

SHADOW OF THE BAT

I: CAPES

108 - "Arms Race"

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. CARMINE FALCONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Open on the face of Carmine "The Roman" Falcone. He sits at the head of a long, mahogany conference table.

We slowly PULL AWAY from Carmine, down the center of the table, revealing two by two the large group of suited gangsters sitting at either side.

To his immediate left is Felice Viti. The various Lieutenants murmur amongst themselves.

Carmine SLAMS his fist on the table, silencing the Lieutenants. He can barely contain his vitriol.

CARMINE

Gordon.... Police Commissioner James Gordon. No cop in twenty years has put this big a dent in what we do... Needless to say, things were better when Loeb was in the Commissioner's office. But, as we were not consulted on his replacement, drastic measures will have to be taken... not only on Jim Gordon, but the police department he's corrupted against us.

FELICE VITI

So what are you tellin' us?

CARMINE

Long term plans are being put into place, but short-term? Commissioner James Gordon will be filling a body bag by this time tomorrow.

Once we have passed the entire table, we continue to pull away, still a single shot.

INT./INT. FALCONE MEETING/THE CAVE - CONTINUOUS/MEANWHILE

The scene fuzzes as we pass through the compound monitor of The Supercomputer.

We continue to pull behind Bruce. He sits, watching the monitor, cowl down, sipping coffee from a nondescript mug.

(CONTINUED)

We continue to pull back, passing behind Dick. He labors on all fours, scrubbing the final stairs leading to the computer platform.

FALCONE LT.
(through the monitor)
So which one of us gets the honor
of being the guy to take Gordon
out?

Dick looks up with concern. He stands and walks away from the bucket, toward the computer to get a closer look.

CARMINE
(through the monitor)
No one here. None of you are
expendable. I'm going to the
Lounge.

Bruce mutes the conversation and turns to confront Dick.

DICK
You're going to need my help.

Bruce stands.

BRUCE
I didn't let you back into the cave
to eavesdrop.

DICK
No, you let me back in to scrub
guano off your floors. It's been
three months! I'm ready!

Bruce dons his cowl.

BATMAN
I'll be out all night. You should
get back upstairs.

Batman walks past the bucket and down the stairs.

Dick looks on as Bruce disappears into the darkness. He throws the brush to the ground, resulting in a hollow CLANK which echoes throughout the cave.

OPENING TITLE CARD: SHADOW OF THE BAT

ACT ONE:

EXT. GCPD ROOFTOP - NIGHT

GORDON

Well I have been leaning pretty hard on his people.

Jim Gordon and Harvey Dent stand atop the Gotham City Police Department roof.

Batman is across from them, perched on the outer ledge of the building.

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GORDON (CONT'D)

I've had one in custody now for a few hours. Nothing's going to stick, but we can detain him for up to forty-eight hours for questioning.

BATMAN

How important is he?

GORDON

Not even made.

BATMAN

It might be worth letting him go.

Dent is caught off guard.

DENT

Hold on, we are finally making some headway on the Falcones. We're putting the pressure on them, we can't stop just when-

BATMAN

(interrupting)

Jim's life is in danger. The tactics change now.

Dent looks down sheepishly.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

I want you to watch him.

DENT

Me?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON
(to Dent)
We can't reveal how we got this
information.

Gordon inclines his head toward Batman.

GORDON (CONT'D)
He'll have to handle it from here.

BATMAN
And while I'm doing that I want you
two to stick together. Understood?

DENT
Yes, I-

Batman drops off the building before Dent can continue.

GORDON
I've gotta talk to Bullock about
the Falcone thug. I'll meet you in
the parking garage in a few
minutes. Stay out of sight.

Gordon exits through the door to the stairwell.

INT. GCPD, PRECINCT HOUSE - MEANWHILE

The GCPD Precinct House is packed to capacity with
detectives and officers bustling around their desks.

Harold Bullock stands over Officer Merkel's desk, propping
himself up with one hand, gesticulating wildly with the
other.

He amplifies his already loud voice to talk over the
bustling and cross conversation going on throughout the
large room.

BULLOCK
You should see him sweat,
Stan. Like bullets fallin' off his
forehead. I got him for another
thirty-six hours. He'll crack. (a
beat) You ever interrogate
someone, Merkel?

Merkel opens his mouth to speak, but is immediately cut off.

(CONTINUED)

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
No, course you haven't. And unlike
your uppity partner you got no
plans on movin' up to my position,
do ya?

Merkel opens his mouth to speak and again is cut off by
Bullock's intense lecture.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
(interrupting)
Why would ya? But me? I got him
by the balls. And I'm squeezin'.

Across the room, Gordon enters through the door to the
stairwell. His eyes find Bullock at Merkel's desk and he
heads toward them.

Bullock sees Gordon and slowly stands erect. He puts his
hand up to his mouth to help project his voice.

BULLOCK (CONT'D)
Ay Commish! You know those
things'll kill ya!

Gordon reaches Merkel's desk and confronts Bullock.

GORDON
I will have decorum in my precinct
house, Detective.

BULLOCK
(sarcastically)
What, now we can't be friends?

GORDON
You have to let the kid go.

BULLOCK
(suddenly serious, furious)
What?! You can't be serious!

GORDON
I'm as serious as a heart
attack. Let the kid go.

BULLOCK
I've still got thirty-six hours!

The other officers and detectives in the precinct house are
starting to take notice of the ruckus.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON
You don't have anything. You're
off the case.

BULLOCK
Commish!

GORDON
Merkel, you're on the case.

MERKEL
Yes sir. Thank you, Commissioner.

GORDON
Merkel?

MERKEL
Yes sir?

GORDON
Let the kid go.

Bullock storms out.

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

The cave is dark and silent as Alfred polishes a large, cylindrical glass case containing a Batsuit which we have yet to see; the original suit Bruce wore when he first returned to Gotham almost five years ago.

Alfred finishes and moves on to the adjacent case which contains Dick's comparatively colorful Robin suit.

He lifts the rag to begin polishing, but hesitates a moment, staring into the case at the suit.

The moment passes and he shakes his head, wiping over his reflection in the glass.

EXT. GOTHAM SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Dent's sedan drives on mostly empty streets.

INT. DENT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gordon sits passenger with the window rolled down and a cigarette in his hand. Dent is behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

DENT

Are you sure you want to go home?
That seems like the first place
they'd check to find you.

GORDON

Barbara's there. She's not
answering my calls and I need to
make sure she's safe.

DENT

We couldn't have called a squad car
to pick her up? What about her mom?

Gordon stays silent a moment.

GORDON

Eileen moved back to Chicago. It's
been about a month.

DENT

Jesus, Jim... I'm sorry.

GORDON

No, you were right. I screwed up.

DENT

Still, it has to be hard on
Barbara.

GORDON

Her mom being in another state, or
knowing I'm a cheating bastard?

DENT

You're being too hard on yourself.

GORDON

You sang a different tune a year
ago. I should have listened to
you.

They drive in silence a moment.

GORDON (CONT'D)

How does a confirmed bachelor have
so much relationship advice?

DENT

I'm deeper than people give me
credit for.

(CONTINUED)

Dent pulls to the curb across the street from Gordon's townhouse and parks. A light is on in a room on the second floor of Gordon's house.

Gordon scans the perimeter and sees nothing out of the ordinary. He checks the rooftops and notices no one.

He nods to Dent and they open the doors, exiting the car.

INT. GORDON HOUSEHOLD, BARBARA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Focus on Barbara's phone sitting on top of her dresser in the foreground, with Babs on her bed out of focus in the background.

The focus shifts to Babs. She is wearing large headphones, and bobs her head to unheard music while reading a large technical manual.

There is a knocking at the door.

GORDON
(through door)
Babs? Honey?

The knocks come again, louder.

Barbara perks up and removes her headphones, the whiny garage-rock emanating from them can be faintly heard. She rests them around the back of her neck and dismounts the bed, then walks to the door. She unlocks and opens it to her father and Harvey Dent.

