

WATCHTOWER

4.01 | "Restoration"

Written by
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Based on the character of 'Chloe Sullivan,'
created by Al Gough and Miles Millar

Based on characters from
DC Comics

CREATED BY
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PRODUCED BY
TheVPN (www.vpn-tv.proboards.com)

WATCHTOWER

"Restoration"

MAIN CAST

CHLOE SULLIVAN Allison Mack
 BRUCE WAYNE / BATMAN Christian Bale
 HELENA BERTINELLI / HUNTRESS Kayla Ewell
 VICKI VALE Yvonne Strahovski
 JIM GORDON Dylan Walsh
 KATHERINE KANE Deborah Ann Woll
 OLIVER QUEEN / GREEN ARROW Justin Hartley
 MAXWELL LORD Gil Bellows

GUEST CAST

ALFRED PENNYWORTH Michael Caine
 AMANDA WALLER Pam Grier
 BARBARA GORDON Emma Stone
 DICK GRAYSON / NIGHTWING Patrick J. Adams
 JACOB KANE Mitch Pileggi
 JIMMY WINNICK Thomas Brodie Sangster
 KATE SPENCER Dina Meyer
 LUCIUS FOX Charles Michael Davis
 MOIRA SULLIVAN Linda Carter
 NAOMI SINGH Megalyn Echikunwoke
 PAULINE KAHN Carrie Fisher
 TIM DRAKE Logan Lerman

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - DAY

SUNLIT CITY. High-rise view of the bright and busy Gotham.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Gotham City.

INT. GCPD, ARCHIVES ROOM - DAY

GLOVED HANDS shuffle through a box labelled 'Hush.' They place a FOLDED TRENCH COAT and UNWOVEN BANDAGES (contained in a zip-lock bag) back into it.

CHLOE (V.O.)
It's been three months since the
man known only as Hush attempted to
silence our city.

As the box is gripped, and carried to a STORAGE SHELF-

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - DAY

A LARGE NEWSPAPER holds the image of THE BATMAN, and a bold header: 'Batman: Myth or Legend?'

CHLOE (V.O.)
While it was a horrifying night
that harboured many losses...

Lowering the paper, a desperate VICKI VALE is revealed.

EXT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, STREETS - DAY

An INTERN scales down the steps from the Gazette and out into the bustling streets that fill with vibrant, happy people.

CHLOE (V.O.)
It also stood as the night that
this city came together - united as
one - and fought back.

The intern bumps into a SUITED MAN, then drops his folder. Papers SCATTER around them.

The Suited Man stops, leans down, and helps collect them.

SUITED MAN
Here.

INTERN
Thanks.

They share a smile, then part ways.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY

Police vehicles pull up outside an apartment building. A THUG, dressed in torn, baggy clothes, SCALES THE STAIRS attached to the building, fast approaching the roof...

CHLOE (V.O.)
Gotham's crime rates have dropped dramatically, the GCPD have become more thorough in keeping the streets clean...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The thug rolls onto the roof, then staggers up into a stance to run. They immediately halt at the sight of a POLICE OFFICER raising a gun to them-

POLICE OFFICER
Hands up.

The thug raises his hands in mercy. Busted.

CHLOE (V.O.)
And heir to the Kane legacy name, Katherine Kane has made tremendous efforts in giving this city someone to believe in.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

KATHERINE KANE (30s, glowing, smart-sexy) stands at a podium, in front of an AUDIENCE full of press, and civilians. CAMERA LIGHTS FLASH against her as she stands -- a true beacon.

KATHERINE
I'm here today to confirm the rumors. I, along with my team, have invested in the creation of a shelter for those affected by the city's most recent terrorist attacks, and other hardships we've faced in the last five years.
(beat)
It's time for your stories, and your voices, to be heard.

A loud uproar of applause and approval from the media.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A large desk separates an in-all-orange CHLOE SULLIVAN from her visitor, COMMISSIONER GORDON. In her hands, Chloe holds a NEWSPAPER that she reads from...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

"Gotham may have grown use to living in the shadows but it's because of it's people - the good, kind and just people of this ever changing city - that has allowed Gotham to shine brighter than it ever has before."

(to Gordon)

Well, I can see why she got the Pulitzer for that one.

Chloe drops the newspaper on the table, reading *'Gotham City Silenced No More, by Vicki Vale.'*

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I'd say 'mission accomplished,' wouldn't you?

GORDON

Almost.

(beat)

The Jury is still deliberating your verdict. But I'm sure you won't have to worry too much about relocating anytime soon.

CHLOE

You think locking me up will help save this city?

(beat)

You've seen it. The Watchtower...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A woman reaches a desk, and collects a remote. She CLICKS- wooden coverings slide up to reveal a PURPLE AND BLACK VIGILANTE COSTUME.

CHLOE (V.O.)

It's inspired heroes.

OFF HELENA, filled with determination...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

On the edge of the rooftop, THE DARK KNIGHT stands, watching over the city that echoes with screams for help.

CHLOE (V.O.)

Everywhere.

INT. CLOCKTOWER - DAY

Bound to a wheelchair, BARBARA GORDON sits behind a large, updated computer system, typing away at the keyboard...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (V.O.)

Your daughter is one of them.

ON THE MONITOR: An image of NIGHTWING appears, a line connecting, with sound waves mimicking audio movement.

NIGHTWING

Nightwing to Oracle: we still set for tonight?

BARBARA

I suggest an early dinner. I've got you a patrol booked for six.

GORDON (PRELAP)

She's not a hero.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Chloe and Gordon, locked in a heated conversation.

GORDON

She's just like you... a bored, misguided girl who just so happens to have access to the internet.

CHLOE

Nevertheless, The Watchtower doesn't represent one person. You can't sentence just one person.

(beat)

It's a computer. A hard drive.

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Chloe pushes through, a smile from ear to ear. At the computers, OLIVER QUEEN is glued to a monitor, typing away.

CHLOE (V.O.)

A ship ready to be steered...

DISSOLVE TO:

A woman, back turned, stands at the computer. A shadow shifts over her, and she turns: it's MIA DEARDEN.

CHLOE (V.O.)

...and one that has been steered by many different people from all walks of life.

DISSOLVE TO:

The CENTRAL COMPUTER hosts an image of GREEN ARROW, a transmission coming through. PERRY WHITE, sat by the window, rushes over to answer it. He grabs a headset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

Th- this is Watchtower.

OFF Perry's visible nerves...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Chloe leans forward, matching Gordon's confidence.

CHLOE

You take me down, and there will be another, ready and willing to do what I've done.

GORDON

And I'll stop all of you. I'll arrest all of you.

CHLOE

You have *actual* criminals to apprehend, Gordon.

(beat)

We're on the same side here.

GORDON

You talk about inspiring people... it doesn't just end with misguided people like my daughter, there are criminals - monsters - that you helped create because you showed people that the law wasn't bulletproof, that the law wasn't powerful enough to protect the city on it's own. And that's why this city is dying.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, PORCH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Darkness envelops the world outside. Chloe, seemingly the only source of light among all the shadows, leans against the edge and overlooks the city of Gotham.

CHLOE (V.O.)

When I came to this city, it was already dead. I'm part of the reason why it's still breathing.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Impatient, Gordon rises from the table, positioned to leave.

GORDON

My offer still stands, when you're ready, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I told you. If you're looking for The Batman, then I'd suggest renting some flippers and an oxygen tank to help navigate the ocean you left him in.

And like a fire, Gordon ignites -- returns to Chloe.

GORDON

No. No! I've seen him. I know he's out there.

CHLOE

With all due respect, Commissioner, I think the guilt is finally starting to eat at you.

GORDON

You will hand over his location *and* his identity eventually. If not to save yourself from life in prison, but to secure any chance of seeing your daughter ever again.

The DOOR SLAMS on Gordon's exit.

OFF Chloe, sinking under the realisation that she may never see her daughter again...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ON A TELEVISION SET-

An ANCHORWOMAN (45, forever angry) sits behind a desk with a superimposed IMAGE OF KATHERINE KANE beside her.

ANCHORWOMAN

'The Saviour Foundation,' created by Katherine Kane, has officially opened its doors today, and Gotham Gazette reporter Vicki Vale was on sight at Kane Industries where the former socialite, and new proclaimed public hero of Gotham had *this* to say.

THROUGH the superimposed image...

EXT. KANE INDUSTRIES - DAY

Katherine scales the stairs towards the building, protected by TWO GUARDS who almost block a desperate Vicki, following from the side with a microphone.

VICKI

The city's been calling you the new *White Knight* of Gotham. How do you feel about that?

KATHERINE

No offense, but I think the media should be focusing less on the heroes they choose to idolise or the villains they seek to tear down, and spend more time on the voices of this city that are desperate to be heard.

VICKI

Whilst repairing your public image in the process?

Katherine stops by the entrance, and focuses on Vicki.

KATHERINE

I'm hoping that with the Saviour Foundation, it won't be my face on the front page of the Gazette, but the faces of the men and women who make Gotham City what it is today.

(beat)

That'll be all.

The guards barricade Katherine as she enters the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BANG! The TV SET SHATTERS-

A group of SIX THUGS jolt around from the intrusion to find a man holding a SMOKING GUN in one hand, and a DUFFEL BAG in the other -- not to mention the red, capsule-shaped helmet concealing his identity. RED HOOD.

RED HOOD

"The men and women who make Gotham City what it is today."

The man chuckles to himself. An older, BEARDED THUG steps forward, clutching the gun by his belt as he approaches.

BEARDED THUG

The hell are you?

BANG! A bullet drops him. The others stumble back in shock.

RED HOOD

That's how easy you criminals and corrupt have made it for these "men and women" like Commissioner Gordon, and the foxy red-head on TV, to take us out.

(long pause)

This city *does* need to be reminded of where it came from - I'll give her that much - but they also need to remember just exactly what it was that put them on the map in the first place.

(beat)

Do you understand what I'm talking about here?

Dumbfounded looks fill the room. A confused audience.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

Restoration.

THUD! Red Hood drops the duffel bag. Black and white SUITS flop out, with a series of RED MASKS accompanying them.

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

DING! The elevator doors open to Vicki, braving the hallway with a phone held to her ear.

VICKI

I don't care how reformed and holier than thou this Kane woman thinks she is...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI (CONT'D)

This city already had a white knight, and I've yet to see Gotham acknowledge the role *he* played in saving us all from Hush.

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Vicki enters. Turning from the desk, KAHN lowers the phone from her ear with a look of confusion.

KAHN

Are you finished?

Vicki hangs up, while Kahn returns hers to the desk.

VICKI

Call me a Wayne stan all you like, but at least he was there when the city went to hell.

KAHN

Well he's not here right now, is he? And this Kane woman... you need to give her a chance. She's doing some real good here, and I think it would benefit the paper if you started showcasing her good work while I'm gone.

VICKI

'Gone?'

Kahn withdraws a LARGE SUITCASE from behind the desk, and a CARRY-ON BAG she wraps around her shoulder.

KAHN

Physical therapy has been going tremendously well, and I believe I promised a certain mister Perry White a vacation.

VICKI

I realise that Gotham City is more Metropolis than Metropolis right now, but that doesn't mean things aren't going to get crazy again. What happens if you leave and the city falls back into another end-of-the-world apocalypse?

KAHN

Then I will be even happier about being on vacation.

Kahn steps around Vicki, to reach the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

This isn't funny.

Door open, Kahn returns to Vicki, more serious than before.

KAHN

Three months ago, I thought I was going to die. The old me would bury myself in work. Hell, that's kind of what I did. But the new me... well, she wants some time off and I think she's earned it.

VICKI

But-

KAHN

See in a week, kid.

Kahn rolls the suitcase out with her, and through the doors that close behind her.

VZZ. VZZ. Vicki returns to her phone. A message highlights the tiny screen: "Bat-Family meeting," from 'Fox.'

Vicki lowers the phone with a look of dread on her face...

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT (LATER)

The elevator doors slide open, and Vicki trots through the large, open room. She is immediately greeted by a dishevelled LUCIUS FOX.

VICKI

You know, this was a whole lot easier when the base of operations was under my base of occupation.

LUCIUS

And how many times did you guys get attacked down there?

VICKI

No comment.

LUCIUS

For three months, this city has been without the Bat, and while our poor attempts at dress-up and propaganda blog posts have managed to keep The Batman alive in the hearts of every criminal, I thought it was time to raise the stakes.

Lucius guides Vicki towards a large capsule-shaped glass container covered by a blanket he RIPS OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Underneath rests a BLACK STEALTH SUIT and assorted pieces of blue and black tinted technology, and BAT-MASK.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

I call it *Batwing*.

Amazed, Vicki circles the glass-encased suit.

VICKI

Wow.

LUCIUS

I've re-designed the suit, now armored against bullets, knives, you-name-it. Every piece of subsequent armor is packing a hell of a lot of fire-power. Hell, the new bat-a-rangs have a magnetic pull strong enough to detain any armed man... or woman, of course.

VICKI

That's great and all, but... the only one fit to wear this is- I mean, Bruce, he's...

(long pause)

The only purpose this is going to serve is an expensive suit to bury our bodies in when our unskilled, untrained *behinds* get taken out.

LUCIUS

I knew you'd say that... which is why I saved the best for last.

Lucius rushes over to his computer, and types away on the keyboard. On the monitor in front of him, TWO FRAMES of footage appear - one of the room, the other of Vicki.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

Not only would we be able to see everything surrounding the suit but I've got motion sensor, *and* access to any and all features on, and around, the person inside.

VICKI

Okay, that's impressive. Although something tells me you-know-who isn't going to be too happy seeing either one of us show up at the next crime scene.

LUCIUS

Starting to understand why he was given the name *Dick*.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

CRACK! An armed thug drops, immediately knocked out.

Behind him, NIGHTWING pulls in his ESKRIMA STICK, and spins around, and into a thug, SWINGING A PIPE- their weapons clash, and ELECTRICITY SPARKS- BZT! The thug is shot back.

BARBARA (O.S)
Good to see you're on time.

Nightwing returns, adjusting his earpiece.

NIGHTWING
Have I ever let you down?

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

Behind the computer system, a wheelchair bound BARBARA breathes a playful smile.

BARBARA
Vigorously.
(beat)
Should have expected tonight would be busier than usual.

NIGHTWING (O.S.)
And why's that, exactly?

Fingers clap against the keys of a keyboard...

BARBARA
Kane's holding a celebratory ball for Gotham's most glamorous in honour of the Saviour Foundation finally opening its doors.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

A patch of light illuminates where Nightwing stands.

NIGHTWING
Do you think she's a target?

INTERCUT BETWEEN: BARBARA AND NIGHTWING

BARBARA
Is the sky blue?

NIGHTWING
Technically it's black right now, but I get your point.

Police sirens fill the BG. Nightwing grows terrified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIGHTWING (CONT'D)

Please tell me that's not your
father...

BARBARA (O.S.)

I suggest you run.

NIGHTWING

Damn it.

Nightwing trails off, bolting into the distance...

EXT. KANE INDUSTRIES, DECK - NIGHT

Katherine, dressed to the nines, leans against the edge and
overlooks the city. A dark figure from behind looms in and
draws closer, carrying a set of wine glasses.

MAN (O.S.)

All those lights shining throughout
the city, and yet... none of them
have shined as bright as you.

Katherine accepts the glass of wine with a smile.

KATHERINE

Thanks. Do I know you?

MAXWELL LORD (48, mysteriously dark and charming) takes an
extensive sip of his wine, then lowers it to reveal a
widening, all-knowing smile.

MAXWELL LORD

Doubtful.

He offers her his hand. They shake.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

Max. Maxwell Lord. I'm rather new
to this city, but from what I can
tell, it's been much better off
since you've made your mark on it.

(beat)

It's nothing short of amazing what
a woman so young can accomplish in
just a few short months.

KATHERINE

I appreciate the kind words, but
this is only the beginning.

MAXWELL LORD

Let's hope you'll still be around
to see your vision through till the
very end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHERINE

Excuse me?

MAXWELL LORD

I only say because lord knows very few in the public eye have been able to fulfill their noble cause but rather create legacies that lesser men fail to uphold.

KATHERINE

Where did you say you were from?

MAXWELL LORD

I didn't.

POP! Champagne explodes. A crowd roars. All visible through the transparent glass separating the deck from the ballroom.

KATHERINE

Right. I should be heading back.

Katherine moves around Lord. He clings to her arm, reeling her back to face him, eyes full of intent.

MAXWELL LORD

I'm not finished.

OFF the fear in Katherine's eyes...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

BZZ. The door opens, and a GUARD guides KATE SPENCER into the visiting room where Chloe sits, hands cuffed.

KATE

(to the guard)

Thank you.

A nod, and Kate is left alone with Chloe. She takes a seat.

CHLOE

You know, I'm usually happy to see your face and hear your voice because it's a constant reminder that I have someone as great as *the* Kate Spencer defending me, but now that the case is done and we're waiting for a verdict, you're sending my anxiety levels to a whole new high.

(beat)

Please tell me you have good news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE

The polls are divisive, Chloe. The trial has been broadcast around all of Gotham, and public opinion is split 50/50. I can only imagine how that translates to the jurors.

CHLOE

I just need to get out of here, okay? I need to see my daughter. That's all I care about.

Kate reaches out, cupping Chloe's hand. An act of support.

KATE

I think your chances of that happening are a lot sooner than you might have thought.

(off Chloe's look)

The verdict's in, Chloe. I got the call about a half hour ago.

CHLOE

Oh.

KATE

We'll know the verdict by nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

OFF Chloe, taking in a breath that she may never let go...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

Nightwing enters the room, connecting his eskrima sticks to the attachments on his back. He arrives at Barbara, sat in front of the high-tech computer system.

NIGHTWING

You know, it's a good thing we're not dating. I don't think I could spend twenty four hours of the day running from your father.

BARBARA

He'll come around, Dick. As hard as it is to believe right now, he's not one of the bad guys.

NIGHTWING

I'm not here to drag your father through the mud.

(beat)

Even if he did commit murder.

BARBARA

Hey.

NIGHTWING

Alright, alright.

(beat)

What have you got for me?

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

FRAMES OF FOOTAGE paint the large monitor in front of Lucius and Vicki. One features a black van jetting off from police vehicles, with SUITED MEN IN RED HOODS peering out, FIRING-

LUCIUS

Bunch of masked men are speeding through Gotham. They've already taken out two cop cars, and injured three civilians.

VICKI

Where the hell are they headed?

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

Nightwing leans closer, watching the same footage play on the monitor in front of him and Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

My guess is they're headed straight for Kane Industries. Nothing says 'take back Gotham' more than taking out one of the only people still fighting for it.

NIGHTWING

Three months of peace and quiet, and only one night to change all of that... welcome back to Gotham.

BARBARA

The Gotham City Tower Apartments should be a good vantage point to look into the building. If they show up, you'll know.

LUCIUS (PRELAP)

I'm on it.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

Lucius turns from the computer. Concerned, Vicki follows.

VICKI

Lucius wait. What if the suit malfunctions? What if you're caught in the line of fire, and there's no coming back?

Lucius stops in his tracks, then returns to Vicki. Stoic.

LUCIUS

Bruce was a good man. My father knew it. He knew his cause was noble, and he died serving it.

(beat)

I have no problem sharing the same fate for a man whose legacy deserves to be upheld.

VICKI

You're shitting your pants right now, aren't you?

LUCIUS

More or less.

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A large van bounces from a speed-bump, and spirals to a halt in a rather spacious parking lot. The doors kick open, and five suited men in red hoods scatter out. The back doors are pulled open, and Red Hood emerges, AK-47 in hand.

EXT. KANE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Two police vehicles are parked out front. Scaling the stairs to the entrance, Gordon and his team of four other men approach two guards. He withdraws his badge for I.D.

The guards wave him through, and Gordon and his team enter.

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

A TEASPOON claps against a transparent GLASS OF WINE-

Katherine lowers her drink by the stand beside her as the entire room of socialites and businessmen and women shift their full attention onto her. She smiles with pride.

KATHERINE

"Soldier on." That's what my father always told me to do when times got rough. I hear those words every time our city is attacked. Every time our people are in danger. "Soldier on."

(beat)

Unfortunately, my father isn't here to tell you those words himself. Words that are - admittedly - more inspiring coming from his lips than mine. Nevertheless, the message remains the same and I am honoured to be delivering that message to you all tonight.

Katherine raises her glass to the room.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

To the future.

The room raises their glasses in sync. An uproar of praise and approval soon fills the silence. Among them, Gordon arrives, offering Katherine a nod to accompany his smile.

At the stand, Katherine catches glimpse of movement in the distance... A DISHEVELLED MAN, behind Gordon in suit and tie, shuffles for something in his jacket pocket.

DISHEVELLED MAN

Right on time, Commissioner.

Gordon turns, into the man, who retrieves something, then LAUNCHES IT THROUGH THE SKY -- A FLASH GRENADE -- BANG!

WHITE FILLS THE SCREEN.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY TOWER APARTMENTS, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

OFF THE BANG, Nightwing jolts back from the ledge...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIGHTWING

The hell was that...?

A blue and black bat-shaped figure JETS PAST OVERHEAD-

NIGHTWING (CONT'D)

Oh, no you don't...

Nightwing turns, and FIRES A LINE FOR THE BUILDING-

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

Total anarchy. Men and women are screaming. Bullets let out all through the room. At the stand, a GUARD latches onto Katherine and directs her away from the chaos.

KATHERINE

What's going on?

GUARD

We don't know, ma'am. We just have to get you out of here.

Escorted towards the elevator, Katherine looks back at the chaos... a CLOUDY HAZE of the room paints men and women dropping, blood painting the floors...

YOUNG KATHERINE (V.O.)

Mummy? What's wrong with mummy?

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A YOUNG KATHERINE (5) is carried in the arms of a strong, well-built man. Her father, JACOB KANE (36).

JACOB

Don't look, alright. Kate? Just close your eyes for me, baby.

But her eyes remain glued open...

Red paints the walls and floor. An older woman, bag over her head with rope binding her to the chair, is slumped over with blood coating her. More bodies surround her...

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

DING! The elevator behind Katherine snaps her back to reality. She turns towards her only means of escape...

RED HOOD steps out from the elevator, and FIRES-

GLASS SHATTERS from the transparent doors and windows as a colossal force enters. BATWING. He lands, carrying the dishevelled man by his jacket. He drops him. Unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THROUGH BATWING'S LENS-- SCANNING-- A RED CIRCLE paints a target around Katherine and Red Hood. A guard lies dead beside them, as Katherine backs away from gunpoint.

Batwing LAUNCHES a magnetic bat-a-rang forward. It connects to the wall beside the elevator, and PULLS THE AK-47 from Red Hood. Unarmed, Red Hood turns to Katherine, who SWINGS-

CRACK! Red Hood drops to his knees.

GORDON (O.S.)

Hey!

Gordon rushes for Batwing. Batwing turns, and involuntarily PUSHES BACK- the force propels Gordon towards the last window, and he SMASHES THROUGH IT-

EXT. KANE INDUSTRIES, DECK - NIGHT

Gordon cuts through the glass, and rolls to a set of feet behind him. Nightwing checks his pulse, then looks back through the glass -- he spots Batwing.

NIGHTWING

Fox.

Nightwing rushes forward, into the war-zone...

Leaning up off the ground by his elbow, Gordon brings a walkie talkie up to his lips.

GORDON

(weak)

Commissioner to Red Robin: I have a direct sight on Nightwing.

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

Behind a beam, TIM DRAKE (24, fit and stylish) drops with his tablet in hand. His fingers type away, eyes forward on...

Nightwing spirals into war-- an eskrima stick trips a gunman down, while the other CRACKS against a gunman's mask. He instantly drops in front of him.

TIM DRAKE

Come on, come on, come on...

A PIERCING ECHO rings through Nightwing's ear. He winces-

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

Behind the computer, Barbara shoots up at the loss of connection. On the monitor: 'Firewalls disabled.'

BARBARA

Oh no, no, no, no, no...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barbara bashes keys with precision, a desperate woman, then-

ON THE MONITOR: the screen is replaced with a large black and yellow symbol that resembles a bird. Text appears in bold red letters, reading "PROPERTY OF RED ROBIN."

OFF the fear building in Barbara's eyes...

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

Tim jolts up from behind the beam, and FIST-BUMPS the air-

TIM DRAKE

Yes!

Nightwing turns to find Tim. Busted. A beat, and Tim jets off, then PUSHES THROUGH a set of doors. Nightwing follows.

Katherine stumbles back, and into Batwing.

BATWING

Run.

Katherine turns for an exit, running...

Batwing reaches down, and picks Red Hood up. He SLAMS him into the wall, pinning him there.

BATWING (CONT'D)

You're going away for a long time, kid. Hope it was worth it.

RED HOOD

Absolutely.

Red Hood latches onto Batwing's armored arms, and BZZKT- An ELECTRICAL CHARGE ripples through him. Batwing is repelled back from Red Hood.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

I heard rumors you'd survived, and I hoped they were true.

Red Hood takes another swing- ELECTRICITY SPARKS against Batwing's jaw. He collapses to his knees.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

So that I could be remembered as the one who killed The Batman.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

ON THE MONITOR: FOOTAGE from Batwing's POV as it drifts up to a triumphant Red Hood, pulling his fist back.

Vicki jolts from the chair, in front of the computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

I'm pulling the plug.

BATWING (O.S.)

No, wait. Not yet.

As Vicki SLAMS ON A KEY-

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

Batwing ignites with blue, then is YANKED BACK- the suit swerves around any potential civilians in its path, and JETS OUT AND THROUGH THE SHATTERED DOORS, INTO-

EXT. KANE INDUSTRIES, DECK - NIGHT

Batwing ZOOMS PAST a startled Gordon, rising to his feet. He watches on, as the figure disappears into the night...

GORDON

(almost relieved)

It's really you.

OFF AN ECHOING GUNSHOT-

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

An officer hits the ground, bullet to the chest. Red Hood stands victorious, AK-47 back in his hands. He aims for the Commissioner in the distance, who turns to face him. FIRES.

OFF Gordon, taking cover...

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tim reaches a locked door. He struggles, tugging the doorknob that rattles with strength. A sigh of defeat, and he turns to find Nightwing.

TIM DRAKE

Hey, hey, hey... I wouldn't come any closer if I were you.

NIGHTWING

What did you do back there?

TIM DRAKE

Hacked your transmission. Disabled communications, and piggybacked the line to your base of operations.

(beat)

You're done, man. Kaput.

NIGHTWING

I don't want to hurt you, kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM DRAKE

Then don't.

NIGHTWING

Give me the tablet.

TIM DRAKE

Uh. Sorry. I kind of want to pay
rent this month, so...

Tim KICKS off the wall, bouncing between the two parallel sides to flip over Nightwing. Nightwing turns, and INTO THE TABLET- it CRACKS against his jaw. He staggers over, into the wall with a grunt. He can only watch as Tim escapes...

NIGHTWING

Damn it.

OFF Tim, disappearing down the hallway...

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Katherine reaches a door: 'Parking Lot.' She rips it open to find a suited man in a red mask. Her gasp fades under a gun cracking against her jaw, and she collapses...

INT. KANE INDUSTRIES, BALLROOM - NIGHT

Tim races to a halt, reuniting with Gordon.

GORDON

Please tell me tonight wasn't a
total bust.

TIM DRAKE

I've got the coordinates, sir.
(beat)
I know where Oracle is.

OFF the hope returning in Gordon's eyes...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

Fingers dance around a keyboard, frantically bashing the keys at a rapid pace. In front of the computer system, a distressed Barbara is met with a black screen. The screen blinks, then fills with "PROPERTY OF RED ROBIN" once more.

BARBARA
Son of a bitch.

Barbara bashes her fists against the desk. Defeated.

VZZ. VZZ. Beside her hand rests a MOBILE PHONE. Text appears on the tiny screen, reading 'Dad Calling.' Barbara swipes for the phone, answering it...

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Dad?

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Gordon, holding a phone to his ear.

GORDON
I know we agreed to keep some space between us - as much space as father and daughter can have living under the same roof - but I need to see you. I want to work through this, Barbara. I really do.

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

Barbara takes a deep breath, unsure...

BARBARA
It won't be that simple, Dad.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: GORDON AND BARBARA ON THE PHONE

GORDON
I've got time. When it comes to you - us - I've got all the time in the world.

BARBARA
Okay.

GORDON
Thank you, sweetie. You have no idea how much this means to me.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON (CONT'D)

I've just got one quick errand to run, and then I'll be home. Don't have any of that leftover lasagna without me, alright?

BARBARA

I'm not a *monster*.
(long pause)
I'll see you soon, Dad.

Barbara hangs up. A small, hopeful smile spreads across her face - the first smile in a long time - then she wheels out from behind the desk and heads for the exit.

EXT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT (LATER)

From the entrance, Barbara wheels out, and descends a long ramp to the sidewalk where a car is parked. A man steps out, in suit and tie, and helps Barbara into the vehicle.

Watching from afar, a ruthless Gordon lowers his phone...

Barbara disappears behind a closing door, the driver returning to his side. As the vehicle drives off...

Gordon proceeds towards the Clocktower. Determined.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

By the computer system, Vicki cleans a small cut across Lucius' face with a cotton swab.

The elevator doors part, and DICK enters.

DICK

Are you guys out of your freakin' minds or are these day jobs you've got going for yourselves really *that* boring for you?

Vicki meets Dick halfway.

VICKI

What are you doing here, Dick?

DICK

Well, I thought I'd try to talk some sense into the two of you playing hero, but something tells me it would be a waste of time.

VICKI

The exit is where you came in.

DICK

This isn't a game, Vicki. You're a reporter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICK (CONT'D)

And he's a guy that plays around with toys all day. Do you honestly think you can pick up where he left off?

Vicki struggles to make sense of it herself.

DICK (CONT'D)

The Batman is *gone*.

VICKI

(blunt)

That is exactly why we're doing all of this, Dick.

(long pause)

The Batman... it's more than just a man in a mask. It's a symbol. And with it comes a legacy. *Bruce's* legacy. That *means* something to this city.

(beat)

You know, try as you might... you will never be more than just another man in a mask in this city and that's why you can't be the one to save it.

Lucius steps in from behind.

LUCIUS

We asked you to do this for us, Mr. Grayson. For *him*. For Gotham.

(beat)

We recognise the fact that we are untrained, and ill-equipped to continue what *he* begun... but you left us no choice when you turned your back on us. So don't you dare come into my office and tell us what we can and cannot do.

DICK

Fine.

(beat)

It's your funeral.

OFF Dick, turning his back on Vicki and Lucius to leave...

INT. OLD FACTORY - NIGHT

A BAG rips from the face of a traumatised Katherine, gasping as she tries to make sense of her new surroundings. She jolts, only to find herself bound to a chair by rope.

RED HOOD (O.S.)

I did my research on you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Katherine struggles to find the voice.

Red Hood surfaces behind her, tracing his fingers through her hair. She winces, and shakes him off.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

Tragedy has a way of sculpting the most complex of creatures. So imagine my disappointment when I discover all it did for you was make you *just like everyone else*.

KATHERINE

(trembling)

You want to hope I don't make it out of these ropes.

RED HOOD

So you can what? *Write a speech* and slander me on live television?

(beat)

You could have been so much more, Katherine Kane. Instead... you're just like every other fat-wallet-wearing-princess with a stick up her ass. Do you know how upsetting that is to me?

KATHERINE

Why are you doing this?

RED HOOD

To restore this city to it's rightful owners.

KATHERINE

No. No, I mean why *this*? Why the mask? Why the games?

(beat)

What do you get out of it?

RED HOOD

Oh, Katherine. Don't pretend you can't relate.

Red Hood draws closer and closer, right in Katherine's face.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

Tragedy doesn't just sculpt you into... this.

His fingers dance along Katherine's cheek -- she tenses.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

It strips you of any control you ever had and forces you to become *something else*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

You, the stunning white knight of Gotham City - our public hero - our saviour... and then there's me...

(whispering)

The Red Hood.

He pulls away, then disappears behind Katherine. Fear sets in her eyes, before it's washed away by tears...

RED HOOD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's hope public opinion is in your favour, and all that hard work to reshape your image in the eyes of Gotham City has paid off. 'Cause if you don't win the pesky little vote tomorrow morning...

Hands clap down on Katherine's shoulders-- it's Red Hood.

RED HOOD (CONT'D)

Well, let's just say your night will end with a bang.

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

The doors open, and Dick enters.

DICK

Barbara, I was just-

Sparks ignite by the computer system. Each flicker illuminates the figure standing in front of it: Gordon, turning with a gun aimed straight for Dick.

GORDON

Richard Grayson.

Dick raises his hands, jaw-dropping. Fear sets in.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Tell me... how long have you been wearing that mask for?

A stand-off. They circle one another.

DICK

Are you going to shoot me, Commissioner? Like you shot him.

GORDON

No. I'm going to read you your rights, and put you away for the rest of your life.

DICK

The only one who should be serving life in prison is you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

Put your hands over your head.

DICK

Gladly.

Dick rips two eskrima sticks from under his jacket, and clicks them into a place- A LARGE STAFF FORMS- he slides it through to the very end of his palms, then SWINGS-

CRACK! The gun is thrown from Gordon's hands.

Gordon snaps around to face Dick, who rests the staff against the Commissioner's left shoulder. Ready to attack.

DICK (CONT'D)

I respect your daughter too much to offer you the pain you deserve for what you've done.

(beat)

So I'll make this quick.

Gordon jolts forward- Dick CRACKS the staff against his jaw, throwing Gordon to the floor. Unconscious.

Dick withdraws the staff, and maneuvers it back into two, behind his back. He digs for his phone, and turns into sight with a look of distress on his face.

DICK (CONT'D)

Pick up, Barbara...

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barbara sits at the dining table with plates set out, and a lasagna resting in the middle with a cloth covering it. She checks her watch, impatient.

VZZ. VZZ. Barbara heads for her phone, then answers.

BARBARA

Dick? What are- whoa, whoa, slow down, I can't understand you.

(beat)

My father did what?!

INT. LAWFIRM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Knuckles bash against a door that hosts a sign reading, 'Kate Spencer.'

KATE (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. LAWFIRM, KATE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door clicks open in the BG. Kate, sorting files from off the floor, rises from behind her desk to find Maxwell Lord.

KATE

Can I help you with something?

MAXWELL LORD

You're the one working on the Sullivan case, correct?

KATE

Who's asking?

MAXWELL LORD

Oh, I don't intend on spilling any beans tonight, Ms. Spencer.

(beat)

You, on the other hand...

Lord returns to the door and closes it. He fastens the blind, covering the windows with a wicked grin on his face.

OFF the confusion setting in Kate's eyes...

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heels clap against the hard floor. Vicki, carrying a large manila folder, braves the hallway to her office...

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Vicki enters. A gasp, and she drops the folder, immediately frozen at the sight in front of her: AT THE DESK rests a RED MASK. A man with dusty blonde hair occupies the chair behind it, back turned. Red Hood.

RED HOOD

I was wondering when you'd be back.

VICKI

How did you get in here?

RED HOOD

The biggest mystery since Hush is sitting in your office, and that's your first question?

Vicki's eyes glue to a PAIR OF SCISSORS on the desk. A possible weapon of defense. It lures her in...

VICKI

Something tells me you're not exactly going to offer me the opportunity to get an exposé on the city's latest crime lord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beside the pair of scissors rests a phone. It ignites with a message: "Bomb secured at 5th Avenue Factory. Your move."

RED HOOD

You'd be correct.

Hands wrap around a pair of sharp scissors, and as Vicki reels them into her hold... THWACK! Vicki slumps to reveal a man in a red mask, lowering his weapon.

Rising from behind the desk, JAMES 'JIMMY' WINNICK (20) reveals himself from the shadows. He is Red Hood.

JIMMY

Your name is going to be attached
to a much bigger story.

OFF the widening grin on Jimmy's face...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

ON A TELEVISION SET-

The same Anchorwoman sits behind a desk with footage playing beside her of a court case. Text reads: "SULLIVAN TRIAL."

ANCHORWOMAN

The trial for Chloe Sullivan has been ongoing since her initial arrest three months ago, and in just under an hour, a verdict will finally be released by the Jury in court this morning. Despite her admission of being the vigilante known only as Watchtower, her defense has rested solely on proving the complete opposite.

The footage on screen MAXIMIZES to find Kate Spencer, addressing THE JURY. Closing arguments.

KATE

Speculation is not welcome in this courtroom. In this court of law, we deal with facts. The fact is my client was acting under duress for both counts. The first, where she assumed a pre-established identity to grab the attention of a madman holding her friend hostage. And the second, when she distributed a warning to the entire city. A message that helped save it.

(beat)

Chloe Sullivan is not a criminal, nor is she a vigilante. The only thing she is guilty of is caring about the people she loves the most, which just so happens to include this city.

The screen SHRINKS TO BLACK-

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gordon lowers the remote, throwing it aside.

GORDON

It shouldn't have come to this.

BARBARA (O.S.)

You're damn right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordon turns to find his daughter. Barbara wheels closer to him, rage sinking into every movement of her face.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You have no idea what you've done.

GORDON

What *I've* done? No, no... you can't condemn me for following and upholding the law. If anything, I'm the only honourable man left in this city.

BARBARA

Honourable? Honourable men don't shoot people off of bridges. They don't lie to their daughters, and they certainly don't let good people go to prison for trying to save the world.

GORDON

I gave her an out. If it were up to me, she wouldn't be in this situation. Hell, I'd not only have her out of prison, but I'd have her working for me, just like that Tim Drake kid.

(beat)

Speaking of which, I think you'd two would hit it off.

Gordon steps around Barbara, on his way out. She follows...

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, ENTRANCE - DAY

Barbara stops behind Gordon, reaching him.

BARBARA

You're unbelievable.

GORDON

I don't want to fight, Barbara. I'm tired of it. You may not agree with everything I've done. But the only way to keep you from ending up like your friend was to destroy that damn computer.

BARBARA

Stop. Stop using me as an excuse for every questionable action you keep committing.

GORDON

Barbara-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

No. You keep acting like what happened to me is just another case for you to solve by aiming a gun at any and everyone you could possibly blame as if that's going to make things better. But it's not.

She slams her arms against the arm-rest of the wheelchair.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(breaking)

This. This isn't a case. This isn't a problem that can be solved, and it's not something you can fix. It's my life. It's my life.

GORDON

Don't you get it? This wasn't supposed to be your life.

Gordon fights back the tears. He fishes for his jacket off the hanger, and stares at it, eyes diverted from Barbara...

GORDON (CONT'D)

I trusted a man in a mask to protect the person I love most, and lowered my guard because I expected him to follow through with his promise to keep you safe, and that's why you're forced to live the rest of your life in that chair. I take full responsibility for that. I do.

Gordon returns to Barbara, eyes raw with emotion.

GORDON (CONT'D)

But I know what happens when you align yourself with these masked crusaders. And so help me, I will bring down every single vigilante in this city if it'll keep you out of harm's way.

(beat)

For that, I take no guilt. I take no shame. Because when it comes to you and your future... there are no lines I will not cross.

BARBARA

That's what scares me...

Barbara turns back, and exits.

OFF a wounded Gordon, closing the door behind him...

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barbara returns to the room. The news continues on screen:

ANCHORWOMAN

Excuse me. I'm just getting word that we have a breaking story, reported live from the Gotham Gazette. On the line with us now is Editor-in-Chief, Victoria Vale.

ON THE TV: The image is replaced by a terrified Vicki.

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Bound to a chair, Vicki sits with a camera stood right in her face, close-up on her very traumatised image. In the BG, Red Hood stands with a gun aimed at her.

VICKI

People of Gotham. If you thought we had won the war... then you should know this is only the beginning.

JUDGE (PRELAP)

The jury has reached a verdict.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A full courtroom. Chloe sits beside Kate, clinging to her hand for comfort as silence fills the room.

The doors kick open, and FOUR RED-HOODED thugs (CRIMSON, FLAME, ROSE and WINE) flood the room with AK-47s. They immediately fire. Everyone scatters and ducks for shelter.

A suited, bullet-ridden man collapses in front of Chloe. A gasp, and Kate pulls her in, further under protection.

CRIMSON

Chloe Sullivan...

OFF the shock building on Chloe's face...

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - DAY

Vicki continues, on a large screen in front of Lucius.

VICKI

The past three months, you've been nothing short of indecisive when it's come to the people who have tried to make a difference in this city.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI (CONT'D)

But now, it's time for you to own
your opinions, and your actions.
And it's time you were held
accountable for all of it.

LUCIUS

Vicki...

Lucius turns off, towards the BAT-WING suit in the distance.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - DAY

TV SETS play the unravelling message from Vicki through a
series of wide shop-fronts. Citizens gather around it.

VICKI

Katherine Kane. Chloe Sullivan.
Their lives are in your hands.

(beat)

You have five minutes to save a
life... or end one.

A SUBTITLE on the screen reads: *"Vote using the hashtag #KANE
or #SULLIVAN to save your public hero."*

From the crowd, Dick turns away, phone to ear.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Vicki's in trouble. Someone has
her held hostage at the Gazette.

DICK

Already ahead of you.

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Red Hood smashes the camera aside. Vicki, bound in the chair
in front of him, jolts from the sudden movement.

RED HOOD

You have such a calming voice.

VICKI

Go to hell.

Red Hood spins Vicki's chair towards the computer, and plants
her there. He fiddles with the mouse, and the monitor fills
with STATISTICS. VOTES FOR KANE AND SULLIVAN. They continue
to shift between 50/50 and 51/49.

RED HOOD

This is going to be one hell of a
close race. I wish I could stick
around to watch it with you, but
I've got the police to avoid.

With a laugh, Red Hood exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRIMSON (PRELAP)
Hand over the guilty party.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Underneath the bench, Kate keeps Chloe low. She withdraws a small switch-blade from her pocket. Chloe stops her.

CHLOE
Whoa. What are you doing?

KATE
They're going to kill you.

CHLOE
And you're going to put yourself on trial by going all *Manhunter* on them? Don't even think about it.

Crimson arrives at the bench, turns his aim on Chloe and Kate-

CRIMSON
Found you.

Kate SLAPS the gun out of sight, maneuvers herself around Crimson, and SLAMS HIM INTO THE BENCH. She rises, and FLICKS HER WRIST- the switch-blade jets across the room, and clips into Wine's chest.

Running, Kate collects her SUITCASE and SPINS INTO Rose, swinging the case against him- CRACK! He slumps over, and items scatter across his body.

Hands reel a STAFF from the suited Rose...

Kate halts in front of Flame, and her staff ignites with blue energy. The entire room is in disbelief.

KATE
You have two options here. You can drop the weapon, and get a head start on the cops. Or you can get an in-depth explanation of why they call me *Manhunter*.

FLAME
How 'bout option number three.

Flame rips open their suit to reveal a BOMB. He holds the trigger in his hand, making it all-too obvious.

FLAME (CONT'D)
So much as hiccup, and this entire building goes up in flames.

Kate lowers her weapon, backing down...

EXT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Overhead, a beaming blue stream seems to form into Bat-Wing, as he lands atop the roof in an uncontrolled flail. He charges for the door, and CRASHES THROUGH IT-

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HALLWAY - DAY

DING! The elevator doors open as Dick rushes out. The door beside him immediately clicks open, and Batwing appears.

DICK
You've got to be kidding me.

The two brave the hallway...

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - DAY

The door pushes open. Dick and Batwing enter to find Vicki, unravelling from the ropes, now free.

VICKI
Took you long enough.
(beat)
Believe it or not, Chloe's winning the vote. Which means-

DICK
Kane go boom.

VICKI
To put it in the least respectful way possible, sure.
(beat)
She's at the old factory over on 5th Avenue. The one that got closed down for asbestos.

BATWING
On it.

Batwing motions to turn, but Dick stops him.

DICK
Hey. What are you doing?

BATWING
This suit is designed to get me there a hell of a lot faster than whatever gymnastics flips and tricks got you into yours.

DICK
What if she's surrounded by armed thugs? What if you can't save her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATWING

You just have to trust me.

Dick backs off, a nod of acknowledgement. Batwing exits.

VICKI

Now that the pissing contest has reached it's conclusion, let's get to the courthouse in case this thing spikes *not* in Chloe's favour.

BARBARA (O.S.)

No need.

Dick shifts, adjusting his earpiece.

DICK

Barbara?

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barbara, sat behind a laptop with a headset on, watches security footage that shows Gordon in the courthouse.

BARBARA

My Dad's already there.

ON LAPTOP: Gordon braves the hallway, gun in hand.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Come on, Dad...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Flame, by the entrance doors, holds the trigger to the bomb strapped to his chest. He waves it around for all to see.

FLAME

Don't even think about trying anything. I swear I'll push this trigger. I'll do it. I'll bury us all to the ground.

Under the bench, Chloe's eyes catch something: a folded piece of paper. She reels it in, and opens it up. 'Not Guilty.'

ON CHLOE, filled with relief...

BANG! The doors kick open, and Flame turns, into Gordon, who PISTOL WHIPS him across his red mask. Flame slumps.

EXT. OLD FACTORY - DAY

A blue stream of light jets over the city, and hones in on the exterior of a wide, abandoned factory. The light fades, and Batwing emerges, landing in front of the building.

(CONTINUED)

BATWING

Ms. Kane?

He approaches the factory.

KABOOM! A SHOCKWAVE OF FIRE propels Batwing away as the entire structure ignites with flames. It COLLAPSES.

Rolling to a halt, Batwing leans off the pavement. His mask retracts to reveal the culmination of shock, guilt and fear written on Lucius Fox's face.

LUCIUS

No...

OFF his realisation...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

A limo jets down a lonely road, off into the night...

CHLOE (PRELAP)
This doesn't feel real.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

In the back of a dark limo, Chloe and Kate sit in relief.

CHLOE
I'm still waiting to wake up in
some cold, dark prison cell.
(to Kate)
If you're in on this trip to
wonderland and you haven't told me,
I'm going to be very mad.

KATE
It's real. And unfortunately, it
didn't come without a price.

CHLOE
What are you going to do?

KATE
I don't know. All I know is after
we make our first stop, I'm taking
the first route out of here.

CHLOE
What's our first stop?

The limo stops. Chloe jolts from the sudden halt, surprised.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

The limo is parked, facing a large BLACK VAN in the distance.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Chloe looks to Kate with confusion.

CHLOE
What's happening?

KATE
He told me to bring you here.

The door clicks open to reveal THE DRIVER. He gestures for
Chloe to exit the vehicle. She complies...

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

While Chloe proceeds towards the unknown, the driver returns to the vehicle and DRIVES OFF. Distracted by the departure, Chloe fails to see the figure approaching in the BG.

MAXWELL LORD (O.S.)
I guess a congratulations is in order...

Chloe turns to find Maxwell Lord, emerging from the shadows.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)
Then again, we both know you'd find your way out one way or another.
(beat)
Isn't that right... Watchtower?

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, and Vicki enters. At the sight of Lucius, deconstructing the Batwing suit, Vicki rushes over in a heaving panic.

VICKI
Whoa, whoa, what are you doing?!

Lucius snaps around to find Vicki. Tears fill his eyes.

LUCIUS
It's over, Vicki. Dick was right... about everything.

VICKI
No. We can't just give up.

Vicki notices the computer monitor behind them showing the inaudible news play in the BG. It hosts the image of Katherine Kane, with the text "Rest in Peace."

LUCIUS
I couldn't save her. I couldn't make it in time, I couldn't...

VICKI
You can't blame yourself for what happened.

LUCIUS
She's dead, Vicki. I tried to play hero and now a woman is dead because of it.

VICKI
Lucius-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCIUS

No. I will never put on that suit again. Ever.

Lucius drops a piece of the suit, and storms off...

INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT

Alone in the remnants of the Clocktower, Dick stares out at the moonlit city with distant eyes. Behind him, Barbara enters the room, and triggers his full attention.

BARBARA

Sorry. I should know better than to interrupt a hero's brooding session. I can come back later.

DICK

No. It's fine. I was just thinking...

BARBARA

Penny for your thoughts?

Dick closes in on her, opening up...

DICK

It was something Vicki said to me earlier. It's starting to make all the sense in the world.

(beat)

This isn't my city. This isn't where I belong. And as much as I can try to believe that I can do what The Batman did for this city... I know deep down I can't. And I don't ever want to live in someone else's shadow.

BARBARA

What does that mean?

A beat, almost conflicted. Then Dick releases, at ease...

DICK

I'm going, Babs. As much as this city could still use some help, there are others that need it more, and *Bludhaven* is one of them.

Barbara wheels closer to him, passionate.

BARBARA

If you think you're headed out on a one-man mission to save the world, then you're wrong, Dick.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm not letting you do this alone.

DICK

You have to. Your father-

BARBARA

Is the very reason I need to go with you.

(beat)

I know he's my father, and I'm always going to love him. But right now, I can't even look at him without seeing-

DICK

Bruce.

Silence. The two lost in the memory of a man they knew.

BARBARA

Do you think he'll ever wake up?

SMASH CUT TO:

A SET OF CLOSED EYES-

They OPEN. Sharp GREEN IRISES stare out, as if seeing for the first time...

INT. BAT CAVE - NIGHT

BRUCE jolts up on a slab, bare-chested. He puffs and pants, regaining his breath. Rushing behind him, a startled ALFRED approaches in a state of disbelief.

ALFRED

Master Bruce?

Alfred clings to him, and the two lock eyes.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

You're alive. I can't believe you're really alive. I shouldn't say that, but-

BRUCE

Chloe. Where's Chloe?

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

Chloe and Maxwell Lord, at a stand-off.

CHLOE

Maxwell Lord. The Black King.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I was wondering when our paths would cross. To be honest, I was hoping they never would.

MAXWELL LORD

You're a smart girl.

CHLOE

What do you want?

MAXWELL LORD

That seems to be the question of the day. And here I thought it was completely obvious.

Maxwell Lord latches onto Chloe's arm. She tries to wriggle free, but he's too strong.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

I want power.

A blue light emits from his hand, gluing to Chloe's arm.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

Give me all the names and locations of every single vigilante that has ever set foot in this city.

Chloe's eyes glow a sharp blue, her face distorting with utter confusion. It soon fades under a glint of green, and she PULLS FREE FROM HIM-

CHLOE

No.

Maxwell Lord stumbles back, in awe.

MAXWELL LORD

How are you doing that?

TIRES SCREECH. A WHITE VAN comes to a screeching halt behind Chloe. The doors kick open, and TWO ARMED men rush out with guns. They fire around Chloe, aiming for Lord, who is immediately reeled in by SECURITY GUARDS.

Rushing out of the line of fire, Chloe can only watch as Lord escapes into the Black Van with his guards, and DRIVES OFF.

CHLOE

Can someone explain to me just what in the *hell* is going on?

Stepping out of the white van, AMANDA WALLER reveals herself.

WALLER

Hello, Ms. Sullivan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chloe grows surprised, as though she had just seen a ghost:
which isn't exactly false.

CHLOE

Amanda? What are you doing here?

Wait, no. Different question.

(beat)

How are you alive?

WALLER

I followed you from the courthouse.

(beat)

Now you owe me two favours.

Waller and her men return to the van.

CHLOE

What was the first one for?

Waller stops by the door of her van and offers Chloe a smile.

WALLER

How else do you think the jury
reached that verdict?

OFF Chloe, left in a total state of disbelief...

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

A large set of metallic walls part to reveal a feminine,
BLACK AND YELLOW BAT-SUIT. Reflecting in the glass, Vicki's
eyes fill with inspiration...

VICKI

Let's do this.

OFF Vicki, opening the glass containment...

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A finger presses down on an answering machine, and it BEEPS-

BARBARA (O.S.)

Hey, Dad. It's me.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, BARBARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gordon enters a ransacked room. Unwanted clothes paint the
floor, and the bed has been stripped clean of it's sheets,
pillows, and blankets. Empty.

BARBARA (O.S.)

I thought it was best we took some
time apart after all. I know
you'll probably move heaven and
earth to find me and bring me home,
but the truth is...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't want to come home. At least for a while. And while I hate keeping things from you, it's the only way I know we'll get past everything that's happened. I'll call you when I can. In the meantime, I love you, and try to stay safe.

A heartbroken Gordon takes in a deep, jagged breath...

KNOCK KNOCK! Gordon perks up, hope in his eyes, as he turns off, and seemingly sprints O.S.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A hand reaches for the door, twists and PULLS OPEN-

On the front porch stands SARAH ESSEN with their son, Jimmy Winnick. The "Red Hood."

OFF Gordon, filling with pure confusion...

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The door opens, and Chloe throws her belongings down onto the shelf by the entrance. She turns, into the hall, to find a familiar woman staring back at her. MOIRA SULLIVAN.

MOIRA

We caught the news. I couldn't believe it at first, but... now that you're here...

Chloe rushes to her mother, and they embrace. Emotional.

CHLOE

I told you I'd there was nothing powerful enough to keep me from my daughter. From my family.

MOIRA

She's just as excited to see you as I was. She's in the bedroom.

Moira guides Chloe away from the entrance, and O.S.

CLOSE ON a photograph that rests on the bench behind them that shows a vibrant, happy Chloe with a grin stitched from ear to ear as she holds a baby Hope close to her face.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CUTTER, a scrawny, skeletal looking man in a blood stained singlet turns to face a trio of dumb-looking, low-life thugs (let's call them GOON, PUPPET and MINION).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUTTER

That man on the TV. The one in the
Red Hood. He was right. It's time
we took back this city.

A bat-shaped figure emerges in the BG. It's BATGIRL.

BATGIRL

Not if I have anything to say about
it.

PUPPET

It's the bat!

Cutter turns, withdrawing a dual set of blades. He aims them
for Batgirl, a vicious growl from deep within:

CUTTER

Kill him.

Batgirl drops from the collection of crates, and manages a
stable land. A moment of pride, and Batgirl rushes into meet
a swinging Goon. She blocks, then PALMS HIS NOSE INTO A
BLOODY MESS- Goon cowers over, defeated.

Minion CRACKS their fist across Batgirl's jaw, and she spins
around them in retaliation. Batgirl locks them in a
GUILLOTINE CHOKE, then repetitively KNEES THEM IN THE FACE
until Minion drops to the ground, groaning in agony.

Puppet backs away, and into Cutter.

PUPPET

Tha- tha- that's a girl...

CUTTER

And she's going to kill us if you
don't kill her first. Now, go!

Cutter PUSHES Puppet into battle with Batgirl, who retrieves
a BOLA WEAPON and launches it at him.

CRACK! Puppet topples over.

BATGIRL

I suggest you run. Don't try to
reclaim the city. Don't try to do
anything. Or I'll be back.

CUTTER

Your hands...

Batgirl looks at her hands, trembling with fear.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

They're shaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

With a chuckle, Cutter LUNGES, blades swinging. Batgirl flails, ducks and jumps back at every SWISH OF THE BLADE in fear of her own mortality. It cuts through her arm, slashes across her side, then Cutter PIERCES HER SHOULDER-

Batgirl collapses back, mask falling off to reveal a terrified Vicki, eyes glued to the blade in her shoulder.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

You're that reporter on TV.

VICKI

No-

Cutter RAISES HIS BLADE- THWACK! A bat-a-rang breaches it.

Cutter jolts around to find a red-haired, armored woman descending from a ZIP-LINE. She lands, cape whipping behind her. Rising to a stance, the RED BAT SYMBOL on her black bat-suit shimmers like a beacon. It's BATWOMAN.

CUTTER

And who the hell are you supposed to be, huh?

BATWOMAN

Take a wild guess.

Batwoman charges for Cutter, and expertly maneuvers through every single strike he throws her way. She disarms him, dislocates his arm, positions him to the ground, and holds him there. Cutter whimpers from the pain.

BATWOMAN (CONT'D)

This city is off limits. You want to start a criminal uprising, go somewhere else.

CUTTER

Okay, okay, okay, okay-

Batwoman SLAMS his head into the pavement. She finds Vicki.

VICKI

Thank you.

But Batwoman doesn't need it. Instead, she turns off, and fires a line, ASCENDING INTO DARKNESS.

OFF Vicki, leaning up off the ground in wonderment...

EXT. ARKHAM ASYLUM - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the eerie, state of the art asylum.

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A PSYCHIATRIST steps out of a cell, the door closing behind them. They immediately turn to find the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
How is she doing?

PSYCHIATRIST
She's violent. Her speech patterns are often unintelligible. It hasn't gotten any better since she was first admitted, but she's made some improvements.

DOCTOR
The hell do you think happened to her to make her so... damaged?

PSYCHIATRIST
With all due respect, you know her family name, Doctor. It comes with a lot of tragedy. And for lack of a better word, it's enough to drive anyone *crazy*.

DOCTOR
Right.

The Psychiatrist leaves, braving the hallway. The Doctor turns back, looking at the cell with empathy in his eyes.

A PLAQUE on the door reads: 'Helena Bertinelli.'

INT. ARKHAM ASYLUM, HELENA'S CELL - NIGHT

Deranged, and bound in a straight-jacket, a sweaty, dishevelled HELENA growls with an anger like nothing we've ever seen before. A beat, and she TWISTS AND TURNS in the jacket, ripping and jolting to break free with no success.

OFF the harrowing ROAR OF ANGER belting from her lungs...

MAXWELL LORD (PRELAP)
It's time.

INT. CHECKMATE, CELL - NIGHT

A door slides open, and shadows bend to form a familiar looking figure. Maxwell Lord. He's illuminated by a vibrant, glowing GREEN TINGE.

MAXWELL LORD
You've been in that cage for so long. What do you say we finally get your out of there, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FROM THE CAGE we see Lord, crouching down to their level...

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

Superman...

Weakened by the KRYPTONITE that emits from the cage's structure, a broken SUPERMAN stares back at Lord with saddened yet vengeful eyes.

OFF the widening smile from Lord...

WATCHTOWER

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. CHECKMATE, LABS - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A DOOR. It slides open with ease to reveal a surprised woman, NAOMI SINGH (32, black, curious eyes that hold a pool of knowledge). She's impressed with herself.

NAOMI
(under her breath)
Damn.

In her hand, she carries a tablet. She rushes forward, behind a large row of cabinets, and tiptoes to the very ends of this blue-lit room. She peers around the corner...

A large, open spaced room. SIX SCIENTISTS scattered around examine projects in glass capsules. BLUE-ROBOTIC machines are encased behind them. A logo underneath reads 'O.M.A.C.'

Naomi raises her tablet and SNAPS PHOTOGRAPHS- CLICK! She reels her tablet back in with a gasp.

The scientists dart their eyes around towards the noise...

Fear sets in on Naomi's face, and she realises she's busted.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Oh, this isn't going to be fun.

SCIENTIST
Alert security.

Running, Naomi hits keys on the touch-screen. She reaches the door where another scientist SWINGS A PUNCH-

Naomi ducks, rises and CRACKS HER TABLET ACROSS HIS JAW-

BLACK FILLS THE ROOM. A beat, and the doors in front of Naomi peel open and the EMERGENCY POWER activates: RED LIGHTS illuminate every object in the room.

NAOMI
That did the trick.

OFF Naomi, bolting through the open doors...

INT. CHECKMATE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A determined Naomi SPRINTS THROUGH THE HALLS-

Following at the end of the hall, a DUO OF GUARDS carrying guns appear. They charge on, into the distance...

INT. CHECKMATE, BACK LOT - NIGHT

A bare, innocuous back lot leading into an uphill exit from the building. Rushing through, Naomi braves the path towards her chance for escape. The guards follow in behind.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Bullets clap all around Naomi...

CHECKMATE GUARD
Shut the gates.

One of the guards rushes to an EMERGENCY BUTTON-- hits it-

A large door begins to slide down in front of Naomi, almost reaching the escape. She frisbees the tablet underneath the closing door, and SLIDES INTO FREEDOM-

EXT. CHECKMATE - NIGHT

Collecting the tablet, Naomi rises into safety. She runs further up, reaching solid ground when-

A GREEN FIGURE swoops in and pulls Naomi UP INTO THE SKIES-

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Naomi is thrown to the ground, and rolls out of a stronger man's hold. She latches onto her tablet, and JOLTS BACK-

The tablet frisbees towards the shadowed figure. He dodges.

Naomi rises, and races for the rooftop access door...

PFT! An arrow cuts past her and pierces the door she halts behind. Naomi turns, eyes widening in disbelief.

NAOMI
Green Arrow...?

Lowering his bow, GREEN ARROW steps out of the shadows, a charming smile stitched from ear to ear.

GREEN ARROW
Naomi Singh. Surprised to see me?

NAOMI
I frequent most-wanted lists more than I do my family home. Figured I'd be caught by someone eventually. I just wasn't expecting it to be you.

Green Arrow rips off his hood, takes off his black glasses, and steps into the light as OLIVER QUEEN. Naomi grows more and more curious...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

I'm not here to put you away.

NAOMI

Mr. Queen?

OLIVER

I need your help.

OFF the desperation behind Oliver's eyes...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPILOGUE