

WATCHTOWER

5.09 | "Adjourned"

Written by
Jack D. Malone

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

Based on characters from
DC Comics

CREATED BY
Jack D. Malone

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

MAIN CAST

CHLOE SULLIVAN	Allison Mack
BRUCE WAYNE / BATMAN	Christian Bale
HELENA BERTINELLI / HUNTRESS	Kayla Ewell
JAMES GORDON	Dylan Walsh
KATE KANE / BATWOMAN	Deborah Ann Woll
LUCIUS FOX / BATWING	Charles Michael Davis
RENEE MONTOYA	Stephanie Beatriz
ARCHER SULLIVAN-QUEEN	Jace Norman
OLIVER QUEEN / GREEN ARROW	Justin Hartley

SPECIAL GUEST CAST

DUSAN AL GHUL / KYLE WILLIAMS	Bryan Greenberg
EMIL HAMILTON	Alessandro Juliani
MAXWELL LORD	Gil Bellows
MIA DEARDEN / SPEEDY	Elise Gatien
PERRY WHITE	Michael McKean
SELINA KYLE / CATWOMAN	Eliza Dushku
TALIA AL GHUL	Stana Katic
VICKI VALE	Yvonne Strahovski

GUEST CAST

BRADY CHAMBERS	Griffin Gluck
CISSIE KING-JONES	Kiernan Shipka
DAMIAN WAYNE	Asa Butterfield
DICK GRAYSON / THE TALON	Patrick J. Adams
LONNIE MACHIN / ANARKY	Cameron Monaghan
OSWALD COBBLEPOT / THE PENGUIN	Toby Jones
SARAH ESSEN	Vera Farmiga
SEBASTIAN CLARK	Kevin Conroy
SISTER SHARD	Gugu Mbatha-Raw
THOMAS BOLT	Jay Hernandez
VERONICA VALE	Jeri Ryan
VICTORIA MUCH	Charisma Carpenter
ZACHARY GATE / ARCHITECT	Steve Yeun

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

A unique perspective of the city bears witness to an endless wave of citizens flooding the streets of Gotham. Returning.

CRANE BACK to a nearby rooftop...

A familiar figure cloaked in the shadows, observes from the edge. Perched. The moonlight hits ever so, creating a silhouette of the hero. Their cape WHIPS in the wind.

Suddenly, a loud SCREECHING TIRE--

The figure SNAPS around to the noise... red hair swinging into view, as they step into the light. It's BATWOMAN.

BATWOMAN

Bruce.

Down, into the streets: the BATMOBILE takes a violent turn, swerving from an onslaught of fleeing citizens.

Batwoman rushes the edge, DIVES--

BANG! A line extends from a GRAPPLE GUN and connects--

Swinging down from the line, Batwoman descends towards an outstretched road. Lands. She rises to face:

The BATMOBILE screeches, tearing to a halt...

ON A SET OF LEGS as the vehicle comes just short of touching.

Both doors to the vehicle open: a startled GORDON and SARAH emerge from the Batmobile.

The hope in Batwoman's eyes fade.

GORDON

You're lucky we didn't hit you.

BATWOMAN

Where's Bruce?

SARAH

He's inside the Dome.

Batwoman looks back at the LARGE DOME that remains standing.

BATWOMAN

No, I - I looked for him.

A deep fear sets into Batwoman's heart...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is in ruins - littered with debris and destruction from the fallout of the blast (episode 8). Small fires complete the chaotic hell-scape that remains.

A wincing groan... FIND a struggling BRUCE (geared up, mask off), pushing a large beam that pins him to the floor.

BRUCE

Damn it.

Bruce sinks back in defeat. He's trapped there.

A rustling sounds in the distance. Sparks snapping around the sign of life. Movement.

Bruce eases as far to the side as he can to see...

A bloodied PENGUIN emerges from an unpredictable fire. He dusts himself off, and limps into clear sight.

THE PENGUIN

Well, ain't this a pretty picture.

The Penguin can't help but laugh - victorious.

BRUCE

Just help me lift this so we can both get out of here.

THE PENGUIN

Sorry, mate. But you've already done your part, haven't you? You opened the door, and there's nothing left for me to do but to go through it. I wish you luck.

The Penguin moves to leave.

Bruce SLAMS his hands against the beam in defeat. Howls.

BRUCE

You have nowhere to go.

The Penguin stops in his tracks. A somber beat.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You were played. They gave you a dud, *Oswald*. A fake. They knew you were reckless enough to use it, which meant they wanted it to detonate. They wanted this explosion to kill you.

The Penguin slowly returns to Bruce, a shell...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You. Were. Played.

The Penguin fills with newfound rage. Bloodthirsty.

ARCHITECT (O.S.)
We both were.

Penguin turns around--

A GUNSHOT rings. Penguin staggers back, then slumps.

Lowering a smoking gun, THE ARCHITECT examines his work: a dead Penguin -- gunshot wound to the head -- blankly stares back at him in a captured moment of shock.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)
I'll take it from here, Cobblepot.

Architect looks up, and out towards his new target:

A mortified Bruce squirms under the beam. Each new approaching footstep sends a shudder of fear down his spine.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)
Isn't today just full of surprises?

Fear builds deep into Bruce's bones.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

DESCEND from the ceiling into a horrifying scene: a blood-stained floor where CHLOE lays on her back, eyes shut.

A set of legs stop short of her lifeless body. Crouch.

HANDS hover over her, that soon radiate a bright WHITE LIGHT across Chloe... breathing new life into her. Eyes OPEN.

A pale faced Chloe ignites with purpose. Alive.

To the side of her... a crippled PERRY (now pale as a ghost) sinks into the wall, almost shrivelling up.

CHLOE
Perry? What did you...

Perry's entire body CRUMBLES INTO CLAY--

Left in the wake sits a lifeless KYLE WILLIAMS, eyes staring blankly forward. Drained, from healing Chloe.

OFF the disbelief and confusion across Chloe's face...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVE YARD - DAY

A gathering of people are divided around a COFFIN (decorated by an AMERICAN FLAG) on display, with a photograph rested beside it of LIZA WARNER. A funeral service.

On one side stands OLIVER, surrounded by his security.

Opposite him stands THOMAS BOLT, stood alongside his fellow police officers. The two soon find each other.

A beat. An undetermined glare between the two. Enemies?

OLIVER (PRELAP)

There was no one else like her.

EXT. PARK - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Oliver and Bolt walk side by side in the park.

THOMAS BOLT

The city is definitely without it's greatest Commissioner right now.

OLIVER

Finally, something we can agree on.

Oliver turns in to face Bolt. He soon complies.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

It's going to take someone pretty remarkable to pick up where she left off. To take her place.

THOMAS BOLT

Wouldn't even know where to *start* looking, sir.

OLIVER

Really? Because I think I may have already found someone.

Bolt shifts at the implication - *surely* not him...

OLIVER (CONT'D)

This city adores you, and try as I might to deny it, you've tapped into something that makes them look up to you. It's probably the reason you're beating me in the polls right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS BOLT
Among many other reasons.

A shared chuckle between the political rivals.

OLIVER
Should this election run its
course, I'm convinced you'll win.

THOMAS BOLT
"Should?"

A beat. Oliver struggles to muster the words.

OLIVER
I have a proposition for you.
(off Bolt)
I'm willing to give you the job as
Commissioner - granting you full
reign over the SCPD and the ability
to take them in the direction you
see fit. In exchange, you would--

THOMAS BOLT
Drop out of the race.

The cards are shown. An intense silence between the two.

OLIVER
We could both do a lot of good
here. And after my second term,
you'd have four years under your
belt as a Commissioner, and an even
better chance at becoming Mayor.

Endless possibilities run through Bolt's mind.

THOMAS BOLT
I'm honoured, sir. And it's a fair
exchange, but...
(beat)
Can I take a day to think about it?

OLIVER
Take all the time you need.

Oliver turns back, heading towards his security team.

A genuine Bolt soon descends into the cunning villain we know
him to be, and a devilish smile stretches ear to ear...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, CELL - DAY

Kyle wakes up on a slab, inside a cell. Something CLICKS.

CHLOE (O.S.)
Rise and shine, *Dusan*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Outside the cell, Chloe fixes a gun on Kyle.

KYLE

I'm aware that I share the same handsome looks with one Dusan Al Ghul, but the villainous Hush wouldn't resurrect his *least favourite* person in the world.

CHLOE

Fair point. Although, it is pretty sinister to wear the face of a man I love and trick me into thinking you were *him*.

Kyle appears genuinely regretful.

KYLE

I'm sorry. I just thought that if anyone could get through to you, it would be him. And they needed you.

Chloe seems to recognise "Kyle" now. Lowers her gun.

CHLOE

Is that why you're here?

Kyle takes a seat on the slab, sinking into past agonies.

KYLE

When I learned of what I would become... it destroyed me.

(long pause)

So when you gave me a chance to be a hero - to splice myself throughout time and to make sure Hush would never fulfill that prophecy - that's what I did.

Chloe takes a small comfort in his words.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Truth is, this is my last stop. So, I wanted to thank you -- for helping me become the person you always thought I could be. A hero. And this was me repaying the favour. This was me trying to inspire you to do the same.

Chloe wedges the gun in the back of her pants, then shuffles for the key. She unlocks the cell.

A freed Kyle moves straight for a hug. The two embrace.

Chloe grows with unease. Kyle can sense it, and the two pull apart. He studies her like a book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

Chloe shifts with concern.

CHLOE
I just realised that -- if you're here... doesn't that mean that Hush is back, too?

OFF Kyle's silence, speaking volumes...

INT. TEMPLE, PRISON - DAY

The same face hosts a similar expression, worn by DUSAN. He paces back and forth in front of an imprisoned TALIA. She studies the cell bars that cage her.

TALIA
I don't understand. You were so quick to slaughter me and yet now you deem me valuable enough to keep behind bars. Why?

DUSAN AL GHUL
Plans change.

TALIA
You've had the same illogical plan for well over a decade. I struggle to see how *change* could even be a part of your vocabulary.

Dusan chuckles. Approaches the bars with a cunning grin.

DUSAN AL GHUL
Do you want me to kill you, sister?

Talia steps back from the bar in disgust.

TALIA
I am not your family.

DUSAN AL GHUL
Oh, but you are. And I'd say it's about time this family of ours had a little reunion.

TALIA
Like hell.

Dusan turns his back to Talia, swept up in his grand plan.

DUSAN AL GHUL
The truth is, you are valuable to me now where you once were not. A shocking revelation, I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dusan studies his hands - they twitch with weakness...

DUSAN AL GHUL (CONT'D)
I've certainly got my fair share to accept. The most painful, of course, as I approach the end of my journey... was realising that I was not the one to rise when the rest would fall.

Dusan looks back, over his shoulder to his sister.

DUSAN AL GHUL (CONT'D)
There is another.

Fear swells in Talia's bones.

Dusan disappears through the doors, and as they close behind him, Talia too disappears in COMPLETE DARKNESS.

INT. LABS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CRANE DOWN from the ceiling to find a LARGE TANK. It's fogged up, unable to see inside. A label across the tank reads 'Project Respawn.'

Further BACK -- find a man stood in front of it, observing his work. Footsteps echo in behind. He SNAPS around--

A panicked EMIL withdraws a loaded gun, fixes it on...

SEBASTIAN
I come in peace.

SEBASTIAN stands opposite him, hands raised in mercy.

EMIL
Who are you? And how the hell did you find this place?

SEBASTIAN
You've left quite the trail of bread crumbs, Dr. Hamilton.
(beat)
I'm with the Court of Owls.

That name pierces Emil. His demeanor shifts.

EMIL
Sorry, I just -- I thought you were a myth. Some sort of legend.

SEBASTIAN
Oh, we're very real. And very interested in you.
(beat)
Your work, it's... remarkable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMIL

Thank you. Perhaps the metahuman serum I've concocted will be of use to the Court?

SEBASTIAN

Oh, no. No, no, no. It's your *other* experiment that intrigues me. Almost as much as it's intrigued your *subjects* who have escaped.

Emil looks over his shoulder to see 'Project Respawn.'

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Tell me about Project Respawn.

And Emil looks back to Sebastian, a hint of suspicion in his eyes for his interest in this game-changing creation...

SEBASTIAN (PRELAP) (CONT'D)

I know why you're here.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, HEAD OFFICE - DAY

A confrontation between the Architect and Sebastian.

ARCHITECT

Where is the virus?

Sebastian musters a chuckle. He approaches his desk.

SEBASTIAN

I've known for quite some time now that you would betray us. That instead of helping to save Gotham, you would seize an opportunity to wipe it out. Start anew.

ARCHITECT

Can you blame me?

Sebastian takes a seat at the desk that now divides them. He looks up at his opponent who quickly approaches. Passionate.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Gotham is beyond redemption. And good people keep dying because the Court refuses to acknowledge how this city is, and has been for quite some time, a lost cause.

SEBASTIAN

Is that so?

Architect appears desperate in approach of Sebastian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHITECT

I still believe in the Court of Owls. But you're fooling yourself if you believe that we've had control of the city.

SEBASTIAN

It has admittedly slipped from our fingertips.

Sebastian deflates - as if he were conceding. He rises from his chair, and faces Architect. Stoic.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's time we took it back.

Sebastian offers his hand. Architect takes it.

ARCHITECT

I couldn't agree more.

Architect pulls Sebastian into a SMALL BLADE. SKLT!

Slouched over a knife, Sebastian's face drains of all colour, and he clings to Architect for support. It takes seeing the blade rip from his abdomen to believe what's happening.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

I promise you, Sebastian. The Court will be in good hands.

Sebastian sinks back into his chair. Weak.

SEBASTIAN

You've... doomed us all.

(struggling)

Everything the Court of Owls stood for... we stood for... it will crumble under your leadership.

ARCHITECT

Good.

Sebastian takes a sharp breath, then eases back. Dead.

A powerful Architect turns from the image of his dead leader, but immediately halts at the sight in front of him:

A frozen VERONICA stands numb at the entrance. Scared.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

I would think long and hard about whose side you're on right now.

The veiled threat looms over Veronica. She straightens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONICA

The Lazarus bomb. It didn't work.
I couldn't bring my daughter back.

An acceptance that seems to fuel Veronica.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I have nothing left to fight for,
and nothing left to lose. Except
my own life. So...

Veronica steps aside, offering the exit to Architect.

ARCHITECT

Always so smart.

Architect glides past Veronica to exit, then LATCHES onto her arm. She shivers with fear. A gasp, then fixes her eyes onto the man in charge, reluctant to follow.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Prepare Wayne for sentencing.

VERONICA

Sentencing?

OFF the fear leaking from Veronica's composure...

INT. COURT OF OWLS, GUEST ROOM - DAY

CRANE DOWN from the ceiling to find a sleeping BRUCE, sprawled across a bed he appears to have been thrown on.

ARCHITECT (V.O.)

He'll be needed for his trial.

VERONICA (V.O.)

What are you talking about?

Bruce seems to stir in his sleep.

ARCHITECT (V.O.)

The Court will be sentencing him to
a trial by combat.

(beat)

Two men enter. One man leaves.

And upon Bruce's eyes OPENING--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, ENTRANCE - DAY

Shadowed figures at the door. Keys rattle. The doorknob clicks, then turns. OPENS. From outside, Gordon, Sarah, and Kate (geared up, mask off) enter.

KATE

You guys really didn't have to do this. I would have been fine.

SARAH

No. You might be capable of handling yourself out there, but we wouldn't feel right just leaving you on your own. Besides, I think we feel a bit safer with a "Bat" handling the Batmobile.

KATE

How did you get the keys to that thing, anyway?

GORDON

It's a long story. Water?

KATE

Please. I'm dying for a drink.

Gordon and Sarah share a look. He departs for the kitchen.

Turning in on Kate, Sarah grabs her by the shoulders in an effort to steal all her attention.

SARAH

There's another reason why we're glad you're here.

LONNIE (O.S.)

If it isn't *the* Katherine Kane.

A chill runs through Kate's entire body. She fills with a deep vengeance, and pushes past Sarah, into...

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate erupts into the room. Across from her sits LONNIE, hand cuffed to a radiator. He wears a widening smile on his face.

LONNIE

To what do I owe the pleasure?

Kate POUNCES at Lonnie--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A vicious animal attack: STRIKE after STRIKE into his face, clawing at his writhing body. Lonnie howls.

SARAH
Kate, stop!

Sarah's hands pull a violent Kate off of Lonnie. She rips free from the hold, and backs up from everyone.

KATE
He killed Helena!

Gordon at the doorway, glass in his hand. Paralysed.

GORDON
Helena's dead?

KATE
He shot her. Twice. And left her to bleed out on a prison floor.

LONNIE
You know, I don't recall...

Kate moves for Lonnie. Sarah pulls her back.

SARAH
Kate, I know you're hurting but right now we need him. He can help us take down the Court of Owls.

KATE
I don't care about the Court!
(breaking)
It's not just Helena, I - I think he's taken Renee.

The same anger from Kate seems to seep into Sarah's bones.

SARAH
Okay. Change of plans.

OFF Lonnie, a deep fear burgeoning at the surface...

INT. COURT OF OWLS, LUCIUS' ROOM - DAY

A panicked Veronica erupts into the room.

VERONICA
Lucius, I need your--

A stilted LUCIUS faces a large monitor in the room that displays footage of KARL, bleeding out on the floor.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Lucius?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucius turns from the monitor. A package in his hands.

LUCIUS

I found this in my room. They were kind enough to leave me a note.

Veronica finds the HANDWRITTEN NOTE on the bedside drawer beside her. It reads 'I'm sorry I never told you.'

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

They made me think that he was safe. That they were watching him. Protecting him. But... he's been dead this whole time. He was all alone when he--

Lucius fights back his grief.

VERONICA

It's not... unusual for the Court to do something like this.

LUCIUS

Did you know?

VERONICA

The Court of Owls -- they never want loose ends to tie up.

Lucius narrows in on Veronica. She backs away.

LUCIUS

Did you know?

VERONICA

They pull your strings to get you to do what they want, but those strings would have been severed long before you know it.

Veronica hits the wall. Nowhere left to go. A quick, shallow gasp - facing the pain across Lucius' face.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

(crumbling)

I knew.

The truth slams hard into Lucius. He quickly adapts to it.

LUCIUS

Were you ever going to tell me?

Through tears, Veronica shakes her head. No point in lying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONICA

I couldn't lose you. You were the only friend I ever had... the only piece of Vicki I--

Lucius SLAMS his hands against the wall.

LUCIUS

(exploding)

Stop... hiding behind your dead daughter!

The words cut a deadly wound in Veronica's heart. She appears just as grief stricken as Lucius.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

How many more people have to die in her name?

OFF Veronica, realising a deep and inner truth...

KYLE (PRELAP)

I'm here to help you.

INT. TEMPLE, PRISON - DAY

A confused Talia studies the man stood outside her cell.

TALIA

You want to help... me?

On the other side of the bars, a casually dressed Kyle could not look further disconnected from the scene. But that's the point. He shrugs off the question with a smile.

KYLE

I know how weird this looks--

TALIA

You do?

KYLE

--Especially when the man wearing my face - *your brother* - just threw you in here, but I'm here to get you out. You can trust me.

TALIA

I should trust you?

Kyle's charming demeanor drops. Desperate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

I have stretched myself so thin throughout time to make sure Dusan's plans to fulfill this ridiculous prophecy never come to fruition. I am drained. Tired. But so is he. And just like me, his powers are fading fast. This is the end of the line.

TALIA

You have no idea how happy that makes me. I still don't buy it.

Kyle RIPS the bars open--

A startled Talia backs up, then moves through the exit cleared for her. A distance is maintained between them.

KYLE

He's not a threat to you or anyone else anymore, Talia. He's weak. All he has left is his legacy, his *influence*. He's not here to finish what he started. He's here to make sure someone else can when he's gone. He's here for--

TALIA

(realising)
My son.

An armed League of Assassins flood into the room.

KYLE

You have to go to him.

Kyle SWIPES his hand -- an INVISIBLE FORCE faintly sweeps the assassins aside. They struggle on the ground.

A gasp. Talia examines the path cleared for her.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Go.

A shared nod. Talia runs, with purpose, for her child.

Left against an army of assassins, Kyle turns to confront his own fate. He reels in a sword -- now armed against his opponents -- and faces them with an all-knowing smile...

CHLOE (PRELAP)

So, this is it? End of the road?

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - DAY

In the hallway, Chloe pulls Kyle around to face her. The two forced to confront the moment: a somber farewell.

KYLE

You don't have to worry about Hush.
Just focus on getting out of this
city in one piece, okay?

The two share their last hug.

CHLOE

(realising)
And what if I don't?

Chloe unravels from the embrace, fear in her eyes.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You've spread yourself throughout
all different points in time to
keep Hush at bay. Do you know?
(long pause)
Am I going to see my family again?

KYLE

You can't expect me to answer that--

CHLOE

They're the only thing that keeps
me going - keeps me fighting.
(breaking)
I keep picturing it: getting out of
here, seeing them again. Holding
my son again. But the longer I'm
here, the more faded that picture
becomes. I need to know. I *have*
to know if this will be worth it.

Kyle remains silent. Unresponsive.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Please. Lie to me if you have to.

Kyle rests his hand on Chloe's shoulder to comfort her, and offers her a warm look he knows isn't enough.

KYLE

Goodbye, Chloe.

A GREEN MIST wraps around Kyle's legs and slowly creeps around his body with SPARKS faintly flickering -- a weak act of power that he soon FADES INTO- DISAPPEARING. Gone.

OFF Chloe, left alone with her fears of the future...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oliver paces the room, too lost in his own world to hear the front door open. Ushering into the room, ARCHER enters, followed closely behind by MIA, carrying his backpack.

OLIVER
Hey! How was school?

ARCHER
School? You know - it's just the same old *thing* I've got to get through so I can get back to the important stuff like shooting arrows and saving my Mum.

OLIVER
Just promise me you'll do *some* home work after dinner.

ARCHER
I promise.

The two share a brief hug. Archer collects his bag from Mia, then disappears down the hallway.

Mia joins Oliver's side, watching Archer leave the room.

MIA
He's a good kid, Oliver. And a fast learner. He's finally got control of the bow and arrow.

Silent, Oliver pulls away from Mia. She turns to follow.

MIA (CONT'D)
Okay... not the reaction I was expecting from the man who asked me to train his son.

Oliver takes a seat, seemingly lost in his own world.

OLIVER
Thomas Bolt is suspending his campaign. They're making the announcement in the morning.

MIA
That's great!

OLIVER
No. No, I made a deal with him. I told him that if he got out of the race, I'd give him the job as the Commissioner of the SCPD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIA

Oh.

The news seems to cripple Mia. She takes a seat.

OLIVER

I know it seems crazy, but it feels like the right move here. He'd have even more power in this city if he became Mayor, so--

MIA

You don't have to justify your reasoning to me. Really. It's just that... everything is--

OLIVER

Going to change.

MIA

He doesn't just want to abolish vigilantism, he -- he wants us locked up. Punished.

OLIVER

I know. Which is why we need to shut it down. All of it.

CRANE to the left where a betrayed Archer listens. OFF the idea visibly shaping in his mind...

INT. LABS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Liquid drains from a tank. A hand unseals it. An eruption of steam, and the cover is peeled open to unveil a confused Emil. He emerges, reaching for a covering offered to him.

Stood opposite him, a bewildered Sebastian studies Emil.

SEBASTIAN

Do you know why you're here?

Emil covers himself up, vulnerable and scared. He nods.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Then you remember.

Emil looks back at the words 'Project Respawn.' It doesn't seem to ring a bell in his mind.

EMIL

Not... everything.

A cunning smile stitches across Sebastian's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEBASTIAN

Your "creator" told me that there may be some initial brain fog or even permanent loss of certain *specific* memories. He ran me through the risks right before gifting me with this experiment.

EMIL

Why you?

SEBASTIAN

I suppose he thought I'd be an appropriate candidate for carrying out his legacy -- to pick up where he left off. To honour him.

A chilling silence rests between the two.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

But the things he did... the world he wanted... that's not something I want to continue.

EMIL

Then why even bring me back?

SEBASTIAN

I'm a fond believer of second chances, Dr. Hamilton. I was hoping you'd be... different.

EMIL

Different from what? I don't even remember what I--

SEBASTIAN

Good. Perhaps it's in your best interest to keep it that way.

A beat. Is this a fight worth having?

EMIL

Am I free to go?

A simple nod from Sebastian.

Emil worms his way out of the room - frightened, cold, alone.

Sebastian fills with triumph. He looks back at the large tank that reads 'Project Respawn' with a widening smirk...

LONNIE (PRELAP)

Let me out of here.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE - DAY

Lonnie RIPS at the handcuffs shackling him to the radiator.

LONNIE
I'll tell you where your friend is
if you let me go.

A defiant Kate stands in front of Lonnie, joined by Sarah and Gordon at her side. They're having none of it.

KATE
No. You're going to tell us where
Renee is, and then we'll *think*
about letting you go.

Lonnie growls into a defeat.

LONNIE
I handed that *bitch* back to the
Religion of Crime.

INSERT CUT: ANARKY *hovers over an unconscious Renee.*

LONNIE (V.O.)
When I saw that mask in her bag, I
knew it was her. *The Question.*
The one responsible for dismantling
the Religion of Crime.

Anarky notices the fallen bag beside her. It's opened slightly, showing a similar mask -- the mask of the QUESTION.

ANARKY
You.

Anarky shifts back, his plans clearly adjusting in his mind.

BACK TO SCENE

An angry Lonnie faces off against Kate, Sarah and Gordon.

LONNIE
I owed them my life. Handing her
over to the remaining followers...
absolved me of my debt.

Sarah clings to Kate's arm, sharing in her worst fears.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
They're in the midst of a rebirth,
and what better way to symbolise
that than the slaughtering of the
one responsible for their death in
the first place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kate turns in to embrace Sarah... her hands dig out a gun from her back, and she turns to FIRE-

SARAH

Kate!

A GUNSHOT. The handcuffs CUT.

Lonnie rips free, into Kate's hold -- she DRAGS HIM UP and pins him against the wall. A thirst for his blood.

KATE

You're going to take us to Renee,
and you're going to pray that she's
alive when we get there.

A powerless Lonnie simply nods under the hold.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, GUEST ROOM - DAY

The door violently swings open. Veronica erupts into the room, eyes scanning for any sign of...

VERONICA

Bruce?

Veronica steps further into the room. Searching.

The door SLAMS shut behind her.

Veronica jolts around in shock, that soon dissolves into a look of familiarity. Relief.

DICK

Hello, Veronica.

OFF the reunion between Veronica and DICK...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CHECKMATE, PRISON CELLS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A cell room ceiling. Attached is a rope - it connects to a tortured EMIL, hands above his head, dangling just slightly above ground. He's a prisoner, writhing in defiance.

In front of him stands MAXWELL LORD. Blade in hand.

EMIL

Come to put me out of my misery?

MAXWELL LORD

If it were so simple...

Lord approaches a terrified Emil, blade on display.

EMIL

How many times do we have to go over this, Max? The experiments are gone. I destroyed them.

Lord twirls the knife in his hand.

MAXWELL LORD

Right, right.

EMIL

A knife to the throat, and another Jedi mind trick isn't going to change the fact that there is no trace of my metahuman serum left on this Earth.

Lord stops. A smile widens across his face.

MAXWELL LORD

On *this* Earth. It's funny you should say that, actually, because there just might be some left on--

EMIL

No.

Lord's smile fades. He holds the knife up to Emil.

MAXWELL LORD

If you won't help me get my hands on that serum, then there's got to be *something* you have to offer.

The blade presses hard against Emil's throat. Blood draws--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

I'm sure bleeding out on a floor
alone like some *criminal* isn't how
you saw your story ending, *doctor*.

EMIL

Alright. Okay, stop.

(beat)

You've been in Gotham for a while
now, right? Have you ever heard of
the Court of Owls?

The very mention sends a shiver down Lord's spine...

INT. COURT OF OWLS, GUEST ROOM - DAY

Silence seems to rest between the reunited foes: Veronica, on
the cusp of losing everything, and Dick, mysterious in his
move forward. The two collide one final time.

DICK

We spent so much time fighting each
other. Did you ever think we'd be
here at the end?

VERONICA

Why are you here? Where's Bruce?

DICK

He's being prepared for sentencing,
which is where I should be, too.

VERONICA

We can't let them do this.

DICK

Something we can agree on. It only
took -- how many years has it been?

VERONICA

We're running out of time, Dick.

DICK

No. That's why I'm here - to tell
you that time is already out. Your
plan? It failed. So we're doing
things *my* way from here on out.

Something clicks in Veronica's mind. A damning revelation.

VERONICA

It was you. You gave him the tape.

DICK

It was the right thing to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

You think it absolves you of your sins? You think it might take the weight off your shoulders? All you've done is create *more* pain.

(breaking)

I have... nothing left.

Dick closes the gap between them. Comforting.

DICK

This is it, Veronica. The end. Every single thing we do in this moment dictates whether or not we go down with it.

VERONICA

Look around you. Bruce is gone. Sebastian is dead. The Court has been taken over by a madman that wants to burn everything to the ground. We've already lost.

DICK

No. No, okay. Listen to me.

Dick latches onto a defeated Veronica, drawing her focus onto him and the words he has to offer:

DICK (CONT'D)

I am going to face Bruce in the trial. He is going to win.

The world seems to be spinning around Veronica now.

VERONICA

What? No, you can't--

DICK

He will be taken from there to his initiation as the Talon. That is when you and Lucius need to intervene and get him out.

Veronica pulls free from Dick. Her entire body disagrees.

VERONICA

That's insane! Even if we could run away, even if we could escape, the Court would find us eventually.

DICK

After tonight, there won't be a Court of Owls.

OFF Veronica, realising that the end is upon them...

INT. CHURCH (RELIGION OF CRIME) - DAY

An abandoned church—setting with Christian paintings and murals that have been slashed and defaced, with blood staining them and the walls they hang on.

Through the empty seats and towards the stage... a group of worshippers (about a dozen) are knelt in front of:

A bound RENEE is strapped in a chair, arms faced out and exposed. They're scarred. So is her face. Underneath her, a bucket appears to be collecting her blood.

The worshippers suddenly RISE.

SISTER SHARD (20s, deranged, unkept) surfaces behind Renee, almost dancing with a blade held firm in her hands.

SISTER SHARD
Your cut is almost dry.

Shard traces her finger across Renee's cut -- she recoils.

SISTER SHARD (CONT'D)
I think it's time for another.
That would make eight -- and you
still don't feel *anything* for what
you've done? No guilt? Shame?

RENEE
How about pride?

Shard SLASHES the blade--

Blood spurts from Renee's cheek. Her hands flinch in an effort to nurse her wound. She muffles her agony.

SISTER SHARD
This was my family. And you took
them away from me. Perhaps it will
be the blood from this cut that
helps to enlighten you.

Renee grits through the pain. Furious.

RENEE
When I get out of these restraints,
you're going to be so... sorry that
you didn't stay in the shadows
where I left you.

An EXPLOSION tears from back wall--

Debris and rubble scatter across the floor. A wall formed in the side of the church where a BRIGHT LIGHT burns.

Through the smoke... the BATMOBILE erupts into the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The panicked worshippers look to their leader: Sister Shard appears frozen in her own fear. History repeating.

SISTER SHARD
It can't be. Not again.

Doors to the vehicle open:

A terrified Lonnie emerges, unarmed and apologetic. Looking back at him, confusion nestles deep into Shard.

The GLASS CEILING shatters--

BATWOMAN descends from above, landing on the stage. She rises to face an approaching Shard, violently charging into combat. The two latch onto each other, locked in battle.

The worshippers rush for Lonnie. He staggers back in fear.

Stepping through the large hole in the wall, Gordon and Sarah arrive. They carry night-sticks. Armed.

LONNIE
Didn't think to give me something?

GORDON
We don't trust you.

LONNIE
Okay. Fair.

And the two opposing forces collide. A war.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, COURTROOM - DAY

The large court is filled with men and women in OWL MASKS, watching on from their high-rise seats, looking down at two opposing forces coming together: BRUCE and THE TALON.

At the podium, an all powerful Architect addresses the court, with a somber Veronica at his side.

ARCHITECT
A war has waged in this city for far too long. Our predecessors have done everything in their power to maintain the status quo, but what once worked no longer can.

An uproar from the court.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)
In a symbolic gesture, signalling the structures that must collapse in order for Gotham to rise, I sentence Bruce Thomas Wayne to a trial by combat to the death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce tenses up at the intimidating sight of the Talon.

A defeated Veronica locks eyes with Lucius from across the room - hurt by the betrayal in his eyes. She watches him exit the room from afar. She's compelled to follow.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Should Wayne miraculously survive his encounter with our very own Talon, he will rise to the highest of ranks to become the guardian of the Court, and help to usher in the new age of Gotham City.

The ground opens up between the opposing forces: a TABLE, offering a mid-length SWORD. A weapon to seal their fate.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Let the trial commence.

OFF Bruce and the Talon, eyeing off the SWORD--

INT. TEMPLE, DAMIAN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Studying a large sword with arabic inscriptions across it, a perturbed DAMIAN grows lost in the power he wields - as though he were seeing a future we couldn't fathom yet.

The door behind him opens. A stilted figure in the BG.

DAMIAN

Please tell me that everything is--

Damian turns to find... his mother, Talia. Desperate.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Mother?

TALIA

My sweet boy. We must leave.

Damian slides the blade back into its case, then on the wall.

DAMIAN

Why are you acting so strange?

TALIA

This is not the home I thought it to be. There is no place for us here. We have to go. Now.

Damian couldn't be less worried. Talia grabs him.

TALIA (CONT'D)

I'm serious. We're in danger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAMIAN

Running is for the weak. Isn't that what you taught me - that we face our problems head-on, and don't cower to the shadows?

TALIA

This has nothing to do with your training, and everything to do with me being a mother that doesn't want to lose her son.

Talia caresses her son's cheek, pleading with him.

TALIA (CONT'D)

You are the most important person in my life.

DAMIAN

You're starting to scare me.

TALIA

Good. Let fear be the guide if it gets us both out of here... alive.

Talia pulls at Damian's hand -- the two scrambling for an exit. A beat, and Talia hesitates at the door.

DAMIAN

What is it?

TALIA

Your sword. You may need it.

Damian looks back, laser focused on his ASSASSIN'S BLADE.

INT. THE QUIVER - DAY

An arsenal of weapons on display, uniquely matched to the two defining superhero suits: the GREEN ARROW and SPEEDY.

Stood in the light of the suits, Archer fills with hope.

ARCHER

It's time.

Archer turns to face... a curious BRADY and CISSIE.

BRADY

Uh, time for *what*, exactly?

ARCHER

To do this on our own.

Archer approaches his team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER (CONT'D)

My father is about to sign off on Thomas Bolt becoming the new Commissioner of the SCPD, which means all of this -- it's not going to exist anymore. I can't let that happen - we can't let that happen.

Archer's defining moment wavers upon sight of his friends' hesitancy - they don't appear as determined as him.

BRADY

We're going to *kill* Thomas Bolt?
(off Archer)
I'm obviously kidding.

CISSIE

Brady has a point, though. What exactly *can* we do?

ARCHER

We move as much of this out of here, away from my father so he can't shut it down.

A beat. Brady and Cissie unravelling from the plan...

CISSIE

It's too risky.

BRADY

We'll get caught.

ARCHER

No. We won't.

CISSIE

And you're *so* sure of that because--

ARCHER

Because I'm done waiting.

A shared look of concern between Cissie and Brady.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I'm heading to Gotham tonight and I'm going to bring my Mum home.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, OUTSKIRTS - DAY

A relieved Chloe surfaces in the outskirts of Gotham with a smile from ear to ear. She's safe, for now. The sun sets behind her, capturing her triumphant smile perfectly.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Mum?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The voice crashes into Chloe. She doesn't know if she's going to laugh or cry - a joy unlike she's ever felt.

CHLOE

Archie.

Chloe turns to find Archer (donning the GREEN ARROW suit), throwing back his hood and taking off his mask. It's real.

The two run into a warm embrace. Together, at last.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. COURT OF OWLS, VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucius pushes through the crowd: bumping, swerving, clashing against the OWLS. He reaches the exit when a hand LATCHES onto him, desperately clawing him around to find Veronica.

LUCIUS

Let me go.

Veronica crumbles in front of Lucius.

VERONICA

I wish I could take everything back... everything that I did or didn't do in her name. I know she'd be so... disgusted by me.

(beat)

But I can't change the past. I can't bring Vicki, or Julie, or Karl back to--

LUCIUS

Don't.

VERONICA

But I can do everything in my power to stop the Court of Owls, and save the man my daughter loved more than anyone else in this world.

(beat)

With your help.

A beat. Lucius' anger subsides, and the two face the glass view of the trial down below...

INT. COURT OF OWLS, COURTROOM - NIGHT

Bruce clings to the blade on the table. A claw grabs his wrist, then TEARS HIM AWAY. He crashes to the ground.

The Talon rips the blade up into his possession, turns--

Bruce resurfaces, latching onto the Talon. They struggle for possession of the sword. Each strike switching the blade between them, until it's THROWN ASIDE. Gone.

The two lock onto each other. What now?

INT. CHURCH (RELIGION OF CRIME) - NIGHT

A winded Sister Shard is thrown down the steps of the stage by a bloodthirsty Batwoman, and rolls into the crowd where an all-out brawl ensues. She looks up in a heave, watching:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordon and Sarah manoeuvre through the dozen worshippers, expertly striking them down for the count.

Behind them, Lonnie looks for an escape: the BATMOBILE.

SISTER SHARD (O.S.)

You.

Craning up off the ground, Shard elevates her glare towards a fleeing Lonnie, eyes locked on his approach of the vehicle.

SISTER SHARD (CONT'D)

Traitor.

Shard spits, then CHARGES for the Batmobile...

INT. COURT OF OWLS, COURTROOM - NIGHT

When Bruce JOLTS around to run -- his movement halts, and he's YANKED BACK and up by the strength of The Talon.

Bruce SLAMS onto the table. Pinned down.

THE TALON

I'm going to need you to be a little more convincing, old man.

The comments only seem to infuriate and confuse Bruce.

THE TALON (CONT'D)

And I need you to trust me.

Talon releases his hold. Bruce SLAMS his legs into Talon--

Collapsing back, Talon's mask rips from his face to unveil Dick, struggling on his back. His world spins to find:

Bruce slides off the table. Runs for the blade.

INT. CHURCH (RELIGION OF CRIME) - NIGHT

SWISH PAN towards the stage where Batwoman unties Renee, breaking her free from her restraints. The two embrace.

RENEE

I knew you'd come.

BATWOMAN

Always.

The two move in for a kiss...

A GUNSHOT rings out.

Batwoman and Renee pull apart in shock. Their eyes scan the room to see it's frozen: everyone looking for answers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shard stumbles back from the Batmobile. Slumps.

INSERT: Inside the Batmobile, Lonnie is amazed at what he's accomplished. He hits another button. *BANG! BANG!*

BULLETS tear through the room--

INT. COURT OF OWLS, COURTROOM - NIGHT

Dick CRASH TACKLES an unsuspecting Bruce to the ground, and the two struggle against each other.

DICK

There's only one way out of here,
Bruce. I know you too well to know
you're not capable of doing it.

Bruce howls in anger. Pushes Dick off.

DICK (CONT'D)

Even all the blame and contempt you
hold for me... for not saving him,
for letting the Joker--

CA-RAAACK! Bruce delivers a blinding blow.

DICK (CONT'D)

You never pulled the trigger on me.

Bruce limps towards the sword. Scoops it into his hands.

BRUCE

I killed the Joker. I snapped his
neck with my bare hands. What
makes you so sure that I won't do
the same to you right now?

Dick struggles up onto his feet.

DICK

Because... you're a good man.

BRUCE

(erupting)
I'm a murderer!

Bruce CHARGES with the blade. Dick catches his arm, which quickly absolves any force held in the attack. Weak.

DICK

Killing isn't who you are - it
isn't in your blood, Bruce. It
never was. Even with The Joker.

Dick's hand cups Bruce's, lowering the sword gently...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICK (CONT'D)

That's why we're so... different.

Bruce shifts to the words - *what does that mean?*

DICK (CONT'D)

Being raised by the Court of Owls,
I've come to know that taking a
life -- killing -- it *is* in my
blood. So I'll make this easy.

Dick's hand CLUTCHES Bruce's tight, and he PULLS--

INSERT: A devastated VERONICA erupts from the viewing room,
being pulled back by a concerned LUCIUS.

The BLADE buries deep into Dick's chest...

Bruce quickly releases, and stumbles back in disbelief. He
can only watch as Dick grows weak from the wound.

BRUCE

Dick?

Bruce's paternal instincts kick in: he rushes to catch a
fumbling Dick as his knees give out. Eases him down.

DICK

I really need you to finish what
you started, boss. And that
doesn't involve dying down here.

From up above, the Architect watches on. He bubbles over
with rage, slamming his hands against the edge of his podium,
and turning off to fix this.

INT. CHURCH (RELIGION OF CRIME) - NIGHT

Glass shatters. Mortified screams, then bodies drop. Total
chaos in the room. Gordon pulls Sarah down for cover.

KABOOM! An earth-quaking EXPLOSION.

INSERT: Lonnie JOLTS back in disbelief. Power fills him.

LONNIE

You will all be sorry that you ever
thought you could control me.

Lonnie's hands punch several buttons--

A series of MISSILES launch from the vehicle:

A beam erupts. Debris sprays across an unsuspecting
Batwoman, peeling Renee aside from the blast.

An array of seats explode. A shockwave sweeps the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A rising Gordon is THROWN BACK. Disappears in thick smoke.

The ceiling ignites in a fiery explosion. Debris rains down, burying worshippers under the collapsing rubble.

Batwoman mounts Renee. Rubble smashes around them.

From above, a collapsing beam SWINGS DOWN onto the Batmobile and catches the last missile instantly:

A ROARING EXPLOSION propels the Batmobile back, into a wall.

Out from the dust, a scarred Gordon looks around the room to see the remnants of this chaos. Devastated.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, COURTROOM - NIGHT

Bruce cradles a dying Dick in his arms.

BRUCE

You didn't have to play by their rules. We could have found another way out of this.

DICK

No. This court -- it was my world, not yours. If anyone should be buried with it: it's me, not you.

Bruce shifts to his language - *the Court will be buried?*

BRUCE

What have you done?

DICK

I -- I swapped out the virus.

QUICK CUT: DICK takes out a vial, and replaces it with the decoy, encased in a BEAMING WHITE LIGHT.

DICK (CONT'D)

I knew Cobblepot was desperate enough to unleash it.

QUICK CUT: The PENGUIN launches the decoy forward. It connects with a bat-a-rang, and EXPLODES. A WHITE BOOM.

DICK (CONT'D)

Two birds... one stone.

The doors behind Bruce open: a furious Architect rushes in, guarded by two armed OWLS.

BRUCE

Where is the virus?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICK

It's... set to release... any
minute now.

The world caves in around Bruce.

DICK (CONT'D)

They spent so much time trying to
get their hands on that damn
virus... it only made sense for
them to perish with it.

Hands pull Bruce from a withering Dick -- clawed away by a
furious Architect, and his followers.

DICK (CONT'D)

I know you can do it.

Bruce struggles to break free... dragged towards the exit.

DICK (CONT'D)

I know you can save this city.

OFF Dick, slowly easing into his death, trusting that the
baton has been passed to finish the job...

INT. CHURCH (RELIGION OF CRIME) - NIGHT

Hands rip at the decaying state of the Batmobile door,
tearing it open to unveil a withering Lonnie (bloodied, cut
open, and crushed in the driver's seat).

Gordon carefully removes Lonnie from the vehicle, and eases
him to the ground. Shrapnel pierces his entire body.

A horrified Sarah watches from behind Gordon.

SARAH

It didn't have to be like this.

Lonnie chuckles to himself, then winces.

LONNIE

I'm in a room of people that want
to exploit me. My best chance was
if you *all* died.

GORDON

Your debt was paid.

Lonnie shifts, each word painted by blood...

LONNIE

They were my source to the Court of
Owls. It all tied back to them.
It's why I - I became Anarky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A harrowing cough. Lonnie feeling himself fade...

LONNIE (CONT'D)

When you realise that everything's connected... that someone's behind the curtain, pulling *all* the strings... it becomes pretty damn clear that we're not in control of our destiny. We're just puppets.

Kate (geared up, mask off) and Renee join Gordon and Sarah's side, peering down at a defeated Lonnie.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

When the dust settles and this war is over... give Gotham a chance to write... it's own destiny.

A shared look between Gordon and Sarah - an acknowledgement that something *does* need to change in this city...

Gravity eases Lonnie's head back, releasing his last breath.

INT. CHECKMATE, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Darkness envelops the black-and-white checkered room where an off-the-books meeting between Lord and Sebastian occurs.

SEBASTIAN

I was expecting your call.

MAXWELL LORD

I don't see how that is possible.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, come on. As powerful as you and your family may be, you had to have known your sister didn't become the DA on her own merits.

Lord can't help but chuckle - disdain for his own sister...

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Besides, you're not the only one receiving visits from Hush.

A stalemate. The two left exposed to each other.

MAXWELL LORD

While Hush may be *your* conduit to this meeting, he wasn't exactly the one guiding me in your direction.

SEBASTIAN

No. I have Dr. Hamilton to thank for that, don't I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXWELL LORD

So you already know.

(off Sebastian)

You're in possession of something remarkable - something that I'd very much like to get my hands on.

SEBASTIAN

Likewise.

Lord grows curious - *what does he need?*

MAXWELL LORD

So this is an exchange?

SEBASTIAN

I figured you weren't the type of man who wanted to owe a debt.

MAXWELL LORD

You'd be correct.

SEBASTIAN

I will offer up the location of Dr. Hamilton's project Respawn, in exchange for the virus.

MAXWELL LORD

You have yourself a deal.

Lord offers his hand. Sebastian studies it for a beat, then simply shakes his head - *he can't be fooled.*

SEBASTIAN

Perhaps it'd be best for that sister of yours to deliver me the goods. I wouldn't want that pesky little power of yours to... change my mind, now would I?

(off Lord)

Good night, Maxwell Lord.

Sebastian turns away, for the exit...

The room seems to get further and further away from Maxwell Lord, who simply fills with hope for the future. One step closer towards a plan he doesn't yet know will fail.

ARCHER (PRELAP)

The news said there was a virus.

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The sun has set into night. Moonlight bathes over an extended embrace between Chloe and Archer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

They said everyone in Gotham would
have perished. It wasn't safe.

Archer unravels from the hug with his mother.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I never believed it.

Chloe cups Archer's face. Proud.

CHLOE

You've always been so brave.

Tears well in Chloe's eyes. Archer wipes them away.

ARCHER

Don't be sad, Mum.

CHLOE

I'm sorry, it's just -- I didn't
think I was ever going to see you
again. And after that fight...

(beat)

I promise to tell you everything.
No lies. No... secrets.

ARCHER

You were only trying to protect me.

Chloe tugs on the *green leather*--

CHLOE

Something tells me you don't really
need my protection anymore.

Archer appears to light up with joy.

OLIVER (O.S.)

He almost went on his own.

Chloe JOLTS up - the voice piercing through her heart and
directing her full attention to... an approaching OLIVER.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

But I knew you'd never forgive me
if I let him go alone.

CHLOE

(breaking)

Ollie.

The two embrace -- a defining moment as the two star-crossed
lovers are finally reunited.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

We raised a good son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

The best.

Archer watches on with the warmest smile.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

As for us... we always find our way
back to each other.

The two share a PASSIONATE KISS -- the world stopping.

Ever so visible in the BG, an onlooking Archer appears to crumble into particles that scatter and fade from sight.

Pulling from the kiss, a teary-eyed KYLE stands in place of a thought-to-be Oliver. A deep love and affection in his eyes, looking at a swept Chloe, eyes shut. Happy.

Kyle appears to mime a "goodbye" as his body slowly crumbles into dust, and he disappears. Forever.

Chloe opens her eyes to see that none of this was real.

A deep pain replaces the bursting happiness, before she soon realises what this truly was: an awakening. A reminder of why she has to keep fighting. She shifts, noticing:

A NEWSPAPER is left on the ground.

Chloe picks it up to find the front page: 'Gotham City, A No-Man's Land.' A picture of the collapsed bridge.

Further down the paper... an 'In Memorial.'

CHLOE

(realising)

Perry.

A picture of PERRY WHITE and PAULINE KAHN that reads:

'The Daily Planet's Editor-in-Chief, Perry White, was found early this morning in his Metropolis home beside his late wife, Pauline Kahn. He is believed to have passed away from natural causes, mere hours after Kahn's passing of a similar nature that same night.'

Chloe holds the paper close to her chest. Moved by the loss, and by the gift Kyle gave her. Her grief soon transforms into determination.

OFF Chloe, prepared to go to war for Gotham City...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. COURT OF OWLS, TALON'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Two OWLS escort Bruce into the room. The door slams behind them, drowning out the echoing sudden movement from an emerging Lucius and Veronica. They STRIKE the Owls down.

A freed Bruce turns to find his rescuers. Relieved.

BRUCE

What are you still doing here?

LUCIUS

Saving your ass. You're welcome.

BRUCE

The virus is set for release. If we don't get out of here...

VERONICA

(realising)

Dick.

The name said aloud only makes Bruce's heart heavier.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I never thought a day would come where the Court of Owls ceased to exist, but... he did it.

ARCHITECT (O.S.)

It's hardly over yet.

The three turn to find ARCHITECT emerging from the other room with a gun slowly fixing on an unsuspecting Lucius.

In a matter of seconds--

An echoing GUNSHOT rings out. Veronica tackles Lucius into the ground. Bruce collides with Architect, into the wall.

The gun drops to the floor. A boot SWIPES it aside--

A disarmed Architect violently latches onto Bruce and the two tumble into a shelf. It SMASHES.

Lucius arches up off the ground, witnessing the chaos. He looks to his left to find the ground painted in a crimson splatter, thinning out towards a wounded Veronica.

LUCIUS

Veronica!

Lucius crawls to Veronica's side. Elevates her, in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce scoops broken timber up into his hold, and swings it against Architect whose block SMASHES through it. He KICKS the hero back, creating a temporary distance...

ARCHITECT

I don't know why you're fighting so hard to get back to the life that waits for you out *there*. A life where you only manage to fail and disappoint your surrogate children.

Bruce's SWING misses. Too angry to land a hit.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

And now Dick's dead, too. Are you going to keep at it until every one of your *masked family* is dead?

The two lock in a violent combat. Perfectly matched.

Lucius cradles a bloodied Veronica in his arms. She trembles, feeling the prongs of her own mortality fade.

VERONICA

I'm sorry I won't... get to make things right... with you.

LUCIUS

No, no. You're going to be fine, alright? We're all making it out of here just... fine.

Lucius can't help but notice the excess blood pouring out: it dawns on him that this is *it* for Veronica.

CRANE BACK towards an exhausted Bruce, clubbed to his knees.

ARCHITECT

Your allegiance isn't to them anymore. It's to us.

A blinding strike nearly knocks Bruce out. Architect SWINGS--

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

The Court of Owls--

Bruce catches the punch. Fuelled with overpowering rage.

BRUCE

Is adjourned.

Bruce lands a VIOLENT STRIKE--

Architect is thrown back, into the wall, and collapses to the ground. Unconscious, and down for the count.

Bruce scans the room. Finds Lucius, cradling Veronica.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

We need to go.

Veronica wipes an escaping tear from Lucius' face. Smiles.

VERONICA

I'll be okay. I'll be with Vicki.

Veronica's hand slowly eases off Lucius' face, and as it weakly loses life, so does she -- eyes staring blank at the heavens where she hopes to reunite with her daughter.

Bruce rests his hand on Lucius' shoulder. Comforting.

BRUCE

It's time, Lucius.

Lucius writhes out from under Veronica. Rises to Bruce.

A silent acknowledgement of the world of pain the two have experienced, and they journey forward -- towards the future.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. COURT OF OWLS, TUNNEL - NIGHT

Bruce and Lucius race down a tunnel. They arrive at a ladder that leads up to an abyss. They climb.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

Out from a hatch, Bruce and Lucius climb to the surface and arrive in the city. Their home. They examine the world around them with a wave of relief. Then SEAL THE HATCH.

INT. WATCHTOWER HQ - SECRET ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The large tank opens. Liquid drains, and steam erupts in front of an emerging MAXWELL LORD. He takes a beat to process this new reality: alive, after death.

MAXWELL LORD

It worked.

Lord turns to find the man responsible. Sebastian.

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)

Thank you. Truly.

SEBASTIAN

It's you who should be thanked, Maxwell. I have to say... I wasn't all that convinced that you would hold up your end of the bargain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sebastian unveils the virus in his hand: a VIAL he just as quickly buries back into his jacket pocket.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Send your sister my regards.

A shared nod. Sebastian moves to leave--

MAXWELL LORD
Wait. Just... wait a second.

Halted at the door, Sebastian can't help but smile. He faces an anxious Lord, one final time...

MAXWELL LORD (CONT'D)
You don't owe me an answer, and forgive me for my attempt to get one, but... that virus -- it's the deadliest weapon this world has ever seen. What exactly are you going to do with it?

SEBASTIAN
I have a feeling... that it will one day be needed.

And Sebastian leaves, finally in possession of the one thing he's spent years trying to obtain...

INT. COURT OF OWLS, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

A deceased Sebastian lay sprawled across the floor. A thinly veiled gas seeps into the room... the virus UNLEASHED.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, COURTROOM - NIGHT

A room of chaos. Violent coughs. Bodies collapse. An invisible force seems to be taking the OWLS down one by one.

FOLLOW a FLEEING OWL through the chaos: they step over slumped bodies, bounce past struggling OWLS, and finally reach the door to exit. They grip the door to open, STOP--

TREMBLING HANDS crane back from the handle... too weak to move it... unable to move.

The fleeing Owl sinks down, another victim of THE CLENCH.

EXT. ALLEY WAY (STAR CITY) - NIGHT

Shadows cloak the alley in a thick black. Stood in the epicenter of a light, Thomas Bolt adjusts a set of GLOVES on his hands, waiting on the arrival of... VICTORIA MUCH.

THOMAS BOLT
You're late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA

Sorry. It's a lot harder moving around the city when people think you're a wanted murderer.

THOMAS BOLT

That's why we needed to talk.

Bolt hands over a folder to Victoria. She studies it.

THOMAS BOLT (CONT'D)

Commissioner Warner had your phone records. She has you communicating with Oliver as *Steelclaw*. There isn't a way out of this... for you.

(beat)

They're not going to stop digging, which is where things will eventually lead back--

VICTORIA

To you.

THOMAS BOLT

We're so close. I don't want to see us falter at the finish line.

Victoria pushes the folder back into Bolt's possession.

VICTORIA

You're taking it, aren't you?

THOMAS BOLT

I called *Queen* while I was waiting for you. I accepted his offer.

(off Victoria)

Look, I know it's not the path we thought of, but it's still a step forward, a step closer.

A beat. Victoria's mind settles on an understanding...

THOMAS BOLT (CONT'D)

I can't do this without you.

VICTORIA

No, it's the right call. It's just going to be... a little more complicated for us now.

THOMAS BOLT

As Commissioner, I'll be expected to hunt down and arrest *Steelclaw*, which means I'll have to pursue this *case* against you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICTORIA

I'm in this, alright? All the way. He may have been your husband, but he was *my* brother. I want Queen to suffer for this just as much as you do. So whatever you need me to do, I'll do it. Understood?

Bolt's tension eases into relief. He pulls Victoria in for a hug -- the two reminded of why they're doing this...

THOMAS BOLT

I knew you'd understand.

SKLT! Victoria HUNCHES over Bolt's embrace--

SLIDING OUT of her abdomen, a bloodied YELLOW ARROW is slowly removed from Victoria -- she STUMBLES BACK. OVER.

Bolt hovers over her, peering down at her disbelief.

THOMAS BOLT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry it had to end this way.

Bolt withdraws a second arrow, and caresses Victoria's trembling cheek with it. An odd show of affection.

OFF Bolt bringing the arrow down for the kill...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver paces the room with the phone up to his ear. He impatiently examines it: 'Calling Mia.'

OLIVER

Come on, come on. Pick up.

The line clicks. Connected:

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Oh, Mia. Thank God! I wasn't going to be able to sleep if I didn't have *someone* to talk to.

INTERCUT: OLIVER and MIA (Undisclosed Location) on the phone.

MIA

Is everything alright?

OLIVER

Bolt just called. He's dropping out of the race in the morning. I'm officially running unopposed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIA

Congratulations, Oliver. I know it wasn't an easy call, but... you made the right one.

OLIVER

Thanks. Now I just need to find the courage to tell Archer in the morning. He's going to hate me...

MIA

I'm sure he'll be okay...

INT. THE QUIVER - NIGHT

From the image of Mia on the phone... she's stood in front of a *busted trio* of teenagers: Archer, Brady and Cissie.

MIA

You get some sleep, Oliver. We can figure out where to go from here in the morning. You too. Goodnight.

The call disconnects. Mia faces a terrified Archer, the world rapidly closing in on him...

ARCHER

Does he know?

MIA

No. And if you want me to keep training you - all of you - then I suggest we keep it that way.

OFF the secret allegiance between this new team...

INT. TEMPLE - NIGHT

A fleeing Talia and Damian race down a large corridor, and erupt through a set of doors in their escape. They continue forward, until their path forward is blocked by Dusan.

TALIA

No. Quick, this way--

Talia pulls at Damian, and they turn for the other direction: it, too, becomes blocked by Vicki.

A quick look back the way they came...

An armed LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS resurface in droves. An army, ready, willing and *angry* -- out for Talia's blood.

The walls close in on Talia. She pulls for Damian. *Gone.*

TALIA (CONT'D)

Damian?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Talia turns around to find Damian stepping back to Dusan's side, joining him symbolically and physically.

Devastation sinks into Talia's soul. She's *lost*.

TALIA (CONT'D)

Why?

DAMIAN

You're a liar and a traitor. And my life isn't in danger -- it's just about to begin.

Dusan rests his hand on Damian's shoulder. A family.

TALIA

He doesn't care about you. He doesn't love you.

(breaking)

I'm -- I'm your mother, Damian.

DAMIAN

You are not my mother. And Bruce Wayne is not my father.

In this very moment -- Talia's heart shatters.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Ra's Al Ghul is my *true* father, and I will do everything in my power to see him brought back to life.

(long pause)

One will rise. The rest will fall.

OFF Talia, realising that this is the end...

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT

A somber walk through the streets: Gordon and Sarah up ahead from Kate and Renee. The two lost in their own worlds.

GORDON

I know he wasn't a good person, and he did unspeakable things but... I feel like I failed him.

SARAH

He was just a kid trying to make sense of a senseless world. And it put him on the wrong path.

GORDON

Reminds me of...

They stop for a moment. Sarah looking deep in Gordon's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Jimmy.

GORDON

Yeah.

Gordon pulls Sarah a little closer and they continue forward.

Further behind, Kate and Renee walk side by side, huddled together with their arms enveloping each other. Reunited.

KATE

As crazy as this night has been,
nothing felt crazier than seeing
you dig that old mask of yours out.

RENEE

Really? Why's that?

KATE

Guess I just thought it was a part
of your past you weren't interested
in digging up.

RENEE

I guess it is. Was. But I was so
scared of what might happen to you
when you left, and I was willing to
do the unthinkable to get you back.
Things that are... frowned upon for
a "good cop" known for being two
years clean and a couple months
free from the Religion of Crime who
she so *brilliantly* took down.

Renee nudges Kate, the two sharing a laugh. The levity passes, and Renee stops to face the pressing concerns.

RENEE (CONT'D)

What? What's eating at you?

KATE

I'm just not sure - speaking purely
from experience - that a mask can
necessarily separate the two.

RENEE

I know. I'm not interested in
being *The Question* anymore, or
being that... person anymore.

(beat)

The past offers me nothing when I
can see the future right here.

Kate beams with happiness. The two finally share a KISS, and the world pauses just for them in this moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATE

I'm sorry that I left. I promise I
will never do that to you again.

The romance seems to fade. Renee suspicious...

RENEE

Helena. Is she--

Kate pulls away, grief-stricken. She shakes her head.

RENEE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I'm sorry we
couldn't save her.

The two continue forward, then BUMP INTO a halted Gordon and Sarah, who are somehow frozen in front of them.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Commissioner? What--

They follow their glance to the skies:

Projected onto the sky and beaming with a hopeful light, the familiar BAT-SYMBOL burns high above them.

OFF our heroes, uncertain and yet hopeful...

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

Emerging back into the city, Lucius and Bruce halt at the sight in front of them: the same BAT-SYMBOL burns high in the sky above them. A symbol restoring their hope.

BRUCE

Chloe.

An all-knowing smirk stitches across Bruce's face...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Stood valiantly on the rooftop, behind the FLOODLIGHT that casts the BAT-SYMBOL into the night sky...

Our hero, Chloe. The Watchtower.

She patiently waits for this beacon to do its job: to cast out its message, and reel in a team of heroes to fight the burgeoning war in Gotham City.

It's time to get to work...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

ON A SET OF CLOSED EYES--

A gasp. Helena JOLTS out of her slumber. The sudden movement sparks a sharp pain in her abdomen. Flinches.

Hands feel around a BANDAGED torso. Blood stained.

Approaching footsteps echo in. Helena immediately looks out at the doorway to find... SELINA KYLE (alive and well).

SELINA

Welcome back, *Bertinelli*.

Helena eases back - slowly remembering...

A SERIES OF FLASHES:

Helena is SHOT. TWICE. Footsteps ECHO towards her, closer and closer. A WOMAN. Locks eyes. Drags her towards an elevator. Inside. Looking back -- it's SELINA KYLE.

Sitting up, Helena manages to gain height on the bed. She rubs her eyes -- the worst headache of her life. *It's real.*

HELENA

Selina?

A widening smile stitches across Selina's face.

SELINA

You've missed a *lot*.

OFF the jaw-dropping revelation...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE