

SHADOW OF THE BAT

I: CAPES

105 - "Watershed"

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. MIDTOWN CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Morning light streams through the stained glass windows of the large cathedral in Midtown Gotham.

A baptism is being held at the pulpit. CARMINE FALCONE presents his baby daughter, HELENA FALCONE, to the Priest. Carmine's elderly mother Marie stands next to him.

The Priest performs the baptism, speaking Latin to the congregation.

**SI: TWENTY YEARS AGO**

The entire Falcone family sits in the front pews including patriarch VINCENT FALCONE. Vincent's twenty-four year old daughter CARLA sits next to him. Various other relatives also sit on the left half of the church.

Carmine's girlfriend PEGGY SPENCER sits on the opposite side, a few rows back, looking on as their daughter is baptized. Their older daughter, seven year old SOPHIA sits to the right of her mother. Their five year old son ALBERTO FALCONE squirms next to his sister.

Carmine locks eyes lovingly with Peggy. Marie Falcone glares at them disapprovingly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDTOWN CATHEDRAL - A LITTLE LATER

The congregation walks one by one down the aisle to exit the church.

The men touch the basin of holy water as they pass it. near the door and cross themselves. As they make their way from the basin to the door, an altar boy hands each of them their guns. They holster the pieces as they walk out.

Carmine stands in the line, carrying Helena. Carla stands immediately behind him as they inch toward the exit.

CARLA

I don't see why you're so scared of commitment.

(CONTINUED)

CARMINE

I'm not scared.

CARLA

Not that it would matter  
anyway. Papa would never let you  
marry her.

CARMINE

That's the difference between you  
and me, Carla, I don't need his  
permission to live my life.

CARLA

Felice asked Papa before he  
proposed to me. It's tradition.

CARMINE

You know damn well the only thing  
that brought you together is  
business. That's all the old man  
cares about. He doesn't like  
Felice, hell, he doesn't even like  
the Vitis. He likes power.

CARLA

What's wrong with that?

Carmine shakes his head in disapproval.

Carmine walks past the basin of holy water without even  
looking at it, heading instead toward Peggy and their  
children who wait at the door.

Behind him, Carla stops at the basin.

The altar boy presents Carmine his pistol.

Carmine hands his daughter to her mother.

Unburdened, he retrieves his gun and holsters it.

CARMINE

Let's go kids. (IN A BABY VOICE)  
Let's go Helena.

CARLA

(yelling after)  
Think about what I said, fratello.

Carmine, Peggy, and the kids walk out.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY  
What was that about?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MIDTOWN CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Carmine and his family exit the church and walk down the steps.

CARMINE  
Just my sister flapping her lips.

PEGGY  
If it's about me-

They reach the sidewalk and head for their parked car.

CARMINE  
(interrupting)  
Don't worry about it. Our little girl is baptized, and now we're going for ice-cream!

The kids shout in approval.

Peggy looks at him sideways.

They reach their black sedan. Carmine opens the back doors before walking around to the driver's seat. Peggy straps the kids in, then joins Carmine up front, closing the passenger door behind herself.

Carmine turns on the car and drives off.

They drive past a parked car containing Nose and his goons, but do not notice them.

Staring hatefully, Nose makes a gun shape with his fingers, points it at Carmine's car, and pretends to shoot.

**OPENING TITLE CARD: SHADOW OF THE BAT**

**ACT ONE:**

EXT. WAYNE MANOR GROUNDS - DAY

Establishing shot of the beautifully landscaped back lot of Wayne Manor.

**SI: "Watershed"**

(CONTINUED)

Eight year olds Bruce Wayne and Tommy Elliot run out the back door and down the stone steps. They stop at the large weeping willow where Bruce's parents will eventually be laid to rest.

BRUCE  
Whad'ya wanna play?

TOMMY  
I dunno. Whada you wanna play,  
Bruce?

