

FEAR THE BATGIRL

Written by

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Based on the adventures of BATGIRL  
Created by Bill Finger and Sheldon Moldoff

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Pure darkness in a shipping container. A girl sobs.

The metal door opens, and light shines on four young Batcomputer girls in scant clothing huddled inside.

Seven men at the opening stand among identical shipping containers stacked almost to the rafters.

TRAFFICKER #1

Four? I thought there were 5.

TRAFFICKER #2

Looks like Vic was already here.

TRAFFICKER #1

How the hell we supposed to explain this? Dammit. Alright, out.

The girls don't move.

TRAFFICKER #1 (CONT'D)

I said out. Now.

The girls take timid steps from the container.

TRAFFICKING VICTIM

(in Hanguk-eo; subtitled)

Where's my sister?

TRAFFICKER #1

No talking. Get in a line. A line.

He forces two girls to stand parallel, and the others follow.

Trafficker #2 pulls on nitrile gloves and aims a flashlight in a girl's mouth.

A camera flashes from the top of a stacked container. The traffickers spin around and pull guns.

The camera prints out a photo of the men with the girls, and the photo falls to the floor.

A shape like Batman's ears disappears behind a shipping container, and Trafficker #2 screams and shoots at it.

The girls scream and cover their ears.

TRAFFICKER #1 (CONT'D)

What? What?

TRAFFICKER #2  
I saw--I thought I saw...

TRAFFICKER #1  
What? The Bat?

BARBARA, 16, in a purple hoodie with a yellow scarf, black mask, and utility belt, tases the man in back, and he drops.

The rest turn, and Barbara presses a detonator.

An explosive destroys the fuse box, and the room goes dark. The men each fire multiple shots, but hit nothing.

TRAFFICKER #1 (CONT'D)  
That wasn't the bat.

TRAFFICKER #2  
Where'd he go?

A man shouts, and his body thuds on the floor.

TRAFFICKER #1  
Get some light in here.

They use their cellphone lights and find a man unconscious.

The men pan their lights around. A light catches Barb as she ducks behind a container.

TRAFFICKER #2  
There. Come here, you little rat.

The trafficker chases and steps on a tripwire that explodes a homemade stun grenade that knocks him flat.

Barbara swings from the rafters on a grapple wire and knocks one of them out with a metal tonfa on the way by.

His fallen phone lights the scene from the floor.

The three remaining men stand back-to-back and point their lights in every direction.

TRAFFICKER #1  
Who is that?

TRAFFICKER #3  
It's gotta be his sidekick. You know, wonder boy.

TRAFFICKER #1  
He doesn't dress like that.

Barbara's yellow scarf sticks out from behind a container. Trafficker #3 nudges Trafficker #1 and sneaks up on her.

TRAFFICKER #1 (CONT'D)  
Where'd you go? Come on out, and  
we'll take it easy on ya.

Trafficker #3 grabs the scarf, but no girl. Barbara drops on him from a higher container and disappears with him.

TRAFFICKER #1 (CONT'D)  
We gotta get outta here.

Barb emerges from the dark, tases his last henchman, kicks the gun out of his hand, and spin-kicks him in the gut.

Barb pulls her tonfa, dodges a punch, catches his wrist, and strikes his elbow and ribs.

He catches her overhead strike and knocks her flat.

TRAFFICKER #1 (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Barb throws the tonfa into his face. The man, nose bloodied, falls against a container.

Barb charges and tries to kick his head. He dodges. Her foot rattles the door on the container.

The man shoves Barb down, jumps on her, and grabs her throat.

TRAFFICKER #1 (CONT'D)  
Playing hero, little girl?

Barb knees him in the balls and rolls him into an arm bar.

The man reaches for a gun just beyond his fingers and drags Barb along in his effort.

Barb twists harder. The man screams but gets a hand on the gun. Barb releases him. The man rolls and aims.

Barb throws a flechette from a belt pouch into the man's hand, and he drops the gun. Barb scrambles across the floor.

The man pulls the blade out and looks up in time for Barb to return with a full, two-handed swing of her tonfa.

Everything goes black.

LATER

Barb lowers the tines on a forklift which pulls a tether looped over the rafters and tied to the trafficker's foot.

The trafficker wakes as he rises to hang upside-down. Phones lined up on a crate shine like spotlights on him.

His buddies lie, bound, on the floor.

A trafficked girl peeks from the shipping container. Barb hops down, pulls out a phone, and presses a button.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
(in Hanguk-eo, subtitled)  
Police are coming. Stay there.

TRAFFICKER #1  
Who the hell are you?

BARBARA  
A priest. Time for confession.  
Who's your boss?

TRAFFICKER #1  
Holy crap. What are you, twelve?

Barb presses the tonfa to his lips.

BARBARA  
You mentioned a "Vic." Who is that?

TRAFFICKER #1  
Think I'm afraid of a little girl?

Barb hits him in the mouth with the club.

BARBARA  
I think you can learn to be.

She hits him in the ribs.

TRAFFICKER #1  
I'm infinitely, infinitely more  
scared of them than you.

BARBARA  
But I'm just getting started.

A trafficker on the floor watches the shadows on the wall as Barbara beats Trafficker #1 with her baton.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

A sedan weaves between cop cars and stops by the warehouse.

INSPECTOR GORDON, 40s, a spectacled, mustachioed, older cop in an overcoat, steps out.

MONTOYA, female, 20s, a uniformed cop, waves Gordon over.

MONTOYA

Inspector.

GORDON

Montoya, what do you have?

MONTOYA

Traffickers. They didn't pass go.

EMT's wheel Trafficker #1 out on a stretcher as they enter the warehouse. Bloody bandages cover his face.

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gordon crouches before the fuse box and examines the damage while officers scan around with flashlights.

GORDON

Get anything out of the perps, yet?

MONTOYA

Didn't want to talk.

GORDON

What about the girls?

MONTOYA

Waiting on a translator, but between the witnesses and the nice picture, I'd say the bat outdid himself this time.

GORDON

This wasn't Batman.

MONTOYA

Sir?

GORDON

She's getting more sophisticated, but still not on his level. He also wouldn't need mechanical help if he wanted to hang a man.

MONTTOYA  
You mean The Batgirl.

BATMAN (O.S.)  
You haven't lost your touch.

Montoya jumps to find Batman next to her.

GORDON  
Hardly need to ask the perps  
anymore. Hooded woman, yellow  
scarf, came out of nowhere.

MONTTOYA  
You got some competition.

BATMAN  
She's undisciplined. Her  
interrogation methods prove that,  
and her luck will run out.

GORDON  
We've gotta find her before then.

BATMAN  
Did she take their phones?

GORDON  
She's working her way up the totem  
pole. If she uses them, we'll know.

BATMAN  
Tell me when you get the numbers.

RAMIRIEZ  
I don't get the problem. Why do you  
even want to find her?

GORDON  
Sergeant--

MONTTOYA  
Nah, she tracked these guys down,  
and they weren't even on our radar.  
What makes her different from y--

Batman's gone.

MONTTOYA (CONT'D)  
Someone can't take criticism.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Gordon schleps into his modest home. Three foil-wrapped dishes of food sit on the table.

A TV sounds from deeper in the house. Gordon grabs a dish and enters the living room.

EILEEN KEANE, 40's, in comfy clothes, lounges on the couch with a glass of wine and watches TV. She doesn't look at him.

GORDON  
No kids?

EILEEN  
In this house?

GORDON  
Not even Barb?

EILEEN  
Another night, another empty nest,  
another cold meal.

GORDON  
Well, maybe it could cool off a  
little longer.

Gordon sets the leftovers down and fishes for a kiss.

EILEEN  
What are you doing?

GORDON  
Like you said, nest is empty.

EILEEN  
It's late. I'm gonna go to bed.

She sneaks out from under him and heads upstairs.

GORDON  
Right.

Gordon moseys back to the kitchen and eats a chicken leg from his leftovers. Only one plate remains on the table.

Gordon knocks on Barbara's door.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Barb?

BARBARA  
Yeah.



Gordon enters. Barb sits behind her laptop in a turtleneck, her curly red hair back in a ponytail, food dish set aside.

A couple stuffed animals populate the bed. A big poster of Ada Lovelace looms over her desk.

GORDON  
You just get in?

BARBARA  
A bit ago.

GORDON  
Don't seem to recall you had karate practice tonight.

BARBARA  
Judo. I graduated from karate when I was eight.

GORDON  
Don't try to distract me, young lady. Where were you?

BARBARA  
Just out with Marcy.

GORDON  
And who else?

BARBARA  
No one. Why the third degree?

GORDON  
Stories of two girls alone at night in Gotham rarely end happily.

BARBARA  
Well, at least I'm here. You even know where J.J. is right now?

GORDON  
I'll deal with him later. Your mother was worried.

BARBARA  
You must be talking about a ghost because that boozier on the couch--

She bites her tongue.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

GORDON

I just worry for you. I know you're smart, but it's a tough city.

BARBARA

I know.

GORDON

Well, I'll let you get back to work. Good night.

BARBARA

Night.

Gordon closes the door.

Barb pulls a notebook aside and reveals a trafficker's phone connected to her computer. She types lines of code.

EXT. GOTHAM HIGH - DAY

Dozens of teenagers hang out in the yard. Barbara, in a turtleneck, leans against a planter.

MARCY, 16, an average teenager with short, blonde hair, walks up and offers Barb a tube of menthol cream.

BARBARA

Thanks. My dad call at all?

MARCY

Don't think so. Why?

BARBARA

No reason.

Barbara groans as she spreads the cream on her lower back.

MARCY

Nice. You remind me of my grandma.

BARBARA

I'm flattered. She was a nice lady.

MARCY

How you keep hurting yourself?

BARBARA

Extra training. Sensei Court wants me tip-top for the tournament.

MARCY

You call that tip-top?

Barbara spreads more cream on over bruises on her neck.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Barb, what-- Who did that to you?

Barb tugs her turtleneck higher.

BARBARA

Chill out. I need to train against all kinds of attack.

MARCY

Doesn't mean he gets to choke you.

BARBARA

It wasn't even Sensei Court. It was a sparring partner. Court's cool.

A motorcycle engine draws everyone's attention.

DICK GRAYSON, 15, a slim, muscular young man, rides up in a closed-faced helmet and leather jacket.

Dick parks his bike, takes off the helmet, and shakes his thick, dark mop of hair. Everyone stares as crosses the yard.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Who's that?

MARCY

I have no idea.

Dick looks at Barb and holds her gaze as he walks by.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Damn, he is checking you out.

Barb turns her back. Dick smirks and walks on.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - MATH CLASS - DAY

The students stare up at the white board while MS. WICKER, a young teacher, lectures.

MS. WICKER

If we substitute  $x=0$  into the expression, we get zero over zero, which is indeterminate.

Barbara sits hunched over a printed satellite map of Gotham Bay next to her math notes.

Dick lounges a few seats behind in the row next to hers and pays little attention, his notebook blank.

MS. WICKER (CONT'D)  
If we take the derivative of the  
numerator, we get  $\cos x$ .

Barb marks a warehouse and makes the same mark next to "Myshkin Cons." on a list of business names and addresses.

MS. WICKER (CONT'D)  
If we take the derivative of the  
denominator, we get 1.

Barb peeks over her shoulder. Dick quickly looks away.

MS. WICKER (CONT'D)  
So, by L'hospital's Rule, we can re-  
express our limit--Barb? Barbara?

Barb narrows her eyes at Dick.

MS. WICKER (CONT'D)  
Ms. Gordon.

Barb snaps to attention and tries to cover her work.

MS. WICKER (CONT'D)  
Have you been listening?

BARBARA  
Uh, yeah. Yes.

MS. WICKER  
Then maybe you can give me the  
answer to this problem.

BARBARA  
Uhh, as the  $x$  tends to zero, the  
quantity tends to one.

Ms. Wicker clears her throat.

MS. WICKER  
Very good. Maybe just pay the board  
a little more eye service, okay?

BARBARA  
Yes, ma'am.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - STUDY HALL - DAY

Barb reads a software design textbook while other students study or chat. Dick sits at the edge of the room.

A group of girls nearby giggle over their phones, led by Rani, 16, a queen bee type.

Marcy enters and snickers as she sits.

BARBARA  
Something funny?

Marcy nods toward Dick. Barb glances and avoids eye contact.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Kid's like a bad penny. Who is he?

MARCY  
Word is he's here from some prep school: special transfer.

BARBARA  
What's he doing here, then? Besides being a creep?

MARCY  
According to Rani, he might have left his last school before he could be kicked out.

Rani tilts her phone to show her friends a picture.

RANI  
This one looks rad. Love how the scarf trails behind.

BARBARA  
Well, who are we to question the queen? If he's such a menace, why was he in my AP calc?

MARCY  
Maybe he's got layers. Oof, too bad he's only into fit girls.

BARBARA  
Fit girls?

MARCY  
Yeah. He's been asking about the school's athletes all day.

BARBARA

The heck's he want with me, then?

MARCY

Obviously, that turtleneck isn't  
hiding all that smoke under there.

RANI

Oh my god, you guys, new leak.

Her friends gather close.

RANI (CONT'D)

"My source confirms that evildoers'  
plans to traffic young girls into  
Gotham was foiled last night."

Marcy and Barb eavesdrop.

RANI (CONT'D)

"Evidence suggests that their  
defeat may have been the latest  
work of the mysterious Batgirl."

BARBARA

The mysterious what?

The girls look at her like she wandered into the wrong  
bathroom. Barbara blushes.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What does that girl vigilante have  
to do with bats?

RANI

Uh, hello? She stalks the night to  
take on bad guys single-handed?

GIRL #1

She's just like Batman.

GIRL #2

I heard she was trained by Batman.

TEACHER

Where are you going?

Dick stands halfway out the door.

DICK

Bathroom.

TEACHER

Did you get permission?

DICK  
Can I please go to the bathroom?

TEACHER  
Yes, you may.

Dick leaves. Rani walks over to Barbara.

RANI  
Hey.

Barb looks up from her book.

RANI (CONT'D)  
There's a party at my place  
tomorrow night. You gonna be there?

BARBARA  
What? Uh, no, I can't make it.

RANI  
Typical.

She shrugs and goes back to her seat.

BARBARA  
What's that supposed to mean?

RANI  
Ms. Perfect's too good to hang out.  
Let me guess: Mensa Meeting?

MARCY  
We could go. I can go, too, right?

RANI  
Sure, whatever.

BARBARA  
No, I can't go. I have a thing.

RANI  
Right.

BARBARA  
Why do you suddenly want me to go  
to one of your parties?

RANI  
You want the truth?

BARBARA  
Yeah.

RANI

You know the new guy? Rich? He  
turned me down when he found out  
you wouldn't be there.

Barbara blushes. The girls giggle and whisper to one another.

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

The expansive natural cave houses a giant computer with multiple monitors, a row of display cases with batsuits, a row of superbikes, and the Batmobile on a rotating platform.

Batman, in a loosened business suit, squints at an article about Batgirl on his laptop. The Batcomputer sits dormant.

ALFRED, 60s, a distinguished, older English gentleman in a suit, descends the stairs from the freight elevator with a tray of food and sets it next to Batman.

ALFRED

Rare that a copycat should merit  
your attention, Master Bruce.

BATMAN

This one's different.

ALFRED

"Batgirl." Quite the comparison.

Alfred turns on the Batcomputer and opens a minimized tab.

A picture of the man Batgirl brutally beat, his face swollen with bruises and his nose crooked, fills the screen.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Yes, I think she left quite the  
impression on this man.

BATMAN

He gave her a name: Vic: next man  
on the totem pole. Probably took  
the phones to track him.

ALFRED

And I take it our vigilante knew  
enough to not be tracked herself.

BATMAN

Trail's cold behind her, but if I  
can't find The Batgirl, maybe I can  
just find the girl.



Batman scoots to the computer and opens half a dozen databases and registries.

ALFRED

Is it wise to change your focus  
with Black Mask on the loose?

BATMAN

The focus is one and the same. She  
might be closer to him than us.

ALFRED

And here The Herald just christened  
you the world's greatest detective.

Batman smirks and proffers a sheaf of papers.

BATMAN

The noise she made at the docks put  
me on this.

ALFRED

Fillipovna Shipping?

BATMAN

The shipping container they moved  
the girls in tracks back to them.

ALFRED

Headquarters in the Caymans, yard  
in Korea, ships from the U.K., and  
no employees? Doesn't bloody exist.

BATMAN

Only enough to launder money. They  
were receiving deposits from  
Karamozov Inc.: another front with  
roots here in Gotham

He clicks through company invoices.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

They take the money as loans from  
Myshkin Consolidated, which gets  
paid regularly for "consulting  
services" by Sapphire Valkyrie LLC.

ALFRED

Does this go much longer?

BATMAN

No. The trail stops there.  
Information on Sapphire Valkyrie is  
incomplete, even in the registry.

ALFRED

Then they paid to have that info lost. A business of some means.

BATMAN

I tracked the transactions to their server, but Fox hasn't been able to break their security algorithm.

ALFRED

Stuck in his craw, I'm sure.

BATMAN

If I can tie the money to Black Mask, I can take him down, but he may have a silent partner.

ALFRED

So, you want to know what this young lady's found working the case from the other end.

Batman opens a looping traffic cam video of a figure in the distance passing by on a cross street on a motorcycle.

BATMAN

This is the only image of her. Somehow, video feeds around her cut at a certain radius.

ALFRED

She's working with someone?

BATMAN

Unknown, but her little camera trick helps me establish a pattern.

He pulls up a map of Gotham with red dots along the roads.

ALFRED

Leads back to Bristol, but there are no cameras past there. She could go anywhere after that.

BATMAN

Next time she knocks out the cameras, I'll make contact.

Batman buttons his shirt and tightens his tie. Alfred clicks through registries and photos of young women on the computer.

ALFRED

Trying to narrow down her identity, as well? Doesn't look very narrow.

BATMAN

Enough to suggest a police precinct  
and a school district.

ALFRED

Planning on joining a clique,  
Master Bruce?

BATMAN

I already have a man on the job.

ALFRED

A task I'm certain thrilled him.

BATMAN

Have to go. Stagg's pushing for  
pharma reform, and I'm not letting  
him go unchallenged.

He jogs to the exit.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on the cameras for me,  
will you, Alfred?

ALFRED

Certainly. Thrilling.

INT. BLACK MASK'S OFFICE - DAY

VICTOR ZSASZ, a shaved-bald, wiry man in a leather jacket,  
fights his drooping eyes in the ascending elevator and  
scratches at his forearm.

The elevator opens, and Vic moseys down a dim, art-deco  
hallway while two big mob enforcers in suits eye him.

He enters double doors to Black Mask's office. A big, dark  
oak desk sits empty at the center of the room.

BLACK MASK, in a suit, with a black, wooden mask fused to his  
face by burns, examines a classical painting on the wall.

BLACK MASK

Vic. Nice of you to show up.

VIC

It wasn't easy to find a gap in my  
schedule, but I managed.

BLACK MASK

I look like I'm in a jokin' mood?

Black Mask turns. His eyes sear from behind the black skull.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)  
Cops took four girls at the dock.

VIC  
Suppose I should have warned you.  
See, the cops don't like it when--

Black Mask slams a fist on his desk.

BLACK MASK  
Container came into the port with  
five. Where's the fifth? The last  
four crates--all of them short one.

He gets in Vic's face.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)  
What do you have to say?

VIC  
Maybe I plucked one here and there.  
It's not like they missed 'em.

BLACK MASK  
The balls on you. Think you can  
steal my goods right off the boat?

VIC  
Job's only as good as its perks.

BLACK MASK  
What did you do with them, you--

Vic pokes Mask in the ribs with a hunting knife.

VIC  
Watch it. Words hurt.

BLACK MASK  
You little--

He swats the knife aside and shoves Vic against the door. Vic slashes Black Mask's arm and sinks the knife into his side.

VIC  
Sh, sh, sh. Don't struggle.

The henchmen enter. Vic slips behind the mob boss.

VIC (CONT'D)  
No no. One step closer, and the  
carpet gets a splash of color.

He urges Black Mask forward.

BLACK MASK  
You're a dead man.

VIC  
Every man is dead, Maskey-boy. Not  
every man has a knife in his liver.

They mosey past the guards and to the elevator.

VIC (CONT'D)  
A twitch of my wrist, and the EMT  
won't arrive in time. Hit it.

Black Mask growls. Vic twists the knife a hair.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Your hepatic artery's about here.

Black Mask hits the button for the elevator.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Sorry to say, Roman, but I think  
it's time we parted ways.

The elevator doors open, and Vic drags Black Mask inside.

VIC (CONT'D)  
This environment's starting to feel  
a little stifling. I'm a butterfly.  
Need to spread my wings.

Vic tugs the knife free and boots the mob boss out.

VIC (CONT'D)  
No tally for you, today, but I'll  
save you a spot.

The elevator doors close.

INT. COURT JUDO & SELF DEFENSE - NIGHT

A teenage student bounces off the padded floor, result of a  
judo throw. Barb kneels in a square with the other students.

SENSEI COURT, 30s, whose muscles strain his judogi, observes.

SENSEI COURT  
Good.

The students stand and bow to each other.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Strong execution, Maret. Andeol,  
you're getting better every day.

The students kneel in empty spots around the square.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Gordon, Fujiwara.

Barbara and another girl bow in the square. Fujiwara frowns.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Set.

Barbara performs a floating hip throw with causal effort.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Good work. Stay in, Gordon. Let's  
do another one. Villy?

The teen girl stands, and they bow. Villy clutches Barb's  
wrist. Barb snaps the grab and hits her with a tani otoshi.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Alright. Good energy, Barb. Hang  
on. Stick around. Conway?

A boy, older and larger than Barb, hesitates.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Come on. Show us what you can do.

Conway bows with Barb. Barb goes for a sweeping throw, but  
Conway plants his feet.

Conway lifts Barb off the floor for a belt drop, but Barb  
wraps her legs around him and catches his neck in a lock.

They both flop on the pad. Conway chokes and taps out.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Alright, alright. Good  
demonstration, Gordon.

Barb releases Conway, and he catches his breath. They bow.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
I'll be teaching you all that hold  
soon. That's it for today.

Everyone stands and gathers their bags. Barbara pulls hers to  
the side and enters the bathroom.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Don't be strangers to each other.  
You can learn a lot from sparring  
on your free time.

The students file out. Court enters his office in the back.

Barb exits the bathroom and kneels on the pad. Long moments pass. Sensei exits his office and stands before her.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Gordon, ready?

Barb nods and stands. Court roars and attacks. The two compete in a flurry of shoots and grabs.

Sensei tries a throw, but Barb locks her legs around his. Barb kicks the back of his legs and shoves him down.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Good. Again.

Their hands blur as they vie for grips and break holds. Barb shoots a leg grapple and shoves Sensei on his back.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Good. Smart. Go for the legs on a  
taller opponent-- Something wrong?

BARBARA  
Nothing.

They reset. Sensei tries for a foot throw technique, but Barb braces her free leg against his.

Barb climbs the sensei and pulls him down in to an armbar. Sensei taps, and they stand. Barb eyes him.

SENSEI COURT  
Oof, ow-- What?

BARBARA  
You're holding back.

SENSEI COURT  
If you can tell that, you still  
have a lot of potential.

BARBARA  
That's unacceptable. I can't afford  
kid gloves. I need to beat anyone.

SENSEI COURT  
You can beat anyone. You'll  
dominate at the tournament.

A poster for the "Gotham Intermural Under 18 Judo Tournament"  
hangs on the wall.

BARBARA  
That's just a tournament. I want to  
win in a real fight, even beat you.

SENSEI COURT  
If we were in the same weight  
class, I'm sure you could--

BARBARA  
Regardless of weight class, even  
multiple opponents.

SENSEI COURT  
That's not-- You want me to stop  
holding back?

BARBARA  
Yes.

SENSEI COURT  
Okay. Let's go again.

They reset. Court makes no move. Barb tries to grab his wrist  
and he shoves her to the ground with no technique.

Barb jumps to her feet and tries a leg takedown. Court holds  
rigid and pushes her back.

Barbara leaps and tries to spin into an armbar. Sensei holds  
her and tosses her to the pad.

Barb sits and catches her breath. Tears well in her eyes.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
I don't want to discourage you, but  
there's a reason tournaments have  
weight classes and--

BARBARA  
Gender divisions.

SENSEI COURT  
You only win real fights by  
avoiding them. If you have multiple  
opponents, you should run away.



BARBARA  
I'm not going to run away.

SENSEI COURT  
I don't know what's going on with  
you, but that chip on your  
shoulder's the first enemy to face.

Barb's phone sounds a notification in her backpack.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Don't let me hold you back. You  
want to beat anyone? You'll need a  
better trainer than me.

He walks back to his office.

SENSEI COURT (CONT'D)  
Go home. Tournament's soon. Best if  
you keep your head clear.

Barb grabs her phone. A message reads: "RECORDING FLAGGED."

EXT. COURT JUDO & SELF DEFENSE - NIGHT

Barb steps out to the parking lot and pops an earbud in.

GORDON (V.O.)  
Gordon here.

MONTOYA (V.O.)  
Sir, we caught a body in Otisburg.  
Looks like the missing girl from  
the trafficking bust last night.

GORDON (V.O.)  
Deceased? Where?

MONTOYA (V.O.)  
New tower on Goodwin. You're gonna  
want to come down here.

GORDON (V.O.)  
Alright. I'll be there soon.

Barb pulls a gray hoodie out of her bag and pulls it inside-  
out to reveal the purple on the inside.

EXT. HIGH-RISE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

The guts of the new building stand without walls. Light from  
construction lamps illuminate a single floor.

Cops and forensics pros pace back and forth. Gordon approaches the scene.

GORDON  
Mother of God.

The girl's body, hung from wires posing her lie Rosie the Riveter, wears a purple hoodie, a mask, and a yellow scarf.

MONTROYA  
Rigor mortis is helping her stay  
like that. She's been dead less  
than six hours.

GORDON  
This isn't--?

RAMIRIEZ  
No. We thought so, too, at first,  
but we found this in the hoodie.

Montoya proffers an opened envelope labeled "For Batgirl."  
Gordon pulls out a letter and unfolds it.

GORDON  
"'A Heroine Riveter' - Dregs."

MONTROYA  
Title of the piece--and the medium.

GORDON  
Christ. "I hope you don't find this  
imitation too pale. I used what I  
had to hand."

Barb perches in the dark on the floor above and listens.

GORDON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
"The old colors fade before my  
eyes. My blood runs thin. There's  
no life, no power in lesser women."

Tears glisten in Barb's eyes. She shakes.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
"Only the thought of you makes my  
heart beat again. Together, we'll  
paint in broad strokes of purple  
and yellow. I'll be waiting."

MONTROYA  
Looks like The Batgirl found  
herself an admirer.

GORDON

It was only a matter of time before  
she attracted attention.

A shadow lands on Barb's floor: a bat-eared silhouette.

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

What's important now is that we  
find her before she gets hurt.

MONTOYA (O.S.)

She could help us find this psycho.

Batman walks up behind Barb.

GORDON

We might need her to. Have you told  
the vic's sister, yet?

Barb stiffens and tries to peek back without turning.

MONTOYA

No, sir.

GORDON

I'll do it. Dragged all the way  
across the ocean and now this.

Barb inches her hand toward her belt.

BATMAN

Is that a flechette you're reaching  
for? Maybe a homemade explosive?

Barb's eyes widen.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You're scared. You should be.  
Today's bloodshed is a wake-up  
call. This isn't a game.

He steps closer.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You can still step away. Give me  
what you know about the  
traffickers, about the man who did  
this. I'll finish what you started.

Barb's face darkens.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Leave the fight against the man who  
did this to myself and the police.

Barb flings a stun grenade at him and flees. The flash and bang do nothing to Batman.

Barb jumps off the building and slides down a thin rope attached to a simple carabiner.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
Didn't think so.

He glides down with his spread cape and lands as Barb reaches her bike and speeds off. He walks the opposite direction.

INT./EXT. BATMOBILE/GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

Barb turns down a side street lined with cars. She scans her mirrors and the side streets and sighs.

The Batmobile roars around the corner and chases. Barb goes full throttle and weaves around the few cars.

BATMAN  
Alfred, I've found the vigilante.  
I'm in pursuit.

ALFRED (V.O.)  
Very good, sir. Cameras along your route are helping to track her.

BATMAN  
Save her bike's audio signature to the archives, as well.

Batman taps the touchscreen in his dashboard, and a video feed from the Batmobile's perspective pops up.

The software scans the bike and generates an audio signature. The signature minimizes, and a RADAR points to Barb's bike.

Barb cuts down an alley. Batman follows.

Barb zips through. The Batmobile weaves between objects. Barb cuts down a tight alley. Batman continues straight.

Barb crosses a street and rides down another alley. The Batmobile's RADAR tick follows the engine noise.

A "COLLISION ALARM" pops up, and Batman brakes. A sedan passes the alley. A kid in back stares. Batman winks.

Barb exits another alley and swerves as she almost hits the Batmobile, waiting for her.

Barb peals down the road. Batman follows. Barb turns down a one-way road and double-taps her earbud.

BARBARA  
Run protocol two: GOLF-LIMA-TWO.

The earbud beeps, and all the streetlights turn off.

BATMAN  
What just happened?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
It appears she just sent a data packet through the city's O.S.

BATMAN  
Isn't that WayneTech?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
Indeed, sir.

BATMAN  
Is she communicating with someone?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
No radio signals detected. No unusual wi-fi.

BATMAN  
She's doing it herself?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
I can try to override.

BATMAN  
Hold off on that, Alfred. Can you track the source?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
Yes, sir.

Barb does a 180 stoppie and drives right at the Batmobile. Batman slams the brakes.

Barb wheelies and drives her bike onto and over the Batmobile and speeds off.

BATMAN  
Not bad.

He pulls a lever. The Batmobile's wheel wells swing and extend from the main body like spider limbs.

The wheels turn independently. The Batmobile spins in place.

BARBARA  
Wonderful toy.

The Batmobile shifts to pursuit config even as it drives.  
Barb's phone sounds an alert. Message: "INTRUSION DETECTED."

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Want to play hardball?

She taps the screen. A notification reads, "SCANNING..."

ALFRED (V.O.)  
Sir, my attempt to penetrate the  
origin device was blocked and  
triggered a script to automatically  
send a virus in return.

BATMAN  
Any damage?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
No. Firewall held.

"DEVICE DETECTED" on Barb's phone. She taps the IP address.  
The Batmobile loses rpms and coasts down the road.

BATMAN  
What's happening?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
I don't know. She's deactivated the  
controls to the Batmobile.

BATMAN  
How is that possible?

ALFRED (V.O.)  
It appears Mr. Fox is no longer the  
best software engineer we know. I  
believe I warned the self-drive  
would be a vulnerability.

Batman pulls a red handle next to the seat. The roof of the  
Batmobile pops off and Batman launches into the air.

He spreads his cape and glides after Barbara. Barb watches  
the Batmobile fall behind in her mirrors.

A shadow blocks the moonlight. The bat glides overhead.

Barb goes full throttle. Batman dives to gain speed and rears  
up behind her, wings spread.

Barbara spills the bike. Batman flies over her.

Barb protects her head and neck as she rolls to a stop on the pavement. Her hoodie tears open. The road scrapes her skin.

Batman lands. Barb sprints up a ramp into a parking structure. Batman stalks after her, no rush.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Batman strolls up the ramp. Multiple car alarms go off. He rounds the corner just as the stairwell door ahead shuts.

Cars fill the space. Some of them wail and flash.

Alarms go off on the level above.

Batman strolls up to the next floor. A yellow scarf pokes out from under a car away from the wailing alarms.

He pulls the scarf out. No Batgirl.

Behind him, Barb vaults over the parapet and slides down a 550 cord clipped to a vehicle's fender.

Batman strolls over. Outside, Barb picks up her bike and drives off. Batman chuckles.

ALFRED (V.O.)

Sir, is everything alright? I heard a noise, a very peculiar one.

BATMAN

Give it a rest, Alfred.

ALFRED (V.O.)

Did you catch the vigilante?

BATMAN

No. She's gone.

ALFRED (V.O.)

Gone? Did you at least learn something about her?

BATMAN

Everything I need to know.

He walks toward the exit.

ALFRED (V.O.)

What do we do now?

BATMAN

You see her handiwork? Her hacks?

ALFRED (V.O.)

Yes?

BATMAN

We need to scan all devices in the precinct where she's most active. Look for spyware matching her work.

ALFRED (V.O.)

You think she's infiltrated the police as well?

BATMAN

She knew her missing victim was found as fast as the police did.

ALFRED (V.O.)

I'll get started straight away.

Batman folds the scarf and leaves with it.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Gordon enters the dim home, sets his keys in the bowl by the door in the kitchen, and hangs his coat.

Barb, in cozy sweats, nurses a mug at the dining table.

GORDON

What are you doing up so late?

He flicks the lights on.

BARBARA

Can't sleep.

GORDON

Well, that coffee can't be helping.

BARBARA

It's hot chocolate.

Gordon grabs a beer and sits across from her.

GORDON

Oh. Then what's keeping you up?

BARBARA

You see some bad stuff, right?

GORDON

At work? Guess you could say that.



BARBARA

How do you live with it? The death,  
the powerlessness. Every body's a  
person you couldn't save.

GORDON

Where's this coming from?

BARBARA

Oh, I was scrolling the news.

GORDON

Oof. Couldn't you have just done  
some drugs instead?

They chuckle.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Well, kiddo. To put it simply,  
that's all Inspector Gordon's  
problem, not mine.

Barb makes a face.

GORDON (CONT'D)

When I'm doing my job, I can't be  
Jim Gordon. Jim would puke. Jim  
would be paralyzed.

BARBARA

You compartmentalize.

GORDON

I become Inspector Gordon.  
Inspector Gordon only sees  
evidence, motive, suspects.

BARBARA

You think you become someone else?

GORDON

I think so. He carries that weight,  
so I don't take it home with me.  
Everything's easier for two people.

BARBARA

But, you're not two people. I don't  
think I could do it.

GORDON

I know it's complicated. Everyone  
has another side to them, even you.  
Like when you go out at night.

Barb swallows hard and keeps her face neutral.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Do you think you're the same person  
in your room as you are with your  
friends? In your karate classes?

BARBARA  
I don't know. I always feel like  
I'm still me.

GORDON  
Well, that's good. I hope you're  
always true to yourself.

He stands to leave.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
What do you think? Listening to  
your old man make you sleepy yet?

BARBARA  
Oh, every time.

GORDON  
Good. School comes early.  
Tournament's soon. Nervous?

Barb shakes her head.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
No doubt in your mind? That's what  
I like to hear. Have good night.

BARBARA  
'Night, Dad.

Barb enters her bedroom and almost gets in bed but opens her  
computer instead. She plugs the trafficker's phone in.

She runs a program that produces five long lists of phone  
numbers. It highlights one phone number common among them.

Barb copies the number into another program which opens a map  
of Gotham and highlights a building with a red dot.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Got you now.

She checks the clock. "2:50 AM."

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow. Got you tomorrow.

She crawls in her bed and falls asleep.

INT. STAGG'S OFFICE - DAY

Batman, in a three-piece suit, enters, led by a secretary.

Hawk art and statues dominate the room. A nameplate on the big oak desk reads: "SIMON STAGG C.E.O."

SIMON STAGG, 50s, hard-faced, greying, looks down on Gotham through the rain running down a huge floor-to ceiling window.

SIMON STAGG

Bruce, you came. I began to think you'd snub my invitations forever.

BATMAN

I decided we should clear the air, know where we stand.

SIMON STAGG

Thank you, Clarice. Could you bring Mr. Wayne a drink?

BATMAN

I'm good, thanks.

The secretary leaves. Stagg paces around the desk.

STAGG

Let's skip the pleasantries, then. Why are you blocking my legislation? Less regulation is better for everyone's business.

BATMAN

Regulations on human testing are in place for a reason.

STAGG

They hinder progress.

BATMAN

They protect people. Your lab tests have been disastrous.

STAGG

Data proves nothing. For a human reaction, we need human tests.

BATMAN

I understand why you can't wait,  
but I won't let you endanger others  
for your daughter.

STAGG

We don't need to be enemies. What  
will it take for you to step aside?

BATMAN

Proper FDA approval.

STAGG

Ohh, a white knight, huh? Think you  
can go toe-to-toe with me?

BATMAN

Wayne Enterprises has more than  
enough assets to stand between you  
and congress.

Stagg steps close.

STAGG

It's not your assets I'll go after.

BATMAN

I think we know where we stand now.  
Goodbye, Simon.

He walks away.

STAGG

I always get what I want, Wayne.

BATMAN

Maybe. Just don't expect Lindner or  
Leahy to give it to you.

STAGG

What?

BATMAN

My man met the senators after  
yours. They liked him better.

He closes the door behind him. Stagg shakes with rage and  
smacks everything off his desk.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

A clean place but a dozen mannequins and parts stand in the  
corners. All sport mismatched clothes, paint, or makeup.

Vic, in a sweater and jeans, sits at a desk and crafts a bomb. His phone sits next to him.

Abstract purple and yellow oil paintings with splashes of red lie on the desk, on the floor, and in the wastebin.

Vic leans back in his chair, blows raspberry a few times, and taps on the armrests.

He picks up a painting and grabs a tomato from his fridge.

He contemplates the painting and takes a huge bite out of the tomato. The juice runs down his chin and onto his sweater.

He snarls and rips the paper in half. He beats his chest.

VIC

Is there nothing? Nothing?

He climbs out to the wet fire escape and onto the thin iron banister. He titters, giddy, as his footing wobbles.

In the hall, three thugs approach his door and don black skull masks. Vic side-eyes the door.

They kick the door in. Vic stands in his kitchen and grins.

VIC (CONT'D)

It's so nice to have visitors.

He feels his heartbeat with his hand. The thugs pull knives.

VIC (CONT'D)

Ohh. Hoo hoo. Yeah. Oh, shhhh.  
Quiet, yeah.

He draws his hunting knife.

VIC (CONT'D)

Don't want to wake the neighbors.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - FIELDHOUSE - DAY

The building contains a full-sized running track surrounding a multi-purpose turf at the center.

While it rains, Gymnasts share the field with track and soccer drills. Barbara and Marcy stretch with the runners.

Barb wears sweatbands on her elbows to hide the road rash.

MARCY  
...but Tristan keeps showing up  
late. He's not very committed.

Barb spaces out, eyes tired.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
I think we're going to have to find  
a new drummer. Barb? Barb?

BARBARA  
Hm?

MARCY  
Late night?

Rani walks over in her soccer jersey.

RANI  
Hey.

BARBARA  
Hi?

RANI  
Party's tonight. Coming or what?

BARBARA  
Didn't we talk about this?

RANI  
What else do you have going on?

BARBARA  
Stuff. I have study and practice.  
You already have a hundred people  
going. Why do you keep asking me?

RANI  
Rich said he'll go if you go.

Barb peers at the gymnastics section. Dick powders his hands  
and jumps up on rings hung from the ceiling.

BARBARA  
He have dirt on you or something?

RANI  
Oh my god. You can cut the act.  
Word's out already.

BARBARA  
Word? Word about what?

RANI

Everyone sees you making moon-eyes at him. Kim said you slipped him a note in class.

Barbara tries to form words.

RANI (CONT'D)

You both fall off the face of the Earth after school and "study?"

BARBARA

Yes. I have stuff going on.

RANI

Pull the trigger already. He's hot, he's rich--

BARBARA

He's what?

RANI

Do you not even know who he is?

BARBARA

No, and I don't care. Everyone thinks I'm into him?

Marcy nods.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Well, I'll squash that right now.

She stomps over to the gymnastics section where Dick cycles through a ring routine. She stands under him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Hey, dick.

Dick swings upside down to squint at her.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

That is your name, right? Dick?

DICK

Only my friends call me Dick.

BARBARA

Well, I'm not your friend. I want you to stop staring at me, stop asking about me, and stop--

Dick sighs and moves into a ring plank.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Could you come down here? You're  
not in the circus.

Dick chuckles and dismounts.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Look, find yourself another crush.  
I don't need the attention.

DICK  
Look, I don't think you—

Dick reaches for her shoulder, and Barb smacks it away. He  
tries to poke her three times, and she blocks them.

He tries a series of strikes, and she blocks them all.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Ooh, Karate. They said you fight.

Dick smirks. Barb blocks a series of low and mid kicks.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Taekwondo.

Barb blocks a few Silat techniques.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Ah, you don't know Silat, but  
you've got good instincts. Little  
unpolished. Who's your teacher?

Barb drives Dick back with a series of strikes. She switches  
styles on the fly, but Dick blocks all.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Been hearing a lot about you:  
computer whiz, top of your class,  
even skipped a couple grades?

Dick attacks in series. Barb struggles to keep up. The teams  
stop to watch. The track coach runs to Marcy and Rani.

TRACK COACH  
The heck's going on over there?

RANI  
Have you never heard of flirting?

Barb and Dick lock in a stalemate. Barb fights for breath.

DICK  
Not pushing you too hard, am I?



Barb shoves him back and strikes in a fury.

TRACK COACH  
Isn't that the new kid?

RANI  
Yeah. I think his dad donated,  
like, this whole building.

Track Coach squeals and runs over.

Dick parries a kick and pokes Barb's ribs. He parries a punch and taps her on the head.

TRACK COACH  
Alright. Alright. Break it up.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Barb and Dick slouch in front of the principal's desk.

DICK  
We were just playing around, right?

BARBARA  
Yeah, just playing around.

PRINCIPAL  
I accept that you two were just  
horsing around, but I can't have  
karate demonstrations in my gym.

DICK  
Where else you gonna have 'em?

PRINCIPAL  
Don't be a smart-aleck, Mr.  
Grayson. You've had enough  
disciplinary action this week.  
You're dismissed.

Both kids stand.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
Stay a moment, Barbara?

Barb sits. Dick leaves.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
How are things? Okay at home?

BARBARA  
Sure.

PRINCIPAL

I ask because some of the teachers  
are worried about you.

BARBARA

Why? I get good grades. I haven't  
missed any school.

PRINCIPAL

Believe it or not, we care about  
more than just grades and  
attendance. The teachers like you,  
Ms. Gordon. They care about you.

BARBARA

And you talk about me?

PRINCIPAL

We talk about any student who seems  
distracted, tired, maybe even a  
little sad?

BARBARA

I'm fine.

PRINCIPAL

Nothing going on in your personal  
life you care to talk about?

QUICK FLASH - The Batcomputer girl strung up.

BACK TO SCENE

BARBARA

No.

PRINCIPAL

You sure?

BARBARA

Yeah. I'm just trying to stay in  
the right headspace, you know?

PRINCIPAL

Okay. Well, if you ever want to  
talk, we're here, okay? You can  
talk to us about anything.

BARBARA

Yeah. Okay, thanks.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - HALL - DAY

Barb sighs and rests her forehead against her locker.

DICK (O.S.)  
Tough day?

Dick appears behind her.

BARBARA  
Shouldn't you be in class by now?

DICK  
Maybe, but you're more interesting.

BARBARA  
Was it all the kicks I threw at you  
that make you think you have a  
chance with me?

She opens her locker and digs out a few books.

DICK  
You got me all wrong. You were real  
impressive today.

BARBARA  
Yeah. Yeah, you too. Your technique  
is so sharp. Who trained you?

DICK  
Uh, a private tutor. Very  
exclusive. Usually only takes on  
one student at a time.

BARBARA  
Oh. That's too bad. I would've  
liked to meet 'em.

She closes her locker.

DICK  
Starting to think maybe you should.

BARBARA  
Really?

DICK  
Sure, you're impressive. Top of  
your class, great fighter,  
impressive... extracurriculars.

BARBARA  
Can he make me a better fighter?

DICK  
I guarantee it. I'll see what I can  
do. Talk to you later.

Dick leaves the school. A girl spying on them smiles and  
leaves. Barb hits her head on her locker.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vic falls against his kitchen wall and catches his breath.

A bloodstain trickles down his cheek, and a slash on his  
chest soaks his sweater red. He feels for his heartbeat.

VIC  
Ooh, that got my blood up.

His assailants lie dead on the floor.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Thought I was going to die from the  
boredom. Three more for the record.

He pulls up his sleeve. Tick marks gouged into his skin mark  
a tally. He gouges more with the point of his knife.

VIC (CONT'D)  
One, two--

An assassin stirs and drags himself toward his knife.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Oh, whoops. That was a close one.

The assassin nears his knife. Vic moseys over.

VIC (CONT'D)  
What a hassle. This is a very  
sensitive time for me, you know.  
Many fingers in many pies.

The assassin reaches for the knife, and Vic kicks it away.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Guess I can't hang around here  
anymore. Was really hoping Roman  
could let bygones be bygones.

Vic eyes his phone on the desk and throws his knife down into  
the thug's back. The thug groans.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Hush. I'm thinking. Maybe, maybe,  
maybe, I can still stay in touch.

He grins.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Barb opens her closet, pulls a pile of clothes off a  
ruggedized storage box, and unlocks it.

Inside sit three each of yellow scarves and purple hoodies  
still in plastic. Barb grabs one of each and dons them.

She opens a drawer's false bottom for her utility belt and  
just about dons it when the house's front entrance opens.

Barb opens her door, scarf, hoodie, and belt left on the bed.  
Gordon sits at the kitchen table and nurses a bottle of beer.

BARBARA  
You're home early.

GORDON  
Hey. Yeah, I decided to call it.

Barb sits.

BARBARA  
Something happen?

GORDON  
Yeah, just cop stuff, you know.

BARBARA  
Like what?

GORDON  
'Preciate the thought, but I'm not  
gonna burden you with my problems.

BARBARA  
But I want to know. I think you  
should talk to somebody.

GORDON  
Look, my work isn't for kids.

BARBARA  
I've heard bad stuff before. I've  
seen movies. I've watched the news.

GORDON  
I don't know.

BARBARA  
I even think about becoming a cop.

GORDON  
You do?

BARBARA  
Yeah, you know. I want to protect people, stop bad guys.

GORDON  
Nah, you're too smart for that. You should code, make the big bucks.

BARBARA  
I'd rather make a difference.

GORDON  
How about digital forensics, then? Huh? Solve cybercrimes.

BARBARA  
And sit at a computer while someone else takes out the bad guys? I'd probably go nuts.

GORDON  
I don't like the idea of you having to deal with that stuff.

BARBARA  
I'm not asking you to shoot a drug dealer in front of me.

GORDON  
I had to bring a girl in today to identify her sister's body.

Barb's eyes glisten with tears, and she sets her jaw.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm sorry. It's no big deal.

BARBARA  
No, Dad. I'm--That's tough, huh? Being there. You done that before?

GORDON  
Plenty of times. It just doesn't get any easier.

BARBARA  
Didn't, uh, didn't you  
compartmentalize? Where was  
Inspector Gordon?

GORDON  
He disappears for those.

Gordon makes to leave.

GODRON  
Hey, don't worry about it. It's the  
job. I do it so no one else has to.

BARBARA  
What about the killer? Any leads?

GORDON  
Sure. Yeah. I might have to rely on  
the legwork of others, but as long  
as we get the guy.

BARBARA  
I think you'll catch him.

GORDON  
Yeah?

BARBARA  
Yeah. I think you'll have him soon.

GORDON  
Thanks, Barb. Means the world.

Gordon enters the living room and turns on a sports game.

EXT. GORDON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Barb crawls out of her bedroom window in her crime-fighting  
outfit and pushes her bike to the street through the rain.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Barb pulls up at the front door and checks the names on the  
call box. Her finger falls on "308: V. ZSASZ."

She pushes her bike into the alley and parks it at the back,  
jumps off a dumpster, and yanks down the fire escape ladder.

She climbs up to the third floor and peers into the window.  
Mannequins leer at her from the dim kitchen.

BARBARA

Well, if this isn't the place.

Party music bumps from the apartment above. Barb climbs up and peers into a window.

Rani leans against a wall in her bedroom and chats with a couple other kids. Someone hands Rani a joint, and she takes.

Barb crawls down and pulls out her tonfa. She hesitates to smash the window and tries to lift it open. It opens.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Barb crawls into the kitchen and shines a flashlight around. She sniffs and covers her nose.

A man sits at Zsasz's desk. Barb creeps up behind him.

One of the thugs, his eyes blank, his skin pale. A simple, hinged box sits on the desk with a note: "FOR BATGIRL."

Barb opens the box. A ballerina figurine twirls inside while a tune plays. A folded paper sits inside next to Vic's phone.

Barb unfolds the paper and reads.

VIC (V.O.)

"Dear Batgirl, I knew you'd find me, and I hope the police weren't stingy with my last letter. You and I have a date with destiny--that is if you can outlive this tune."

Barb ducks under the desk. Wires run from the music box to Ammonium nitrate bombs at the corpse's feet.

Barb sprints through the kitchen and dives out the window just as the tune ends and the bomb explodes.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The building shakes. Vic's ceiling collapses.

The anchors for the fire escape fail, and Barb hangs on as the structure tips and bangs against the opposite wall.

Barb's tonfa drops from its sheath to the alley below. Her ears ring. Kids from the party scream.

Fire licks from Vic's window and from the room above.



Barb climbs to the top of the fire escape, ties her grapple and line, whirls it, and hooks to the apartment's parapet.

She swings across the alley to Vic's window.

The brick crumbles, and Barb jumps inside just before a section of the wall falls away and exposes the two floors.

INT. VIC'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Barb throws her rope outside to hang over the alley floor.

Two teenage partygoers and a burning bed lay amongst rubble fallen through the hole from the apartment above.

Barb turns a boy over. He whimpers and clutches his wrist. A wound on his forehead seeps.

BARBARA

Can you stand? Can you walk? Move.  
Come on. Help her. Stay low.

Barb helps him up. The boy joins the girl. Barb runs to the hall, grabs a fire extinguisher, and sprays the fires.

The teens rush out.

GIRL #1

Where's Rani?

A scream upstairs. Rani huddles in a corner, fire on one side and the chasm beyond the collapsed wall on the other.

Barb runs to the hall and up the stairs as teens and residents run down.

BARBARA

Move. Make way. Make way.

GIRL #2

Is that--

INT. RANI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Barb runs in and meets a wall of flame. She unloads the extinguisher on the fire before Rani's bedroom.

BARBARA

Hold on! I'm coming!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Teens and residents rush out as pedestrians watch and record.

INT. RANI'S APARTMENT - SAME

Barb clears enough of a path and runs into Rani's room. She sidles around the hole in the floor and kneels next to Rani.

BARBARA  
Are you hurt?

Rani cries. Barb extinguishes the nearest fire until the extinguisher runs dry and tosses it down.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
I've cleared the way. Let's go.

Rani weeps and makes herself small.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Rani, look at me.

Rani snaps out of it. She looks at Barb for the first time.

RANI  
You. You're--

BARBARA  
I need you to move. Can you move?

Rani nods and stands. An explosion downstairs knocks the girls over, and a plume of fire swells up through the hole.

The fire reignites the room and blocks the exit.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Stay calm. Stay calm. I just gotta--

Her rope hangs outside the gap in the wall.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Come on. Up. Up. Hold onto me.

Rani does so. Barb grabs her and jumps off the ledge.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Barb clutches the rope, and the two of them slide down the thin, wet cord. Rani screams.

Water steams off Barb's gloves as she grits her teeth and strains to slow their descent. An onlooker films.

They hit the ground on their butts. Barb's glove smokes.

VIC (O.S.)  
And I was worried you'd be  
difficult to spot.

Vic walks up the alley in a hooded raincoat with Barb's tonfa in hand. Barb stands and pushes Rani behind her.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I knew you'd make it out. Did you  
like the art I made for you?

Rage grows on Barb's face.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Ooh, there she is. Want this back?

Barb charges Vic, and he flees down an adjoining alley.

RANI  
Go, Batgirl!

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Vic slides across the wet hood of a car in the street that slams its brakes and honks. Barb follows.

Vic titters as he runs down another alley. Barb flings a flechette that sticks in Vic's thigh.

Vic limps. Barb knocks him flat with a flying knee strike.

Barb pulls her taser but jumps back as Vic lashes out with his hunting knife. Vic stands and pulls the dart out.

VIC  
Ow. That was mean.

BARBARA  
We're just getting started.

VIC  
Yes, we are.

Vic throws the dart and runs. Barb dodges.

Vic kicks the door in on a condemned building and disappears into the dark. Barb chases but hesitates at the opening.

She swallows hard and shines her flashlight into the dark.

A forest of bare, rusted support beams fills the wide, empty floor inside. Water leaks from above and pools on the cement.

Barb creeps inside. Her light trembles and she scans around.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

VIC (O.S.)  
Is that anger that makes you shake?

The voice echoes from everywhere.

VIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You have the heart of a warrior.  
But is it trapped inside a little  
girl fighting only to quiet the  
fear she can't master?

BARBARA  
Come find out.

Vic runs up behind her and slashes her arm. Barb dodges the tonfa and kicks him in the gut. They square off.

VIC  
Oh, you got my blood up,  
sweetheart. The regular materials  
were getting so boring.

Barb launches a whirlwind of kicks. Vic titters as he dodges and blocks all he can.

Barb kicks him in the chest, in the knee, and in the ribs.

Vic stabs. Barb catches his wrist, elbow strike to the gut. Side kick knocks him back. Vic laughs.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Ooh. Oh yeah.

Vic pulls up his sleeve and shows the seven carved marks.

VIC (CONT'D)  
What do you think? One for each  
life I take.

He puts a hand over his heart.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I have a special place for yours.

Barb shakes, fishes for her taser, drops it. Vic stabs and swings with knife and tonfa. Barb dodges back.

She catches his knife hand and kicks him in the knee. He hits her in the ribs with the tonfa.

Barb staggers back and struggles to breathe.

Their breaths echo. Vic assails Barb with overhead tonfa attacks and quick stabs toward her gut.

Barb dances back and dodges. Barb blocks an overhead tonfa strike with her forearm, screams, and stumbles back.

The knife slices into Barb's leg. She falls down against a beam, whimpers, and holds the wound as it seeps dark blood.

Vic drops the tonfa, kneels, and holds the knifepoint to Barb's face. Barb squeezes her eyes shut.

VIC (CONT'D)  
You have heart. Think I'll keep it.

The point nears her, but Vic hesitates.

VIC (CONT'D)  
No. No, no. This is all wrong. Why  
am I still so empty?

Barb opens her eyes.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I thought you were the answer.

Barb recoils as Vic unloops the mask around her ears.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Oh. What a pretty girl.

He crawls forward and presses his ear to her chest.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Like the flutter of a little bird.  
No, no, but you're so strong.

Vic strokes her cheek.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Sh, sh. You just need time to grow.

He stands and paces, manic.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I can't take you now, not like  
this. You have so much potential. I  
need it. I need you to grow.

He lunges for her and takes her hand in his.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Listen. Look inside the old clinic  
on 17th street in Otisburg. You'll  
find what you seek there.

He touches the cut on her leg.

VIC (CONT'D)  
You have my mark now. Go. Grow.  
We'll meet again.

Vic stands and paces toward the exit but pauses.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Of course, without you, I'll have  
to sate my hunger elsewhere.  
Probably shouldn't keep me waiting.

He leaves. Barb's eyes flutter. She grits her teeth and ties  
her scarf tight around her wound.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Barb limps down the rainy alley and peeks around the corner.

Police tape cordons the alley under the hole in the building.  
A cop sits in his car and scrolls through his phone.

Where Barb left her bike sits empty.

She sighs and removes her hoodie.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Barb sits, soggy, her hoodie gray-side-out and tied to her  
waist, across from a middle-aged woman who eyeballs her.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Barb climbs into her room and flops on the floor. There she  
lies and stares at the ceiling.

GORDON (O.S.)  
Stop this.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
What am I supposed to think?

GORDON (O.S.)  
I just work late.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
Yeah, I'm sure you and Essen have  
enjoyed lots of late nights.

GORDON (O.S.)  
Essen? Where's this coming from?  
Who have you been talking to?

Barb sighs, sits in her chair, and strips off her scarf and pants. The dark gash on her thigh seeps.

She pulls a first aid kit out from next to her desk.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
I know more than you think.

GORDON (O.S.)  
This is ridiculous. Essen and I  
just work together.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
Yeah, and I'm sure her bust size  
has nothing to do with you moving  
her under your command.

GORDON (O.S.)  
Of course not. You know we used to  
be partners. She's a good cop.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
You think no one sees anything in  
your precinct? You and her have  
private meetings.

GORDON (O.S.)  
Of course Essen and I have  
meetings. She's a sergeant. She's  
in charge of personnel.

Barb sprays topical anesthetic on her wound and sucks air through her teeth as she sews herself up.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
Oh, convenient.

GORDON (O.S.)  
There's nothing going on. I don't  
know what you want me to do.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
How about come home? How about  
spend any time with your family?

GORDON (O.S.)  
I do my damn best. You know how it  
is out there.

EILEEN (O.S.)  
You decide when you come home.  
You're a liar, Jim Gordon, a dog.

Barb limps over to bed, falls in, and weeps.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - DAY

Barbara lays in her bed and stares at the ceiling.

QUICK FLASHES - BARB'S COLORED MEMORIES

--Vic shows off his tally in an infinite dark.

--Vic leers at Barb from the shadows.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb closes her eyes. Her phone rings, and she answers.

BARBARA  
Hey.

MARCY (V.O.)  
Hey, Barb, why weren't you at  
school today?

BARBARA  
I just don't feel too good.

MARCY (V.O.)  
Well, you missed out. School was  
quiet with Rani and her coven gone.

BARBARA  
Cause of what happened?

MARCY (V.O.)  
Yeah, you heard? Never thought I'd  
be glad I wasn't invited.

BARBARA  
Everyone okay?



MARCY (V.O.)

Yeah. Cuts and bruises, mostly. I'd milk the trauma to get out of school as long as I could.

BARBARA

Good. It okay if we talk later? I'm a little tired right now.

MARCY (V.O.)

Yeah, of course. Want me to come by? It's not contagious, is it?

BARBARA

I don't know. I gotta go, okay?

MARCY (V.O.)

Well, okay. Call me, alright?

BARBARA

Sure.

Barb hangs up, rolls over, and goes back to sleep.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Barb lays in her bed with only her laptop screen for light. She scrolls the news.

"SEARCH ON FOR MISSING TEEN" a headline reads. Barb scrolls down to a school portrait of a smiling high school girl.

VIC (V.O.)

Of course, without you, I'll have to sate my hunger elsewhere.

Barb clenches her teeth and bawls into her pillow.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - DAY

Barb tosses and mutters in her sleep. She wakes with a yelp, tries to control her breath, and wipes the sweat away.

LATER

Barb lays on her side with her phone to her ear.

SENSEI COURT (V.O.)

Hey, Barb. Missed you at practice today. Everything alright? Don't be nervous about the tournament.

(MORE)

SENSEI COURT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You're gonna dominate. Hope you're  
alright. Talk to you soon. Bye.

Barb presses a button.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
Message erased. End of messages.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - DAY

Batman, in an unbuttoned three-piece suit, talks on the phone  
in his lavish study.

BATMAN  
I didn't transfer you there to make  
joke of everything. The school  
calls me every day.

Alfred enters with a sheaf of papers and waits.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
Have a little class, Dick. Who?  
You're sure about that? No. I'll  
get back to you on that.

He hangs up and buttons his shirt.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
News, Alfred?

ALFRED  
Yes, sir. Perhaps it can wait. Are  
you leaving?

BATMAN  
Our man in the capital took a dive  
out his hotel window last night.

ALFRED  
That's awful. A suicide?

BATMAN  
Rhett? He'd be more likely to cut  
himself making love to a mirror.

ALFRED  
Surely Stagg wouldn't go so far.

BATMAN  
Can't put it past him. He thinks  
his daughter's life is on the line.

ALFRED

So, you're going yourself?

BATMAN

Senators need to know our deal is still on. What do you have?

ALFRED

Well, I've finished scanning the data from our probe at the GCPD. It produced some interesting results. One officer had a sophisticated spyware program on his work computer and personal phone forwarding all his correspondence to an encrypted address.

BATMAN

Jim Gordon.

ALFRED

But how did you know?

BATMAN

I think it's time I acquaint myself with more members of his family.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Barb lies in bed in the dark.

MARCY (V.O.)

Everything okay? Why haven't you been to school? Call me, okay?

SENSEI COURT (V.O.)

Barb, I'm worried about you. You don't call me soon, I'm gonna have to come check on you.

VIC (V.O.)

...trapped inside a little girl fighting only to quiet the fear...

A knock at the door. Gordon enters and light spills in.

GORDON

Hey, Barbara. School called. Said you haven't been there in days.

Barb sits up and nods.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
What's going on? You sick?

Barb almost answers but shrugs and shakes her head.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
You can't just stay home for no reason. What have you been doing?

BARBARA  
I've just been here.

GORDON  
Doing what? Barb, you're gonna be applying for colleges soon. This isn't the time for senioritis--

BARBARA  
It's not senioritis--

GORDON  
Rest on your laurels, and you won't get any scholarships.

BARBARA  
Ugh, just leave me alone.

She hides under her blankets.

GORDON  
You have a chance to be someone great. You can't slack off now.

Barb throws the blankets aside.

BARBARA  
You're not my dad. You didn't even notice I wasn't going until someone pointed it out to you.

GORDON  
All your smarts and responsibility, sometimes I forget you're a kid. Go to school Monday. No excuses.

BARBARA  
Fine. Done? Feel better about yourself, yet?

GORDON  
I might not be your dad, but you are my daughter. It's useless trying to push me away.

He closes the door.

EXT. GOTHAM HIGH - DAY

Many of the girls that mill about the yard wear a purple hoodie, a yellow scarf, or both.

Barbara putters up the sidewalk and gawks as one passes her.

Marcy stands at their usual spot in her usual clothes and bookbag. She runs over.

MARCY

Where have you been? Why haven't you been answering your phone?

BARBARA

I-I've just been-- What's with the--

MARCY

Right? Rani's rescue went viral. Batgirl fever's swept the school.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - DAY

Marcy holds her phone for Barb at her locker while the student body gets ready for class.

On the phone, a dark video plays of the fire at Rani's home filmed from the street.

Barb and Rani jump and slide down the rope. The recorder struggles to follow the action.

BARBARA

I get it, but I don't know if this is a good idea.

MARCY

What do you mean?

BARBARA

That vigilante's probably angered some dangerous people. Looking like her could be dangerous.

Barb's filthy yellow scarf hangs in her locker. She slams it shut as soon as it's open.

MARCY

Was that a yellow scarf? It's okay. I'm actually kind of glad.

She pulls a fresh yellow scarf out of her bag and loops it around her neck.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
I was worried you'd think it was dumb. She's pretty cool, right?

BARBARA  
Yeah. Pretty cool.

MARCY  
Hey, tournament's tomorrow, right?

BARBARA  
Oh. Yeah, I guess it is.

MARCY  
I'll totally be rooting for you in the stands, but um, well...

BARBARA  
What?

MARCY  
Well, I was wondering if, after, you'd come watch me at my show.

BARBARA  
Your band is playing?

MARCY  
Yeah. It's okay if you can't make it. I know you probably have--

BARBARA  
No. I'll be there.

MARCY  
Sure you won't have a celebration after? You'll totally win.

BARBARA  
I'll be sure to make it. I think I want to take a break from all the junk I've been doing after school.

MARCY  
Yeah? Cool. We can go together. I'll help you carry the trophy.

Rani approaches Marcy with books clutched to her chest.

RANI  
Hey, Marcy.

Marcy just about recoils in fear.

MARCY

Hello.

RANI

I'm, uh, I'm sorry about not inviting you to my party.

MARCY

That's...okay? Sounds like you did me a favor.

RANI

Well, you've got a standing invite to the next one, okay? When I'm not staying at my grandma's anymore.

Marcy and Barb exchange skeptical glances.

RANI (CONT'D)

Or I could come to your shows. I never knew you were in a band.

MARCY

Is this some kind of prank?

RANI

No. I'm just sorry. I've been treating you like a nobody. I shouldn't be like that. I don't want to be like that.

One of Rani's friends comes over.

FRIEND

Rani, Kim's brother got us tickets to The Canaries. She says he can get us backstage.

RANI

That is awesome. Uh, tonight?

FRIEND

Yeah.

RANI

I can't tonight. I have some stuff I have to take care of.

Barb narrows her eyes.

FRIEND

What? What are you talking about?  
You're not hanging out with them?

RANI

It's a personal project. I'll catch  
up next time.

FRIEND

Fine. Whatever.

The friend leaves. Most of the kids get to class.

RANI

Barb, I know you're probably too  
busy, but you can come, too,  
whether that dick comes or not.

Rani leaves.

MARCY

Amazing what a near-death  
experience will do to a person.

The school bell rings.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Crap. See you in study hall.

Barb nods and opens her locker. She twists the scarf to read  
a note clipped to it. "CLOCKTOWER. MIDNIGHT."

BARBARA

Sorry, psycho. Got a job to do.

EXT. GOTHAM HIGH - DAY

The kids leave school and go their separate ways. Rani waves  
to her friends and walks down the street. Barbara tails her.

EXT./INT. BUS - DAY

Rani boards a public bus. Barb takes another seat.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Barb observes as Rani walks down an alley filled with  
dumpsters and an old maintenance shed.

Rani enters the shed and emerges with Barb's bike.



EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rani walks the bike into an alley near her blasted apartment. Beams patch the massive hole in the building.

Rani leans the bike on its kickstand and sits against the wall. She pulls out her phone and starts scrolling.

Barb leaves.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rani still sits in the same spot. She shivers and pulls her coat tighter around herself.

A hooded figure steps into the light at the end of the alley.

RANI

You came.

Barb walks up the alley in her outfit.

RANI (CONT'D)

I kept it safe for you. I didn't want the cops to get it, find you.

Barb digs under the bike's frame, comes up with nothing. Rani pulls a license plate out of her bag.

RANI (CONT'D)

You scratched the VIN off. Smart.

BARBARA

You look me up?

RANI

No. I would never do that. I-I don't care who you are.

She hands the plate over.

RANI (CONT'D)

I wish I could do what you do. You're so cool. I actually-- You'll think I'm so stupid.

BARBARA

What?

RANI

I was nice to these girls today at school.

(MORE)

RANI (CONT'D)  
I've been mean to them, but I  
thought you'd want me to do better,  
so I invited them to hang.

Barb studies Rani's face. She reaches into the frame and pops  
the license plate onto its secret mount.

BARBARA  
Thank you for this.

Barb pulls out the keys and mounts the bike.

RANI  
Going back on the streets tonight?

BARBARA  
Yes.

She starts the bike.

RANI  
Crack a skull for me, huh?

BARBARA  
Can do.

Barb rides from the alley. Rani grows a faint smile.

EXT. OTISBURG CLINIC - NIGHT

Barb rolls by on her bike. Only the outline of a missing sign  
reveals the dilapidated building was once a clinic.

Light shines through the skylight atop the single-story  
building. Security cameras watch the front door and street.

LATER

Barb observes the clinic from the roof of a building.

A security camera on the parapet covers the clinic roof. A  
large HVAC unit hums away near a roof access hatch.

Seagulls perch on the buildings. Some feast on a box of  
French fries spilled next to a dumpster behind the clinic.

INT. OTISBURG CLINIC - SAME

A lone guard in street clothes sits in the security office.  
Camera feeds display on his monitors.

The skylight camera feed shakes and flickers.

GUARD #1

What the?

Two seagulls fly in front of the camera at peck at something off screen. The guard pulls out his radio.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Bailey, you around?

GUARD #2 (V.O.)

Yeah, what's up?

GUARD #1

Looks like the birds are messing with the camera on the roof.

GUARD #2 (V.O.)

The birds are?

GUARD #1

Yeah, they're messing with it.

The feed cuts.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Crap. It just went dead. Get up there and do something.

GUARD #2 (V.O.)

Alright, alright. I'm going.

EXT. OTISBURG CLINIC - SAME

Guard #2, also in plain clothes, opens the roof hatch and leaves it open as he investigates, holstered gun on his belt.

Seagulls peck at fries around the camera. He shoos them away. The camera stands tilted, levered off its mount, wire cut.

Barb leaps on the guard's back and locks in a blood choke. The guard struggles but falls unconscious in seconds.

Barb throws his gun and radio away and slips down the hatch.

INT. OTISBURG CLINIC - NIGHT

Barb peeks from the roof access closet and into an office. Cobwebs grow on the desks.

She opens the next door and peers out into the lobby, empty, with hallways that extend to either side.

An empty reception desk sits under the skylight. A room marked "SECURITY" sits at the opening of the hall opposite.

A camera watches the approach. Barb pulls out her phone.

The guard in the security room jumps as multiple camera feeds cut. The door to the room opens.

GUARD #1

What's going on out th--.

The guard turns just in time for a flying kick to the chest to slam him into the monitors.

The guard reaches for his gun. Barb cracks his wrist with a tonfa strike and holds the club to his throat.

BARBARA

What is this place?

A monitor catches her eye. Feeds show girls her age of varying ethnicity locked in small, windowless cells with bunk beds and no privacy for the toilet.

Barb tases the guard and sits at the desk.

She clicks through feeds. Two girls in cells, all others empty. Barb pulls out her phone and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Gotham City Police Department, how can I help you?

BARBARA

I'd like to leave a tip. Trafficked girls at the old clinic on 17th in Otisburg. Armed men present.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Okay, ma'am. Slow down. I'm showing your area code from Oslo, Norway. What's your name?

Barb hangs up and opens the email application on the security computer. She plugs in a drive and starts a file transfer.

The back alley camera records a panel van pull behind the clinic. Two men exit and release four young girls, all in matching gray sweaters and sweatpants.

The download progresses. The thugs take the girls through the back door and stuff them into cells two at a time.

The last girl goes in the last room, but the guard closes the door with himself inside.

The guard backs the girl into a corner. The girl shrinks down, avoids eye contact, shakes her head.

The download nears 25%. The guard tries to lift the girl's sweater. The girl knocks his hand away and shakes her head.

The sound of Barb's breath rises above the hum of servers. The guard takes the girl by her jaw grabs her sweater again.

Barb stomps into the hall, tonfa concealed against her forearm. A guard walks from the opposite direction.

GUARD #3

Hey, who the hell are you?

Barb hits him in the throat, breaks his kneecap, and passes.

In the cell, the girl squeezes her eyes shut while the guard slides his hand up her shirt. The door bangs open.

GUARD #4

Ugh. Could you just leave me--

The first hit across his mouth sprays blood and teeth.

Barb tases him and beats him with repeated overhead strikes to the back, head, and neck. The guard collapses.

BARBARA

Are you alright?

The girl responds in Tagalog.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Just stay here. Just wait one second, alright? Don't move.

Barbara grabs the guard's keys leaves while the girl pleads.

In the hallway, a guard comes out of the bathroom and finds the guard with the broken knee.

GUARD #5

What happened?

The guard tires to talk and points down the hall. Guard #4 crawls out of the cell. His mouth dribbles blood.

Guard #5 draws his gun and radio and runs down the hall.

GUARD #5 (CONT'D)  
We have an intruder. Everyone to  
the cells, now.

He drops down next to Guard #4.

GUARD #5 (CONT'D)  
What happened? No, just sit still.  
Let me look. Let me look.

The cell behind him opens. Barb leaps out, tases him, and clubs him a few times.

She draws his pistol, strips its slide off with one quick move, and tosses the parts in opposite directions.

Guard #2 stumbles out of the roof access closet.

In the security office, Guard #1 stirs.

Barb sprints up the hall, jumps over Guard #3, roundhouse kicks Guard #2 in the chest.

Barb ducks and blind punch, tonfa strike to the knee.

Guard #3 grabs Barb from behind. Barb strikes him in his busted knee. He screams and drops her.

She lands a leaping, spinning kick across his face.

Guard #5 stands and runs up the hall. Guard #1 opens the "SECURITY" door, and Barb kicks it back in his face.

Barb flicks a flechette at Guard #5. Guard #2 recovers and boots Barb in the back.

Barb staggers toward Guard #5, twists, and turns it into a single-leg take takedown.

Barb rolls and kips up, twists, and cracks Guard #5 in the face with a snap kick.

Guard #2 wraps his arms around Barb from behind. She pulls her taser and stabs it into the man's thigh. He drops her.

Guard #1 bursts from the "SECURITY" door and twists Barb's arm. Barb hits him in the face with her tonfa. He holds on.

Guard #5 grabs her other arm and hits her in the ribs. They throw her against the wall, and one kicks her.

Barb curls up on the floor and fights for breath.

GUARD #5 (CONT'D)  
You're done for, skirt.

Barb lunges at him like a wild animal. The three guards pin her to the floor. Guard #5 steps on the back of her neck.

GUARD #1  
What are we gonna do with you?

Dick, dressed as robin, and Batman crash through the skylight, and the guards trip over themselves.

Guards #1 and 2 pull their guns. Batman hits both their hands at once with batarangs.

Dick flies in with kicks and escrima sticks.

EXT. OTISBURG CLINIC - SAME

A squad of police cars pulls up outside the clinic and blocks the road. Montoya directs the cordon.

Gordon pulls up in his car and jumps out.

MONTOKA  
Don't forget the rooftops.  
Inspector, The Batgirl again?

GORDON  
Young woman's voice on an  
untraceable human trafficking call?  
Pretty conclusive.

Montoya draws her gun and checks the chamber.

MONTOKA  
No time to waste.

GORDON  
For once, we agree.

Gordon waves his arm at the other cops.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
We're gonna go. Innocents on scene.  
Avoid using your firearms unless  
absolutely necessary. On my mark.

He leans close to Montoya.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Renee, I want you to lead.

MONTOYA  
You're not coming?

GORDON  
There's something I want to try: a  
softer approach, if I can.

INT. OTISBURG CLINIC - SAME

Guard #2 picks up Barb's taser. Batman twists the guard's wrist, takes the taser, and gets him with it instead.

Guard #1 tries to attack Dick from behind. Barbara whips her tonfa at the back of the guard's head and jumps to her feet.

Dick spins around and kicks the guard in the gut. Barb drives her knee into the guard's spine, and he goes down.

Guard #4, face busted at the end of the hall, crawls into the cell with the girl he groped.

Dick kicks the gun out of Guard #3's reach and locks his sticks around Guard #5's neck.

DICK  
What are we going to do with you?

GUARD #4  
Alright everybody, chill.

He holds the girl hostage down the hall, gun to her head. Batman steps past Barbara and Dick.

GUARD #4 (CONT'D)  
Stop there. I'll blow her head off.

Batman stands silent. The guard trembles. Barb backs toward the "SECURITY" door and enters.

GUARD #4 (CONT'D)  
I'll do it.

Batman stares at him. The guard lowers the gun. He weeps as he lets the girl go and lays flat on the floor.

Barb bursts from the security room and runs for the roof.

BATMAN  
Don't bother. The police have all  
the exits covered. You want out?  
We'll need to work together. Robin.



Batman and Dick pull pins on grenades that spew torrents of smoke. Batman presses some buttons on his gauntlet.

INT./EXT. OTISBURG CLINIC - SAME

Montoya and a few other cops stack up outside the building's front door. Other cops watch the back door and rooftop hatch.

OFFICER

Sergeant.

Smoke wafts from the front door and windows.

MONTOKA

They know we're coming.

The batwing flies up and hovers over the building. Montoya steps back and gapes up at it with the other officers.

MONTOKA (CONT'D)

Oh, we're not gonna like this.

Batman presses one last button.

The batwing fires a focused sonic attack at the building. The police recoil and cover their ears.

MONTOKA (CONT'D)

Inside. Go. Now.

She opens the doors to a wall of smoke but leads inside. The other offices follow.

The officers on the perimeter retreat from the scene. The officers on the roof and back door enter the building.

Inside, Montoya and the other officers creep through the smoke with their flashlights.

MONTOKA (CONT'D)

Anyone find a wall?

OFFICER

What? Sorry. My ears.

An officer squints through the smoke at a tall, dark object. He creeps forward. It resolves into a human shape.

The officer gasps just before Batman flies at him like an amorphous black horror.

Batman knocks the gun out of the officer's hand and throws him to the ground. Another officer comes from behind.

Batman disarms and knocks him flat with two mighty strikes. Dick and Barb disarm two cops before vanishing in the fog.

Barb kicks a gun out of an officer's hand, pulls his own cuffs off his belt, kicks him in the stomach, cuffs him to his own shoelaces, and tips him like a cow.

Montoya squints into the smoke while officers shout in surprise or pain just beyond sight.

She catches Barb taking an officer's stun gun and shocking him with it. She aims her gun at Barb. Barb freezes.

Montoya lowers her gun, and Barb disappears into the smoke.

Batman, Dick, and Barb emerge onto the street through the building's front door. Batman silences the Batwing.

He shoots a grappling hook onto the batwing and holds his hand out for Barb just as she disappears around the corner.

BATMAN

What did you say to her?

EXT. OTISBURG ALLEY - NIGHT

Barb cuts down the alley and sprints at top speed.

GORDON (O.S.)

Figured you'd pass this way.

Barb freezes. Gordon steps into view at the end of the alley and lights a cigarette.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Narrowest alleys, restricted lines  
of sight: you know the city well.

Barb backs away.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Do you really intend to spend your  
whole life running away from people  
like me--and him?

Barb looks over her shoulder. Batman stands behind her at the other end of the alley.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I know why you run. I would, too.  
I'd be so afraid to get locked up,  
taken out of the fight, made to  
stay behind. We don't want that.

The Batmobile pulls up behind Batman and opens.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
Giving in might feel like losing,  
but you aren't doing yourself any  
good pushing us away. I'm asking  
you: let us help you.

Barb hangs her head and walks past Batman. Batman nods at Gordon and follows Barb back to the car.

BARBARA  
What about my bike?

Dick revs and speeds past the alley on her bike.

Batman puts an arm on her shoulder and invites her inside the Batmobile with a gesture. Barb climbs inside.

INT./EXT. BATMOBILE - NIGHT

Barb sulks in the passenger seat and watches the trees in the forest west of Gotham pass in the dark.

BARBARA  
Thanks for giving me my scarf back.  
You gonna tell my dad about me?

BATMAN  
No.

Barb takes her mask off and drops her hood.

BARBARA  
What do you want?

No answer. Barb gasps as Batman accelerates toward a waterfall on the other side of a ravine.

The Batmobile jumps the ravine and drives down a secret path in a tunnel behind the waterfall.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Barb marvels at the space as Batman pulls into the Batcave and parks. The Batmobile opens, and she climbs out.

BARBARA  
Cozy.

BATMAN  
Over here.

Batman leads the way to the Batcomputer.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
Have a seat.

Barb sits. Batman activates all the monitors and moves an IDE window to the center.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
I've run into a firewall. It looks like it's using some kind of mutating encryption, and I need to know what it's hiding.

BARBARA  
You're putting me to work?

BATMAN  
What did you think you would do?

Dick rides into the cave on Barb's bike and parks it.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
We've been working the same case from opposite sides.

He clicks through a few businesses.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
I followed the money trail from the container you liberated through a few shell companies to this LLC. It's cyberdefenses are beyond anything I've seen yet.

BARBARA  
A patron? Someone hired them?

BATMAN  
Hired Roman Sionis. That clinic can be traced back to his fronts.

BARBARA  
Black Mask. So, we take him down, and we break up the ring.

BATMAN  
And we will, but it goes deeper. Can you crack this?

Barbara's fingers dance on the keys.

BARBARA

It'll take a while. We'd need a fast processor and a faster connection. Can your, uh-- Batcomputer?--handle that?

BATMAN

How long?

BARBARA

Hours to write. Then compiling, and then the program does its work. All day, even if we're lucky.

BATMAN

Sionis will know the walls are closing in. We'll need to act fast.

BARBARA

As fast as I can. Wind me up and watch me dance.

Barb tucks into the work. Batman walks away.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Hey, this is cool and all, but I have my own case I'm working. There's a killer out there--

BATMAN

Victor Zsasz. We lost track of him after he blew up his apartment.

BARBARA

There's no trace?

BATMAN

We found traces of clay and fiberglass on the victims, but the clay doesn't match any in Gotham. Does that mean anything to you?

Barb shakes her head.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

We'll find him.

BARBARA

He's still killing. Still. Because I couldn't stop him.

BATMAN

That's not your fault.

BARBARA  
That's not making me feel better.

BATMAN  
We will find him. Stay focused.

Barb gets back to work. Batman leaves.

Dick pulls a chair over and sits.

DICK  
Glad you're on board, Red.

BARBARA  
You think that little mask's doing  
any work, Dick?

Dick takes his mask off and sets it aside. Alfred sets an  
energy drink next to Barb. Barb jumps out of her chair.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Holy crap. Who the heck is this?

ALFRED  
Alfred Pennyworth: at your service.

BARBARA  
Are you a butler?

ALFRED  
Oof, if only.

BARBARA  
Who are you people?

LATER

Barb codes on the IDE while Dick lounges in the chair nearby.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Do have nothing better to do?

DICK  
Pretty much.

BARBARA  
He tell you to keep an eye on me?

DICK  
If Batman didn't trust you, you  
wouldn't be here.

BARBARA

Fallen in love with me, then?

DICK

Have you started to buy into that high school gossip?

BARBARA

Have to admit it made sense, the way you were staring. Did you always know it was me?

DICK

Well, girl aged 16-22 with martial arts skills, genius intellect, and her own motorbike? Not many fit the bill. I wouldn't have even needed to go looking for you if you didn't hide your hair color.

Alfred pours a glass of water for Barbara.

BARBARA

So, that's all that was? Just scoping me out?

DICK

You sound disappointed.

BARBARA

No. It just seriously looked like I was all you could think about.

DICK

Don't read too much into it. I had a job to do.

ALFRED

It doesn't sound too far-fetched, Master Dick. You have shown a penchant for ladies with red hair.

Dick gives him a death glare.

DICK

Thank you, Alfred.

BARBARA

Yeah, thanks, Alfred. Can I get another energy drink?

ALFRED  
I recommend water for now, Ms.  
Gordon. A kidney stone will not  
agree with you.

Four empty cans already sit on the desk. Alfred leaves.

BARBARA  
Fine. Raw willpower, then.

LATER

Barb sleeps hunched over the desk. A progress bar sits at 82% on the screen.

BARBARA'S DREAM - ZSASZ IN THE VOID

A backlit Victor Zsasz stalks toward her from the void. The tallies on his arm, the glint of a knife. Zsasz chuckles.

VIC (V.O.)  
Probably shouldn't take too long.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Barb wakes to Dick nudging her.

DICK  
Taking a break?

He hands her a water. Barb takes it. A progress bar fills on the Batcomputer's screen.

BARBARA  
What time is it?

DICK  
About eight.

BARBARA  
In the morning? Crap. My dad's  
gonna kill me.

She hurries to gather her stuff.

DICK  
He thinks you're interviewing for  
an internship at WayneTech.

BARBARA  
Yeah? And where does he think I was  
all last night?



DICK

He didn't come home last night.  
Never knew you were gone. Sit down.  
Finish up. It's fine.

BARBARA

I'm already done. You can run it  
once it's compiled.

DICK

Cool. Some time to kill, then.  
Maybe we could blow off some steam.

BARBARA

Blow off some steam? That's  
amusing. You and Batman let loose  
between city-wide threats?

DICK

Batman's never between threats.

BARBARA

Maybe you could show me how to  
fight like you do, then.

DICK

Ha. No wonder he likes you. You  
belong here.

BARBARA

Don't get ahead of yourself. I'm  
here to take down these traffickers  
and that's it.

DICK

I don't believe that for a second.

BARBARA

Believe whatever you want.

DICK

What made you go out that first  
night? What made you put on that  
hood and scarf?

BARBARA

You always this nosy?

DICK

Just getting to know you. Is it so  
hard to answer?

Barb stands and searches around.

BARBARA

Give me a break. Why do you do it?  
To let off steam? Ugh, where's the  
exit? How do you stand living here?

DICK

A mob boss killed my parents over a  
grudge. I wasn't even a teenager.

Barb turns to him.

DICK (CONT'D)

Still be in an orphanage if the bat  
hadn't seen some of himself in me.

BARBARA

He adopted you?

DICK

He took my anger and my fear and  
gave me the tools to take down  
people like Tony Zucco.

BARBARA

Well, I don't have a story like  
that. My parents died in a mundane  
car crash--just a cruel twist of  
fate in an uncaring universe.

DICK

Inspector Gordon inspire you?

BARBARA

I've always wanted to know  
everything: every secret. I learned  
how to pick locks, and I tried it  
on everything I could. I was  
allowed to use it on anything  
except his private office.

DICK

So, you stayed out of there?

BARBARA

Even after the first case file made  
me sick, I read on. I'd see them in  
my dreams. They made me so angry.

BATMAN (O.S.)

They made you afraid.

Batman emerges from the shadows.

BARBARA  
I said angry.

BATMAN  
And I said afraid. It's that fear  
you've been taking out with you  
every night. It's that fear that  
held you back against Victor Zsasz.

BARBARA  
I'm not afraid of Victor Zsasz.

BATMAN  
Of course not. You fear the  
mundanity of evil, the casual  
brutality that stacks up on your  
father's desk. Only you didn't want  
to be afraid, so you got angry.

BARBARA  
Maybe you should leave discussions  
of fear to the people whose  
relationship with it is a little  
more intimate than being the  
scariest person in the room.

Batman takes off his cowl.

BATMAN  
I was a kid when I first felt fear,  
when my parents were killed by a  
nobody during a mugging.

BARBARA  
Holy crap. This city's not very  
safe for parents.

BATMAN  
I don't feel that fear because I'm  
not that kid. You're on the same  
path. As a girl, you're afraid, but  
you can be more. You already are.

The progress bar on the computer fills and sounds a tone. The  
three turn to the computer as a wall of characters scroll by.

BARBARA  
It's working.

Barb sits. The wall of characters closes, and a file  
directory opens. She clicks through a few.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

This company sends money all over the world, but it's parent-- Well, no wonder you couldn't crack it.

She spins in the chair.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

It's not Black Mask. Sapphire Valkyrie is Stagg Industries.

DICK

Why would Stagg pay Black Mask to smuggle girls?

BATMAN

To ensure maximum compatibility. His daughter, Sapphire, suffers from a disorder caused by exposure to metahuman meiotic cells.

DICK

Meiotic? Isn't that--

BATMAN

His latest attempt to treat it was denied for human testing.

BARBARA

And he didn't let that stop him.

BATMAN

We need to move. No doubt they're already burning any evidence.

BARBARA

Plane of yours should make it easy to catch Stagg at his penthouse.

BATMAN

The police will deal with Stagg. Our job will be to make sure our chief witness doesn't escape.

BARBARA

Black Mask.

BATMAN

He'll flip if he's offered a deal. Scan the web for any chartered planes or ships with unnamed VIPs.

BARBARA

You're not going to try to make me stay behind, are you?

BATMAN

Was about to ask if you still wanted to go. Send me that info. I'll get it to the police.

He walks away.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

They can subpoena Stagg's recipe and check the girls' blood for the ingredients. He won't get away.

DICK

Where are you going?

BATMAN

To show the senators in bed with Stagg how dirty his sheets are. Get ready. We move on Sionis tonight.

BARBARA

Tonight?

Batman pauses on the steps to the lift.

BATMAN

Is there a problem?

BARBARA

There was fighting tournament-- It's fine. I can drop out.

BATMAN

No. Inspector Gordon will expect you to be there.

BARBARA

You can't do this without me.

BATMAN

Maintain your identity. We'll wait. You can join us if you finish fast.

He leaves.

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - DAY

Batman, in a three-piece suit, drives his sports car through traffic and stops at a light while he listens to the news.

Construction cordons surround a pit dug down to a water manne next to the intersection.

The news changes from the weather to breaking stories.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Our top story on the hour: Another young woman was found murdered and posed in Gotham late last night.

Batman turns up the volume.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The body of Sarah Burke was found in a subway service tunnel posed in prayer before a yellow scarf.

The light turns, and Batman drives into the intersection.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The serial killer's obsession with the so-called Batgirl has led some lawmakers to introduce--

A big diesel pickup truck t-bones the car and pushes it through the cordon and into the pit.

Batman's car lands on its roof atop the water manne and breaks a section. Water sprays up from the gap.

Construction workers flee the pit. Pedestrians stop on the sidewalk, record with their phones, and call 9-1-1.

Batman unbuckles and crawls out his shattered window.

KNYAZEV, a bulky Russian in jeans and a leather jacket, exits his truck, opens the hood, and throws a grenade in.

He hops down into the pit. White phosphorous erupts from the grenade and melts into the truck's engine block.

ONLOOKER

Get back. Get back.

Batman stands, but his right leg gives out.

Knyazev jumps into the pit.

KNYAZEV

They weren't kidding when they said you were reclusive. I had to wait for days for you to crawl out.

Batman grits his teeth and stands on one leg to face Knyazev in the downpour. Knyazev sticks a revolver in his face.

The truck melts like puddy from the white phosphorous.

KNYAZEV (CONT'D)  
*Dasvidaniya, Mr. Wayne.*

Batman takes the gun. Knyazev hesitates, but Batman disassembles it and throws the pieces in separate directions.

KNYAZEV (CONT'D)  
I underestimated you, rich boy, but  
you should have kept that.

BATMAN  
Don't need it. Who sent you?

Knyazev draws a combat knife.

KNYAZEV  
Sorry. Client privilege.

Knyazev attacks with the knife. Batman catches his arm, and Knyazev kicks him in his bad leg.

Batman keeps his feet, elbows Knyazev in the chest, and tries to throw him down. Knyazev resists and kicks him again.

Batman keeps his footing. Knyazev strikes and breaks Batman's hold on his knife. Batman dodges a couple slashes.

Batman strikes Knyazev's elbow and face. Knyazev stumbles back against Batman's car.

KNYAZEV (CONT'D)  
I thought your leg was broken.

BATMAN  
It is. Tell me who sent you.

KNYAZEV  
Mouthy, silver spoon--

The phosphorous explodes the truck's gas tank, and Batman stumbles. Knyazev tackles him into the mud.

Batman catches Knyazev's stab at the wrist. Knyazev sets his weight behind the knife and pushes it down.

Batman redirects the knife into the mud and rolls on top. Knyazev slashes Batman's suit, but it hits an aramid weave.

Batman knocks the knife away and twists Knyazev's arm.

BATMAN  
Tell me who sent you, or I'll break  
the other one.

KNYAZEYEV  
The other wha--

He screams as Batman breaks the arm.

BATMAN  
Tell me.

A siren nears. Knyazev kicks Batman off and scrambles up the ladder, out of the hole. Batman lets him go and rubs his leg.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - NIGHT

Alfred enters through the foyer doors with Dick and Barbara.

BARBARA  
What do you mean, "accident?"

Alfred leads the way across the foyer and up the stairs.

ALFRED  
A thug ran Master Wayne's car off  
the road. He sustained some injury.

DICK  
Is he alright?

BARBARA  
Where is he?

ALFRED  
He was released from the hospital  
under his own care. He's in the  
master bedroom.

Barbara ogles the decor as they ascend and enter the second floor hallway. Alfred opens the door to the master bedroom.

The bed sits empty and unmade. Alfred frowns.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Alfred, Barb, and Dick descend the stairs. Batman sits before the Batcomputer in a robe with his leg in a full-length cast.

ALFRED  
I suppose you'll be taking your  
meals down here as well, then?



BATMAN

Yes.

DICK

What went down?

BATMAN

Assassination attempt. He was after Bruce Wayne.

DICK

Give up his employer?

BATMAN

I'll have to catch him later, but it's plain he was sent by Stagg.

BARBARA

Stagg? Does he know we're onto him?

BATMAN

Bruce Wayne's opposing his pharmaceutical legislation. I see you found Sionis's travel plans.

BARBARA

Yeah. Charter flight from a private airstrip tonight. How you going to help us with your leg?

BATMAN

I'll monitor from here. You and Robin will take him down.

BARBARA

You want us to go alone?

BATMAN

Did you plan to stand in my shadow?

Barb scratches at the knife wound through her pants.

BARBARA

Well, no, but now I—I mean, how are we supposed to—

BATMAN

Let me show you something: what I came across while researching you.

Batman opens a litany of windows on the Batcomputer and scrolls through a website with post after post of groups of girls posing in their purple hoodies and yellow scarves.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
 The only reason fear still controls  
 you is because you're the only one  
 who doesn't realize who you are.

A dad in a Batman outfit poses with his young daughter in a  
 purple hoodie and yellow scarf. The girl flexes her arms.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
 You've only noticed the immediate  
 effects of your fight.

A female MMA fighter walks toward the octagon for a prize  
 bout with a yellow scarf tied around her neck.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
 I know how easy it is to carry the  
 weight of souls you couldn't save.

Graffiti that reads "FEAR The Batgirl" stands in big, purple  
 letters on a brick wall.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
 But you've neglected the greater  
 effect you've had on this city.

Posts tagged #fearthebatgirl scroll by in the hundreds.

BATMAN (CONT'D)  
 For you, Batgirl is a misnomer  
 applied to you by a public that  
 only sees you in Batman's shadow.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - SAME

Rani and her friends laugh and chatter as they walk down the  
 sidewalk. Rani stops.

Down an alley, a girl struggles with a man assaulting her and  
 trying to steal her bag.

BATMAN (V.O.)  
 But for many, it's a call to arms.

RANI  
 Hey.

BATMAN (V.O.)  
 They see the purple and yellow, and  
 they aren't afraid.

RANI  
 Hey, get away from her.

ASSAULTER  
Mind your own business, brat.

Rani grabs a rock from the broken pavement and throws it.

RANI  
I said, "Get away," creep.

The other girls in her group throw whatever they can get their hands on while they shout insults and threats.

The assaulter runs off. Rani embraces the victim.

RANI (CONT'D)  
It's okay. You're gonna be okay.

She shouts after the assaulter.

RANI (CONT'D)  
That's right, run. Stop being a creep before The Batgirl finds you.

INT. BATCAVE - SAME

BARBARA  
If that fairytale comforts them, they can have it, but I don't know about all this.

BATMAN  
When you look at yourself in the mirror, you still see Barbara Gordon. Maybe you should try to see what these girls see.

BARBARA  
Asking to be some kind of symbol?

BATMAN  
Not at all. I'm asking you to realize that you already are. It's time for your tournament. Decide who you want to be.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - FIELD HOUSE - DAY

Fans fill the stands, chant, and cheer. A soft, tough fight pad covers the center of the court.

Officials, trainers, and combatants surround. Barbara, in a judogi, tightens her padded gloves. Dick sits on her bench.

BARBARA

This is ridiculous. Every minute here, Mask could fly away.

DICK

Can't fight crime if your dad puts all this together. Just finish quick. It's all up to you.

BARBARA

Maybe it would be if I were alone and not the Batman's newest stooge.

Rani watches Barb and Dick from the stands with a half-smile on her face. She whispers to her friend. Barb rolls her eyes.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Somebody shoot me.

Sensei Court walks up and hands Barb a bottle of water.

SENSEI COURT

Drink. How you feeling, champ? Look a little on edge.

BARBARA

I'm just ready to go.

SENSEI COURT

Stay calm. Focus on what's right in front of you.

BARBARA

Easier said than done.

SENSEI COURT

You've got this. You're above and beyond any competitor in your age group. It's your show.

DICK

Hear, hear.

MARCY (O.S.)

Barb!

Marcy, in a punky jacket, jeans, and hairspray, squeezes between people on her way down the bleachers.

BARBARA

Marcy? Wow, you look great.

MARCY

Thanks. No night like tonight for a glow up. Gotta devastate today.

RANI

Marcy.

Rani waves and beckons Mary over. Marcy waves back.

MARCY

We'll be rooting for ya, Barb.

Barb watches, bemused, as Marcy hurries up the bleachers. Rani and her friends stand to greet Marcy as a friend.

RANI

Oh, my god. That look kills.

Barb sits. A besuited man walks onto the pad with a mic.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for attending the twelfth annual Gotham Intermural Under 18 Judo Championship and supporting your local sports.

Most of the other women competitors watch Barbara. She glances at them, and they look away.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Let's have a great night, great matches, and great sportsmanship in the Judo tradition.

The crowd cheers.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Our first contenders: Lacey Martens and Barbara Gordon.

Sensei Court claps Barb on the back. Dick lounges.

Barb and Lacey take position. A referee stands between them.

REFEREE

Set.

Barb throws the girl down with her own momentum.

REFEREE (CONT'D)

Point.

The crowd cheers. Barb and Lacey stand and bow to each other.

Marcy, Rani, and their friends clap and cheer. Barb cracks a smile, but glances at the clock, and her smile fades.

BEGIN MONTAGE - THE TOURNAMENT ENSUES

--Contenders fight. The crowd cheers.

--Barb claps, detached.

--Another set of contenders finishes.

--Barb takes an opponent down with ease.

--A worker moves Barb up the tournament bracket.

--Court and another sensei exchange looks. Court smiles and shrugs. The other shakes his head.

--Another fight.

--Barb bounces her foot while she waits. Sensei Court claps her on the back. She forces a small smile.

--Another fight.

--Barb takes down her third opponent. The opponent pounds her fist on the mat.

END OF MONTAGE

Barb walks back toward her bench.

GORDON (O.S.)  
Go, Barbara!

Inspector Gordon, Eileen, and even Jim Jr., a skinny teen, sit in the stands. Barb smiles and waves.

Near the Gordon family, Victor Zsasz sits in the bleachers with a gray hoodie shadowing his face. He grins like a shark.

Barb glances at the clock and makes an urgent face at Dick. Dick shrugs and shakes his head. Barb sits.

LATER

The announcer walks out to the pad.

ANNOUNCER  
Congratulations to all the  
contenders who made it to the  
quarterfinals. Next match: Barbara  
Gordon versus Ruby Bannick.

Barb sulks as she joins Ruby on the pad.

BARBARA  
He can't make me do this. He's  
gonna get away. He can't make me do  
this. He can't--

Barb stops and glances back at Dick. Dick looks up from his phone and gives her a knowing look.

QUICK FLASHES - BECALLS INTERACTIONS WITH BATMAN

--Batman watches Barb speed away from the parking garage

--Batman waits for her by the Batmobile outside the clinic

--Batman ignores her while he works on the Batcomputer with his broken leg

BACK TO SCENE

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
He can't make me do anything.

Her dad in the stands: smiling, her opponent: serious, focused. Sensei Court frowns at the look in her eye.

REFEREE  
Gordon.

Barb takes her position.

REFEREE (CONT'D)  
Set.

Ruby throws Barb to the floor.

Oxygen drains from the room. Ruby kneels, stunned. She throws her fists up. The people recover and cheer for her.

Barb bows to Ruby and marches off the pad. Dick fishes his keys from his pocket and leaves.

Vic stands and scoots through the crowd.

Barb gathers her gear off the bench.

SENSEI COURT  
Why did you do that?

BARBARA  
I'm sorry.

She takes her stuff to the locker room.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Barb, in street clothes, hurries to stuff her gi and belongings into a bag. Marcy enters.

MARCY

Hey.

BARBARA

Hey.

MARCY

So, that was a bummer. I really thought you'd win. Everybody did.

BARBARA

It doesn't matter.

MARCY

Yeah, that was just a slip-up. You'll win next year. At least now we can spend more time at the club.

BARBARA

The club? Oh, my god.

Barbara covers her face.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Marcy, I am so sorry. I forgot. I can't go to your show. I have something I have to do. I'm sorry.

MARCY

But, you said you would go.

BARBARA

I'm so sorry. I swear, I wouldn't bail if it wasn't important.

MARCY

We were going to go together.

BARBARA

I know. Is it too late for you to catch up to Rani?

MARCY

I don't know.

BARBARA

Marcy, I'm so sorry. I promise I'll see the next one, okay? I must go.



MARCY

Okay.

BARBARA

Good luck, okay?

Marcy lets Barb hug her, and Barb rushes out.

EXT. GOTHAM HIGH - NIGHT

Dick waits on his motorcycle with a closed-face helmet on. Barb hops on behind him.

GORDON (O.S.)

Barb? Where are you going?

Gordon stands with the field house door open.

BARBARA

I'm going out, Dad.

GORDON

Well, I should get to know this mystery boy you're riding off--

Dick revs the engine and rides off. Gordon stands stunned.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Dick and Barb descend the stairs. Barb rushes to her bag and pulls out her purple hoodie.

BARBARA

Hurry up with your wonder suit.

DICK (O.S.)

You want to use your own clothes, or would you care for an upgrade?

Dick presses a button on the suit display at the end of the row. It spins to reveal a purple batsuit with yellow highlights and cape. Barb touches the material.

DICK (CONT'D)

Aramid weave body armor with extra flexible stitching. The cape will glide just like Batman's.

BARBARA

Does the cape come off?

DICK  
For your little misdirection trick?  
Yeah, you just pull this cord.

He tickles a cord sewn into the fabric under the arm.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Pain to reattach but great if you  
get it caught on something.

He takes a utility belt off a hook. Pouches run along its length, and a grapple gun sits in the holster.

DICK (CONT'D)  
This has all your usual goodies  
plus a few extra.

BARBARA  
You always know I'd be one of you?

DICK  
We always hoped.

Barb pulls some black orbs out of one of the pouches.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Careful. Sticky bombs. Maybe you  
should stick to your usual tools  
'til you get a look at the manual.

LATER

Barb tugs on her boots, clips her belt, and dons the cowl. She emerges into the batcave suited up.

Dick, in his Robin outfit, hands her a new tonfa.

Barb presses a release, and the weapon splits in two with a monofilament connecting the parts.

Dick leads the way to the bikes and hops on the blue one. Barb steps next to the purple one. Dick plays dumb.

Barb throws a leg over the bike and starts it.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Ready, Batgirl?

INT./EXT. CHARTER PLANE - NIGHT

A turboprop passenger plane sits on the runway in an open field west of the city, blades spinning.

Black Mask and three besuited personal guards hurry onto the plane with overnight bags.

Black Mask throws his bag down in a seat.

BLACK MASK  
Door closed. Let's go, now.

The pilot secures the door and runs into the cockpit. The plane drives forward and picks up speed.

THUG  
Bye bye, Batman.

BLACK MASK  
Batman, hell. We need to disappear  
before Stagg catches us.

Barb and Dick tear onto the runway on their superbikes. They chase the plane and pull up to the rear wheels.

DICK  
Hit the landing gear.

Black Mask peers out the window.

BLACK MASK  
Take this thing off, now. Now.

Dick throws an explosive that explodes next to the wheel. Barb tries and misses as well.

The plane leaves the ground.

Dick throws a small tracker onto the fuselage.

Barb fires her grapple gun over the wing. The hooks dig into the wing's leading edge.

Barb spreads her cape, and the wind lifts her off the ground like a kite. The bike wobbles and spills.

Dick skids to a stop as Barb takes off with the plane.

DICK  
Oh, crap.

The thugs and Black Mask peer out the windows as the runway shrinks away. Black Mask chuckles.

Barb clings to the grapple gun next to the access door. Yellow windscreens slide down over the eyeholes in her cowl.

She throws a sticky bomb that splats on to the access door.

A thug peers out the other side of the plane.

THUG

What the?

Everyone rushes to see.

Barb pulls out the detonator, kicks the door to swing away, and sets it off. The door blows open.

The thugs grab for anything bolted down as the wind fills the plane. Alarms go off in the cockpit.

Barb swings to the open doorway and pulls herself inside.

A thug runs at Barb. She whips half her tonfa into his face, runs up, kicks him in the knee and topples him with a jumping Muay Thai knee strike to the face.

Black Mask pulls his gun. Barb throws a flash bang that explodes and blinds them all.

Barb charges the group, hits Black Mask's wrist, takes his gun, drops the magazine, shoots a henchman in the foot, and whips the empty gun into the other henchman's face.

Barb hits Black Mask on his mask with the tonfa. Mask shoves her back and holds the wound Vic gave him.

BLACK MASK

You're gonna die, girlie.

BARBARA

Not before I make you pay.

Barb blocks his punch with her tonfa and hurts his hand. Barb kicks but catches her foot on a seat.

Black Mask tries to wrestle the tonfa out of Barb's hand. Barb knees him twice in his wound.

Mask lets go and backs toward the open door. Barb runs and dropkicks him. He falls flat.

EXT. WILDERNESS - SAME

Dick speeds along the backroads in pursuit of the plane as it gets farther and farther ahead in the night sky.

INT. PLANE - SAME

Barb jumps to her feet. A thug, nose broken, tries to catch her in a rear choke. Barb ducks it and twists his fingers.

Black mask rolls over and crawls down the aisle. He lifts his suit jacket aside. Blood seeps through his shirt.

The thug with the hole in his foot reaches for Barb.

Barb whips him in the face with her monofilament tonfa while still holding his buddy's digits.

A parachute bag sits behind the last seat in the plane. Black Mask stands and runs for it.

Barb kicks the thug in his stomach and face. He goes down.

Black Mask clips on the chute. A gun still sits in the holster of the first thug Barb hit. Black Mask dives for it.

Barb dives behind a chair, and Mask puts two holes in it.

Barb pops out and throws a flechette past Black Mask's ear.

Black Mask stumbles back and dives out the open door as another flechette sticks into the wall behind him.

Barb runs to the door. Below, the parachute opens as the plane leaves it behind.

EXT. WILDERNESS - SAME

Dick squints up at the shape in the sky and speeds ahead.

INT. PLANE - SAME

Barb rolls her eyes, breathes faster and faster as she psyches herself up, and dives from the plane.

EXT. SKY WEST OF GOTHAM - CONTINUOUS

Barb dives and picks up speed, spreads her cape, and swoops toward Black Mask.

Black Mask's eyes widen. The moon looms large behind a growing bat shape.

He hyperventilates as he aims. His hand shakes. He shoots. The bat approaches, cape aflutter in the wind.

He shoots again. No effect. A cry rises in his throat. Barb drops her cape and flies at Black Mask.

Mask's scream cuts off as Barb's knee hits him in the face with incredible force and speed.

Barb catches the parachute's ropes and uses Black Mask as a foot stool. She works to catch her breath.

Black Mask's head lolls. A crack in the mask dribbles blood.

The parachute descends toward the trees below. Dick's motorbike whirs along the nearby road.

Dick stops his bike, smiles, and shakes his head at Barb as she descends. Barb returns a proud grin.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Black Mask lies slung over the back of Barb's bike, his hands and knees tied to the frame.

Barb paces by the side of the road and probes her cowl with her hand while Dick makes a call.

MONTROYA (V.O.)

Hello?

DICK

This phone was meant for one person only. Who's this?

Dick grabs Barb's gauntlet and presses a button. The windscreens lift from Barb's eyes.

MONTROYA (V.O.)

This is Sergeant Montoya. The inspector gave me the phone if you called. Did you get Sionis?

DICK

His flight's cancelled.

BARBARA

Where is the inspector?

MONTROYA (V.O.)

Is that Batgirl?

BARBARA

Yes.

MONTTOYA (V.O.)  
We should probably talk when you  
bring in Sionis.

BARBARA  
What? Officer, what is going on  
with Inspector Gordon?

MONTTOYA (V.O.)  
He's fine. He just took the night  
off for family time, something  
about his daughter.

Dick motions for Barb to calm.

MONTTOYA (V.O.)  
There's something you should see.  
I'll meet you in the usual place.

She disconnects.

BARBARA  
Time to go.

DICK  
Barb, wait. The official GCPD  
policy is to arrest vigilantes.  
This could be a trap.

BARBARA  
Then I'm lucky you're here.

Barb hops on her bike.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
You're gonna want to hold on.

Black Mask growls. Barb starts the bike and peals out.

EXT. GOTHAM INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Barb rides along a defunct rail line between old factories,  
Black Mask slung over her bike.

Montoya leans on her police car. Dick creeps along the roof.  
Barb cuts Black Mask loose and pushes him to the ground.

BARBARA  
One human trafficking waste of air,  
as ordered and on time.

MONTOYA

A fine addition to our collection.  
Roman Sionis, you are under arrest.

She helps Black Mask stand and cuffs him.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

I don't have the list with me, but  
let's just say it's for a lot. You  
have the right to remain--

BLACK MASK

Oh, skip it.

MONTOYA

Fair enough.

BARBARA

What did you want to show me?

MONTOYA

It looks like Victor Zsasz took  
another girl. A teen.

She grabs something out of her car.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

Friends say she was on her way to a  
musical performance at local joint.

Barb stiffens.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

They found this. It belonged to the  
victim: a Marcy Williamson.

Montoya hands Barb a folded yellow scarf with black marker  
scribbled on it.

Barb opens the scarf. The marker reads: "DID YOU THINK I  
WOULDN'T KNOW?"

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

What's that mean?

Barb trembles, tears in her eyes.

BARBARA

We have to find him, now.

MONTOYA

Batgirl? What's going on?

Barb stares hot death at Black Mask



BARBARA  
Where's he hiding?

Black Mask tilts his head.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Victor Zsasz: He worked for you.  
What do you know?

BLACK MASK  
Plenty.

BARBARA  
Then talk. He needs privacy to do  
what he does. Where's he hiding?

BLACK MASK  
I don't spill to capes.

Barb pulls his tie up like a noose. Black Mask chokes.  
Montoya sets a hand on Barbara.

MONTOKYA  
Woah, hey. It's okay. We'll get him  
in interrogation. He'll talk.

BLACK MASK  
Got no love for that nutboy. DA  
cuts me a deal, I'll chirp for you.

BARBARA  
You'll chirp now.

Barbara pulls her tonfa, and Montoya deflects her strike.  
Barb shoves the cop back.

Montoya sets her feet with her hand poised over her holster.

MONTOKYA  
Stop, Batgirl. He's in my custody  
now. That's not how we do things.

BARBARA  
We don't have time to wait.

MONTOKYA  
I know, but I can't let you hurt  
him. I can't let you.

She crooks her brow. Her hand twitches over her pistol.

Montoya draws her gun. Barb rushes her, grabs the gun, and  
tosses her to the ground with a judo move.

Black Mask hops away. He falls over just past the bike.

Barb puts the cop in a rear choke. Montoya feigns a struggle as she loses consciousness. Barb leaves her on the ground.

BARBARA

Tell me where to find Victor Zsasz.

BLACK MASK

DA makes the deals, not you.

BARBARA

You're right.

She opens her tonfa and pulls the monofilament out to its full length. She ties one end around Black Mask's legs.

BLACK MASK

What are you doing?

BARBARA

I don't make deals.

Barbara hooks the other end onto her bike and hops on.

DICK

Oh, crap.

He runs along the building and jumps toward street level.

BLACK MASK

What are you doing? Stop.

Barb revs her bike and takes off. She drags Black Mask through the hard-packed dirt and toward the pavement.

Black Mask screams as the pavement wears through his suit.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)

You're crazy. Stop! Stop!

Dick jumps on his bike and speeds after them.

Barb slows, turns a corner, and speeds down the block.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)

I'll talk! Stop! I'll talk!

Barbara pops a short wheelie and drives on.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)

Please! I said I'll talk!

He rolls from side to side to find more cloth. Barb stops and walks back to him.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)  
You're crazy. You sick bi--

Barb steps on his chest.

BARBARA  
Where is he?

BLACK MASK  
I don't know.

Barb leans more pressure on his chest.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)  
Tailed him when girls went missing  
from my shipments. He'd shake us,  
but he'd come home with...

BARBARA  
Yes?

Dick speeds up the road toward them.

BLACK MASK  
With freaking mannequin parts.

Realization dawns on Barb's face, and she steps off him.

BLACK MASK (CONT'D)  
He'd bring 'em back to his place,  
doll 'em up, paint 'em, and take  
'em back. It's all he'd do.

Dick pulls up and hops off his bike. Black Mask rolls over. A hole worn in his suit reveals light road rash underneath.

Barb zip-ties Black mask to a street sign, yanks the tonfa wire loose, and hops on her bike.

DICK  
Batgirl. Hey.

Barb rides off. Dick runs to his bike and follows.

EXT. GOTHAM STREETS - NIGHT

Dick catches up to Barb.

DICK

Stop. Hey. Barb, talk to me. Come on. Slow it down. Slow it down.

Barb hangs her head, veers into an alley, and stops. She practically falls off her bike and slumps against the wall.

DICK (CONT'D)

What were you thinking pulling a stunt like that?

BARBARA

I wasn't. Batman was right. I'm too afraid--even to think.

DICK

What are you talking about?

BARBARA

Answer was right in front of me. The apartment, his "art," the clay and fiberglass: he wanted to be found. I didn't want to find him.

DICK

Zsasz?

BARBARA

He knows who I am. He has Marcy.

DICK

Then we have to find him.

BARBARA

I already know where he is: the mannequin factory in the cauldron.

DICK

How?

BARBARA

His art. Gotham's just a city of posable statues--mannequins, just like the ones in his apartment.

She holds her hands tight to stop the shaking.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Clay on the victims didn't match clay here because it was imported. Mannequin materials. I knew that, Dick. I just didn't want to see.

She weeps.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
How many girls died this week  
because I was too afraid to think?

DICK  
You're being too hard on yourself.

BARBARA  
I was supposed to be with her.  
Batman was right to doubt me.

DICK  
He never doubted you for a second.  
You've passed every test he's put  
in front of you.

Barb looks at him, surprised.

DICK (CONT'D)  
He pushes you because you'll fight.  
He tries to catch you because he  
knows you won't be caught.

BARBARA  
Running me down's a test?

DICK  
With him, everything's a test. And  
you've passed them all. It's like  
he said: you're the only one who  
doesn't know you're The Batgirl.

BARBARA  
I believed it for a minute. I  
jumped out of a plane; I took down  
Black Mask. Now look at me.

She holds up a shaking hand.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Just the thought of him. He said he  
left his mark on me. Thought he  
meant this cut on my leg.

DICK  
I get it. Maybe you're right.  
You're not cut out for this. Don't  
worry. I'll save Marcy. Go on home.

He turns, and Barb's hand strikes like a snake to catch his  
wrist. He wipes the smirk off his face before he turns.

DICK (CONT'D)

Batman also asked you to let others handle it because he knows you won't. I'm done trying to convince Barbara Gordon to pick herself up because I know Batgirl won't stand for being left behind. Let's go.

BARBARA

Vic wants me. No telling what he'll do if he sees someone else.

DICK

He won't see anyone else.

EXT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - MAIN ASSEMBLY - NIGHT

The abandoned two-story building stands among abandoned buildings in a derelict industrial sector.

Barb's bat-eared shadow stretches out before her under a streetlamp. She takes a deep breath and approaches.

INT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - NIGHT

Barb enters and crosses a dark, bare reception area with an empty desk and watches every corner.

The door at the back leads her to an open factory floor. Machines line the walls. Doors lead to other rooms.

Dressed and painted mannequins stand in the shadows. A catwalk rings the room.

Barb sniffs and wrinkles her nose. Wires run from ammonium nitrate bombs mounted on the walls to a central display.

Mannequins staged in chairs around a long table recreate "Freedom from Want" by Norman Rockwell.

Marcy sits tied to one of the chairs, gagged by a rag. She cries and wriggles at the sight of Batgirl.

Instead of a turkey, a bomb sits on the platter.

BARBARA

Sit still.

Barb follows wires leading from the turkey bomb to a pressure switch attached to Marcy's chair.

VIC (O.S.)  
Dost the clothes maketh the bat?

Vic steps out of the shadows. He wears a vest filled with knives over a loose buttoned shirt.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Your eyes will show me the truth.

He looks into Barb's eyes, sighs, and presses a detonator on his vest. The lights turn on.

Strings of Christmas lights decorate the building. Machinery for mannequin making operate independently.

A drying rack spins torsos on a carousel, a sander whirs, a trash compactor sticking from a loading door under the catwalk closes over and over.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd have a different heart, better, stronger than the dregs I'd worked with before--a richer shade of red.

He rolls up a sleeve and displays nine jagged tallies.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Still a place for you in my exhibition. Care for a tour?

He backs toward a deeper room and hits the button again. The building goes dark, and he disappears.

Barb's breath trembles. She presses a button on her gauntlet, and the yellow wind screens cover her eyes before she takes the rag out of Marcy's mouth.

MARCY  
Batgirl.

BARBARA  
Are you okay? Did he hurt you?

Marcy shakes her head.

MARCY  
Is it him? Who poses the girls?

BARBARA  
Don't worry. I'll get you out. Just try not to move.

MARCY  
I'm scared.

BARBARA  
I know. It's okay. I'm scared, too.

MARCY  
You are?

BARBARA  
Yes. I need you to be brave for me.

MARCY  
If you're scared, what can you do?

Barb squeezes Marcy's hand.

BARBARA  
I'll be brave for you.

Barb takes a deep breath and walks into the next room. The lights pop on as she enters. The machines whir.

INT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - BACKROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Mannequins fill the room, posed like a mob killing each other in a battle royale. Dried blood runs down their bodies.

Barbara eyes two mannequins with axes held high on either side of the entrance.

The catwalk runs along the wall overhead and leads to other rooms on either end with a t-junction back to assembly.

Barb steps on a tripwire, and the axes fall.

She jumps out of the way and steps on another tripwire. Another mannequin strikes.

Barb dodges and almost steps on a third wire.

Vic laughs and leans on the guardrail of the catwalk.

VIC  
Dang. Piece could have used another splash of color.

Barb scratches flakes off a mannequin's chest.

VIC (CONT'D)  
What do you think? I call this one "Paradise in Red and White."



BARBARA  
Is this from--?

Vic smiles. Barb pulls her grapple gun and fires at Vic. Vic ducks it, cuts the lights, and runs to another room.

The grapple hooks onto the guardrail and pulls Barb up.

Barb jumps over the rail and runs after Vic but hesitates. She scans the path from floor to ceiling.

INT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - MAIN ASSEMBLY - SAME

On the factory floor, Marcy hyperventilates. A hand claps over her mouth and catches her yelp.

Dick steps around and puts a finger to his lips.

INT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - BACKROOMS - SAME

Barb creeps into the next room. Only the red exit light and the moon through the boarded windows illuminates the scene.

A masculine mannequin stabs a feminine mannequin while a mannequin in purple and yellow swoops in.

Other mannequins crowd around in apparent adulation. A mannequin tips toward Barb. She yelps and knocks it aside.

Vic stabs at her from the crowd. Barb blocks with her gauntlet, and they square off. Vic switches the lights on.

VIC  
How 'bout this one? I call it  
"People's Hero." The story of one  
brave man who finishes the job  
before the villain can stop him.

BARBARA  
You're sick.

VIC  
It'll only be complete when you  
take the mannequin's place. Let's  
make some art.

He cuts the lights and stabs. Barb dodges the strikes.

INT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - MAIN ASSEMBLY - SAME

Dick examines the trigger under Marcy's seat.

DICK  
Circuit's in series and parallel,  
but there's no failsafe.

MARCY  
Is that good?

DICK  
You'll be okay. Just need a minute.  
Seat's not the only trigger.

The lights turn on. Dick wipes sweat off his brow.

INT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - BACKROOMS - SAME

Barb kicks Vic in the chest, and he stumbles back. Barb touches a cut in her armor that didn't go through.

VIC  
Something's different about you.  
Could this be a pupate stage?

Vic draws another knife. Barb pulls her tonfa.

BARBARA  
If by "pupate" you mean ready to  
chew you up and spit you out.

VIC  
I'd appreciate your tough talk more  
if not for...

Barb's hands tremble. She shuts her eyes and takes a breath.

Vic strikes; Barb deflects it even before she opens her eyes. They take turns defending and attacking.

Barb presses close. Vic cuts her clothes again.

Barb catches one of his wrists in a lock with the tonfa. The other knife slashes between her shoulder and neck.

Barb punches Vic in the nose, and they step apart. Barb touches her cut and comes away with blood.

VIC (CONT'D)  
Anything that can bleed can die.

He sheathes a knife and reaches for his switch. It's gone. Barb holds up the switch.

BARBARA  
You were saying?

She throws a flechette into the exit sign. It sparks and dies. She hits the switch. The room goes pitch black.

Vic throws a knife where she stood. It clatters in the dark.

A shadow kicks him in the knee, in the stomach, and strikes him across the face. He slashes at the air.

Vic holds his knife in front of him. A shadow passes through the moonlight, and Vic flinches.

The lights flick on, and Batgirl flies at Vic. Vic screams and swats her down. The mannequin. Barb stands behind him.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You were so scary with the dark on your side.

Vic spins with the blade. Barb hits his elbow with the tonfa, and he drops the knife. The lights go out.

BARBARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You loved it, didn't you? The control, basting victims in fear. What are you without it?

Vic pulls another knife.

VIC

I'm more than you, baby bat.

The catwalk rattles with footsteps. Vic runs out there and creeps along, head on a swivel.

A creak, and Vic spins around, knife poised to strike.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Is that anger that makes you shake?

Vic titters as he crosses the catwalk.

Extra, undecorated mannequins fill the next room.

BARBARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Or is it a mask?

Barb drops on Vic and flattens him. She grabs his collar. Her yellow visors reflect the moonlight.

VIC

Your eyes.

BARBARA

What do you see?

VIC  
It's not possible.

Vic's terrified face reflects in in the visors.

BARBARA  
In these eyes is the vengeance of a  
dozen parents whose daughters will  
never come home. Fear it.

VIC  
No. No, no. No. I'll kill you.

He pulls out another detonator and presses the button.  
Nothing happens. Vic whimpers and clicks it some more.

EXT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - SAME

Dick and Marcy run from the building to the streetlamp. Dick  
throws five ringing phones to the ground.

DICK  
Stay here. Call the cops.

He tosses his phone to Marcy and runs back into the building.

INT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - BACKROOMS - SAME

BARBARA  
Without the dark, you're only a  
man, and you can't kill fear.

She stands and walks back toward the catwalk.

VIC  
Where you going? Where you going?

BARBARA  
You're nothing.

Barb strolls across the catwalk to the main assembly room.

VIC  
Nothing? You wanna play? I know  
you. You're just a little girl.

BARBARA (O.S.)  
That's exactly why I terrify you.

Vic pulls two knives and runs after Barb. Barb stands in  
plain view on the catwalk above the assembly floor.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
The dark belongs to me, now.

Vic roars and charges at her. He trips and falls on his face just short of her. A loop of thin rope encircles his leg.

Barb throws a bomb that explodes and shreds the bolts mounting an air conditioning unit to the ceiling.

The unit falls, and the rope tugs Vic up and off the catwalk. Vic hangs upside-down over the trash compactor.

Barb hits the switch, the lights come on, and the compactor opens and closes.

Barb runs the edge of Vic's hunting knife along the rope.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Tell me: how many times did you cut those girls before the end? Once?

She makes a small cut on the rope. Fibers split and fray.

VIC  
Heh. More than that.

BARBARA  
Twice?

Another small cut. The rope stretches under Vic's weight, and his head descends toward the compactor.

VIC  
Oh, you're beautiful. You're everything I hoped you would be.

BARBARA  
In a second, you'll be everything I hoped you'd be.

She makes another cut. Footsteps approach from behind, and Barb spins to face it.

Dick walks past the knife and leans against the guardrail.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
He deserves to be punished.

Dick shrugs and nods.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
You're not going to stop me?

DICK  
Why would I?

BARBARA  
Because you and Batman don't kill.

DICK  
We protect the citizens of Gotham.

BARBARA  
He's already killed at least eight.  
What if he gets free?

DICK  
Exactly.

VIC  
What if I get free? I'll show you.

He unzips his vest, lets it fall into the compactor,  
unbuttons his shirt and opens it.

Tallies cover his chest. He laughs like a jackal.

VIC (CONT'D)  
I'll never stop, Batgirl. Never.

He only laughs harder as Barb grabs the rope and poises the  
knife to cut. The compactor retracts for another thrust.

Barb screams, throws the knife away, and falls to her knees.

BARBARA  
Everything's a test, huh?

DICK  
Sure is.

VIC  
Lost your nerve?

BARBARA  
Cops'll deal with you. That is if  
the blood rushing to your brain  
doesn't do us all a favor first.

DICK  
Sure you want to leave him? He  
knows who you are.

BARBARA  
He won't say anything. I'm not for  
the police. I'm only for him.

Vic titters.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
My mark's on you too, now, Vic.

VIC  
Ohh, we're going to spend a lot of  
quality time together.

Barb and Dick walk away. Vic blows a kiss after them.

EXT. MANNEQUIN FACTORY - NIGHT

Dick and Barb cross the lot. Marcy waits under the light.

MARCY  
Batgirl, I was worried.

Barb stops outside the light.

BARBARA  
So was I. Glad to see you safe.

Police sirens approach.

MARCY  
Guess you don't have time for a  
selfie. That guy: did you...

BARBARA  
You'll never have to worry about  
him, not while I'm around, and I'll  
always be around.

Dick and Barb hop on their bikes. Marcy watches them ride  
away as the cops round the corner.

EXT. GOTHAM HIGH - DAY

Dawn breaks over Gotham. Barbara walks up to the school like  
so many times before and leans against the planter.

She watches the kids go about their normal lives. Rani's crew  
crowds Rani and listens while she talks.

RANI  
He like, called his mom to ask if  
he could watch the movie. She said,  
"No," and he didn't.

Her clique laughs. Barb smirks and sits alone.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - HISTORY CLASS - DAY

The teacher goes through a lesson. Barb glances at an empty desk and at the clock.

INT GOTHAM HIGH - HALLWAY

Kids flow past while Barb digs books out of her locker. Students chatter nearby.

STUDENT #1

Word is Batgirl has a new look.  
Batman finally gave her a suit.

STUDENT #2

Why didn't he just give her one  
right away?

STUDENT #1

I dunno. Maybe she had to prove  
herself or something. People saw  
her riding with his other sidekick.

STUDENT #2

Ooh, the boy wonder. Wish it was me  
riding with him.

STUDENT #1

I know right? I've been trolling  
ship forums like crazy.

The girls gather books and leave. Barb closes her locker.

INT. GOTHAM HIGH - LUNCHROOM - DAY

Barb sits alone and watches a news broadcast on her phone.

On the video, reporters crowd around Simon Stagg and his cohort of lawyers as they leave the courthouse.

The banner reads: "STAGG INDICTED. SIMONIS STAR WITNESS."

EXT. GOTHAM HIGH - DAY

The students leave in buses and family cars.

Barb exits the school and spots Marcy, in her leather jacket and pumped-up hair, leaning against the planter.

BARBARA

Marcy, you're here.



MARCY

Yeah. Just hanging out, you know.

BARBARA

I thought you'd get some time off school after the--you know.

MARCY

Well, I did. Any reason to blow it off, but I just-- I got a thing.

Rani calls out from among her group of friends and waves.

RANI

Marcy, you coming?

MARCY

I made some plans with, uh--you could come, too.

BARBARA

No. It's alright. I'm good. You know me. I have stuff to do.

MARCY

I don't want to ditch you. You could come and--

BARBARA

Really. It's okay. I haven't really been a good friend to you.

MARCY

You've been a great friend. It's just--I mean, you're graduating this year, right? I'll have to find new friends eventually.

BARBARA

You don't have to explain. I'm just glad you found someplace to belong.

She hugs Marcy.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Rani must have grown on you.

MARCY

I dunno. I guess. She's really not the Rani we knew anymore.

BARBARA

Well, don't keep 'em waiting. I'll catch you later, okay?

Marcy nods, and Barb watches as she walks to her friends.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, Marcy.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
I'm sorry Barbara Gordon wasn't  
there for you, but she wasn't who  
either of us needed.

Marcy waves one last time before she and her friends depart.  
Barb smiles to herself and leaves the school.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
Youth seeks youth and bats seek  
bats. Who we are is always becoming  
who we will be.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - DAY

Barb sits on a couch, passive, while her father berates her.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
Sometimes, this means leaving  
behind what made us who we were.

Barb stands and hugs Gordon without warning, and his tirade  
stops mid-sentence. He hugs her back.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
We just need people who get us.

INT. COURT JUDO & SELF DEFENSE - NIGHT

Barb kneels on the pad and offers Sensei Court her judogi.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
No matter how much it hurts. We  
can't let the past weigh us down.

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Barb kneels on the floor of the Batcave and meditates. She  
opens her eyes as Batman approaches.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
You are a rockstar who comes out of  
her shell in the spotlight.

BATMAN  
Good work on your first lesson.  
Ready for the second?

Barb nods.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
And me?

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

Barb runs across the rooftops in her batsuit.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
I'm the shadowy defender of those  
who fear to walk alone at night,  
their swift and terrible vengeance.

Police lights pass by on the streets below.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
Maybe I'm less Barbara Gordon than  
ever, but I've never been more...

She leaps off the rooftops and spreads her wings.

BARBARA (V.O.)  
Me.

**FEAR The Batgirl**