Chapter 145: Finishing Batman Begins

"Oh my God, this place is great," Cam said, eyes wide as he took in the grand surroundings of The Ritz in London. We were sitting in one of the most exquisite tea rooms I'd ever seen—well, the only tea room I had ever seen. White and gold adorned every corner, chandeliers hanging elegantly from the ceiling, sparkling like stars. Rich Englishmen and women filled the room, many quietly minding their own business while others shot us brief, scrutinizing glances. I guess we didn't quite blend in, even though we were dressed the part.

"Well, Cam, you're the one who wanted to come here," I said, taking a sip of my tea, smiling at his excitement.

"Well, I only implied it," Cam replied.

"What are friends for.. eh?" I smirked. "Besides, our presence seems to irk some people, and I love it." I caught the eye of a particularly stiff, elderly gentleman who had been watching us. He quickly looked away, hiding behind his newspaper.

Cam, ever the diva, puffed up a bit, loving the thought of being the center of attention, and muttered something about a country boy from Missouri.

Lily was there too, nibbling on a biscuit and glancing around with curiosity, her little eyes scanning all the rich and ornate décor.

I decided to switch topics. "So, how's the whole adoption thing going, guys?"

Cam sighed, and Mitchell did too, their shoulders sinking in unison. Mitchell finally said, "We actually came here to get away from all that, Danny. We just needed some time to think, you know?"

I nodded thoughtfully. "Well, if you think you're ready, then you should do it. You're already great parents, and I'm sure you can handle one more."

Mitchell smiled, looking a little relieved. "Thank you, Daniel."

"And," I added, pointing a finger dramatically, "you guys are the absolute kings of second-guessing everything. So, for once, just trust your gut."

Cam shot me an exaggeratedly offended look. "Well, you didn't need to say that."

I chuckled and turned to Lily. "Hey, what about you, Lily? You excited for a brother or sister?"

Before Lily could answer, Cam jumped in. "Brother!" he said, a little too eagerly.

"Oh, a brother then," I corrected myself.

Lily shook her head, frowning. "No! They my daddies! I don wanna share!"

"Oh boy," Mitchell mumbled.

"We are still dealing with that," Cam said.

"Well, you know, it’s a process," I said with a grin.

Cam perked up, looking over at me. "Hey, how about you? Were you like this when Alice came along?"

Stared blankly at him and then broke out into laughter imagining myself being jealous of Alice.

"Cam, I was seventeen when my sister was born."

We continued talking about things until Mitchell changed the subject. "So, about that thing with—"

"Harvey?" I interrupted, catching his drift.

Mitchell nodded, his brow furrowed with concern. "Yeah, I mean, Danny, it's not for you to worry about, but I am your lawyer. You should let me handle it."

I shook my head. "No, Mitch. I'm hiring another firm. It's not exactly your area of expertise, you know?"

Mitchell didn't look convinced. "Danny, I'm your lawyer."

"Yes, my entertainment lawyer," I emphasized. "This needs a more serious touch. Like I said, Mitch, don't worry about it. I've got this."

He let out a sigh, finally relenting. "Fine. Fine."

Cam looked between us. "Oh, who's Harvey?" he asked, eager for whatever gossip he imagined it to be.

"It's nothing, Cam," I said.

"You have to tell me," Cam urged Mitchell.

"I can't with this, Cam," Mitchell replied.

"I'll give you all the deets later," I assured Cam.

I sighed. "Honestly, I need a vacation like you two," I muttered, mostly to myself, staring into my tea as the stress of everything washed over me—especially with this Weinstein thing. I found myself growing a bit paranoid.

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After leaving Cam and Mitchell to continue their vacation, I traveled to Shepperton Studios, about two hours away. Today marked the final day of shooting for *Batman Begins*. They were filming scenes from the climactic battle between Batman and Ra's al Ghul on the monorail. For three weeks now, they'd been shooting on a practical monorail set, which had taken months to build. I hadn't been around much during these last few months because I was too busy with Midas.

But today was special—even Chris and Victor were here to see the final shot of the movie.

Chris Henderson, my dear friend, had been a busy man, running everything as the CEO of Stardust. He held things together across all departments, while also allowing Dave and Sam the freedom to steer DC Studios and Stardust Studios. When Chris found time, he focused on the animation studio, especially with *Toy Story 3* nearing completion.

Victor would also be there, and although I usually wasn't thrilled to be around him, I needed to see him today.

I needed his help, and I planned to make a truce with the feud we'd been having for a while.

As I walked into the studio, the place was bustling with crew. The monorail set took up a huge portion of the space, the massive structure stretching from one end of the stage to the other, meticulously designed with great detail. It was clear the crew had poured their hearts into making it perfect.

The scene they were shooting was inside one of the monorail carriages—the intense final confrontation where Batman decides to let Ra's fall to his supposed death. As I approached, I saw Liam Neeson deep in conversation with Christopher Nolan. He was still in his Ra's costume. Jensen, in the full Batman suit, stood nearby, shifting from one foot to the other, sipping water through a straw—clearly trying to stay hydrated in the bulky suit.

Nolan was the first to spot me, followed by Liam, who gave me a friendly nod.

"Ah, you finally show up," Nolan called, a hint of a smile on his face.

"Had to come see the final moments," I said, smiling back as I greeted them both.

Nolan nodded toward Liam. "You're just in time—Liam is officially done."

Liam Neeson gave a small smile, raising his cup slightly. "That I am," he said.

"Well, for now," I replied with a small laugh. He was Ra's al Ghul, after all—immortal in the movies.

I turned to Nolan. "So, will you be finishing today, or are we looking at any extensions?" I asked, not updated on any last-minute changes.

Nolan shook his head confidently. "We're on schedule. We'll get everything done today. Just need a few more shots with Jensen, and then that's it."

"Good to hear," I said, relieved. I glanced around. "Is Chris here already?"

"Henderson?" Nolan asked. I nodded.

"Yeah, he and Mr. Steele are over there," Nolan said, gesturing to the far end of the set. I could see Chris and Victor standing together, caught up in what looked like a serious conversation.

"Alright then. See you both in a bit," I said, giving Liam and Nolan a nod before walking toward Chris and Victor.

As I approached, I could see that Chris was animatedly explaining something, gesturing with his hands while Victor listened, arms crossed and a serious expression on his face.

Chris spotted me coming, and his face lit up with a broad smile.

"Aha, finally," Chris called out.

Victor wore his usual neutral expression as he greeted me. "Adler."

I nodded in acknowledgment. "Victor." Then I turned to Chris, giving him a hug.

"Good to see you," I said. "I haven't seen you outside the office in a long time."

Chris chuckled. "Well, here I am. And just in time, no less," he added, a proud smile on his face.

He gestured around the set. "I have to say, Daniel, along with Dave, you've both done well. This has been a smooth production from start to finish."

Victor nodded in agreement. "Indeed, it has been smooth. I'm impressed."

Chris looked at me, a glint of excitement in his eyes. "By the way, I read that script you sent me. It's..." He paused, searching for the right words. "Incredible."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Fuck, You couldn't help yourself, could you, Henderson?" I said, shaking my head with amusement.

Victor looked confused, glancing between the two of us.

Chris turned to him. "Oh, Daniel sent me a great story. It's called *The Incredibles*, and I've decided to greenlight it."

Victor repeated the title, his eyebrows raising slightly. "*The Incredibles*?"

Chris nodded eagerly. "Yes, it's really good, Victor. I'll send it to you soon."

Victor gave a nod of approval.

I shifted the conversation to what I needed to discuss. "Actually, it's good that you're here, Victor. There's something else I need to talk to you about."

Victor eyed me with curiosity. "What is it?"

I took a breath and explained, "It's about *Wonder Woman*. We had two scripts for the movie, and we ended up selecting one. Which means there's a fully completed script just sitting there, unused."

Victor's eyes narrowed slightly, intrigued. I continued, "I know you've been wanting to create more animated content, and I thought we could make an animated *Wonder Woman* movie. It could be direct-to-DVD, or maybe we could get a deal with Netflix to stream it. It could be a good way to gauge interest, and if it's successful, we could build it into a full series."

Chris's face lit up even more at the idea. "This is great, Daniel! We're already expanding the animation studio, so this could work."

Victor looked at me with a smile—a rare sight. "Alright, send me the script then. I'll take a look."

"Sure thing," I said with a nod.

Chris then excused himself and went to speak with Liam.

Victor was about to follow him when I quickly spoke up. "Victor, actually... I need a private word with you."

Victor turned back to me, his expression shifting slightly, curiosity returning. "Alright."

We walked to a quiet corner away from the crew.

"Victor, I need your help with something."

"What kind of help are we talking about?"

I glanced around to make sure no one else could overhear before leaning in slightly. "You've got some friends—contacts, really—that could be useful to me. All I need is for you to make some introductions."

Victor paused for a moment, his gaze narrowing as he studied my expression. Finally, he nodded slowly, curiosity still evident in his eyes. "Sure, tell me who you want to meet."

A smile tugged at the corner of my mouth. I didn't let it spread too widely, but internally, I felt satisfied. This was why I wanted a break in our feud—I knew Victor had a soft spot, perhaps even an obsession, for animated DC content. If there was anything that would get him to play nice, this was it.

"Let's talk in more detail," I said, subtly motioning away from everyone.

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After our conversation, we walked back to the set where the final shot for *Batman Begins* was taking place.

Nolan was in his element, standing beside the camera rig, intensely focused on the monitor in front of him. Jensen, suited up as Batman, was positioned inside the monorail carriage set. A production assistant adjusted the lighting to capture the perfect shadow on Jensen's face, the lights moving to emulate the movement of the monorail. Liam Neeson's stand-in was positioned just in front of Jensen, giving him something tangible to interact with for this final take.

"Alright... and... action!" Nolan called out.

The camera zoomed in on Jensen's face. He grasped the stand-in by the collar, his jaw set and his eyes filled with intensity.

"I won't kill you," Jensen said in a low, gravelly voice, "but I don't have to save you."

The camera panned out slightly. Jensen's grip tightened before he released the stand-in abruptly, letting him drop out of the frame.

"Cut!" Nolan shouted, a look of satisfaction crossing his face. He turned back to the crew, nodding approvingly. "That was perfect."

The set fell silent for a brief second before erupting into applause. Cheers went up all around the monorail set as the crew celebrated.

It was done—*Batman Begins* was officially wrapped.

I found myself clapping alongside everyone else. It was a euphoric moment, and now began the long wait for the release and all the stress, triumph, or heartbreak that would come with it.

I made my way through the crowd, shaking hands with everyone I passed—Nolan, Chris, Victor, Jensen, even the stand-ins and the assistant directors.

After making my rounds, I cupped my hands around my mouth and shouted, "Alright, time to party!"

The words echoed around the set, and immediately, a cheer went up.