

Alfred. Gordon. Lucius. Bruce...Wayne. Names that have come to mean so much to me. Today, I'm three weeks from saying a final good-bye to these characters and their world. It's my son's ninth birthday. He was born as the Tumbler was being glued together in my garage from random parts of model kits. Much time, many changes. A shift from sets where some gunplay or a helicopter were extraordinary events to working days where crowds of extras, building demolitions, or mayhem thousands of feet in the air have become familiar. People ask if we'd always planned a trilogy. This is like being asked whether you had planned on growing up, getting married, having kids. The answer is complicated. When David and I first started cracking open Bruce's story, we flirted with what might come after, then backed away, not wanting to look too deep into the future. I didn't want to know

Read more: <http://www.comicbookmovie.com/fansites/JoshWildingNewsAndReviews/news/?a=64442>