

THE QUIET KNIGHT

A Short Film Script

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FADE IN:

INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUSTIN (6), a small boy with thoughtful eyes, sits cross-legged on his perfectly organized bed. Everything has its place: action figures lined up by height, books by color, a worn Batman cape (his blue security blanket) draped over his shoulders.

He traces the same looping pattern on his bedsheet, soothing himself with rhythm.

Downstairs, his babysitter MAYA (17) laughs at her phone. The TV murmurs.

Justin's keen ears catalog every sound: refrigerator humming, Maya's phone buzzing, a car passing. When the hallway nightlight flickers, he notices immediately.

JUSTIN (whispered, to his Batman figure) Something's different, Bruce.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya sprawls on the couch with earbuds in, scrolling TikTok. She doesn't hear the soft CLICK of the back door lock being picked.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two figures move in darkness: DEREK (30s), nervous and sweaty, and CARLOS (40s), impatient. They search with small flashlights.

DEREK (whispering)

You sure the kid's asleep?

CARLOS:

Shut up fool the Kids won't hear nothing

But what They don't know is about Justin's extraordinary hearing.

INT. TOP OF STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Justin crouches behind the bannister, observing. In his mind, he's Batman gathering intelligence. He notices Derek favors his left leg, Carlos keeps checking his phone - they're moving toward Maya.

His jaw sets with determination. Maya is kind to him. She's his responsibility now.

INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Justin gathers his "utility belt": jump rope, marbles, small flashlight, juice box. He selects Batman and places him in his pocket.

JUSTIN (barely audible) Time to protect Gotham.

He begins his silent campaign, collecting golf balls from his parents' room moving around the house in the shadows on his tippy toes.

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Derek starts upstairs but hits the scattered golf balls. He stumbles, grabbing the railing.

DEREK

(hissing) What the—

Maya jumps, pulling out an earbud.

MAYA

Justin? Is that you, honey?

Carlos appears behind her.

CARLOS

Don't scream. Just sit down.

MAYA

There's a little boy upstairs—

CARLOS

Won't be a problem.

Maya's eyes dart toward the stairs, worried.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Derek reaches the top, flashlight sweeping. The hallway seems empty, but toys are scattered strategically.

He steps forward, slips on marbles, arms windmilling as he fights for balance.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek, frustrated, searches room by room. He doesn't notice the jump rope stretched across the bathroom doorway.

He trips spectacularly, crashing into the shower curtain.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS (into his walkie) Derek, what's going on?

Static. Carlos grows nervous.

INT. JUSTIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek stumbles in, disheveled and angry. The room appears empty.

DEREK

someone's messing with me!

Justin is pressed against the wall, blanket cape blending with shadows. As Derek searches under the bed, in the closet, Justin silently rolls a marble across the floor.

Derek spins toward the sound. Justin slips out behind him like a ghost.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlos paces frantically.

CARLOS

Derek! Answer me!

Maya watches, calculating.

MAYA

(quietly, proudly) That's my little hero.

Derek tumbles down the stairs, landing in a heap.

DEREK

There's something wrong with this house! It's like... like it's alive!

CARLOS

It's just a kid!

DEREK

No kid moves like that. No kid's that smart.

Suddenly, all the lights in the house flicker in sequence - living room, kitchen, hallway. Justin has found the main light switches.

The pattern continues: on, off, on, off. It's morse code, though the intruders don't realize it.

CARLOS

We're leaving. Now.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As they head for the back door, Carlos slips on a strategically placed banana peel from Maya's earlier snack. He crashes into Derek.

DEREK

I'm telling you, this place is cursed!

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

They flee into the night just as POLICE SIRENS wail in the distance. Someone called 911.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maya stares in amazement as Justin appears at the bottom of the stairs. He's still wearing his blanket cape, holding his juice box, completely calm.

MAYA

Justin... how did you...?

Justin shrugs and takes a sip of his juice box. He walks to the window and watches the police cars arrive, red and blue lights painting the room.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You saved us.

Justin looks at her, then at his Batman figure. For the first time tonight, he speaks clearly:

JUSTIN

Batman always protects people.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

OFFICER MARTINEZ (40s) finishes taking Maya's statement while Justin sits nearby, cape still on, organizing the scattered toys back into perfect order.

OFFICER MARTINEZ

The neighbors heard the commotion and called it in. Lucky thing.

MAYA

It wasn't luck.

She looks at Justin with new respect.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Justin, your parents are going to be so proud of you.

Justin doesn't look up from his toys, but there's the smallest hint of a smile.

OFFICER MARTINEZ

Kid's got good instincts. Natural protector.

As the officer leaves, Maya sits beside Justin.

MAYA

You know what? I think you really are Batman.

Justin finally looks up at her, and his smile grows a little wider. He offers her a sip from his juice box.

JUSTIN

Even Batman needs a good partner.

Maya takes the juice box like it's an honor.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAWN

The sun rises over the quiet neighborhood. Through the living room window, we see Justin asleep on the couch, still wearing his cape, Maya's jacket draped over him like an extra blanket.

His Batman figure sits guard on the coffee table.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END