

The Caped Crusader

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ACT 1 - SCENE 1: DESCENT

LOGO SEQUENCE - DARK GRAY

The Warner Bros. logo fades in - sleek, metallic, desaturated.

Followed by the DCU logo, reimagined in steel blue and black.

Over this, a news report begins - audio only.

REPORTER (V.O.)
...the gang remains unidentified,
but sources confirm
the tech used in the break-in bears
LuthorCorp signatures.
Energy weapons. Stealth-grade
armor.
GCPD is outmatched - and outgunned.

BLACK SCREEN.

The sound of jet engines rising.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY ABOVE GOTHAM - EARLY MORNING

A sleek black BAT JET - angular, matte, and menacing - cuts through the clouds at high velocity.

The sun rises behind it, casting golden light across the skyline.

Gotham glows below, still waking up.

INT. BAT JET - COMMAND BAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside: a tactical cockpit, rear seating, and a glowing holographic map projected from a central console.

BATMAN stands at the console, suited in a reinforced high-altitude drop suit.

No cape. A compact jetpack integrated into the backplate.

The onboard radio plays the same news report.

REPORTER (V.O.)
...GCPD has issued a citywide
alert.

(MORE)

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The gang's last known location:
Sector 9, Midtown Financial Tower.
Estimated response time: 12
minutes.
But sources say they may not have
that long...

Batman taps the console. The radio cuts.

The holographic map zooms in on a high-rise building –
rooftop heat signatures, movement, weapons.

Countdown clock: 00:02:47.

He turns toward the rear of the jet.

INT. BAT JET - REAR COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The rear ramp lowers. Wind howls.

Sunlight floods the bay. Gotham stretches below – a maze of
towers and shadows.

Batman walks to the edge.

Pauses.

Checks his HUD.

Target locked.

Click.

His cowl's white tactical lenses slide into place.

A mouthguard seals over his jaw – silent, mechanical,
precise.

He steps off.

EXT. SKY - MORNING LIGHT

Freefall.

Batman plummets through the clouds – a black spear against
the golden sky.

Wind roars past. Altitude dropping fast.

At 10,000 feet – his jetpack ignites.

Wings unfold – sharp, angular, bat-shaped.

He stabilizes. Angles downward.

HUD highlights the rooftop.

Red markers. Enemy positions.

Countdown: 00:00:47.

Batman descends — fast, focused — toward the gang's location.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 2: IMPACT

INT. MIDTOWN FINANCIAL TOWER - 39TH FLOOR - MORNING

A high-tech office space — shattered glass, overturned desks, and terrified EMPLOYEES tied up near the center.

A GANG of six moves through the room, armored in dark tactical gear with glowing blue accents — stolen LuthorCorp tech.

Their LEADER — a massive man in a black leather jacket and reinforced helmet — holds a sleek, humming energy rifle.

GANG LEADER

Take everything. Drives, vaults,
data cores — move!

One of the gang members aims a weapon at the hostages.

GANG MEMBER

What about them?

GANG LEADER

If they scream, silence them.

The hostages tremble. One woman closes her eyes, whispering a prayer.

Suddenly — a WHISTLE through the air.

CRASH!

A reinforced window explodes inward as Batman bursts through, jetpack slowing his descent.

He kicks one gang member across the room mid-entry — the body slams into a desk.

Batman lands in a crouch. Rises.

Two quick Batarangs — sharp, precise — slice through the ropes binding the hostages.

BATMAN

Time to end this.

Smoke pellets hit the floor — thick gray fog floods the room.

GANG LEADER

Open fire!

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The hostages scramble out through the smoke, coughing, guided by emergency lights.

Gunfire erupts — blue energy blasts tear through desks and walls.

Batman moves like a shadow — disarming one attacker with a wrist lock, flipping another into a glass divider.

A third charges — Batman ducks, sweeps the legs, and slams him through a table with a brutal RKO-style takedown.

Only the Leader remains.

He lifts the LuthorCorp weapon — larger, glowing with unstable energy — and FIRES.

The blast hits Batman square in the chest — he's thrown back, armor sparking, chestplate cracked.

Smoke clears.

Batman rises slowly.

GANG LEADER

You never learn.

He presses a button on his gauntlet.

His helmet hisses — then shatters.

His jacket tears at the seams.

Muscles swell. Veins pulse.

It's BANE.

BANE

I will break you... like I did once before.

Batman's eyes narrow.

They charge.

A brutal hand-to-hand brawl erupts — fists like thunder, bodies crashing through desks and steel beams.

Bane lifts Batman and SLAMS him through a conference table.

Then another.

He activates a device on his belt — a countdown begins:
00:02:00.

EXT. MIDTOWN FINANCIAL TOWER - STREET LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

GCPD units arrive. Officers set up barricades.

COMMISSIONER GORDON steps out of a cruiser, trench coat flaring.

GORDON
Evacuate the block. Now.

He looks up — smoke billows from the 39th floor.

GORDON (CONT'D)
He's already inside.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 3: LEGACY AND SACRIFICE

INT. MIDTOWN FINANCIAL TOWER - 39TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Batman lies on the floor, armor cracked, breathing heavy.

Bane looms over him, fists clenched, the countdown ticking:
00:01:12

Batman's vision blurs.

A VOICE echoes in his mind - calm, commanding.

RA'S AL GHUL (V.O.)
Remember what I taught you.

FLASH TO:

EXT. ARCTIC CLIFFSIDE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A younger BRUCE WAYNE trains barefoot on ice, striking with precision.

RA'S AL GHUL circles him, hands behind his back.

RA'S AL GHUL
Strength is not rage.
It is control.
You must become the storm - not be
consumed by it.

Bruce falters. Ra's sweeps his legs.

RA'S AL GHUL (CONT'D)
Focus. Breathe.
Pain is a teacher.
But discipline is your weapon.

Bruce rises again. Eyes sharper.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. TOWER - PRESENT

Batman's eyes snap open.

He rolls aside just as Bane's fist crashes down.

They clash again - brutal, fast.

Batman dodges, counters, using Ra's techniques – redirection, precision, leverage.

EXT. STREET BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Commissioner Gordon watches the smoke above.

GORDON
What's happening up there, Batman?
I'm going in.

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Batman, mid-fight, taps his communicator.

BATMAN
No, Jim.
Evacuate the building.
Get everyone clear.
Bane has a bomb.

Bane charges – grabs Batman and hurls him across the room.

Batman crashes through a table, groaning.

They fight again – fists, elbows, counters.

Batman stumbles – Bane seizes him by the throat, lifts him off the ground.

BANE
Gotham is mine.
Soon we will rule everything.

BATMAN
Not as long as I keep fighting.

Batman reaches to his belt – presses a hidden command.

EXT. SKY ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

The Bat Jet roars into position – hovering outside the tower, weapons armed.

INT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Batman flicks a Batarang – it slices through one of Bane's venom tubes.

The hiss of pressure. Bane stumbles.

Batman breaks free.

The Bat Jet's targeting system locks on.

A missile launches — slams into Bane, sending him flying across the room.

He crashes into a wall — unconscious, alive.

The countdown: 00:00:28

Batman grabs the bomb — sprints toward the shattered window.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Batman leaps into the Bat Jet, bomb in hand.

INT. BAT JET - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

He places the bomb in the cargo bay.

Activates autopilot.

Sets course: high altitude ascent.

The jet climbs fast — piercing the clouds.

Batman opens the rear hatch.

Wind howls.

Countdown: 00:00:07

He braces.

Jumps.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Bat Jet explodes behind him — a blinding flash.

The shockwave hurls Batman forward.

He tumbles — spinning — falling.

He reaches behind.

Releases the jetpack.

A compact pack unfolds — his cape deploys like wings.

He glides – controlled, descending.

BATMAN (INTO COMM)
Alfred. Send the Batwing.

EXT. SKYLINE – MOMENTS LATER

The BATWING – sleek, angular, larger – soars into view.

Its rear hatch opens mid-air.

Batman glides in – lands perfectly into the pilot seat.

He disables autopilot.

Grips the controls.

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS – CONTINUOUS

GCPD officers and civilians watch the sky.

The explosion fades.

Then – the Batwing emerges from the clouds.

The crowd erupts in applause.

Gordon smiles, relieved.

GORDON
He did it.

The Batwing roars overhead – a black silhouette against the morning sun.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 4: DEBRIEF

EXT. SKY ABOVE GOTHAM - LATER

The Batwing slices through the clouds - sleek, silent, powerful.

INT. BATWING - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Batman pilots the aircraft, eyes focused, hands steady on the controls.

The onboard monitor lights up - an incoming call.

GORDON (V.O.)

Batman.

BATMAN

Jim.

GORDON (V.O.)

I just wanted to say... thank you.
For showing up when it mattered.

BATMAN

We can't let our guard down, Jim.
Not now.

GORDON (V.O.)

We've got Bane in custody.
He's being transferred to Arkham as
we speak.

BATMAN

Good.

GORDON (V.O.)

I owe you a coffee, you know that.

BATMAN

I'll hold you to that.

GORDON (V.O.)

We'll be in touch.

BATMAN

Stay safe, Jim.

The monitor goes dark.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

The Batwing accelerates — engines roaring — cutting across the skyline like a shadow.

INT. BATWING - COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

The monitor lights up again — another call.

FOX (V.O.)
Good morning, Mr. Wayne.
How did the suit hold up?

BATMAN
Impressive, Lucious.
Took a beating — still held.
Agile, too.

FOX (V.O.)
Glad to hear it, Mr. Wayne.
I'll mark it as field-tested and approved.

BATMAN
I'm drafting specs for a new Bat Jet.
The last one didn't survive the blast.

FOX (V.O.)
I'll be happy to get started.
Just send me the schematics.

BATMAN
I will.
And Fox — remind me, what's for tomorrow?

FOX (V.O.)
Board meeting. 10 a.m.
Wayne Tower.

BATMAN
I'll be late.
But I'll be there.

FOX (V.O.)
Understood, Mr. Wayne.
I'll get to work.

The call ends.

EXT. WAYNE RIDGE - APPROACHING THE CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The Batwing slows - wings adjusting - as it descends toward the hidden entrance of the Batcave.

The rock face opens.

The Batwing disappears into shadow.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 5: RETURN TO THE CAVE

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

The Batwing glides into the cave, engines humming low as it descends onto the landing platform. The rock face seals behind it.

The cockpit opens.

Batman steps out — his movements steady but worn. His suit is scuffed, torn in places, but still intact.

ALFRED approaches from the shadows, holding a tray with a thermos and a mug.

ALFRED
How was your morning, sir?

BATMAN
Very funny, Alfred.

Batman removes his gauntlets as he walks toward the suit chamber.

ALFRED
I see that Mr. Fox has done an amazing job with the suit.

Batman unclasps the chestplate. The armor hisses as it releases.

He pulls off the cowl — revealing BRUCE WAYNE beneath.

He allows himself the faintest smile at Alfred's remark.

BRUCE
It held up.

ALFRED
And so did you, sir.

Bruce steps toward the workstation.

The central monitor plays a news segment in the background.

TV MONITOR (V.O.)
Billionaire Bruce Wayne donates to Gotham's orphan housing initiative, the Safe City campaign, and the homicide prevention fund.
(MORE)

TV MONITOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Wayne Enterprises continues to lead
efforts in rebuilding Gotham's
future...

Bruce listens, but his focus is elsewhere.

He opens a holographic blueprint — a new tactical suit.

Sleeker. Reinforced. Designed not just for combat — but for
survival.

He begins typing, scanning data from the mission:

Surveillance footage. LuthorCorp traces. Voice logs.

ALFRED
You should rest, Master Wayne.

BRUCE
Not yet, Alfred.
The suit needs to be ready.
I need to be ready for everything.

A beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I've got that board meeting
tomorrow at Wayne Enterprises,
right?

ALFRED
Indeed, sir. They called the house
to confirm. 10 a.m. sharp.

BRUCE
Can you prep something for me to
wear?

ALFRED
Already on it, sir.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 6: BLUEPRINTS AND BROADCASTS

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

The cave is quiet, lit only by the glow of monitors and holographic projections.

Bruce stands at the central workstation, shirtless now, a towel slung over his shoulder.

His torso bears fresh bruises layered over old scars — a map of battles past.

On one screen: schematics for a new Bat Jet — sleeker, more angular, with modular weapon systems.

On another: the upgraded tactical suit — reinforced joints, adaptive mesh, stealth plating.

Bruce adjusts a gauntlet on the workbench, replacing a shattered gauntlet housing.

He tightens a micro-screw, then tests the mechanism. It locks with a satisfying click.

Behind him, the central monitor shifts — a live news broadcast continues.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...and in breaking news, Gotham is still reeling from this morning's attack on the Midtown Financial Tower. GCPD confirms that the terrorist known as Bane has been apprehended and is in route to Arkham Asylum.

Footage plays: shaky cell phone video of the Batwing emerging from the clouds.

Civilians cheer. A child waves. Gordon looks up, eyes filled with relief.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eyewitnesses describe a black aircraft rescuing hostages moments before a massive explosion rocked the skyline. Sources say the device was neutralized mid-air — by none other than the Batman.

Cut to interviews — survivors outside the tower.

WITNESS #1 (V.O.)

He came out of nowhere — like a
blast.
Saved us before we even knew what
was happening.

WITNESS #2 (V.O.)

I thought we were dead. Then he
showed up.
I've never seen anything like it.

WITNESS #3 (V.O.)

Whoever he is... Gotham owes him
everything.

Bruce keeps working — focused, silent.

The broadcast transitions to a news ticker — headlines scroll
across the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

In other news, Wayne Enterprises
announces expansion of its Safe
City initiative...
LuthorCorp denies involvement in
the stolen tech used in the
attack...
And in Metropolis — Superman saves
the city once again.

Alfred enters, carrying a breakfast tray: black coffee, eggs,
toast.

ALFRED

I brought your breakfast, Master
Wayne.

BRUCE

Thanks, Alfred.

Bruce doesn't look up. He continues adjusting the Bat Jet
schematic.

On the monitor: footage of Superman lifting a collapsed
bridge, saving civilians, smiling for cameras.

ALFRED

Looks like Metropolis has its own
protector.

Bruce looks at the monitor and sees Superman in the news.

BRUCE

I don't trust him.

ALFRED
Perhaps he'd like you.
You have your moments... though
fewer feline rescues.

Bruce stands.

On another screen, a breaking news alert interrupts the Superman segment.

NEWS VOICEOVER (V.O.)
Reports indicate an unknown group
has been spotted moving across
Gotham's rooftops.
We don't have full information yet,
but witnesses describe precise,
almost inhuman movements... Their
destination remains unknown.

Bruce goes silent. His gaze sharpens.

BRUCE
(murmuring)
The Court...

He walks toward the armor chamber.

The new tactical suit is still unfinished — exposed wiring,
untested systems.

He grabs the classic suit.

Suit-up sequence — fast, precise, iconic.

Chestplate locks. Gauntlets snap into place.

Cape unfurls. Cowl seals with a hiss.

Alfred watches from a distance, resigned.

ALFRED
Another long day of work, I'm
afraid, sir?

BRUCE
Crime doesn't sleep, Alfred.
Neither do I.

The Batcave lights dim slightly.

The BATMOBILE comes to life on its own — headlights flare,
engine growls awake.

Monitors inside the cockpit flicker on. HUD systems boot.
Targeting grid online.

The rear exhaust ignites — flames burst from the thrusters.

From the shadows above, a swarm of bats erupts — wings
flapping, screeching —

spiraling around the cave in a chaotic ballet of instinct and
fury.

Bruce — now fully suited as Batman — walks toward the
Batmobile.

Slow. Deliberate. His cape flows behind him like a living
shadow.

He steps into the cockpit.

He sits. Fingers glide across the console — activating
systems, scanning frequencies, locking coordinates.

The interior glows with tactical readouts, surveillance
feeds, and a pulsing red map of Gotham.

The canopy seals shut.

The Batmobile roars forward — tires screech, fire trails
behind —

and vanishes into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 7: SHADOW IN MOTION

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - AFTERNOON

The Batmobile glides like a living shadow between the buildings — sleek, silent, unstoppable.

INT. BATMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Batman reviews tactical reports on the HUD. Surveillance feeds, chemical traces, and rooftop sightings scroll across the screen.

He taps the comms.

BATMAN

Gordon.

GORDON (V.O.)

Knew you'd call. You saw the news?

GORDON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nightwing just brought in
Cobblepot.
Walked him right through the front
doors — busted umbrella and all.

BATMAN

Good. That's a big progress.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

The Court of Owls is celebrating,
Jim...
But not for long.

He swipes across the console — sends encrypted coordinates.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sending you a location.
Get your men there. Quietly.

GORDON (V.O.)

I will.

A beat.

GORDON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Be careful.
This time... it feels different.
Something's not right.

BATMAN

I know.
Thanks, Jim.

Batman ends the call.

A new alert flashes on the console — incoming call: DAMIAN WAYNE.

He answers.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Did you see the news?

BATMAN

I did.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

You need my help.

BATMAN

I don't.

A pause.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Finish the mission.
Bring in Killer Croc.

Damian goes silent — caught off guard. His pride bruised.

He exhales sharply, trying to hide the sting.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Tch—

Batman hangs up before he can finish.

He grips the wheel. Eyes forward. Focused.

The Batmobile accelerates — engine roaring, tires slicing through the wet asphalt.

City lights streak across the windshield. Gotham pulses around him.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 8: THE FIRST STRIKE

INT. GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS - SERVICE HALLWAYS - AFTERNOON

Dim fluorescent lights buzz overhead. The building is half-empty - its operations officially shut down.

Only a reduced team of employees remains, tasked with transferring the last batch of physical archives to a new facility.

A SECURITY GUARD walks alone through the lower hallway, holding a clipboard and flashlight.

He yawns. Sips lukewarm coffee from a paper cup.

GUARD
(to himself)
Almost done with this place...

He stops at a storage room door. Unlocks it. Steps inside.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dust floats in the stale air. Rows of half-empty shelves.

The guard scans the labels, searching for a final box.

A faint metallic *clink* echoes behind him.

He turns.

GUARD
Hello?

Silence.

He steps toward the noise - flashlight trembling slightly.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Very funny guys. I'm not in the
mood for games.

Suddenly - a shadow moves.

A masked figure lunges from the darkness -

A sharp blow to the chest. The guard slams into the shelves.

The coffee spills. The cup rolls away.

Another masked figure appears — both cloaked in gray, faces hidden behind owl-like masks.

Their movements are precise. Inhuman.

The guard tries to reach for his radio —
One of them crushes it underfoot.

The other grabs him by the neck —
Slams him into the wall. Brutal. Efficient.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY — MOMENTS LATER

Another EMPLOYEE walks by, clipboard in hand. Notices the guard hasn't returned.

EMPLOYEE
Hey, you good back there?

No answer.

He walks toward the storage room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM — CONTINUOUS

The employee steps in — and freezes.

The guard lies crumpled on the floor. Blood on the wall.

A white feather rests on his chest.

Before the employee can react — the lights flicker.

Then — total darkness.

INT. BUILDING — VARIOUS LOCATIONS — INTERCUT

Screams echo through the corridors.

Flashlights flicker. Radios crackle.

Guards and workers scramble — but the shadows move faster.

Masked figures strike from vents, ceilings, behind doors.

One by one, they fall — taken by the Court.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - LATER

Silence.

Bodies lie scattered. Blood on the floor.
Feathers drift through the air like snow.

The building is still.

But something ancient has awakened.

CUT TO:

ACT 1 - SCENE 9: SIGNS IN THE DARK

EXT. SIDE STREET - NEAR GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS - AFTERNOON

The Batmobile pulls up to the curb, its engine growling one last time before shutting down.

This side of the building is quiet - a restricted access zone, sealed off to the public.

A moving truck sits abandoned nearby, its back doors open, boxes half-loaded.

Papers flutter in the breeze. A crow caws in the distance.

Batman steps out swiftly, scanning the area.

Near the building's side entrance, slumped against a wall, lies one of the employees.

His uniform is torn. Blood stains his chest and brow.

He's barely conscious - breathing ragged, shallow.

Batman kneels beside him, checking his pulse.

BATMAN

Who did this to you?

The employee groans. His eyes flutter open.

EMPLOYEE

(weakly)

They... they came out of nowhere...

BATMAN

What happened?

EMPLOYEE

We were... moving the last boxes.
Place was shutting down. Just a few
of us left.
Then the lights went out...

He coughs - blood spills from his mouth.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Shadows... masks... they didn't
speak.
Just... started killing. Fast.
Precise.
I tried to call for help, but...

He gestures weakly to his shattered radio nearby.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

I ran... no — crawled.
Got this far... then... couldn't
move anymore.

Batman's jaw tightens. He taps a control on his gauntlet —
opens a secure comm channel.

BATMAN (V.O.)

Gordon. I'm at the Records
Building.
Multiple casualties. One survivor —
critical.
Send paramedics. Bring your men —
you'll need them.

GORDON (V.O.)

Understood. Units are in route.
What are we dealing with?

BATMAN (V.O.)

The Court of Owls.

A beat of silence.

GORDON (V.O.)

...Copy that. Be careful, Batman.

Batman turns back to the employee — who's fading fast.

BATMAN

Help is coming. Stay with me.

The employee's eyes glaze slightly. He smiles faintly.

EMPLOYEE

(barely audible)

Guess... my son won't see his dad
come home tonight...

BATMAN

Don't say that. Hold on.

EMPLOYEE

(whispers)

Tell him... I tried.

His body goes still.

Batman lowers his head for a moment. Silent.

A white feather lies beside the guard's hand – stained with blood.

Batman activates DETECTIVE VISION.

The world shifts: blue tones, thermal outlines, movement trails.

On his visor screen:

- Fresh footprints leading into the building
- A broken lock on the side door
- Faint silhouettes moving inside – fast, coordinated, inhuman

A symbol flashes: **WHITE FEATHER DETECTED**

BATMAN
They're still inside.

He rises.

Looks up – the rooftop looms above, silent and still.

He fires his grapple gun.

With a swift pull, he ascends – vanishing into the shadows above.

The wind picks up.

The feather beside the employee's hand lifts into the air – spinning, drifting upward – then disappears into the darkening sky.

CUT TO BLACK.

ACT 1 - SCENE 10: THE NIGHT IT BEGAN

INT. CRIME ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Gunshots echo.

Two bodies lie motionless on the wet pavement – THOMAS and MARTHA WAYNE.

Blood seeps into the cracks of the alley. Martha's pearls are scattered, some still rolling.

A YOUNG BRUCE (8) kneels between them, trembling.

His small hands are stained red. His breath shallow. His eyes wide with shock.

THOMAS WAYNE
(weakly, fading)
Don't be afraid... Bruce...

His hand reaches for his son's cheek – then falls limp.

Bruce stares at his parents. His lips quiver.

Tears stream down his face. He lets out a quiet, broken sob.

The camera slowly pulls back – centered on Bruce and the bodies of his parents.

Rain falls harder. The alley disappears into blur – but Bruce remains in focus, frozen in grief.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A cold, sterile room. Fluorescent lights hum overhead.

Young Bruce sits on a bench, wrapped in a blanket far too big for him.

His eyes are red. He stares at the floor, unmoving.

In the background: chaos.

Officers talk in hushed tones. Phones ring. Reporters shout outside the glass doors.

Flashes from cameras strobe through the windows.

A YOUNGER JAMES GORDON (early 30s) enters.

He kneels in front of Bruce, offering a warm coat.

GORDON
Here... this'll help.

He gently drapes it over Bruce's shoulders.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You're safe now. I promise.

Bruce looks up at him — eyes filled with confusion and pain.

YOUNG BRUCE
Why did he do it, officer?

Gordon hesitates. He doesn't have an answer.

He places a hand on Bruce's shoulder.

GORDON
I don't know, son.
Some men... they're just broken.

Bruce lowers his gaze again.

The COMMISSIONER at the time — stern, older — enters the room.

COMMISSIONER
We have some good news, son. We got him. The man who did this.
Caught trying to pawn the necklace.

Bruce doesn't react.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
Someone's here to take you home.

Footsteps approach.

ALFRED (40s), dressed in a dark coat, steps into the room.

His face is pale. His eyes red. He kneels beside Bruce.

ALFRED
Master Bruce...

Bruce looks up — and finally breaks.

He throws himself into Alfred's arms, sobbing.

Alfred holds him tightly, his own voice trembling.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry...

I promise you - I will not let
anything happen to you.

Not ever again.

Bruce clings to him.

The camera lingers on the embrace - two broken souls, bound
by loss.

END OF FLASHBACK.

ACT 1 - SCENE 11: THE RESPONSE

EXT. GOTHAM CITY STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON / EARLY EVENING

SIRENS WAIL.

A convoy of GCPD PATROL CARS races through the streets — lights flashing, engines roaring.

Civilians scatter from crosswalks and sidewalks.

Vendors pull back their carts. Drivers swerve to the side.

People stare, confused, murmuring.

PEDESTRIAN #1
What the hell's going on?

PEDESTRIAN #2
That's the third squad this hour...

PEDESTRIAN #3
Something's happening downtown.

INT. GCPD PATROL CAR - MOVING - SAME

Commissioner Gordon rides in the front passenger seat, gripping the dashboard.

His jaw is tight. His eyes locked on the road ahead.

He grabs the radio mic.

GORDON
All units — converge on Gotham
Municipal Records.
I repeat: Gotham Municipal Records.
Possible mass casualty event.
I want fire response, hazmat, and
SWAT on standby.
Paramedics are en route — ETA
unknown.

INT. GCPD DISPATCH CENTER - SAME

DISPATCHERS scramble. Phones ring off the hook.

A large map of Gotham lights up with blinking red indicators.

DISPATCHER
Units 12, 14, and 19 – reroute to
Sector 6.
Emergency response in route.
Medical still in transit.

EXT. GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS – PERIMETER – MOMENTS LATER

The first wave of patrol cars screeches to a halt outside the building.

Officers pour out, weapons drawn, forming a perimeter.

Gordon steps out of the lead car, coat flapping in the wind.

He surveys the scene – the building looms ahead, silent and cold.

GORDON
Hold positions. No one moves until
I give the word.
We don't know what we're walking
into.

His police communicator crackles – Batman's voice comes through.

BATMAN (V.O.)
Don't make a move, Jim. I've
located the Court.
They're inside. I'm going in from
above.

GORDON
Copy that.

BATMAN (V.O.)
Keep your men back. Far.
If they suspect anything, they'll
vanish.

Gordon lowers the device. Nods silently.

GORDON
Lock down the street.
No one gets near the building until
I say so.

Officers move quickly – setting up barricades, redirecting traffic, securing the perimeter.

EXT. GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Batman stands still, watching the perimeter below.

He reaches into his utility belt and pulls out a compact, sleek BAT-DRONE.

With a soft *click*, it activates – wings unfold, lights blink.

He releases it into the air.

The drone zips forward – slipping through a narrow crack in the rooftop window.

INT. POV - BAT-DRONE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the building is dark, cold, silent.

The drone glides through the rafters – scanning.

ON SCREEN:

- SIX HOSTILES DETECTED
- MASKED
- HEART RATES: STABLE, ELEVATED
- FORMATION: PATROLLING
- WEAPONS: BLADES, UNKNOWN TECH

The drone hovers above them – silent, unseen.

INT. BATMAN'S COWL - VISOR FEED - CONTINUOUS

The live feed streams into Batman's HUD.

His eyes glow white behind the tactical lenses – focused, calculating.

The drone exits the building and returns to his gauntlet.

Batman catches it mid-air. The lenses retract – his eyes return to normal.

BATMAN

Time to get in.

The camera rises slowly – from the flashing lights and tense officers below,
up toward the rooftop – where the Dark Knight stands, ready.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 1: THE SILENT ASSAULT

INT. GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS - MAIN CHAMBER - EVENING

The COURT OF OWLS is already inside the building.

Political documents and archives about the mayor lie scattered across an old wooden table –

some torn, others stamped with the owl insignia.

TALON stands among them, a lethal sentinel.

His curved blade gleams under the dim, flickering lights.

TALON

Grab everything that's necessary.

Suddenly–

GLASS EXPLODES from above.

Batman crashes through the ceiling in an iconic descent.

His cape spreads like wings as he lands hard – one fist on the ground.

Absolute silence.

BATMAN

(raising his gaze)

This city doesn't belong to you.

Talon steps back.

Not in fear.

In calculation.

He lets the Court strike first.

Hooded soldiers lunge at Batman – fast, coordinated, deadly.

One slashes with hidden blades.

Another swings a chain, trying to restrain him.

A third charges from behind.

A fourth leaps from a table.

Batman reacts with brutal precision:

– He grabs one attacker midcharge and SLAMS him through a table.

– He spins, catching another by the arm, and executes a violent takedown – a move straight out of a wrestling ring.

– He hurls a third across the chamber, sending him crashing into metal cabinets.

– He counters the fourth with a midair grapple throw, smashing him onto the floor.

But the Court keeps coming.

They fight like trained assassins – silent, relentless, unfazed by pain.

Batman breathes heavily, sweat forming under the cowl.

He holds his ground.

He pops a smoke capsule – the room fills with gray haze.

He moves through it like a shadow, striking with elbows, knees, and precision blows.

Masks crack. Bodies drop.

Finally – the last hooded soldier falls.

Silence again.

Now Talon steps forward.

Calm.

Silent.

Predatory.

He doesn't speak.

He only fights.

They clash – a blur of blades, fists, and footwork. Talon moves like a ghost with muscle.

The Talon moves with near.inhuman reflexes –

Dodging Batman's punches,

Blocking the grapple with his blade,

Countering with brutal kicks that send Batman flying into a marble column.

Batman hits the floor hard.

Suddenly, Talon drops a smoke bomb.

A thick gray mist engulfs the chamber.

EXT. GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS - CONTINUOUS

Shadowy figures leap from the broken windows – the Court escaping like phantoms.

On the street below, Gordon sees movement.

GORDON

Open fire! Don't let them get away!

Officers and SWAT unleash a barrage of gunfire –

but the Court moves too fast, vanishing into the rooftops and alleys.

INT. GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS - MAIN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The smoke clears.

Batman slowly rises – exhausted, bruised, breathing heavily.

The fight was brutal.

He winces. Blood trickles from his lip. His stance falters – just for a second.

He looks around.

The documents are gone.

Only fragments remain on the floor.

He kneels beside them.

One bears the mayor's seal.

Another – an owl symbol drawn in blood.

ACT 2 - SCENE 2: AFTERMATH IN THE NIGHT

EXT. GOTHAM MUNICIPAL RECORDS - NIGHT

The entire block is sealed off.

GCPD PATROL CARS form a perimeter – red and blue lights flashing across the dark street.

SWAT officers stand guard at every corner.

K.9 units sweep the area.

FORENSICS teams collect evidence under floodlights.

PARAMEDICS zip bodies into black bags – loading them into ambulances one by one.

The air is heavy.

Confused civilians watch from behind barricades.

No one understands what happened – but everyone feels the fear.

Gordon stands near the entrance, coat blowing in the cold wind.

He watches the scene with a hollow expression.

GORDON
(quiet, to himself)
God... what's happening to this city?

Batman approaches from the shadows – silent, imposing.

Gordon turns, relieved.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I'm glad they didn't finish you
off, Batman.

Batman opens his hand – revealing the fragments he recovered.

One bears the mayor's seal.

Another other – an owl symbol drawn in blood.

BATMAN
They took the rest of the
documents.
The Court is moving fast.

Gordon studies the fragments, jaw tightening.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

They're going after the mayor, Jim.
We need to act now.

GORDON

I'll have my men on every street.
Quiet patrols. No panic.
If the city finds out what happened
here...

BATMAN

It's going to be a long night, Jim.

They both turn.

Paramedics wheel out more bodies — employees, guards...

A FAMILY stands nearby, crying.

A SMALL BOY sobs uncontrollably as his mother holds him.

Batman watches — silent, still.

He recognizes the boy.

The employee's last words echo in his mind.

EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

Tell him... I tried.

Batman lowers his gaze.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER rushes toward Gordon.

OFFICER

Commissioner — the mayor's on the
line.
Says it's urgent.

Gordon nods, then turns back toward Batman—

But Batman is gone.

Only the wind remains, rustling the police tape.

Gordon exhales, almost a tired smile.

GORDON

(under his breath)
Never gets old.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 3: NIGHT DRIVE

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

The Batmobile tears through the city — a black missile weaving between traffic, engine roaring like a beast in the dark.

Rain begins to fall, streaking across the windshield.

Neon signs blur past.

Gotham feels tense. Wounded.

INT. BATMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Batman drives with unwavering focus — jaw tight, eyes forward.

The onboard radio cycles through emergency broadcasts and news reports.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

We continue our breaking coverage
of the incident
at Gotham Municipal Records.
Authorities have released no
official statements,
but witnesses report the area was
flooded with GCPD units,
SWAT teams, paramedics... and Batman
himself.

FIELD REPORTER (V.O.)

Whatever happened inside that
building,
it wasn't ordinary crime.
Police have sealed off the entire
block.

Batman's grip tightens on the wheel.

The Batmobile accelerates.

The radio shifts to another segment — urgent tone.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

In other breaking news — Metropolis
officials confirm
that Superman was shot earlier
today with what investigators
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
now identify as a Kryptonite-based
round.

Batman's eyes narrow slightly.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The attacker has been identified as
Robert DuBois,
also known as Bloodsport.

A faint static crackles.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Authorities report that DuBois was
apprehended shortly after the
attack
and is being transferred to Belle
Reve under maximum security.

A beat.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Superman's condition is stable,
according to Metropolis General
Hospital,
but he remains under observation in
the ICU.

Batman remains silent — processing, calculating.

The Batmobile races deeper into the night.

More news chatter fills the cabin — political tension, rising
crime,
city unrest — a world spiraling, one crisis at a time.

EXT. WAYNE RIDGE - APPROACHING THE CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The Batmobile speeds toward the hidden entrance carved into
the rock face.

The mountain doors begin to open — stone shifting, gears
grinding.

The Batmobile disappears into the darkness.

The screen slowly fades to black.

FADE IN:

ACT 2 - SCENE 4: THE WHISPER IN THE WALLS

INT. WAYNE MANOR - LIBRARY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dim candlelight flickers across the shelves.

A storm rumbles outside. Rain taps against the tall windows.

Young Bruce Wayne sits cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by books.

He flips through an old leather-bound volume – pages yellowed, illustrations faded.

Thomas Wayne sits nearby in an armchair, reading a medical journal.

He glances at Bruce, amused.

THOMAS WAYNE

That one's a bit dark for bedtime,
don't you think?

YOUNG BRUCE

Who are the men in the masks?

THOMAS WAYNE

(softly)

Just stories, Bruce.
Old Gotham legends.
They say there's a secret society
that watches the city...
from the shadows.

YOUNG BRUCE

Like ghosts?

THOMAS WAYNE

Like owls.
Silent. Patient.
They see everything – but no one
sees them.

Bruce looks around the room, suddenly uneasy.

The wind howls. A branch taps the glass.

YOUNG BRUCE

Are they real?

Thomas hesitates. Then smiles gently.

THOMAS WAYNE
Only if we let them grow in the
dark.

Alfred enters quietly with a tray of tea.

He sees the book in Bruce's hands – and his expression
tightens.

ALFRED
Perhaps something lighter for
tonight, Master Bruce?

Thomas nods. He takes the book and sets it aside.

THOMAS WAYNE
Time for bed, son.

Bruce rises slowly.

As he walks out, he glances back at the shadows between the
shelves.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 5: TRUTHS IN THE CAVE

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

The cave is dim, lit only by the glow of the massive monitors.

News broadcasts echo through the chamber — overlapping voices, urgency, confusion.

ON SCREEN:

Footage of the Gotham Municipal
Records attack.
Reporters. Sirens. A shaken MAYOR
KINSELLA giving a brief statement.

MAYOR KINSELLA (ON MONITOR)

We... we are assessing the situation.
No further details at this time.
Gotham is safe.
We have everything under control.

Bruce sits at the workstation — cowl off, eyes fixed on the screens.

He organizes evidence across the holographic table: feathers, breach points, timelines.

Footsteps approach.

Alfred enters with a steaming cup of coffee.

ALFRED

Thought you might need this, sir.

BRUCE

Thanks, Alfred.

Alfred glances at the monitors.

ALFRED

He's not saying much, is he?

BRUCE

He can't.
If Gotham panics... the Court wins
before they even strike.

Alfred sets a neatly folded suit jacket nearby.

ALFRED

Your attire for tomorrow's board
meeting at Wayne Enterprises.

Bruce finally leans back, rubbing his eyes.

BRUCE

I'll be there.
But the Court... they're moving
faster than I expected.

ALFRED

What exactly are they planning?

BRUCE

Something worse than I thought.
They're going after Mayor Kinsella.
I don't know when... or how.
But we need to be ready for
everything.

Bruce shuts down the workstation – closing files, collapsing
holograms, storing blueprints.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'll show Fox the new schematics in
the morning.

One by one, the monitors fade to black.

Bruce picks up the coffee.

He and Alfred walk toward the elevator as the cave lights
dim...

then fade...

until only the elevator remains lit.

The doors slide shut.

The final light in the Batcave goes out.

CUT TO BLACK:

ACT 2 - SCENE 6: BLUEPRINTS AND SHADOWS

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - MORNING

A sweeping IMAX-style shot of Gotham at sunrise.

The city glows gold. Towers pierce the clouds. Traffic hums below like a living organism.

And rising above all of it — WAYNE TOWER.

Majestic. Sleek. A monument of glass and steel catching the morning light.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE TOWER - BOARDROOM - MORNING

A massive conference room with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the entire city.

Executives, investors, and representatives from various tech companies sit around a long polished table.

Holographic displays float above the center — charts, prototypes, proposals.

Lucious Fox stands at the head of the table, calm and professional.

FOX

Thank you all for joining us today.
Wayne Enterprises appreciates your
continued partnership and
innovation.

He gestures to the first presenter.

ROBOTICS REP

We've upgraded our micro.servo
systems.
More torque, less power
consumption. Perfect for medical
exosuits or industrial
applications.

FOX

Excellent work. We'll review
integration possibilities.

More companies present — energy tech, materials science, AI systems.

Finally, Fox turns toward the end of the table.

FOX (CONT'D)
And of course, none of this would
be possible without the support of
our board...
and Mr. Wayne himself.

Everyone looks toward Bruce Wayne.

He is slumped in his chair.

Head tilted slightly, arms crossed, completely gone.

Fast asleep.

A few executives exchange awkward glances.

WAYNE EXECUTIVE #1
(whispering)
Should we... wake him?

FOX
(smiling politely)
No. He's... thinking.

WAYNE EXECUTIVE #2
Mr. Fox, with all due respect...
perhaps Mr. Wayne should consider
taking a short vacation.

FOX
(still smiling, but firm)
You all focus on your departments.
I'll focus on Mr. Wayne.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE TOWER - BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce stands by the window now, awake, hands in his pockets.

He looks out at Gotham with that classic Bruce Wayne
half-smile — the charming billionaire mask.

Fox approaches beside him.

FOX
Another long night?

BRUCE
Something like that.

They shake hands.

Bruce sets a sleek black briefcase on the table and opens it.

Inside:

- Suit schematics
- Reinforced gauntlet designs
- New grapple prototypes
- A full blueprint of the new Bat Jet
- Notes on the Court of Owls

FOX
You've been busy.

BRUCE
I need upgrades. All of them.
And the Bat Jet... it needs a full
rebuild.

FOX
I'll see what I can do.

FOX (CONT'D)
Walk with me.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE TOWER - PRIVATE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bruce and Fox step inside.

The elevator descends — deeper than any public floor.

Lights dim.

A biometric scanner activates.

Heavy machinery hums beneath the surface.

DING.

The doors slide open.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - UNDERGROUND R&D LAB - CONTINUOUS

A massive, secret engineering chamber.

Workbenches filled with armor plating.

Prototype drones.

Weaponized grapple systems.

Stealth fabric suspended from mechanical arms.

A half-assembled Bat Jet engine on a rotating platform.

Fox walks to a reinforced drawer and opens it.

Inside:

- New torso plating
- Titanium weave mesh
- Shock absorption gel layers
- Reinforced gauntlet frames
- Upgraded grapple gun components
- Cloaking mesh samples

FOX

This is the new torso composite.
Stronger than titanium, lighter
than carbon fiber.
Should stop... well, most things.

BRUCE

Most things?
How does it hold up against ancient
blades?

FOX

(smiling)
It'll protect you from baseball
bats.
Let's not get greedy.

Bruce smirks.

BRUCE

I'll try not to get stabbed by
anything from the 1800s.

FOX

Please do. These materials aren't
cheap.

Bruce picks up a piece of the new armor – feels the weight,
the strength.

BRUCE

This will work.

FOX

It has to.

They stand in the center of the lab – surrounded by the tools
of war.

Two men preparing for a fight Gotham doesn't even know is coming.

After Bruce finishes reviewing everything with Fox, his communicator buzzes.

He answers without hesitation.

BRUCE

Talk, I'm listening.

NIGHTWING (V.O.)

I spotted movement near City Hall.
Hooded figures. Fast. Coordinated.
It's the Court, Bruce.

BRUCE

Does the mayor have anything
scheduled for today?

NIGHTWING (V.O.)

Public address. Some kind of
speech.
Big crowd. GCPD security.
Commissioner Gordon is there.
Press and news crews too – the
whole thing's being covered live.

BRUCE

(already moving)
I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 7: EYES ON THE COURT

EXT. CITY HALL - MIDDAY

Bright sun. Clear sky.

A large crowd gathers in front of Gotham City Hall – reporters, citizens, police units, city officials.

Barricades line the steps.

News vans hum.

Cameras flash.

A podium stands at the center, draped with the Gotham seal.

MAYOR KINSELLA steps up to the microphone – composed, steady, but visibly tense.

Gordon stands nearby with several GCPD officers, monitoring the perimeter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Batman crouches on a rooftop overlooking the plaza – cape tucked, lenses active, silent as stone.

On another rooftop, NIGHTWING watches through binoculars.

NIGHTWING (V.O.)
Crowd's big. Security's light.
Perfect setup for them.

BATMAN
Eyes open. They'll move fast in any
moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - PODIUM - CONTINUOUS

Mayor Kinsella grips the podium.

MAYOR KINSELLA
Citizens of Gotham..
We have faced darkness before.

The crowd quiets.

MAYOR KINSELLA (CONT'D)
 We have endured the Joker's terror...
 Two-Face's chaos...
 Black Mask's brutality...

He pauses — choosing his words carefully.

MAYOR KINSELLA (CONT'D)
 But every time evil rises...
 Gotham rises higher.

Applause. Cameras flash.

MAYOR KINSELLA (CONT'D)
 We will not surrender to fear.
 We will not bow to shadows.
 We stand together — united.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Nightwing stiffens.

NIGHTWING (V.O.)
 Movement. Northeast roof. Three
 figures.

Batman's lenses zoom in — hooded silhouettes shifting across
 the ledge.

BATMAN
 I see them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - CROWD - CONTINUOUS

The crowd cheers — unaware.

Batman leaps from the rooftop, gliding silently behind the
 stage scaffolding.

Nightwing moves in parallel, sprinting across the rooftops.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - BEHIND THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A faint metallic clink.

A shadow shifts.

Talon emerges from behind the scaffolding — silent, precise, blade drawn.

He moves toward the podium.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Batman drops from above — SLAMMING Talon into the metal scaffolding.

The crowd GASPS.

Chaos erupts.

SCREAMS.

People run in every direction.
Reporters duck behind equipment.

GORDON

Get the mayor inside! Move!

Officers swarm Kinsella, dragging him toward the City Hall doors.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Batman and Talon crash down the steps in a violent tumble.

Talon slashes — Batman blocks with his gauntlet, sparks flying.

Batman counters with a brutal elbow strike — Talon staggers.

Nightwing lands behind two additional COURT ASSASSINS on the rooftop — taking them down with acrobatic precision.

NIGHTWING

(into comm)
Three down. More incoming.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - FRONT PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Batman and Talon trade vicious blows.

Talon lunges — Batman grabs his wrist — SLAMS him into a concrete pillar.

Talon hits the ground hard.

For the first time, he stays down long enough to speak.

TALON
(distorted, cold)
Don't play with fire, Batman...

Batman steps closer, ready to finish the fight.

TALON (CONT'D)
Gotham will obey us.
And you... will fall with the rest.

Batman tightens his fists.

TALON (CONT'D)
You will learn what true justice
is.

He crushes a small capsule in his hand.

FWOOOM—

A thick plume of gray smoke erupts, swallowing him whole.

Batman lunges forward—

—but Talon is gone.

Nightwing lands beside him, escrima sticks ready.

NIGHTWING
What are these guys up to?

Batman doesn't answer.

He scans the rooftops, the alleys, the drifting smoke —
searching for any trace of where Talon escaped.

Silent. Focused. Calculating.

The plaza is chaos behind them — civilians running, sirens
blaring, officers shouting orders —

but Batman's eyes never stop moving.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 8: QUIET BEFORE THE FALL

EXT. CITY HALL - EVENING

The sun is nearly gone.

The plaza is empty – barricades still up, police tape fluttering in the cold wind.

No civilians.

No reporters.

Just silence.

Gotham feels locked inside its own fear – windows shut, streets deserted, lights dimmed early.

Batman stands at the base of the City Hall steps, cape still, eyes fixed on the rooftops where Talon vanished hours earlier.

Nightwing lands beside him, quiet, tense.

Gordon approaches from the barricades, exhaustion in his posture.

GORDON

We had the whole place secured. How the hell did they get this close?

BATMAN

They've been planning this longer than we realized.

Gordon rubs his forehead – the weight of the day pressing down on him.

GORDON

The mayor's shaken. He wants a citywide address tonight. He thinks showing strength will calm people down.

Batman turns toward him.

BATMAN

It won't.

Nightwing looks between them, uneasy.

NIGHTWING

So what now?

BATMAN

Head back to Blüdhaven.
If they move there, I'll need you
ready.

Nightwing nods – no argument, no ego – and fires his grapple gun, disappearing into the skyline.

Batman turns back to Gordon.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Gordon, increase security around
City Hall and the mayor's office.

GORDON

Already on it.

A low mechanical rumble grows behind them.

The Batmobile emerges from the shadows – headlights slicing through the dusk, engine purring like a predator.

Batman walks toward it.

The cockpit slides open with a hydraulic hiss.

He steps inside, straps in, systems powering up around him.

Gordon steps closer.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Where are you heading now?

Batman looks straight ahead.

BATMAN

I need to make a special visit.

The cockpit seals shut.

The Batmobile roars forward, tires screeching as it tears down the empty street and vanishes into the darkening city.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 9: THE VISIT

INT. KAMEN MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - EVENING

A television glows in the corner of the guard station.

ON SCREEN - news footage of the chaos at Gotham's City Hall:

- Civilians running.
- GCPD scrambling.
- Hooded figures leaping from rooftops.
- Batman and Nightwing intercepting the attack.
- A brutal fight with masked soldiers.

The footage cuts.

INT. NEWSROOM - LIVE BROADCAST

REPORTER (V.O.)

...the mayor is expected to deliver
a citywide address later tonight.
Gotham remains on edge after the
attempted attack at City Hall...

The camera slowly pulls back from the screen.

A GUARD sits watching, arms crossed, chewing gum.

The camera keeps pulling back - past the guard, past the bars
- revealing a figure inside the cell.

SLADE WILSON.

Sitting on the edge of his cot, eyes locked on the screen.

Expression unreadable.

Still.

Coiled.

The guard's radio crackles.

RADIO (V.O.)

Unit 3, report to corridor six.
Now.

GUARD
(on radio)
Copy. On my way.

He grabs his baton, exits the room, and locks the door behind him.

INT. SLADE'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Slade turns away from the screen and sits back down.

The cell is silent.

Then - the lights flicker.

Once.

Twice.

Then total darkness.

Five seconds of pitch black.

Then - red emergency lights snap on.

Slade sits in silhouette.

Behind him, on the far wall - a SHADOW appears.

The unmistakable silhouette of The Batman.

SLADE
(grim)
Didn't expect you to show up here.

Batman steps forward, silent, face unreadable.

BATMAN
What do you know about the Court?

SLADE
(smirking)
Even if I did... why would I tell you?

BATMAN
I'm not playing games.

SLADE
Well, here's what I do know:
They're going to finish what they started.
You. Your allies. Gotham.
(MORE)

SLADE (CONT'D)
They'll bring order to that
cesspool you keep trying to save.
(beat)
They'll give you the beating I gave
you.

Batman tilts his head slightly.

BATMAN
Hmm. That's funny.
I remember dragging your broken
body into this place.

Slade's smirk fades.

He lunges toward the bars — but a sudden ELECTROSHOCK surges
through the cell.

Slade drops to one knee, growling in pain.

He looks up — Batman holds a small trigger device in his
hand.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Gotham is in danger, Slade.
Innocent lives are at stake.

SLADE
And you think I care?

BATMAN
No.
But I do.
(beat)
You want order, your way. I want
justice, the justice that Gotham
deserves.

Slade glares at him, breathing hard.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
If anything else happens to my
city...
I'll come back here.
(beat)
And you won't like what that looks
like.

Slade studies him.

Then — a flicker of something.

Recognition.

Respect.

Fear.

SLADE

Fine.

(beat)

There's a name. A location. That's
all you're getting.

Batman listens.

Silent.

Processing.

Outside, guards pound on the door.

GUARD (O.S.)

Open up! What the hell's going on
in there?

Slade looks toward the door.

SLADE

They won't hold me forever, you
know.
Sooner or later... I'm walking out of
here.
And when I do — I'm coming for you.

Batman turns away.

BATMAN

(flat)

I'd like to see you try.

The lights flicker again.

Darkness.

When they return — Batman is gone.

The guards burst in, weapons drawn.

They find nothing but Slade, alone in his cell.

He stares at the wall, fists clenched, jaw tight.

Furious.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 10: THE SCOUT

EXT. KAMEN MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - EVENING

A wide aerial shot.

The desert stretches endlessly around the facility.

The sun bleeds into the horizon.

The wind howls across the sand.

Below, Batman walks toward the Batmobile - silent, focused.

He reaches the vehicle, the cockpit hisses open.

As he climbs in-

GUY GARDNER (O.S.)
You know what Gotham needs?

CAMERA PANS to reveal GUY GARDNER - cocky, arms crossed,
watching Batman from the Kamen Prison roof .

Green ring glowing faintly on his finger.

GUY GARDNER (CONT'D)
A little less brooding... and a lot
more punching.

Batman gets on the Batmobile.

He closes the cockpit.

The Batmobile starts moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Batmobile speeds down a lonely stretch of road, slicing
through the darkness.

INT. BATMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Batman drives in silence.

Suddenly - the onboard monitor flickers.

INCOMING TRANSMISSION

SOURCE: UNKNOWN

BATMAN

(grim)

Who are you?

GUY GARDNER (V.O.)

Hey Bats. Relax.

I'm just scouting. Got a little team I'm putting together.

Unofficial. Off the books. Justice Gang, or whatever we end up calling it.

I was hoping you and your little team might want in.

BATMAN

Not interested.

GUY GARDNER (V.O.)

Aw, come on. You and the bird boy could use some real muscle.

And I hear the demon kid's a riot at parties.

(beat)

Look, I'm just saying - when the real threats show up, you're gonna want someone who can punch a moon in half.

BATMAN

(disconnects)

The screen goes black.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAMEN PRISON - NIGHT

Guy Gardner watches the Batmobile disappear into the distance.

He mutters-

GUY GARDNER

Son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Batmobile continues down the road.

Suddenly – a blinding green flash appears in the middle of the highway.

Batman SLAMS the brakes.

The Batmobile screeches to a halt – tires smoking.

Standing in the center of the road, arms crossed, is GUY GARDNER – cocky, glowing faintly with green energy.

GUY GARDNER

You know, for a guy who dresses like a bat, you're not very fun at parties.

Batman steps out of the Batmobile, unamused.

BATMAN

I already told you.
Not interested in your little social club.
Im busy.
Gotham is in danger.

GUY GARDNER

Yeah, I know. That's why I'm here, genius.
You think I'm flying around the desert for my health?
(beat)
I know what's happening in Gotham.
That's why I'm forming this team.
So we can help each other.

Batman says nothing. Just stares.

GUY GARDNER (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. Don't give me the silent treatment.
You think you're the only one who cares about saving the world?
(beat)
You're not special, Bats. You're just a guy in a cape with a trauma complex and a billion-dollar toy collection.

Batman doesn't flinch.

GUY GARDNER (CONT'D)

You know what? Maybe I should've called the other guy.
At least he smiles.

Batman steps forward.

Without a word — he punches Guy square in the face.

Guy hits the pavement hard — groaning.

Batman turns, gets back into the Batmobile, and drives off.

INT. BATMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Batman adjusts the rearview mirror.

The green glow fades behind him.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Guy Gardner groans, sits up, rubbing his jaw.

He watches the Batmobile disappear into the distance.

He shrugs.

GUY GARDNER
Well... I tried.

He taps his ring.

A green construct forms — a sleek, glowing jetbike.

He mounts it, smirking.

The bike lifts off, engines humming.

GUY GARDNER (CONT'D)
Broody bastard.
Man, what an asshole. Who does he
think he is. I can't believe it...

He blasts into the sky — a green streak vanishing into the stars.

CUT TO:

INT. BATMOBILE - NIGHT

The desert highway stretches endlessly ahead. The Batmobile glides through the darkness — sleek, silent, unstoppable.

Inside, Batman drives — eyes locked forward, jaw clenched. The glow of the HUD reflects off his cowl.

Suddenly – the communicator beeps.

INCOMING TRANSMISSION

SOURCE: DAMIAN WAYNE

BATMAN

Go ahead.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

You're heading back to the cave,
aren't you?

BATMAN

Yes.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Told you. You needed my help.

BATMAN

(sighs)

This isn't the time to argue.

(beat)

You know the Court better than I
do.

You've seen them up close. Survived
them.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Barely.

BATMAN

Exactly. I know what I saw when
they nearly killed you.

But we need more than trauma. We
need intel.

A weakness. Something to break
their propaganda machine.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

They don't operate like a gang or a
cult.

They're a system. A myth that
became a weapon.

They don't just kill – they erase.
Replace.

They've been doing it for
centuries.

BATMAN

I know that. But how do they
control so much without being seen?

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Fear. Symbols. They don't need to
be everywhere — just believed to
be.
They use architecture. History.
Bloodlines.
They hide in the bones of the city.

BATMAN

So they're not just in the shadows.
They are the shadows.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

Exactly.
(beat)
There's something else.
They use a cipher — a pattern in
their movements.
I cracked part of it once. It's
based on old nursery rhymes.
Coordinates. Dates. Targets.

BATMAN

You still have it?

DAMIAN (V.O.)

I memorized it.

BATMAN

Send it to the cave. Alfred will
decrypt it.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

You're welcome.

BATMAN

(sincerely)
That helps. I've got leads from
Slade, too.
Pieces are starting to align.
(beat)
Nightwing's still in Blüdhaven.
I'll loop him in when I can.

DAMIAN (V.O.)

You trust him more than me.

BATMAN

I trust you both.
But this isn't about trust. It's
about timing.
(beat)
I'll call you soon.

He ends the call.

The cockpit goes quiet again — only the hum of the engine and the wind outside.

Batman exhales slowly. His eyes narrow.

He accelerates.

The Batmobile roars into the night — a black arrow slicing through the desert.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 11: THE STRIKE

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rain lashes against the tall windows.

The city glows in the distance — restless, on edge.

Mayor Kinsella stands behind his desk, tense.

Commissioner Gordon stands across from him, arms crossed.

MAYOR KINSELLA

What the hell just happened out there?
What do these people want from us?
The city's scared, Jim.
And I'm the one they expect to calm them down.

GORDON

We're doing everything we can.
Batman's on it. So is my unit.

MAYOR KINSELLA

It's not enough.
I want presence.
I want Gotham to see we're not hiding.
(beat)

MAYOR KINSELLA (CONT'D)

But things are getting worse, Jim.
We need to act... we need to move.
I've got press breathing down my neck.
Donors pulling out.
And now this... this Court?

GORDON

We don't even know what they are yet.
But I've seen what they leave behind.

MAYOR KINSELLA

Then find them.
Or I'll have to call in the feds.
And you know what that means.

Gordon's jaw tightens.

He nods — silent, respectful.

He turns and exits without another word.

The door closes softly.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The mayor exhales.

He straightens his tie.

Walks to the camera setup for a live address.

He reaches for the remote.

The lights flicker.

He freezes.

Looks up at the ceiling.

MAYOR KINSELLA
Not tonight...

He fumbles for his comm.

MAYOR KINSELLA (CONT'D)
Security, report. I need-

A faint creak.

A shadow shifts behind him.

He turns - nothing.

Then - a blur.

Talon drops from the ceiling like a phantom.

Silent. Precise.

A blade flashes.

The mayor gasps - but no scream comes.

The blade is already at his throat.

Talon pulls him into the shadows.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gordon walks down the corridor.

His footsteps echo.

He pauses – something feels off.

A faint thud.

A whisper of movement behind the door.

He turns back.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon bursts in, gun raised.

GORDON

Police!

The room is dark.

Only the glow of the city through the rain-slicked windows.

He scans – then sees it.

Mayor Kinsella lies motionless on the floor.

Eyes open. Lifeless.

A single white feather rests on his chest.

Blood seeps into the carpet.

Gordon steps forward, stunned.

He lowers his weapon.

He looks to the open window.

Curtains flutter in the wind.

Only rain.

Only shadows.

He kneels beside the mayor.

Touches his neck – no pulse.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Damn it...

He stands.

Looks out the window again – searching.

But the rooftops are empty.

The city below keeps moving, unaware.

Gordon clenches his fists.

His reflection stares back at him in the glass –
tired, angry, alone.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 12: THE HUNT BEGINS

INT. WAYNE MANOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY

News anchors talk over each other – panic, speculation, chaos.

ANCHOR 1 (V.O.)
...the mayor was found dead in his
office late last night...

ANCHOR 2 (V.O.)
...GCPD has not released further
details, but sources confirm signs
of a violent struggle...

ANCHOR 1 (V.O.)
...City Hall and the surrounding
blocks remain under lockdown...

Bruce Wayne stands in pajamas, arms crossed, eyes locked on the screen.

Alfred stands beside him, equally stunned.

Suddenly – the screen glitches.
Static. Distortion.

Then – a voice.

TALON (V.O.)
Gotham... prepare yourselves.
The reckoning has begun.
The filth will be cleansed.
Order will be restored.

Bruce's eyes narrow.

TALON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And you, Batman...
You've been watching us.
Now it's our turn.
(beat)

TALON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Surrender... or they all die.

The screen cuts to black.

BRUCE
Oracle. Trace that signal.

INT. BATCAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce now in front of the Batcomputer.

The signal replays - distorted, encrypted.

ORACLE (V.O.)

I'm on it.
Running a triangulation sweep...
Hold on...
(beat)

ORACLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Nothing.
It's bouncing through ghost nodes.
No origin point. No signature.

Bruce, is silent.

He turns toward the suit chamber.

BRUCE

They know that if they leave a
trace I will go after them

He suits up - fast, focused.

No Batmobile.

He grabs the grappel gun and vanishes into the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY HALL - DAY

Chaos.

Barricades.

Reporters shouting.

Civilians pushing against the police line.

GCPD officers hold the perimeter - overwhelmed.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...no official statement from the
Commissioner yet, but tensions are
rising...

Above it all - a shadow moves.

Batman leaps across rooftops, cape trailing behind him.

He lands silently on the roof of City Hall.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The room is sealed.

The body is now zipped in a black bag.

Crime scene tape flutters in the breeze.

Batman slips in through a side window – unseen.

He scans the room.

Moves to the body.

Kneels.

A small note is stuck to the body bag – hidden beneath the zipper.

He peels it off.

NOTE (V.O.)

Surrender.

We know you've been looking us.

We've been watching you.

Batman's jaw tightens.

He pockets the note.

Scans the room.

Spots a few overlooked fragments – a broken dart, a sliver of bone, a trace of white powder.

He collects them into his belt compartments.

Suddenly – the door handle turns.

Batman vanishes into the shadows.

A GUARD enters.

GUARD

Commissioner–

One of the evidence tags is missing.

He looks around.

Notices the open window.

Empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

Gordon stands outside, trying to calm the press.

GORDON
We're asking for patience.
The investigation is ongoing...

The guard rushes over.

GUARD
Sir - some of the evidence is gone.

Gordon doesn't flinch.
He exhales.

GORDON
Let it go.
If it was him...
He's working the case too.
(beat)

GORDON (CONT'D)
Get back to the line. Keep the
crowd calm.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM ROOFTOPS - MOMENTS LATER

Batman moves across the skyline - fast, silent.

He stops.

Something catches his eye.

Across the street - on a rooftop - a FIGURE watches him.

A COURT SOLDIER. Masked. Still.

Batman narrows his eyes.

The soldier turns - starts to run.

Batman fires his grapple gun - launches across the gap.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The soldier runs toward the camera - frantic.

From behind - Batman drops like a shadow.
Cape spread like wings.

He SLAMS into the soldier - takes him down hard.

Batman pins him.

Rips off the mask.

BATMAN

Where are they? Where is the Court?

The soldier trembles.

Doesn't speak.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Where are they hiding?... Talk!

The soldier stammers - terrified.

SOLDIER

I... I don't know!
I'm not one of them!
I'm just muscle - Joker's crew.
They said if I didn't help, they'd-

THWIP.

A black arrow pierces his neck.

He gasps - eyes wide - and collapses.

Batman spins - looks across the rooftops.

There - in the distance - TALON.

Still. Watching.

He tosses a smoke bomb - vanishes in a cloud of gray.

Batman stares into the smoke.

Then down at the dead soldier.

CUT TO:

ACT 2 - SCENE 13: THE CITY EVACUATES

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - AFTERNOON

Sirens wail.

Searchlights sweep across rooftops.

The city is in full evacuation.

GCPD cruisers block intersections.

SWAT teams direct civilians into armored buses.

Helicopters hover overhead – spotlights cutting through the smoke.

EXT. GOTHAM PLAZA - AFTERNOON

Families rush through the square – clutching bags, children, pets.

A mother screams for her son.

A man drags a suitcase, looking over his shoulder at the skyline.

A priest helps an elderly couple into a van.

A child drops a stuffed animal – a cop picks it up, hands it back with a nod.

EXT. GOTHAM BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Traffic is gridlocked.

People abandon their cars, running on foot.

A bus honks, trying to push through.

A woman pounds on the window, begging to be let in.

EXT. GOTHAM HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Paramedics load patients into ambulances.

Doctors shout over each other.

A nurse holds a newborn close, shielding it from the cold wind.

A SWAT officer clears the path with a riot shield.

INT. EVACUATION BUS - AFTERNOON

Packed.

Shoulders pressed.

A child stares out the window — eyes wide with fear.

Outside, there is full chaos.

A man clutches a radio, listening to the news.

Static. Panic. Confusion.

EXT. CITY HALL - AFTERNOON

The mayor's office is dark.

Flags at half-mast.

A black ribbon flutters in the wind.

A photo of the late Mayor Kinsella lies on the steps —
trampled, cracked.

City officials pour out — secretaries, aides, department
heads, legal advisors.

Some carry boxes of documents. Others clutch briefcases,
phones pressed to their ears.

A health commissioner barks orders into a radio.

A city planner stumbles down the steps, maps spilling from
his arms.

A councilwoman argues with a GCPD officer, refusing to leave
without her staff.

A janitor helps a limping colleague down the stairs.

A press aide wipes away tears, scared, praying while she
grabs her things.

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - AFTERNOON

Commissioner Gordon stands in the middle of the chaos — coat
soaked in sweat and grime, voice hoarse.

He helps an elderly woman onto a bus.

Turns to his officers.

GORDON
Keep the lines moving!
No one gets left behind!

His men nod — focused, exhausted, unshaken.

One officer collapses from exhaustion — another pulls him up, slaps his face, gets him moving.

A teenage boy tries to run back into the city — Gordon grabs him.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Hey! Where are you going?

BOY
My sister — she's still out there!

Gordon looks at the chaos — then at the boy.

He signals two officers.

GORDON
Go with him. Now.

They nod, sprint off into the smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - FOX'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The office is dimly lit.

A large screen plays a live news broadcast — aerial shots of Gotham in chaos.

Crowds flood the streets.

Buses packed.

Smoke rising in the distance.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
...as the evacuation continues,
authorities urge all remaining
civilians to follow GCPD
instructions.
The Court of Owls has claimed
responsibility for the attacks.
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Stay indoors. Stay calm. Help is on
the way.

Lucius Fox sits alone at his desk — tie loosened, eyes heavy.

The office behind him is empty.

Desks abandoned. Lights off.

Everyone's gone.

His phone rings.

He answers.

FOX
(into phone)
Bruce.

INTERCUT - BATMAN (COMMUNICATIONS FEED)

Batman stands in the shadows of a rooftop — cowl torn, armor
scorched, watching what's happening in the streets.

BATMAN
Lucius. You need to go.
The last buses are leaving. Get on
one of them.

FOX
I'm not leaving you. Not now.

BATMAN
You've done enough.
Please.
Get to safety.

Fox hesitates.

Then exhales.

FOX
Alright.
But I sent the last batch —
gadgets, upgrades, everything I
could finish.
It's all in the vault. You'll know
what to do.

BATMAN
Thank you, Lucius.
Until soon.

FOX
Until soon.

They hang up.

A moment of silence.

One of the last SECRETARIES steps into the office – nervous, holding a bag.

SECRETARY
Mr. Fox... we're ready.
Everyone's out.

Fox nods.

He stands, grabs his coat and briefcase.

FOX
Let's go.

They exit together – the office lights flicker off behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM SKYLINE - AFTERNOON

High above the chaos – on the edge of a crumbling rooftop – TALON stands.

Beside him, a silent COURT SOLDIER, masked and still.

They watch the evacuation unfold below.

Buses rumble through the streets.

Crowds scatter.

Gotham empties.

Talon says nothing for a long moment.

Then – calm, cold, certain:

TALON
Let them run.
Soon, they'll kneel.
And justice will finally belong to
Gotham.

He turns to the soldier.

TALON (CONT'D)

The people are not the priority.
Batman and his allies are.
We must end them.
Only then, order will rise.

The soldier nods.

Talon steps back into the shadows — vanishing into the
afternoon haze.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 1: FINAL WARNING

INT. BATCAVE - AFTERNOON

Bruce descends into the Batcave.

His steps are heavy, but focused.

Damian Wayne (Robin) is already there, checking gear.

DAMIAN
(without turning)
You're late.

BRUCE
(dryly)
You're early.

Damian smirks and walks off toward the training area.

Bruce approaches Alfred, who stands near the workstation.

ALFRED
You've uncovered their roots, sir.
But roots run deep.
Are you prepared for what comes
next?

BRUCE
They've made it personal, Alfred.
They want me.
Now that the city's empty, and the
mayor is dead...
They think they have full control
over Gotham.
But Gotham doesn't belong to them.
Not while I'm standing.

ALFRED
(softly)
Then give them what your enemies
fear most.
A man who refuses to fall.

Bruce nods.

He turns toward the suit display – the new tactical armor
waiting.

The monitor beeps – an incoming call.

Bruce approaches. The screen glitches.

Talon appears, masked and distorted.

TALON
(glitched, distorted)
Gotham is ours, Batman.
Surrender.
You have nothing left.

The transmission cuts.

Bruce stares at the blank screen for a beat.

BRUCE
They're done hiding.

He walks toward the suit.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(coldly)
It's time to finish this.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 2: THE BAT AND THE CAT

EXT. GOTHAM ROOFTOPS - EVENING

The city breathes smoke and neon.

Batman stands on a ledge, his silhouette carved against the sky. He scans the rooftops, alleys, and windows. Silent. Focused.

A whip coils around a nearby antenna. CATWOMAN lands behind him with feline grace.

CATWOMAN
Always so dramatic.
Were you expecting someone else?

BATMAN
(without turning)
No.
Just the silence.

CATWOMAN
Sorry to interrupt your date with
melancholy.
But I brought a gift.

She holds out a small black drive — the symbol of an owl etched into its surface.

CATWOMAN (CONT'D)
Found this in a banker's vault.
Your feathered friends have
offshore accounts.

BATMAN
Why give it to me?

CATWOMAN
Because if Gotham falls, there'll
be nothing left to steal.
And because...
(a beat)
...sometimes I care what happens to
you.

Batman finally turns. Their eyes meet. No masks can hide what goes unsaid.

BATMAN
I'm not afraid of the dark.
But if Gotham falls into it...
(MORE)

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Everything we are — everything we
fight for — dies with it.

CATWOMAN
Then don't let it.
Make it count.

BATMAN
(quietly)
Selina...
Thank you.

She smiles.

She turns away, launching her whip.

Batman watches her vanish into the night.

He doesn't smile. He doesn't sigh.

He closes his eyes for a moment.

When he opens them... he's Batman again.

He turns.

His cape flares in the wind.

He dives into the shadows.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 3: THE LAUGHING CELL

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - NIGHT

Batman walks slowly through the dimly lit corridors of Arkham Asylum.

Each cell he passes holds a familiar face: Poison Ivy calmly tending to vines growing from the cracks, Harvey Dent flipping a coin endlessly, Scarecrow whispering to the walls, Riddler scribbling riddles on the floor, Harley Quinn humming a twisted lullaby, and Mr. Freeze staring into a block of ice.

But Batman isn't here for them.

He reaches a reinforced cell - triple-locked, sealed with steel and glass.

Inside: the Joker, sitting curled on the floor, head down.

The guards unlock the door.

Batman steps inside.

The Joker lifts his head.

His smile stretches from cheek to cheek.

JOKER

(grinning)

Well, well, well... the Bat himself.
Didn't think you'd visit without
flowers.

BATMAN

What do you know about the Court of
Owls?

The Joker bursts into laughter.

Unhinged. Echoing through the cell.

Batman grabs him by the collar, lifts him off the ground.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

(coldly)

I'm not here to play.

The Joker keeps laughing - but it's different now.

He sees it in Batman's eyes.

This isn't a game.

JOKER
(still smiling)
You're no fun anymore, Bats.
But they are... oh, they are.
They have something under their
sleek.
Waiting for the perfect moment. You
know? Maybe they'll bring better
chaos than the one I brought.

The Joker starts laughing again.

Batman throws him to the floor.

The Joker keeps laughing maniacally.

Batman turns silently.

He doesn't say a word.

He walks toward the door.

JOKER (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Don't worry, Bats...
I'll be back soon.
Chaos always finds its way home.

Batman stops.

Silent.

Then walks out of the cell.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - NIGHT

Batman enters the Batmobile.

The engine roars.

He disappears into the night.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 4: THE MAN BENEATH

INT. BATCAVE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Silence.

Only the soft pulse of the Batcomputer and the distant echo of sirens from the city above.

A news broadcast plays in the background – fragmented, chaotic.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

...Commissioner James Gordon remains
in critical condition after last
night's explosion at the Narrows...
...Joker's toxin is spreading through
the city. Chaos in the streets...
...Gotham General overwhelmed...
No sign of Batman, is he missing?...
Where is he right now?

The camera glides through the cave.

The Batmobile is scorched.

A batarang lies snapped in half.

The cape and cowl hang from a hook, dripping with rain.

Batman sits in the shadows, still in partial armor.

Chest plate off. Gauntlets loosened.

His face is bruised. His eyes hollow.

He stares at the floor – unmoving.

Alfred enters quietly, carrying a tray.

He sets it down beside Bruce without a word.

Soup. A cloth. A glass of water.

He stands beside him for a moment, then:

ALFRED

I brought your breakfast, Master
Wayne.

No response.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
You've been sitting there for
hours.

Still nothing.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Very well then.

Alfred starts to leave.

BATMAN
(quietly)
Alfred.

Alfred turns back to him.

ALFRED
Yes Master Wayne?

BATMAN
This is all my fault.
I wanted to inspire good, Alfred.
Not madness.

ALFRED
You have inspired good, Master
Wayne.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
You have brought Gotham's most
feared criminals to justice. You
cannot throw in the towel just
because a man dressed as a Clown is
spreading chaos in Gotham.

BATMAN
Gordon is at the hospital, Alfred.
And it's all my fault.

He leans forward, elbows on knees, head in his hands.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
(sigh)
I'm tired, Alfred.

ALFRED
Of course you are, Master Wayne.
You have taken no meals today, and
I can't recall when you last slept.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

But why, sir?... You are tired because you have been fighting for this city. Helping those who are in danger, helping those who need you the most...Don't let this clown take away what you are, what you fight for, Master Wayne.

Alfred picks up the cowl and cape. Hands them to Bruce — not as a butler, but as a father.

Bruce takes it.

He looks up at him — eyes red, jaw clenched.

BATMAN

What if I can't fix this?

ALFRED

Then you endure it.
You endure it because that's what you've always done.
Because Gotham doesn't need a perfect man.
It needs a man who won't stop.

A beat.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You've lost people.
But you haven't lost yourself,
Master Wayne.
And you never will.

Bruce breathes.

Slow. Heavy.

Then he stands.

He walks to Alfred and hugs him.

BRUCE

Thank you, Alfred.

Alfred nods and smiles at him.

Bruce pulls the cowl over his head. The man disappears. The Bat returns.

BATMAN
Im going to stop him, Alfred.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 5: THE ROOFTOP

EXT. GCPD ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rain falls steadily.

The Bat-Signal cuts through the clouds, casting a pale glow over the city.

Gordon stands beside it, phone to his ear.

GORDON
(into phone)
I'm glad you're safe.
Take care, sweetheart.

He hangs up.

A beat of silence.

Takes a breath.

His hand lingers on the phone a moment longer than it should.

Then — footsteps behind him, soft but deliberate.

Batman emerges from the shadows.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(smirks)
Still know how to make an entrance.

BATMAN
How's the evacuation?

GORDON
Last bus rolled out an hour ago.
City's empty.
Mayor's dead.
Only ones left are us...
and that damn Court of Owls.

BATMAN
I'm going to stop them, Jim.
This war ends tonight.

Gordon nods.

They both look out over Gotham.

Silent. Rain falling. Wind howling.

GORDON
We've been through hell.
Joker. Two-Face. Riddler...
We took them all down.
Promise me you'll catch this
bastard too.

A short silence.

BATMAN
I will.

He hands Gordon a small communicator.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
You'll need this.

Gordon takes it. Slips it into his vest.

His communicator crackles.

OFFICER (V.O.)
(over radio)
Commissioner, we've got movement in
the North End. Orders?

Gordon turns to respond—

GORDON
Hey Bat—...

But Batman is gone.

Gordon smiles faintly.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Every damn time.

He turns, coat flapping in the wind, and disappears into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 6: THE BOY WHO WAS BROKEN

INT. HALY'S CIRCUS - 1901 - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The sound of applause echoes from the big top.

A YOUNG ACROBAT (12), lean and graceful, wipes sweat from his brow.

He's just finished his act. His name is WILLIAM COBB.

He watches from behind the curtain as the crowd cheers for the next act.

His eyes are sharp. Focused. Hungry.

A CARNIVAL BARKER pats him on the back.

BARKER

You've got the gift, kid.
The kind that doesn't come twice.

YOUNG COBB

I just want to fly.

BARKER

Keep flying like that, and
someone's bound to notice.

INT. HALY'S CIRCUS - DRESSING TENT - LATER

Cobb sits alone, wrapping his wrists.

He hums a lullaby - the only thing he remembers from his mother.

A SHADOW moves behind the tent flap.

VOICE (O.S.)

You don't belong in the dirt,
William.

Cobb turns. A MAN IN A DARK SUIT stands at the entrance.

His face is hidden behind a porcelain owl mask.

OWL AGENT

You were born to rise.
To bring order to chaos.
To serve something eternal.

YOUNG COBB
Who are you?

OWL AGENT
We are the Court.
And we've been watching you.

He holds out a silver coin – the emblem of an owl engraved on its face.

OWL AGENT (CONT'D)
Come with us.
And you'll never fall again.

Cobb looks at the coin. Then at his calloused hands.

He steps forward.

FADE TO:

INT. COURT OF OWLS CHAMBER - UNKNOWN TIME

Cobb, now a TEENAGER, kneels before a circle of masked figures.

He wears a black training uniform. His eyes are colder.

COURT MEMBER
You have passed every trial.
You are no longer William Cobb.

COURT MEMBER (CONT'D)
You are Talon.

They place a mask over his face – the owl's gaze replaces his own.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYOGENIC CHAMBER - DEEP UNDERGROUND - YEARS LATER

Talon lies motionless inside a glass pod.

His body preserved. His armor pristine.

A COURT TECHNICIAN checks a monitor.

The screen reads: *SUBJECT: TALON - STATUS: DORMANT - READY FOR DEPLOYMENT*

The technician turns to a masked figure.

TECHNICIAN

He's stable.
Preserved.
He won't age a day.

COURT MEMBER

Let him sleep.
When Gotham forgets him...
We'll remind them.

They walk away. The chamber goes dark.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 7: THE FLAME BENEATH

INT. ABANDONED CATHEDRAL - UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

Dim torchlight flickers against stone walls.

Talon stands alone, mask removed.

His face is scarred, jaw clenched, eyes burning with fury.

A soldier of the Court approaches, masked and calm.

SOLDIER

Batman moves faster than expected.

TALON

(without turning)

He's always moved in shadows.

But shadows can be burned.

SOLDIER

The Court asks for patience.

The cleansing must be precise.

TALON

(turning sharply)

Patience is for cowards.

He's poisoned this city with fear
and chaos.

We offer order.

We offer justice.

The soldier hesitates.

SOLDIER

You speak of justice...

But your rage clouds the mission.

Talon steps forward, inches from the soldier's mask.

TALON

My rage is the mission.

I was forged in silence.

Raised in blood.

This city forgot what it means to
kneel.

I will remind it.

He walks toward the center of the chamber — a map of Gotham
carved into stone.

He places his mask beside it.

He pauses. Reaches into a hidden compartment in his belt.
Pulls out a small, black capsule – no bigger than a thumb.
Its surface pulses faintly with red light.
He studies it for a beat. Then tucks it back into his armor.

TALON (CONT'D)
(quietly, to himself)
In case the city forgets again.

He turns to the soldier.

TALON (CONT'D)
Batman will burn.
And Gotham will be cleansed.
There will be order.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 8: BLOODLINES AND BOUNDARIES

INT. BATCAVE - ARMORY - NIGHT

The cave is quiet. The fire from earlier still flickers in Bruce's forge.

Nightwing adjusts his escrima sticks. Damian sharpens a batarang in silence.

DAMIAN
You're holding them wrong.

NIGHTWING
I've been holding them this way
since before you were born.

DAMIAN
(without looking up)
Doesn't make it right.

A beat. Nightwing smirks.

NIGHTWING
You always this charming before a
mission?

DAMIAN
Only when I'm forced to work with
amateurs.

Nightwing walks over, leans against the table.

NIGHTWING
You know, I used to be you.
Angry.
Certain I was the only one who knew
what was best.

DAMIAN
And now?

NIGHTWING
Now I know better.
I know what it costs to be right
all the time.

Damian stops sharpening. Looks at him.

DAMIAN
You think I don't?

NIGHTWING
I think you're still figuring it
out.

A long silence.

DAMIAN
He trusts you more than me.

NIGHTWING
He raised me.
He's raising you.

DAMIAN
I don't need raising.

NIGHTWING
No.
You need someone who sees you.
Not just the weapon.
Not just the name.

Damian looks away. His jaw clenches.

DAMIAN
I'm not him.

NIGHTWING
I know.
You're you.
And that's enough.

A beat. Damian tosses the batarang onto the table.

DAMIAN
Let's finish this.

NIGHTWING
Side by side?

DAMIAN
(grudgingly)
For now.

Footsteps echo behind them.

Batman emerges from the shadows, cape still damp from the storm.

BATMAN
I thought I told you to return to
Blüdhaven.

NIGHTWING

I know.
But Oracle has eyes everywhere.
Bruce... the real war is here. In
Gotham.

Batman studies him. Silent. Then nods.

BATMAN

Selina gave me something.
A drive.
Coordinates. Names.
It's worse than we thought.

He tosses the encrypted drive onto the table.

The three of them exchange a look — no more words needed.

They move as one toward the Batmobile.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 9: THE VAULT OF BONES

INT. UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS - NIGHT

The Batmobile screeches to a halt in a forgotten tunnel beneath Gotham.

Ancient stone walls. Cracked archways. The air is thick with dust and silence.

Batman, Nightwing, and Damian step out, flashlights cutting through the dark.

DAMIAN

This place smells like death.

NIGHTWING

That's because it is.

They move deeper. The tunnel opens into a vast chamber.

INT. THE VAULT OF BONES - CONTINUOUS

Rows of glass coffins line the walls — dozens of them.

Inside each: a preserved TALON in full armor, frozen in time.

Some are ancient. Others look recent. All are deadly.

NIGHTWING

My God...

DAMIAN

They've been collecting them.
Like weapons.

BATMAN

No. Like history.
This is their legacy.
They have them ready to deploy.

He approaches a pedestal in the center.

On it: a rusted book bound in leather and bone.

Beside it: a terminal. Batman inserts Selina's drive.

The screen flickers to life — schematics, names, dates.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Judges. Politicians.
CEOs. Police captains.
They're all here.

NIGHTWING
They've been running Gotham from
the shadows.

DAMIAN
And now they want to rule it in the
open.

Batman scrolls through the files.

A list of targets appears – and among them:

RICHARD GRAYSON

DAMIAN WAYNE

BRUCE WAYNE

BATMAN
(quietly)
They're coming for us.

He pulls a small canister from his belt – a pressurized vial
marked with a red bat symbol.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
This vault doesn't get to survive.
But not yet.

He plants the canister beneath the pedestal.

A blinking red light activates – a remote-triggered explosive
gas dispersal.

NIGHTWING
You're planning to burn it?

BATMAN
When the time is right.

DAMIAN
Let's hope we live to see it.

They turn and disappear into the shadows, leaving the vault
in silence.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 10: FORGED FOR WAR

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Batman stands before the new tactical suit.

Fox's upgrades are complete.

Alfred monitors from the workstation, silent but present.

Bruce adjusts the gauntlets.

Checks the armor plates.

Locks in the grappling system.

INTERCUT:

INT. ABANDONED CATHEDRAL - TRAINING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Talon trains aggressively.

His strikes are brutal, precise, relentless.

A Court soldier spars with him - barely keeping up.

Talon's eyes burn with fury.

He doesn't blink.

He doesn't hesitate.

CUT TO:

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Bruce steps into the suit.

Each piece locks into place with quiet precision.

He reaches for the mask.

He places it over his face.

Batman is ready.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Talon delivers a final blow – a vicious punch to the soldier's face.

The soldier crashes to the ground, unconscious.

Talon stands over him.

Breathing heavily.

Then lets out a roar of rage – primal, echoing through the chamber.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 11: INTO THE NEST

EXT. NORTH END - ABANDONED CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Batman and Damian approach the cathedral from opposite rooftops.

Silent. Coordinated.

The wind howls, but they move like shadows.

INT. CATHEDRAL - BALCONY - NIGHT

Batman drops silently onto a ledge.

Damian follows, eyes scanning the interior.

Masked Court members gather.

Symbols carved into the stone.

Candles flicker around a central altar.

DAMIAN
(whispering)
They're preparing something.

BATMAN
Then we stop it before it begins.
They move in.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL - INNER SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Talon walks toward the altar.

His mask is back on.

He senses something - movement.

Suddenly, smoke pellets drop from above.

Chaos erupts.

Batman lands in the center.

Damian strikes from the flank.

Batman strikes with precision, disabling multiple enemies while Damian moves like a blur, agile and ruthless.

Talon watches from the altar, waiting for his moment to step forward.

TALON

You came to die in their place.

BATMAN

I came to end this.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 12: THE NEST BURNS

INT. CATHEDRAL - INNER SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Smoke fills the chamber.

Court soldiers rush in from all sides.

Damian engages first – swift, precise, relentless.

Batman and Talon circle each other.

Two predators.

Two ideologies.

They clash.

TALON

You fight for chaos.
I fight for order.

Batman lunges forward – headbutts Talon square in the face.

Talon crashes to the ground.

BATMAN

You fight for revenge and
injustice.
I fight for Gotham.

Batman and Talon launch into a brutal combat sequence.

Talon moves like a ghost – fast, brutal, trained to kill.

Batman counters with experience, adapting to every strike.

Blades clash, armor cracks, and blood is drawn in Batman's face.

Talon slashes – Batman ducks, counters with a crushing elbow to the ribs.

Talon grunts, spins, and drives a knee into Batman's side.

Batman stumbles, but catches Talon's wrist mid-swing – twists it until bones pop.

Talon snarls, headbutts Batman back.

They separate – circle again.

Talon lunges.

Batman sidesteps — grabs his cloak, yanks him off balance.

Talon rolls, recovers, throws a blade — Batman deflects it with his gauntlet.

Talon charges.

Batman meets him mid-air — they collide, crash through a pew.

Wood splinters.

They don't stop.

Talon claws at Batman's cowl — tears fabric.

Batman drives a punch into his gut — then another — then a third.

TALON

You're too late, I will finally
bring, the justice Gotham deserves.

Batman growls — grabs Talon by the collar, slams him into a column.

Stone cracks.

Talon knees him in the thigh, flips over his shoulder, lands behind him.

Slashes Batman's back.

Batman spins — backfist.

Talon ducks.

Uppercut.

Batman reels.

Talon charges again — Batman sidesteps, grabs his arm, and hurls him into a stained-glass window.

Glass shatters.

Talon crashes through — lands hard, rolls, the suit is starting to tear apart.

Meanwhile, Damian is overwhelmed by three soldiers.

He parries one, kicks another, but the third grabs him from behind.

Batman breaks from Talon for a moment — throws a batarang, disarms one, tackles another.

DAMIAN
(grinning)
I had them.

BATMAN
I know.

He returns to Talon — just in time to block a blade aimed at his throat.

TALON
You're starting to slow down,
Batman.

BATMAN
I'm just getting started.

They fight again — harder, faster.

Talon lands a brutal kick.

Batman crashes into a pillar but rises.

Talon rushes — Batman ducks low, sweeps his legs.

Talon falls — Batman mounts him, rains down punches.

One. Two. Three. Four.

Talon blocks the fifth — twists, flips Batman off.

They both rise, panting, they keep fighting.

Talon draws twin daggers.

Batman activates his gauntlet's shock charge — electricity crackles.

They clash again — sparks fly.

Daggers scrape against electrified armor.

Batman grabs Talon's wrist — redirects the blade into his own shoulder to trap it — then headbutts him again.

Talon screams — yanks the blade free — slashes Batman's chest.

Armor tears. Blood.

Batman roars — tackles Talon through a row of pews.

They roll, fists flying, blades flashing.

Damian finishes off the last soldier.

He looks toward Batman — sees the fury in his strikes.

DAMIAN
(to himself)
Don't hold back.

Batman grabs Talon mid-strike — slams him into the altar.

Talon counters — flips over, lands behind him.

TALON
This city will kneel, they will
obey us, there will be order once
again in Gotham.

BATMAN
Not while I stand.

They charge each other — final clash.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 13: THE WING STRIKES

INT. CATHEDRAL - INNER SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Batman and Talon clash again – brutal, relentless.

Damian holds off the remaining soldiers, but more begin to pour in.

DAMIAN
(panting)
There's too many!

BATMAN
Keep fighting. He planned this.

Talon steps back, breathing heavily.

He raises a hand.

From the shadows – a second wave of Court soldiers emerges.

Twice as many.

Faster.

Armed.

TALON
You thought this was the end?
This is just the beginning.

Batman and Damian fight back – but they're outnumbered.

Cornered.

Surrounded.

Batman blocks a strike, counters with a sweep – drops one soldier.

Another slashes at Damian – he ducks, stabs upward with a hidden blade.

A third grabs Batman from behind – he flips him over his shoulder, slams him down.

But they keep coming.

Suddenly – a sonic shockwave hits the chamber.

Court soldiers stumble.

Ears ringing.

A figure crashes through the stained-glass window — flipping mid-air.

NIGHTWING
Hope I'm not late.

He lands beside Batman and Damian.

Electro-sticks charged.

Eyes locked on the enemy.

BATMAN
(nods)
Perfect timing.

DAMIAN
(grinning)
Took you long enough.

NIGHTWING
Had to make an entrance.

CUT TO:

Batman, Nightwing, and Damian fight in perfect sync.

Batman disables the heavy hitters — bone-crunching punches, precision strikes.

He grabs a soldier's spear, snaps it in half, uses both ends as weapons.

He spins, disarms two more, then slams one into a column.

Nightwing flips over a pew — lands on a soldier's shoulders, shocks him unconscious.

He vaults off, kicks another in the chest, rolls, and sweeps a third off his feet.

His movements are fluid — a blur of motion and impact.

Damian darts between shadows — slashing armors, disarming blades.

He leaps onto a soldier's back, drives him down, then vanishes again.

A flash of steel. A scream. Another one down.

Batman and Nightwing back-to-back — surrounded.

They rotate in sync – fists, sticks, knees, elbows.

A storm of violence.

Damian leaps from above – lands on a soldier mid-charge.

He flips forward, hurls a smoke pellet, vanishes again.

Talon watches – furious.

His soldiers fall one by one.

TALON
(growling)
You think unity makes you strong?
It makes you weak.

BATMAN
No.
It makes us unstoppable.

Talon roars – charges into the fray.

He cuts down one of his own soldiers to reach Batman.

Batman meets him head-on – they clash again.

Talon's blades spark against Batman's gauntlets.

Nightwing intercepts a soldier aiming for Batman's back –
knocks him out cold.

Damian slides under a swing – slashes a soldier's leg, then
kicks him into a pillar.

He looks up – sees Batman and Talon locked in a vicious
exchange.

Nightwing flips over Talon – lands behind him – strikes his
spine.

Talon stumbles.

Batman seizes the moment – lands a brutal uppercut.

Talon recovers – spins, slashes at both.

Nightwing blocks with his sticks.

Batman grabs Talon's arm – twists – disarms him.

Talon headbutts Nightwing – kicks Batman back.

He grabs a fallen blade – lunges at Damian.

Damian parries – barely.

Talon presses forward – relentless.

Batman tackles him off Damian – they crash into the altar again.

Nightwing throws a shock disc – it explodes, stunning a cluster of soldiers.

He charges in – finishes them off with a flurry of strikes.

Damian leaps onto a pew – launches himself at Talon – blade drawn.

Talon catches him mid-air – slams him down.

Batman grabs Talon from behind – chokehold.

Talon elbows him in the ribs – breaks free.

They all regroup – bruised, bloodied, breathing hard.

But standing.

Talon snarls – eyes burning behind the mask.

He signals again.

Another wave of soldiers begins to enter – but slower this time.

Hesitant.

Fearful.

Batman steps forward.

Nightwing and Damian flank him.

They are ready, to fight them.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
You still think you own this city?

Talon doesn't answer.

He just charges again.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 14: CHAOS UNLEASHED

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

The battle spills out of the cathedral.

Batman, Nightwing, and Damian fight through alleyways, rooftops, and plazas.

Court soldiers swarm the streets.

Explosions echo in the distance.

News helicopters circle overhead.

Reporters broadcast live.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Breaking news, Gotham is under attack.

The Court of Owls has the city in their grasp. Reports say that Batman and his team are there. May God help us all.

CUT TO:

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Alfred watches the chaos unfold on multiple screens.

News feeds. Surveillance cams.

His hands tremble slightly.

ALFRED

(softly)

Keep fighting, sir.

The city needs you now more than ever.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

Batman fights with relentless precision.

He disarms a soldier, spins, and uses the man's own weapon to knock out two more.

He ducks a blade, counters with a rising knee, then slams his elbow into a jaw.

Nightwing flips over a burning car, disabling two soldiers mid-air.

He lands in a roll, sweeps a third, then vaults off a wall to kick a fourth into a lamppost.

His escrima sticks crackle with electricity – every strike leaves a soldier twitching on the pavement.

Damian uses smoke bombs to scatter a group.

He emerges from the haze like a phantom – blade flashing, fists flying.

He leaps onto a soldier's back, drives him down, then spins to parry another attacker.

Talon appears – his armor cracked, torn, bleeding.

But his rage burns brighter.

TALON
(shouting)
You think this city is yours,
Batman?
This city belongs to the Court!

He charges Batman – faster, more brutal.

Batman counters, but Talon is wild now.

Unpredictable.

They trade blows in the middle of the chaos – fists, blades, blood.

Talon slashes – Batman blocks, counters with a headbutt.

Talon stumbles, then lunges again – a flurry of savage strikes.

DAMIAN
(to Nightwing)
He's losing control.

NIGHTWING
Come on, we need to keep fighting.

Nightwing flips into the fray – intercepts a soldier mid-swing, disarms him, and hurls him into a parked car.

Damian follows – sliding under a blade, stabbing upward, then vanishing into smoke.

Batman and Talon crash into a news van – denting the side.

Talon pins Batman – punches him again and again.

Batman grabs a cable, wraps it around Talon's arm, yanks him off.

Talon rolls, rises – mask cracked.

He rips it off – face twisted with fury.

Suddenly – a low rumble.

They all pause.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM SKYLINE - NIGHT

A distant glow pulses beneath the city.

Then – a muffled, thunderous BOOM.

A plume of fire and dust erupts from deep underground.

The Vault of Bones... obliterated.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Talon turns toward the horizon.

He sees the glow.

His breath catches.

His fists tremble.

TALON
(low, guttural)
He destroyed it...

He turns back toward Batman – eyes burning.

TALON (CONT'D)
No more symbols.
No more shadows.
(MORE)

TALON (CONT'D)
No more hiding.
Only fire.

He reaches into his belt — pulls out a hidden device.

A final weapon.

His last card.

BATMAN
(coldly)
What did you do?

TALON
I gave Gotham a choice.

He activates a device.

Its a bomb that could blow half of Gotham.

A countdown begins: 10:00

TALON (CONT'D)
Burn... or kneel.

CUT TO:

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Oracle sits at the console, eyes darting across multiple monitors.

A piercing alarm blares. Red warning lights flash across the screens.

ORACLE
(alarmed)
Oh no... that's not just a signal
jammer.
It's a warhead.
If that thing goes off, half the
city's gone.
They're not trying to take Gotham.
They're trying to erase it.

A tense silence. Her fingers hover over the keyboard, breath caught.

ORACLE (CONT'D)

(into comms)

Batman — they've armed a seismic
core.

We've got less than ten minutes.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 15: GOTHAM'S CHOICE

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

Talon stands, bloodied, armor cracked.

Smoke rises behind him. Sirens wail in the distance.

The city burns – but it's not broken.

Batman's eyes narrow.

He taps his gauntlet – a signal pulses across Gotham.

A low-frequency hum echoes through the air.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

Hidden disruptors activate across the city – rooftops, sewers, alleyways.

Small devices blink red, then emit a piercing high-frequency pulse.

Court soldiers stagger mid-fight – clutching their heads.

Their comms spark, glitch, explode in their ears.

Some collapse. Others scream.

Chaos within their ranks.

Talon grabs his head – his helmet already broken, he rips off the remaining comms.

Blood trickles from his ear. He roars in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

GCPD units emerge from alleys, rooftops, and shadows.

Coordinated. Ready.

Armed with sonic dampeners and EMP rounds.

They move in formation – flanking, surrounding, subduing.

Court soldiers are tackled, cuffed, dragged away.

Some resist — they're dropped with precision.

Nightwing and Damian lead the charge — disabling, disarming, securing.

Nightwing vaults off a squad car, lands in the middle of a skirmish, and clears it in seconds.

Damian flips over a barricade, disarms two soldiers, and knocks a third unconscious with a spinning kick.

CUT TO:

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Oracle types furiously.

Multiple screens display the countdown.

Schematics of the bomb rotate in 3D.

The encryption is complex — layered, ancient.

ORACLE

Ten minutes. That's all I need.

She wipes sweat from her brow.

Fingers flying.

Code racing.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

Batman and Talon clash again.

This time, Batman is relentless.

Strike after strike — no mercy.

Talon parries, but his movements are slower.

His footwork falters.

His breath ragged.

Batman lands a punch to the ribs — then a knee to the chest.

Talon stumbles back, tries to counter – Batman catches his arm, twists, and breaks it with a sickening crack.

Talon screams – but keeps fighting.

He headbutts Batman, slashes with a hidden blade.

Batman dodges, grabs his wrist, and drives him into the pavement.

Talon rolls, coughing blood.

He rises – barely.

Swings wildly.

Batman ducks, lands a crushing blow to his gut.

Then a spinning elbow to the jaw.

Talon drops to his knees.

His armor fails.

His body gives in.

Batman slams him to the ground.

Dust rises around them.

TALON
(gasping)
Go on... finish it.
Show Gotham who you really are.
Show them the kind of monster they
trust in.

Batman raises his fist – he is ready to finish the fight.

Talon closes his eyes, waiting for the hit.

A voice echoes in Batman's mind – cold, commanding.

RA'S AL GHUL (V.O.)
Finish it.

FLASHBACK – INT. LEAGUE OF SHADOWS TEMPLE – NIGHT – YEARS AGO

A vast stone chamber carved into the frozen cliffs of the Arctic.

Icicles hang from the ceiling.

Torches flicker against ancient stone.

Snow drifts in through cracks in the walls, melting on the cold floor.

Bruce Wayne, younger, stands at the center of a ritual circle.

His breath fogs in the frigid air.

He's dressed in League robes — sword in hand, knuckles bruised, eyes conflicted.

Surrounding him: a ring of LEAGUE ASSASSINS, silent, masked, unmoving.

Their presence is suffocating.

At Bruce's side stands Ra's Al Ghul, regal, composed, eyes sharp as blades.

He watches Bruce with the calm of a man who's seen centuries of war.

Before them, a man kneels — trembling, bloodied, broken.

His hands are bound.

He sobs quietly, head bowed.

His eyes meet Bruce's — wide, terrified, pleading.

RA'S AL GHUL
This man betrayed the League.
He endangered our mission.
Justice demands blood.

Bruce tightens his grip on the sword.

His knuckles whiten.

He steps forward — raises the blade.

The man whimpers.

Tears streak down his face.

RA'S AL GHUL (CONT'D)
Strike.
Prove you are ready.

Bruce hesitates.

His eyes flicker between the man and Ra's.

BRUCE
This isn't justice.
It's vengeance.

Ra's doesn't flinch.

His voice remains calm — but colder now.

RA'S AL GHUL
Justice is balance.
Vengeance is clarity.

Bruce lowers the sword slightly.

BRUCE
No.
Justice is mercy.
And I'm not your weapon.

Gasps ripple through the circle.

The assassins shift, uncertain.

Ra's stares at Bruce — unreadable.

Then, slowly, he steps forward.

Ra's is disappointed.

RA'S AL GHUL
Then you are not one of us.

Bruce meets his gaze — unshaken.

BRUCE
No.
I'm not.

He drops the sword.

It clatters against the stone — loud, final.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

Close on Batman's face — shadowed, still.

Haunted by memory.

But resolute.

BATMAN
(coldly)
I'm not like you.

He lowers his fist.

Talon looks surprised, he doesn't believe it.

CUT TO:

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Oracle's screen flashes: BOMB DISARMED.

A green pulse replaces the countdown.

ORACLE (V.O.)
The Bomb's down. Gotham's safe.

She exhales — relief washing over her.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

Batman nods.

Starts walking away.

Talon, desperate, pulls a hidden blade — lunges.

A final act of vengeance.

GUNSHOT.

Talon drops — hit in the hand and foot.

He screams — writhes on the ground.

Batman turns sharply.

Eyes scan the rooftops.

On a rooftop nearby — Red Hood stands, rifle lowered.

Smoke curls from the barrel.

He nods silently.

Batman returns the nod.

No words.

Just understanding.

The city breathes again.

But the war is not forgotten.

CUT TO BLACK:

ACT 3 - SCENE 16: AFTERMATH

The sound of a news broadcast fades in – calm, reverent.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Tonight, Gotham breathes again.
The Court of Owls – the secret
cabal that has haunted this city
for months – has fallen.

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT - AERIAL SHOT

The city glows under a bruised sky.

Smoke still rises from distant rooftops.

Sirens echo faintly.

But the streets are calmer.

Lights flicker back on.

Life stirs.

Court soldiers are cuffed and loaded into armored trucks.

SWAT units secure the perimeter.

Talon is dragged, bloodied, silent.

He's thrown into a reinforced SWAT transport – the door slams shut.

Engines roar.

The convoy moves out.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Thanks to the coordinated efforts
of the GCPD and Gotham's silent
guardian, the nightmare is over...

CUT TO:

EXT. REFUGEE CENTER - OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS- NIGHT

Families huddle around a small TV in a crowded shelter.

Children wrapped in blankets.

Mothers holding their kids close.

Some cry. Others smile through tears.

On the screen: Footage of Batman, Nightwing and Damian helping the GCPD with the arrested Court soldiers.

The news ticker reads: "GOTHAM SAVED: COURT OF OWLS DEFEATED"

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Citizens displaced by the recent attacks are beginning to return home.

Relief centers report reunions, rescues, and — for the first time in weeks — hope.

A young boy clutches a soldier action figure.

He looks up at the screen, eyes wide with admiration.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM PLAZA - NIGHT

Batman stands with Nightwing and Damian.

Commissioner Gordon approaches — trench coat flapping in the wind.

GORDON

Hell of a night.

BATMAN

It's not over.

GORDON

Waller's people are already moving. Harley was transferred to Belle Reve last week. Talon's being held in a reinforced cell at GCPD for now.

NIGHTWING

(dryly)

Hope they reinforced the walls.

DAMIAN

He'll try something. They always do.

GORDON

Let's hope Waller's leash holds.

They all look toward the departing trucks.

Silent.

Heavy.

The news audio fades out.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(softly)

Tonight, Gotham remembers its
heroes.

And for the first time in a long
time... it sleeps.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 17: THE WHITE FEATHER

The sound of a morning newscast fades in – gentle, reassuring.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
This morning, thousands of Gotham citizens are returning home. Relief efforts are underway across the city.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

The storm has passed.

Sunlight breaks through the clouds. The city breathes again – wounded, but alive.

News audio plays faintly over the following images:

Buses arrive at designated drop zones. Families step off, helping one another.

Volunteers hand out bottled water, canned food, blankets.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Wayne Enterprises has deployed emergency teams to distribute supplies and assist in rebuilding efforts. Construction crews are already clearing debris in the Narrows and restoring power to East End.

We see Wayne Foundation tents. Workers unload crates. A child receives a juice box and hugs a volunteer.

A banner reads: "REBUILDING TOGETHER."

EXT. WAYNE CEMETERY - DAY

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
We also want to thank Bruce Wayne, for the donations, and for everything he's doing for the city.

The wind is calm.

Sunlight filters through the trees. The city breathes again – wounded, but alive.

Bruce walks alone along the stone path. No cape. No cowl.
Just the man.

Bruce's voice plays over the news feed.

BRUCE (V.O.)
These past days have been a roller
coaster. We've been through a lot.
But today, we stand together. We
rebuild Gotham — not just with
bricks, but with hope.

He stops before the tomb of Thomas and Martha Wayne.

In his hand: a small bouquet of white lilies.

He kneels. Places the flowers gently at the base of the
tombstone.

A long silence.

Bruce reaches into his coat pocket.

He pulls out a single WHITE FEATHER — delicate, weightless.

He sets it beside the flowers.

BRUCE
(softly)
No more shadows.

He stands.

His eyes linger on the names carved in stone — not with
grief, but with clarity.

He turns and walks away.

The camera rises behind him, revealing the Gotham skyline in
the distance.

Smoke still rises. But the sky is clear.

CUT TO:

ACT 3 - SCENE 18: LEGACY

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Bruce removes his jacket.

Alfred stands nearby, watching quietly.

ALFRED
They're safe.
Gotham breathes again.

BRUCE
We can't let our guard down,
Alfred.
Not ever.

Alfred steps closer - his voice softer.

ALFRED
They'd be proud of you, sir.
I know I am.

Bruce smiles - visible, sincere.

A flicker of warmth.

But the smile fades as the Batcomputer blares.

A new alert.

Bruce turns, suits up with mask in hand.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
(smiling)
No rest for The Batman.

Bruce is already suit up.

BRUCE
Crime doesn't sleep, Alfred,
neither do I.

Bruce puts on the mask.

Steps onto the platform.

The Batmobile rises from below.

He jumps in.

The engine roars - a beast awakened.

The Batmobile launches forward — straight toward the screen.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

POST-CREDITS SCENE

INT. GOTHAM CITY HOLDING FACILITY - NIGHT

Talon sits in a reinforced cell.

Hands bound.

Surrounded by armed guards.

A woman enters — calm, composed, lethal.

AMANDA WALLER

You're not going to Blackgate.
You're not going to Arkham.
You're going somewhere... useful.

Talon lifts his head.

TALON

You think you can control me?

WALLER

(calm, ruthless)
Yes.

She slides a folder onto the table — stamped: A.R.G.U.S. /
TASK FORCE X / BELLE REVE

WALLER (CONT'D)

Welcome to the deep end.

She turns and walks away.

Talon stares at the folder.

Silent.

Then smirks.