

# WATCHTOWER

**"Fear"**

written by

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Based on,  
the character of Chloe Sullivan,  
created by Al Gough & Miles Millar.

Set in the DC Universe.

# WATCHTOWER

## "Fear"

### CAST

CHLOE SULLIVAN .....	ALLISON MACK
OLIVER QUEEN .....	JUSTIN HARTLEY
HELENA BERTINELLI .....	KAYLA EWELL
SELINA KYLE .....	ELIZA DUSHKU
PERRY WHITE .....	MICHAEL McKEAN
BRUCE WAYNE .....	CHRISTIAN BALE
GUIDO BERTINELLI .....	JULIAN McMAHON

### SUPPORTING CAST

EMIL HAMILTON .....	ALESSANDRO JULIANI
JONATHAN CRANE/SCARECROW .....	JAMES FRAIN

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

1

SCOPING across the room, everything is *blurred*. Images overlap, the ceiling caving in, distorted. A beat. The imagery closes in a black cloak that wraps around the frame.

ANGLE: CHLOE SULLIVAN

Slowly coming to wake, she is rested on bench on the second level, in a small compartment filled with shelves of medical equipment. Her blonde hair a mess, and sweat dripping down her face. Her eyes guide her to

A SYRINGE,

lying on a tray next to her. Yellow liquid is at the tip, seeping out. Confused, she slides off the bench, wincing and clutching her arm as she does.

Her fingers creep along her arm to find the sharp pain, running along a small

BAND-AID.

ANGLE: CHLOE'S P.O.V

The room continues to shake, everything awkwardly dancing around her as it slowly returns to a normal state. She's coming to.

Chloe struggles down the stairs, arriving on the ground floor. Loud footsteps begin to echo, before ...

BAAANNGG!!

The doors behind her slam CLOSED. From the impact of the sound, Chloe instantly turns around, rubbing her eyes to see the

FIGURE

that approaches. Backing away in fear, Chloe stumbles into a computer behind her. It tips off its stand, and CRASHES onto the floor. Chloe falls back ...

Turning around, she begins to crawl away, her sight still impaired, and her heart racing. A hand reaches out, grabbing her shoulder and spinning her back to face this BLURRED MAN.

PUSHING herself off of him, she frantically collapses back to the floor, crawling backwards to get as far away from him as possible.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

With the strength left over, she hoists herself up from off the floor and finds herself standing right in front of the WINDOW.

The glorious light shines upon her.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Chloe --

A reflection hits the window as Chloe contemplates to jump. She is instantly drawn to it, only to find ...

EMIL HAMILTON.

She TURNS, slowly, her vision restored ...

CHLOE

(scared)

Emil ...

A huge grin forms on his face.

EMIL

So much for the warm welcome.

OFF that, we ...

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

BLACK.

LARGE LETTERS FADE THROUGH THE DARKNESS, FLAMING WITH LIGHT THAT READS: **24 HOURS EARLIER.** FROM THAT, WE ...

FADE IN:

2 INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - BRUCE'S OFFICE - DAY. 2

As we slowly DRIFT DOWN from the ceiling, we hear the doors click open, and a man enters,

DR. JONATHAN CRANE (38).

He's a scrawny fellow, hair looks like thing hay glued to his head. One of the smartest minds out there, but when it comes to colour coding, not so much -- he enters in a brownish orange sweater, and a pair of navy green pants. No suit.

JONATHAN

What the hell is this?

BRUCE WAYNE. Upon Dr. Crane's entrance, he instantly becomes aware of his anger. He hits a button on his phone, *speaks* ...

BRUCE

(into machine)

Victoria, hold my calls please.  
Thank you.

He STANDS to greet this rude interruption.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, what exactly is it that  
you want ... Mister ... (?)

JONATHAN

Its *Doctor*. Dr. Jonathan Crane. And  
I want to know why this company has  
cancelled the funding to my  
project.

BRUCE

Ahh. Right. Your the doctor of  
psychology. I hear you have a thing  
for *fears*.

JONATHAN

They're my passion, Mr. Wayne. My  
experiment was going to help your  
company take control. To master its  
competition, and to --

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

The entire building has just recently undergone a massive lockdown protocol. Lives were lost, Dr. Crane.

(pause)

I'm sorry, but your project was a liability, an asset that we simply can't invest in anymore. Especially with Human Resources looking over our shoulders.

Jonathan is deeply disturbed.

JONATHAN

I've spent two years mastering this experiment. You can't just throw it away.

BRUCE

Personally, if it were up to me, your project would have never made it past production. Toying with people's minds, making them live through their worst nightmares ...

(pause)

Its not *right*.

JONATHAN

No. What's not *right* is ruining all that I've worked for!

In the background, a blurred figure ENTERS, slowly. A woman.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(intense)

I'll make sure you pay for what you have done, Mr. Wayne.

In a tantrum, Dr. Jonathan Crane EXITS, revealing

CHLOE

to be standing directly behind him, making her way into the office.

CHLOE

Wow. What was that about?

Bruce shakes his head with a little chuckle escaping his lips. Sighs.

BRUCE

You know, if I got a dollar for every time a scorned employee came barging through here, I'd be --

CHLOE

Rich? Yeah, you've already got that covered.

He laughs.

BRUCE

(beat)

So what's wrong?

CHLOE

Nothing's wrong.

BRUCE

The last time you were here the entire building went into a serious lockdown, you were severely shot, and we both nearly died.

CHLOE

Right. Well, just wanted to check up on you. See how you're doing.

Bruce cracks the code ...

BRUCE

Okay, something is definitely wrong. What is it?

CHLOE

Ugh ... its nothing. Really. I -- I just, well ... I sort of quit the paper.

BRUCE

What?! You love being a reporter!

CHLOE

I did. I mean, I do. *But*, ever since he outed Helena to the world and painted her as some kind of vigilante terrorist ... I don't know. I guess I just can't *be* in that kind of an environment anymore.

BRUCE

And what *environment* is that?

CHLOE

One where the story means everything. I print *facts*, not *fiction*. And this is the *last* thing Helena needs in her life right now.

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

OFF Bruce's sympathy, we ...

SMASH CUT TO:

3 INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

3

SPINNING AROUND the blonde billionaire, OLIVER QUEEN enters our sight, his mobile phone pressed up against his ear as he slowly turns around to face us, head on.

OLIVER

(into phone)

Look, Emil, I know we've been keeping contact, but what am I supposed to do with this information? I thought you came back to warn us about what's to come, not to feed me some underground black market scandal.

(pause; listening)

I'm sure its important, but we've got *other* stuff to deal with, alright. When you're ready to tell me what's going on, then I'll be ready to listen. Got it?

HANGING UP, he places the phone back inside his jacket pocket and turns to find ...

HELENA BERTINELLI.

Helena has torn clothes, cuts on her faces, and her hair is a mess. She looks like she's just crawled out of a war zone ...

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Helena! Oh my god ...

RACING over to her, Oliver embraces her in a huge hug.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

We thought we'd never see you again! Are you okay?

Helena pulls away, hissing from the pain.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Ooh ... sorry.

HELENA

The entire city thinks I'm a terrorist, Oliver. How do you think I'm doing?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

Right. Well, at least you've still got us, right? And your father, he's there for you.

Helena shakes her head, sad.

HELENA

He's gone, Oliver.

(long pause)

I - I ... I couldn't *run* anymore. All I ever do is run, and I'm getting tired. Its time I fought back.

OLIVER

Still can't believe what Perry did to you. How can someone destroy another person's life? Especially when he doesn't have all the facts.

HELENA

People fear what they can't explain, Oliver. You tell hundreds of people that there's a terrorist among them ... they're going to believe you. They're going to fight you. And *I can't* win this fight.

(pause)

Not this time.

Helena begins to tear apart, Oliver comforting her ...

OLIVER

Look, we'll figure something out, alright. You won't have to keep hiding.

HELENA

They forced me out of my house. I have *no idea* where my father is ...

(long pause)

I can't keep doing this!

Gesturing Helena over towards the couches, Oliver guides her to a chair, and she *sits*. Running her fingers through her hair, she's clearly stressed. Worried.

HELENA (CONT'D)

You know, ever since I decided to have a normal life, everything has been *so* screwed up. With Chloe. Dad. This whole *damn* city ...

OLIVER

Guess being normal is harder than it looks ...

(CONTINUED)

Oliver's eyes begin to sparkle, and he remembers. JETTING off, he heads towards the computers. Helena is immediately drawn in, and follows ...

HELENA

What? What is it?

OLIVER

Ever since Perry painted you as a vigilante criminal, Chloe and I have been trying to deal with the collateral after effects, trying to find a way to put things straight.

HELENA

How?

He STOPS, returns to her.

OLIVER

You want the Huntress *gone*, right?

HELENA

Yeah ...

OLIVER

So lets get rid of her.

HELENA

You mean *fake* her death.

OLIVER

When Chloe wanted to start a new life here in Gotham City, we caused the biggest explosion Metropolis has ever seen.

(beat)

We burnt Watchtower to the ground.

HELENA

Ahh ... so that's why we never hear or see from Chloe's friends. I always thought she was just a loner at heart.

Oliver smiles, chuckling.

OLIVER

With enough evidence left behind, some DNA ... we were able to pull the whole thing off.

HELENA

And in this case, all we need is the suit --

OLIVER

And footage of the entire thing going down. This city is going to see the Huntress be put down, and they'll see that *Helena Bertinelli* has nothing to do with this *alter ego terrorist*.

HELENA

And the Huntress will officially be *offline ... forever*.

OFF Helena's burst of hope, we ...

FORM CUT TO:

4 INT. GOTHAM DAILY, PERRY'S OFFICE - DAY.

4

ANGLE: NAME PLATE

PERRY WHITE. It reads. We slowly drift up to meet his eyes.

Alone. Its clearly written all over the poor man's face as he sits in his office, miserable. Footsteps bring him out of his misery, lighting up as a shadow hits his door --

PERRY

Chloe ...

SELINA KYLE

throws the door open, entering the office.

SELINA

Chloe's gone, Mr. White. But at least *I* take my job seriously.

Perry opens his mouth to defend Chloe, but stops. Cares too much. Never had a daughter.

PERRY

(clears throat)

Yes. Well. What are you doing in my office, Ms. Kyle?

SELINA

I just got my very first anonymous tip which proves that a very lethal item is being sold over the black market, deep below the city. If Gotham Daily can publish the story first, we'll earn a fortune.

(beat)

It'll be like Chloe Sullivan never even existed.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY

I take it you want the story?

Selina tilts her head. *Is this happening?*

SELINA

(mocking)

*Do you want the story?*

(passionate)

Of course I want the story! That's why I'm here. Look, other than the fact the anonymous tip was directly given to me, I thought I proved myself capable when I tackled the *Dark Knight* scoop.

PERRY

You nearly got yourself killed.

SELINA

Wha - uh ... I had the whole thing under control!

(sighs)

I'm not sure if you've noticed, but I don't like playing the *suck up* that your "*little intrepid blonde, Ms. Teacher's Pet,*" was so good at, alright. And we both know she was an amazing reporter, but not giving me the opportunity to prove that I'm *just* as good, *if not* better, well ... its a little bias of you.

(beat)

A quality reporters *shouldn't* have.

Folding his arms, Perry stares straight into Selina's eyes, they are fueling with passion. A passion for reporting.

PERRY

(smiles)

You want the story?

A huge smirk blossoms on Selina's face.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Go get it.

The journalistic spark of inspiration hits her and as we close in on her widening smile, we can't help but --

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5 INT. UNDERGROUND, TUNNELS - NIGHT. 5

ANGLE: PUDDLE

A continuous leak drops from atop, building a large puddle of water that increases in size, gradually, by each drip of leaking water. Dirty.

Suddenly, a boot comes shooting down onto it --

SQUIISSSHHHH!

SELINA (O.S.)

Oh, gross ...

Scraping her shoe across the ground, she journey's forward.

ECHOES and WHISPERS fill the tunnels as Selina draws closer and closer towards *exactly* what she's looking for.

ANGLE: DOOR

We come to a door; a faded green, slowly turning grey. It almost blends right in, unable to be found.

Selina follows the voices, uncovering the door. OPENS IT.

6 INT. UNDERGROUND, HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT. 6

The door slowly moves open, slightly CREAKING. Selina ENTERS.

ANGLE: SELINA'S P.O.V

Selina finds herself inside this large, open space. There are conveyer belts moving unauthorized products along in shipment boxes, being collected and stacked by *workers*.

SELINA

Holy ... crap.

Wrapped around her neck is a CAMERA. She grabs it and starts snapping photographs of what she sees.

SELINA (CONT'D)

I am *so* getting a promotion. Perry is gonna be begging for this to be on the front page of tomorrow's paper.

A huge grin forms on her face, as she begins taking photos:

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE: SNAPPED PHOTOGRAPH(S)

FLASH. Boxes of products. FLASH. The workers are loading them onto the back of trucks that are parked in front of a large open tunnel. FLASH. A man. There's a mask hiding his identity. Looks like a ...

SCARECROW.

Selina goes to take another picture of the Halloween figure, before his eyes dart straight at her. She yelps, dropping the camera. It falls over the rails, and smashes down below where they all are.

TURNING, Selina tries to escape but is blocked by a large man, dressed in a black singlet that shows off his huge bulky arms, and muscular chest.

He SWINGS his arm and knocks Selina back. She hits the rails as they come off their hinges, flying back. Crashing down to their level, Selina collapses upon a conveyer belt, smashing through a box of lethal product.

SMOKE WOFTS UP AROUND HER,

green in colour as she inhales its power.

Rolling off the conveyer belt, Selina tries to regain her thoughts, her mind racing, hard to hear, hard to move, hard to do *anything*. Everything is blurry. She rubs her eyes, and looks up at her surroundings.

Turning around to face the shining light (that which blossoms out of the large open tunnel the trucks are parked close to), Selina runs into a familiar face, gasping ...

SELINA (CONT'D)

Maggie!

MAGGIE KYLE,

her sister, stands in front of her. Blood is running down her slit throat, face pale with death.

MAGGIE

You let me die.

Stumbling back in horror, Selina bumps into another figure,

SCARECROW.

He opens his mouth and an echoing shriek, like a banshee, wails into her.

SELINA

Get away from me!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Flames explode behind him, consuming him in a dark mist of ash which throws Selina into a fit.

Screaming, she starts to run, heading for the tunnel. She pushes passed several workers, running as far away as possible.

JUMP CUT TO:

7 INT. FACTORY, ABOVE GROUND - NIGHT.

7

A meshed gate slowly begins to slide open as Selina HITS the button repeatedly. Racing out as it finally OPENS, Selina runs as fast as she can away from what led her here.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT.

8

CHARGING OUT of the factory, Selina finds her way in the streets. She immediately stops. FREE.

Echoes of meowing cats, roaring lions, and vicious tigers fill her head, and everywhere she turns, they're all closing in on her.

SELINA  
(near tears)  
Oh god, oh god, oh god.

RUNNING out into the middle of the road, Selina starts waving her hands around.

SELINA (CONT'D)  
Stop! Please, somebody!

Cars honk and swerve, doing everything to get her off the road and/or avoid her. A taxi is parked by the gutters, grabbing Selina's immediate attention. She runs towards it.

Inside: RICK.

RICK  
How could you leave me, Selina?  
(exploding with rage)  
After all I've done for you?!

Selina stumbles back, trembling with fear. The continuous meowing, and roars of angry felines tear away at Selina's soul, before the loud BLARING of a car horn bursts through her eyes, and she turns to face a

SPEEDING VEHICLE.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Doesn't swerve. Doesn't dodge. It HITS her. Selina rolls up the car, smashing the windshield from impact as she bounces off it and slides across the roof.

Selina HITS the ground, blood all over her. As she lay there, crippled by the impact of the collision, swarms of cats begin to close in on, biting at her hands, and clawing at her face.

CLOSE UP: SELINA'S EYES.

They move around, fear written all over them. As they begin to close, we suddenly --

SMASH CUT TO:

9 INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, HALLS - NIGHT.

9

The doors are pushed apart as Chloe enters. Her jacket whips behind her, fierce, yet worried. Ready to get down to business. In her hand is a phone - in the middle of a conversation.

CHLOE  
(into phone)  
Seems date night keeps getting  
pushed aside.

OLIVER  
(over phone)  
Its alright. I've sorta got some  
business to take care of myself.

CHLOE  
(into phone)  
I'll make it up to you, I promise.  
From the information I could  
scramble from this doctor's laptop,  
Selina's in a pretty messed up  
state. Keep your phone with you in  
case this is *wall of weird*  
material.

OLIVER  
(over phone)  
Will do, babe. Bye.

Hanging up, Chloe approaches the DOCTOR that steps outside of the room Selina's in.

CHLOE  
Oh, uh ... are you Doctor Vlamir?

DOCTOR VLAMIR gives a small smile. Russian. If its not obvious by the name the accent sure gives it away.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR VLAMIR

Yes. Are you here to see one of my patients?

CHLOE

Uh, kind of. I wanted to talk to you about Selina Kyle. She's my coworker at the Gotham Daily paper.

(pause)

Well ... was.

DOCTOR VLAMIR

Well, I'm sorry Miss --  
(searches for name)

Chloe chimes in.

CHLOE

-- Sullivan. I'm Chloe Sullivan.

DOCTOR VLAMIR

(nods)

But unless your close family, I don't think I ...

CHLOE

Please. I'm all she's got.

He can see it in her eyes. Damn, she's good.

DOCTOR VLAMIR

Come with me.

JUMP CUT TO:

Guiding Chloe into his office, Doctor Vlamir sits by his computer, gesturing Chloe to take a seat nearby. She does.

DOCTOR VLAMIR

Selina's case is one unlike we've seen before. At first we thought she was on some sort of hallucinogen, but what we found was *different*. *New*.

Chloe's intrigued. Leans forward.

CHLOE

Did you find out what it is?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

DOCTOR VLAMIR

No. Its some sort of toxin,  
affecting her brain and causing  
severe damage. Unfortunately,  
because of this unique case --

CHLOE

There's no cure.

He painfully nods.

DOCTOR VLAMIR

I'm sorry, Ms. Sullivan.

CLOSING IN on Chloe's expression as she looks extremely  
curious, yet, concerned for Selina's state, we --

CUT TO:

11 EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT.

11

An overhead shot of the city, peering down at its most  
darkest. Speeding up, we come to an instant flash that takes  
us to ...

12 EXT. GOTHAM CITY, ROOFTOP - NIGHT.

12

PULLING IN from a far away building, we retract onto a  
rooftop where we find Helena, staring off at it. She's in her

HUNTRESS GEAR,

with the mask in her hands. Her eyes drift down to it.

OLIVER (O.S.)

Second guessing this?

Her eyes are glued to the mask.

HELENA

I've been this person for so long.  
Its hard to give it all away.

PULL BACK for the full shot. Oliver.

OLIVER

Maybe you don't have to.

Still unwilling to put the mask on, she turns to face Oliver.

HELENA

I'm listening.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

Maybe the Huntress doesn't *die*.

(long pause)

Maybe she's someone else entirely.

HELENA

Perry already proved it to the public. There's no lying anymore.

OLIVER

You destroy the Huntress, you erase everything. Your past. Your life.

But if we can show Gotham that you're *not* who they think you are, you can have everything back.

(beat)

Why do you think Gotham has no idea that I'm the Green Arrow?

Helena is amazed.

HELENA

Are you telling me *your* green leather fetish was all over the news?

OLIVER

I thought it was best to come forward. To help *inspire* those who were too afraid to step out of the shadows. But I was wrong.

(beat)

So I made up a story. Had it backed up. And the *Oliver Queen: Green Arrow* stories began to stop, the conspiracies faded, and soon I had my life back.

A smile forms on Helena's face. Oliver knows what she's thinking. Its nice to have someone that's been through or going through what she has.

HELENA

Do you reckon we can still blow something up?

Oliver laughs, walking out of the frame.

TIGHT: Helena's *not* joking.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Please?

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - BRUCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT. 13

Working on some last minute paperwork, Bruce is behind his desk, on the computer, typing away. He stops, sighs. Rubbing his eyes, he tries to keep himself away, until

BURSTING THROUGH THE DOORS, CHLOE ENTERS.

Bruce RISES.

BRUCE

Chloe? What are you --

CHLOE

Sorry to burst in on you like this, but I just got back from the hospital. Looks like Selina's been infected with some sort of *toxin* that the doctors can't prescribe.

(beat)

Where is that S.O.B you funded, and when can I hurt him. 'Cause I really want to hurt him.

Bruce looks shocked, trying to take it all in at once.

BRUCE

Selina's been hurt?

CHLOE

That's not important. I mean, it is important, but what's more important is finding --

SCARECROW (O.S.)

Me?

SPIN AROUND the two as they stand together, turning to face where the sound is coming from.

A LOUDSPEAKER.

BRUCE

He's rigged the line.

SCARECROW (O.S.)

Hate to say I told you so, Mr. Wayne. But ... *well I can't say I didn't warn you.*

Bruce immediately turns to Chloe.

CHLOE

We need to get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

SCARECROW (O.S.)

There's no use running. In twenty four hours my *fear* toxin will have spread all over Gotham City infecting every last breathing soul. Everyone will face their worst nightmares, and be killed off *one by one*.

BRUCE

You're insane!

Tugging on Bruce's arm, Chloe tries to get him out of here.

CHLOE

Bruce we really should be --

THOMAS (O.S.)

How could you?

A beat. It sinks in. Bruce turns to find his father,

THOMAS WAYNE,

sitting behind Bruce's desk, staring at him with nothing but disappointment in his eyes.

BRUCE

No.

Bruce's eyes move towards the AIR VENTS.

Small gas is emitting from them. His eyes burn wide open. He turns straight to Chloe.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Chloe, run!

Noticing the vents, Chloe stumbles back, and EXITS, running out of frame. Drifting back in on Bruce, scared.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Hello, father.

THOMAS

You disappoint me, Bruce. You had such potential. Can't believe the Wayne family name is left to a pathetic fraud like you.

Bruce tries to pay no attention, staring off at the air vents that continue to fog the room.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You sleep around with women.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

Bruce takes in a deep breath. Thomas stands, making his way closer and closer towards his son.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You *piss* all over my legacy.

A small tear begins to drip from his right eye, slowly running down his cheek.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I wish you were never born.

His eyes close, squinting away the pain. OFF that ...

CUT TO:

14 INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - HALLWAY - NIGHT.

14

Puffing and panting, Chloe RACES down the hallway and heads straight towards the elevator. Banging on the button, she tries to escape, pacing as she waits for the doors to open.

DING.

The doors slide apart and Chloe turns back to face them.

A hand SPRINGS out from inside, releasing a massive amount of green gas that envelopes Chloe's face and knocks her back in her step a little. She yelps.

SCARECROW

And what better way to make a billion dollar playboy pay than to kill the one person he cares about most. You.

The Scarecrow is menacing. A hood, shedding shadows over the mask he wears. Literally looks like a walking scarecrow. Eyes glow a sharp red, haunting ...

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

15

Entering, Oliver returns to the Watchtower Headquarters to find a ghastly site. Bruce Wayne spins around, sweating, panting, facing Oliver who is rather shocked to see him here.

Oliver stumbles back in his surprise.

OLIVER

Bruce?

BRUCE

(scared)

You need to help me!

Bruce CHARGES at him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

No, no. They found me. I can hear them. They're coming.

Oliver looks around, worried. Bruce is staring off into his own imagination.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Need to get out of here.

OLIVER

What's going on? Bruce? What happened to you?

BRUCE

Not me. Her. Chloe.

(turns; explodes)

You're dead! Leave me alone!

Pulling him back around to face him, Oliver demands answers.

OLIVER

What happened to Chloe, Bruce?

BRUCE

The toxin. Both been infected. She should be here. Where is she?

OLIVER

Toxin?

BRUCE

No.

BAAANNGG!!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

The doors explode as an entire army of bats come flooding through, shooting straight towards Bruce. He is painted in a thick layer of black; struggling to fight them off.

He is lifted up, and thrown back ...

CRAAASSSHHH!! The window explodes, glass shattering --

16 EXT. WATCHTOWER, GOTHAM - NIGHT.

16

FALLING to his death, Bruce flails about, trying to reach out to something that isn't there. As he's about to find the pavement we --

CUT TO:

17 INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

17

THUMP! Bruce slams hard against the fall, collapsing. Oliver immediately rushes to his aid in concern.

OLIVER

Bruce? Bruce!

Shaking Bruce in an attempt to wake him, Oliver fails.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Come on, man, wake up.

He STANDS. Taking a look around, Oliver tries to calm down; doesn't know what to do. Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out his mobile phone. Searches contacts ...

EMIL HAMILTON,

his name highlighted in Oliver's contact list.

TIGHT on Oliver. He contemplates it ...

SMASH CUT TO:

18 INT. UNDERGROUND, UNKNOWN - NIGHT.

18

Dark. The one word to describe this place. Water leaks from the ceiling, dripping. DRIFTING ALONG the blood stained floor, we slowly rise up to find

CHLOE,

tied down in a chair, bruises all over her. Her clothing is torn, exposing cuts on her skin. She's whimpering, mumbling to herself, giving up.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE #2 (O.S.)

Come on, Chloe. We're stronger than *this*. Fight back.

Chloe remains unresponsive. Stepping out of the shadows,

CHLOE #2

reveals herself, dressed in a beautiful white dress, her hair in curls, elegant.

CHLOE #2 (CONT'D)

Isn't it *sad*. We've devoted so much of our life to helping young heroes come into their own, to show them what it means to protect the world. Yet we keep needing *them* to come and rescue us.

Chloe keeps her head down.

CHLOE #2 (CONT'D)

You'd think for someone like us, we'd fight harder. But *death* doesn't scare us because we have nothing to live for.

CHLOE

(whispering to herself)  
Oliver.

CHLOE #2

I'm sorry. What was that?

Chloe raises her chin, and stares straight into her reflection. Herself.

CHLOE

I fight for Oliver.

CHLOE #2

Pfft. We don't love him. You know that, I know that. We've been pushing him away for months now.

(pause)

That's what we do, isn't it. Push people away. Ever since our own recklessness got the love of our life killed.

CHLOE

Shut up.

CHLOE #2

Or have you forgotten about *Jimmy*?

CHLOE

Don't.

CHLOE #2

Everyone leaves us eventually. Mum. Dad. Pete. Lana. Jimmy. That's why we couldn't stay in Metropolis. That's why we left Clark. Our cousin, Lois. And because it hurts too much to say goodbye to *Oliver*, we're pushing him away so that he'll eventually leave on his own. Just like the others.

CHLOE

*I said shut up!*

Chloe #2 begins to smile, getting right up in Chloe's face.

CHLOE #2

Leave before they can abandon us. Its always been like this. Its how we stay strong. How we survive.  
(beat)  
Get attached, you get hurt.

A small tear begins to run down Chloe's cheek.

CHLOE #2 (CONT'D)

That's right, *cry*. No one knows where we are. We're all alone. Abandoned.

Chloe tries to fight them back, but she knows she's right.

CHLOE #2 (CONT'D)

Maybe we should just give up. It'd be easy, wouldn't it? Don't have to worry about Oliver. Watchtower. The world. Maybe we *should* just escape it all. Leave *them* --

CHLOE

(firm)  
No.

Opening her eyes, Chloe snaps her head up and stares straight into herself, quite literally.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I will *not* listen to you. I'm a *fighter*.

ANGLE: CHLOE #2

A small pause. She STOPS. Eyes widening, she starts to deteriorate, burning away to ash ...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

Tugging on the ropes, Chloe struggles to break free ...

BANG! The door opens and slams against the wall as it releases a large ray of warm, burning light. Chloe is illuminated. A dark FIGURE stands in its epicenter.

SCARECROW.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Let me go!

SCARECROW

You're fighting the effects of the toxin. It seems you need another dose.

He approaches, a device in his hand the shape of a nail gun. It clearly shoots the toxin in via injection.

CHLOE

No. No, stop! Don't do this!

TSSK. The injection hits her, and we instantly ZOOM into her eyes. They turn green from the toxin, different this time. A loud SCREAM escapes her, as we ...

FLASH TO:

19 EXT. CEMETERY, FUNERAL - MORNING.

19

Everything is distorted. As the figures start to form, and the surroundings come to crystal clear, we find ourselves at some sort of *funeral*.

CHLOE.

She looks down at her hands to see black gloves. She's been here before. Wait a second ...

Looking up she can't trace Oliver. Different. Angry --

CHLOE

Okay, enough with the guilt trips.  
I know Jimmy's death was my fault.  
I was trying to protect ...

(long pause)

Doesn't matter anymore. These games  
don't work on me!

Her eyes start to wander off to find: 'Oliver Queen' written on the coffin that is ready to be put in the ground.

She STOPS.

Realises.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oliver ...

Materializing behind her, OLIVER QUEEN appears.

OLIVER

I trusted you.

SPINNING around, Chloe faces him, shocked.

CHLOE

(deep breath)

Not real. Its not real.

OLIVER

I loved you, and you left me there  
to die!

CHLOE

This isn't happening.

Oliver is engulfed with rage, approaching her faster. Another step back, and Chloe falls, out of sight, out of frame.

LOW ANGLE: OLIVER.

He stares down with a wicked smile on his face. His eyes drift up and we --

ANGLE: OLIVER'S P.O.V

A tombstone. It reads: '*Chloe Sullivan*'

OFF that ...

FLASH CUT TO:

20 INT. UNDERGROUND, UNKNOWN - NIGHT.

20

Pain. Sorrow. Chloe's eyes squint from the visions, and she releases a high pitch shriek, in agony. Falling to the side, the chair SMASHES to bits, and she rolls out, hands still tied behind her back.

The SCARECROW looks on in horror.

SCARECROW

No.

Looking up, Chloe stares into the eyes of the Scarecrow, their red glow sending chills down her spine.

SCARECROW (CONT'D)

The experiment can not be fought.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

But my fears *can*.

Taking a swing, Chloe PUNCHES the Scarecrow across the jaw. He is thrown to the side, but spins back around and shoots gas out of his wrists (device).

Stumbling back from distraction, Chloe hits the wall behind her, regaining her balance.

SCARECROW

You may be fighting them now, but soon the toxin will flow through your veins, shut down your brain, and you'll be *dead*.

Reaching for the broken piece of wood from the chair, Chloe spots the FIGURE behind the clearing gas ...

CHLOE

Then lets go out with a *bang!*

THWACK! Knocking the Scarecrow straight to the ground, Chloe stands as the victor. She drops the piece of wood, and stares down at his unconscious body.

It begins to BLUR, and Chloe realises the effects of the toxin are getting worse. From a deep breath, we ...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

DRIFTING IN from the side, we immediately find ourselves tight on

EMIL HAMILTON

who straightens his glasses and turns to face OLIVER.

EMIL

Hmm. This is interesting.

PULL BACK to reveal a vial in Emil's hand.

OLIVER

You know, when a scientist says that, someone always ends up dead.

EMIL

What scientists do you hang out with?

OLIVER

Well ... *you*.

(CONTINUED)

A small chuckle escapes Emil. Back to business.

EMIL

From what I can tell there's a highly lethal toxin running through Bruce's bloodstream, affecting his mind and sight.

OLIVER

Well I could have told you that.  
(beat)  
How do we help him?

EMIL

This is different. Its poisonous.  
(pause)  
With its effects on the mind, you should be able to counteract it, but its leaving traces of deadly matter that we need to extract.

OLIVER

A cure. Good. While you work on that, I'll --

EMIL

Be a guinea pig for me to work on.

Oliver is startled.

OLIVER

What? No. I didn't agree to --

EMIL

I've duplicated the toxin, but what I need now is to see how it works from start to finish. Bruce is too far under to be studied closely.  
(beat)  
And I can't exactly work on myself.

OLIVER

But, I ... I mean I don't ...

EMIL

Do you trust me?

CUT TO:

PROWLING the streets in a hoodie, baggy clothes, and her face cloaked by the overlaying shadows, HELENA makes her way through unnoticed. She's carrying a bag of supplies, heading towards the large

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS

seen up high in the heavens. A large SHRIEK pierces in the background, and Helena STOPS. Turns. Faces it.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Help! Help, somebody!

Everyone around Helena ignores it, moving faster, trying to get as far away as possible. Helena turns her back too ...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh my god. No! Stop! Please!

It HITS her.

HELENA

Dad?

DROPPING everything, Helena RACES towards the alleyway, following the cries of agony.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, CITY - NIGHT.

ENTERING the darkness that cloaks the alley, Helena embarks on a heroic quest to save this man - her father? - only to stumble across

THREE THUGS.

They step away from the man, having spent the last few minutes beating on him. He looks cut, *hurt*. A car drives passed in the distant road, its lights illuminating the alley for a split second --

GUIDO.

HELENA

Oh my god ...

THUG

Well, look at this young thing.

Instantly annoyed, Helena THROWS a punch that knocks this THUG (#1) straight to the ground - out. As the second lunges forward, he is propelled into the dumpster with a flick of Helena's leg, KICKING him into unconsciousness.

The other begins to step back in horror, Helena's hood having fallen back, revealing her identity.

THUG #3

Its you. You're ...

HELENA

You picked the wrong night, bud.

(CONTINUED)

A beat. The THUG (#3) stumbles back in fear, before turning his back and sprinting into the darkness. Helena watches as he disappears, wanting to know for sure that he is GONE.

Kneeling, Helena cradles her father in her arms.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Dad?

GUIDO

(injured)

H - H - Helena?

HELENA

Its me.

Helena laughs, relieved.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Its me. I'm here ...

GUIDO

I tried so hard to find you ...

HELENA

I thought you left. I thought you ran away ...

GUIDO

I - I couldn't ... I couldn't leave you behind. I --

HELENA

Shh ... its okay.

POLICE SIRENS begin to blare, clearly getting closer. Helena stares off into the abyss, she knows they'll be found here.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Come on. We gotta get out of here.

Helping her father to his feet, she helps him out of the alley, holding his weight as he leans against her, limping further into the darkness. They disappear, escaping ...

SMASH CUT TO:

CREAKING open, the doors to Watchtower peel wide apart and a familiar face enters, Chloe. Slowly creeping through, she finds herself alone.

A haunting beat. *Is she really alone?*

ANGLE: CHLOE'S P.O.V

(CONTINUED)

Drifting towards a man lying down on the bench, Chloe's eyes find OLIVER.

CHLOE

Oliver?

RUNNING over to him, Chloe tries to wake him up. Nothing. She takes in a deep breath, trying not to panic before her eyes find another man ...

BRUCE. Lying on the floor, Bruce isn't moving either. Chloe's heart starts racing, and she turns ...

EMIL.

EMIL

Welcome back, Ms. Sullivan.

SLAMMING a syringe into Chloe's neck, she instantly feels the effects. As she realises what he just did, her body starts to fail her, and she collapses.

ANGLE: CHLOE'S P.O.V

EMIL stands with a huge smile on his face, staring down at her. The screen starts to be overcome with a thick layer of black, as Chloe's eyelids CLOSE.

OFF that ...

**FADE OUT.**

FADE IN:

SCOPING across the room, everything is *blurred*. Images overlap, the ceiling caving in, distorted. A beat. The imagery closes in a black cloak that wraps around the frame.

ANGLE: CHLOE SULLIVAN

Slowly coming to wake, she is rested on bench on the second level, in a small compartment filled with shelves of medical equipment.

Her blonde hair a mess, and sweat dripping down her face. Her eyes guide her to

A SYRINGE,

lying on a tray next to her. Yellow liquid is at the tip, seeping out. Confused, she slides off the bench, wincing and clutching her arm as she does.

(CONTINUED)

Her fingers creep along her arm to find the sharp pain, running along a small

BAND-AID.

ANGLE: CHLOE'S P.O.V

The room continues to shake, everything awkwardly dancing around her as it slowly returns to a normal state. She's coming to.

Chloe struggles down the stairs, arriving on the ground floor. Loud footsteps begin to echo, before ...

BAAANNGG!!

The doors behind her slam CLOSED. From the impact of the sound, Chloe instantly turns around, rubbing her eyes to see the

FIGURE

that approaches. Backing away in fear, Chloe stumbles into a computer behind her. It tips off its stand, and CRASHES onto the floor. Chloe falls back ...

Turning around, she begins to crawl away, her sight still impaired, and her heart racing. A hand reaches out, grabbing her shoulder and spinning her back to face this BLURRED MAN.

PUSHING herself off of him, she frantically collapses back to the floor, crawling backwards to get as far away from him as possible.

With the strength left over, she hoists herself up from off the floor and finds herself standing right in front of the

WINDOW.

The glorious light shines upon her.

EMIL (O.S.)  
Chloe --

A reflection hits the window as Chloe contemplates to jump. She is instantly drawn to it, only to find ...

EMIL HAMILTON.

She TURNS, slowly, her vision restored ...

CHLOE  
(scared)  
Emil ...

A huge grin forms on his face.

EMIL

So much for the warm welcome.

OFF Chloe's astonishment, we can't help but --

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

26

Still in shock, Chloe stares off at Emil with fear in her eyes, and a pain in her heart.

CHLOE  
You're alive.

EMIL  
Yes. But its not what it --

CHLOE  
You're alive.

EMIL  
That's been established.

Chloe takes another step back towards the window, and Emil steps forward, jumping.

EMIL (CONT'D)  
Don't --

CHLOE  
I thought Checkmate killed you.  
They wouldn't let a loose string  
hang around unless they were of  
vital importance.

Tensing up, she is starting to panic.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
This isn't real, either, is it?

EMIL  
Asking an illusion if its real, in  
and of itself, is an oxymoron. Now,  
if you'd please step away from the  
window, I can explain everything.

CHLOE  
Oliver. Bruce. You killed them.

EMIL  
No. I saved their lives.

CHLOE  
Saved them?  
(pauses)  
You're not capable of helping  
others. You only cause pain and  
suffering.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I thought you could change once,  
but I won't be fooled again.

Turning his back, Emil approaches the equipment around Oliver. He searches through the equipment, peaking Chloe's interest. She steps DOWN.

Emil finds the vial, and returns to face Chloe.

EMIL

You were infected by a lethal  
toxin. It unleashed all your  
greatest fears and brought them to  
life.

CHLOE

You coming back from the dead being  
one of them.

EMIL

I'm not an hallucination.

(pause)

Somehow, Bruce was infected too,  
and to study the effects of the  
toxin from point A to point B, I  
needed to test it on Oliver. In  
doing so, I came up with a cure.

Chloe draws in on him, intrigued.

CHLOE

Why would Emil Hamilton, of all  
people, want to save *me*?

EMIL

He wouldn't. But *I* would.

Still confused, something becomes shockingly clear to Chloe.  
She remembers.

CHLOE

Selina.

EMIL

Who?

CHLOE

She was infected. We need to get  
the cure to Gotham General or --

EMIL

I've already sent a package to the  
hospital. She'll be fine.

CHLOE

I don't know who you are, or what  
you want. But I don't trust you.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

Emil nods. He understands.

EMIL

I don't expect you to. And if I know you as well as I think I do, you might want to check on Selina to see if I'm telling you the truth.

We CLOSE IN on Chloe as she realises that's a good idea.

OFF that ...

CUT TO:

27 INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, SELINA'S ROOM - DAY.

27

Slowly coming to wake, Selina finds a man in her room. Not the one she had hoped for. Not Bruce. But --

PERRY. He looks troubled.

SELINA

P - Perry? What are you doing here?

PERRY

I've been waiting for you to wake up for hours, Selina. I'm glad everything turned out for the better.

SELINA

It means the world that someone cares enough to come to my bedside, but I'm not the one you care about.

(beat)

*She is.*

Looking over his shoulder, he finds CHLOE, waiting outside the hospital room. He returns to face Selina.

PERRY

You've stuck by me through all the crap that's been going on at the paper, Selina. You may not feel as though I appreciate your work, but I do. You're an amazing addition to bullpen.

Perry places his hand over hers.

PERRY (CONT'D)

I'm glad to see you're okay.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

With a gentle nod, he stands up. Turning, he can't help but lock eyes with Chloe, who, herself, is waiting to go inside to greet Selina.

He STEPS outside.

28 INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, HALLS - DAY.

28

Perry steps out of Selina's room, and finds himself standing right in front of the woman he had such high hopes for, the woman he feels he's betrayed.

CHLOE

I take it Gotham Daily will be covering the story.

PERRY

I think Selina has a lot to write about. She was infected, after all.

CHLOE

Well you might have some competition. It took longer than I thought, but I am a reporter at heart. Exposing the truth ...

(pause)

Its what I want to do. Its who I am.

PERRY

What are you saying?

A beat. Chloe takes in a breath, strong.

CHLOE

I wrote an article about this *fear toxin* and submitted it to the Gotham Gazette. Their influence on the city is growing larger and larger, and I would love to be a part of that.

Perry feels hurt. But he knows who she is. He won't get in the way of that.

PERRY

I'm happy for you, Chloe.

CHLOE

You are?

PERRY

I think the Gotham Gazette would be fools *not* to hire you. You've got so much potential. This city needs someone like you. A beacon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

PERRY (CONT'D)

To guide them out of the shadows.

(beat)

Your actions. Your words. It will help do that.

Chloe opens her mouth to say something. Does he know she's Watchtower? Is there something he's not telling her --

PERRY (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Chloe. I hope the future brings you good fortune.

He LEAVES. Chloe looks on to see his departure, before stepping into --

29 INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, SELINA'S ROOM - DAY.

29

On her entrance, Selina sits up.

SELINA

Wow, that looked *harsh*.

CHLOE

(straight to the point)

I need your help.

Instantly surprised, we can't help but --

JUMP CUT TO:

30 INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

30

REVERSE ANGLE: A man's back faces us, as said man makes his way towards the large computer in front of him. As he places a USB in, we SPIN AROUND to reveal

EMIL HAMILTON.

He starts loading up information off his phone onto the computer, having used the USB. A large map appears.

EMIL

Chloe's just sent the co-ordinates.

PULL BACK to find Oliver, rushing over to him.

OLIVER

Think we can make it in time?

EMIL

I hope so. Don't have enough time to make a global cure. This could become an epidemic.

(turns)

Is Bruce awake yet?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

I don't know. He's been in the back sleeping. I'll go check on him.

Oliver EXITS. Emil starts typing away, and as he does, he manages to access

FOOTAGE

that shows trucks driving in, full of stock on the back. He becomes quickly concerned.

EMIL

My god.

STRETCH BACK as Oliver returns to frame.

OLIVER

He's gone.

EMIL

What do you mean he's --

CRRAAASSSSSHHHH!

Falling through the ceiling, the SCARECROW lands in the middle of the room, shards of glass following his descent, cloaking him in its shining glow.

He rolls onto his back, grunting.

OLIVER

Its him.

Emil and Oliver stands side by side, their eyes shoot up as they see a figure, dropping in from the black night. A large bat? No ...

THE DARK KNIGHT.

He LANDS next to the Scarecrow.

DARK KNIGHT

Delivery?

OLIVER

I didn't order this ...

DARK KNIGHT

I see the blonde has new recruits.

(beat)

Maybe you two can help me out.

EMIL

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

DRIFTING OFF to find the footage on the COMPUTER SCREEN, the Dark Knight has everything he needs.

DARK KNIGHT

Nice doing business with you.

SNATCHING the USB out of the computer, he steals the information on the gang's whereabouts. Retracting a small gun from his pocket, he shoots it to the sky,

A GRAPPLE-GUN.

Releasing a line, he ASCENDS into the sky, disappearing into the dark skies he arrived from.

RUSHING forward, Emil and Oliver are left with the package the Dark Knight left behind him: *Jonathan Crane*. Their eyes drop to his aching body.

OLIVER

This. Sucks.

OFF their disappointment, we ...

JUMP CUT TO:

31 INT. UNDERGROUND, TUNNELS - NIGHT.

31

DRIFTING DOWN from the ceiling, we come to find a group of criminals, grabbing stock locked in crates and opening them.

Inside we find several TANKS of toxin, all being taken out of their cases. As THUG #1 grabs one of the tanks and prepares it to be spread into the sewer system, a spinning

BAT-A-RANG

ripples around the room, and knocks the tank out of the thug's hand. Turning in surprise he spots the figure, flying in from over the rails ...

THE DARK KNIGHT.

THUG #1

(Russian accent)

Kill him!

DROPPING to the ground, The Dark Knight blankets himself with his cape as BULLETS shoot off at him. As they stop to reload, he RISES, throwing several BAT-A-RANGS out that thwart many of the criminals. They fall to the ground.

THUG #1 runs towards the open crate, hoping to grab another tank. Just as he has his hands on the tank, we hear a loud

BANG,

(CONTINUED)

followed by the explosion, the fear toxin cloaks the thug and causes him to stumble back in his step.

PULLING BACK to find the source of the bullet we find Chloe, two guns smoking in her hands. She looks to the Dark Knight, who shoots her a look.

CHLOE

Didn't think I'd miss out on the action, did you?

Throwing his elbow out, the caped crusader KNOCKS the approaching THUG (#2) to the ground, whipping his cape up to blind THUG #3, before kicking him to the dirt.

He faces Chloe.

DARK KNIGHT

You're out of your league here.

CHLOE

Why? Because I don't own a utility belt?

DARK KNIGHT

I'd recommend one --

BANG! BANG!

Shooting bullets towards the Dark Knight, they glide passed him and hit an approaching criminal, who charges with a syringe in his hand.

Piercing his shoulder, it throws him down, hard.

DARK KNIGHT (CONT'D)

... but you're already packing heat.

CHLOE

Look --

PUNCHING the last criminal to the ground, Chloe places her guns at the back of her pants, and closes in on the vigilante.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You're not in this alone.

DARK KNIGHT

Sidekicks aren't my thing. Sorry.

A small chuckle escapes her before the sound of a truck starting up can be heard. SNAPPING around, they find one of the trucks driving off.

Using his GRAPPLE GUN, the Dark Knight SHOOTs out a line that connects to the wall, and then continues it to the truck.

BOOM!

The truck STOPS. The line pulls it still, causing the criminal inside to slam his head against the wheel from the instant tug, knocking himself out.

DARK KNIGHT (CONT'D)

I rest my case.

CHLOE

Alright. Alright.

(pause)

You want to do this on your own,  
fine. Have fun with the cleanup.

As Chloe EXITS, we stay on the Dark Knight. A small grin begins to shape on his face.

RETRACTING, we get a full view of the scene. Chloe is walking away from the ruins - thugs lie everywhere, unconscious, with several crates full of toxin everywhere.

The Dark Knight stares off at his surroundings, left to get rid of all this product.

OFF that ...

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

32 INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - BRUCE'S OFFICE - DAY.

32

Sneaking inside, Selina stops herself from charging at the man staring out at the beautiful day that is blocked by a thick layer of glass. A window.

BRUCE. He stares at his reflection, before he senses something. Another. Turning, he finds the woman he's been dreaming of seeing again. One he hoped wasn't gone forever.

He finds her.

BRUCE

I was worried about you.

SELINA

What are we doing here, Bruce? I mean, what is this?

Confusion sets in. He gets closer to her.

SELINA (CONT'D)

You know, I'm having fun. I'm ... I look forward to seeing you a - and being with you, but ...

(long pause)

I need to know if there's more to this relationship than just ...

As Selina struggles to finish her sentence, Bruce chimes in.

BRUCE

I - I don't know what to say ...

Selina nods, realizing there may not be more than what there is now. What she's always been in.

SELINA

I've been down this road before, Bruce. At first, I thought it'd be fine. I'm used to it.

(beat)

But this felt different. Like there was more to it.

BRUCE

I think I'm falling in love with you, Selina. I nearly died last week. I was trapped inside this building thinking it was going to be the end.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

All I wanted to do was see your face. Tell you how I really felt.

SELINA

Then why didn't you?

He STOPS. Turning his back, he starts to walk towards the window again, head high up as he speaks.

BRUCE

A woman asks her husband if he was given the choice to save himself, or save *her* life, would he sacrifice his life for hers. The husband says he'd do it in a heartbeat.

(pause)

One night, the husband and wife are approached by criminals and the woman is grabbed. The husband runs, without a moment's hesitation, and leaves her behind to save herself.

(beat)

Faced with death ... faced with the fact that my life could have ended at that very point ... it made me think through everything. But when I survived, I didn't know what I thought I did back in that room.

Turning, he faces Selina.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I needed to make sure that what I felt, what I was telling myself, was true.

SELINA

And what's the verdict?

A long pause. The two lock eyes. Long. Awkward. A question without an immediate answer.

But then he smiles. It slowly creeps on his face and shines brighter than the light outside.

A simple smile.

BRUCE

I love you. I ... am *in love* with you, Selina Kyle.

The two move closer as they embrace one another. Their lips meet, locking together in a passionate hold. He runs his fingers through her hair, and we slowly come to --

33 INT. POLICE STATION - OUT BACK - DAY.

33

Sitting behind bars, alone, JONATHAN CRANE is left to look at his actions. His hair is ruffled, face is bruised. Drenched in his own disappointment. Suddenly, the sound of

FOOTSTEPS

grabs his attention and he looks up to see -- EMIL.

JONATHAN  
Dr. Hamilton ...

Emil STOPS in front of him. On the other side of the bars.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
If anyone belongs behind these bars, its you.

EMIL  
You say that like I'm a part of all this.

JONATHAN  
So when the mouse gets caught the cat no longer wants the chase. I thought we were partners.

A beat. Silence ensues.

EMIL  
Things change.

Reaching into his jacket, Emil pulls out some files.

EMIL (CONT'D)  
I've been going through some old files, you know, to research.

JONATHAN  
Research *what*?

EMIL  
Myself. See what I got up to after *project Respawn*.

Jonathan sits up. The words hit him ...

JONATHAN  
You. You're the clone, aren't you.

EMIL  
You have a history with Emil, don't you? You two go way back. You even knew his wife.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

What do you want from me?

EMIL

Answers. If you don't want to be someone's *bitch* in prison, you'll tell me everything I want to know. Do that, and I'll make sure I get you transferred somewhere you won't have to keep one eye open every night you go to sleep.

Jonathan shifts, listening.

JONATHAN

What exactly do you want to know?

EMIL

Now that's more like it.

OFF that ...

SMASH CUT TO:

34 INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

34

The room is softly lit, smooth music playing in the background. Oliver stands with a bunch of roses, waiting for his company to make an appearance. He is dressed formally.

The doors open, and CHLOE enters. A short-cut green dress, her hair up in curls. She shoots him a smile, and his heart warms.

OLIVER

You look beautiful.

CHLOE

Don't look bad yourself.

OLIVER

Tonight was fun. Should definitely do this more often.

Chloe's eyes fall to the floor, and he notices something's wrong. Inclined to ask ...

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What is it?

CHLOE

Ollie ...

She looks up at him, and he realises:

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

Oh, I don't like that look. I know where this is heading. Chloe, I --

CHLOE

Just ... listen. Alright. Please.

He nods.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

The Scarecrow. When he dosed me with his gas, all my worst fears came to life. And its helped me realize that ...

(long pause)

I've been pushing you away a lot lately, and its because I'm afraid of what lies ahead for us. For me.

Moving towards the sofa, she takes a seat, sighing. Oliver slowly follows her. Stays standing.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Everyone I've ever cared about has either died or gone away. When I decided to move to Star City, and leave my life in Metropolis behind, I was trying detach myself from more pain. Clark and Lois ...

(pause)

They were about to embark on their journey's together, and I didn't want to get in the way of that. I knew somewhere along the way, I'd be pushed aside. I'd be left behind. So I left.

OLIVER

And I followed you.

CHLOE

Why?

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER

Because there's no other woman that I've ever met who could make me feel the way you do. I admire your passion for the truth, your selflessness, and because I couldn't bare to live in a world that doesn't have *Chloe Sullivan* in it. I love you.

Standing, Chloe and Oliver lock eyes.

CHLOE

What if faking my death was the wrong decision to make, Oliver?

OLIVER

You had no other choice.

CHLOE

I was too quick on throwing away the life I spent so many years leading. Too quick on saying goodbye to all the people I love.

(pause)

I should have fought back. I should have fought harder.

OLIVER

Maybe it was a mistake. But look at all the good you've done here. It wasn't all for nothing.

CHLOE

I'm scared, Ollie.

Chloe begins to tear up ...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Both my parents left me. I got the man I loved killed trying to protect someone I cared about. My friends moved away.

(pause)

Through everything I've been through, I've been afraid to hold onto what I care about most because in the end, it always seemed to get torn away from me. But I love you too much to let you go.

Oliver wraps his arms around Chloe, pulling her in tight. As the two pull away, their lips find each other, and on their kiss, we can't help but --

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. GOTHAM DAILY, ARCHIVES - NIGHT.

35

WALKING into the archives room with a dark look in his eyes, Perry makes his way towards an ultimate force. *Nabu*.

**SONG:** ZOMBIE - CRANBERRIES

He makes it to the cabinet. As he begins to move it out of its place, we come to find the HATCH.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, HALLWAY - NIGHT. 36

A tall woman, identity cloaked by a pair of sunglasses, turns into the hallway in her business clothes with her long black hair flowing behind her. She has a suitcase in one hand, and her keys in the other.

Approaching the door she unlocks it, entering ...

37 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT. 37

Placing her suitcase down, and turning on a light, the woman takes a small look around the place. A small sigh escapes her lips. Peeling off her glasses like another layer of skin, she reveals her identity --

HELENA BERTINELLI.

OFF that ...

DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. OLIVER & CHLOE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT. 38

Chloe is fast asleep, her head resting on Oliver's shoulder, his bare chest exposed. He looks down at her, a warm smile expressing his undying love.

Sliding out from under her, Chloe automatically rolls onto her other side, and Oliver makes his way towards the bathroom door.

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. GOTHAM DAILY, HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT. 39

STANDING in front of its glowing presence, Perry stares off at the beauty that shines from the Helmet of Nabu. It reflects in his eyes ...

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT. 40

Standing by a half-closed door, Helena stares through to see her father, GUIDO, fast asleep. A small tear begins to roll out from her eye, dripping down her face.

Closing the door, she turns off, and heads down towards her bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. OLIVER & CHLOE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT. 41

Looking at himself in the mirror, Oliver takes in a huge breath. He's ready. Almost. Turning to see his jacket hanging on the door, he grabs it.

Reaching into the pocket, he pulls out a small box. Its the engagement ring. He OPENS it.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. GOTHAM DAILY, HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT. 42

Reaching out for the Helmet, Perry's hands meet it. A sharp glow emits from it, and the MUSIC ("ZOMBIE") begins to fade out slightly ... lower.

WHISPERS (V.O.)

Not chosen. Just a messenger. Don't do it. Not yours. Leave --

PERRY

No.

His boldness shuts the whispers up.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Your power is my power.

The GOLDEN RAYS turn a painful BLACK, demonic. Evil. As they surge around the helmet, Perry's eyes turn a SOLID BLACK, and as he brings the helmet closer to him, putting it on, we:

WHITE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE  
END OF SHOW