BRUCE  
Uhhh... How about cops and robbers?

TOMMY  
Alright!

BRUCE  
I'm gonna be a cop!

TOMMY  
Me too!

BRUCE  
We can't both be cops, Tommy.

TOMMY  
Why not?

BRUCE  
If we're both cops there won't be  
any bad guys to chase.

TOMMY  
I don't wanna be a bad guy.

BRUCE  
(dejected)  
... Alright. Gimme a head start  
and I'll be the robber.

TOMMY  
(appeasing)  
No, that's okay Bruce! You don't  
have to do that, I'll be the bad  
guy.

BRUCE  
Alright.

Bruce turns toward the tree, leaning on it with his forearms. He buries his head into his arms, closing his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Focus on his head and the tree.

BRUCE

One-one-thousand. Two-one-thousand. Three-one-thousand! I  
comi-

Bruce turns around with energy, ready to take off at a  
sprint, and almost bashes noses with Tommy, who hasn't  
moved.

Bruce, creeps out, brings his finger-gun up to Tommy's  
chest.

BRUCE

...bang.

Tommy falls down, laughing.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

Carmine and his two goons, NICKY and RONNI, enter a small  
Irish bodega in the middle of a cramped Irish neighborhood.

DOYLE, the owner, stands behind the counter with a concerned  
look on his face.

DOYLE

Oh, Mr. Falcone please, I can't pay  
again today.

CARMINE

Nicky, what's this mick talking  
about?

NICKY

I dunno, boss. (TO DOYLE) What are  
you talkin' about, mick?

DOYLE

A few of your guys were just in  
here fifteen minutes ago. They  
practically cleaned me out! Look!

Doyle opens the drawer of his register. Carmine leans over  
to see into it. It contains only coins and a few crumpled  
singles.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Come back tomorrow, I can pay again  
tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY

Should I convince him, boss?

Carmine considers Doyle a moment.

Doyle trembles behind the counter.

CARMINE

He's telling the truth.

Carmine turns and makes his way towards the exit, but his goons are reluctant to follow.

NICKY

But boss...

Carmine throws his hand up and gestures for the goons to follow, never turning around.

INT. GIL'S SQUAD CAR - MEANWHILE

GIL sits in the passenger seat of an early nineties Crown Victoria squad car. His partner, TURING, sits behind the wheel.

Turing tries to eat his submarine sandwich, but is continuously distracted by Gil. Gil's sandwich languishes in his gesticulating hands, a single bite taken out of it.

GIL

"Absolute power corrupts  
absolutely..."

Gil takes a large bite.

TURING

Baron Acton.

Gil has a mouth full of food.

GIL

What did you just say to me?

TURING

That's who you're quoting. First  
Baron Acton.

GIL

(swallowing)

I know who I'm fucking  
quoting! Stop interrupting me!

(CONTINUED)

TURING

I just don't think the Waynes-

GIL

(interrupting)

Turing, don't be a sheep. The Waynes have pulled the wool over everyone's eyes in this city! They're wolves in sheep's clothing!

TURING

Didn't they donate to the department last year when we needed new squad cars?

GIL

They think they can buy us off with gifts!

TURING

Is that why you make me drive?

GIL

(distractedly)

Wait wait wait... the Falcone kid...

TURING

Not this again, Gil, the Waynes are not in league with-

GIL

(interrupting)

No, look! Look out the windshield! That's Falcone's kid.

A beat.

Gil unbuckles his seat belt.

GIL (CONT'D)

Stay here.

TURING

What?

Gil throws open the door and bounds out onto the sidewalk.



EXT. STREETCORNER - CONTINUOUS

Carmine exits the bodega with his goons.

Across the street is Nose, a Maroni made man with an associate goon on either side, leaning against his car, all laughing to themselves.

Nicky speaks but Carmine has already started crossing the street toward the Maroni boys.

NICKY

Isn't that guy hooked up wit the  
Maroni's? Boss?

The Falcone goons shrug at each other and follow Carmine across the street.

Carmine reaches the car and approaches Nose.

CARMINE

Real funny, asshole. Where's my  
money?

NOSE

Who do you think you are? You can't  
talk to me that way!

CARMINE

I can talk to you any goddamn way I  
want, Nose. Now reach in your  
pocket, and take out my money,  
right, now.

NOSE

What are you gonna do,  
Falcone? Haven't you heard? I'm a  
made man now.

CARMINE

(to his goons)

Oh! He's a made man! What can I  
do...? If he's a made guy, then I  
couldn't do-

Carmine turns and punches Nose across the face before he even stops talking.

Before it can go any further, Gil approaches, pulling Carmine off of Nose.

Ronni is about to draw his gun when Nicky notices Gil's badge and stops him.

(CONTINUED)

GIL  
(to Nose and his goons)  
Get out of here!

Nose and his goons look confused a moment.

Gil pulls out his police issue pistol and raises it at Nose and his men.

GIL (CONT'D)  
Move!

Nose and his goons show they understand and scurry into the car, glancing back with hatred at Carmine as the vehicle squeals away.

Carmine breaks free from Gil's grasp.

CARMINE  
Who the hell are you?

Gil holsters his gun and produces his shield.

GIL  
GCPD. No need introducing yourself.

CARMINE  
If you'll excuse me-

GIL  
I oughtta arrest you for battery.

Carmine pokes Gil in the chest.

CARMINE  
Catch me.

Carmine smiles then casually turns and takes a step.

Gil grabs Carmine by the arm. Carmine turns back.

GIL  
But I'm not going to arrest you.

Carmine takes Gil's hand off his arm and turns to face him.

CARMINE  
Oh no?

GIL  
And the reason I'm not is because I know you.

CARMINE  
(condescendingly)  
You know me?

GIL  
Come on, kid. You're too smart for all this. For one, you're the only man named Falcone we can't pin a body on. And secondly, I can think of a certain little lady who doesn't need to be a part of all that.

CARMINE  
Watch your tongue officer.

GIL  
It's not too late for you, Carmine.

Carmine walks away, leaving Gil behind.

GIL (CONT'D)  
Think about what I said, kid!

INT. WAYNE MANOR, PARLOUR - AFTERNOON

Thomas Wayne sits in a recliner, reading a journal of medicine.

Alfred walks in.

ALFRED  
Mister Graham Elliot to see you sir.

Graham, red-headed, tall, and wearing a fitted suit, enters the study.

Thomas stands up and puts his journal on the end-table.

T. WAYNE  
Graham, good to see you.

They shake hands as Alfred leaves the room.

GRAHAM  
Likewise. I have a fiscal opportunity that I'd like to extend.

(CONTINUED)

T. WAYNE

You really should talk to my wife about that, she's been the CEO for years now.

Graham turns and closes the door conspiratorially before continuing.

GRAHAM

Actually, the opportunity is for you.

T. WAYNE

How do you mean?

GRAHAM

Come now Thomas, the accounts I mentioned when we last spoke? Have you given it any thought?

T. WAYNE

No thought necessary. We like the First Bank of Gotham just fine. We're preferred customers, as a matter of fact.

GRAHAM

Don't take that tone with me! You've been around long enough to know how business is done in this town.

T. WAYNE

We know how some do business in this town, but we have our own way of doing things. No amount of prodding will change that.

A beat.

GRAHAM

If that's how its going to be between us, then I suppose I had better take my son and leave.

Graham turns to leave, but stops as Thomas speaks.

T. WAYNE

Actually Graham, Tommy and Bruce are becoming fast friends and I wouldn't want any of our personal dealings to interfere with that. Besides, Tommy asked if he could

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

T. WAYNE (cont'd)  
stay the night and we told him that  
if you approved, we'd be glad to  
have him.

A short beat passes as Graham considers it. He speaks  
without turning.

GRAHAM  
He can do as he pleases.

Graham opens the door and leaves.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Open on the open, empty trunk of Nose's car. A veritable  
arsenal of guns is tossed into the empty trunk, one at a  
time.

Nose's car and another sedan are parked back to back in a  
warehouse. Nose and his goons load and prime multiple guns  
and place them from the other trunk into Nose's.

Nose picks up a rifle and holds it angrily. He pulls the  
slide and primes the weapon.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT TWO:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB, BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Nose stands before LUIGI MARONI, head of the Maroni crime  
family, hat in hand. A built Maroni goon stands watch  
stoically at the door behind him.

Techno music can be heard, muffled, through the walls.

NOSE  
I know its not my place to make a  
decision like this on my own, and  
that's why I brought it to you.

Luigi calmly pushes a plate of noodles away from himself,  
then pulls the napkin from his collar and wipes his lips. He  
takes a moment before he retorts.

(CONTINUED)

LUIGI

So, you thought it wise to come here, to interrupt my dinner, and bend my ear about a pissing contest you had with a man who may as well be untouchable?

Nose shifts his weight uncomfortably.

LUIGI (CONT'D)

Count yourself lucky you're still walking and be done with it.

NOSE

Mr. Maroni, with all due respect-

Nose halts speaking when Luigi SLAMS his fist against the table.

LUIGI

Francis! If you had the respect for me that you claim, you wouldn't be bringing this crap to me at all. You think it doesn't bother me that the Falcone's are who they are? You think I prefer second banana?

NOSE

Then why-

LUIGI

(interrupting)

Because I'm not about to martyr this family for nothing... Now get the hell out of here.

Nose hangs his head and heads for the door. As he approaches, the goon opens it for him and the music gets louder.

LUIGI

Francis!

Nose turns to face Luigi.

LUIGI (CONT'D)

No more of this shit.

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Nose emerges from the back room, clearly angry, and walks through the strip club, gathering his goons. One by one they stand and follow him through the front door of the establishment.

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Nose lights a cigarette as he reaches the sidewalk and begins puffing.

NOSE'S GOON

So what'd he say Nose? We doin' this or what?

Nose hesitates a moment as he puffs his cigarette.

NOSE

He told me we can't just abide something like this. We need to send a message, that the Maronis are the power in this city now... He said waste Carmine and anyone with him.

The goons stand in silence a moment, taking in the gravity of the situation.

NOSE'S GOON 2

We gonna just talk about it or are we gonna go do it?

Nose drops his cigarette.

Focus on the butt as he stomps it out.

INT. GCPD, PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

Focus on a cigarette being put out in an ashtray.

Detectives Gil and Turing sit, facing each other, at two desks pushed front to front. The room is full of desks like these.

Gil leans back in his chair and exhales a cloud of smoke.

GIL

If Thomas Wayne had his way cigarettes would be banned.

(CONTINUED)

TURING

He wants them banned in restaurants. It's for the health of the waitresses.

GIL

What're you, his publicist?

TURING

I dunno, maybe I just don't like breathing in your second hand smoke.

GIL

Second hand smoke isn't real. It's a myth.

TURING

Thomas Wayne is a surgeon, I think he knows a thing or two about-

GIL

He's not the problem. It's his damn wife.

TURING

I hate it when you do this. I really hate it when you do this.

GIL

Martha Wayne of Wayne Tech? Businesswoman from hell. Did you see the way she cold-shouldered the Saudi royal family?

TURING

You wouldn't?

GIL

The Saudis are our allies, Turing.

Gil takes out another cigarette and taps it against the pack.

GIL (CONT'D)

If you ask me, half the mob hits in Gotham could be traced back to the Waynes, if the Commissioner would let me look into them. Can you imagine what would happen to a Martha Wayne in prison?

Gil lights his cigarette and stands up.

(CONTINUED)



GIL (CONT'D)  
Anyway, it's about that  
time. You're driving.

TURING  
No Gil. No I'm not.

GIL  
I'm sorry?

TURING  
I will not... I can not partner  
with you any longer. I am sick and  
tired of your irrational vendetta  
against the Wayne family.

GIL  
If you really-

TURING  
I'm not finished!

A beat.

TURING (CONT'D)  
You're a horrid little man,  
Gil. You really are. You think  
you're so righteous, but you're  
not. You're petty, and hateful,  
and you deserve to be alone.

Gil stands there a moment, staring hatefully. He grabs his  
coat from the back of his chair and picks his hat up from  
the desk, plopping it on his head.

Gil huffs and puffs out of the room as the rest of the  
officers stare in amusement.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - NIGHT

Carmine and Peggy walk out of a coffee house onto the  
street, holding cups. Carmine walks closest to the curb,  
Peggy on the inside.

PEGGY  
Carmine? Is something wrong? You've  
barely said a word since this  
afternoon.

Carmine stares at his cup while talking.

(CONTINUED)

CARMINE

I've been doing a lot of thinking  
Peggy. I've been thinking... maybe  
this isn't right for me... For us.

PEGGY

What? The job?

Carmine stops and looks at Peggy, who takes another step  
before turning to face him.

CARMINE

No, its more than that. It's this  
whole family. I'm just... I don't  
want to be like them.

PEGGY

But baby, if you don't have your  
family what do you have?

CARMINE

You. The kids.

A thunder clap can be heard, subtle, miles away. Peggy looks  
up and feels a drop fall on her face. She wipes it away and  
continues her focus on Carmine.

PEGGY

Carmine, you know your family is  
never going to let us be together,  
really together. You know how your  
mother and sister feel about me.

CARMINE

Let 'em feel whatever they want, it  
doesn't matter. All I'll ever need  
in this world is-

A loud thunderclap STRIKES and slows to silence.

**SLOW MOTION BEGINS:**

Peggy falls forward into Carmine's arms, catching him off  
guard. With Peggy's head to his shoulder, Carmine sees a  
blacked out sedan speed around the corner toward them.

Carmine lifts Peggy's limp body and notices huge blood  
soaked spots on his shirt.

Carmine looks back to the car as shooters hang out the  
windows firing their weapons at him and Peggy.

Focus on Carmines face as bullets zip past his body. He  
closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

The silence ramps back to full audio of the machine gun blasts.

Nicky exits the coffee house, drops his cup, and draws his pistol. He takes cover behind a parked car.

As the car finally passes the tragic couple, bullets pass rapidly through Peggy's body and into Carmine's. He falls to the ground, Peggy on top of him.

Nicky blind fires at the moving vehicle, emptying his clip.

**SLOW MOTION ENDS:**

The car speeds away down the road as Carmine and Peggy lay riddled with bullets.

Peggy doesn't move, however Carmine gurgles in a puddle of blood, twitching ever so slightly.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Bruce, holding his fingers in the form of a gun, is pointing them at Tommy's chest.

BRUCE

Bang bang! You're dead!

Tommy falls down.

TOMMY

You got me!

BRUCE

C'mon, keep going. I could've missed.

Tommy sits up.

TOMMY

Nope! You totally got me!

BRUCE

We should play hide and seek.

TOMMY

Cool! Do you want to hide or seek?

BRUCE

I like seeking.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - MEANWHILE

Thomas and Martha Wayne sit on the couch before a fire. Thomas holds a folded-up newspaper, working the crossword puzzle. Martha sits with her back against the arm, her legs stretched out over her husband's. She wears reading glasses, cross-referencing papers strewn in front of her.

From the bay windows a storm can be seen and heard.

Children's laughter can be heard from above.

Thomas notices the gleeful tittering and looks to Martha, smiling.

She smiles back.