BARBARA
Jeez, dad, where's the fire?

Gordon quickly embraces Barbara tightly, swinging her out into the hall.

GORDON
Oh, Barbara, thank God.

BARBARA
For what?

Gordon releases her.

GORDON
Harvey's going to take you to his office for a little while. You'll be safe there.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA
Is something going on?

DENT
Wait, where are you going?

GORDON
Babs is my number one priority, you
have to keep her safe.

BARBARA
(perturbed)
Okay, you can explain all this
after I grab my tablet...

Barbara walks back into her room, her speech getting quieter
as she goes.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
...because I am not spending a
whole night without my tablet.

Dent and Gordon are left alone in the hallway outside
Barbara's room.

DENT
We were supposed to stick together.

GORDON
I have somewhere to be.

DENT
I should tell him where you're
going.

GORDON
He doesn't need to know.

DENT
He might be the only thing that can
keep you safe.

Barbara walks back into the hallway with her backpack slung
over her shoulder.

BARBARA
Can we do this? I've got a raid in
twenty minutes.

Gordon leans down and kisses Barbara on the forehead.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

I'll be over at Harv's office in an hour or two. Be safe. Enjoy your video game.

Gordon stands and looks at Dent.

Dent looks back, bewildered and nervous.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Go.

Dent and Barbara walk to the front door.

Barbara looks back as she and Dent exit through the door.

Gordon is left alone in a WIDE SHOT.

EXT. ICEBERG LOUNGE - NIGHT

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the tall nightclub. A large blue neon sign reads "ICEBERG LOUNGE" over the main entrance, flanked by pillars.

An absurdly long line of Gothamites in black ties and evening dresses wraps around the block. A large black Cadillac pulls up front and stops at the entrance.

The driver steps out, as does the front passenger who opens the back door. First out is Carmine's primary bodyguard, followed by Carmine himself.

A valet runs around the front of the car, hops in, and pulls it around back.

Carmine and his entourage are met by a thin man in a red jacket. He leads them into the club past the long line of club-goers. A few catch glances at the great crime-boss and mumble amongst themselves.

INT. ICEBERG LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The Lounge is packed to capacity with people dancing. A live band plays up-tempo Hot Jazz on the stage protruding from one side of the room.

The whole place has the old time feel of a high class New York Speakeasy. Round dinner tables encircle the dance floor. Card tables, slot machines, roulette tables and gamblers fill up the rest of the lounge.

(CONTINUED)

The thin man leads Carmine and his men down a pair of steps to the inset main floor.

Across the room, CARMICHAEL (a stern looking, barrel-chested man) emerges through the kitchen's double doors, motioning for the crew to follow him.

Carmine and his men walk to Carmichael. The thin man stays behind.

INT. ICEBERG LOUNGE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Carmine and his men follow Carmichael through the kitchen, past bustling chefs cooking and carrying trays of food. They are eventually led to a pair of wooden double doors.

Carmichael opens the doors, revealing a solitary light hanging over a long table, behind which stands a short, stocky man. Carmine takes the lead, stepping into the darkened room. His bodyguards follow.

INT. ICEBERG LOUNGE, BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The man behind the table wears a fine black tuxedo. The light glints off not only his purely decorative monocle, but also his severely balding head. This man is known as OSWALD COBBLEPOT.

COBBLEPOT

'Ello gen'lemen. Care for a seat then?

CARMINE

I'll stand.

COBBLEPOT

Suit yehself.

CARMINE

You got the Terminator?

COBBLEPOT

Well, nao, but-

CARMINE

You said you could get me the best.

Cobblepot sways uncomfortably from side to side. An unseen man speaks from the darkness behind him.

(CONTINUED)

DEADSHOT
Speak freely.

COBBLEPOT
Problem wif the best, see, is they
git perticuler about which jobs
they take.

CARMINE
And who they take them from?

COBBLEPOT
Are you questioning my bona
fides? I'm Oswald Cobblepot! In
Gofam, if somebody wants some'ing
done like this, they come to me.

CARMINE
I have buttonmen.

COBBLEPOT
Yet hee' you stand.

There is a moment of silence.

Carmine looks past Cobblepot at the shadowed figure in the background.

CARMINE
This your guy? (to Deadshot) Hey,
mystery man, show yourself.

Deadshot steps halfway into the light, revealing only his lower half which is strapped with an impractical amount of weapons.

He stands silently before the men as Carmine waits for an introduction.

CARMINE (CONT'D)
You got a name?

DEADSHOT
Yes.

CARMINE
... You gonna tell me?

DEADSHOT
No.

CARMINE

Then what do I call you?

DEADSHOT leans fully into the light, a dark grey balaclava covering his face; the rest of his body armed to the teeth.

DEADSHOT

You can call me Deadshot.

FADE TO BLACK:

ACT TWO:

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT./EXT. ICEBERG LOUNGE - NIGHT

Bird's Eye View from above the dancing crowd of club-goers as Carmine, his men, and Cobblepot all emerge from the kitchen double doors.

We slowly pull up and away as Carmine and Cobblepot shake hands and go their separate ways.

The frame eventually pulls up through the paned glass ceiling to reveal a small, blinking metallic disk.

INT. THE CAR - MEANWHILE

Batman sits in the driver's seat, watching the live video stream from his surveillance disc on a ten inch screen integrated into the control panel of "The Car," his gimmick vehicle.

He turns a dial below the monitor, causing the camera to zoom in on Cobblepot. Cobblepot waves someone over. Charmichael approaches him. Cobblepot motions for him to lean down to his level, and once he does, whispers into his ear.

Charmichael nods and briskly leaves out the back exit.

Batman looks up from the screen and out through the cockpit windshield to see Charmichael exit the lounge and walk down the alley to a black sedan. He enters it through the driver's side, turns over the engine, and pulls onto the main street.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Car starts up and accelerates quickly, BLASTING past the alley, down the city streets into the distance.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gordon walks up the stairs, breathing heavily. He passes a door with the number "6" writ large in dark red. He continues climbing until he reaches the door above, labeled "7", and covered with two crossed pieces of blue painters tape forming an X across the frame.

Gordon takes down the tape, opens the door, and steps through.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, SEVENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The whole floor is open, devoid of cubicles or furniture. It is dark.

Plastic covers the floor and windows, all held together at the seams by blue painters tape. A paint spattered ladder stands in the center of the room. On it is a paint roller stuck to a neglected painter's tray.

An older man stands at the far end of the dark room, facing the only uncovered window. He wears a dark suit, latex gloves, a stethoscope around his neck, and a head mirror around his crown.

Without revealing his face, the man cocks his head slightly when he hears Gordon's footsteps on the plastic.

CRIME DOCTOR
Hello Commissioner.

GORDON
Doc.

There is a silence.

CRIME DOCTOR
I'm a very busy man, Commissioner,
if you could get to the point...

GORDON
A hit's been taken out on me.

(CONTINUED)

CRIME DOCTOR

So I've heard. You require information? Or a recommendation for action?

GORDON

Information.

CRIME DOCTOR

So predictable. The Roman, Carmine Falcone, went to the Iceberg Lounge earlier tonight, in order to secure an assassin from its proprietor: Oswald Cobblepot, known to the short-lived as "The Penguin."

GORDON

Who's the gun?

CRIME DOCTOR

Floyd Lawton, the Deadshot. He's been in Gotham for three days.

GORDON

Know where he's staying?

Crime Doctor pulls a small pad of paper out of his breast pocket. He slides a pen out of the wire binding and scribbles on the pad. He tears the sheet off, then proffers it to Gordon, his hand reaching back while he continues to face the window.

CRIME DOCTOR

Here is a prescription for your problem.

Gordon approaches slowly, taking the paper from Crime Doctor's hand.

CRIME DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I have another appointment.

GORDON

Thank you.

Gordon turns and heads to the door. He puts his hand on the doorknob but stops as Crime Doctor speaks.

CRIME DOCTOR

Why do you still allow me to operate, Mr. Gordon? I'm always waiting for your dogs to run in here, guns drawn, to take me away. They haven't yet.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

You're a consultant. You're not a violent man.

CRIME DOCTOR

But I am breaking the law.

GORDON

Apparently I can handle that.

Gordon opens the door and leaves through it.

LONG SHOT on Crime Doctor as he stands in silence. He takes a cell phone from his pocket, touches the screen and puts it to his ear.

CLOSE-UP from behind Crime Doctor as he continues to look out the window, phone to his ear.

CRIME DOCTOR

I just sent him your way.

INT. DENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Barbara sits in the leather chair at Dent's desk, tablet on stand, headset in ear.

Dent stands at his office window peering through the closed blinds.

Barbara pounds the arm of the chair in anger, breaking the silence.

The outburst startles Dent, who switches his gaze to Barbara.

BARBARA

(into headset)

FALL BACK! I don't need you on the frontline Jaden! You're a healer, stay out of the red telegraphs, it's not that difficult.

DENT

You okay?

BARBARA

Lag! Lag! Lag!... No! Dent, your internet sucks!

Dent tries to respond but Barbara brushes him away. Her smart-phone begins to ring.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Not now, not now.

Her tablet makes a disappointing "ding" and all sounds of battle cease.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
No! Damnit!

Barbara looks at the caller ID on her smart-phone, which reads "DICK".

She puts it on speaker-phone, places it on the desk, then goes back to her tablet, quickly logging back in.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey.

DICK
(through phone)
What's up?

A triumphant "ding" resounds from her tablet and the sounds of battle commence.

BARBARA
The city really shelled out for
freaking dial-up in the DA's office
and I'm LAGGING! God! Be quick.

DICK
You're at the DA's
office? Visiting with your dad?

BARBARA
Nah, there's something dangerous
going on they don't want me to know
about.

DICK
Am I on speakerphone?

BARBARA
Yeah, one sec.

Barbara touches the screen of her phone and takes it to her ear.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Yeah? Yeah? Okay. Yeah, I'll see
you tomorrow.

Barbara hangs up the phone and places it in her pocket as she stands up.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
(to Dent)
I gotta hit the john.

DENT
I should come with you.

BARBARA
Alright first off, that's a little
creepy, and secondly... it's...

Barbara looks from side to side conspiratorially.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
...a female thing...

DENT
Oh, of course.

Dent returns to the window. Barbara discreetly grabs her tablet off the table and makes her way to the door.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Batman watches a distant apartment complex through small binoculars.

Batman's POV (through binoculars): Charmichael knocks casually on the door of an apartment on the second floor. The door opens after a moment, revealing a shady man.

The binoculars zoom in on Charmichael passing a wad of cash with a handshake. The shady man presents a briefcase.

He opens it to show Charmichael several dozen small canisters, presumably of Fear. He closes it, then hands it over.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Charmichael takes the briefcase and turns to go. In the deep background, a cape and cowl shaped shadow jumps off a roof.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Batman enters The Car. A red light is blinking on the dash.

Batman closes the doorcockpit and presses the button below the light, which stops blinking.

BATMAN
Now is not the time.

DICK
(over comm)
I know where the Commissioner is.

BATMAN
I have a tracker on the DA. Go to bed.

DICK
(over comm)
He's not with the DA.

BATMAN
Damn it.

Batman turns on The Car.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
I'm en route. Where is he.

DICK
(over comm)
He's coming up on Amusement Mile right now.

BATMAN
That's not good.

DICK
Why? Where are you?

BATMAN
I'm in Gotham Center.

DICK
You'll never make it.

BATMAN
The Car is fast, if I-

(CONTINUED)

DICK
He's practically outside our front door! I'm suiting up!

BATMAN
You are not to enter the Cave, do you understand me?

DICK
Babs' dad might be in trouble!

BATMAN
Dick, put Alfred on the phone.

There is a silence.

BATMAN
Dick?

Batman places both hands on the wheel, and tries to press the gas pedal harder.

INT. CITY HALL, WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Barbara sits cross-legged on the toilet in a locked stall, hunched over her tablet.

INT. CITY HALL, OUTSIDE THE WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dent approaches the women's restroom and cracks the door slightly.

DENT
Barbara, is everything okay?

There is no response. Dent opens the door wider.

DENT (CONT'D)
Babs?

BARBARA (O.S.)
Yeah, occupado!

Dent sighs in relief and shuts the door.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - MEANWHILE

Dick stands at the grandfather clock, toying with the face.
Alfred enters.

Dick stands upright, trying to seem inconspicuous.

ALFRED
Did I miss a spot?

DICK
No, no, I...

Dick's smartphone rings.

DICK (CONT'D)
Here, just listen.

Dick answers the phone, putting it on speakerphone and holding it out in front of himself.

DICK (CONT'D)
Hey Babs.

BARBARA
(through speakerphone)
He stopped at a hotel just outside
the Mile. Do you really think he's
in danger?

Dick and Alfred share a look.

DICK
... I don't know.

BARBARA
(through speakerphone)
I'm kind of paranoid right now. I
mean, he's a cop and everything,
and I guess I've always known
something might happen, but Dent's
acting all weird, and the way Dad
said goodbye to me...

DICK
I'm sure it's nothing. But I'm due
for a visit to the Mile Arcade. I
can scope out the situation while
I'm there.

BARBARA
(through speakerphone)
Thank you so much. Dick, this
really... just... thank you.

(CONTINUED)

DICK
It's no problem. Bye.

BARBARA
(through speakerphone)
Bye.

Dick hangs up and places the phone in his pocket.

DICK
I'm going to that hotel.

ALFRED
I should hope so.

Alfred walks over to the grandfather clock and produces a small, golden key.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
I'll see you in the garage.

Alfred places the key into the grandfather clock, eliciting the familiar sound of decompression that accompanies its unlocking and opening.

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - MEANWHILE

The Car screams down the street.

EXT. THROUGH DEADSHOT'S SCOPE - MEANWHILE

Gordon scales the outside stairs of a Hotel as the scope follows him. Gordon arrives at the door he is seeking. After drawing his gun, he tries to enter in the traditional fashion, but finds that the door is locked. He swiftly kicks it open before entering.

The scope stays on the window as Gordon flits back and forth, checking out the room. Gordon eventually comes to a stop by the window.

CUT TO BLACK:

A GUNSHOT rings out.

ACT THREE:

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. DEADSHOT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As the shot rings out Robin leaps and tackles Commissioner Gordon from inside the hotel room. Gordon scrambles to cover on one side of the window while Robin does the same on the other.

Gordon stares at Robin for a moment, unsure of what to think.

Robin nods towards Gordon's gun.

ROBIN

You any good with that thing?

Gordon gives a confused nod.

ROBIN

Alright good, I'll draw his fire!

Gordon shakes his reverie and he calls to Robin, who is already diving out through the previously shattered window.

GORDON

Kid, no!

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Robin handsprings on the walkway in front of the window and out over the railing as a shot misses him.

He lands on top of an SUV in the parking lot below, rolls over the truck cab next to it, and swings around a pole as another shot misses.

From the swing, he lands on a stair railing and quickly jumps off, executing an incredible mid-air quadruple-somersault as another shot misses.

INT. DEADSHOT'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gordon steels himself as he takes a position beside the window and points his weapon towards the sound of the sniper rifle.

Focus on Gordon as he begins to return fire.

INT. THE CAR - MEANWHILE

The Car is seen drifting around a sharp corner, tires screeching as it goes.

Inside The Car, we can hear a phone ringing over the speaker system.

DICK
(over comm)
Hi, you've reached Dick. I'm--

Batman taps a button on the dash and the phone call is ended.

He drives in silence for a moment or two before tapping another button. A soft beeping noise is heard through the speakers this time. The beeping stops, and Robin's voice blares through.

ROBIN
(over comm)
I'm here, Gordon's fine, sniper, hurry!

BATMAN
You disobeyed me -

ROBIN
(over comm)
Not now!

A small beep is heard as the communicate is ended.

Focus on Batman's hands as he grips the wheel tighter.

EXT. DEADSHOT'S HOTEL ROOM - MEANWHILE

Gordon goes from a firing position back to cover as he ejects the clip from his gun and readies another.

Robin dives in through the window, several bullet-holes visible in his cape. As he enters the window a bullet grazes his left shoulder, causing his arms to crumple as he attempts to roll out of his dive. He lands hard.

GORDON
Shit kid, he got you. You're not going back out there.

Robin grabs his wounded shoulder as he moves against the wall, grimacing.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

Agreed. He's starting to predict my movements. If I go back out there the next one won't just graze me.

Robin breathes heavily for a moment, leaning his head back against the wall. Jim cautiously peeks out the window, weapon drawn.

Robin drops his head back down.

ROBIN

Commissioner, I'm sorry - I...

GORDON

Wait... he isn't shooting. Is he moving up on us?

Gordon begins to tense up. A knowing smile spreads across Robin's face.

ROBIN

He's here.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MEANWHILE

WIDE SHOT of the parking garage as the lights shut off to the sound of a large lever being pulled.

Deadshot assesses possible entry points for an assailant.

Smoke pours in from the dark area behind Deadshot's vantage point. There are sudden but slight movements of shadow. Carefully, calmly, Deadshot takes a shot at each movement, lighting up the room for an instant with each muzzle-flash.

Suddenly, Deadshot turns, drops his rifle and draws a Desert Eagle, firing immediately. Batman avoids a bullet to the head by already being where he needs to be, his chop deflecting the gun-hand at the wrist.

Deadshot tries his gun-kata against Batman's unarmed style for a few moments, each shot narrowly missing. Batman gains momentum with every block or parry.

Batman finally gets ahead of Deadshot and performs his first offensive move: he maneuvers behind Deadshot, grips his right hand, and forces him to empty his clip into a pillar.

(CONTINUED)

Deadshot reaches back and grabs Batman by the head, throwing him over his shoulder. Batman rolls into the darkness as Deadshot drops his Deagle. Deadshot draws a nine millimeter.

Deadshot scans the darkness. He turns sharply at an imagined noise.

He continues to scan.

BATMAN (O.S.)

Here.

Deadshot turns and fires at the exact moment a batarang lodges itself in the barrel, causing the gun to explode in his hand. Deadshot angrily throws the nine millimeter down in pain and pulls a .22 with his still healthy left hand.

Batman is upon Deadshot, who ducks out of the way of Batman's elbow.

Deadshot gun-katas again. This time it is Deadshot who is gaining momentum. The kata speeds up.

Batman abandons his attempt to stop a shot at his leg, which grazes his thigh, so that he will be prepared for Deadshot raising the gun to his face.

Mere milliseconds from a deadly headshot, Batman dismantles the gun instantly with one hand.

Slow Motion: The gun parts fall toward the floor. Deadshot, with his right hand, catches a falling bullet and throws it at Batman, hitting him in the chest. Time speeds back to normal for us.

The thrown bullet staggers Batman back. Deadshot flicks his left arm, producing a Derringer into his hand from an apparatus hidden in his sleeve, the tip of which becomes briefly visible.

Batman is down to a knee, unprepared for Deadshot's next move. Deadshot readies to shoot him in the head, execution style.

As Deadshot cocks the small pistol, a bat-cord wraps around his arm, wrenching it back into an awkward position. A muffled shot is heard as the Derringer flies across the room.

Robin stands defiantly, holding his end of the cord.

(CONTINUED)

Deadshot pulls a throwing knife out of one of his many weapon sheaths and throws it through the cord, severing it. He turns his attention on Robin.

Batman is suddenly next to Deadshot, holding his neck in a choke known as a "cravat," After a beat, Batman quickly brings Deadshot down face first onto his knee, rendering him unconscious.

Batman stands upright.

ROBIN

It feels good, right?

A loudmouth lummoX can be heard approaching. Batman looks in its direction.

Wide shot as Harold Bullock enters the parking garage, gun drawn.

He looks down to see Deadshot subdued on the ground.

Batman and Robin are nowhere to be seen.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Batman and Robin approach The Car, parked in a back alley. Batman presses something on his belt which opens The Car's cockpit.

BATMAN

How's your arm?

ROBIN

I've felt worse. You have any gauze in there?

BATMAN

Yes.

ROBIN

How's the leg?

BATMAN

Inconsequential.

They both laboriously climb into the cockpit before the hatch slides shut.

INT. THE CAR - LATER

Robin holds a pad of bloody gauze to his wound as Batman speeds down a Gotham City street.

There is a silence between the two.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
How did you acquire Gordon's location?

Robin hesitates a moment.

ROBIN
That was all Babs. She used the GPS on his phone to track him down.

BATMAN
How much does she know?

ROBIN
That Dick Grayson cares about her. And that when he went to look for her father he found nothing.

BATMAN
He's a good kid.

They drive in silence for a few moments. A smile creeps onto Robin's face.

ROBIN
So... I saved Gordon.

BATMAN
It would appear that way.

ROBIN
... and I saved you.

BATMAN
That's debatable.

Robin looks out his window as he rests his head in his seat. Behind him, the same smile creeps onto Batman's face.

EXT. GCPD ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gordon takes a few puffs off of a mostly smoked cigarette. He opens his pack and pulls out another, putting it against the cherry of his already lit cigarette, puffing until it too is lit.

(CONTINUED)

He flicks away the old butt and begins in earnest puffing away at the new one.

BATMAN (O.S.)

You probably have some questions.

Gordon turns to face Batman.

GORDON

I asked you about the rumors. The bat-kid rumors. Months ago.

BATMAN

You don't like that I keep things from you.

GORDON

Yes.

BATMAN

Who exactly is the Crime Doctor, Jim?

GORDON

I saw a kid get shot for you today! We play it fast and loose, but we're adults.

BATMAN

Do you trust me?

GORDON

We've been at this almost five years. What kind of question is that?

BATMAN

But do you trust me?

GORDON

...Yes.

BATMAN

I trust Robin.

GORDON

Robin?

BATMAN

He and I are a package deal. Much like you and Dent.

GORDON

Dent ended up working out.

BATMAN

All I ask is that you give Robin the same chance.

They stand in silence. Gordon smokes his cigarette.

GORDON

You've earned that much. But that kid is your responsibility. And if something happens to him, you're my responsibility, five years be damned.

Batman extends his hand, Gordon looks at it.

Gordon shakes Batman's hand.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, STUDY - MORNING

The rising sun shines through a thin opening between the blinds.

Dick lounges on the couch, pillows and a blanket strewn about, watching Good Morning Gotham on the large television.

Bruce enters from the foyer and approaches the couch. He stands behind it until Dick notices him.

BRUCE

Mute it, would you?

Dick picks up the remote, mutes the TV, and looks up at Bruce who walks around the couch to face him.

DICK

What's up?

BRUCE

Dick... you performed admirably tonight. Floyd Lawton is a world class assassin. He's taken out high profile targets from... (a beat) It may have been premature to think you couldn't handle yourself.

DICK

What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

Bruce produces a small golden key, identical to the one Alfred used to open the clock.

BRUCE

This is for you. For the cave.

Bruce straightens, his face becoming serious.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Obviously, whenever possible you go out only with me, or on my order...

Dick stands up quickly, ready to hug his surrogate father. Bruce's ninja-like reflexes catch him in a handshake instead.

Dick seems unsure of what to say.

DICK

Thanks... Bruce.

BRUCE

Go ahead. Try it out.

Dick walks over to the grandfather clock and inserts his key. The clock opens like the door of a safe. Dick smiles. He looks back at Bruce. He looks back into the darkness, and then disappears inside.

FADE OUT: