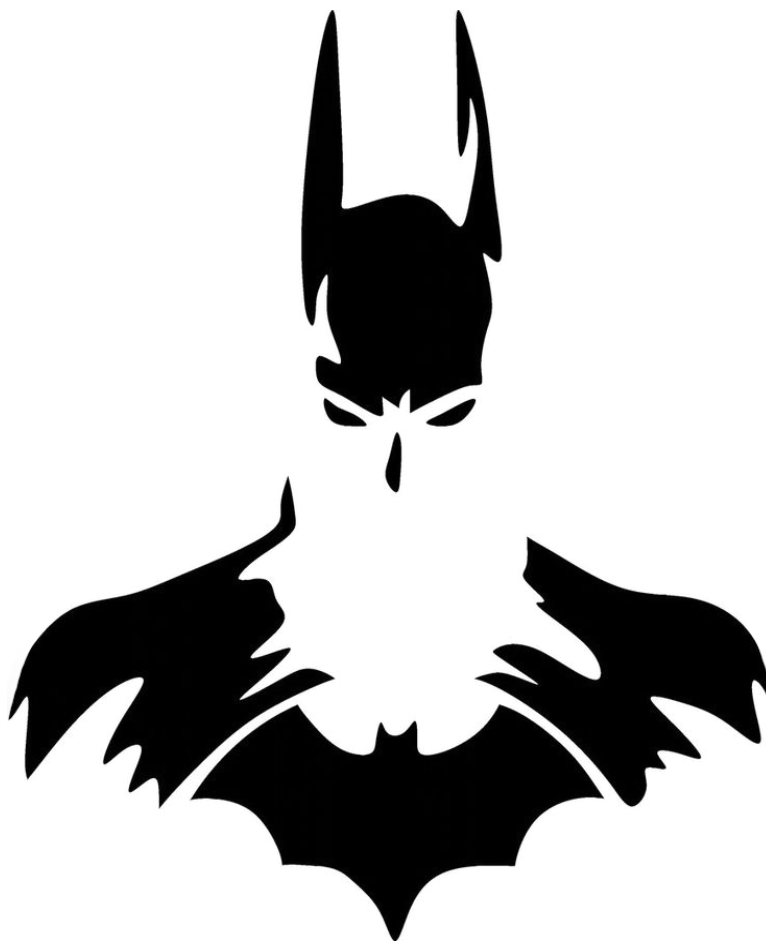




BATMAN: CREATURE OF GOTHAM

"Mark of Asmodeus"

Written by:
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"MARK OF ASMODEUS"

ACT ONE:

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dark. Industrial. Chains hang from the ceiling.

A LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS NINJA (30s, masked, bound to chair)
sits restrained.

Torn suit. Bruised. Captured during the Cape Canaveral fight.

QAYIN (scarred, calm demeanor) enters slowly.

He pulls out a CHAIR, sitting directly in front of the NINJA.

QAYIN
Ra's trained you well.

The ninja does not respond. Only stares.

Qayin STANDS. Walking around the chair in circles.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
Give him a warning. We'll be in his
city.

The ninja's jaw TIGHTENS. Remains silent.

Qayin pulls out a KNIFE. Long and sharpened.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
I will only ask once more.

The ninja still refuses.

Qayin NODS. Expecting this. He MOVES towards the ninja.

The knife FLASHES across the ninja's arm. Deep cut.

The ninja GASPS. Blood pours. However, he remains silent.

Qayin SMILES. Faint. Sad.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
Earlier, you wished to talk, and we
would not let you.

He moves closer to the ninja. Face to face.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
Now, you may not wish too...

Qayin REMOVES the ninja's mask and TRACES the letter "Q" in blood on the ninja's forehead.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
...but you will talk.

The ninja STRESSES out. Finally speaking.

NINJA
PLEASE...!

Qayin SMILES.

NINJA (CONT'D)
...you said you would kill me with
NO pain if I told you where Ra's Al
Ghul is.

QAYIN
So I did.

NINJA
(coughing)
I have told you.

QAYIN
(smiles)
So you have. And so I will.

Qayin GRABS the ninja's head with both hands. TIGHT grip. The
ninja's head begins to CRACK.

NINJA
What are you--NO!

BLOOD spills out the ninja's head.

QAYIN
I am keeping my promise.

NINJA
NO--DON'T--PLEASE--AGHHHHHH!

Qayin SNAPS the ninja's head. The ninja lays back. DEAD.

Qayin GRINS. He grabs a towel to wipe the blood off his
hands.

QAYIN
I kept half my promise.

He walks toward the exit. Where RED CLAW waits.

Red Claw stands with her MERCENARIES.

RED CLAW
When do we move?

Qayin looks back at the ninja's corpse. Blood dripping onto the floor.

QAYIN
Tonight. Get your people ready.

He hands her a PHOTOGRAPH. A map of Gotham City.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
Ra's has lived for centuries. He
thinks he's immortal.

Qayin's expression HARDENS.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
But he's a COWARD. Scared to face
the ultimate reality of death.

He leaves.

Red Claw looks at her mercenaries. They nod.

They DISPERSE, preparing weapons and loading ammunition.

Gotham awaits.

INT. GCPD - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A reinforced cell. Glass window. Metal table bolted to the floor.

SCARECROW sits across from BATMAN and COMMISSIONER GORDON.

Gordon has a file. JEREMIAH ARKHAM'S autopsy report.

Batman leans back, studying Scarecrow's face.

GORDON
Crane. We need to know about
Jeremiah Arkham.

Scarecrow looks up. His eyes hidden behind the mask.

SCARECROW
The good doctor? What about him?

GORDON
He's dead. Poisoned. Fear toxin
found in his system.

Scarecrow LAUGHS. Disturbingly.

SCARECROW
(gestures to Batman)
I was busy fighting your little
bat-friend over there.

BATMAN
Someone used your formula. Modified
it.

Scarecrow LEANS forward.

SCARECROW
My formula is unique, Batman.
Untraceable. If someone used it,
they stole it from my notes.

Batman's eyes NARROW.

BATMAN
The killer left a symbol. A symbol
of Asmodeus. What do you know about
that?

Scarecrow doesn't respond, but his posture SHIFTS.

Batman notices it.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
You know something.

SCARECROW
That's mythology, Batman. A
trickster who deceived King
Solomon.

Gordon glances at Batman. He's not following.

SCARECROW (CONT'D)
But I have no knowledge of who
would use that name. Or why they'd
kill the Arkham Administrator.

Batman STANDS. Walks to the glass window.

His mind RACING.

Mayor Hill. Rupert Thorne. Jeremiah Arkham.

Three victims. Three marks. Asmodeus.

BATMAN

Asmodeus deceived Solomon. Took his throne.

He turns to face Scarecrow.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

The killer isn't just murdering Gotham's elite. He's planning a takeover. One powerful person at a time.

Gordon contemplates.

GORDON

Then why would he go for Ra's? He doesn't have any power in Gotham.

BATMAN

To prove he can stop the unstoppable.

Scarecrow LAUGHS again. Louder this time.

SCARECROW

You're terrified. I can taste it, Batman. Fear is my specialty.

Batman doesn't respond. He EXITS the interrogation room.

Gordon follows.

INT. GCPD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Batman STRIDES down the hallway. Gordon tries to keep up.

ROBIN waits near the interrogation room.

ROBIN

We need to talk. Now.

Batman stops. Looking at Robin.

BATMAN

What is it?

They walk toward a private conference room.

INT. GCPD - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sealed door. No one listening.

Batman stands at the window. Robin stands near the table.

Gordon waits outside, giving them space.

ROBIN

There's something I need to tell
you. It's about the Asmodeus
killer.

Batman turns, facing Robin.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

It's Ra's. It has to be.

Batman's expression HARDENS.

BATMAN

No.

ROBIN

Think about it. He's been in Gotham
for weeks. Three victims. All
powerful people. All suddenly dead.
Doesn't that line up with his plan?

BATMAN

You're wrong. Each clue left by the
killer is a tease to the next
victim.

Robin's eyes NARROW.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Think about it. Hill's head had a
Chinese dragon that Thorne owned.
Thorne was the next victim.

A BEAT.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Thorne's head had Arabic writing
mentioning a madhouse. Arkham
Asylum was the madhouse and
Jeremiah Arkham was killed.

Another BEAT.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

And now the Mark of Asmodeus on
Arkham's head.

(MORE)

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Asmodeus is known as the "king of
the demons". Ra's is the next
victim, not the killer.

ROBIN
Or that's what he wants you to
believe. Bruce, you're blinded.

Batman STEPS closer. His voice COLD.

BATMAN
Blinded by what, Tim?

ROBIN
By Talia. You trust her. You trust
HIM. But neither of them can be
trusted.

Batman's jaw CLENCHES.

BATMAN
You don't know what you're talking
about.

ROBIN
Don't I? A mysterious killer
targets powerful people in Gotham.
Ra's appears. Then the murders
accelerate. It's too convenient.

BATMAN
Ra's doesn't kill like this.

ROBIN
Unless he wants to keep it hidden.
Unless he wants us chasing ghosts
while he consolidates power.

Batman SLAMS his hand on the table.

BATMAN
ENOUGH.

Silence. Robin doesn't flinch.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Ra's is not the enemy here. I know
it.

ROBIN
You're compromised. Your judgment-

BATMAN
My judgment is sound.

Robin's eyes narrow. Frustrated.

A long BEAT.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
We're focused on Qayin. Once we get him, we may have more leads.

ROBIN
And if I'm right? What then?

Batman doesn't answer.

Robin shakes his head. Disgusted.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
You're going to get more people killed because you won't see what's in front of you.

He walks toward the door.

BATMAN
Where are you going?

ROBIN
To find answers. Since you won't.

Robin EXITS. The door SLAMS.

Batman stands alone in the conference room.

The weight of doubt settles on him, but he doesn't show it.

ACT TWO:

INT. LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS LAIR - GRAND CHAMBER - NIGHT

Ra's sits at his ancient table, reading texts.

The chamber is quiet. Torches flicker.

Batman descends the stairs. Talia follows behind him, in her green outfit.

Ra's looks up, noticing them together. He nods slightly in approval.

BATMAN
(to Ra's)
Ra's. I have good reason to believe that you might be the killer's next victim.

Talia's eyes widen. Shocked.

Ra's puts his texts down.

RA'S
I'm flattered.

BATMAN
We have to protect you Ra's. That way we might catch the killer in time.

RA'S
I can protect myself, Detective.

Batman pauses for a moment.

Then, he speaks.

BATMAN
Robin thinks it's you.

Ra's smirks.

RA'S
The boy? He doesn't know me the way you do, Detective. But I'm sure he'll change.

BATMAN
I've told him he's wrong. But he's stubborn. Doesn't trust anyone.

TALIA
(to Batman)
Invite him here sometime, beloved. My father has a deep appreciation for your ability to train the youth.

RA'S
Indeed. I was as gutted as you were when Jason was killed. I would like to form a stronger bond with your latest partner.

BATMAN
I'll consider it.

TALIA
(to Batman)
We are family now, aren't we?

BATMAN
More than family.

Talia smiles.

Batman links his arms with Talia and they walk across the room together.

Batman reaches into his suit pocket, pulling out a small BOX.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Here, I brought you this.

TALIA
(curious)
And what is in it?

BATMAN
Look and see.

Talia opens it. Inside, she sees a NECKLACE. Silver. Elegant. A small sapphire at the center.

Talia's eyes WIDEN. She gasps.

TALIA
Beloved, it is beautiful.

She places it around her neck. His fingers LINGER on her skin.

Talia touches the sapphire. Feels its weight.

TALIA (CONT'D)
Whenever I wear it, I shall think
of you, and I shall wear it always.

She pulls him close. KISSES him.

Abruptly, EXPLOSIONS.

The entire chamber SHAKES.

Dust falls from the ceiling.

ALARMS BLARE throughout the lair.

Ra's STANDS immediately. Warrior instinct activated.

RA'S
We're under attack.

UBU and the LEAGUE NINJAS burst into the chamber. Weapons drawn.

QAYIN'S MERCENARIES flood through the main entrance.

ARMED. BRUTAL. OVERWHELMING.

Batman PULLS Talia behind him.

BATMAN
(holding Talia)
It's Qayin! He's the killer!

Ra's nods.

TALIA
We must fight them off.

Batman GRABS Talia. Paranoid.

BATMAN
No! I don't want you here!

TALIA
These are the hirelings of the man
who killed my mother. Can you not
understand that?

BATMAN
More than you ever will! But you're
the mother of my child! That's more
important than anything!

Talia notices a MERCENARY behind Batman.

TALIA
Beloved, look-

Batman KICKS the mercenary, KNOCKING him out.

BATMAN
GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!

Talia runs off. Batman watches with caution.

Batman fights beside Ra's. A perfectly coordinated unit.

A MERCENARY swings. Batman DUCKS, STRIKES. DROPS.

NINJA FALLS beside them. BLEEDING.

Another mercenary ADVANCES. Ra's CUTS him down with his
SWORD. Precise. Lethal.

The lair COLLAPSES around them. Explosions ring out.

Supports CRACK.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
(to Ra's)
Qayin wants you, Ra's.

RA'S
He desires my life, yes. But he
also covets the pit. We must keep
it away from him. Is Talia alright?

BATMAN
I got her out of here. Her safety
is all that matters to me now.

Ra's nods.

Talia HIDES inside the lair. Not escaped. Stressed.

She holds her abdomen. Gently.

Batman and Ra's do not know that Talia is still in the lair.

Waves of mercenaries keep coming. TOO MANY.

The main chamber DOORS EXPLODE inward.

QAYIN steps through. Calm. Focused.

Ra's sees him across the chaos.

Their eyes LOCK. Ancient hatred surfacing.

RA'S
Qayin.

Batman BLOCKS Qayin's path.

Qayin SMILES. Faint. Sad.

QAYIN
Al Ghul. I commend your courage in
daring to face me, but the Lazarus
Pit is mine.

Ra's steps forward. Hand on his SWORD.

RA'S
You will have nothing.

Batman and Ra's fight as ONE UNIT.

Batman STRIKES from the right. Ra's CUTS from the left.

They move in PERFECT synchronization. Years of training.

Qayin blocks both simultaneously. INHUMAN speed.

QAYIN
You fight well, Batman. But not
well enough.

Qayin PUSHES forward relentlessly.

Batman DUCKS under a blade strike. Ra's COUNTERS with
his sword.

The SPARKS fly.

TALIA'S HIDING SPOT - ADJACENT CHAMBER

Talia moves through a side passage. She holds her abdomen.
FRIGHTENED.

The lair is COLLAPSING around her. Debris falls.

She finds an ALCOVE, pressing herself against the wall. Her
hand on her belly, PROTECTIVE.

She watches through a crack, seeing Batman and Ra's fighting
Qayin. Her face is TERRIFIED. She cannot leave, she can only
WATCH.

MAIN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Qayin FORCES Batman backward with a series of STRIKES.

Ra's COMES IN from the side. Sword SINGING.

Qayin DODGES. Moves like liquid violence.

He KICKS Batman hard. Batman CRASHES into a pillar.

Ra's ATTACKS immediately. Sword meets blade.

They CLASH repeatedly. The ancient warrior against the
obsessed killer.

Qayin CUTS at Ra's face. Ra's BLOCKS. A SPARK of
metal.

The lair SHAKES again. More explosions.

The fight moves CLOSER to Talia's hiding spot.

TALIA'S HIDING SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Debris CRASHES nearby.

Talia FLINCHES. Presses harder against the wall.
Her breathing QUICKENS.
The fight is getting CLOSER.
She watches Batman struggle. She sees Ra's fighting.
But she can't help.
She can't leave.
She's TRAPPED.

MAIN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Qayin BREAKS through their defense momentarily.
He pushes toward the SIDE passages.
Batman FOLLOWS immediately.
Ra's right behind him.

They enter the adjacent CHAMBER.

TALIA'S HIDING SPOT - CONTINUOUS

Qayin appears at the chamber entrance. Searching. Hunting.
Talia's eyes WIDEN. She stays silent. Fear has frozen her.
Qayin SCANS the chamber. His eyes are COLD.
Methodical.

He moves deeper in.
Talia presses herself smaller. Trying to disappear.
Qayin's eyes LOCK on her alcove.
He sees her.
For a moment, neither move.
Then, Qayin SMILES. Chilling.

QAYIN (CONT'D)

The daughter. How... fortunate.

He WALKS toward her. Slow. Deliberate.
Talia STANDS, stepping out of the alcove.

TALIA

Go away.

She tries to move past him.

Qayin GRABS her wrist. His grip is IRON.

Talia STRUGGLES. She can't break free.

Qayin LIFTS her. One hand.

QAYIN

Your father took everything from
me. Perhaps it's time he loses
someone he loves.

He THROWS her.

She CRASHES into the wall HARD.

She SCREAMS.

She FALLS. Her abdomen takes the impact.

Her face begins to BLEED.

Batman sees Talia get thrown. His entire body FREEZES.

BATMAN

TALIA!

He RUNS toward her. Ra's follows.

ADJACENT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Batman FINDS Talia on the ground. BLEEDING.

His face CHANGES. Fury. Panic. Desperation.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

He KNEELS beside her. His hands TREMBLING.

TALIA

The baby, Bruce... the baby-

Batman looks up.

Qayin stands there. Watching. Satisfied.

Something in Batman BREAKS.

Batman STANDS. His eyes are PURE ANGER.

He CHARGES at Qayin.

No strategy. No technique.

Just FURY.

Batman STRIKES with everything. Again and again.

Qayin BLOCKS but Batman's rage is RELENTLESS.

Batman CUTS him. Not deep, but BLOOD.

Qayin RETALIATES. Slashes Batman across the ribs.

Batman IGNORES the pain. Keeps fighting.

Ra's JOINS the assault. Both of them attacking simultaneously.

For a moment, Qayin is OVERWHELMED.

But then... Qayin MOVES.

He DISAPPEARS into a STRIKE that neither can defend against.

He CUTS Ra's arm DEEP.

Ra's GASPS. Blood POURS.

Qayin KICKS Batman hard. Batman CRASHES.

Qayin stands over them both. BREATHING hard. But UNHURRIED.

QAYIN

Enough trying, Detective. I have
already won.

Ra's STRUGGLES to his feet. His arm BLEEDING heavily.

He looks at Batman. Then at Talia.

A decision CRYSTALLIZES in his ancient eyes.

RA'S

Take her to a doctor. NOW!

Batman LOOKS at Talia. At the blood. At her FEAR.

His jaw CLENCHES.

He RUNS to Talia. LIFTS her.

She CRIES out in pain.

TALIA

Beloved-

BATMAN

I know someone that can help. Hold on.

He CARRIES her toward the exit.

QAYIN ADVANCES, moving toward Talia and Batman.

Ra's STEPS in front of him.

RA'S

No further.

Qayin SMILES.

QAYIN

Your days are numbered, old man.

RA'S

You always spoke too quickly, Qayin.

Ra's PULLS out a REMOTE DETONATOR from his sleeve.

His hand HOVERS over it.

RA'S (CONT'D)

You may recall the story of Moses...

Qayin's expression CHANGES. Understanding.

RA'S (CONT'D)

Who was permitted to see the Promised Land...

Qayin's eyes narrow.

RA'S (CONT'D)

But never to enter it...

Ra's PRESSES it.

The ENTIRE LAIR begins to COLLAPSE.

Massive EXPLOSIONS from the support structures.

The ceiling FALLS in sections.

The ground CRACKS open.

Pillars TOPPLE.

It's APOCALYPTIC.

Qayin stands amid the COLLAPSING LAIR.

His mercenaries SCRAMBLE to escape.

The Lazarus Pit chamber CAVES IN. The green water
SPLASHES everywhere.

Qayin's face TWISTS. His obsession LITERALLY COLLAPSING
before him.

QAYIN

NO!

He RUNS toward the emergency exit.

His mercenaries FOLLOW. They don't question.

Ra's STAGGERS from the rubble. His arm BLEEDING badly.

UBU appears beside him. Grabs his shoulder.

UBU

Master. We must go.

Ra's LOOKS back at the COLLAPSING structure.

At the destruction he initiated.

His ancient face is GRIM. Focused.

RA'S

Come.

He moves with his remaining NINJAS. They RETREAT into the
emergency passages.

EXT. LEAGUE LAIR - EXTERIOR - NIGHT

The entire STRUCTURE EXPLODES from within.

An empty space in Gotham is suddenly filled with debris.

Fire RAGES into the night sky.

Qayin emerges with his MERCENARIES. They SCATTER into
the darkness.

His face is FURIOUS. OBSESSED. UNBROKEN.

He stares at the burning lair.

QAYIN

This is not over, Al Ghul.

He DISAPPEARS into the night.

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

The BATMOBILE SPEEDS through empty streets.

Gotham sleeps. Unaware of the war happening beneath it.

Batman drives with SINGLE FOCUS.

In the passenger seat, Talia LIES across it. Bleeding.
Falling unconscious.

INT. THOMAS WAYNE MEMORIAL CLINIC - NIGHT

A small medical facility. Off the books. Hidden.

The kind of place that treats vigilantes and street
people alike.

DR. LESLIE THOMPSON (60s, composed, kind eyes, surgical
scrubs) works alone at night.

She looks up as the BATMOBILE pulls into the hidden
entrance.

No surprise. No shock.

She's been doing this too long.

Batman CARRIES Talia in. Her GREEN DRESS STAINED with BLOOD.

Leslie immediately STANDS. ASSESSES.

BATMAN

Leslie. She needs help. Now.

LESLIE

Of course. What's the issue?

BATMAN

Impact injury. Internal bleeding.
She's pregnant.

Leslie's expression SHIFTS slightly. Understanding
the stakes.

She NODS. All business.

LESLIE
Gurney. Now.

She MOVES to the surgical prep area.

Batman PLACES Talia on the gurney GENTLY.

Leslie CHECKS her vitals. Takes in every detail.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
How long?

BATMAN
Ten minutes.

Leslie NODS.

LESLIE
I need you to wait outside.

Batman doesn't move.

BATMAN
No. I have to stay.

Leslie looks at him. There's compassion in her eyes, but also firmness.

LESLIE
You're covered in blood. Your ribs
are likely broken. You need
treatment, too, Bruce.

BATMAN
Her safety is much more important
to me.

Leslie studies him for a BEAT.

She sees it. The desperation. The fear. The love.

LESLIE
Okay. But don't move. Understand?

Batman nods. Just barely.

Leslie works with PRECISION. She moves around Talia's body with the efficiency of someone who's done this a thousand times.

Batman watches. Stressed for Talia and their baby's life.

ACT THREE:

INT. QAYIN'S HEADQUARTERS - SATELLITE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Multiple MONITORS display the AMERICAN WEATHER SATELLITE in orbit.

GREEN INDICATORS. All systems OPERATIONAL.

THERMAL imaging shows RUSSIA below.

QAYIN stands before the screens. Mesmerized.

RED CLAW enters. Optimistic. Confident.

RED CLAW
The satellite is fully operational.
We can demand a billion from
Gotham. Maybe more.

Qayin doesn't respond. He just stares at the screens.

Red Claw approaches him. Studies his face.

RED CLAW (CONT'D)
Qayin. Did you hear me? We're rich.
We can-

QAYIN
We're using it on Russia.

Red Claw STOPS.

RED CLAW
What?

QAYIN
The Soviet Union. Our new target.

Red Claw steps BACK. Processing.

RED CLAW
What about Gotham? We agreed you'd
help me get money from Gotham.

Qayin LAUGHS manically.

QAYIN
I agreed to access the satellite.
Nothing more.

Red Claw's expression HARDENS.

RED CLAW
I thought we were partners, Qayin.
This operation was ours. That's
what you told me.

Qayin TURNS back to the monitors.

QAYIN
I told you what you needed to hear.

The words LAND like a punch.

Red Claw UNDERSTANDS. She was USED.

RED CLAW
You used me. My resources. My men.
My money. For your own gain.

Qayin doesn't respond. Just keeps TYPING.

Red Claw's hand MOVES to her holster.

RED CLAW (CONT'D)
You piece of-

She DRAWS her GUN. Points it at him.

Qayin PAUSES. Then, he slowly TURNS to face her.

QAYIN
You're going to shoot me?

RED CLAW
I'm going to take control of this
operation. We target Gotham. We get
paid. Or I put a bullet in your
skull right now.

For a moment, they STARE at each other.

Then Qayin SMILES. Faint. Pitying.

He MOVES.

FASTER than she can react.

He STEPS to the side. The bullet MISSES.

Red Claw FIRES again. Again. MISSES.

Qayin CLOSES the distance.

He GRABS her wrist. TWISTS.

Red Claw GASPS in pain.

The gun FALLS from her fingers.

She tries to KNEE him. Tries to ELBOW back.

But Qayin WRAPS his arm around her NECK.

Locks in a CHOKEHOLD.

Red Claw STRUGGLES. Her hands CLAW at his arm.

She tries to break free. But his grip is ABSOLUTE.

RED CLAW (CONT'D)
What... are you... doing...?

Qayin leans close to her ear.

QAYIN
You were never the plan. Just the
means.

Red Claw's movements become WEAKER.

Her face DARKENS. Eyes BULGE.

She GAGS. Tries to scream. But no sound comes.

Her hands FALL.

Her body goes LIMP.

Qayin holds her there for FIVE MORE SECONDS.

Making sure.

Then, he RELEASES her.

Red Claw's BODY DROPS to the floor like a SACK OF MEAT.

She doesn't move. Her eyes STARE at nothing.

Dead.

Qayin BREATHEs hard. He looks at his hands.

He TURNS back to the monitors.

The WEATHER SATELLITE waits. Russia waits.

Behind him, Red Claw remains on the floor.

Already forgotten.

Qayin watches the radar in silence.

The storm is moving. Exactly as planned. The crimson spiral crawls across the map like a living thing.

TECHNICIAN

The hurricane is tracking
northeast, sir. What destination
shall we set?

Qayin does not answer immediately.

He reaches into his jacket pocket and removes a photograph.
We cannot see it clearly. Only that it is old. Weathered.
That he has held it many, many times.

He looks at it for a long moment.

He puts it away.

QAYIN

(barely above a whisper)
Moscow.

The technician hesitates for just a fraction of a second.
Then types the coordinates.

Qayin watches the screen. The spiral turns.

He does not look like a man who has won.

He looks like a man who has been waiting to grieve.

DR. HALLAM (40s, a general, paranoid) approaches Qayin.
Fearful.

HALLAM

Sir. This is an extremely powerful
weapon. Provoking the Soviets could
lead to us losing everything.

QAYIN

(dismissive)
My orders stand, Dr. Hallam.

Hallam is FURIOUS.

HALLAM

(yelling at Technician)
Are you DEAF? STOP this
IMMEDIATELY!

Qayin SMIRKS.

He GRABS Hallam's arm. Tight grip.

QAYIN
Your will no longer matters,
General.

He GRABS Hallam's SKULL.

Hallam PANICS.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
I have grown weary of you.

Qayin SNAPS Hallam's neck.

Hallam drops DEAD to the floor. Lifeless.

Everyone in the room is shocked.

QAYIN (CONT'D)
(to Technician)
Now. Follow my orders. Or you'll
end up like him.

The Technician nods.

Qayin pays close attention to the monitors.

The storm is almost there.

EXT. ORBIT - NIGHT

THE SATELLITE drifts in perfect silence against the curvature
of the Earth.

A small panel on its underside SLIDES OPEN. A mechanism
ROTATES into position. Slow, deliberate, inevitable.

A pulse of energy BLOOMS outward. Invisible. Massive.

EXT. RURAL RUSSIA - DAWN

A farming village. Flat and quiet. A dog barks in the
distance.

The sky turns.

In thirty seconds, what was a clear morning becomes a WALL OF
BLACK CLOUD rolling in from the east. The wind arrives first,
a sound like a freight train. Crops flatten. Windows shatter.

Then the rain. Then the lightning.

And then something worse than lightning.

The village disappears into the storm.

INT. MOSCOW - KREMLIN SENATE - DAWN

MR. GORBACHEV, the President of Russia, sits in his office. Watching the Russian news and the storms causing havoc all over Russia. A worried and furious look on his face. Two servants stand across him.

GORBACHEV
(to his servants)
Washington. Now.

SERVANT #1
At once, Mr. Gorbachev.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THE PRESIDENT sits behind the Resolute Desk. Two advisors flank him. A PHONE is placed in front of him. He already knows what it means.

He picks it up. It's GORBACHEV, the President of Russia.

PRESIDENT
Mr. Gorbachev.

GORBACHEV (V.O.)
Mr. President. A hurricane caused by your weather satellite has entered Russia, and devastated several villages. We-

PRESIDENT
(worried)
Mr. Gorbachev, I assure you, this is not our doing. It appears an outside force has taken over our satellite, and-

GORBACHEV (V.O.)
Perhaps so, perhaps not. However, if this hurricane comes within one hundred miles of Moscow, it will be considered an act of war. Do you understand?

PRESIDENT
Yes, Mr. Gorbachev.

GORBACHEV (V.O.)
Good day, Mr. President. I hope we
will speak again.

The line goes dead.

The President sets the phone down slowly. Looks at his
advisors. No one speaks.

INT. THOMAS WAYNE MEMORIAL CLINIC - TALIA'S RECOVERY ROOM -
LATER

Batman sits beside Talia's bed.

His suit is clean. But his eyes are HOLLOW.

TALIA WAKES.

Her eyes FLUTTER open. Groggy.

She sees Batman.

TALIA
Beloved?

Her voice is WEAK.

BATMAN
(calm)
Talia, is anything wrong? Dr.
Thompkins will help-

Talia cuts him off.

TALIA
I am well, beloved. I...

She PAUSES. Tears drop from her face.

TALIA (CONT'D)
(weak)
I have lost the baby.

Batman TURNS away. His hand PRESSES against the wall.

His entire body TREMBLES.

Leslie gives him a moment.

TALIA (CONT'D)
Beloved, I am very sorry.

Batman stares at the wall. Not looking at her.

BATMAN
I know you are, Talia. Try to get
some rest.

But he can't look at her.

He can't.

Leslie appears in the doorway. She heard.

She NODS slightly to Talia. A gesture of confirmation and
compassion.

Leslie has seen this before. She knows there's nothing to
say.

She CLOSES the door quietly, giving them privacy for their
grief.

Batman stands at the wall. Not moving.

Talia lies in the bed. SOBBING.

And between them, the absence of a future that will never be.

END OF EPISODE.