Alfred enters.

ALFRED

Will there be anything else, sir?

T. WAYNE

I think we're in for the night  
Alfred. Care to join us by the  
fire?

ALFRED

I would sir, but-

INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The front door is violently kicked in. The door BURSTS open, splintering apart.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the kick and the cracking door startles the Waynes as Alfred dashes towards the phone.

Thomas quickly gets up and starts heading for the door when a man, soaking wet from the rain, emerges through the door frame carrying a badly injured man across his outstretched arms.

Alfred picks up the rotary telephone and dials 911.

As the intruder steps further into the room, the flickering light of the fire illuminates him, as well as the man in his arms. The former is Vincent Falcone, the latter his bullet riddled son Carmine.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT FALCONE  
Please, Wayne, help him.

MARTHA  
Jesus.

There is a beat where everyone in the room is silent. Over the silence we hear:

911 OPERATOR  
(Through phone)  
911, what's your emergency?

Everyone shifts their gaze to Alfred, the phone receiver in his hand. He slowly lifts it to his ear.

ALFRED  
(To Operator)  
My apologies, I intended on dialing  
411. Goodnight.

Alfred hangs up the phone.

T. WAYNE  
Mr. Falcone-

VINCENT FALCONE  
(pleadingly, vulnerable)  
He ain't breathin' and he's shot  
all to shit. You have to help him  
now.

Thomas takes a moment and assesses the situation, then rushes over to Carmine, who is leaking blood on the carpet.

Thomas checks Carmine's pulse on his neck.

T. WAYNE  
Let's move him... Up there.

Thomas gestures over to his desk by the bay window.

As Vincent carries him over to the desk, Thomas wipes all the contents of his desk to the floor, shattering a glass picture frame.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - MEANWHILE

Gil's squad car barrels down the street, sirens blaring.

INT. GIL'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gil's radio crackles to life.

DISPATCHER

(Over radio)

All units stand down, Wayne Manor call was a false alarm, repeat, stand down.

GIL

Damn it!

Gil turns off his sirens and brakes, slowing the car.

A beat.

GIL

Screw it.

Gil turns his siren back on and presses the gas.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gil's squad car barrels down the street, sirens blaring.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT THREE:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - NIGHT

Thomas Wayne, sleeves rolled up and tie removed, works on Carmine's bullet ridden torso.

Alfred stands next to him, holding a tray of shiny silver tools.

Vincent stands to the side, coat jacket off, distraught. His two lieutenants flank the door, both of their dress shirts stained with blood.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, THE STAIRS - MEANWHILE

Bruce and Tommy sit halfway up the stairs, trying to get a glimpse of the surgery through the study's open door.

They whisper.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

This is so cool! Your dad is,  
like, a hero.

BRUCE

I think it's gross.

TOMMY

Come on Bruce, that guy got totally  
shot and now your dad's gonna save  
him!

BRUCE

Just be quiet, alright?

TOMMY

What do you think he's doing? How's  
he gonna get the bullets out? -  
What's he use?

BRUCE

I don't know.

TOMMY

I wish we could see more.

Tommy pauses for a moment staring into study.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get closer.

Tommy gets up from his vantage point and heads down the huge  
staircase.

BRUCE

(Loudly Whispering)

No! Tommy, come back!

Bruce watches as Tommy runs down the stairs and hides behind  
the open door, draped in shadow.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Thomas stands over Carmine's body, applying bandages to his  
midsection.

Thomas leans back with finality, wiping his brow with his  
forearm, his hands covered in Carmine's blood.

T. WAYNE

I think he's going to live.

Vincent rushes over and hugs Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT FALCONE

Thank you Wayne, I won't forget  
this! You hear me? I swear to God I  
won't forget this.

As Vincent loosens his embrace and leans back, the focus of the shot changes to reveal Gil in the background between them, standing in the doorway, gun drawn but pointed at the floor.

