

SHADOW OF THE BAT

I: CAPES

110 - "Relations"

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. BLACKGATE PRISON, HALLWAY - DAY

A bulky, african-american inmate is led down a hallway by two armed orderlies walking close behind him. The trio reach a large door. Next to the door is a bored guard sitting in a booth of bulletproof glass.

The bored guard hits a button inside his booth, eliciting a loud buzzing noise as the large door slides open.

Once the door has fully opened, one of the orderlies motions for the inmate to continue into the processing area.

INT. BLACKGATE PRISON, PROCESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

There is a gated off desk with a guard behind it at the far end of the room and a thick red line painted on the ground before it.

ORDERLY

Stand on the red line.

The inmate does as he is told as the other orderly walks up to the cage. He hands the desk guard a thick file.

The desk guard opens the file and flips through a few pages before stopping on one.

DESK GUARD

Goin' home today, eh, Ted?

He looks back down at the file, reaches for his pen, and scribbles at the bottom of the page.

**FOCUS ON THE FILE:** Pinned to the corner of the folder is the mugshot of the inmate sporting a black eye, swollen nose, and busted lip. There is a dossier that states his name; **"THEODORE "TED" GRANT"**, alias **"THE WILDCAT"**; his crime: **"MANSLAUGHTER"**.

The desk guard reaches behind himself, lifts a small crate containing a handful of items, and places it on the desk.

DESK GUARD

Approach the desk.

Ted steps off of the line and up to the desk. The guard empties the contents of the crate across the desk before him.

(CONTINUED)

He picks up and sets aside a plastic bag with some old clothes inside.

DESK GUARD (CONT'D)

Your clothes, you can change into them after this.

The Desk Guard picks up and places back in the crate a wallet, mouth-guard and a roll of boxer's athletic tape.

DESK GUARD (CONT'D)

We have, one wallet with ID inside, otherwise empty. One mouth-guard, and a roll of white athletic tape... Do you have any questions?

TED

No.

The Desk Guard places the plastic bag full of clothes in the crate.

DESK GUARD

Good. In the event that you haven't set up a ride for yourself, we will pay for a cab to pick you up-

TED

(interrupting)

My daughter. She knows I'm getting out today... She'll be here.

DESK GUARD

You sure, Ted? 12 years, she hasn't been here once.

Ted doesn't respond.

DESK GUARD (CONT'D)

Okay...

ORDERLY

Grab your stuff and move down the line.

Ted grabs the crate from the desk and walks back down the red line. The security guard hits another button, sounding off another loud buzzing noise.

EXT. BLACKGATE PRISON, INMATE RELEASE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The large steel gate slowly slides open as Ted walks out from behind it, now wearing dark jeans, a black t-shirt and a tight navy-blue boxer's hoodie with the hood back. Once he is clear, the door slides shut with a loud clang.

Ted takes a look behind himself at the prison wall, then turns and looks out at the road leading to the prison, waiting.

SLOW FADE TO:

EXT. BLACKGATE PRISON, INMATE RELEASE AREA - NIGHT

Ted, now sitting on a bench outside the prison wall, continues to wait for his daughter who still hasn't arrived.

Focus in on the moon.

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

**ACT ONE:**

INT. LAVISH HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Focus on the moon outside a small, open window.

**SI: "Relations"**

Catwoman is bent completely over at the waist, fiddling with the dial on a medium-sized safe. She stops as her concentration is broken, and smiles.

CATWOMAN

I wondered when you'd get around to finding me again.

She pops open the safe, retrieving a gaudy, ornate diamond necklace, which sparkles even in this dim light.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

Like the view?

Catwoman stands up and turns around as she clasps the necklace around her neck. Batman stands on the other side of the room.

BATMAN

All I see are safe-cracking and grand larceny. There are other ways to get my attention.

(CONTINUED)

CATWOMAN  
I've tried them, they don't work.

BATMAN  
You said you'd stop pulling jobs in  
Gotham.

Catwoman purrs as she slowly approaches Batman, hips swaying.

CATWOMAN  
Something drew me back.

BATMAN  
Something?

Catwoman reaches out and places her hand on Batman's chest as she continues her slow approach. With the other hand, she takes off her cowl.

SELINA  
You're the detective. Guess.

BATMAN  
You want me to think you mean  
me. You think you mean the  
necklace. But you probably mean  
your father.

Selina pulls back and turns away.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
I know you blame him for what  
happened, but-

Selina whips around and SLAPS Batman across the face.

SELINA  
You don't know what happened.

BATMAN  
I-

SELINA  
Instead of sitting in your cave, on  
your computer, you should have  
talked to me. Or tried to... Ted  
Grant is a murderer. And he  
stopped being my father twelve  
years ago...

Selina shakes in rage for a moment, then dons her mask.

(CONTINUED)

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)  
...and you ruin everything,  
Bruce. Here-

Catwoman takes off the necklace and tosses it to Batman, who easily catches it.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)  
- take the diamonds, now you've got  
no reason to chase me.

Catwoman walks toward the small window.

BATMAN  
Selina-

CATWOMAN  
Goodbye, Batman.

Catwoman dives headfirst through the tiny opening, billowing curtains the only evidence that she was ever there.

Batman is left alone.

INT. ICEBERG LOUNGE, COBBLEPOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ted Grant sits across from Oswald Cobblepot.

The double doors to the office are open, the club light shines through.

Cobblepot smokes a cigarette through a long, black cigarette holder. He gets up from his seat and begins slowly making his way around the desk towards Ted.

COBBLEPOT  
Ted Grant... "The Wildcat", as I  
live an' breave. You were the next  
champ they said, wunnit?

TED  
That's what they said.

COBBLEPOT  
Den look what you wenn'an did,  
eh? Leff a poor bloke wif a  
nosebone in his brain, dinnya?

TED  
I'm not a murderer.

(CONTINUED)

COBBLEPOT

Course not. Manslaugh'er an' murder are two completely diff'rint crimes.

TED

You gonna get to the point anytime soon?

Cobblepot stares at Ted, perhaps angry, then laughs suddenly, smoke pouring out of his mouth.

COBBLEPOT

Still wild, I see.

Cobblepot makes mock boxing motions towards Ted as he speaks.

COBBLEPOT (CONT'D)

Earned that nomme de'guerre as it were.

TED

When the situation calls for it.

COBBLEPOT

Let us hope so, Mr. Grant. Let us hope so.

Cobblepot nods, and his guard Carmichael closes the double doors on us, leaving us outside the office.

EXT. GOTHAM PREP, PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Babs exits through the parking lot, leaving school. Geoffrey drives up in his 40's-esque convertible and keeps pace beside her.

GEOFFREY

C'mon Babs, I've yet to find anyone who would refuse a ride in this work of art.

BARBARA

Your old man spent way too much money on that thing.

GEOFFREY

Too much money? Shows what you know! Early 40's German engineering is vastly su--

(CONTINUED)

Babs stops and confronts Geoffrey. Geoffrey presses on the brakes.

BARBARA

One: that's not even a German car.  
Two: It's from the mid 50's at the earliest. Austrians used to make bullshit cars all the time.

GEOFFREY

Bullshit? I'll have you know-

VICKI (O.S.)

This guy bothering you?

Babs turns to see Vicki Vale leaning on her red sports car.

BARBARA

Idiocy bothers me if that's what you mean.

VICKI

Hey... Fennington. Get out of here.

GEOFFREY

Just who do you think you are? If my father finds out-

VICKI

I'd be more worried about the District Attorney finding out about your father...

Geoffrey opens his mouth, but cannot think of an appropriate response. A look of anger passes over his face and he speeds off, tires screeching. Vicki's hair is blown back by the resulting breeze.

BARBARA

Thanks.

VICKI

Don't mention it.

BARBARA

So... You gonna offer me candy or something?

VICKI

What?



BARBARA

What're you doing at a school?

VICKI

My name's Vicki Vale, I'm an investigative reporter for The Gotham Gazette.

BARBARA

Dead medium, I can respect that.

VICKI

Uh-huh. Well the reason I'm here is because I was hoping to have a word with you.

BARBARA

Oh yeah? You're barking up the wrong tree, lady. Dad doesn't talk to me about work.

VICKI

I don't want to talk about your father. You've gotten to know Richard Grayson over the better part of the year, right?

BARBARA

Grayson?

VICKI

Yeah, the acrobat orphan no one has heard from.

BARBARA

Look lady, I... I was there for him when all that happened, and he's never really opened up about it. I guess it's the hardest thing he's ever dealt with...

VICKI

It's safe to say you're his friend?

BARBARA

Of course.

VICKI

Then help me tell his story.

BARBARA

I'm not sure he'd appreciate it.

(CONTINUED)

VICKI

(enthusiastically)

Oh no, it's going to be great. I've got an in with the GCPD coroner so he got me a statement and all these great pictures. Even some crime-scene photos.

BARBARA

(disturbed)

That's not what I'm talking about.

Vicki excitedly opens her clutch purse and pulls out a business card. She hands it to Babs.

VICKI

Here, think about it and get back to me. You're a computer kid, right? My website is right under the phone-number.

Babs stares at the card.

BARBARA

Thanks...

Vicki gets in her sports car.

Babs keeps walking, attempting to ignore the overenthusiastic reporter.

Vicki's car pulls out and crawls past Babs. Vicki waves.

Babs awkwardly waves back.

Vicki's car zooms out of the parking lot.

Babs continues walking, passing a garbage can. She goes to throw the card away, but, at the last second, hesitates and decides to keep it, placing it in her pocket.

EXT. SELINA'S APARTMENT, ROOF - NIGHT

Catwoman, swag-bag in hand, saunters up to her window, opens it, and slips inside.

INT. SELINA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Catwoman puts the bag on a chair, then removes her cowl and gloves.

There is a knock at the front door.

Selina stiffens, standing frozen in place at the knocks.

There is more knocking.

Selina quickly, silently, moves across the room and towards the door, picking up and donning a robe well before reaching it.

She opens the door.

SELINA

Can I help...

Midway though her sentence, Selina realizes she's staring face to face with her estranged father, Ted Grant.

SELINA (CONT'D)

You.

TED

I had a hell of a time tracking you down, Selina.

SELINA

So you just assumed that was by accident? I don't want you here.

Selina tries to slam the door, but Ted's strong, weathered fingers fill the gap before it can close all the way, catching the door at the last second. Selina opts instead to latch the door chain to keep him from coming inside.

TED

But Selina... I'm your father.

SELINA

You know what a father's main role is? Being there. After you left, things were never the same. Mom barely made it two years without you.

TED

Selina, I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

SELINA

Sorry for what? Leaving your wife and daughter to suffer in poverty, or taking the life of an innocent man?

Ted hesitates a moment.

TED

There's more to the story than what you, the police, or anyone else knows.

SELINA

Great, so you're a liar too.

Ted attempts to make eye contact through the small crack in the door.

TED

Listen. That night, Luigi Maroni told me to throw the fight. When I didn't, he sent one of his goons after me. I'm a boxer, I like to fight, but up until that night I'd never taken a life... believe me when I say, at that moment, it was him or me, Selina. I refused to throw the fight for selfish reasons, but I had to lie about what happened to protect you and your mother.

Selina stands in silence a moment, unable to look her father in the eye.

EXT. OUTSIDE SELINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted, hopeful he's made his point, removes his hand.

The door closes on Ted. He hangs his head, assuming he has lost his chance. Then, we hear the chain come undone, and the door opens. Selina gestures Ted inside.

INT. ICEBERG LOUNGE, COBBLEPOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cobblepot enters the dark room.

COBBLEPOT

Thank you, Carmichael.

Cobblepot closes the door behind himself.

(CONTINUED)

He walks to his desk, sits down, and turns on his desk-lamp.  
He is startled by the immediate sight of Batman standing in the middle of the room.

BATMAN  
We need to talk.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT TWO:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. ICEBERG LOUNGE, COBBLEPOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cobblepot sits at his desk, petrified as Batman slowly makes his way toward him.

BATMAN  
I need information, Penguin.

Cobblepot's shoulders drop as he becomes less tense. Batman stops in front of the desk.

COBBLEPOT  
Well cor' blimey, was it really neces'ry to scare me 'alf to death first?

BATMAN  
I could use the front door next time.

COBBLEPOT  
No, no, jiss figget I said anything.

Cobblepot stands up from his desk and walks across the room to a small personal bar, from which he takes a glass, uncorks a bottle with his teeth and pours himself a martini. He speaks, still clenching the cork in his teeth.

COBBLEPOT  
Thirsty?

BATMAN  
No... Thank you.

COBBLEPOT  
Shame.

(CONTINUED)

He shrugs as he sets down the bottle, then pops the cork back on it.

Cobblepot turns to Batman.

COBBLEPOT

Wha' is it ya need then?

BATMAN

Ted Grant, tell me everything you know about him.

COBBLEPOT

The boxer? He's a hasbeen. Killed a man once I believe...

BATMAN

So, you wouldn't have any knowledge of him being here earlier tonight?

COBBLEPOT

Oh, Bats.. can I call you Bats? Oh, Bats, if I took note of every killer what walked through those doors... Well, I wouldn't have time for much of anything else now would I? You know what they say about a man wif no 'obbies...

BATMAN

Drop the act, Oswald. Either you tell me what you know or next time I will use the front door.

COBBLEPOT

... Not much of a choice is it? Heh. Well, a man fresh out of jail don't have much in the way of options does he? Ol' Teddy needs help gettin' back on his feet and he came to the Iceberg in search of a loan. A man wif a body over his head can't rightly go to a bank now can 'e?

BATMAN

So you gave him a loan, that's it?

COBBLEPOT

I'm insulted you would even make such an accusation! All I'd get back is anohver head in my collection, and I'd much rather be collecting coins than caps.

(CONTINUED)

There is a beat as Cobblepot smiles. His expression quickly drops as Batman slowly bends down and places both his hands on the desk, towering over Cobblepot.

BATMAN

If you're hiding something, I will find out.

Silence fills the room for a moment.

Batman stands back only to make a guttural sound of disappointment before walking into the darkness of the hall.

Cobblepot sits alone, his face expressing deep thought, before coming to, grabbing his drink, and downing it.

EXT. CRIME ALLEY - NIGHT

Selina, wearing a short overcoat, her hair down, walks through the back alley, stopping under the solitary street light. She stares into the darkness.

SELINA

What's so goddamned important?

The figure of a large man becomes visible in the darkness beyond as it shifts uncomfortably. The man speaks. It is Bruce.

BRUCE

I spoke to Oswald down at the club.

SELINA

Please, I haven't done a job at the Iceberg in years.

BRUCE

It's not about that. It's...

Bruce steps into the light, wearing a dark tailored suit and holding two roses.

SELINA

(incredulously)

You brought me flowers?

Confused, Bruce hesitates a moment, then looks down at the flowers. He looks back up.

BRUCE

Selina, it's Ted. He went to the Penguin.

(CONTINUED)

SELINA

What did the bird have to say?

BRUCE

Nothing truthful. There's something going on. And it involves your father.

SELINA

"Something going on?"

Selina turns.

SELINA

(sarcastic)

Great detective work, Bruce.

Selina walks away, the regular rhythm of her heels echoing off the walls.

Bruce stands there a moment, watching and listening as the sound of Selina's footsteps fades into the distance.

He kneels down on bended knee, placing the roses in the light. He takes a deep sigh, and bows his head.

EXT. GRAHAM ELIOT MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Dick and Babs sit on one of the many scattered benches before a large, recreational park, talking. In the far distance we see a group throwing around a football.

Babs has an unpleasant expression on her face. With her elbows on her knees, she hangs her head, awkwardly rubbing the back of her neck.

BARBARA

Dick...

DICK

Yeah?

BARBARA

Something's come up. It involves you and you need to know about it. The other day this reporter-"investigative journalist"- lady was waiting for me in the parking lot at school.

(CONTINUED)



DICK

What did she want? Is she  
pestering you? I can talk to Bruce  
about-

BARBARA

(interrupting)

No, no, it's nothing like  
that. first I thought she wanted  
something from me about my dad, but  
that's not what she was there  
for...

Babs looks directly at Dick for the first time this  
conversation.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

She wants an interview.

For a moment Dick doesn't realize what she is  
implying. Slowly it dawns on him.

DICK

With me?

BARBARA

Yeah. She wants to "tell the story"  
of your mom and dad's- of what  
happened to your parents.

DICK

I don't understand! Why does anyone  
care, they're *my* parents! It was  
an accident, they happen... There's  
nothing to talk about, and you  
shouldn't have.

Dick stands up.

BARBARA

Dick. I know we haven't been  
friends that long-

DICK

No, we haven't. That's why I'm  
having a problem finding the right  
you have to talk to anyone about my  
parents.

There is a heated silence.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

I didn't-

DICK (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

What are their names?

BARBARA

Dick, -

DICK

(interrupting)

No, you want to talk about them,  
you should at least know their  
names. John... and Mary...

Dick turns his back to Babs, unable to control his facial expressions. His breathing is labored, his voice strained.

DICK

Why won't the past just die!

BARBARA

I didn't tell that woman a single  
word... She doesn't know anything.

DICK

Neither do you.

Dick walks away.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR GROUNDS, UNDERGROUND GARAGE OPENING - DAY

Bruce's black Rolls Royce pulls out of the parking garage.  
Alfred is driving.

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S ROLLS ROYCE, BACK SEAT - CONTINUOUS

Bruce, dressed in a fine three piece suit, sits comfortably in the luxury automobile's backseat. With his elbow on the armrest and his hand to his chin, his demeanor displays unrest.

Alfred glances at Bruce in the rear-view mirror.

ALFRED

What's troubling you, Bruce?

BRUCE

Selina. I try to help her, but...  
it only angers her.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

Then you warned her off of her  
boxer father last night.

BRUCE

I tried. He got to her first.

ALFRED

It is possible for someone with a  
less than savory past to transcend  
themselves. To turn themselves  
over to the better angels of their  
nature.

BRUCE

You came to the Waynes,  
Alfred. Grant went to the Penguin.

ALFRED

Familial ties run deep. You know  
that better than anyone.

Alfred drives in silence a moment.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Have you talked to him?

BRUCE

Who?

ALFRED

Ted Grant.

BRUCE

I will tonight.

ALFRED

Have you considered having dinner  
with them? As Bruce, I mean.

BRUCE

It... hadn't occurred to me.

They sit in silence a moment, cruising comfortably over  
Gotham's Sprang Bridge.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Do you think that's a good idea?

ALFRED

It is customary.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

The Wildcat doesn't have a place to stay, I'll probably find him at Selina's tonight.

ALFRED

Knowing Miss Kyle, I'd suggest asking her first.

BRUCE

You're right. I have to meet with her.

ALFRED

Shall I inform Wayne Enterprises your plans have changed?

BRUCE

No. It's about time I made an appearance. Fox gets nervous when I disappear from the board for too long. I'll arrange a meeting with Selina for later tonight.

INT. SELINA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Worm's eye view from Selina's room, beside a bureau. Laughter can be heard from the other room.

SELINA (O.S.)

Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I don't cook that often. Here, I'll get you a towel.

TED (O.S.)

No, no, that's alright, I'll get one.

SELINA (O.S.)

There should be some in the bureau in my room.

After a few moments Ted enters the room and walks toward the bureau. He kneels down and begins to open the bottom drawer just as Selina calls out to him.

SELINA (O.S.)

They're in the top drawer!

Over Ted's shoulder, we watch as he slowly lifts her Catwoman garb from the drawer to get a better look.

(CONTINUED)

SELINA (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
Did you find 'em?

Ted puts the costume back quickly, closes the drawer and stands up.

TED  
Found 'em!

Ted opens the top drawer, grabs a towel then quickly walks back into the common room.

FADE TO BLACK:

**ACT THREE:**

FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - EVENING

Barbara stands at the large doors of Wayne Manor. She rings the doorbell.

After a moment the door opens and Alfred emerges.

BARBARA  
Hi Alfred, uh, is Dick around?

ALFRED  
(cautiously)  
At this point in time I am uncertain of Master Grayson's whereabouts, but if he is here, I will summon him.

Alfred gives Babs a quick up and down before shutting the door behind him, leaving Barbara to wait.

A seemingly long period passes as Barbara stands, face toward the closed doors.

Eventually, they open to darkness.

Dick peers out from around the door. He steps out onto the porch, closing it behind him.

DICK  
Hey...

BARBARA  
Hey, are you okay? Because I'm really sorry. I had no intention of-

(CONTINUED)

DICK

JESU-

Dick collects himself.

DICK (CONT'D)

Wait, Babs, look, I -- I understand. What you did- or what I thought you did, was what anyone would do. But what you actually did was what a friend would do, you kept my feelings in mind and -- What I'm trying to say is, I'm sorry.

Dick and Barbara stand face to face a moment, staring into each others' eyes.

DICK (CONT'D)

Do you want to, you know, come inside?

Barbara smiles as she passes him and enters the mansion, Dick enters as well and closes the door behind them.

INT. WAYNE MANOR, DICK'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Barbara sits at the end of Dick's bed, lying back on her elbows. Dick lounges lengthwise on the love seat in front of the large fire place, logs burning.

BARBARA

What're you doing for Halloween?

DICK

It's like three weeks away, I don't know.

BARBARA

Well why don't you spend it with me? There's a few places I got in mind we can go to downtown.

DICK

Yeah, I guess we can do whatever.

BARBARA

I'm thinking of going as the Cat-Woman, but like a sexy Cat-Woman, you know?

Dick finally glances Barbara's way and gives a quick smile.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
And you? What are you going as?

DICK  
I don't like costumes.

BARBARA  
C'mon -

Barbara stands and walks over to Dick's huge walk-in closet and switches on the light. She looks around the mostly empty closet.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
You have to have something in here you can turn into an outfit. Or! Better yet, have "His Majesty" buy you something kick-ass.

DICK  
I don't know, I guess-

Barbara sees a green and crimson army-bag stuffed on a shelf above a stack of clothes.

BARBARA  
What's this?

Barbara walks in and reaches for the bag when Dick hastily jumps up from the couch and stops her from opening the bag by yanking it out of her hands.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Dick?!

DICK  
You- I don't want anyone to mess with this... Okay, it's- Important to me.

BARBARA  
Dick. It's me. It's Babs. Talk to me.

Dick hesitates a moment and comes close to dropping the bag. He turns away. Barbara sulks a moment. Dick suddenly turns around, drops the bag at her feet, and leans against the wall.

Barbara looks Dick in the eye as his gaze shifts from her to the wall while he slumps to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

DICK  
Just open it.

Barbara looks at the bag and waits a moment. Dick sits on the floor, still staring off into nothing. Barbara kneels down and drags the bag toward herself.

She gives Dick one more look, then unzips the bag.

**Focus On Bag:** Unzipped, Babs lifts an edge of the bag to find the bloodied remains of Dick's former circus attire from the night of his parents' death.

Barbara slowly pulls the leotard out of the bag.

Dick breathes hard. He blubbers. For a moment he tries to hold back the tears, but he can't keep it down for long. He erupts in tears, sobbing loudly.

Barbara drops the leotard on the bag and goes to Dick. He crumples into her arms, crying.

BARBARA  
Shhh. Shhh. Everything's going to  
be okay.

Dick attempts to communicate through tears and snot.

DICK  
The news...

BARBARA  
I'm going to fix it Dick. She'll  
leave us alone. Everything's going  
to be fine.

Wide bird's-eye view of the walk-in closet, the two teenagers huddled together on the floor, the circus-bag next to them.

EXT. UNDER SPRANG BRIDGE - LATE NIGHT

Batman walks into the darkness under Sprang Bridge.

BATMAN  
Selina?

Catwoman calls back from the darkness.

CATWOMAN  
I'm here. Against my better  
judgment.

(CONTINUED)



In the bits of moonlight we can see Batman's silhouette pull something from his utility belt. He sticks the device in the ground and it lights up, illuminating the area under the bridge.

BATMAN

I want to talk.

CATWOMAN

Don't you ever get tired of talking? I like you more as a man of action.

BATMAN

Selina...

Batman's attention is drawn to the area behind Catwoman. Ted Grant steps out of the shadows and into the light cast by Batman's device. His fists are taped, and the small hood of his navy-blue jacket is up over his head, drawstrings drawn tight.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You led him here?

Ted continues approaching.

CATWOMAN

(honestly, confused)

No...

TED

You. You're corrupting my daughter.

BATMAN

Mr. Grant, perhaps you and your daughter-

TED

(interrupting)

Shut your mouth, son. You won't want any air between those teeth when I swing on you.

BATMAN

Mr. Grant, this doesn't have to-

Ted throws a left jab, and a right hook, both of which Batman weaves out of. Ted's next swing, a left haymaker, hits its mark, and sends Batman to his knees.

Selina takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

TED

Really, Selina? This is the one  
that impressed you?

Ted throws a kick at Batman's breadbasket which Batman catches. Batman tosses the foot and flips Ted around, sending him basically back onto his feet. As Ted lands Batman front-thrusting kicks Ted in the back, sending him lurching forward. Ted stops himself before falling.

Ted turns around and runs at Batman, fists flying; Batman dodges every punch. Batman ducks under and behind a final last-ditch swing and elbows Ted in the back of the skull, sending him down.

Batman stands victoriously over Ted.

BATMAN

Now Mr. Grant, if you would-

Catwoman throws a high-kick that connects with the back of Batman's neck, sending him down to a knee.

CATWOMAN

Leave him alone!

Catwoman places a garrote around Batman's throat and starts choking him. Ted stands up as Bruce makes it to his feet, still being strangled.

Ted starts peppering Batman's exposed midsection with fists. Bodyblow after bodyblow lands as Batman becomes noticeably weaker and weaker; his energy is depleted, he begins to slump.

TED

Let him go.

No sooner has Catwoman released Batman's neck than Ted's thunderous right hook collides with Batman's jaw, sending trickles of blood flying from his mouth as he careens toward the ground.

Ted full-mounts Batman and begins raining down punches on Batman's face.

CATWOMAN

Stop! Ted, Dad, stop!

Ted continues punching Batman. The visible parts of Batman's face are becoming purple and red, misshapen.

Catwoman pulls Ted off of Batman, dragging him back a few feet.

(CONTINUED)

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)

Stop!

Ted turns around, fist cocked, ready to hit his daughter, but hesitates.

TED

I have to end it.

Ted lowers his fist. Behind them, Batman is on his hands and knees, coughing up blood.

BATMAN

(weakly)

That's why you went to Cobblepot, isn't it?

TED

Shut up!

BATMAN

He hired you to kill me.

TED

I am not a killer.

BATMAN

Once you cross that line you can never come back from it. Is that why you tracked down Selina? In order to find me and carry out your contract?

TED

Shut up!

Ted pulls a small, snub-nosed revolver out of his hoodie-pocket and points it at Batman. He speaks directly to the Dark Knight, losing his focus on his daughter. His demeanor turns melancholy.

TED (CONT'D)

After twelve years in the pen? No one's gonna hire me. Fighting was all I was ever good at...

A look of rage, or resolve, returns to Ted's face.

TED (CONT'D)

and you took even that from me.

Ted cocks the gun.

(CONTINUED)

To Ted's surprise, Catwoman kicks the gun out of his hand and it flies across the area.

TED

Selina, I-

Catwoman's foot connects with Ted's jaw and he crumples to the ground, unconscious.

Batman, with effort, manages to stand all the way back up.

BATMAN

Thank you.

Catwoman walks off.

CATWOMAN

Go to hell.

INT. VICKI VALE'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Vale sits at her large desk, papers strewn about as she types away on her desktop PC, while simultaneously talking on a telephone pinched between her shoulder and neck.

VICKI

(into phone)

Honestly, I can't believe it either, how could I be the first to take this story? (beat) Yeah, I'm finishing it up right this minute. Fixing the typos, about to send it to you-

**FOCUS ON VICKI'S COMPUTER SCREEN:** Vicki stops her rant as the screen cursor on her document ceases to type or move at all.

Vicki holds down three separate keys on her keyboard in hopes of rebooting her computer. Instead the cursor begins to blink.

She lets out a sigh of relief.

VICKI

(into phone)

Yeah, yeah everything's-

The cursor starts flashing rapidly and begins to backspace, deleting all the words in the document. As the cursor travels up the page, it deletes several crime scene photos intercut between the article.

(CONTINUED)

Vicki drops the phone, mouth agape.

VICKI  
Jesus Christ.

She sits in silence a moment as the blank document stares her in the face. A muffled voice can be heard coming from the phone, which is now lying on the desk.

The computer starts to act up again.

**FOCUS ON VICKI'S COMPUTER SCREEN:** The cursor moves to the top left of the screen, pulls down the "Files" menu and finds the "Flying Graysons" folder.

Vicki watches in horror as the cursor highlights the folder and drags it across the page.

INT. BARBARA'S ROOM - MEANWHILE

Barbara sits cross-legged at the head of her bed, tablet in hand, the light of its screen illuminating the menacing smile on her cherubic face.

**FOCUS ON BARBARA'S TABLET SCREEN:** We see the desktop of Vicki Vale as Babs drags the folder into the trash. She right clicks the trashcan and clicks "Empty".

INT. VICKI VALE'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

**FOCUS ON VICKI'S COMPUTER SCREEN:** There is a prompt over the trash bin that reads "EMPTY?"

Vicki watches helplessly as the file disappears into oblivion.

Vicki picks up the phone by its cord, grabbing it and putting it to her ear.

VICKI  
(into phone)  
I have to call you back.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. ICEBERG LOUNGE, COBBLEPOT'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Cobblepot's door opens and he waddles in, closing the door behind him. He stops in his tracks and perks up.

COBBLEPOT

I know you're there. Fool me once... well, you know.

Cobblepot walks to his desk and turns on the desk lamp. Batman stands in the room.

BATMAN

I thought we had an agreement.

COBBLEPOT

I didn't get where I am by putting all my eggs in one basket.

BATMAN

Then consider our agreement over.

Batman turns to go.

COBBLEPOT

You'll be back. Nobody can operate in this town without my expertise.

Batman stops and turns back to Cobblepot.

BATMAN

I'm watching you.

Batman exits, leaving Cobblepot alone, illuminated at his desk.

COBBLEPOT

"I'm watching you, I'm watching you." Sing a different tune already.

Cobblepot walks around his desk and sits down, pressing the intercom button.

COBBLEPOT (CONT'D)

Send Carmichael in, will you luv? We've got business to discuss.

FADE OUT: