

# WATCHTOWER

2.07 | Recruit

written by  
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WATCHTOWER

"Recruit"

CAST

CHLOE SULLIVAN ..... Allison Mack  
OLIVER QUEEN / GREEN ARROW ..... Justin Hartley  
SELINA KYLE ..... Eliza Dushku  
PERRY WHITE ..... Michael McKean  
DINAH LANCE / BLACK CANARY ..... Alaina Huffman  
GUIDO BERTINELLI ..... Julian McMahon  
BRUCE WAYNE / DARK KNIGHT ..... Christian Bale

GUEST CAST

ALBERTO FALCONE .....  
TREVOR .....

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STAR CITY - NIGHT.

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the beautiful landscape that is Star City is covered in a thick layer of the moon's glow. The place is gorgeous, full of amazing structures, smooth moving cars, and calm pedestrians walking the street.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT.

CLOSE ON a set of stiletto boots, slamming against the floor with rapid succession. The sound of them hitting against the ground with such speed gives the impression of this woman being followed --

DRIFTING BACK we find a set of leather shoes following not too far behind - worn by the feet of men. Their movement suggests anger. A lot of it.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS.

Sparks ignite around the rails as bullets explode against them, just missing the fast paced female figure that bursts into frame, speeding up the stairs. Their long, wavy blonde hair whips around in the breeze like a cape.

The men follow, their guns visible.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, THIRD LEVEL - CONTINUOUS.

We come to a FRONT ON shot, as THREE MEN come into frame, all holding their loaded weapons out in front and staring off into the empty hall of the third level with confusion. One of the men, lets call them AGENTS, lurks to the back, fear painting his very expression.

Slowly DRIFTING UP we find the woman, cloaked by the shadows, with her identity concealed by her long flowing hair.

She DROPS.

The Agent in the far back descends, releasing his weapon and instantly falling out of consciousness as his back meets the heels of her stiletto boots. The others SNAP around instantly, firing their guns with no hesitation.

Without so much as a pause, the woman FLIPS over the agents, landing in a crouched position behind them, and KICKING out her legs, revealing her fishnets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Delivering powerful blows to their backs, the agents collapse to the floor, arching in agony. Perching up, a small patch of light hits her, revealing her identity: BLACK CANARY.

A look of worry crosses her brow, as the sound of more approaching agents rings in her ear; FOOTSTEPS. Black Canary reacts accordingly, disappearing and forcing us to --

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP, APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT.

The door to the rooftop SLAMS shut, the BLACK CANARY launching herself towards the edge. To her surprise, she stumbles back in her step, the wind growing strong, vicious.

Appearing before her eyes, a large CHOPPER hovers into the sky, armed men aiming their guns down at her. The propellers force a terrible wind her way, almost knocking her straight to her feet. She fights back.

PILOT

(over speaker)

There's no where left to run,  
Canary. Turn yourself in now, and  
we won't shoot.

A cocky smirk grows on her face ...

BLACK CANARY

Like hell.

In EXTREME SLOW MOTION, Black Canary LEAPS off the edge of the rooftop, diving down into an endless fall that can result in nothing but DEATH. SHOOTING out from behind her, a large line connects with the edge of the rooftop, grappling onto it and keeping Black Canary steady - she descends into darkness.

EXT. STAR CITY, STREETS - NIGHT.

LANDING, the Black Canary regains her balance, staring up at the passing CHOPPER as it hides from the public. Sensing all is not well, she scopes her surroundings --

A moment's pause, and she's GONE, running off into safety, away from those who wish to harm her.

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

The sun BLASTS through the windows of the Watchtower Headquarters, washing over CHLOE as she moves from computer to computer, *busy*. SWISH PAN over to the doors as they slam shut, OLIVER entering.

He stops in his path, a small sigh escaping as he finds Chloe at the central computer. He slowly begins to make his way over towards her.

OLIVER

There you are.

(beat)

You know, a simple text letting me know where you were wouldn't have hurt.

Chloe doesn't even acknowledge him with a look as she continues working.

CHLOE

Sorry. I just assumed you'd know where I'd be.

OLIVER

Chloe ... what are you doing?

CHLOE

Preparing.

Typing away on the computer, it starts to flash an uncomfortably bright colour, before --

CENTRAL COMPUTER (V.O.)

System lock. Activated.

Moving to the opposite computer, Chloe continues the process for those that remain. Oliver stares blankly at her as she moves on to the next.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

System lock. Activated.

OLIVER

Preparing for *what* exactly? Y2K?

CHLOE

The Key Crime Syndicate have our database, Ollie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

And as long as Watchtower is hooked up and running, they can easily trace all our transmissions back here and find us, and right now, this is the only safe place we have left. I can't afford them to destroy it.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

System lock. Activated.

OLIVER

So, what? You're just going to shut everything down?

Chloe stops, and turns around to face Oliver.

CHLOE

Its the only thing I can do.

Moving over to another computer, Chloe continues ...

OLIVER

I thought you said that the database is so heavily encrypted that even with their hands on it, it'll take months before they can finally crack open every file.

CHLOE

Which doesn't give us a whole lot of time.

(pause)

They're an anti-vigilante organization that will do everything in their power to bring our heroes down. Now that they have information on every single one of them, its only a matter of time before they scream bloody murder and start their own crusade.

OLIVER

A witch hunt.

CHLOE

Exactly.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

System lock. Activated.

Chloe turns away from the locked computers.

WATCHTOWER (V.O.)

Watchtower's temporary status: offline. Awaiting activation, Ms. Sullivan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

What are you doing, Chloe ...

Oliver stares deeper into Chloe's eyes.

CHLOE

I told you. I'm pre --

OLIVER

No, that's not what I meant.

Closing in on Chloe, Oliver grabs her shoulders and makes sure she focuses in on him just as much as he does on her.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I know you too well to let you cut yourself off from feeling what's in your heart, Chloe. I can see that you're falling apart, but all *this...*

(pause)

Its not helping. You need to take a step back, and catch your breath.

CHLOE

There's no time, Ollie.

Chloe tries to push away, but Oliver holds on.

OLIVER

Helena is *dead*, Chloe. She died right here in your arms.

(long pause)

When I lost my parents I did exactly what you're doing now. But you can't hold everything in or you're going to explode. Why don't you just come home with me, okay? We can talk about this.

PUSHING Oliver away, Chloe stumbles back.

CHLOE

I don't have time to talk!

(beat)

*They* are going to kill all of us if we don't do something *now*. I will not let them take you, or anyone else away from me. God. Why do you think I'm doing all of this?

Holding on, Chloe fights back the tears.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

There are *always* casualties in war, Oliver, and I accept that. I do.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

But I will not bury anymore of my friends.

Storming passed Oliver, Chloe heads for the exit, leaving him in the middle of the room, alone. He turns, and stares off at the empty doors. His head bows, and we --

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY.

Standing in the middle of the room, SELINA KYLE stares off at the empty desk with a small pain in her chest, and a quiver in her lip. Her mind begins to wander.

SELINA

Where are you, Bruce?

Her eyes fall to the floor, *desperate* to have that back.

Can't.

*Until ...*

BRUCE (O.S.)

Closer than you think ...

A glimmer of hope erupts in Selina's eyes, lighting up with passion. Disbelief washes over her and she turns to find BRUCE WAYNE. He stands in the doorway, dressed in a suit.

Running to him, Selina wraps herself around him in a tight embrace, welcoming him back into her life.

SELINA

Bruce!

Feeling his biceps, Selina makes sure he's real.

SELINA (CONT'D)

Its *really* you.

Bruce steps out of her hold, erasing the smile that had crept up on his lips. He closes the doors, and returns to her ...

BRUCE

As ecstatic as I am that you're here, there isn't much time.

(beat)

They're almost here ...

SELINA

*They?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

That's not important. Look, in eight hours an anti vigilante organization is going to go public and unless someone stands up against them, they're going to take control.

SELINA

Bruce, you're not making any sense!

Bruce sighs.

BRUCE

Just listen. I need you to contact Perry White. Tell him that the *Key Crime Syndicate* are launching a very *public* attack against the vigilantes and he is the only one with enough power in this city that can challenge them.

Bruce can see the confusion in Selina's eyes as she stares off at him, dazed.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I know this is hard to understand, and I know that you of all people deserve an explanation. This may be the last time we'll ever see each other, and I need you to trust me.

It doesn't take much time for Selina to come around.

SELINA

I trust you.

A smile broadens on Bruce's lips before he pulls Selina in and plants a passionate kiss on her lips. It lasts a while, beautifully. When they part, there is nothing but love resonating from their eyes.

The sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS alarms Bruce. His expression drastically changes.

BRUCE

They're coming. Selina, you need to go, now.

SELINA

No, I can't leave you behind --

BRUCE

You have to. If you don't, they'll kill you. *Go!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Stumbling back, Selina reacts to the shadows forming near the entrance doorway. Running towards the only other door, Selina THROWS it open, escaping into a small, empty closet.

Bruce SNAPS around, moving towards his desk as he pulls open a drawer. Reaching for a small, unidentified device, he soon hides it in his back pocket of his pants, safe.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, CLOSET - DAY.

Inside the small, tight closet, Selina leaves a tiny part between the door - just enough to see what is going on. Her curiosity taking over. A small coat hanger rattles behind her, of which she quickly pulls off the rack and holds by her side, destroying any trace of her being in here.

ANGLE: SELINA'S P.O.V

The library. All we see is BRUCE, talking to an UNKNOWN FIGURE that stands in front of him. There is an agent standing to the side of Bruce, clearly visible with their gun by their side -- Selina gets the impression they aren't the only backup this "UNKNOWN FIGURE" has with them.

UNKNOWN FIGURE (O.S.)

I hope you realise the killchip we surgically implanted into the back of your neck will be activated if you defy my orders.

BRUCE

I'm well aware of your power.

(beat)

Of course, I highly doubt you'd terminate the only thing going for you and yours right now.

UNKNOWN FIGURE (O.S.)

There are a number of purposes you provide to our organization, none of which require you to *live*.

Selina begins to shift, scared. She takes in a deep breath, before we return to (through Selina's vision) -- BRUCE.

BRUCE

You don't have to worry. I'm not *defying orders*.

UNKNOWN FIGURE (O.S.)

Then do you mind telling me what it is you're doing back here? I thought I made it clear where you could and could *not* show your face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE  
I needed inspiration.  
(beat)  
You want a good speech, right?

UNKNOWN FIGURE (O.S.)  
Don't get cocky, Mr. Wayne. I will  
not hesitate --

BRUCE  
-- to kill me.  
(beat)  
Yeah. I got the memo.

Slowly pushing the door open a bit more, trying to catch a glimpse of the person's face, Selina's curiosity becomes dangerously risky.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Its not as though I was planning to  
escape. You've got me tagged.

The door creaks further apart, and Selina's breath becomes heavy, shocked to find --

*ALBERTO FALCONE.*

ALBERTO  
Very well, then. Come with me. You  
have a lot of preparation you  
should be attending to.

Turning his back, Alberto begins to forward out, the agents following close behind Bruce who begins to head for the exit as well. As they leave our sight, we come back to

SELINA.

Her eyes widen in absolute shock before she pushes out of the closet and back into the --

INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY.

Stepping back into the room, Selina is left in total horror, eyes wider than before. She can barely believe what she saw.

OFF her expression, we ...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STACY'S BAR - DAY.

An empty glass SLAMS against the bar bench, as we hear a familiar voice roar through --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (O.S.)  
Another round, Stacy.

PULL BACK to find Oliver, his lips wet with liquor. As he waits for his next drink, STACY -- behind the bar -- pouring his glass, the entire bar suddenly goes quiet. Oliver, uncomfortable by this sudden *shift* in volume, turns ...

SWISH PAN over to find *DINAH LANCE*. At the entrance, Dinah whips her long, blonde hair behind her shoulders. Dressed in a pair of incredibly short jeans and a tank top, its no secret that its boiling hot. So is she.

Oliver sighs, and returns to his drink that waits in front of him. He takes it, *skulls it down*.

Dinah makes her way over to him.

DINAH  
You really think that's a good idea, *Oliver*?

OLIVER  
No. But after a few more I won't really care.

Dinah takes a seat on the stool next to him. Everyone returns to their conversations and business now that she's centered in on Oliver.

DINAH  
If anyone should be drowning their sorrows right now, it's me.  
(beat)  
I tore my damn fishnets trying to dodge a bloody helicopter last night. Now, is it just me, or is there a bounty over my head that I don't know about?

Oliver places his drink down, just before it could reach his thirsty lips. He stares her down.

DINAH (CONT'D)  
What?

Off Dinah's confusion, we --

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - LATER.

Closing the doors behind her, Dinah follows Oliver into the main headquarters. All is dark, until Oliver approaches a switch that he PULLS DOWN, welcoming light into every corner of the room. He soon returns to Dinah.

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CONTINUED:

DINAH

So, let me get this straight. An anti vigilante organization has not only managed to steal Watchtower's *entire* database, but now they're turning it into a hitlist, and apparently I'm the first target?

OLIVER

That's ...

(pause)

... pretty much the gist of it.

DINAH

That's wonderful. Tell me you guys have a plan on getting this database back.

OLIVER

We're ... working on it.

DINAH

Oh, you're working on it!

(beat)

I'm sorry. But you don't know how close these guys were to torching my ass last night. They were making it pretty obvious that it was a *shoot to kill* operation, and that's not exactly comforting.

OLIVER

Yeah, well, its not exactly like we've been sitting on our arses this whole time. But it seems like everytime we take a step forward, we get thrown back another two.

(beat)

They're always one step ahead of us, and now that they've got *everything* they could ever possibly need to bring us down ... well, lets just say our spirits aren't exactly high right now.

Dinah starts pacing.

DINAH

Okay, okay ...

(stops)

So, lets round up the troops. Get Chloe and Helena over here, and we'll go full throttle on these sons of bitches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly, Oliver realises that Dinah still doesn't know *everything*. He opens his mouth to speak, but can't. Mustering the strength, words escape his lips --

OLIVER

There's something you should probably know *first*.

As Dinah tries to guess, beforehand, we can't help but --

CUT TO:

INT. GUIDO'S APARTMENT - DAY.

We're glued to a hand that holds a powerful handgun, *cocking it* in their grip. Slowly PULLING BACK, we find

GUIDO BERTINELLI,

staring at the weapon with a small twitch in his eye. A knock at his door alarms him, and he places the gun in the back of his jeans, approaching the door slowly.

Pulling it open, we find Chloe in the doorway ...

GUIDO

You made it.

CHLOE

I wouldn't miss this for the world.

Straightening the shoulder bag she carries, Chloe steps into the apartment, and Guido closes the door behind her. Its time for business.

OFF that, we ...

**BLACKOUT:**END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GUIDO'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY.

Guido and Chloe stand in the kitchen, deep in conversation. Leaning against the fridge, Guido listens in, arms folded and focused. Chloe stands against the bench, *mid-conversation*.

CHLOE

The Key Crime Syndicate already have their most valuable asset, but if we can convince them that we're just as important as Watchtower's database ...

GUIDO

Then we'll get some face time with the big, bad wolf.

CHLOE

Unfortunately, we won't know our roles until we're deep inside the facility. But we can't let them know that.

Guido sighs, his eyes falling to the floor.

GUIDO

Sounds like suicide.

CHLOE

You know I wouldn't risk both our lives if I didn't truly believe that we could pull this off.

He lifts his head.

GUIDO

It doesn't bother me.

(beat)

The one thing I was fighting for was torn out of my life. I won't let them go unpunished.

CHLOE

Good. Because you're going to need that kind of motivation for when we make our first move.

Guido's ears perk up, and Chloe tilts her head with a little twitch in her brows.

GUIDO

I'm listening ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Chloe leans forward, off the bench, we ...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM DAILY, PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Behind his desk, finishing a cigar, PERRY WHITE seems to be under a lot of stress. The little hair left on his hair is sticking up; he's tired. Tapping the ash into a tray, he moves the cigar back to his lips and takes in another cancerous breath of the stick.

SELINA (O.S.)

Hasn't anybody told you that those things can kill you?

Perry SNAPS around to find SELINA in the doorway, slowly making her way into the office. Perry throws his legs off the desk, and sits up straight.

PERRY

I've been smokin' cigars since before I could walk. Hasn't killed me yet.

Tapping his cigar on the tray, he puts it out.

PERRY (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're here, actually.

(beat)

I've been meaning to talk to you all week, but I haven't found the courage to do so.

SELINA

Okay. Now you've got me quaking in my boots over here. And I thought I had pretty big news to drop.

(beat)

What's wrong?

Perry begins to stand.

PERRY

There's no easy way of ... uh ... of saying this, Selina. I've done everything in my power to break the rules on this one, but ... well, being the editor-in-chief doesn't give me full authority over everything. Especially matters such as the one you're involved in.

Stepping around his desk, Perry gets closer to Selina. She doesn't look very happy. Worry drips down her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SELINA

Now, unless you suddenly break out  
in song and dance, I can only  
expect bad news.

PERRY

You're fired, Selina.

A beat. The news hits Selina like a brick. She opens her  
mouth to respond, but nothing can escape. She's lost for  
words.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Your choice of ... extra curricular  
activities have landed you in this  
position, and I'm terribly sorry  
that it has to end this way.

SELINA

Excuse me?

PERRY

Don't ... just don't.

Selina *knows* exactly what he is talking about.

SELINA

You don't understand ...

PERRY

Its too late, Selina. You're a  
reporter. We can't accept that kind  
of behavior. The fact that you'd  
risk the reputation of not only  
your integrity, but this entire  
place, proves that you don't really  
care about your work here at Gotham  
Daily.

As Perry turns away, Selina SNAPS out her hand, grabbing him  
by the arm and forcing his attention back to her.

SELINA

You can not stand there and tell me  
how I feel about my job.

(beat)

I had a purpose here. A calling.

PERRY

Well ...

(pause)

It would seem that it wasn't the  
only thing calling you.

Pulling himself free, Perry steps around his desk and returns  
to his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERRY (CONT'D)

You have an hour to clear your things.

SELINA

This is incredibly unfair of you.

(beat)

I thought you were my friend.

PERRY

Don't bring my friendship into question. You're the one that betrayed *me!*

(beat)

You betrayed everyone here.

Selina's jaw drops, speechless. She begins to shake her head, shocked, before turning her back and heading for the exit.

Suddenly, she remembers, and STOPS.

SELINA

There's something you should probably know before I leave.

PERRY

What's that?

Turning, Selina darts him a wicked glare.

SELINA

This isn't over.

SLAMMING the door shut, Selina EXITS, and as she makes her way down the long hall, we can't help but --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

Dinah sits behind the table, deep in thought as she stares down at a small cup of coffee.

DINAH

I can't believe she's really ...

Can't finish. Dinah stoops lower, her chin basically resting in the coffee itself. Oliver enters frame, close behind.

OLIVER

I know what you mean.

(beat)

Its hard when someone you know so well is there one day and then they're just ... gone the next.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINAH

How is Chloe taking this?

OLIVER

She's, uh ... she's *not*. Actually.

(pause)

Chloe's been keeping busy ever since it happened. She's holding everything back.

DINAH

I take it that was what you were doing over at Stacy's, huh?

(beat)

Guess your problems are a lot bigger than mine.

OLIVER

Our problems are the *same* thing.

(beat)

And unless we can stop these guys before they crack the rest of the code, then no one will be safe.

DINAH

Someone needs to warn the league.

OLIVER

Unless you plan to go trotting around the globe, I suggest we try to get this database back *first*.

Looking up from the steaming cup of coffee, Dinah finally meets eyes with Oliver. As they lock into a constant stare, we can't help but --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GUIDO'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT.

DRIFTING DOWN from the ceiling light, we come to find Chloe, standing in the bathroom staring deep into the eyes of her reflection. She can't seem to break the look.

Reaching into her pocket, Chloe brings out her mobile phone, and begins to dial.

CHLOE

Oliver? Its me.

OLIVER

(over phone)

Chloe? Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I'm gone. I don't want you to look for me, Oliver. I love you, but I need to do this.

OLIVER

(over phone)

Chloe? No! Tell me what's going on.

CHLOE

Its time we take the war to them.

(beat)

I'm done waiting.

OLIVER

Chloe, don't do this. Okay, just calm down, and I'll come get you.

CHLOE

Goodbye, Oliver.

OLIVER

Chloe --

The line cuts. Chloe places the phone back into her pocket, taking one long last stare into her green eyes. A pause, before, we ...

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

Easing the phone slowly away from his ear, OLIVER stares off at the empty abyss of darkness with a small look of worry in his eyes. Turning to face Dinah, now dressed as

BLACK CANARY,

Oliver looks more concerned than ever. Off his fear, we ...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS, GOTHAM - LATER.

The waves CRASH against each other as we slowly drift off towards the docks - a shadowed figure standing by the edge, waiting. PUSH BACK suddenly as we find

CHLOE. GUIDO.

Chloe darts Guido a look, and the two soon make there way towards the shadowy figure, who soon steps out into the light, revealing themselves to be --

ALBERTO FALCONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERTO

Chloe Sullivan. We finally meet,  
*face to face.*

CHLOE

That either makes you incredibly  
stupid for trusting us with your  
identity, or confirms my suspicions  
that you dragged us all the way out  
here to *kill us.*

A wicked smile begins to form on Alberto's face.

GUIDO

(whispering)

I'm guessing its the latter.

Chloe raises her chin, worried.

CHLOE

We're not as expendable as you'd  
think, *Falcone.*

ALBERTO

So you do know me.

CHLOE

You think Watchtower's database  
holds all the secrets you've been  
searching for to expose every  
single vigilante hero. Guess again.

(beat)

I *am* the database. And I can tell  
you now that it takes a lot less  
time decrypting *me.*

Alberto scratches his chin.

ALBERTO

And what of the *old man.* His  
daughter may have served a greater  
purpose to our cause, but she  
turned against us.

GUIDO

My daughter was a *fool.*

(beat)

Unlike Chloe here, I don't support  
these "*heroes.*" And who better to  
make an example of your crew than  
the father of the traitor who got  
what she deserved.

Chloe's eyes find Guido, shocked at how well he is playing  
along. He remains focused on Alberto.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALBERTO

You've really thought this through,  
haven't you?

CHLOE

All I want is my database. Even if  
it means giving up a few deep, dark  
secrets along the way.

GUIDO

I'm sorry, Chloe.

Chloe looks confused, turning to find Guido again.

GUIDO (CONT'D)

But that database is the only thing  
that can help us take our city back  
from the self righteous *vigilantes*.

CHLOE

What are you --

THWACK! Knocking Chloe across the jaw with a handgun, Guido  
throws Chloe into unconsciousness - she falls to the ground,  
a bloody gash across her lip. Alberto takes a step back from  
all the commotion.

Guido slowly raises his head to find him.

GUIDO

Where can I sign up?

Alberto's smile grows wider, and we ...

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

Flying open, the doors part as Chloe makes her way inside the headquarters, assisting the large cut across her lip. She shakes her head with disappointment, making her way to find

BLACK CANARY,

turning away from the central computer. She looks flustered.

BLACK CANARY

C - Chloe?

CHLOE

Canary?

The sound of something SLAMMING hard against the table alarms Chloe, forcing her to SNAP around to find ...

OLIVER. He stands behind the table, furious.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You don't look happy ...

OLIVER

Really? I wonder why that is.

STORMING towards her, Oliver can't contain his anger.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

The last time you took off out of my life without an explanation to handle things no your own, we were separated for *months*.

(beat)

Haven't you learnt *anything* since then? We're a team.

CHLOE

I needed to do things *my way*. You wouldn't have understood it.

OLIVER

Maybe not. But what if you were killed? Or taken? What would I do then? I deserve an explanation whether you think I'd disagree with you or *not*.

CHLOE

Well, none of this matters right now, alright. *Guido* is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oliver's eyes begin to widen. Horrified.

OLIVER

No. They didn't ...

CHLOE

Actually, they didn't. He did.

(beat)

Ever since Helena died, the two of us have been planning an attack against the Key Crime Syndicate behind your back. But, just as we were about to put it into full effect, he turned on me. And man does he have a good left swing.

Chloe brushes over her cut lip again as Oliver tries to take all of this in - you can see he's trying to hold back his anger; its in his eyes.

OLIVER

Guido just lost his daughter, Chloe. And you lead him straight towards the very people responsible for that?

CHLOE

I wasn't going to wait for them to make the next move. I won't lose anyone else.

OLIVER

We work as a team. Always.

CHLOE

A team? Take a look around, Oliver.

(beat)

Helena is *dead*. Mia is *gone*. The entire Justice League are off doing their own thing in seperate parts of the world. And we're barely keeping up with the enemy. They have our database. They have everything on us. They're *winning*.

Oliver opens his mouth to speak, but Black Canary steps in, interrupting them --

BLACK CANARY

Okay, look. Clearly you guys have a lot to talk about, but right now, the important thing is getting that database back into our possession.

(beat)

So leave whatever problems you guys have right now in the past, and focus on the future.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLACK CANARY (CONT'D)

Something that isn't looking too bright at the moment.

Chloe and Oliver face Black Canary. Chloe folds her arms, agreeing to it. Oliver just shuffles to the side, holding everything in.

BLACK CANARY (CONT'D)

Good. Now lets put our pretty little heads together and get that database *back*.

OFF Canary's determination, we ...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, ALBERTO'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Guido and Alberto stand face to face inside a rather large, expensive looking office. Fiddling with a small, robust statue, Alberto seems to be multitasking as he stares Guido down with a devilish glare.

ALBERTO

I hope you understand that despite my interest in you working for me, there's a certain level of trust that needs to be gained.

GUIDO

I couldn't agree more. But, if it means bringing these vigilantes down, then I'd do anything to gain your trust.

That's exactly what Alberto wanted to hear; a smile creeps upon his face as the words ring in his ears.

ALBERTO

I'm happy to hear that.

Placing his statue back onto his clean desk, Alberto is lost a moment, staring out the window at the night sky.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Mr. Bertinelli.

(beat)

The procedure is less painful than you may think.

SWISH PAN back to Guido --

GUIDO

Procedure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A needle SLAMS into the side of his neck, and as Guido begins to feel the effects of whatever just blasted into his body, one of the GUARDS is revealed behind him, catching his body as it drops.

He looks up to Alberto.

GUARD #1  
Where do you want him?

ALBERTO  
Take him to the labs. He needs to  
be prepped for surgery.

As the Guard begins to DRAG Guido out of the room,

BRUCE WAYNE

enters, catching a small glimpse of Helena's father, his eyes squinting, as if he were trying to confirm it was *Guido*. He tries not to take too much notice, approaching Alberto with pace.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)  
Ahh. Bruce.  
(beat)  
I hope you're more than prepared  
for our rally tonight. We need to  
make a big impact on the city.

BRUCE  
Trust me. Tonight will be a moment  
that *no one* will forget.

ALBERTO  
Good. If you let me down, it will  
be the last thing you do.  
(beat)  
You're excused.

Bruce nods, and as he makes his way out of the office, we can't help but FOLLOW him --

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, HALLWAY - NIGHT.

Stepping out into the hallway, Bruce takes in a deep sigh, before pulling a small, handheld device from his pocket. He takes a long, hopeful stare at it ...

CLICKING down the button, it begins to flash a bright blue.

Flicking his wrist up into his view, Bruce hits his stopwatch, and a countdown from '**30 minutes**' begins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off his hopeful sorrow, we --

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

An intensely determined Chloe enters the frame, hand against the earpiece as she listens with open ears. Standing in front of the central computer, Chloe seems focused on a large map that shows a flashing green marker, tracing movement.

CHLOE

(into earpiece)

Reading you two loud and clear.  
Keep heading in that direction. The  
first left you see, *take it*, and  
follow that path down to the  
destination point.

(beat)

I'll let you know when you're  
there.

Removing her hand from the earpiece, the green indicator light disappears, as she's no longer speaking into it --

GREEN ARROW

(over earpiece)

You got it, gorgeous.

Suddenly, Chloe's earpiece starts to buzz - it sounds like a radio that isn't quite tuned into the right station. Chloe twitches, the noise irritating.

ANGLE: SCREEN

The map instantly disappears under a thick layer of static, and when it soon begins to fade, co-ordinates appear.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(over earpiece)

*Chloe Sullivan.*

Chloe turns away from the computer screen, hitting the earpiece and immediately responding.

CHLOE

(into earpiece)

Who is this?

UNKNOWN VOICE

(over earpiece)

Someone you can trust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

(into earpiece)

At the moment, that's not a whole lot of people. *Who are you?*

UNKNOWN VOICE

(over earpiece)

The *who* is not what's important. I have something you need. Meet me at these co-ordinates in *ten minutes*.

CHLOE

(into earpiece)

What makes you think I will show?

UNKNOWN VOICE

(over earpiece)

Because right now, you've got nothing left to lose.

The line cuts, and Chloe is left in awe. She slowly returns to the central computer, eyeing the co-ordinates with precision. We slowly begin to CLOSE IN off her blank stare, before being forced into a --

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP, GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT.

The rooftop door FLIES wide open, revealing a paranoid Chloe who carries with her two sets of loaded handguns. She looks around the perimeter, prepared for anything, before being drawn in towards a dark, shadowed figure.

Chloe aims the guns, holding one underneath the other, titled for a better shot.

CHLOE

They say curiosity killed the cat,  
but if you so much as make a wrong  
move it won't be my claws that  
you'll have to worry about.

MOVING AROUND the figure as they stand off the edge, we come to the concealed face, revealing the

DARK KNIGHT,

as he stares down at all the citizens pouring into a large crowd down below.

DARK KNIGHT

So many innocent people. They're completely unaware of what's going on around them. So misguided.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARK KNIGHT (CONT'D)

People are dying, and yet, they have all the power in the world to stop it. None of them will step forward. Not one single person.

Chloe is but a blurred figure in the distance, her guns still clearly being aimed.

CHLOE

I guess its true what they say. Its not the people who should be afraid of the government. It should be the government that's afraid of their people.

DARK KNIGHT

Ambition can be a deadly thing.  
(beat)  
Absolute power, corrupts absolutely.

CLOSE on Chloe. She lowers her weapons ...

CHLOE

You chose the wrong time to play dress up.

The Dark Knight turns, stepping off the edge and finally facing Chloe.

DARK KNIGHT

I'm only here to say goodbye.

CHLOE

Its a wise move.

DARK KNIGHT

It would be smart of you to do the same. But I guess the thing about watching over the city means you don't have time to *blink*.

CHLOE

Unfortunately I made a promise to myself that I'd protect Gotham until the very end. I can't turn my back now.

DARK KNIGHT

I wish I could help.  
(pause)  
But it seems this is where I get off. Its been fun while it lasted.

Chloe begins to see the pain in his eyes. He can tell. A small pause before the Dark Knight sinks back into the shadows, trying to hide his sadness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DARK KNIGHT (CONT'D)

I believe I have something of yours.

Pulling from his belt, the Dark Knight withdraws a portable hard-drive that he holds up into the moonlight. It reflects off Chloe's eyes, and she can't believe it.

CHLOE

Is that what I think it is?

DARK KNIGHT

Watchtower's database. In all its entirety.

(beat)

But don't worry. Try as I might, I couldn't crack a single file. Things locked pretty airtight.

Throwing it to her, Chloe catches it, a small smile forming on her lips. Hope returns.

CHLOE

Yeah, well ...

(beat)

As glad as I am you haven't cracked into mine and my team's deep dark secrets, there's a much larger threat that has.

DARK KNIGHT

The Key Crime Syndicate.

(long pause)

They really have proven themselves to be quite the enemy. Do you really think you have what it takes to bring them down?

CHLOE

There's a whole world of heroes out there. I'm sure if I could rally up the troops before the K.C.S hunt them down, we could just stand a chance. Would be nice to have you on the team ...

DARK KNIGHT

As much as *now* would be the best time to turn my solo act into a team effort, I'm afraid this is my last move on the board.

Puzzled, Chloe tries to dig deeper.

CHLOE

I'm sure there's *something* I can do to help you. It isn't over yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DARK KNIGHT

For me it is.

(beat)

Goodbye, Chloe Sullivan.

Chloe steps forward as he retracts back into the darkness, and before she can hope to reach him, the Dark Knight's cape whips up around him, turning into the shadows as he vanished into thin air. *Gone.*

Staring off at the moon, Chloe is left a bit struck. She feels so out of the loop here. Her eyes return to the database she holds in her hands, and off that hopeful stare, we can't help but --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, RALLY - NIGHT.

A large podium in front of a crowd of hundreds of citizens holds the chairs of many people. Taking to the stage is a rather large, African American named

*TREVOR,*

sweats in his suit as he gazes off at the horde of citizens.

TREVOR

We have all come together to discuss the pressing threat against our great city. The climb in vigilante activity has increased tenfold, and this sort of behavior is unacceptable.

A loud roar escapes the crowd, echoing through the streets.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Its time we, as a public, speak up.

The crowd continues to roar, clearly agreeing.

Making his way up onto the podium from behind is *BRUCE WAYNE*, straightening his tie. He runs his fingers through his scruffy hair, flattening it out to look more presentable.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'd like you to welcome our first representative, *Mr. Bruce Wayne.*

The sound of applause explodes through the streets, and Bruce makes his way to center stage. He approaches the *stand.*

BRUCE

I - I'm glad so many of you have made it out here tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce seems distracted. He's looking through the crowd to find *PERRY WHITE*, but he can't.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Uhm ...

Staring down at his notes, laid out on the stand, he takes in a deep breath and continues.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

There's a reason why these *vigilante terrorists* wear masks. It's because they believe they are above the law. Well, I'm here tonight to tell you that they are not! And their acts will no longer go unnoticed.

The crowd seems pleased, cheering and shouting.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I know some of you are confused, and some of you aren't sure what to believe. They may have saved you, or someone you loved. But what they have done as a collective group is far worse than any *thug* or *thief* has done in this city. And we need to put a stop to it, *now*.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM DAILY, PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

A large roar from the crowd reaches the tallest window in the Gotham Daily building, ringing through PERRY WHITE's office as he sits in his chair, alarmed by the noise.

PERRY

What the hell ...

Rising from his chair, Perry moves towards the window --

ANGLE: PERRY'S P.O.V

Down below are an entire RALLY of citizens, holding signs that read insulting comments towards vigilantes, and that represent a strong opinion against them.

Back on Perry. He looks upset. Turning to the television, he turns it on, and an image of BRUCE appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

(on television)

The organization I work for are doing there very best to help our city. As long as these masked crusaders run this city, we will not be safe. Its up to *us* to enforce the law. And the law does not allow anyone to take the law into his or her hands.

Perry turns the television off, hearing the roar from up in his office. He shakes his head ...

PERRY

They've gotten to him too.

A small sigh, and he reels his coat in, wrapping it around him and exiting his office --

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, RALLY - NIGHT.

BRUCE remains on the stand.

BRUCE

The Key Crime Syndicate will be working very hard in these coming weeks to eliminate all vigilante activity, and clean these streets of the crime that continue to infect and disease Gotham.

The applause grows stronger, and the crowd goes insane with their response. Agreeing. Catching him in the corner of his eye, Bruce finds Perry, and a small smile forms on his face.

Perry races up to the stand, and Bruce steps away, acting as though he doesn't want to start a fight.

TWO GUARDS approach Perry, but he nudges them back --

PERRY

I believe this is a rally.

(beat)

The people should have the opportunity to speak, am I right?

The guards look to one another, and step away, allowing Perry to face the *stand*. As he stares off at the massive crowd, we begin to DRIFT BACK, finding

SELINA KYLE

standing towards the back, next to the Gotham Daily building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A wicked look crosses her face, and she soon disappears among the many, and into the Gotham Daily building -- GONE.

OFF that ...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, SURGERY ROOM - NIGHT.

TIGHT on a set of eye lids as they jolt wide open, awake.

Slowly peeling back, we find GUIDO BERTINELLI, lying on a surgery table. He begins to sit up, finding the

SURGEON

at the foot of the surgery table.

Guido winces, a sharp pain at the back of his neck strikes and he tends to it with pressure.

SURGEON

Don't worry. The pain should wear off pretty quickly.

Tracing the stitches, Guido finds the small bump in the back of his head and realises ... *killchip*.

GUIDO

Guess the boss will have to trust me now, huh?

SURGEON

(with a small chuckle)

There's no turning back now, that's for sure.

Signing off the procedure on his document, the Surgeon gives Guido one last glance, as he ticks off the boxes.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

Your things are in the cupboard. I'll let you get changed, and collect your items.

Nodding to him, the Surgeon EXITS, leaving Guido alone in his own despair. He can't help but feel the chip in his neck, knowing that there truly is no turning back.

OFF Guido's sudden fear, we can't help but --

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM DAILY, OFFICE - NIGHT.

*CRAAASSH!* The door to the office KICKS off its hinges, smashing open and revealing SELINA KYLE as she storms into the small, tight room.

Aiming a gun at the security cameras, Selina plants a bullet straight into it before it picks up on her.

Throwing a shoulder bag onto the desk, Selina takes out a long, dangerous SNIPER RIFLE, and begins to load it.

SELINA

I told you this wasn't over, *Perry*.

OFF her wicked eyes, we ...

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, RALLY - NIGHT.

PERRY is on the *stand*, in awe of the hundreds of people in the audience, spreading their hate against vigilantes - in Perry's mind ... "*heroes*".

PERRY

Its true. Vigilantes are outside the law. But maybe they wouldn't have to do things their way if the law enforcement in this city improved. Crime rates have continued to climb over many, many years, and we are living in absolute fear for our lives, our children's lives ...

(pause)

These *vigilantes* are trying to protect us, any means possible.

A member of the crowd screams --

CROWD MEMBER #1

*They're criminals!*

PERRY

Tell me. How many of you were saved by *The Huntress*? Or *The Dark Knight*? *Green Arrow*?

(long pause)

*Watchtower.*

The audience grows silent, looking at one another as they reflect.

PERRY (CONT'D)

If they weren't there to do something, do you think the police would have made it? Do you think they would have *cared*?

SWISH PAN back to BRUCE -- he looks to one of the other KCS agents, who are also dressed up for occasion.

AGENT #1

Do something.

Bruce returns his attention to Perry ...

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM DAILY, OFFICE - NIGHT.

Perched inside a small Gotham Daily office, SELINA KYLE lines up a shot with a rather powerful looking

SNIPER RIFLE.

She stares down the aim.

ANGLE: SNIPER TARGET

A large target begins to scan through the crowd of citizens, making its way towards PERRY WHITE, who is at the stand, *speaking* to the public.

SELINA

I always get the last word.

Fumed with rage, Selina is unstable in pulling down the trigger. The loud *BANG* alarms the public, and through the

SNIPER TARGET AIM

we trace the bullet; it hits the stand, exploding timber into Perry's face as he stumbles back from the roar of the bullet.

Still unable to control the sniper, Selina accidentally pulls it another time, before falling back from the sniper --

SNAP CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM DAILY, RALLY - NIGHT.

FOLLOWING a bullet as it tears through the air, we meet Bruce Wayne, stepping forward to aid Perry. Lucky for him, his cover isn't blown, as he doesn't reach Perry. The bullet tears into his chest, and Bruce is thrown back, collapsing into the line of chairs, and falling to the podium, *down*.

Perry, who lay on the ground, looks over at Bruce's lifeless body. Bruce's eyes are closed, his body *still*.

Perry gasps in horror.

The crowds suddenly scream, separating, and fleeing the scene. They're all terrified, *screaming* for help. We remain on Perry, the terror in his eyes tells us everything ...

CUT TO:

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, ALBERTO'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

TIGHT on a television screen that shows an image of the rally; the citizens are fleeing, the screams unbearably loud. It sudden turns to static, and we SWISH PAN to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERTO FALCONE.

He can't help but smile at the very situation.

ALBERTO

This turned out far greater than I  
had anticipated.

A blurred figure begins to move in from behind. As it becomes obvious there's another presence in the room, focus moves to them, and we find the

BLACK CANARY.

BLACK CANARY

I'm glad you think so.

SNAPPING around, Alberto meets the back of Canary's hand, being knocked back into his shelf of collector's items. Small statues and expensive looking *doo-dads* collapse to the floor, smashing around his ankles.

ALBERTO

*Security!*

*CRAAAAAA-ASSSHHH!*

The doors shatter. Following an animalistic grunt, a security guard flies into the room, hitting the floor with deadly impact and sliding towards Black Canary's heels. She places her foot onto his chest, and tilts her head with a smile, as

GREEN ARROW

enters the room, retracting his bow from the shooting position. They center in on Alberto.

GREEN ARROW

You know, you should really think  
about updating your security system  
to keep *criminals* like us out.

ALBERTO

Breaking and entering is against  
the law, *Green Arrow*. Or do the  
rules not apply to you?

BLACK CANARY

If you're so concerned about the  
law, maybe you should think *twice*  
about who's guarding *your* deep dark  
secrets.

Stepping into the room, GUIDO BERTINELLI reveals himself, aiming a gun out towards Alberto.

(CONTINUED)

ALBERTO

You.

GUIDO

That's right. *Me*.

Revealing a small device in his hand, Alberto CLICKS the button, shooting it out in front of Guido, directing it straight towards him. *Nothing happens*. He continues to click it in hopes of a response.

GUIDO (CONT'D)

Nice try.

GREEN ARROW

Funny thing about heroes are that wherever you go, there will always be people standing up for them.

(beat)

If I were you, I would reconsider who your *friends* are.

ALBERTO

You've just declared war.

GUIDO

No, you did, when you took my daughter away from me.

BLACK CANARY

You better watch your back from here on out, *Falcone*. You never know who will be coming at you from behind with a knife.

GREEN ARROW

When word spreads that there's an organization bent on hunting and *killing* vigilantes ... well, lets just say we're not hiding anymore.

(beat)

And we can't be responsible for the next masked *crusader* that steps through these doors throwing fists.

A pause. Alberto tries to soak all of this in.

ALBERTO

I still have the upper hand.

(beat)

Do you really think you can reach your heroes before I can? You're shooting blind, and your *database* is gone!

BLACK CANARY  
Hmm. About that ...

CUT TO:

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, COMPUTER LABS - NIGHT.

A large room, full of rows, and rows of computers. Busy agents sit in front of them, working through the files, with a large COMPUTER SCREEN at the far end of the room that stretches extremely wide. It shows the database, slowly being decrypted. A pattern, running down the screen in a matrix-y style, is all that appears on the large screen ...

Suddenly, the ground begins to RUMBLE, and we come to one of the rows of agents as they begin to look suspicious. A small tinkering noise, before the entire room explodes with flames, bursting through the computers, and wiping everything out in sight. As the ceiling begins to collapse in, we --

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, ALBERTO'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

BLACK CANARY smiles as the collateral effects of the explosion cause a small quake in the office.

BLACK CANARY  
Well, that should explain everything.

ALBERTO  
You've just condemned yourself.  
(beat)  
This is government property!

GREEN ARROW  
You may have convinced the government that your actions are just, but we have a few friends of our own closer than you think, and now that this war truly has begun --  
(long pause)  
We're gonna start reeling in our resources.

GUIDO  
Oh, and one last thing ...

Aiming the gun towards Alberto's shoulder, Guido pulls down on the trigger, and a bullet tears through him. Alberto falls back, into the wall, tending to his bleeding shoulder. The bullet went straight through ... and out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUIDO (CONT'D)

*Game on.*

The three turn their back on Alberto, EXITING the office. He remains alone, clutching his wound and staring off, defeated.

The war truly has begun.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - LATER.

Lights BLAST all through the room, illuminating the entire base of operations. Standing at the CENTRAL COMPUTER, Chloe stands in the brilliance of the glistening light, everything restored to order.

Suddenly, alerting Chloe, the doors behind her fly open, and in enter

GUIDO.

GREEN ARROW.

BLACK CANARY.

The three of them are instantly amazed by the *return* of Watchtower, and so quickly.

GUIDO

Whoa. What is this place?

CHLOE

Welcome to Watchtower.

Chloe darts a look over to Green Arrow, who can't help but smile back at her expression. Eyes being drawn towards the central computer that reads

**'RESTORING FILES'**

the Black Canary can't help but notice the database is being restored.

BLACK CANARY

The database? You got it back?

CHLOE

Yeah. Seems our friend, *the Dark Knight*, decided to give back what was ours.

GREEN ARROW

I guess we really can trust him.

Chloe shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

He's gone, Ollie. And I'm not sure  
if we'll ever see him again.

Green Arrow decides it best not to ask questions ...

GUIDO

The war really *has* begun.

Chloe meets with Guido's eyes, and forwards towards him.

CHLOE

What you did today, Guido. It was  
very brave of you.

GUIDO

Thanks. Didn't know I had it in me.

BLACK CANARY

Now that the Key Crime Syndicate  
are shooting blind, do you think we  
have time to round up an army  
before we head into battle?

CHLOE

I think it'll take some time.  
(beat)  
But its not impossible.

GREEN ARROW

Either way, I hope we're prepared  
for their next move ...

Silence falls in the room, and off that, we --

CUT TO:

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, ALBERTO'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Slowly limping into his office, BRUCE enters to find a rather  
calm Alberto sitting behind his desk - his office otherwise  
trashed by the vigilante intrusion.

ALBERTO

Good to see you up and about.

BRUCE

The bullet proof vest did wonders  
on the whole *not dying* aspect, but  
if I was completely honest, a  
simple warning would have been  
nice.

ALBERTO

Would you believe me if I told you  
I wasn't the one behind the attack?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

(beat)

Someone else was pulling on the trigger, and whether it was their intent or not, we've managed to win over the public's opinion. Soon vigilante activity will be put to an end, and we will rise to power.

Bruce doesn't seem to show any sort of reaction. Alberto leans forward. He speaks up.

BRUCE

Well, as long as we achieved what we sought out to do.

A small nod, and Bruce turns to EXIT. He is called back --

ALBERTO

Oh, and Bruce ...

He STOPS. Returns.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

I couldn't help but notice that your kill-chip went offline for an odd period of time today.

Immediately, Bruce looks guilty. Can't argue ...

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

I can't exactly say I was surprised to learn that there are people within this branch working against me, and of all people, I couldn't have expected you to be loyal to this organization. But I never thought you were this stupid.

BRUCE

I thought I made it clear that it was impossible for me to break free from your hold ... *alive* at least.

ALBERTO

For some reason, I don't get the impression that you expect to survive all of this.

Bruce grows silent.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

And although I could hit this button right now and end your sad, tortured life, that would be too easy.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
I'm not afraid to die.

ALBERTO  
You should be. Because I'm not sure  
how much longer I can play this  
*keep your friends close, enemies  
closer* game with you.

BRUCE  
Well, when the time comes for you  
to finally kill me, all I ask is  
that you do it quickly. I've  
suffered enough for one lifetime.

Turning his back, Bruce EXITS, leaving a displeased Alberto,  
who still sits rather calmly in his chair, to his thoughts.

Slowly PULLING AWAY from the image of Alberto on his own, we  
can't help but --

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM, CITY - MORNING.

The sun glows in the corner of the frame, spreading a brilliant light over the entire city as morning shines like a beautiful star in a night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - MORNING.

DRIFTING UP from the floor, we come to find OLIVER QUEEN, dressed in a pair of torn jeans and a white t-shirt, making his way towards

DINAH LANCE

who is in front of the central computer, dressed similarly to what she was wearing back at the bar. She turns to meet him.

OLIVER

You know, if you're having a hard time finding a place to live, you could always stay here.

DINAH

Thanks, but I don't think that would be necessary.

OLIVER

Leaving so soon?

DINAH

Someone needs to bring everyone back together if we wish to take these guys down. You and Chloe have enough going on here to take the next flight out of here. Figured it was my job.

Oliver understands.

OLIVER

You found anyone yet?

DINAH

I have a couple leads, nothing solid yet. Hopefully this isn't just a wild goose chase.

OLIVER

You'll find them. I know you will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINAH

And when I do, we should have  
enough fire power to put an end to  
this thing.

Turning away from the Central Computer, Dinah begins to head  
off, but Oliver latches onto her arm and stopping her.  
Confused, she shoots him a look.

OLIVER

Just ... be careful.

(beat)

I would hate to have to say goodbye  
to you too.

Dinah nods.

DINAH

Don't worry. You haven't seen the  
last of me.

Nudging him in the arm, Dinah smiles, before heading off; she  
exits the room. Oliver can't help but smile in her leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING.

RISING UP from the grass, we find GUIDO BERTINELLI, standing  
in front of his daughter's tombstone, paying his respects.

CHLOE (O.S.)

I really miss her ...

A sigh escapes Guido, and he acknowledges her presence.

GUIDO

Its hard. Saying goodbye. Trying to  
move on. I don't think I ever will.

CHLOE

No one expects you to.

Stepping to his side, Chloe joins him, staring down at the  
tombstone in reflection.

GUIDO

I'm just grateful to have gotten  
the chance to know her. I never  
told her this, but ... she was  
kinda my hero.

Chloe smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I think she knew.

(beat)

The way she spoke of you, I think  
you were hers to. Her hero.

Guido bows his head, trying to fight back the tears. As he looks back out into the sun, we see the hurt in his eyes.

GUIDO

She just wanted to have a normal  
life. God, I wish --

(long pause)

Its not fair.

CHLOE

She would have been proud of you  
today, Guido. No matter what you  
were going through, and how much  
pain was in your heart, you kept  
fighting. You saved us all today.

GUIDO

To be honest, for a moment there I  
thought that was it for me. I  
didn't think I was going to  
survive, and a part of me was  
actually glad. Just ... for a  
moment. But then I realised that  
although it may have been an easier  
way to deal with all the pain,  
Helena would want me to keep  
fighting.

A small tear runs down Guido's face, but he doesn't get carried away. Sucks it all up. Holds it in.

GUIDO (CONT'D)

I, uh ... I should probably go.

(long pause)

Now that the K.C.S have officially  
declared war, it might be best I  
lay low for a while. At least until  
they call it quits on the  
Bertinelli manhunt.

CHLOE

I think that's for the best.

(beat)

The two of us haven't really seen  
eye to eye on much in the past, but  
what's important for the both of us  
is staying alive. And hopefully we  
can get justice for Helena.

GUIDO

For Helena ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two stare back down at the tombstone as they continue to reflect on their times with *Helena Bertinelli*. They both look saddened, but manage not to break down in tears.

OFF this image, we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY.

'*Shadow of the Day*' by Linkin Park begins to play in the background, as we find DINAH LANCE, standing at an airport packed full of people with her luggage by her side.

Staring at her watch, she eagerly waits for her flight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SELINA KYLE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY.

*The song continues ...*

ANGLE: FLOOR

Long strands of brown hair fall to the floor in a messy, cut up pile, and as we slowly DRIFT UP, we come to find

SELINA,

standing in front of a mirror as she cuts herself free of her old life, trimming her hair and forging a new identity.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLIVER & CHLOE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY.

*The song continues ...*

Entering the bedroom, OLIVER looks across the room to find Chloe sitting on the bed, tears streaming down her face, with a photograph of HELENA in her hands. Making his way over towards her, Oliver wraps his arms around her, giving her much needed comfort.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GUIDO'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY.

GUIDO looks at a framed photograph that sits on the living room table. It's a picture of him and his daughter, HELENA, enjoying a beautiful picture. A radiant smile is on Helena's face, and Guido is even grinning himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wiping the tears forming in his eye, Guido approaches the picture, and pulls it into his hands.

*The song begins to fade, and Guido smiles at the memory ...*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KEY CRIME SYNDICATE BASE, ALBERTO'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Stepping into the office, an AGENT (#2) from the computer division enters, approaching

ALBERTO

who sits at his desk. Upon his entry, Alberto perks up.

ALBERTO

Did you find it?

Placing a portable hard-drive onto the desk, AGENT #2 nods.

AGENT #2

We've recovered over a dozen more hard-drives, Mr. Falcone.

(beat)

All was not lost, as it would seem.

A huge smile forms on Alberto's lips, and it continues to widen. *Creepy.*

ALBERTO

Good. Now get to work.

(beat)

These vigilantes won't know what's coming ...

OFF his slight, off queue chuckle, we ...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM DAILY, PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Sitting in his office, PERRY WHITE relaxes, a lit cigar in one hand, and a cup of coffee not too far away from his other. Reaching for the mug, Perry takes a sip, before being alarmed by the sound of

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

Perking up in his chair, he looks out through his shadowy doorway to see an approaching FIGURE.

PERRY

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stepping into the small patch of light that sheds across the doorway,

SELINA KYLE

reveals herself. Her hands are behind her back as she slowly enters the room, a wicked glare in her eyes.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Selina? I thought I made it rather clear that you are not to step foot into this building again.

SELINA

I just ... came to say goodbye.

PERRY

You're leaving?

SELINA

No.

Revealing a small PISTOL from her back, Selina makes it obvious she's packing heat. Perry jumps back a touch in his seat, surprised.

SELINA (CONT'D)

But you are.

AIMING the gun out in front, Selina is ready to shoot. Perry jumps out of his seat, and raises his hands, dropping his cigar to the floor.

SELINA (CONT'D)

I told you this wasn't over.

Back on Selina. Her rage sweats down her face.

PERRY

Selina. Don't. We can talk about this!

SELINA

There's *nothing* left to talk about!

BANG!

Selina's anger causes her to pull down on the trigger. The bullet spins away from Perry, and SHATTERS the large glass windows behind him. The breeze suddenly enters the room, and Perry can't help but notice that he could easily fall back, and down to his death. He heads towards the corner ...

SELINA (CONT'D)

I've lost everything I ever cared about, because of you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SELINA (CONT'D)

(beat)

My job. *Bruce* ...

PERRY

Bruce?

*He realises.*

PERRY (CONT'D)

You killed him ...

SELINA

I was *trying* to kill you!

It suddenly becomes very obvious that this is very serious.

A beat. Perry takes in a deep breath.

PERRY

You know, I've always wondered how an old fool like myself would get taken out of this world. Getting shot to death definitely has a front page story attached to it.

SELINA

You're always thinking about the next big story. *Watchtower. The Dark Knight.* You never really care about who gets hurt in the process, do you?

(beat)

You *never* cared about me. And the only person that ever did is dead.

PERRY

Maybe you shouldn't have *shot* him.

FLICKING her wrist, and pulling on the trigger, Selina fires. The gun BLASTS a bullet into Perry's arm. He suddenly drops to the desk, blood spraying across the floor.

Perry looks up, fire in his eyes.

SELINA

*Shut up!*

PERRY

You don't hate me. You hate the person that you've become.

SELINA

I *will* kill you.

PERRY suddenly returns to his standing position, clutching his wounded arm as he does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PERRY

Do it.

(beat)

I've lived a good life. And I  
deserve to go out with a *bang*.

(pause)

Come on. *Do it*.

As Selina begins to pull down on the trigger, Perry suddenly

KICKS

his desk forward, causing it to spiral into Selina, knocking her back to the wall. She loses her hold of the gun, and Perry suddenly runs for the exit.

CLIMBING over the table, Selina slides over it, and reaches Perry before he can leave. Grabbing him by his jacket, Selina throws Perry to the ground, and jumps on top of him.

Selina manages to plant a few punches into his panicking expression, forcing blood to escape his nose. Reaching out for the

CIGAR

that is in sight, Perry grabs it, and jams it into the side of Selina's cheek. It burns through her skin, and she squeals, falling off him and onto the ground.

Scrambling back onto his feet, Perry searches for the gun, wrapping his hands around it, and pulling it into his hold.

SNAPPING around to find Selina, Perry aims the gun, but as Selina intercepts the attack, she grapples onto his hand, and the two fight for it. It goes off.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The bullets blast into the ceiling until the very last one escapes. Tugging it into his hold, officially, Perry swipes it across Selina's face, knocking her back in her step before he tosses it aside.

Withdrawing a small blade from her sleeve, SELINA runs it into the side of Perry's waist. A loud grunt escapes his lips, and he feels the cold blade inside him. Stumbling back to the misplaced desk, Perry's hands find a

STAPLER,

and he snatches it up and SLAMS it against Selina's shoulder, sticking a painful staple into her. She roars in agony, pulling the stapler away, and stepping back a moment. Before she can react, Perry TACKLES her to the floor. They remain intertwined, and stand back up as one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Struggling in one another's hold, Selina KICKS herself free of him, accidentally throwing herself back and falling against the opposite window --

*CRAAAAAAASSSHHHH.*

EXTREME SLOW MOTION kicks in, as Selina flies back, cutting through the glass, and flailing back above thin air. There's nothing to stop her from falling ...

Her eyes widen, and her mouth drops in fear. As Selina descends from the building, we can't help but --

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF SHOW