

# WATCHTOWER

4.03 | "Damaged"

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

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# WATCHTOWER

"Damaged"

## MAIN CAST

CHLOE SULLIVAN ..... Allison Mack  
BRUCE WAYNE / BATMAN ..... Christian Bale  
HELENA BERTINELLI / HUNTRESS ..... Kayla Ewell  
VICKI VALE ..... Yvonne Strahovski  
KATHERINE KANE ..... Deborah Ann Woll  
LANA LANG ..... Kristin Kreuk  
OLIVER QUEEN / GREEN ARROW ..... Justin Hartley  
MAXWELL LORD ..... Gil Bellows

## GUEST CAST

GUIDO BERTINELLI ..... Julian McMahon  
JIMMY WINNICK ..... Thomas Brodie Sangster  
LISA ANDREWS ..... Lizzy Caplan  
NAOMI SINGH ..... Megalyn Echikunwoke  
ZATANNA ..... Serinda Swan

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOW of a picket-fence enclosed suburban house, a quiet FAMILY OF FOUR surround a dinner table: a FATHER, MOTHER, SON and DAUGHTER.

Watching from afar, a SHADOWED FIGURE approaches the house...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

While the mother, ELOISE (42, curvaceous and caring) sets down a large ROAST DINNER in the center of the table, the kids race around the table in excitement.

ELOISE

Who knew they'd be so excited about my cooking...

Across the table, the father, RICHARD (48, business wear, balding), can't help but be amused.

RICHARD

Well, maybe that's because they've never suffered any form of food poisoning from *your* cooking.

ELOISE

Oh, shh!

Eloise whips a cloth at her husband.

DING. DONG. The doorbell rings. Richard immediately turns his head to the door that harbours a FEMININE SHADOW against the glass from the outside. Confused, he ventures forward...

A HAND clings to a doorknob, twists then pulls-

The door opens to find HELENA BERTINELLI. She doesn't seem too pleased with the man greeting her at the door.

HELENA

What are you doing in my house?

RICHARD

Excuse me?

Helena latches onto Richard.

HELENA

Who sent you?

Eloise rushes from the dining room table in dispute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELOISE

Richard!

RICHARD

I don't- don't know what you're talking about. What are you-

Helena withdraws a blade, and draws a line across the father's neck as he squirms under her impressive hold.

HELENA

If there's anything I hate more than a criminal, it's a liar.

RICHARD

Ah, ah, stop, stop, stop...

OVER HIS SHOULDER a scared Eloise serves as a shield for her two children who cry behind her. Helena hones in on the LITTLE GIRL who seems more affected than everyone else...

INSERT CUT: A YOUNG HELENA trips over a bloodied corpse on the floor, then turns to find a familiar face. She sobs.

Helena shifts, withdrawing from Richard.

HELENA

Get out.

Richard looks to his wife, who scurries over with the children and flees from the house. The door SLAMS behind them as Helena enters...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Hands glide across a stair case, as a reminiscent Helena makes slow, cautious steps towards a BARRICADED BASEMENT.

CRACK! Fists slam against the nailed in logs of timber that paint the wall. Helena viciously attacks it. Clawing, striking, pulling, scratching, heaves of desperate breathes as the wall starts to come down...

Broken chunks of rubble collapse to unearth a door. Helena spirals around, and KICKS THE DOOR DOWN-

INSIDE RESTS A SHRINE. THE HUNTRESS SUIT.

A large map of Gotham with pictures stuck across it paint a vendetta close to Helena's heart. She hones in on a particular picture...

HELENA

I will find justice for you, my dear parents...

(CONTINUED)

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3.

CONTINUED:

Helena withdraws a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: Headline reads 'SUPERMAN VS MYSTERY MAN IN BLACK MASK.' A photograph of a shadowed, hard-to-make-out image of THE BATMAN against a clear shot of SUPERMAN accompanies the headline.

CLOSE ON 'Black Mask,' underlined seven times.

HELENA (CONT'D)  
Starting with you.

OFF the determination written across Helena's face...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Dim-lit room. A desk separates a heated confrontation between CHLOE and MAXWELL LORD.

CHLOE

I don't know what your game plan is, exactly, but before you start making anymore moves, I think you should realise how many players I have on the board.

MAXWELL LORD

Ah, yes. I know how you spend your nights, Ms. Sullivan. In fact, I'm counting on that to bleed into how you spend your days.

Chloe can only offer him silence, ill prepared.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

We share a commonality, you see. We both admire the power of information and understand how information, in and of itself, is power. Being here... I'll soon know the ins and outs of every little thing and every important person in this city... whilst keeping an eye on you and your merry gang of wannabe superheroes.

Chloe ignites with revelation, and draws closer with a newfound glint in her eye. She remembers her own power.

CHLOE

It must sting, though. Doesn't it?  
(beat)  
No matter how close you get to me... no matter how hard you try... you cannot control me.

Lord convincingly hides the pain of that reality.

MAXWELL LORD

I see it as a greater opportunity to control those around you. Or have you already forgotten how it is I rose so quickly to the top of this paper without so much as a tremor of journalistic integrity?

OFF Chloe, remembering...

EXT. GOTHAM GAZETTE - NIGHT (LATER)

PUSHING OUT THROUGH THE DOORS, a determined Chloe braves the long stairs out into the city with a phone up to her ear.

CHLOE

Bruce, it's Chloe. I know we're not exactly on the same page right now - or sharing the same byline for that matter - but we share the same friends. And one of them just grew a huge target on their back from a certain Maxwell Lord. I'd appreciate you keeping a close eye on her until I figure out how to get rid of it. Vicki's life could depend on it, Bruce.

And Chloe disconnects the call, disappearing among the crowds of civilians that roam the streets...

INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

BRUCE, lowering his phone, turns to find VICKI.

VICKI

Everything okay?

BRUCE

Yeah. Everything's fine.

BZZ. Vicki's phone ignites in her hands. She answers it.

VICKI

Kahn? No, no. I'll be right there. I can't promise a welcome home sign, but I can certainly offer a hug.

(beat)

Okay, sorry. No hug. But I'm on my way. See you in a half hour.

The call disconnects. Vicki apologetically rushes to Bruce.

VICKI (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I got to go. It's-

BRUCE

Kahn. Yeah, I gathered. Let her know I said 'hi,' alright?

VICKI

Have you even *met* Kahn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

I believe we shared the same unique experience of being nearly beaten to death by *Dusan Al Ghul*.

VICKI

(with a laugh)

Right.

An awkward pause sits between them. Vicki breaks it with a hug that feels unwarranted. Suddenly more awkward, Vicki breaks it with a slight jab to Bruce's shoulder.

VICKI (CONT'D)

Stay out of harm's way, yeah?

BRUCE

Will do.

And Vicki makes a recovering exit.

Bruce returns to the bookshelf. He TUGS a book outward, and the SECRET PASSAGEWAY reveals itself...

INT. SAVIOUR FOUNDATION, GROUP ROOM - NIGHT

A dozen people seated in a circle. In one of the chairs sits LANA, dressed for business with a clipboard and a pen in her hand. She simply listens.

Among the group sits JIMMY, fidgeting with a 'Saviour Foundation' business card while the woman beside him, BRIDGET, continues to speak.

BRIDGET

I can still see it, you know? I can still see the wreckage buried on him like he was already...

(beat)

I'm sorry. I don't think I'm ready to talk about it yet.

LANA

That's fine, Bridget. Whether you're ready to talk or not, we're all still here for you.

BRIDGET

Thank you.

The woman beside Bridget rubs her shoulder for comfort.

LANA

Jimmy? Was there anything you wanted to talk about tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An insecure Jimmy scans the room. He watches, realising all eyes are on him. He starts twiddling the card faster between his fingers, unaware of his erratic behaviour.

LANA (CONT'D)

Hey. You're okay.

Jimmy's focus bends around Lana. Everything else blurs, as though she's the only one in the room. He stops fidgeting.

JIMMY

It's just... it's like two different worlds. And I'm watching them both play out. Both existing. The- the Jimmy that never lived it... the guy that would spend his day with his friends and his nights playing video games.

(with a laugh)

I guess I still do that, minus the friends, but then... there's the real Jimmy.

(eerie pause)

The guy that stood over his dead parents and wished it was just a dream. The guy that was driven out of the city and forced to join Military school in an effort to control his temper. The guy that was kicked out because he couldn't be controlled.

(more frantic)

The guy that can't sleep because the second he closes his eyes, the second he thinks it's all going to be okay, all he can see, all he can hear are his parents dying on the floor in front of him.

He drops the card. It creates an ECHOING BOOM in his head, and he snaps out of his trance. Returns to reality.

LANA

I think that'll be all for today.

OFF the insecurities returning to Jimmy's persona...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SAVIOUR FOUNDATION - NIGHT (LATER)

The group exit the building, but Jimmy remains outside in the cold breeze. He seems disappointed. An empathetic Lana arrives outside and finds him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

Hey. I know what goes on in those walls is supposed to stay inside those walls, but I'm really impressed with how much you opened up back there. I know it couldn't have been easy for you.

JIMMY

You know, huh?

Lana is taken aback by his hostility. She opens up.

LANA

When I was a little girl... I saw my parents die right in front of me. It was a meteor shower.

Suddenly, Jimmy is no longer distant. Connecting...

LANA (CONT'D)

People expect you to just grow up and get over it but the truth is you can't. Sure, it gets easier. But that's what happens with time. So I just want you to know that you can spend as much of that time here if that's what will help you.

JIMMY

You don't understand, Ms. Lang.

(struggling)

I blinked. Hush was right there, right in front of me, and I blinked. Then it's like I opened my eyes, and that's when I saw them. I also saw the gun in my hand aimed down at them... what was left of them.

His sadness transcends into anger.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You might be able to help me come to terms with the fact that my parents were savagely murdered, but no one short of a monster can help me live with the fact that I'm the one responsible for killing the two people I loved more than anyone in this world.

A car pulls up out the front. Jimmy's ride.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll see you next week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lana watches as Jimmy descends the steps, and exits into the black car parked out the front. As it drives off...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A rooftop overlooking the airport. BATMAN is perched on the very edge. A slight rustle behind him, and he JOLTS AROUND-

SWISH PAN to find HUNTRESS, aiming her crossbow at him.

BATMAN

(furious)

Where did you get that costume?

PFT! A bolt SMASHES against Batman's armor. He stumbles back in dispute, still feeling the hit. Huntress draws closer.

HUNTRESS

This ends tonight, Roman.

BATMAN

"Roman?"

Huntress drops her crossbow, and withdraws a DETACHABLE BO-STAFF that clicks into place as one long close-range weapon.

Batman skillfully dodges each swing of the staff, and blocks any closer attempt at knocking him down. He grips the end, and flicks the staff back- it CRACKS against Huntress' skull.

A bloodied Helena looks back, mask fallen beside her. Batman stumbles back in awe.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Helena?

Batman rips his mask off, a shocked Bruce staring down at her in complete disbelief...

BRUCE

You're alive...

HELENA

I'm the only one you left still breathing.

Turning, Helena withdraws a HANDGUN-

BANG! BANG! BANG! CLICK! Batman is thrown off the edge...

DESCENDING TO THE GROUND, Bruce fires a line that connects to the edge. It clicks into place, and he steadies from the fall, pace slowing as he continues to descend...

Rising from the ground, Helena rushes to the edge, and stares down into the darkness below. She CUTS the line-

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

CRACK! An unmasked Bruce hits the ground, and peers back up at the distant face staring down at him.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Helena, staring down, over the ledge, is TRIGGERED-

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Helena looks out at the drop from the rooftop. Beside her stands her father, GUIDO.

HELENA  
Will it hurt?

GUIDO  
No. Because I'll catch you.

HELENA  
I love you, D-

And Helena realises she's talking to the wind.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Helena stumbles back from the ledge, as if waking from a terrible dream.

Startled, she turns off and runs into the night...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - DAY

PEEL DOWN from the ceiling to find two opposing forces somehow sharing the same air. Chloe and Bruce. A few feet apart, they face a large monitor.

CHLOE

I can't believe it's really her.

ON THE MONITOR: freeze frame footage of Helena murdering guards at Arkham, the broken in house, police report signed by 'Richard and Eloise Clemons,' and other sightings...

BRUCE

You know, I kept looking for her when I woke up. I kept hoping I'd see her somewhere in the city. The last time we spoke... I just knew she'd given up. It's like someone got inside her head, and that's why I did it. That's why I put the Lazarus Serum in her drink...

CHLOE

Wait, wait, wait. Slow down.

Chloe turns from the computer to face Bruce.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You knew Helena was going to kill herself and you didn't tell anyone?

BRUCE

Judge me all you want but I had a city to save. And despite the priorities I decided to make that you clearly disagree with, I managed to save both.

CHLOE

Except from the sounds of it, Helena is far from saved.

BRUCE

The Lazarus Pit can resurrect the dead but it's not a guarantee that people will come back the same. I took that chance with you because I knew if it had come to it I was strong enough to put you back in the ground, but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

What are you saying?

BRUCE

Helena was broken. Damaged. And I think some of the pieces were lost in bringing her back from the dead.

An annoyed Chloe withdraws from Bruce, shaking her head and circling around in a state of disbelief.

CHLOE

This isn't happening...

BRUCE

Chloe...

Chloe returns to Bruce, a fire in her eyes.

CHLOE

No. No, I am not having this exact same conversation with you again.

BRUCE

There is no saving her. There is no restoring what was lost.

(beat)

The Helena we knew is gone.

CHLOE

And you want to *what*? "Put her down?"

BRUCE

(exploding)

I didn't want her to die.

Shook to his core, Bruce takes a pause to calm himself...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Damn it, Chloe. Don't you get it? I did what I thought was the right thing to do and now I have to pay the consequences for it. I have to fix it. Because all of this is on me. It is my responsibility.

CHLOE

Except she's not just some problem to be solved. And *this* time you can't hide behind an excuse of an alien to justify what you're willing to do.

BRUCE

You're right. She's not an alien.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

She's a monster. A monster I  
created and let loose on this city.

Bruce, a victim of revelation, turns to leave.

CHLOE

Where are you going?

Bruce stops in his tracks, then returns to Chloe. He's a  
little more sympathetic than usual.

BRUCE

Look, I thought you deserved the  
right to know what was going on  
because she was your best friend  
but that doesn't change what has to  
happen tonight.

CHLOE

Actually it does.

(beat)

Zatanna!

Purple mist forms to create ZATANNA behind a furious Chloe,  
who immediately turns to greet her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

That's not really Bruce.

BRUCE

What?

ZATANNA

(spell)

Yawa.

Transparent forces launch Bruce against the wall, and he  
crashes against it. He collapses on the ground, unconscious.

CHLOE

I can't believe that actually  
worked...

ZATANNA

You called?

OFF Chloe, facing Zatanna with a widening grin...

VICKI (PRELAP)

It's so nice to see you.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Vicki and KAHN brave the airport, side by side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

I was starting to think Perry convinced you to stay in Metropolis.

KAHN

Almost.

(beat)

Perry, however, sleeps a lot easier knowing I'm in Gotham and can keep a close eye on the *other* important woman of his life. Speaking of which, did you extend the offer to recruit Chloe for the paper or are you still beating around that particular bush?

VICKI

Offer has been made. Position has been filled.

KAHN

That was easier than I thought.

VICKI

I think having her daughter back in her life and coming out of the threat of permanent imprisonment has given her a new perspective.

KAHN

Good. Now we just need that perspective to bend around the idea of getting along with others.

VICKI

I'm not quite ready to drop that bombshell on her yet.

KAHN

You're the Editor-in-Chief. You have to learn how and when to make the tough calls.

VICKI

Except I'm not the Editor-in-Chief anymore. There's a new guy.

KAHN

Excuse me?

OFF the disbelief, and soon-to-be-rage on Kahn's face...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

The door flies open and a furious Kahn charges in.

KAHN

I don't know who the hell you think  
you are but you cannot just charge  
in here like you own the place and  
kick my co-worker out of a job.

Turning around in his chair, Maxwell Lord greets Kahn with his charming smile. He's impressed by the power she exudes.

MAXWELL LORD

Ah. You must be Pauline Kahn.

KAHN

Right now I'm the woman who's going  
to drag your sorry ass out of my  
office and over to the Metropolis  
Inquisitor where phoney, ill-  
equipped men such as yourself can  
live their dreams of being a  
reporter. Now scram.

MAXWELL LORD

Oh, I'm terribly sorry. You must  
have no idea who I am...

Maxwell offers his hand to Kahn.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

Allow me to introduce myself...

OFF Kahn, eyes glued to the hand in front of her...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Stood in an elevator, NAOMI holds a phone to her ear with one hand and carries a folder close to her chest with the other.

NAOMI

The man saved my life, Dinah. I'm  
not just going to walk out on him  
via text message. And I can't  
exactly leave empty handed either.

(beat)

No, no. This is the last drop,  
then I'm gone. I promise.

DING! The elevator doors part, welcoming us to...

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT - NIGHT

Stepping into the spacious, green-tinted, modern apartment, Naomi is immediately overwhelmed at the beauty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI

I'll call you back...

From the second floor rise, OLIVER jolts up from his desk.

OLIVER

Naomi. Glad you found the place.

He scales down the stairs to greet Naomi, who buries her phone in her jacket pockets.

NAOMI

Just looked for the building that screamed *stupidly* rich and voilà, Naomi Singh is in the building.

OLIVER

Did you get what I asked for?

Naomi hands over the folder.

NAOMI

This is all I could find on the illusive Chloe Sullivan and her past. You should know her records weren't exactly *normal*.

OLIVER

What do you mean?

NAOMI

It's like they've been flushed and restored then flushed and restored. The kind of process someone with a past of trying to stay hidden would go through. That or she's the most paranoid person in existence.

OLIVER

For a woman accused of being the cyber-city vigilante known as 'Watchtower,' I can only assume that'd be the case.

(beat)

Thank you.

Oliver turns to retreat, an act Naomi can't mirror.

NAOMI

Oliver?

Oliver darts back in confusion.

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI (CONT'D)

This whole arrangement of me stalking some cute blonde and you thanking me for performing all kinds of illegal activities has been - for the most part - really fun. But I kind of want out.

OLIVER

What's wrong? Did something happen? Are you okay?

NAOMI

No. No, I'm fine. It's just...  
(long pause)  
You've seen what happened to this woman on the news. She almost got put in prison. Falling into the same rabbit hole when I know what awaits me at the bottom seems stupid if not *childish*. It made sense when I was taking on evil incorporated but digging up people's personal files...?

OLIVER

I know it seems invasive. And I know I haven't explained why it's important but it is important.

(beat)

I need you, Naomi.

NAOMI

There are a lot of hackers out there, Mr. Queen. We are not a dying breed. I just can't be your go-to-girl on this anymore. I'm sorry. Besides, kind of hit a roadblock anyway. Maybe what's left in that file will steer you in the right direction.

Naomi nudges Oliver on the shoulder and offers a smile.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

See you around.

Upon her exit, Oliver returns to the folder. The pages drop, and scatter against the floor. Crouching down, he gathers them together -- a SINGLE SHEET exposed.

The file holds an image of a FAMILY TREE, descending from a Gabe and Moira, to Chloe Sullivan, and then 'Lana Lang.'

A curious Oliver stares blankly at the sheet of paper...

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - DAY

Chloe rises from a bound Bruce, and turns to face Zatanna who examines the environment surrounding her.

ZATANNA

It's easy to believe that once you're broken, it's impossible to put the pieces back together. But I've come to realise the word "impossible" is used by those who are too weak to overcome the obstacles standing in their way.

CHLOE

Last time we spoke, you barely knew me as much as you barely knew yourself. Am I right in assuming you've got your memories back?

ZATANNA

No. It's gone. All of it.

Chloe sinks in disappointment.

ZATANNA (CONT'D)

However, these last few months I've been on a journey of what I can only describe as 'rediscovery.'

(beat)

Through the practice of my magic, and getting in touch with my own "spirituality," I guess you could say I found myself again. And while the specifics are hazy - at best - I know who I am in my soul.

CHLOE

You have no idea how happy I am to hear that. What Hush did to you...

ZATANNA

It's a thing of the past, Chloe. I think it's best we leave it there.

CHLOE

Right.

(beat)

You've probably already sensed that something's not quite right here.

ZATANNA

But I can also trust that knocking Bruce out was the right decision to make. I'm just a little confused on the why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

My friend. Helena. She died.  
Bruce knew she was going to kill  
herself so he spiked her drink with  
waters from the Lazarus Pit. From  
what I can gather... she's reliving  
a vendetta that's been long since  
fulfilled. And she's killing.  
She's killing innocent people  
because she thinks they're  
responsible for killing her family.

Chloe draws Zatanna's attention to the monitor-

ON THE MONITOR: SECURITY FOOTAGE plays of Helena, gun aimed  
at a SECURITY GUARD.

HELENA

I thought I already told you,  
*Mandragora*.

GUARD

Who?

HELENA

No cage can hold me.

Helena aims the gun for the Guard's head.

GUARD

No, no, no, no, no...

OFF THE BANG-

Chloe returns to Zatanna, deep pain in her eyes.

ZATANNA

Who is this *Mandragora*?

CHLOE

*Mandragora* was the name of a man  
who ordered a hit out on Helena's  
family. She went after him in the  
early days of her crusade, and he  
held her prisoner... in a cage for  
seventy-two hours like she was some  
sort of wild animal.

(beat)

Luckily for Helena, she knows how  
to get out of a tight spot.  
Unfortunately for *Mandragora*, she  
has impeccable aim.

ZATANNA

My god.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Now that she thinks she's killed  
the man who ordered the hit, it's  
only a matter of time before she  
goes after the man who actually  
aimed the gun.

(beat)

Roman Sionis aka Black Mask.

ZATANNA

She could mistake him for anyone  
who crosses her path.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Not just anyone.

Chloe and Zatanna turn their attention to Bruce, waking up  
under the tight ropes that bind him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

She thinks Black Mask is Batman.

(beat)

Helena is trying to kill me.

An echoing GUNSHOT echoes through the room.

CHLOE

Oh no.

Chloe rushes to the computer. A few clicks of the keys and  
the monitor fills with SECURITY FOOTAGE.

ON THE MONITOR: Huntress stands over a dead security guard.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

She's here...

OFF the obvious shock painting Chloe's face...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HALLWAY - DAY

Elevator doors open and Vicki enters with a look of confusion as she makes her way down the long hallway in approach of a transparent door with an 'Editor-in-Chief' sign on it.

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Vicki jolts back, upon entry.

VICKI

Oh my god.

Behind the desk, Maxwell Lord stands beside a teary-eyed Kahn who carries a pair of scissors she has held against her throat. Clearly compelled.

MAXWELL LORD

Ah. Ms. Vale. You know, it took you an awful long time to get here... I almost got bored.

KAHN

Make him... st- stop.

VICKI

What the hell are you doing?

MAXWELL LORD

Sending you a message.

(to Kahn)

*Do as I said.*

Kahn tenses, her hand shifting, when-

VICKI

No, no, no. Stop. Please.

MAXWELL LORD

(to Kahn)

*Nah, uh, ah...*

Kahn stops. Her eyes scream terrified, her body disagrees.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

I was quite familiar with your friend's line of work but I had no idea that the *former* Editor-in-Chiefs were in cahoots with the city's eyes in the sky. That was until your friend here... spilled some *delicious* beans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

What do you want?

MAXWELL LORD

You know, I often forget who I've compelled and who I haven't, and I'm not really interested in having this conversation with you again, so here's the quick notes: Me, "big plans." You and yours, *in my way*. And while some of you are actually quite resourceful, others - such as Ms. Kahn over here - simply aren't.

(beat)

But they make for excellent puppets.

VICKI

Please don't hurt her.

MAXWELL LORD

Oh, I'm not going to hurt her.

(beat)

This is just the same old story of an older woman who was terminated from employment, and - in her inevitable sadness - she simply snapped and took her own life.

Lord latches onto Kahn and a BLUE LIGHT tremors against her. Kahn's eyes glow to match the same colour...

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

*Show us where Hush's men hurt you.*

Compelled, Kahn hesitantly lifts her shirt to reveal a *healed* but very noticeable SCAR on her abdomen.

VICKI

Kahn?

MAXWELL LORD

*Now open it up.*

SHKT! The blade of the scissors opens up the wound, and Kahn fumbles over, onto the desk in a bloodied heap.

VICKI

No.

Vicki rushes to Kahn's aid. Lord latches onto her, and drives her against the window. His hands GLOW A DEEP BLUE.

MAXWELL LORD

*Tell me where-*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lord stumbles back, weakened. Blood trickles down from his nose. Vicki CRACKS her skull against his nose, and as a distracted Lord staggers back...

Vicki SCOOPS the plaque from the desk and SMASHES it against a bloodied Lord. He collapses over, unconscious.

Collecting Kahn, Vicki supports her off the desk...

VICKI

You better stay with me. I don't have a man made of clay to help drag you out of this office.

A slight chuckle, and Kahn just nods. Leaning on Vicki, the two make their move for the exit...

HUNTRESS (PRELAP)

Nobody move.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, LOBBY - DAY

A sweaty, animalistic Huntress pivots around a room full of hostages and dead security guards with a gun aimed to kill.

HUNTRESS

Every single one of you deserve to die for working with a monster.

The gun swerves to meet a whimpering man, hands raised.

WHIMPERING MAN

Please. Please, I have a family.

Huntress lowers her weapon. Closes in on the man.

HUNTRESS

You have a family, huh?

(beat)

How does it feel knowing that your source of income to support your *family* comes out of your boss slaughtering mine?

WHIMPERING MAN

I don't-

OFF THE BANG-

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - DAY

Chloe looks away from the monitor, feeling every moment of pain that was on screen. Zatanna comforts her.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Damn it, Chloe. Let me out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind them, Bruce struggles under ropes. Bound.

CHLOE

You're asking me to approve of you  
killing my *best friend*.

BRUCE

Look how many people she has  
*murdered*. You can't just stand  
there and keep watching. This  
isn't a problem that you can solve.

ZATANNA

Perhaps you're right.

Chloe darts her confusion towards Zatanna.

CHLOE

I'm not untying him.

ZATANNA

You don't have to.

Zatanna fades into an outline of purple mist that, along with  
her physical form, dissipates from sight.

Chloe and Bruce are left alone, eyes glued to one another.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, LOBBY - DAY

Huntress turns from the body under her feet, and circles the  
gun around the other hostages. The room fills with whimpers,  
scared hums of hesitant breaths, and obvious fear.

HUNTRESS

I don't want to spend the next few  
hours getting lost in this  
building, so if I could get a  
volunteer kind enough to point me  
in the right direction, then that  
would be swell.

ZATANNA (O.S.)

(spell)

*Ezeerf.*

The hostages are FROZEN IN TIME.

Noticing, Huntress jolts around to find Zatanna, emerging  
from transparency. She steadies her aim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNTRESS

Zatanna? You know I'll cut you the benefit of the doubt here, but if you really want to get between me and the bullet Sionis deserves, then I will not hesitate to pull the trigger. Twice.

ZATANNA

Ah, you remember me. Funny, I don't remember you.  
(spell)  
*Pord eht nug.*

Purple mist wraps around Huntress' hand, and she drops the gun. Zatanna GRIPS her outstretched arm, and the two FADE THROUGH PURPLE SPARKS-

The hostages unfreeze. Confused eyes dart around the room.

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - DAY

OUT OF PURPLE MIST, Huntress pulls her arm free of Zatanna, and turns to find Bruce, bound against the desk. He immediately shifts, terrified.

HUNTRESS

You.

Huntress FLICKS a switch-blade forward-

CHLOE

No!

Diving, Chloe takes the hit. The blade sticks into her arm, and she hits the ground with a grunt.

ZATANNA

Helena, stop.

Zatanna, clinging to Huntress, pulls her enemy around only to meet with her fist- CRACK! Zatanna collapses.

Chloe rips the blade out, and rushes into Huntress. She latches on, and the two shake back and forth. Huntress gets in a hit, then swings again. Chloe ducks, prepared.

CHLOE

Don't fall for the same move twice.

HUNTRESS

Hmm. Blonde, yet not so stupid.

Chloe SLAMS Huntress against the wall, pinning her.

CHLOE

It's me. It's Chloe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNTRESS

I don't care.

CRACK! Chloe hits the ground.

Determined, Huntress withdraws a small blade from her boot, and heads for Bruce.

BRUCE

No. No, no. You don't want to do this, Helena. I'm not who you think I am. I'm not Roman.

HUNTRESS

Should have known your last words would be lies.

Huntress pulls back the blade-

ZATANNA

(spell)

*Llaf otni a peed rebmuls.*

Purple energy cloaks Huntress. She drops the blade, and immediately CLAPS against the ground, unconscious.

OFF the broken heroes sprawled across the floor...

KAHN (PRELAP)

I can't believe this is happening.

INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, KAHN'S ROOM - DAY

Kahn sits up in her bed, a whiter shade of pale. At her bedside sits an empathetic Vicki, stricken by guilt.

KAHN

One hour back in Gotham and I'm in the same damn spot I was in three months ago.

VICKI

I'm so sorry. If I had known- if I had remembered who he was and what he could do I would have done something. I would have kept you away. Kept you safe.

KAHN

"Done something?" Vicki, he told me to take the blade from a pair of scissors and cut open wounds that had only just fully healed. And I couldn't stop myself. I couldn't put it down. I couldn't...

(beat)

Aren't you scared?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

Of course I'm scared. But I have to believe that... just like The Joker, and just like Clayface and Hush... that we can stop him.

Kahn pulls away, unfit to share the same mentality. Broken.

KAHN

(crumbling)

I can't do this, Vicki. I can't live every day of my life thinking it might be the last. I'm not built that way. I'm not... you. I'm not your friends. I can't rebuild just to break again.

VICKI

What does that mean?

KAHN

I asked the doctor if I could be transferred to a ward over in Metropolis. And I don't think I'll be coming back this time.

VICKI

No, you don't have to leave. He's the one that doesn't belong in that office. Alright, you do. We do.

KAHN

I've been lucky twice, Vicki. I've survived twice. I'm not going to wait around to see if third time's the charm. I'm sorry.

Defeated, Vicki forces a nod of acknowledgement, then looks to Kahn, knowing this is out of her control.

VICKI

If it makes you happy... you have nothing to apologise for.

Vicki extends her hand to Kahn's, comforting...

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - DAY

Chloe unties Bruce from his ropes.

CHLOE

I know you're going to hate me for this, but if sacrificing our friendship is the only way to save two lives that mean the world to me, then I'm not going to apologise to you for it.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce pulls from her, a little heated.

BRUCE  
Didn't expect you to.

CHLOE  
Good.

Chloe returns to Zatanna, flipping through what appears to be large 'spell-book' with an unconscious Helena, unmasked on the floor by her feet.

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
Found anything?

ZATANNA  
There is a spell that could work  
but it won't be easy. For her.

CHLOE  
Will she be herself again?

Zatanna closes the book, and faces Chloe. Serious.

ZATANNA  
I'm afraid I can't make any  
promises. But I need you to be  
strong for her. This spell... it  
will offer her what will feel like  
an eternity of torture. Fixing the  
mind... fixing the soul... it is  
not done with ease.

CHLOE  
How long will it take?

ZATANNA  
About five seconds.

Zatanna's hands LATCH onto the sides of Helena's face; a purple glow BURNING the both of them. Helena's eyes jolt open. OFF her building howl of agony...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

An unconscious Helena separates Chloe, Bruce and Zatanna.

CHLOE

I thought you said 'five seconds.'

ZATANNA

To open the portal that Helena must walk through, yes. How much of her past life is recovered... well, that's up to her.

BRUCE

Past life?

ZATANNA

The waters from the Lazarus Pit are to sustain life, not resurrect it. And while it definitely walks that line, it's not without its faults and flaws. There's a chance the Helena you knew may not be the Helena that wakes up.

CHLOE

No.

Chloe drops to Helena's aid, and holds her hand.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Helena's the strongest person I've ever known. She can do this.

OFF Chloe's hand tightening its grip of Helena's...

CUT TO:

Helena, stood in an ABYSS, examines the blank atmosphere.

Like broken pieces of a puzzle, fractured images pass through her, painting a CUBE OF MEMORIES that surrounds her. The echo of a newborn BABY CRYING fills the air, followed by the cries of a young Helena, discovering her dead family.

While the cracked cube around her slots in memory after memory, Helena fills with a beautiful white light, illuminated, until -- she BUZZES. FLICKERING.

Helena's reflection fades against the image of her stood in a forest, facing a woman who aims a gun to her own head.

(CONTINUED)

HELENA

No.

Helena turns, into...

EXT. ISLAND PRISON - DAY

The serene beauty of a backdrop forest paints the reunion of a bewildered Helena and a radiant LISA.

LISA

Hello, Helena.

OFF the confusion worn on Helena's face...

INT. SAVIOUR FOUNDATION, GROUP ROOM - NIGHT

Lana, stood at a desk, collects papers into a folder. At the sound of a slight knock, she turns to find OLIVER, a smile stitched from ear to ear.

OLIVER

Lana Lang. It's been too long.

LANA

Of all the brains I could pick at a job like this, yours would definitely be the most interesting.

OLIVER

Very funny. But I'm not actually here to explore my deep rooted abandonment issues and fears of dying alone. I just caught your name on the news and wanted to see if it was really you. I couldn't believe one of the few people who managed to escape the dark and gloomy world of *Smallville* traded it in for a one stop shop at crime rate Gotham City.

LANA

Stockholm syndrome, I guess.

OLIVER

More of a 'hero complex.'

Lana grows suspicious.

LANA

What's going on here, Oliver?

OLIVER

The other night, I was approached by a mutual friend. If I can call her that...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (CONT'D)

She siphoned two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of my bank account and when I finally got the money back, I was somehow even more confused than before.

LANA

I'm sorry. I don't know what you're talking about.

OLIVER

Chloe Sullivan.

(beat)

I did some digging. And the two of you seem to have quite a history together. I was hoping you could enlighten me a little.

LANA

I don't know what to tell you, Oliver. Chloe and I lost touch years ago.

OLIVER

Is that right?

LANA

Yeah. Turns out life after high school doesn't offer the same schedule to maintain BFF status with your fellow peers.

OLIVER

Really? Cause I could have sworn I saw a Sullivan family tree with *your* name written on it.

(beat)

She considered you her sister.

LANA

Does your fiance know about this obsession you seem to be growing for another woman?

A slight chuckle from Oliver, and he proceeds closer.

OLIVER

As a former *Luthor* and ex-girlfriend of a certain boy scout Kent, I know you've developed a skill for keeping things hidden when you want to.

LANA

Then you should also know that if I'm keeping any secrets, it's for a good reason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A solid checkmate. Oliver's suave collapses, more serious.

OLIVER

I'm scared, Lana. There's something about her that I can't shake. And I can't move on until I know why.

(beat)

If you know something that I don't... then, *please*. As my friend. Tell me.

Torn, Lana struggles to form words. Suddenly, a line of blood slips from her left nostril. Lana's eyes guide towards her trembling hands, and she returns to Oliver, confused.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Lana?

Stumbling over, Lana falls into the arms of Oliver, who slowly lowers her to the ground.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(exploding)

Lana?!

OFF the silence...

LISA (PRELAP)

It's okay. You're okay.

EXT. ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT

Helena and Lisa stand, face to face, reunited.

HELENA

Nothing about this is okay.

LISA

What was I supposed to do? Let us both die? Or shoot you instead?

Helena pulls back, disgusted.

HELENA

Stop it.

(long pause)

You should have waited. You should have had more faith that we were- that we would be saved. That this wasn't how it was supposed to end.

LISA

I couldn't have known. All I knew was that I had to save you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELENA

I didn't ask you to save me.

LISA

You never do. But that was my choice to make.

HELENA

And this is mine.

LISA

No. I know you. I know you better than almost anyone.

Lisa draws closer to Helena, hands reaching for her.

LISA (CONT'D)

You're not like me. You don't give up. You fight. You *always* fight.

HELENA

I was fighting for you...

Lisa's hands cup Helena's face, and she eases into the touch.

LISA

When are you going to learn to start fighting for *yourself*?

Helena sinks with revelation, then withdraws.

LISA (CONT'D)

You can do this, Helena. One step at a time...

Closing her eyes, Helena takes in a deep breath of acceptance. A bright light hits her.

OFF THE BANG-

CUT TO:

The grueling image of a bloodied Lisa, sprawled across the dirt, PASSES THROUGH a mortified Helena, then fills a blank space in the CUBE OF MEMORIES surrounding her.

Turning, Helena confronts the images of herself, possessed, while gunning down security guards. She looks away...

Off harrowing screams, filling the air...

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, WEAPONS DIVISION - NIGHT

Screams continue from Helena, jolting off the floor and breathing in with new life. Examining the room, she finds a shocked Chloe, with Bruce and Zatanna huddled behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Helena?

Silence. Helena observes the room as if for the first time.

HELENA

I killed them. I killed...

Chloe steps forward, reaching for her but Helena withdraws.

HELENA (CONT'D)

No. No, no. I'm not... not-

With the images of all the murdered innocent people clouding her mind, Helena trembles with guilt, and rushes for the elevator. Chloe steps out to follow.

ZATANNA

Let her be.

CHLOE

Zatanna, she could be-

ZATANNA

It's her. It's Helena.

OFF the mixed emotions weighing on Chloe...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

BANG! The door slams behind Helena, as she steps out onto the rooftop, facing the choices that brought her here. Lisa.

LISA

What are you doing, Helena?

HELENA

I need to be alone. I need a second. I need to... breathe.

LISA

I know what you're thinking. And you should know it would be a mistake. Another mistake.

HELENA

I thought I could do this. But that was before I knew what I had done. I killed people. I killed-

LISA

It wasn't you. You weren't in control. This isn't your-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELENA  
(exploding)  
Get out of my head!

Like an explosion, Helena erupts -- turning to find herself alone on the rooftop. A moment of uninterrupted silence.

The door creaks open, and a desperate Chloe appears.

A gasp, and Helena is reminded of hope. She is reminded of second chances. A shot at redemption.

Chloe remains still, almost hesitating to make any sudden movements. Her heart is breaking, and each crack is visible across her pained expression. Tears build in her eyes.

CHLOE  
Please don't go.

Helena crumbles to pieces, overwhelmed. And Chloe runs in to comfort her. The two are finally reunited.

INT. GOTHAM GAZETTE, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Tidying his office desk, Maxwell Lord halts at the sound of three knocks at the door. He spots Vicki on the other side, and gestures for her to enter.

MAXWELL LORD  
For someone who has worked so hard to obtain the job of their dreams, I find it quite the misstep to attack their boss.

VICKI  
That's why I'm here.

MAXWELL LORD  
Come to grovel?

VICKI  
Hardly.

Vicki hands over a piece of paper. As Maxwell goes to reach for it, she quickly withdraws her free hand.

Noticing her fear, Maxwell can't help but smile.

MAXWELL LORD  
And what is this?

VICKI  
My letter of resignation.  
(beat)  
Figured you needed at least two weeks notice, so this is it.

(CONTINUED)

MAXWELL LORD

You're a brave woman, Ms. Vale. Do you really think I'd let someone with as much knowledge as you've obtained on the Watchtower just walk free from my sights?

VICKI

Professionally, yes. You're legally obligated to. But I'm sure it won't be the last time our paths will cross.

MAXWELL LORD

I can assure you it won't be.

A stalemate forms between the two. And Vicki leaves.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT, HOPE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sat in bed beside a tired two-year old Hope, Chloe finishes the last page of a book. Hope slowly doses off.

CHLOE

(reading)

*"And even though no one else could see him, she knew he was always there. The end."*

A warm smile, and Chloe withdraws from the bed.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Goodnight, sweetie.

Leaving the book on the counter, Chloe moves for the exit...

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Closing the door behind her, Chloe enters the living room to find Zatanna, stood dead center of the room. A small jolt of surprise, and Chloe eases into relief.

CHLOE

With all the jump-scares I've had from you and yours over the years, it's a wonder I haven't doubled over from a sudden cardiac arrest.

ZATANNA

I didn't mean to scare you.

CHLOE

It's fine. So is Helena in the clear now, or is this a *"first-treatment free with six more sessions to go"* kind of thing?

ZATANNA

My spell allowed Helena to pick up the broken pieces of her memory and put them back together. Unlike my spell to forget, the Lazarus Pit offers a more wholesome recovery.

CHLOE

Will she be okay? That's all I want to know.

ZATANNA

I can't answer that, Chloe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence creates a vast difference between them. Zatanna knows more than she's letting on.

ZATANNA (CONT'D)

My magic allows me to do remarkable things, but it also offers a sense of what's to come.

CHLOE

The future.

ZATANNA

Death is on its way. And this time... what is done cannot be undone.

CHLOE

I won't let that happen.

ZATANNA

Some things are just written in stone. They cannot be stopped. They cannot be changed.

CHLOE

Except me.

(beat)

You and I both know that I was meant to die on that rooftop but I didn't. I was brought back. I have the power to rewrite fate.

ZATANNA

Maybe.

(long pause)

But there will come a day where you'll realise you're more shackled by fate than the rest of us.

Confusion builds across Chloe's face, pondering the future.

ZATANNA (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Chloe.

Disappearing in purple energy, Zatanna fades into oblivion.

OFF Chloe, abandoned in her own apartment and sinking in with questions of what's to come...

INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, LANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver pushes through the door to arrive at the foot of the hospital bed where an ill Lana recovers. A large green vein paints up from her neck and across her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

You are causing quite the questionnaire for these doctors who can't seem to A, penetrate your skin, or B, figure out what the colour green around your X-rays seems to be.

LANA

Oliver?

OLIVER

I brought in one of the best to help find some results in the most discrete manner possible.

LANA

Do you know what's happening to me?

OLIVER

You want the long version or the short version?

LANA

I just want the truth.

OLIVER

You're dying, Lana.

(beat)

The suit... it's like it was built with a maximum capacity of Kryptonite you could absorb and you've abused its limits to a point where it's poisoning you. And it's going to eat you alive.

LANA

How much time do I have?

OLIVER

That's not an answer I have for you. I'm sorry.

Lana sinks with despair, until a chuckle escapes her.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Okay. I wasn't expecting that...

LANA

It's just funny, isn't it? The second I take up a job to help survivors, I'm... suddenly on death's door.

Oliver see's through her disguised pain.

OLIVER

I won't let you die, Lana. I may not be able to save you myself but I sure as hell am capable of reeling in the best damn resources at my disposal to keep you alive.

A moment of hope, then Lana's true feelings bleed through: she's not so sure this time.

BRUCE (PRELAP)

You took a bullet for me today.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Bruce sits at his desk, back turned, facing his own reflection in the window. He holds a phone to his ear.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Technically it was a knife.

BRUCE

Still. Thank you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: CHLOE AND BRUCE ON THE PHONE

CHLOE

Was that a genuine apology I heard or a quick way to dismiss me?

BRUCE

You're right. Ever since I woke up, I've been... damaged.  
(beat)  
More damaged.

A shared laugh breaks the tension.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Hush wasn't the one who put me in that coma, Chloe. It was Gordon. And as much as I want to hate him for it I can't blame him. I ruined his life. His daughter's life.

CHLOE

And you think by keeping some level of friendship with me it's going to, what? End the same way?

BRUCE

No. It's just... truly depending on someone in the ways that I've depended on you and Gordon... it felt like doing things on my own was the safest option.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

'Was' meaning past tense. Does that mean you're ready to come back and play on Team Watchtower?

BRUCE

No.

The hope drains from Chloe's expression, taken aback.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I want to work harder at being there for you, and now Helena, and... Vicki.

(beat)

But I don't want to depend on anyone other than myself to protect this city. And I need to learn how to do things on my own without you or anyone else to hold my hand.

CHLOE

Well it's been a privilege holding your hand, Bruce.

BRUCE

You're making fun of me.

CHLOE

Me? *Never.*

The two share another laugh, back on good terms. Finally.

VICKI (PRELAP)

I've missed you.

INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, KAHN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stood by Kahn's bedside, Vicki grows emotional at the thought of saying goodbye.

VICKI

I know you're not one for touchy-feely moments but this feels appropriate given the circumstance.

KAHN

Don't get all sloppy on me now, kid. I won't be too far away.

VICKI

Hopefully the next time won't involve balding men and poor choice of clothes.

KAHN

So Perry won't be invited then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They share a laugh before things grow serious.

KAHN (CONT'D)

I know you'll stop him. Whatever he has planned for your friends or this city... you'll beat him.

VICKI

Yeah, well I'm going to have to do it somewhere other than the bullpen.

KAHN

What do you mean?

VICKI

I quit.

KAHN

Vicki...

VICKI

Last year I lost the love of my life because I thought I was invincible. I'm not risking it by playing chess with the big bad wolf one more time. If I want any part in taking him down, it'll have to be from the outside.

KAHN

As "outside" as Metropolis...?

VICKI

(realising)

Aw, you're going to miss me.

Vicki leans in for a hug and the two embrace. Kahn acts rather hesitant, before she eases in. A fitting farewell.

HELENA (PRELAP)

I will never forget you.

EXT. GRAVE YARD - NIGHT

Fingertips paint thick block letters engraved on a headstone that read 'Lisa Andrews.' Withdrawing from the grave, a teary-eyed Helena rises to a stance. Zatanna lurks in the BG.

ZATANNA

I can assure any memory problems from here on out are either a result of a serious head injury or the benefits of growing old.

Helena turns to meet Zatanna.

(CONTINUED)

HELENA

Thank you.

ZATANNA

Do you really mean that?

HELENA

I don't know.

(long pause)

I didn't trip forty stories to my death. I jumped. Because I didn't want to feel what I had been made to feel. Not again.

ZATANNA

We all have to live by the choices we make, Helena. You've been given an opportunity to see if you'd do anything differently. So before you think about stepping over any more ledges... I want you to think long and hard about anything you'd do differently, then do it.

HELENA

It's not that easy.

ZATANNA

I never said it was easy. But nothing truly worth doing ever is.

Helena looks back to the headstone, and realises that no matter how things ended, it was all worth it, and so is giving life a second try. She smiles with possibility.

HELENA

Thank you.

But Zatanna is gone.

OFF Helena, alone in the grave yard with newfound hope...

# WATCHTOWER

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM GENERAL - NIGHT

Exiting the hospital, Vicki scales a series of steps with a phone to her ear.

VICKI

Hey, Chloe. It's me. I know it's late, but I haven't really had an opportunity to call until now.

(beat)

Kahn and I offered you a job at the Gazette not just because you've always been a good reporter but because we wanted to keep an eye on you - to keep you safe. I know that's funny coming from me, but the point is... it's not safe there anymore. I've handed in my resignation and I just hope you can get out of there too. Please call me back when you can...

Vicki disconnects the call.

EXT. GOTHAM GENERAL, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Heels clap against the ground, paving the path Vicki makes towards her parked car. It BEEPS, unlocking. She immediately notices a figure reflecting in the windscreen.

BATWOMAN (O.S.)

Victoria Vale.

Astonished, Vicki slowly turns to find BATWOMAN.

VICKI

You know, I was hoping for an exclusive after you saved my life. Seems you found me first.

BATWOMAN

Maxwell Lord sends his regards.

VICKI

What?

Batwoman unveils a gun, aimed straight for Vicki.

OFF THE BANG-

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.