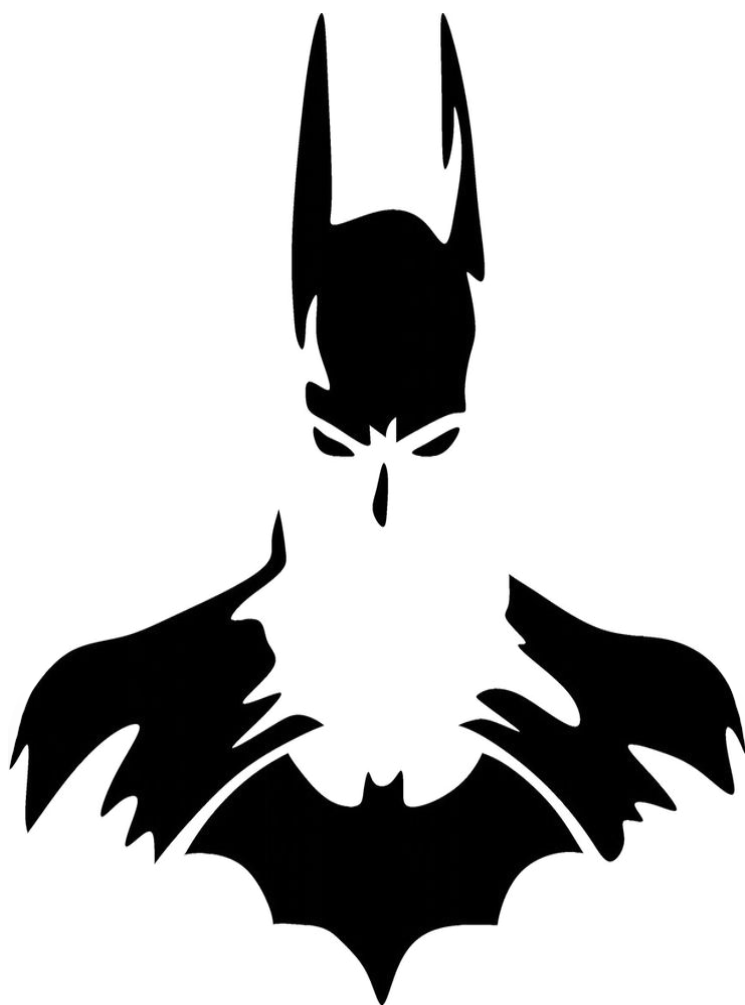




BATMAN: CREATURE OF GOTHAM

"Truce"

Written by:
Kevin Georges

"TRUCE"

ACT ONE:

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - OUTSKIRTS - DAWN

The decrepit warehouse. GCPD CRUISERS surround the area. Lights flashing. CRIME SCENE TAPE EVERYWHERE.

The sun rises over Gotham. Cold and grey.

COMMISSIONER GORDON (trench coat, exhausted) stands near the CARGO TRUCK speaking with the DRIVER (shaken, blanket around shoulders).

DETECTIVE BULLOCK (fedora, rumpled suit, scowling) examines the scene with DETECTIVE MONTTOYA (cop outfit, focused).

The BATMOBILE pulls up. Engine growling.

BATMAN and ROBIN exit.

Gordon sees them. He walks over.

GORDON
(grim)
You're gonna want to see this.

BATMAN
I heard. Thorne's dead.

GORDON
Six of his men, too. At least we know Thorne ain't the supplier.

Robin's eyes widen.

ROBIN
How'd he die?

GORDON
That's the thing. No gunshot wounds. No signs of struggle. We won't know the cause of death until the autopsy.

BATMAN
Show me.

Gordon leads them toward the truck.

GORDON

Driver says he drove them here.
When he opened the trunk, everyone
was dead.

BULLOCK

(approaching, suspicious)
Convenient timing too. Thorne
seemed to be leavin' the city.

Batman and Robin exchange a glance.

They reach the back of the truck. Gordon opens the doors.

INT. CARGO TRUCK - BACK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Cramped. The smell of death.

Six THUGS slumped against the walls. Eyes opened. Lifeless.

In the center sits RUPERT THORNE, sitting upright. Eyes wide
in frozen terror.

On his forehead sits ARABIC WRITING. Carved in fresh blood.

Batman approaches, leaning close. Examines the writing.

Robin stands beside him.

ROBIN

(quiet, disturbed)
What does that say?

Batman's jaw tightens.

BATMAN

It's Arabic. "A parasite of the
madhouse".

Robin looks between them.

ROBIN

"Madhouse" could be referring to
Gotham City. But parasite? What
could that mean?

BATMAN

Hill was a politician. Thorne was a
crime boss. Both had power. Both
abused it. Thorne has been called a
parasite before.

GORDON
(from doorway)
We could be looking at someone with
a vendetta against Gotham's elite.

Batman doesn't answer. His mind is racing.

He looks at the Arabic writing again.

BATMAN
(carefully)
This handwriting is precise.
Trained. Whoever did this has good
calligraphy skills.

GORDON
Well, I don't know Arabic, so I'll
take your word on that.

BATMAN
And the dragon on Hill's forehead.
First Chinese. Now Arabic.

Beat. Robin realizes where he's going.

ROBIN
(quiet)
You don't think...?

BATMAN
(to Robin)
It's a lead. I'll talk to him about
it.

Gordon approaches.

GORDON
(confused)
Talk to who?

BATMAN
Ra's Al Ghul.

GORDON
What does he have to do with this?

BATMAN
He is of Chinese and Arab descent.
I can't think of anyone else but
him.

ROBIN
(cautious)
What about Talia?

Batman's jaw tightens.

BATMAN
I'll handle it.

He walks away. Robin follows.

INT. LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS LAIR - GRAND HALL - DAY

RA'S AL GHUL sits at the long table, reading ancient texts.

UBU stands nearby, silent and watchful.

The corridor doors OPEN.

Batman enters.

Ra's looks up, smiling.

RA'S
Detective. I did not expect you so soon.

Batman walks straight to the table. No pleasantries.

BATMAN
Rupert Thorne is dead.

Ra's' smile fades.

RA'S
I see. And you believe I am responsible.

BATMAN
Mayor Hill had a Chinese dragon,
and now Thorne has Arabic writing.
Two cultures. Both tied to the
League.

Ra's stands. Calm and measured.

RA'S
Or, Detective. It could be tied to
someone who wishes to implicate the
League.

BATMAN
Like who?

TALIA steps forward.

TALIA

Qayin. Red Claw. Any number of enemies my father has made over centuries.

BATMAN

(to Ra's)

I'll know if you're lying.

TALIA

(quietly, hurt)

You told me you trusted me. Was that a lie?

Batman's expression softens. Just slightly.

BATMAN

I do. But this is bigger than us.

Talia does not respond.

RA'S

(to Batman)

Detective. Why would I kill these men? What would I gain?

BATMAN

They were corrupt. You've always believed in cleansing the world of corruption.

RA'S

Indeed. But not through silly acts of violence on irrelevant figures.

Beat. Batman studies him.

RA'S (CONT'D)

Furthermore, why would I jeopardize our alliance? We are about to embark on a mission to stop Qayin. This mission requires trust. Killing your city's elite would break that trust.

Batman considers this.

BATMAN

Where were you last night? Between midnight and two AM.

RA'S
(gesturing around)
Here. Preparing for our journey to
Cape Canaveral.

BATMAN
There's no surveillance system down
here. How can I verify that?

Ra's looks at Ubu.

Ubu NODS. Silently confirming.

RA'S
Ubu was with me. As were a dozen
League operatives. I can provide
you with their names.

Batman's eyes narrow.

BATMAN
If not you, then who? It must be
someone with League training.
Someone who knows both Arabic and
Chinese.

Batman looks at Talia. Suspiciously.

TALIA
(displeased)
Do not be serious, beloved. We were
together when it happened. Do not
treat your lady like this.

Batman does not respond.

Ra's walks to the window. He looks out over the underground
river.

RA'S
I have trained many students over
the centuries, Detective. Some have
left my service. Others have
betrayed me. Any one of them could
possess the skills required.

BATMAN
Give me names.

RA'S
(turning back)
There are too many. Shiva. Slade.
Many others who are not currently
active in Gotham.

Beat.

BATMAN

Shiva doesn't kill in private.
Slade would have to have been
hired.

Ra's inclines his head.

RA'S

In the meantime, we have a more
pressing matter. The satellite
launches in thirty-six hours. We
leave for Cape Canaveral tonight.

BATMAN

I'll be there. But don't lie to me,
Ra's.

RA'S

(confident)
I won't.

Batman turns, walking toward the exit.

As he leaves, Ra's and Talia watch them.

RA'S (CONT'D)

(quietly, to Ubu)
Someone is playing a dangerous
game. And I intend to find out who.

Ubu nods.

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

TIM sits at the Batcomputer.

Multiple screens around him: crime scene photos, autopsy
reports, cultural databases.

On the main screen: SIDE-BY-SIDE comparison.

- LEFT: Mayor Hill (dragon tattoo)

- RIGHT: Rupert Thorne (Arabic writing)

Tim types rapidly, cross-referencing data.

ALFRED descends the stairs, carrying a coffee mug.

ALFRED

Master Tim. You've been at this for hours.

TIM

(not looking up)

I'm close, Alfred. I can feel it.

Alfred places the coffee beside him.

ALFRED

Black coffee. Just how you like it.

TIM

(grateful)

Thanks.

Tim takes a sip, his eyes never leave the screen.

ALFRED

Have you found any connection?

TIM

Both victims were corrupt. Hill was taking bribes while Thorne was running criminal business behind the scenes. Someone's targeting people in power.

ALFRED

A vigilante, perhaps?

TIM

Maybe. The methods are precise. Too professional. This isn't just some angry citizen, this is someone trained.

TIM (CONT'D)

Bruce thinks it's someone from the League. But Ra's has an alibi.

ALFRED

Perhaps a former student. Someone with a grudge on Gotham.

Tim continues typing.

Suddenly, the BATMOBILE arrives.

Batman steps out, removing his cowl, becoming BRUCE.

BRUCE
(calm)
Tim.

TIM
Did you get anything?

BRUCE
He denies it. Says he's focused on
the Qayin mission.

TIM
How's that one going?

BRUCE
I'm leaving for Cape Canaveral. The
satellite launches in thirty-six
hours.

TIM
But what about the murders?

BRUCE
I won't be gone for long. You and
Gordon will handle it.

Tim sits up straighter.

TIM
(determined)
I'll do my best.

BRUCE
I know you will.

Alfred places a hand on Tim's shoulder.

Tim turns back to the Batcomputer, determination in his eyes.

EXT. GOTHAM CEMETERY - DAY

Overcast. Grey clouds. Rain threatens but hasn't fallen yet.

A massive crowd gathers around an open grave. HUNDREDS of
mourners in black.

A coffin sits above the grave, draped in the American flag.

MAYOR HILL'S FUNERAL.

News vans line the perimeter. Cameras everywhere.

VICKI VALE (elegant black dress, somber) stands with her CAMERAMAN reporting live.

VICKI
(into camera, subdued)
Today, Gotham buries Mayor Hamilton Hill, who was struck down in what police are calling a targeted assassination. The investigation continues, but answers remain elusive.

Behind her stands a giant crowd.

Commissioner Gordon stands with Bullock and Montoya. All in dress uniforms. BARBARA GORDON (wheelchair, dress uniform) is also present, sitting next to her father.

VERONICA VREELAND dabs her eyes with a handkerchief. Theatrical grief.

In the back stands Bruce Wayne (tailored black suit, sunglasses). Completely silent.

Alfred (black suit) and Tim (black suit) stands beside him.

ALFRED
(quietly, to Bruce)
A tragic loss, sir.

Bruce does not respond. He just watches the coffin.

A PRIEST steps forward, beginning the eulogy.

PRIEST
Mayor Hill dedicated his life to this city. To its people. To its future. Though his time was cut short, his legacy endures.

Bruce's jaw tightens. He knows the truth. Hill was corrupt, but didn't deserve to die.

Across the cemetery, SELINA KYLE (black dress, veil, elegant) stands beneath a tree, watching from the shadows.

She sees Bruce. Their eyes meet across the crowd.

A moment. Then she turns, walking away.

Bruce watches her disappear into the mist.

ALFRED
(noticing)
Miss Kyle. I didn't expect to see
her here.

BRUCE
(quiet)
Neither did I.

The priest continues. The crowd bows their heads.

Bruce removes his sunglasses, staring at the coffin.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
I'll find who did this.

Alfred glances at him, concerned.

The coffin LOWERS into the ground. Six feet under.

Bruce turns, walking away before it even reaches the bottom.

Alfred follows.

ACT TWO:

EXT. GOTHAM ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

The BAT-SIGNAL pierces the clouds.

Batman stands on a gargoyle, cape billowing in the wind.

Talia lands beside him. Silent and graceful.

TALIA
Our aircraft is ready.

Batman nods.

BATMAN
Where's your father?

TALIA
Already aboard. Ubu is piloting.

He takes one last look at Gotham before his temporary departure.

He then fires his GRAPPLING HOOK, swinging toward the industrial district.

Talia follows.

EXT. GOTHAM INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

An abandoned airfield. A sleek LEAGUE AIRCRAFT sits on the cracked tarmac. Black, predatory, advanced technology.

The boarding ramp is DOWN.

Batman and Talia approach.

Inside sits Ra's, sitting in a plush seat behind a Chess board on the table. He is reading a book. Calm and composed.

Ubu stands in the cockpit, running pre-flight checks.

Batman boards. Talia behind him.

Ra's looks up.

RA'S
Detective. Right on time.

Batman does not sit. He stands near the door.

BATMAN
How long is the flight?

RA'S
Three hours. Sources tell me Qayin is already at the Cape. Red Claw is with him.

Batman clenches his fists.

BATMAN
Then we end this tonight.

Ra's closes his book. He then takes a stand.

RA'S
Detective. Before we depart, I must know. Do you trust me?

Beat. Batman studies him.

BATMAN
I trust that we have a common enemy.

Ra's smiles. Faint. Sad.

RA'S
That will suffice. For now.

He gestures to a seat.

BATMAN

Please. Sit. It is a long journey.

Batman finally sits. Talia sits across from him.

The boarding ramp CLOSES. The engines HIM to life.

The aircraft LIFTS OFF. Silent. Smooth.

Gotham shrinks below them.

INT. LEAGUE AIRCRAFT - NIGHT - IN FLIGHT

Silence. Just the low hum of the engines.

Ubu pilots, focused.

Ra's and Batman play chess.

Talia watches them.

Batman wins the game.

BATMAN

Checkmate.

RA'S

Well played, Detective.

BATMAN

I play to win.

RA'S

I find that quite fitting.

Talia stays silent, wanting to speak. But holding back.

Finally, she speaks.

TALIA

(quietly)

Bruce.

He turns, looking at her.

TALIA (CONT'D)

When this is over... what will
happen?

Batman's expression softens. Just slightly.

BATMAN

I don't know.

TALIA
Do you regret it? The other night?

BATMAN
No.

TALIA
Then what?

Beat. Batman thinks first.

BATMAN
It's too complicated.

Talia reaches across, taking his hand.

TALIA
You make it too complicated. I
promise.

Batman pulls away his hand gently.

BATMAN
After the mission, we'll figure it
out.

Talia opens her mouth, about to speak. But she hesitates.

Batman examines her body language. But he stays silent.

Ra's watches this exchange. He says nothing.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - LAUNCH COMPLEX - NIGHT

Massive. Industrial. Launch towers piercing the sky.

Security lights sweep the grounds. GUARDS patrol with rifles.

In the distance stands a ROCKET on the launch pad. Gleaming white. The satellite attached to its nose cone.

A GOLATIAN GENERAL and a CANAVERAL GENERAL speak with each other before the launch.

GOLATIAN GENERAL (V.O.)
Golatia Base to Canaveral. Lift off
is zero minus thirty minutes. Do
you copy.

CANAVERAL GENERAL (V.O.)
Canaveral to Golatia. We read you
loud and clear, over.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Monitors on. Lights on. Many people, with boom headsets, prepare for takeoff.

Two GENERALS speak to one another. One from Golatia. One from Cape Canaveral.

CANAVERAL GENERAL

(confident)

We're very proud of the facilities we've built here, General. The President wanted me to assure you how grateful he was for your cooperation.

GOLATIAN GENERAL

Nonsense, General Connors. We of Golatia are proud to ally ourselves with you Americans.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - PERIMETER - NIGHT

The League aircraft lands in the shadows. A quarter-mile from the complex.

Batman, Talia, Ra's and Ubu exit the aircraft.

They crouch in the darkness. Observing.

They reach the gates surrounding the perimeter.

Batman scans the facility.

DOZENS of guards. Far more than normal.

BATMAN

Security's been doubled.

RA'S

We must watch out for Qayin's men and the security guards.

BATMAN

He'll sabotage the satellite before launch. We need to stop him before he reaches it.

RA'S

Then we have no time to waste.

Ra's looks at Ubu. A silent command.

Ubu nods.

RA'S (CONT'D)
(to Batman)
Detective. Ubu and I will draw
their attention. You and Talia
reach the rocket.

Batman nods.

BATMAN
Make it loud.

Ra's SMILES, drawing his SWORD.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - EAST ENTRANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ra's and Ubu approach a fence. Ra's cuts open an entrance
using his SWORD. They both enter.

They swiftly approach the main gate.

SIX GUARDS stand watch. Rifles ready.

GUARD #1
Halt! This is a restricted-

Ra's CHARGES.

His sword FLASHES. He DISARMS two guards instantly.

Ubu BODIES another, with brutal efficiency.

ALARMS BLARE. Lights FLASH.

GUARDS swarm from all directions.

Ra's and Ubu fight back-to-back. A whirlwind of violence.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - WEST PERIMETER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Batman and Talia move through the shadows. Silent. Trained.

They reach the FENCE on the west. Twelve feet. Razor wire on
top.

Batman pulls out a LASER CUTTER, slicing through the chain-
link.

They slip through.

BATMAN
(quietly)
Stay quiet. We can't let them know
we're here.

TALIA
(quiet)
You seem distraught, beloved.

BATMAN
I'm not used to breaking my own
country's facilities, Talia. But if
this weather satellite is launched,
I'm certain Qayin will use it
against mankind...

Ahead, TWO GUARDS patrol. Military grade assault rifles. Red
Claw's mercenaries.

Batman signals Talia. He takes the left. She takes the right.

She nods.

They split.

Batman approaches from behind. Silent as death.

GUARD #1 does not notice him coming.

Batman wraps his arm around the guard's throat. A perfect
chokehold.

The guard struggles, dropping his rifle. Within five seconds,
he is KNOCKED. Unconscious.

Batman lowers him to the ground.

Across the path, Talia strikes.

A KICK to the back of GUARD #2's knee. He drops. A NERVE
STRIKE to the neck. He collapses. Silent. Efficient.

Batman and Talia regroup.

TALIA
(whispering)
We must move closer. Then we stop
the launch.

Batman nods.

They move deeper into the complex.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - LAUNCH TOWER - NIGHT

The rocket looms above them. Massive. Engines humming with pre-launch checks.

A DIGITAL COUNTDOWN on the tower: 00:18:32... 00:18:31...

Eighteen minutes until launch.

Batman and Talia reach the base of the tower.

Ahead, the CONTROL BUILDING. Lights on inside.

Through the windows, SILHOUETTES move.

Batman taps his COMM.

BATMAN
(low, into comm)
Ra's. What's your status?

RA'S (V.O.)
(filtered)
We have reached the east entrance.
Encountering heavy resistance.

The sound of GUNFIRE over the comm.

BATMAN
Draw them away from the tower.

RA'S (V.O.)
Understood.

Batman turns to Talia.

BATMAN
Stay close.

They move toward the control building.

Suddenly, SPOTLIGHTS BLAZE to life.

Batman and Talia FREEZE.

TWENTY MERCENARIES emerge from the shadows, surrounding them.

Rifles raised. Laser sights painting red dots on Batman's chest.

A SLOW CLAP echoes across the tarmac.

RED CLAW (40s, red outfit, red paw tattoo on shoulder, Russian accent, cold eyes)

RED CLAW
(menacing)
Batman. Nice to see you again.

Batman's jaw tightens.

BATMAN
Red Claw.

She SMIRKS, walking closer. Fearless.

RED CLAW
I know why you are here. You are
too late. The satellite is being
hijacked as we speak.

She gestures to the rocket.

RED CLAW (CONT'D)
Seventeen minutes. Nothing you can
do will stop it.

BATMAN
That's enough time.

Red Claw LAUGHS. Mocking.

RED CLAW
Not for you.

She raises her hand. Signals.

The mercenaries OPEN FIRE.

Batman and Talia DIVE behind a concrete barrier.

BULLETS RICOCHET. Sparks fly.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Everybody in the control room notices the mercenaries from outside. They stare at the monitor screens and surveillance cams.

The Goltian General is shocked. The Canaveral General stays urgent and impatient for the launch.

GOLTIAN GENERAL
My word. Should we stop the launch?

CANAVERAL GENERAL
Nonsense! This launch has to
happen!

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL - LAUNCH TOWER - NIGHT

Batman and Talia stay behind the concrete barrier, avoiding the mercenaries' gunfire.

Batman throws a SMOKE PELLET. White smoke BILLOWS across the tarmac.

FIGHT SEQUENCE - CAPE CANAVERAL:

Batman EMERGES from the smoke.

MERCENARY #1 fires. Batman DODGES. He throws a BATARANG. It SLICES the rifle strap. The weapon falls. Batman CLOSES the distance, delivering BRUTAL strikes. Mercenary DOWN.

Talia SPINS. Her sword FLASHES.

MERCENARY #2 swings his rifle like a club. Talia DUCKS, sweeping his legs. He hits the ground. She STRIKES a nerve cluster. He's OUT.

Red Claw watches. Unimpressed.

She pulls out TWO PISTOLS. Fires immediately.

Batman ROLLS. Bullets PING off concrete.

He throws another BATARANG, hitting Red Claw's wrist. She DROPS a pistol. She SNARLS, firing the other.

Batman's cape BILLOWS. The bullet grazes it. He CHARGES at her.

Red Claw KICKS a fuel barrel. It ROLLS toward him.

Batman VAULTS over it. Lands in front of her.

They CLASH. Fist vs. Fist. In brutal fashion.

Red Claw HEADBUTTS Batman. Staggering him. She follows with a KNEE to the ribs.

Batman BLOCKS. He counters with an UPPERCUT.

Red Claw's head SNAPS back. She SPITS blood, grinning.

RED CLAW
Not bad, little Bat.

Simultaneously, Talia faces FOUR MERCENARIES.

She moves swiftly. Fluid. Deadly.

Her SWORD cuts through rifle straps. Kicks to knees. Nerve strikes. One by one, they FALL.

Above them, ON THE ROCKET SCAFFOLDING:

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (70s, military outfit) works at the satellite housing. Face in shadow.

He opens a panel. Reveals WIRING and a SMALL DEVICE in his hand: the weather control bomb.

He attaches it carefully. Precise.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (O.S.)
(to himself, quiet)
For you, Mother. For you, Father.

The device BEEPS. Armed.

He closes the panel. He then starts climbing down.

Down below, Batman pins Red Claw to the ground. Hand on her throat.

BATMAN
It's over.

Red Claw GRINS. Blood on her teeth.

RED CLAW
Is it?

She presses a button on her wrist.

BEEP.

The countdown ACCELERATES.

00:05:00... 00:04:59... 00:04:58...

BATMAN
What did you do?1

RED CLAW
Early launch. You lose, Bat.

She KICKS him off, scrambling to her feet. She runs.

Batman lets her go, looking up at the rocket.

The engines START to IGNITE. Low rumble building.

Batman GRAPPLES on the scaffolding. Fast.

He's halfway up... until QAYIN (70s, military pants, scarred eye, calm demeanor) emerges, descending toward her.

They meet on the scaffolding. Face-to-face.

QAYIN

Enough.

Batman looks up to face him.

BATMAN

Qayin.

Qayin stops.

QAYIN

We meet at last, Detective.

His voice is CALM. Almost sad.

QAYIN (CONT'D)

I have heard much about you. The great Batman. Protector of Gotham.

BATMAN

Stay away from the satellite.

Qayin SMILES. Faint. Bitter.

QAYIN

I'm afraid I cannot do that.

BATMAN

Millions of people will die.

QAYIN

As my parents did. Good way to avenge them, you don't think?

Batman does not respond.

Qayin steps forward.

QAYIN (CONT'D)

You were not there, Detective. You did not see the sky turn white. You did not hear the screams, nor did you smell the burning flesh.

A beat.

QAYIN (CONT'D)

I watched my city burn. And the world called it "necessary."

Another beat. Batman's expression softens. Just slightly.

BATMAN
Revenge won't bring them back.
Believe me, I've tried.

Qayin's eyes HARDEN.

QAYIN
No. But it will give them justice.

Qayin pulls out a KNIFE.

They CLASH on the scaffolding. Brutal. Fast.

Fists vs. Knife. League training vs. League training.

The rocket SHAKES. Engines building power.

00:02:47... 00:02:46...

Batman evades Qayin's attacks. But is focused on the satellite.

He FIRES his grappling hook, ascending rapidly. Escaping Qayin.

He reaches the satellite housing.

00:01:58... 00:01:57...

He pulls out his LASER CUTTER. Beging cutting the panel.

SPARKS fly. The panel gives way.

He RIPS it open. Sees Qayin's BOMB attached to the satellite wiring.

00:01:15... 00:01:14...

Qayin RUSHES towards Batman, attempting to stop him.

Batman ignores him. Trying to disconnect the bomb.

00:00:47... 00:00:46...

The wiring is COMPLEX. It is designed to resist tampering.

He pulls one wire, until... BEEP. The counter SPEEDS UP.

00:00:30... 00:00:29...

Qayin LEAPS across the scaffolding. Climbing toward Batman.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
I cannot let you stop me!

He reaches Batman, TACKLING him.

They GRAPPLY on the scaffolding. The rocket SHAKES beneath them.

00:00:18... 00:00:17...

Qayin PUNCHES Batman. Batman counters in brutal fashion.

BATMAN
(gritted teeth)
MILLIONS WILL DIE!

QAYIN
As my parents! As Hiroshima's
victims!

He KICKS Batman back.

Batman's hand SLIPS. He nearly falls, but he pulls himself up just in time.

00:00:09... 00:00:08...

The engines ROAR. Full ignition sequence.

Talia watches from below, concerned.

TALIA
Batman! Get down! NOW!

Batman looks at the satellite. At Qayin. At the countdown.

00:00:05... 00:00:04...

He makes a decision.

He GRABS Qayin's arm.

BATMAN
You're coming with me.

He LEAPS off the scaffolding. Pulling Qayin with him.

They FREE-FALL.

Batman fires his GRAPPLING HOOK mid-air. It catches a lower beam.

Qayin STRUGGLES. Breaking free. He drops to the ground, hitting it HARD. Groans but still alive.

Batman lands. Rolling.

He looks up to see the rocket LAUNCHING.

MASSIVE FLAMES. DEAFENING ROAR.

The ground SHAKES. Heat washes over them.

The rocket SOARS into the sky. Faster and faster.

00:00:00.

LIFTOFF.

Batman watches. Fists CLENCHED.

The rocket disappears into the clouds, taking Qayin's plan with it.

Talia stands beside him, breathing hard.

TALIA
(defeated)
We failed.

Batman TIGHTENS his jaw.

BATMAN
No. Not yet.

He taps his COMM.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
(into comm)
Oracle. The satellite launched with
Qayin's device attached. I need you
to track its trajectory. This is
urgent.

ORACLE
(filtered)
On it. But Bruce... if Qayin gets-

BATMAN
We'll stop him. As we've stopped
everybody else.

He looks around.

Qayin has VANISHED.

Red Claw's helicopter LIFTS OFF from the control tower in the distance. She has escaped too.

Ra's and Ubu approach, bloodied but alive.

RA'S
(catching his breath)
Did you remove the device?

BATMAN
(grim)
No. We didn't.

Ra's' expression darkens.

RA'S
That's not good...

BATMAN
There will be another way. And
we'll make sure we take care of
Qayin. I promise.

RA'S
I believe you, Detective.

BATMAN
We must return to Gotham, regroup,
and find Qayin and Red Claw before
they can use the device.

He turns, walking toward their aircraft.

Talia follows him, concerned.

TALIA
(quietly)
Beloved, what if we can't stop it
in time?

Batman stops, looking at her.

BATMAN
We will.

Beat.

They board the aircraft.

The engines HUM. It lifts off.

Cape Canaveral shrinks below them.

The rocket—now a distant speck—continues its ascent.

Toward space. Toward Hiroshima's fate.

ACT THREE:

INT. LEAGUE AIRCRAFT - NIGHT - IN FLIGHT (RETURNING TO GOTHAM)

Silence. Exhaustion.

Batman sits by the windows, staring out at the clouds.

Ra's sits across him. Silent.

Talia sits beside Bruce, watching him.

Finally, she speaks.

TALIA
Beloved, I have something I need to
tell you.

Batman turns. Looking at her.

BATMAN
Not the time.

RA'S
I'm afraid it is an urgent matter,
Detective.

BATMAN
What could be so important.

Talia hesitates. Then takes a breath.

TALIA
Beloved, I am with child.

Silence.

Batman stops for a second.

BATMAN
(confused)
With child?

TALIA
I am pregnant.

Silence.

Batman FREEZES.

The words don't register at first.

Then, they do.

BATMAN
(barely audible)
You're... pregnant?

Talia nods.

TALIA
With your child.

Batman turns to face her. A thousand emotions cross his face.
Shock. Fear. Joy. Confusion.

Batman, removes his cowl.

He pulls her into an EMBRACE, holding her tight.

For the first time in years, he allows himself to feel pure,
unfiltered JOY.

Talia SMILES. Tears in her eyes.

Ra's watches. A faint smile on her face.

RA'S
(to Batman)
My congratulations, Detective.

Talia jumps to hug Ra's. She holds him tight.

TALIA
Are you happy to be a grandfather,
father?

RA'S
I am. If it means your happiness.

TALIA
It does.

The aircraft flies through the night. Toward Gotham. Toward
the future.

Toward everything that comes next.

INT. GOTHAM CITY - DIAMOND DISTRICT - NIGHT

The upscale shopping district. Closed for the night.

A JEWELRY STORE. Dark and silent.

Suddenly, the skylight SHATTERS.

CATWOMAN drops through, landing in a crouch.

She moves through the darkness. Swiftly.

She reaches the display case. EXPENSIVE DIAMONDS glittering inside.

She pulls out her GLASS CUTTER. Cuts a perfect circle, removing the glass.

She reaches for a necklace, until...

CLICK.

The sound of a GUN being cocked.

Catwoman FREEZES.

SCARFACE (V.O.)
(puppet voice, gravelly)
Well, well, well. What do we got
here?

Catwoman turns slowly.

In the shadows, THE VENTRILOQUIST (ARNOLD WESKER, 40s, mousy, nervous) holds a PUPPET.

On his hand, the puppet SCARFACE (wooden gangster puppet, permanent scowl) holds a TOMMY GUN.

FOUR THUGS stand behind him. Armed.

Scarface "speaks". Wesker's lips barely move.

SCARFACE
Catwoman. We was hopin' you'd show
up

Catwoman's rolls her eyes.

CATWOMAN
You and your stupid puppet.

WESKER
(to Scarface, nervous,
timid)
W-W-What should we do with him, Mr.
Scarface-

SCARFACE
(interrupting)
Shut up, dummy! I do the talkin'!

Wester FLINCHES.

WESKER
Y-Y-Y-Y-Yes Mr. Scarface.

Scarface "looks" at Catwoman.

SCARFACE
We'll keep you in one piece for the
boss, sister. We could use the
cash.

Catwoman's hand moves toward her WHIP.

SCARFACE (CONT'D)
Don't even think about it.

The thugs raise their guns, SURROUNDING Catwoman.

CATWOMAN
(calmly)
Who's your boss, Scarface?

SCARFACE
Nothin' personal, doll. Just
business.

Catwoman tenses, ready to fight.

But before she can move, a THUG STRIKES her from behind.

She DROPS, unconscious.

Scarface "grins"

SCARFACE (CONT'D)
Tie her up, boys. We just hit the
jackpot.

The thugs drag Catwoman away.

Wesker looks down. Guilty, but silent.

Scatgave LAUGHS. Wooden. Hollow.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.