

WHO' S YOUR DADDY?

Screenpl ay by Davi d Doubl er

FADE IN:

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

A bat-suit hangs in a glass cabinet. It bears the marks of hundreds of battles.

A high-tech lover's paradise. Computer monitors fill an entire wall. Each screen shows a different headline: "CRIME UP BY 500%" -- "TRIPLE HOMICIDE IN GOTHAM" -- "NEW VILLAIN STALKS THE NIGHT" -- "BATMAN: WHERE ARE YOU?"

Sitting in front of the monitors, dwarfed by their size, is BRUCE WAYNE, now in his early 60s. His hair a shade of grey, wrinkles covering his face. Once the Dark Knight. Now, retired.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - NIGHT

Pitch black.

Nestled amongst the trees outside the grounds of Wayne Manor is our CRIMINAL, late 20s or so. He wears a pair of night-vision goggles.

CRIMINAL
It's show time.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large, Gothic-style bedroom. ALFRED PENNYWORTH, heading for the big 100, stands at the foot of the bed folding clothes.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - NIGHT

The Criminal throws a rope over the wall that surrounds the grounds. He begins to climb up the wall.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Bruce's attention is turned to another computer which starts beeping rapidly.

COMPUTER VOICE
Intruder. Intruder. Intruder.

On the main screen, a camera shows the Criminal climbing over the wall. He disappears as he runs out of the camera's view.

BRUCE
Idiot.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR - NIGHT

The Criminal runs towards the imposing Gothic structure. He stands back against the wall. Above him is an open window.

CRIMINAL
Bingo.

The Criminal climbs into the house through the window.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Bruce runs up a narrow staircase which connects the Batcave with the rest of the house. He opens a door and disappears into --

INT. WAYNE MANOR - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

The Grand Hall is in darkness. Bruce looks around. Even without his suit he's automatically gone into predator mode.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - GRAND HALL UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Alfred walks toward the top of the staircase. Bruce shoots him a look.

BRUCE
(whispers)
Get back!

ALFRED
Pardon, sir?

BRUCE
(whispers, but louder)
Get back!

ALFRED
Oh...

Alfred backs into the bedroom.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The Criminal is looking around the darkened library. He admires the various works of art and statues.

CRIMINAL

How can one man be so damn greedy?

Suddenly the lights in the room come on. The Criminal, still wearing his night-vision goggles, struggles to see.

CRIMINAL

What the hell? I can't see!

The Criminal throws the night-vision goggles to the throw. He turns to find Bruce standing at the doorway.

BRUCE

Are you lost? Because the last time I checked, this was my house.

CRIMINAL

Really? Well I've got news for you. I'm here to rob you.

BRUCE

Really? Well I've got news for you. That isn't going to happen.

Bruce walks toward the Criminal.

CRIMINAL

Listen, old man, all I want are some of your paintings, okay. I mean, how can you appreciate all of these?

BRUCE

Old man?

CRIMINAL

Yeah. Old man. Old grumpy man who sits in his office all day while the little people run around after him.

BRUCE

Get out before --

CRIMINAL

Before what?

The Criminal punches Bruce. Bruce goes down hard.

C R I M I N A L
Who's your daddy, bitch?

Bruce picks himself up. Dusts himself off.

BRUCE
Yeah. You really shouldn't have
done that.

The Criminal swings again. Bruce catches his fist. Kicks
the Criminal in the stomach. As he goes down boots his face.

BRUCE
See?

The Criminal stands. He wipes blood from his mouth.

BRUCE
Try not to get any of that on the
carpet.

The Criminal spits blood to the floor.

BRUCE
You want to play rough? You got
it.

SLAM! Out of nowhere. The Criminal swings. Two hands.
Catching Bruce hard and...

Bruce is stunned.

The Criminal pulls out a gun. Aims it at Bruce's face.

C R I M I N A L
How's about we take a walk?

I N T. WAYNE MANOR - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

Bruce walks into the grand hall. The Criminal follows him,
his gun trained on Bruce's head.

C R I M I N A L
Stop.

Bruce stops. The Criminal begins to check every door in the
grand hall. He opens all of them except one. The door
leading to the Batcave.

C R I M I N A L
What's behind this door?

BRUCE
Basement.

CRIMINAL
What's in the basement?

BRUCE
Junk.

CRIMINAL
Junk? A house like this and you
have junk? Why don't I believe
you?

The Criminal storms over to Bruce, pinning the gun against
Bruce's forehead.

CRIMINAL
Do you have any idea what I'm
capable of?

BRUCE
I see all those years I spent
fighting crime didn't make one bit
of difference, did it?

CRIMINAL
Fighting crime? What the hell are
you talking about?

BRUCE
Do you have any idea who you're
dealing with?

CRIMINAL
Yeah. Some old dude who's starting
to get on my nerves.

BRUCE
You have NO idea! I'm Batman.

The Criminal looks stunned. It's the only distraction that
Bruce needs.

Bruce -- knee up in the ribs -- the gun knocked free from the
Criminal's hand -- skittering across the floor -- Bruce -- as
the Criminal starts to move -- backhanding him and --

BRUCE
Risked my life every night to keep
the city clean from idiots like
you...

The Criminal retaliates -- knee to the ribs --

It's war -- a flat-out, close-quarter death match -- the Criminal younger and stronger -- Bruce more determined -- the two of them braced there -- grappling -- falling --

The Criminal -- he's got Bruce in a choke-hold -- but Bruce driving his head back -- into the Criminal's face --

BRUCE
I always did the right thing.
Never intended to kill anybody...

The Criminal -- Bruce -- the gun on the floor -- struggling for it -- the Criminal there first -- Bruce on him -- pinned there -- four hands, one gun and --

BLAMM!!! -- wild shot -- into the wall --

Still wrestling -- breaking the Criminal's nose, until --

BRUCE
But I've been pissed off one too many times.

The gun knocked away again.

Finally their hands locked into each other's throats. This is as real and up close as it gets. Until, Bruce finally holds dead weight. Eyes fixed. Staring...

BRUCE
And unfortunately, you bore the brunt of my frustrations.

Bruce jumping back. Blood all over his shirt -- Bruce's first kill. A messy one -- revulsion.

BRUCE
(disgusted)
Who's your daddy now? Bitch.

Alfred stands at the top of the staircase. He looks down, concerned.

Bruce sees Alfred. He shakes his head.

BRUCE
Call the police, Alfred. They're probably going to want to see this.

Bruce marches off into the library as we...

FADE OUT.