.

Batman turns and walks away, his cape billowing into the light.

INT. SELINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Batman cautiously steps through the open window into Selina's apartment.

He peers around the apartment and continues in.

The purrs of a black cat catch his attention. He notices the spatter of spilled milk across the kitchen.

The cat brushes against Batman's boot. He reaches down and pets it.

INT. SELINA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Batman enters the tiny bathroom and notices a small vial on the back of the toilet.

He examines it, then pulls a swab from his belt and takes a sample. He places the swab into a separate compartment on his belt, then clicks it closed.

While leaving the bathroom, he notices another smear of blood in the doorway and takes a swab of it as well.

INT. ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - NIGHT

Selina comes to, tied rather completely to a chair. Alone in the greenhouse, she examines her surroundings.

SELINA
(aside)
Fuckin' tree-hugger.

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

Batman sits at the main power hub of the cave; the supercomputer.

The computer consists of a nine screen display in rows of three. The brightness of the monitors gives off the only light in the area.

Alfred walks into the light from the darkness of the cave.

ALFRED
Was the blood Miss Kyle's?

BATMAN
Pig's blood. Same as on her dress.

ALFRED
And the vial?

BATMAN
A chemical solution... a hallucinogen of sorts, based on a botanical compound found only in Metus Timorus. Only one person could have done this.

INT. ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - NIGHT

Isley slaps Selina awake.

ISLEY
Rise and shine, kitty cat.

SELINA
I'll rip out your throat!

ISLEY
Stop yelling! You're upsetting my babies.

SELINA
Like I give a shit about plants.

ISLEY
(to plants)
She doesn't mean it darlings...

SELINA
You talk to your plants?

ISLEY
You talk to your cats!

SELINA
That's different.

ISLEY
No it's not! I'm sick of everyone treating plant life as secondary to animal life! It's only by the will of my plants that you and I are breathing right now. Although that could change rather quickly for you if you don't tell me who sent you and what you're here for.

SELINA
Eat me, hippie.

Selina spits in Isley's face. Isley barely flinches.

Focus on Selina's hands, tied behind the chair, as they clench in anticipation.

Focus on Selina's feet as she braces them against the floor, ready to enact some kinetic explosion of muscle of movement.

As Selina is ready to loose her chair-based-combat strategy, her brow is covered in sweat and her eyes cross slightly.

(CONTINUED)

From Selina's POV: Isley smirks. Lightning strikes, revealing in the negative spaces of her reality a woman, not Isley, swinging in a noose. A shadow of the wretched suicide victim is similarly cast during those same moments.

There is no lightning, no rain. Isley merely smirks knowingly; Selina is hallucinating from the drug. Selina's attempt to roll through and break the chair fails miserably, she instead tips over and lands on her face. Selina is knocked out.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. ISLEY'S GREENHOUSE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Face pressed against the floor, Selina tries to catch her bearings.

Selina is pulled up into an upright seated position by Batman.

Isley lays unconscious on the floor.

BATMAN

Need a hand?

SELINA

I had it under control.

INT. THE CAVE - MORNING

Open on a closeup of Dick's three fingertips as they support his body. He is performing one handed, three-finger push-ups on the floor, steadily and with ease.

Bruce approaches.

DICK

Did Selina leave?

There is a beat.

BRUCE

You've been improving.

DICK

You're dodging my question.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

You've been asking when I'd take you out in the field, saying you're ready.

DICK

I am ready.

BRUCE

You're finally right. Your uniform's waiting for you.

Dick stops his push-up at its height, staying straight as a board, and looks up at Bruce.

INT. THE CAVE - LATER

Alfred and Bruce stand side by side, admiring Dick as he flips around in his costume, elated.

ALFRED

He's come a long way.

BRUCE

He's a natural.

ALFRED

He's not done learning.

BRUCE

We never are.

Alfred places his hand on Bruce's shoulder.

From the darkness of the tall cave, Robin swings into frame and lands before Alfred and Bruce in the super-hero stance.

Robin peers up through his knotted black mask, dressed in a maroon tunic, black pants and a black cape.

He stands, revealing the inner fabric of his cape to be dark green.

A golden "R" shines dully on the breast of his tunic.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Congratulations... Robin.

FADE OUT: