



BATMAN TOMORROW

"Rebirth Part II"

385-352

(Pilot Script)

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WARNER BROS. ANIMATION

REBIRTH, PART II

CAST SHEET

BRUCE WAYNE - As seen in Part One. Retired, but still feisty.

TERRY MCGINNIS / BATMAN - As seen in Part One. A teen with lots *
of nerve. *

DEREK POWERS - Seen in Part One. Slick conglomerate owner. *

MR. FIXX - From Part One. Big, brutal right-hand man.

REPORTER - Unseen. Can be anyone with a good newscaster's voice.

VILMOS EGANS - Middle-aged, Slavic government official. Must have
non-specific Slavic (or Kaznian) accent.

GUARD - Tough, no nonsense.

GUARDS - One line, plus walla, gasps and grunts.

OPERATOR (OF POWER LIFTER CRANE) - Grunt only.

TWO CREWMEN - (OF HOVER TRANSPORT) - Screams only.

MOM - Terry's mother. Seen in Part One. Late thirties, early
forties.

DOCTOR #1 - Business-like, but a little intimidated by his boss, Derek
Powers.

DOCTOR #2 - More professorial than Dr. #1.

"Rebirth, Part II"
ACT ONE

FADE IN

RECAP Part One. Then DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Bruce Wayne's wrinkled face is lit by the dim, eerie light of the monitor of the Bat Computer. He speaks to someone off screen:

BRUCE
It's worse than I thought. It's
some kind of new DNA mutagen.

He pops out the floppy disk, holds it, looks at it.

BRUCE
Powers is making nerve gas...
(angry)
He's using my company to make nerve
gas.

Bruce waits for a response from Terry. There is none. Bruce looks around. Terry is no longer behind him.

NEW ANGLE - DEEPER IN CAVE - WIDE

Terry is examining the red and black Batman costume. Bruce appears in the f.g., back to CAMERA.

BRUCE
(growl)
Stay away from that.

Terry lets go of the costume, but remains close to it, admiring it.

TERRY
Synaptic controls, neuromuscular
amplification, flight
capability...this thing might be
old, but it's still cutting edge.

He starts to take the costume off its stand.

TERRY
Bet it amplifies your strength by
at least ten-to-one.

Bruce's face hardens.

BRUCE

I told you not to touch it.

Surprised, Terry lets go.

TERRY

But aren't you going to--

BRUCE

No.

Still comprehending, Terry moves in close to Bruce.

TERRY

You built that company, and now
Powers is making nerve gas there.
You gotta do something...

(beat)

You're Batman.

BRUCE

I was Batman.

He holds out the floppy disc to Terry.

BRUCE

Give this to Commissioner Barbara
Gordon. Tell her I sent you.

TERRY

The cops? They'll never be able
to--

BRUCE

Do it!

Terry takes the disc, starts to go, but turns back.

TERRY

Something happened to you, didn't
it? And it wasn't just that you
got old.

Bruce, of course, doesn't answer. Disgusted, Terry exits. HOLD
on Bruce as he turns, goes to the black and red costume. He
turns away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

The vast, gloomy city, now overlaid with monorails and elevated streets. A downcast Terry walks along one of the elevated streets...until he's cut off by a hover limo, which descends in front of him, kicking up a cloud of dust.

TERRY

Hey!

Swatting at the dust, he backs away -- until he bumps into Fixx, standing behind him. He turns to look at him.

TERRY'S POV

Looking up at the towering figure, who's grinning slightly.

MR. FIXX

(flat)

Oops.

TERRY

A sound makes Terry turn from Mr. Fixx, back toward the limo. It's the sound of the vehicle's door opening. Derek Powers steps out.

POWERS

Hello, Terry.

(beat)

Ever have a ride in a limo?

TERRY

My dad always told me to never take rides from strangers.

POWERS

Who's a stranger? And besides, your dad's not around any more.

Angrily, Terry tightens his fists. Then he thinks better of it. Powers continues to hold open the door.

POWERS

Be smart, Terry...

(harsh)

Get in.

TERRY

I'll pass.

He starts off, but the lightning fast Mr. Fixx catches one of his arms in a vise-like grip.

TERRY
Let go of me!

Fixx starts to go through Terry's pockets.

TERRY
What're you doing? You some kind
of sicko?
(loud)
Help! Help!

Terry pounds at Fixx's chest, but it's like punching the Great Pyramid.

POWERS
That won't do you any good, Terry.
Why don't you make it easy on
yourself and give me back my disc?

TERRY
Disc?

POWERS
You know what I'm talking about.

TERRY
(beat)
All right. If he lets go.

Fixx looks at Powers. Powers nods. Fixx lets go of Terry. Terry then reaches into the top of one of his socks and pulls out the disc.

TERRY
(to Powers)
Happy?

Powers nods, but then Terry flips the disc into the air, frisbeeing it over Fixx's head. When Fixx reaches up for it, Terry plants a 50-yard field goal kick square in his midrift. *

MR. FIXX
(Dry gasp)

Terry runs off.

POWERS' CHAUFFEUR

leans out of the limo's window and fires a series of laser blasts at Terry.

THE ELEVATED WALKWAY

Running away, Terry dodges the first blasts, then leaps over the side of the walkway as the remainder of the blasts fly past him.

NEW ANGLE

Instead of plummeting to the ground, Terry has caught the horizontal section of a street light. He swings around it a few times to cut his momentum, then jumps off, running.

Above Terry, on the walkway, the chauffeur appears and fires down at him, but loses him in the night.

Powers and Fixx come up beside the chauffeur. The chauffeur shakes his head.

POWERS

(sighs, then:)

Well, at least I've got the evidence.

He holds up the disc.

NEW ANGLE

Looking up at Powers and his men on the walkway, from down below. They scan the street below, then get into the limo and fly away.

REVERSE

to a neon sign near the street lamp. Move in close to where Terry hides, watching, face contorted with rage. After a beat, he slips away.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE MANOR - NIGHT - ON A TV

The news. A middle-aged man in a suit, EGANS, is getting off a plane. At the foot of the ramp, dignitaries greet him.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Gotham rolled out the red carpet today for Kaznian Minister of Commerce, Vilmos Egans. Mr. Egans is here to take part in the World Trade Confab...

We hear O.S. SLURPING SOUNDS.

NEW ANGLE

It's Bruce, having his evening soup and watching the TV.

REPORTER (O.S.)
 ...and was greeted by no less
 than Wayne-Powers' CEO Derek
 Powers.

Bruce scowls.

THE TV

shows Egans shaking hands with Powers at the foot of the ramp.
 Then the set abruptly goes off.

ON BRUCE

He's holding the remote. He puts it down, shaking his head.
 Appetite gone, he pushes his nearly full bowl of soup aside and
 stands. He starts toward the bedroom, but then hears his DOG
 BARKING. Bruce goes to the window and looks out. His jaw drops.

EXT. THE MANSION - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Ace has been lassoed 'round the neck, and the other end of the
 rope is tied to the mansion's gate. Try as he might, Ace can't
 break free. He BARKS LOUDLY.

ON BRUCE

He opens the window...

ON ACE

Still BARKING, when a batarang flies into the frame from the
 direction of the house and severs the rope. Ace immediately runs
 out of frame.

ON THE PORCH

Bruce opens the front door and Ace runs past him.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Ace sniffs around for a quick beat.

BRUCE
 What is it? What's the matter,
 boy?

Ace picks up a scent and makes a bee-line for the den. Bruce
 follows.

INT. DEN - SAME TIME

Ace runs straight to the grandfather clock and starts BARKING urgently. Bruce watches for a moment, then hits the mechanism that opens the clock. Ace immediately enters; Bruce stays close behind.

INT. CAVE - SAME TIME

Ace runs past the stalagmites, briefly sniffing them. Then he comes close to CAMERA and BARKS furiously at something O.S. Bruce comes up from behind and sees what he's barking at. His face falls.

THEIR POV

The display case that held the black and red suit. Empty.

BRUCE

stares at the empty case. Ace continues to BARK.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAYNE-POWERS - NIGHT

Two guards walk toward each other, then cross. The big Wayne-Powers complex is in the B.G. Also in the B.G. is a small shadow that swoops across the face of the building, which has large lettering.

CLOSE ON LETTERS

as the winged figure (Terry as BATMAN) lands. He's a bit off balance and has to catch himself.

BATMAN

Whoah --

He regains his footing and looks up to the next jump that will take him to the top of the roof.

BATMAN

(to himself)

Just concentrate on the suit --

And his eyes wince with concentration as he makes a running leap off the letter. The suit's jets carry his momentum, sending him over the edge of the roof, where he flips around and lands on both feet with the alacrity of a gold medal gymnast. He smiles.

BATMAN

Better.

And he moves into the shadows, deeper into Wayne-Powers as we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN: - - -

EXT. POWERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

A WIDE SHOT of Wayne-Powers, moving in toward a single picture window during:

POWERS (O.S.)
It's the ultimate in germ warfare...

INT. POWERS' OFFICE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Powers paces across his office, an enthusiastic salesman pitching his wares to Vilmos Egans. In the b.g., Fixx stands silently, arms folded, watching.

POWERS
... a viral mutagen so quick acting
and completely invasive, no living
cell can resist it.

He picks up a remote control from his desk and clicks it. In response, a video screen rises from the floor.

POWERS
It all began with experiments on
plants...

THE VIDEO SCREEN

shows a leafy plant in a glass case. Attached to the case is a hose that leads to a gray tank with a skull and crossbones on it. The hand of an unseen person opens a valve on the tank and a mist shoots out of the hose, filling the case. Almost instantly, the plant begins to wither. Its leaves coarsen, shrivel and break away. In seconds, there is nothing left but dust.

BACK TO SCENE

EGANS
(slavic accent)
Impressive. But we're looking to
do more than wipe out our enemy's
crops, Mr. Powers.

Powers directs him back to the TV.

POWERS
Keep watching.

He clicks the remote again.

THE SCREEN

the same glass case, but now, a young calf is inside, BRAYING.

POWERS

This was our first experiment with
livestock.

ON EGANS

Watching, listening to the muffled BRAYING. He hears the HISS of the gas being let into the case, then the braying stops. Egans' face falls.

EXT. WAYNE-POWERS COMPLEX - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Batman swings through the dark complex.

NEW ANGLE

His shadow passes over a guard, munching on a sandwich. The guard looks up. Can't believe what he sees. Crumbs fall from his open mouth.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Batman lands here, looks around.

HIS POV

PANNING the windows of the building across the courtyard until he spots Powers in one of them. Powers is talking, M.O.S.

ON BATMAN

He lifts his fist and aims it at the window. A small shotgun microphone pops up from behind his knuckles.

CLOSE ON BATMAN'S EARS

Powers' words FADE IN:

POWERS (O.S.)

(filtered)

...as you can see, the results are
the same even with animals.

INT. POWERS' OFFICE - SAME TIME

Egans looks up.

EGANS

And... and humans? You've tested it
on them, too?

Powers smiles down at Egans.

POWERS

The laws here aren't as liberal about that sort of thing as they are in your country. But we did have an accident...

Powers pulls some Polaroids out of his coat, approaches Egans and shows them to him.

POWERS

One of my workers. Terrible thing.

THE PHOTOS

A small stack. The first one shows Harry looking the way he did when we last saw him, except he's only clothed in hospital shorts. Chest mottled, in pain. He's tied to a hospital gurney.

POWERS (O.S.)

There was a gas leak in his lab. This is what he looked like the next day.

Powers turns to the second photo. Two thirds of Harry's body is now mottled.

POWERS (O.S.)

Two hours later.

Another photo. Harry is three quarters mottled.

POWERS (O.S.)

An hour after that.

ON POWERS AND EGANS

Egans looks up from the photos.

EGANS

There is no cure?

POWERS

Extreme heat or radiation. But at this stage it's obviously not an option.

Powers now shows Egans the last photo, which we will not see. Egans involuntarily turns his head.

POWERS

Dust to dust.

EXT. ROOF - ON BATMAN - SAME TIME

Batman listens, jaw muscles tightening.

INT. POWERS' OFFICE - SAME TIME

Powers addresses Egans.

POWERS

Consider what a real dose of the gas could do to those six armored divisions your neighbors keep on your border.

(softer)

Gone in a matter of hours.

*
*
*
*
*

Egans smiles and begins to nod. Powers steps over to the shredder and begins to shred the photos of the late Harry.

EGANS

Delivery... it's in progress?

POWERS

My men are loading the canisters as we speak. They leave tonight on hover transport. My assistant, Mr. Fixx will personally supervise the shipment.

Powers tilts his head toward Fixx. Fixx nods to Egans.

EGANS

Excellent.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Batman continues to watch and listen.

INT. POWERS' OFFICE - SAME TIME

Egans is headed out the door, followed by Mr. Fixx. Egans turns back to Powers.

EGANS

Good-bye, Mr. Powers. I will see you again soon, I hope.

POWERS

Yes, soon.

He exits. Fixx follows, but:

POWERS

Mr. Fixx.

Fixx stops in the doorway. Powers motion for him to close the door. Fixx closes it, then:

POWERS

Any word on the kid?

MR. FIXX

Not yet. But they're looking.

POWERS

I don't have to tell you how important this deal is to Wayne-Powers. It's going to open up the entire Eastern Bloc for us...

He gets into Fixx's face.

POWERS

...So I don't need it spoiled by a snot-nosed punk.

MR. FIXX

I took care of his old man, didn't I?

Powers looks at him for a beat, then they exit the office.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Batman's shotgun mike slowly retracts. If eyes could kill, Batman's would be lethal right now.

He hears a FOOTFALL behind him; he stiffens. The muzzle of a laser pistol is pointing at his back.

GUARD (O.S.)

Little early for Halloween.

Slowly, Batman turns to face a guard with a laser pistol. Several more guards are behind the first. Batman answers the guard:

BATMAN

...But just in time for fall...

and with that, Batman falls backwards, off the rooftop.

The guards are stunned.

GUARDS

(gasp of surprise)

They run to the edge of the roof and look down.

THEIR POV

Batman's wings flare out to catch the breeze. He swoops down toward the bottom of the courtyard.

THE GUARDS

fires their laser pistols at him.

BATMAN

Moving like a hawk, he dives and turns sharply, avoiding the laser blasts. He hits the ground gently and disappears into the shadows.

THE GUARDS

stop firing. The lead guard whips out a radio communicator and speaks into it.

GUARD

Hit the alarms!

INT. INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Powers and Fixx are in an electric cart, heading down the corridor when the ALARM sounds. Powers pulls out a cell phone-like communicator, clicks it open and speaks into it.

POWERS

It's Powers. What's going on?
(listens, incredulous)
Batman?

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME

The lead guard is down here, on his communicator. Several guards are running past him.

GUARD

... Or some guy dressed like him.
We're cutting him off. Shouldn't be
a problem.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Powers clicks off his communicator shut and glances at Fixx with a look of utter amazement.

POWERS

Batman!

INT. WAYNE-POWERS ELECTRONICS WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We're inside, looking out through an open door. Batman slips in, hides in the shadows behind some packing crates. A moment later, a group of guards passes, ignoring the open door... for the moment.

CLOSE ON BATMAN

He looks around, then hears:

BRUCE (O.S.)
(filtered)
McGinnis? Can you hear me? *

BATMAN
(gasp of surprise)

He ducks lower and looks all around.

BATMAN
(urgent whisper)
Who... who's that?

BRUCE (O.S.)
It's Wayne.

BATMAN
Mr. Wayne? Where--?

He looks up, down, all around.

BRUCE (O.S.)
There's a radio receiver in your
cowl.

Batman reflexively touches the part of the cowl that covers his ear.

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

Bruce sits at his computer console, speaking into a microphone.

BRUCE
Now listen to me, McGinnis. I want
that suit back, and I want it now. *

BATMAN (O.S.)
(filtered)
Uh, now's not a good time...

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Batman is looking off toward the door.

BATMAN
... not a good time at all.

HIS POV

The guards have come back, and this time they're entering the warehouse.

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

BRUCE
(furious)
That suit is not yours. You had no right--

BATMAN (O.S.)
Somebody had to do something. And you sure weren't about to.

BRUCE
I'm warning you...

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Over Batman's shoulder; he watches from behind a tall shelf as the guards fan out through the warehouse. When they get closer, he ducks and moves O.S.

ON THE LEAD GUARD

Walking down an aisle. He sees something.

HIS POV

The edge of Batman's cape disappears around a corner.

THE GUARD

points.

GUARD
He's over there! Over there!

NEW ANGLE

The guards converge at the corner... and find a torn piece of fabric dangling from a hook. The lead guard slaps it, then notices a shadow passing over himself. He looks up.

HIS POV

Batman swoops down, wings spread, into camera.

WIDE

He slams into the guards, feet first. The guards go down like bowling pins.

GUARDS
(grunts and groans)

NEW ANGLE

Batman lands atop some shelving.

BATMAN
(softly)
This costume works even better than
I thought it would.

BRUCE (O.S.)
This is your last chance. Better
take it.

A laser blast shoots past. Batman leaps out of the way.

BATMAN
No thanks. Havin' too much fun.

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

BRUCE
Fun, huh?

He reaches for a mouse-like device.

CLOSER

He lifts the top off. There's a red button inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Batman lands amid several guards. Kicks the laser pistol out of one's hand. Punches another and another, knocking both back several feet.

GUARDS
(impact grunts)

The guards back off and regroup, scared. Batman confidently await their next attack.

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

Bruce's finger hits the button.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Batman steps forward but stops.

CLOSER - HIS LEG

Frozen, shaking.

CLOSE ON BATMAN

BATMAN
(urgent whisper)
Wayne! I can't move! What'd you do?

BRUCE (O.S.)
It's a fail-safe device. Paralyzes
the suit. In case the wrong person
gets into it.

BATMAN
But you can't--

BRUCE (O.S.)
I just did.

BATMAN
Wayne! Wayne!

WIDE

Hesitantly, the guards approach the frozen Batman. One hits him. *

BATMAN
(impact grunt)

Batman doesn't even move. Emboldened, the other guards rush forward and start punching him. He falls. They begin to kick him.

BATMAN
Come on! You gotta help me!

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

Bruce listens impassively.

BATMAN (O.S.)
Wayne!
(impact grunt)

Bruce looks off into the darkness of the cave.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Batman is on his back, frozen. The guards surround him, kicking and stomping. (BS&P says use restraint.)

GUARDS

(walla)

The lead guard steps in.

GUARD

Out of the way.

BATMAN'S POV

Looking up at the lead guard, who raises his laser pistol.

CLOSE ON BATMAN

reacting.

BATMAN

(urgent whisper)

Wayne! They're gonna kill me!

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

Bruce listens as:

BATMAN (O.S.)

Wayne? Can you hear me?

Bruce looks at the button he pushed before. A beat. Then he pushes it again.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

The guard takes a step closer to Batman, aiming his laser pistol.

ON BATMAN

Terrified... until suddenly, his hand snaps up into frame and a grappler is fired from his wrist.

BATMAN

Yeah!

WIDE

The grappler hits the guard's laser gun and knocks it out of his hand.

GUARD
(cry of surprise)

An instant later, Batman is on his feet. He uses an arcing kick to knock down the lead guard and another guard, then two punches take out a third and fourth guard. But there are still more, so Batman leaps up, onto the top of one of the shelves.

NEW ANGLE

Batman jumps from shelftop to shelftop, finally dropping down, into a different aisle.

ON BATMAN

As he lands and looks around:

BRUCE (O.S.)
McGinnis! I gave you a break.
Now bring that suit back!

*
*

BATMAN
(whisper)
Love to. But I got these guards
all over me...

INT. BATCAVE

Bruce thinks a beat.

BRUCE
There's a broom closet on the north
wall. Can you get to it?

BATMAN (O.S.)
(incredulous)
A broom closet?

BRUCE
Do it!

INT. WAREHOUSE - ON BATMAN

He turns, looks Northward and sees:

THE BROOM CLOSET

Door askew.

BACK TO BATMAN

Crouching_low, he sneaks toward it.

GUARDS (O.S.)
(walla)

ON THE BROOM CLOSET

Batman enters, closes the door behind himself.

INT. BROOM CLOSET

Dark. Cramped. Batman looks around.

BATMAN
Now I'm a sitting duck. Hope
you're happy.

BRUCE (O.S.)
The far wall. Put your hand
against it. Press hard.

Batman hesitates a beat, then does as he's told. The wall and floor suddenly swivel... and Batman is out of the room. An instant later, the guard break down the closet door... and find only an empty room.

INT. POWER PLANT - SAME TIME

Batman steps out of a door, and into an area of pipes and turbines. He glances back at the door he came out of, then:

BATMAN
Cool.

BRUCE (O.S.)
I built the place, remember?

BATMAN
Then you'd know where they'd be
loading a hover transport, wouldn't
you?

BRUCE (O.S.)
Forget it. You're coming back
here.

BATMAN
Powers is shipping out the virus
tonight. It's got to be stopped.

BRUCE (O.S.)
I'll call the police. Let them
handle it.

*
*

BATMAN
I can do it!

*

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

BRUCE
I'll shut down the suit again. And
this time, it'll be for good.

He reaches for the kill switch.

INT. POWER PLANT - ON BATMAN

looking frustrated. Finally...

BATMAN
(quietly)
I read up on you, Mr. Wayne.

INT. CAVE - ON BRUCE

BATMAN (O.S., CONT)
I know how you lost your folks
when you were a kid.

Bruce hesitates.

INT. POWER PLANT - SAME TIME

BATMAN (CONT)
... The guy who murdered my
dad is on that transport and
I got this one chance to nail
him.

A pause. Batman waits for a response. And waits. Until:

BRUCE (O.S.)
The hoverpads are in the northeast
sector.

Batman smiles.

BRUCE (O.S.)
But there's a lot of metal in the
structure. It'll be hard for me to
communicate with you there.

BATMAN
Wish me luck.

Batman hurries o.s.

INT. BATCAVE - SAME TIME

Bruce slumps in his chair, worried, conflicted.

INT. / EXT. HOVERPAD - NIGHT

It's at the edge of the Wayne-Powers complex. Built two stories beneath the surface, under a starry night sky.

A large V-shaped vehicle, the HOVER TRANSPORT, rests on the pad. The canisters are being loaded by a huge POWER LIFTER directed by a single operator.

NEW ANGLE

Looking down on the operation, Batman enters the f.g., back to CAMERA, walking along a maze of ceiling pipes. He stops. *

CLOSE ON BATMAN'S FEET *

The soles of his boots MAGNETIZE and flatten flush against the pipe he's crouched on. (SLIGHT BUZZ SFX.) *

BACK ON BATMAN *

As he allows himself to dangle from his magnetized boots. As he hangs like a bat, he lifts his fist and the shotgun mike pops out again. He points it toward Powers. *

NEAR THE PAD

Powers is close to the loading operation, his communicator to his ear.

POWERS

(into communicator)

... You said he wouldn't be a problem... Well, don't forget it.

Powers clicks the communicator shut as Fixx approaches.

MR. FIXX

Almost done loading.

POWERS

The sooner the better. They haven't found our trespasser yet, and I don't want him interfering.

ON BATMAN

Looking down from the shadows at Powers and Fixx. He retracts his microphone just as he's spotted: *

GUARD (O.S.)
Hey look! There he is! *

Batman turns.

WIDE

Guards are coming at him from all directions. Batman's feet detach, and he swoops down, kayoing the first, then, with two punches, he decks the second and third. *

GUARDS
(impact grunts) *

ON POWERS AND FIXX

Looking up, jaws dropping in amazement.

BACK TO BATMAN

In just that time, two more guards have fallen. Batman now lifts another guard and hurls him into two more, who go down like bowling pins.

A spin kick takes down a guard in front of him, and the follow-through knocks down a guard behind him...

Leaving two guards -- who glance at each other, then run off.

Batman spreads his wings, leaps off the ledge he's on...

WIDE

... and floats down to the hover pad, landing in front of Powers and Fixx.

CLOSER

As Powers and Fixx watch in awe, Batman folds his wings and approaches Powers.

BATMAN
You're out of business. As of now.
(to Fixx)
And you, I'm taking in for the
murder of-- (IMPACT GRUNT) *

Batman has been hit from behind by the arm of the power lifter.

WIDE

The arm takes another swipe at Batman. This one knocks him halfway across the hover pad.

ON POWERS AND FIXX

Fixx takes out a laser pistol, but Powers takes it from him.

POWERS

Get that hovercraft into the air!

Fixx runs off toward the hover transport.

ON BATMAN

The power lifter arm now grabs him around the torso.

BATMAN

(gasps)

Batman struggles, but he can't break the vise grip.

THE POWER LIFTER OPERATOR

Sitting at his control seat, the operator pushes a lever upward, intensifying the machine's grasp.

ON BATMAN

struggling, arms raised...

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

A wrist device flips a neon-rimmed sleekly designed batarang into his hand.

*
*

BATMAN

looks at it for a second, surprised, then hurls it.

THE OPERATOR

The batarang crashes through the glass of his booth and hits his jaw.

OPERATOR

(impact grunt)

He falls away, pulling the lever down as he goes.

ON BATMAN

The arm drops him. But as soon as he lands, a laser blast hits near his feet. He tumbles o.s.

ON POWERS

He continues to fire at Batman. Meanwhile:

THE HOVERCRAFT

Its engines rev.

INT. THE COCKPIT

Fixx is at the controls. He turns and yells toward the back of the craft:

MR. FIXX

Shut the cargo doors!

INT. CARGO BAY

Two CREWMEN close the craft's cargo doors.

EXT. THE PAD

Two workmen are wheeling the last canister of gas toward the plane. But when they see the cargo doors being closed, they back away, leaving the canister by the column. Meanwhile:

BATMAN

tumbles and dives, dodging Powers' laser blasts. Landing on his feet and crouching low, he hurls a batarang at Powers, but:

POWERS

blasts the batarang with his laser, shattering it.

POWERS

Like shooting skeet...

He fires again.

BATMAN

dives away, and we follow him as he comes in behind the column where the canister is. He and the cannister are in complete shadow. As Powers advances, ready to fire, Batman lifts the canister and hurls it.

POWERS

reflexively fires at the canister in shadow ... and hits it.
It hits the ground in light. He sees what it is as he's
instantly enveloped in its gas.

POWERS

Noooo...
(screams)

CLOSE ON BATMAN

As the gas billows his way, he flares open his wings and leaps upward.

WIDER

Batman bounds off the walls, continuing his momentum upward, until we see his target: the hover transport, rising into the night.

He barely manages to grab onto its edge. Suddenly it revs up and zooms off, over the cityscape. Batman hangs on with all his strength as he gets whipped around by the wind.

ON POWERS

He emerges from the dissipating gas cloud. He looks at his hand; it's beginning to mottle.

POWERS

H... Help me! Help me!

Workers covering their noses and mouths recoil in horror and run off as Powers stumbles toward them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY - NIGHT

The hover transport flies over Gotham Bay.

CLOSER

Batman's still clinging, but now, claws come out of the fingertips of his gloves. They dig into the hovercraft's skin, allowing Batman to crawl to a hatch and pry it open.

BATMAN

(grunts of exertion!)

INT. HOVER TRANSPORT - SAME TIME

Fighting the wind, Batman enters the cargo compartment... and is immediately jumped by two crewmen. Batman lifts the first over his head and hurls him out the hatch. Then the second.

CREWMEN
(screams)

THE BAY

The two crewmen hit the water and quickly resurface, thrashing wildly.

INT. THE COCKPIT

Batman enters, looks around. It's empty.

CLOSER

A blinking red light says "autopilot engaged".

ON BATMAN

A beat as he looks out the cockpit -- and then, from out of nowhere, he's hit from the side.

BATMAN
(impact grunt)

WIDEN to show that Mr. Fixx has come up beside him. He's wearing huge brass knuckles. Electrified brass knux. Batman tries to stand up; Fixx hits him again...

BATMAN
(impact grunt)

... then winds up for another punch -- one that sends Batman flying out of the cockpit area.

BATMAN
(impact grunt)

INT. CARGO AREA - SAME TIME

Batman lands hard here. He slowly rises, wiping a lick of blood off his lips as Fixx approaches.

Fixx is clinking his knux together -- they sizzle with sparks. He swings a right at Batman; Batman catches his wrist; Fixx swings his other fist. Batman catches that, too. And doesn't let go.

MR. FIXX
(struggling)
You're pretty strong... for some
clown who thinks he's Batman.

BATMAN
I am Batman.

And he lowers his head and butts Fixx's midsection.

MR. FIXX
(grunt)

Batman then lets go of Fixx's hands and punches him with a quick series of jabs that propels Fixx back into the cockpit area.

INT. COCKPIT

Fixx stumbles backwards toward the controls. He holds out his hands behind himself to break the fall, but the electrified knuckles smash through the control panel. Sparks fly everywhere.

MR. FIXX
(screams)

The craft begins to climb.

EXT. THE SKY

The hover transport is starting to make a vertical loop.

INT. COCKPIT/INT. CARGO AREA

Fixx falls down from the cockpit into the cargo area, smashing into the gas canisters.

INT. CARGO AREA

Batman has grabbed on the open cargo panel.

EXT. THE SKY

The hover transport starts back downward again -- heading straight for the ocean.

INT. THE CARGO AREA

Batman leaps out.

EXT. THE SKY

Batman jets away, and a second later, the craft hits the water and explodes into a fiery conflagration.

ON BATMAN

As he glides back toward Gotham, he looks back at the fire with grim satisfaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

ESTABLISH MOM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The following morning.

INT. TERRY'S ROOM

The Batsuit has been stuffed under the bed. PAN UP to show Terry asleep. Just then, there's a knock on the door.

MOM (O.S.)
Terry? Honey?

Terry wakes with a start.

TERRY
Wha?!

His mother opens the door.

MOM
Quick, get your clothes on. We have company.

TERRY
Company?

Mom can hardly constrain her excitement.

MOM
Mr. Bruce Wayne. He's here to see you.

Mom heads away, leaving Terry in a state of shock.

INT. TERRY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed, but still looking like he could use a few more hours sleep, Terry steps into the doorway and reacts wide-eyed.

MOM (O.S.)
I hope you don't mind milk. We're out of cream.

BRUCE
I prefer it.

TERRY'S POV

Sure enough, there's Bruce Wayne, dressed nattily in a suit, accepting a cup of coffee from Terry's mom. Bruce sees him and gives him a big, cheery smile.

BRUCE

Terrence! Sorry to get you up so early.

Terry enters warily.

TERRY

S'okay.

MOM

You never told me you knew Bruce Wayne.

TERRY

Well, actually--

BRUCE

Why, I owe this boy my life. He once defended me from a gang of punks. I tried to reward him, but he absolutely refused.

Terry looks even more confused.

MOM

Mr. Wayne wants to offer you a job.

TERRY

A job?

BRUCE

It's not much, mind you. I find that in my old age, I could use a part-time assistant. You know, a go-fer. Go for this, go for that. An ally, as it were. Would you be interested?

Terry just stares at him. Mom finally cuts the silence.

MOM

Of course he would. Wouldn't you, honey? I mean to work with someone as famous as Mr. Wayne...

TERRY

Sure.

TERRY'S POV

Sure enough, there's Bruce Wayne, dressed nattily in a suit, accepting a cup of coffee from Terry's mom. Bruce sees him and gives him a big, cheery smile.

BRUCE

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TERRY

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Well, actually--

BRUCE

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Terry looks even more confused.

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BRUCE

It's not much, mind you. I find that in my old age, I could use a part-time assistant. You know, a go-fer. Go for this, go for that. An ally, as it were. Would you be interested?

Terry just stares at him. Mom finally cuts the silence.

MOM

Of course he would. Wouldn't you, honey? I mean to work with someone as famous as Mr. Wayne...

TERRY

Sure.

BRUCE

I warn you, I can be difficult.
I accept nothing short of
excellence from all who work
for me.

TERRY

I think I can handle it.

Bruce looks at Terry hard for a moment, then smiles. He extends his hand.

BRUCE

Very good then, Mr. McGinnis.
Welcome to my world.

Terry takes his hand and shakes it. A slight smile crosses their lips, not half as big as Mom's. She couldn't be happier. If only she knew.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAYNE-POWERS - NIGHT

It's a cold moon that shines over this complex. PUSH IN...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A MEDICAL LAB

Derek Powers, dressed in a hospital gown, is lying in a contraption that looks like a diabolical suntan bay. Elongated lights bask him in a sickly yellow glow.

THREE DOCTORS in protective gear -- lead vests, gloves, and transparent helmets -- approach him.

DOCTOR #1

The good news is, the radiation
seems to have completely eradicated
the virus.

POWERS

What's the bad news?

The doctors look down at the floor. Finally:

DOCTOR #2

As you know, the mutational
properties of the virus can be
corrupted by its environment--

POWERS

Bottom line it, doctor.

THE DOCTORS

again exchange nervous glances. Finally, Doctor #1 calls to an o.s. assistant.

DOCTOR #1
Kill the radiation, please.

The sickly yellow glow coming from the o.s. "tanning bay" stops. But the room remains brightly lit. PAN to the tanning bed, where Powers' body is now glowing brightly. Move in close to show that he is now a human x-ray, his skull and bone structure hideously visible under his glowing skin.

Powers sits up and wordlessly looks at his glowing hands and arms. He gets out of the bed, walks to a mirror.

CLOSER

He sees his glowing face, with its perpetual skeletal grin. He begins to laugh.

POWERS
(maniacal laugh)

FADE TO BLACK.

POWERS (O.S.)
(laughter fades)

THE END