GIL

I knew it!

Vincent turns to face the intruder, and one of his lieutenants draws his gun on Gil, catching him off guard.

VINCENT FALCONE

Get him outta here!

Gil realizes he is outnumbered and slowly holsters his weapon.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Through the doorway we watch as Gil is grabbed by the Lieutenants.

Tommy hastily hides behind the door.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - CONTINUOUS

T. WAYNE

No! Absolutely not!

The Lieutenants stop in their tracks and turn to Vincent for orders.

T. WAYNE (CONT'D)

There will be no bloodshed here,  
especially not an officer of the  
law. I saved your son, Falcone. You  
owe me that much. That much and  
more.

There is a tense moment of silence.

VINCENT FALCONE

You heard Wayne.

Falcone's lieutenants nod.



INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Tommy takes his moment and quietly runs back up the stairs toward Bruce, unseen.

The Lieutenants lead Gil into the foyer.

Vincent closes the door, leaving Gil and the Lieutenants alone in the foyer.

Gil is led to the center of the drafty room and shoved to the side. Pieces of the large wooden door litter the floor at their feet.

One Lieutenant holds his gun on Gil.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Now listen and listen good, this is  
how things are gonna work from now  
on. You're gonna take this-

The First Lieutenant reaches into his pocket as he speaks, pausing to pull out a stack of bills.

With his other hand, he grabs Gil's fist and jams the bills into his grip.

Gil opens his hand and looks at the crinkled stack of money.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Bruce and Tommy watch the interaction unfold below them.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

(From the foyer)

And in return, we're not gonna take  
your head off and drop you in the  
sewer.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Gil looks at the money and frowns thoughtfully.

FIRST LIEUTENANT(CONT'D)

What're you waiting for, a bullet?  
Take it!

Gil's eyes come up to meet the Lieutenant's. He grabs the bills.

(CONTINUED)

FIRST LIEUTENANT(CONT'D)  
Now get outta here.

Gil walks slowly toward the front door, staring at the money. His posture shows defeat, his head hangs low, his shoulders are hunched.

As the First Lieutenant speaks, Gil pauses in the door frame.

FIRST LIEUTENANT(CONT'D)  
Officer?

Gil turns and looks at the Lieutenant.

FIRST LIEUTENANT(CONT'D)  
Keep in touch.

Gil continues walking.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - MEANWHILE

Vincent stands next to Carmine, holding his son's hand with fingers intertwined. He brings the back of Carmine's hand to his cheek.

Alfred walks up to Thomas, a water basin in his hands and a towel over his arm.

ALFRED  
Sir.

Vincent looks over at Thomas.

VINCENT FALCONE  
I can't thank you enough Wayne.  
What you've done here, I can never  
repay. Anything I can do for you,  
anything within my power at all,  
name it and its yours.

Thomas takes the towel from Alfred and starts wiping his arms, dipping the towel in the water occasionally.

T. WAYNE  
I appreciate the sentiment, but  
there's no payment necessary. I  
didn't help you because of who you  
are or what you do. I helped you  
because you're a father who  
obviously loves his son very  
much. I would know.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT FALCONE

So there's nothing, nothing at all?

T. WAYNE

Be the man you were here tonight  
more often than the man you are on  
the courthouse steps or in the  
papers. That's all I ask.

Vincent takes in the comment for a moment then extends his hand to Thomas.

Thomas finishes cleaning himself, drops the towel in the basin, and dries his hands. He turns to Vincent.

Thomas shakes Vincent's hand firmly.

Carmine starts to stir, Thomas smiles at Vincent and pats him on the back.

T. WAYNE

I'll leave you with your son.

Thomas and Alfred exit the room through the other door, closing it as they go.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, BRUCE'S BEDROOM - MEANWHILE

Bruce and Tommy run into the room, grabbing the first toys they see. Bruce grabs a toy dinosaur and starts making noises. Tommy grabs a toy stethoscope and pretends to examine the dinosaur.

Alfred and Thomas enter soon afterward.

T. WAYNE

Tommy, can you gather your things?  
Alfred's going to take you home. I  
have to talk to Bruce.

Tommy and Bruce exchange a guilty look before Tommy gets up and follows Alfred out, stethoscope still in hand.

Thomas sits down on Bruce's bed, and motions for Bruce to join him. Bruce sits next to him.

T. WAYNE

Alfred told me you were on the  
stairs tonight.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
(Guiltily)  
Yeah.

T. WAYNE  
It's natural to be curious.

BRUCE  
I didn't see anything.

T. WAYNE  
I'm not worried about that, and I  
want to stress that I am not angry  
with you.

BRUCE  
You're not?

T. WAYNE  
No, I'm just concerned.

BRUCE  
Concerned about me?

T. WAYNE  
Concerned about the future. Our  
future...

A beat.

T. WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Do you know who those men were?

BRUCE  
Were they policemen? They had guns.

Thomas cracks a smile at Bruce's innocence; more one of  
exhaustion than of humor.

T. WAYNE  
And do you think I helped them  
because they were policemen?

BRUCE  
Uh... yes?

T. WAYNE  
And what if they weren't? Would I  
have let him die if he were a bad  
man?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

No... because you're not a bad man.  
You're a doctor.

T. WAYNE

Anyone can be a good man, Bruce.  
Even a bad man. The man I saved  
tonight wasn't a policeman, he  
wasn't a gangster, he wasn't even a  
patient. To me, he was just someone  
I could help. And so I did. Do you  
understand now?

Bruce says nothing, instead he buries his face in his  
father's chest and wraps his arms around him.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - LATER

Carmine strains to keep his eyes open as they readjust to  
the room around him. It takes him a moment to come to his  
senses.

He suddenly tries to sit up, causing himself a great deal of  
pain.

Vincent calms him while standing by his bedside.

CARMINE

Wh.. Where's Peggy? Where's Peggy?!

VINCENT FALCONE

Carmine, calm down.

Carmine sits up again, and Vincent tries to hold him down.  
They struggle as they talk, Carmine wincing in pain.

CARMINE

No! Where's Peggy?! Where is she?!

VINCENT FALCONE

She's gone Carmine, she died on the  
way here. We did all we could for  
her, but she didn't make it.

CARMINE

No! No, you did nothing! You hated  
her, you wanted her dead!

Vincent tightens his grip on Carmine. Carmine stops  
struggling.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT FALCONE

Is that what you think of me? That I would let the love of my son's life, the mother of my grandchildren, die in the street? We did all we could Carmine, I swear to you. We did all we could.

Carmine lies back down and lets only a few tears through his hardened facade, his right hand pressed against his forehead.

CARMINE

Do we know who did this?

VINCENT FALCONE

All we know is it was one of Maroni's men.

CARMINE

Which one?

VINCENT FALCONE

Does it matter?

The room is silent for a moment, before Carmine removes his hand from his face.

CARMINE

I can't rest until they're dead.

VINCENT FALCONE

No. First comes rest, then they die.

INT. GIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gil walks into his apartment through the front door. All the lights are still on.

He places his badge, gun, and the stack of bills next to a framed photograph of himself and his wife on a small table by the door. He walks into the kitchen.

When Gil exits the room, we slow pull in and focus on the badge on the table.

GIL'S WIFE (O.S.)

You're home late! I was just about to get ready for bed. I thought you caught a late night.

(CONTINUED)

GIL (O.S)

Nah, nothing like that. I uh..  
Listen, I had a word with the desk  
Sergeant today and uh, I'm gonna be  
getting a pay bump.

GIL'S WIFE (O.S.)

Oh! Gil! That's great news!

Having pulled all the way in, the badge clearly reads  
"GILLIAM B. LOEB".

FADE OUT: