

BAT MADNESS

(Instrumental Narrative / Metal Visual Sequence)

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE - NIGHT

Blackness.

Then—

A distant FULL MOON appears through the mouth of a vast cave.

Cold beams of moonlight cut through drifting dust.

The cave is enormous. Cathedral-like. Ancient.

From somewhere deep inside— a strange, elegant pattern of sound.

Four notes tumble upward like a secret code. Not quite music. Not quite machinery. Not quite a phone ringing.

Along the cave wall, half-buried in stone— a glowing RED BATPHONE. Silent. Waiting.

The ceiling is crowded with HUNDREDS OF BATS hanging upside down. Still. Too still.

The tumbling notes repeat.

One of the bats slowly opens its eyes. Then another. Then another.

The moonlight shifts.

Some of the hanging bats are not bats at all— they are GOTHIC HUMAN FIGURES suspended upside down in darkness, their black coats folded around them like wings, their hair hanging toward the floor.

Bat. Human. Bat again. Hard to tell.

At the far mouth of the cave— framed by moonlight— a SHADOW OF A CAPED, POINT-EARED FIGURE. Watching. Not moving.

The elegant pattern suddenly drops— LOWER. HEAVIER. MEANER. The entire cave shudders.

The hanging creatures begin to sway violently.

On the ground below, darkness erupts into motion— a MOSH PIT forms instantly out of the shadows.

Black-clad bodies collide. Shoulders slam. Arms flail.

Boots skid through dirt and cave dust.

This is no organized crowd. This is a survival event.

A long-haired pit-goer gets blindsided and spins into another body.

A woman in torn black leather grins like she's having the time of her life.

A shirtless man stumbles backward, dazed, already regretting every drink he had before entering this place. The heavy riff pounds like a warning siren. The red Batphone glows brighter. The beat detonates. A savage punk-metal speed section tears through the cave. The crowd becomes a blur. Everything accelerates— boots pounding, hair whipping, bodies ricocheting, moonlight flashing through smoke. The bats above begin to unhook themselves from the ceiling one by one. Or maybe the goths do. Impossible to tell. They descend in jerking, inhuman movements. At the center of the chaos— a massive silhouette rises. A WINGED HUMANOID CRYPTID. Not fully beast. Not fully man. It spreads its wings under the moonbeam. Its eyes catch the red glow of the phone. This is the thing in charge. Or the thing answering the call. The pit circles wider around it. Nobody can leave. Everything locks into a slower, crueller riff. Heavier. Colder. More deliberate. A sharp PLUCKED HARMONIC rings through the cave like a blade of ice. The cryptid lifts its head. Below it, a relentless double-bass pattern hammers like machine-gun fire from the underworld. Pit-goers begin to look shaken now. Some ecstatic. Some reconsidering everything. The hanging figures sway in approval overhead. The red Batphone pulses again. Still unanswered. At the cave entrance— the silhouette remains motionless. Judging. The song winds backward into that eerie tumbling figure again. The cave breathes. The mosh pit loosens into a slow, uneasy stagger. The red Batphone emits a faint halo, vibrating with an impossible call. Overhead, the upside-down forms become more clearly human— rows of pale goth faces.

As if an entire nightclub has been turned upside down and nailed to the ceiling.
One dangling figure smiles.
The cave becomes dreamlike. Slow-motion.
Bodies on the floor begin to mirror the shapes above.
For one surreal moment, the mosh pit looks like a nightclub viewed from another dimension.
The winged cryptid crawls sideways across a rock column, upside down, watching the crowd.
The full moon is huge now. Too huge.
The red Batphone flashes again.
The silhouette shifts slightly. Maybe stepping forward. Maybe not.
A short, ugly riff cuts through the dream. Warning.
Faces tighten. Somebody shouts.
The cryptid lowers itself into the center of the arena, folding and unfolding its wings like a threat display.
Everyone knows what comes next.
The fast guitar part returns even more violently than before.
The cave becomes a weapon. The crowd is dragged back into motion.
The red Batphone now rings— not audibly, but in pulses of red energy across the cave wall.
At the entrance, the caped shadow finally takes one step inward. Still no face.
Now the punishing riff returns. Slower. Meaner. Unforgiving.
People stumble. Some try to retreat. There is nowhere safe.
The winged cryptid rises again, towering over the audience like a conductor of violence.
Without mercy— a BLAST BEAT detonates beneath the riff, now twisted into a disorienting tritone scream.
The whole cave turns hostile.
The cryptid shrieks.
Above, the hanging figures writhe like pendulums.
Moonlight fractures across impossible angles.
Several pit-goers look truly panicked. Others ecstatic.
A woman in the crowd stares toward the entrance, confused by the watching silhouette.
The blast beat drops out. But the punishment continues.

The cryptid lands in the center of the pit.
Nobody attacks it. Nobody touches it. The crowd keeps circling.
The music begins to descend. Then rise.
Low tumbling notes. Then high tumbling notes.
The original Batphone figure returns one last time.
The cave exhales.
Bat. Goth. Bat. Human. No one can tell anymore.
The silhouette remains at the threshold, watching everything.
The cryptid turns toward the Batphone, reaching out—
The scene flips.
For one final instant, the entire cave appears upside down—
The mosh pit becomes a dance floor. The bats become clubgoers. The clubgoers become bats.
The moon hangs below everything like a white eye.
The red Batphone glows in the dark stone like the last sane object in an insane world.

BLACK.

END.