

the VPN

WATCHTOWER

"Archer"

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

Also, based upon characters from,
the DC Comics Magazine.

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISE - NIGHT. 1

A wide shot of the WAYNE ENTERPRISE, establishing its beauty as we slowly, gently, move in on it from afar.

2 INT. BALCONY - WAYNE ENTERPRISE - NIGHT. 2

Contemplating the night, BRUCE WAYNE gazes off into the dark blue, almost pitch black sky, without so much of a sparkle in his eye.

He's reflecting on his year - *thirty two* and still trying to find what he wants to do with his life.

CHLOE (O.S.)
Now, what I don't get about you
Billionaire's is that you can
invite so many people to your
birthday bash, yet manage to keep
as far away from them as
possible.

A small smile forms on Bruce's face, and he turns to meet

CHLOE SULLIVAN,

who steps out onto the balcony with him.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Happy Birthday, Bruce.

BRUCE
Chloe.

The two hug.

CHLOE
So, I got you a little present.

Reaching out of her small purse, she brings out a box, all tied up in wrapping with little birthday cakes on it - indulging in the cliché of it all.

Bruce takes it.

BRUCE
You didn't have to do this, you
know.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Come on, Bruce. Its your birthday. Besides, it took me forever to find this for you.

BRUCE

How'd you even find out about my birthday, anyway?

CHLOE

Well you do realize I'm dating your best friend, right? Oliver told me.

BRUCE

Oh. Right.

Bruce unwraps the paper, revealing the box. Before opening, he makes a short glance at Chloe.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Is - uh - where *is* Oliver?

CHLOE

He couldn't make it, sorry. He promises to make it up to you.

(beat)

Just ... don't shoot the messenger.

Bruce laughs.

BRUCE

Promise.

Opening the box, a small JOURNAL is revealed inside. It has the initials *BW* on the cover, in handwriting, golden...

CHLOE

You said you were afraid of the darkness that was inside of you.

(pause)

So I figured, instead of bottling them up inside, you could *write* them in here.

Bruce's grin broadens, and he looks her way.

BRUCE

Thank you, Chloe.

The two are locked in a look that grows uncomfortable for Chloe, and her eyes face the moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

So what do you say we go back
inside and mingle for a few
hours, huh?

(back to Bruce)

These guys can't be *that* bad.

BRUCE

They're not my friends, Chloe.

(sighs)

I could have all the money in the
world, but that doesn't mean
friends come with the whole
package.

CHLOE

(reassuring)

Well, you've got *me*, right? And
Oliver. We're your friends...

His eyes fall to the floor.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(long pause)

Come on, it's getting cold.

Pulling him away from the balcony, the two return to the
room. Chloe's green dress whips up into frame, forcing us
to a sudden BLACK OUT, returning to --

3 INT. BALLROOM - WAYNE ENTERPRISE - NIGHT.

3

The place is packed with people, all dressed formally. Both
Chloe and Bruce enter, clearly out of place - although
still dressed in formal wear.

CHLOE

Heh, this isn't so bad, is it?

Bruce sighs, and locks eyes with her. She smiles,
automatically causing him to breathe a small laugh.

CROWD (O.S.)

Toast! Toast! Toast!

Slowly stepping aside, into the crowd, Chloe begins to
cheer with them. With a cocky grin on his face, Bruce
reaches for the glass beside him, and raises it.

BRUCE

Alright, alright, calm down.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Although I may not know you all on a personal level, and usually its business that brings us all together, I've grown up with a lot of you. And when my ... my parents died, you guys stuck by me. Now I'm running a multi-million dollar company, and I wouldn't have found the strength if you all didn't show your support.

(beat)

So, thank you!

The crowd begins to clap, and they drink their drinks. Bruce, however, places his drink down, and returns to Chloe, who can't help but laugh.

CHLOE

As touching and meaningful as that all was --

BRUCE

Yeah, yeah, shut up. Couldn't exactly tell them I didn't like them. Know them. Or you know, care. But they're all here for me, so, I guess they *do*.

CHLOE

That, or, want a payrise.

BRUCE

Or buy my shares in Wayne Enterprise.

CHLOE

(teasingly)

T'yeah, got to *suck* being you.

BRUCE

Least nice suits come with the job description.

VWOOOOOOOOOM!

Propelling to the floor, Bruce slides into the wall, sending Chloe in a sudden trance as she watches him fly out of sight.

CHLOE

Bruce!

Running over to him, as best she can in her ankle long dress, Chloe gets on her knees and rolls him over.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Bruce!

Deep in his shoulder is an ARROW.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oh my god --

BRUCE

It's *him*. He's come to --

Another arrow skims straight passed Bruce's cheek and into the wall next to him. Chloe, immediately looks the way the arrow came, to see a

SHADOWED FIGURE,

that steps back into the shadows, disappearing.

CHLOE

Ugh, Bruce - come on.

Helping Bruce up to his feet, Chloe stands with him.

Gripping the arrow deep in his shoulder, Bruce YANKS it out, and throws it to the floor.

The whole crowd is screaming, squaring off into groups, most of them running in fear.

Bruce and Chloe face one another.

BRUCE

Why would you send the Green Arrow after me, Chloe? I've learnt my lesson.

CHLOE

This *isn't* the Green Arrow. I have no idea who is pulling this little stunt.

ANGLE: CHLOE'S P.O.V -- the shadow re-emerges, moving hastily across the wall, aligning their next shot.

Chloe points it out to Bruce.

His eyes JOLT wide open, and Chloe grabs Bruce's hand, moving him out of range.

They stop at the window as Bruce pulls her in front of him - turning his back to the large, glass outline, that create the back wall.

BRUCE

Chloe, get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE
Not without you.

BRUCE
This isn't your problem to solve.

CHLOE
Bruce, I'm not going to leave you
here to die! I won't allow it.

VWOOOOOOM!

(S.M) The arrow FLIES IN from behind, heading straight for
Chloe's head. She slowly begins to turn, facing it as it
pushes through the wind.

Bruce PUSHES Chloe as it heads further towards them, fast.

(S.M) - SLOW MOTION ... STOPS.

Chloe falls to the floor, her head hitting the ground hard,
and rolling into unconsciousness. Bruce is

THROWN

from the ground, a large arrow piercing through his chest.

A large GRUNT escapes him, and he HITS the glass behind
him, causing it to

SHATTER

as he descends out of sight --

CUT TO:

4 EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISE - NIGHT.

4

Flying from the building, Bruce descends onto the edge of
the building, sliding down panels and panels of windows,
with nothing to hold onto.

He GRIPS the edge,

CLINGING

for dear life.

The FIGURE emerges from the window, dropping down towards
him. He slides, still cloaked in shadows, before reaching
the edge - where Bruce hangs - and forcefully STOPPING.

THE ARCHER.

He looks down at Bruce, retracting a GUN from his belt.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

And so it begins.

GRABBING Bruce's arm, he PULLS him up into his grasp,
raising the gun and shooting a large

GRAPPLE

out, that clings to the top of the WAYNE ENTERPRISE
building, causing both of them to ascend out of frame.

On their disappearance, we come in on

CHLOE SULLIVAN,

who peers up into the sky, witnessing his departure. A
small sigh escapes her red, luscious lips, and we --

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - MORNING. 5

The doors SPRING apart, welcoming Chloe Sullivan into her territory. Waiting for her,

OLIVER QUEEN,

turns to face her.

His bright smile fades as he sees her long, torn, red dress, and all the cuts and bruises on her. Her hair is scruffy, and she looks a mess.

OLIVER

Uhm...

(pause)

You're not looking too hot.

CHLOE

Well you wouldn't either if you were nearly killed by an expert marksman. You know, I'm starting to think that super villains are lacking originality.

OLIVER

What happened?

CHLOE

Bruce's *birthday bash* got a little out of hand when some guy shooting arrows left right and center came in and kidnapped him.

(beat)

Lucky no one else got hurt.

OLIVER

Eh, well, before you jump to any conclusions, *no it wasn't me*, and *no*, I'm *not* suffering from any sorta split personality mumbo jumbo.

Chloe laughs.

CHLOE

Yeah, I wasn't even going to go there, Ollie.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

So, I take it we're gonna spend the rest of the day trying to find him?

CHLOE

Not exactly gonna solve itself...

OLIVER

Wouldn't it be great if it did, though. Getting sick of this hero stuff, really fast.

CHLOE

Yeah. Seems we can't catch a break lately.

OLIVER

At least we don't have to worry about Emil anymore. Now that he's locked behind bars.

CHLOE

Which we still have to find a way to get him out of.

OLIVER

Back on that again, are we?

CHLOE

He didn't kill that woman, Ollie.

OLIVER

Yeah, I know that. But he's killed a lot of people, and he's doing the right thing by seeking redemption.

CHLOE

But behind bars?

(pause)

I don't know. Just think there's a better way to find what he's looking for.

Chloe approaches the MAIN COMPUTER.

OLIVER

How long do you reckon it'll take to find him? Should we start panicking?

CHLOE

I'm hoping we can kick this thing out of the park pretty shortly.

(MORE)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Just as long as I can trace this
Green Arrow wannabe back to a
location we should be fine.

CUT TO:

6 INT. PRISON - COURT - MORNING.

6

EMIL HAMILTON enters the large court with his tray of food,
approaching the large table, of many, and taking a seat.

Approaching from behind him,

ERIC PROWLER,

a bald, rather muscular inmate, sneaks up on Emil with his
two friends behind, chuckling.

ERIC

Its always the rich ones that
seep into the background.

(beat)

Think we can't see you.

Emil faces him, not intimidated.

EMIL

Do I honestly look like I care?

Eric chuckles, and Emil returns to his food. He goes to
take a bite and is

GRABBED,

dragged from his seat and thrown to the wall by one of
Eric's MEN.

ERIC

Take this as a warning. I don't
like you. Probably figured that
one out yourself, but I *like* to
state the obvious.

(beat)

And the obvious right now, is
that *you're* not going to last
another week in this hell hole.

EMIL

Get off me!

Emil pushes Eric's friend away, and gains his stance.

ERIC

You see, you're fresh meat in
this place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (CONT'D)

A small fish in a big pond. And
we eat small fish for breakfast.

EMIL

And here I thought we all got
served the same, tasteless *crap*.

Pulling a

SWITCHBLADE,

Eric threatens Emil. He pulls him in close, whispering in
his ear.

ERIC

(whispering)

Every single guard in this prison
doesn't give a rat's ass about any
of us. We can kill. We can
torture. We can ...

(long pause)

... *do* just about anything in
here, with the guards just
happily enjoying the show.

He pulls away, and places the switchblade back in his
pocket.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Better watch your back.

Emil takes in a GULP, and Eric laughs, leaving his
presence. A small sigh, and Emil's eyes fall to the floor,
realizing his decision to seek redemption may have been a
mistake.

CUT TO:

Turning away from the COMPUTER, Chloe walks over towards
Oliver, who perks up upon her return to him.

OLIVER

So, can we head on over and beat
this bad boy?

CHLOE

Well, actually --

OLIVER

Time to start panicking?

Chloe sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

I tried to trace him back to his last location, but the footage went black for over an hour, and the last place he was spotted, was at a service station.

(beat)

Alone.

OLIVER

Which means somewhere between Wayne Enterprises, and ...

(waits)

CHLOE

... the Quick-Fix.

OLIVER

(continues)

- - is our favourite bachelor, Bruce Wayne. So that shouldn't be too difficult, right?

CHLOE

Its not going to be a walk in the park, that's for sure.

OLIVER

Nothing ever is in this city.

CHLOE

Never thought I'd have to say this, but god I miss Smallville.

Oliver laughs, before giving her a peck on the lips. He walks passed her, and towards the main computer.

OLIVER (O.S.)

So lets try and narrow this thing down, huh.

Chloe turns, a wide grin on her face from their small kiss, and approaches him.

CHLOE

First, I gotta stop by the apartment - can't fight crime wearing this.

Oliver turns to face her.

OLIVER

I would love to see you try.

CHLOE
Cute. Really cute.
(beat)
I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

8 INT. UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS - DAY.

8

A room. Closed. A small flickering light is obvious in the room, and as we DRIFT away from the wall stained in shadows, we find it --

FLAMES.

They rise, burning, growing, writhing through the entire room with a fury of empowerment. Control.

A set of feet DANGLE from above, shaking about. Slowly, we begin to PULL UP, making our way up the human FIGURE to find

BRUCE WAYNE,

hanging by his hands over a consuming fire.

He is awake.

ARCHER
(over speaker)
Bruce Wayne.

His vision SHIFTS to where the voice is coming from, anger flaring from his nostrils.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(over speaker)
Your time has come.

BRUCE
What the hell are you talking
about, you sick, twisted freak.
(beat)
Get me down from here!

ARCHER
(over speaker)
Ah, I'm afraid you're going to
have to do that yourself. Unlike
everything else.

Bruce looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(over speaker)

See, your parents were killed when you were just a child. And all their fortune was passed down to you. Hardly seems fair, now doesn't it.

(beat)

Being someone who believes in equality, and fairness, I think you should prove yourself worthy.

(long pause)

And now, onto your first challenge.

BRUCE

Challenge --

ARCHER

(over speaker)

There is a hatch hidden under the fire. Once - actually - *if*, you can manage your way down from the rope before the flames reach you, you have a limited amount of time to find the hatch, and escape into the next floor.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS - LOWER LEVEL #1 - DAY.

PUSH THROUGH the next level to find another room with hostages, all tied up, with a BOMB at the end of the wall.

ARCHER

(over speaker)

That's where you'll truly be tested.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS - DAY.

Bruce TUGS on the ropes, hard.

ARCHER

(over speaker)

But hurry. Your life isn't the only one that hangs on the line here. No pun intended ...

A sudden overwhelmed feeling brushes over Bruce as he hears the line cut out from the ARCHER. He shakes about.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
Ugh! Dammit!

He looks around, the smoke is rising, the flames with it, and he can feel the heat consuming his body.

ANGLE: BRUCE'S P.O.V -- the rope. Its attached around a small VENT, cloaked by darkness; hard to see.

Bruce looks back down to the fire, and doesn't see a hatch, there's too much smoke fogging the place. The pressure builds.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Come on, Bruce.

He takes in a breathe, and begins to

GRIP THE ROPE,

struggling, as he pulls himself up it, closer to the point of origin - the vent. Bruce begins to GRUNT, his hands being cut open from the rope.

Finally, he slides his fingers through the vent, the rope still tight around his wrists. His weight

PULLS THE VENT CASE OFF,

and he falls back, the rope JOLTING him back around.

A small disgruntled noise escapes him, and he glides back to the wall, hitting it hard. A large

TELEVISION SCREEN

appears on the opposite wall.

A countdown begins, with ten minutes remaining. **0:9:55.**

BRUCE (CONT'D)
No --

He manages his way back towards the vent, where he twists the rope around, on his wrists, against the edge - cutting.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Come on. Come on.

The threads are tearing, ripping apart. A smile forms on Bruce's face, and he runs it passed the edge one last time, freeing himself.

HE DESCENDS INTO THE FLAMES.

The fire EXPLODES towards the screen, no sign of Bruce left, as he lie underneath the smoke and bubbling fire.

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER "Archer"
10 CONTINUED: (2)

16.
10

On his disappearance, we can't help but --

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS - LOWER LEVEL #1 - DAY. 11

Lying underneath rubble, Bruce stirs into his wake, looking straight up from where he fell - straight through the floor.

He begins to stand.

ARCHER
(over speaker)
Well done. But it isn't over.

Bruce SNAPS around, black and burnt.

BRUCE
This isn't a game!

ARCHER
(over speaker)
On the contrary, that's exactly what this is.

Lights begin to EXPLODE around Bruce, illuminating several hostages as they all flicker on. The last light glows in on

A BOMB,

that counts down from five minutes. **0:05:00.**

Bruce's eyes widen in absolute horror.

BRUCE
Let them go. Whatever this sick game is, they're not apart of it.
(beat)
This is between me, and you!

ARCHER
(over speaker)
I'm trying to help you.

BRUCE
Help me?
(turns around)
You tied me to the ceiling and dangled me above a roaring fire!

ARCHER
(over speaker)
All men have a destiny. You, well, yours is really just your father's legacy.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

ARCHER (CONT'D)

You didn't earn any of the
fortune you have, and right now,
that money is all you have going
for you.

Bruce gulps; he knows.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(over speaker)

If you're strong enough to
complete this challenge, you will
have proven yourself worthy of
what you have.

BRUCE

I don't care about the money!

(beat)

Take it. Take all of it. Just let
these people go, alright.

He is gone.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Let them go, you son of a --

The timer BEEPS onto the next minute, four remaining.

Without a moment's pause, he runs towards the first
hostage, whose muffled screams echo through the room. He
realizes they're all tied down with

CHAINS,

all locked with a key.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

No. No. No.

(turns around)

Don't do this! Please! Don't let
them die.

He is without answers.

A beat. And the bomb catches Bruce's eye.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

That's the test, isn't it?

He steps forward.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

If I'm willing to sacrifice
myself for the many?

(beat)

If I - I'm ...

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER "Archer" 19.
11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

He pauses, unable to continue. He takes a in a breathe, thinking, contemplating.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I'm *not* ready to die. I'm not --

The bomb flicks over to the next minute, three remaining.

INTERCUT WITH:

12 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - DAY. 12

TIGHT on the computer screen - its doing a global search, scanning. PULLING BACK from it, we come in on

OLIVER,

who seems bored, waiting.

He checks his watch, the dial ticking over to the next second, slowly, and suddenly the loud

BEEPING

from the main computer goes off, and his head SNAPS up to see it reading **WARNING!**

OLIVER
What the --

All the windows become SEALED OFF, as the computers hit an electrical surge that causes them to shut down. Oliver turns to face us, DEAD ON, his eyes widening --

13 INT. UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS - LOWER LEVEL #1 - DAY. 13

TIGHT on the bomb - two hands reaching out for it, and tearing it free from the wall. From that shot, we come to

BRUCE,

who faces us, sweat dripping from his scared face. It has ticked down to the **two minute mark**, and time is running out. He stops, taking in a deep breathe.

With no words, he RUNS out of frame --

14 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - DAY. 14

LIGHTS GO OUT. Oliver stands, in the darkness, just barely able to be seen. He begins to hear footsteps, and

TURNS,

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER "Archer" 20.
14 CONTINUED: 14

aiming for the darkness that cloaks the walls around him.

OLIVER
(under his breathe)
Come on. Show yourself ...

A shadowed hand FLIES out from behind, and drags Oliver away from us --

15 INT. UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS - STAIRS - DAY. 15

The door FLIES off its hinges, and slides down the first flight of stairs, where Bruce comes running into frame, the bomb firm in his hands.

TIGHT on the bomb. 0:01:00.

16 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - DAY. 16

The power in the room suddenly FLICKERS on, coming back online. A figure, Oliver, is being dragged through the doorway, and as the doors

CLOSE,

we instantly --

SMASH CUT TO:

17 INT. UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS - STAIRS - DAY. 17

Bruce is scaling down the stairs, RUSHING, hastily moving with the intentions of getting as far away from the hostages as possible.

He reaches the final door, and BURSTS THROUGH IT.

18 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY. 18

Falling into the alleyway, Bruce stumbles into a large puddle of water, his feet failing him. He gathers his thoughts, and regains his balance, grabbing the bomb and rising to his knees.

0:00:04.

BRUCE

No --

Bringing the bomb into his chest, and closing his eyes, he awaits the flames to consume his soul, his body, his life.

The timer stops BEEPING.

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER "Archer"
18 CONTINUED:

21.
18

Pulling the bomb back into clear sight, he notices its
reached the *zero mark*. Questions cloud his mind, and he
begins to look up to find

THE ARCHER,

aiming his shot at Bruce.

ARCHER
Now that wasn't so hard, was it?

Bruce STANDS, and drops the ineffective bomb, lip
quivering. The arrow is

RELEASED,

and hits Bruce straight in the shoulder -- electricity
surging through his entire body. He drops.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Round Two begins...

CUT TO:

19 EXT. GOTHAM - CITY - NIGHT.

19

A wide shot of the city, PUSHING IN on it slowly, calm, as
the moon now takes the sun's place, as the watchful
guardian of Gotham.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

20

Stepping out into the living room, CHLOE reveals herself,
tugging on her jacket, to straighten it. She grabs her bag,
and goes for the door. Opening it, she finds

PERRY WHITE

standing in front of her.

CHLOE
(gasping)
Perry!

PERRY
We need to talk.

CHLOE
Kinda busy at the moment, Perry,
but --

PERRY
That's not important.

(CONTINUED)

Perry welcomes himself inside - and Chloe slowly closes the door with a small sigh. She faces him.

CHLOE
Okay. What is it?

PERRY
(beat)
Watchtower. Its gone off the radar, for now, anyway.

CHLOE
Which means that so must we. At least until they resurface, right?

PERRY
That's what they want us to do. To think like. But we can't stop now, while we're ahead.

CHLOE
Ahead? Perry, we have *nothing*.

Perry's hypo-active, excited mood begins to drop.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Now take a break from this story before you get even crazier than you already are. Please.

PERRY
(sighs)
Chloe, its still out there.
(beat)
Whether its communicating to the public or not, its still here. And I need to know what they want, who they are, and why they chose Gotham City.

CHLOE
Corruption. Crime rate. You name it. Clearly, what this person wants is to protect us.

PERRY
Then shouldn't the city know the truth about their intentions?

CHLOE
Maybe the city already knows.

PERRY
When Watchtower went public, the city turned to chaos.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERRY (CONT'D)
Maybe they don't know what we
want to believe.

CHLOE
Pe --

Her phone begins to BEEP. Bringing it out of her jacket pocket, Chloe looks at the screen.

"911"

A small look of concern emerges on Chloe's face, and she places her phone back in her jacket.

PERRY
Everything alright?

CHLOE
Yeah, I - well, no - but --
(pause)
I have to go.

Opening the door, she tries to get Perry to leave.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I'll try and get some research on
this story tonight, alright.

PERRY
Stay safe, Chloe.

She smiles.

CHLOE
Night, boss.

He turns away, and heads down the corridor, out of sight.

PUSH IN

on Chloe, as she closes the door, bringing her mobile phone back up to her ear, ringing --

CHLOE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Mia? Got the message; what's
wrong?

MIA
(over phone)
You better head over here quick.

CUT TO:

21 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT. 21

MIA DEARDEN. Turning away from an ARROW embedded into the wall, Mia tightens her hold on the phone to her ear, worried.

MIA
(into phone)
Oliver's missing.

CUT TO:

22 INT. PRISON - SHOWERS - NIGHT. 22

EMIL HAMILTON. He stands under the coming water, that drops from the shower above him. He throws his hands through his hair, embracing the water on his face. His body.

He's alone, last one in the shower. A shadowed

FIGURE

emerges from behind, piquing Emil's interest, and he SNAPS around, following the shadowy trail that disappears. He pauses, waiting...

Turning back around, he turns the shower off and reaches for his towel. Wrapping it around his waist, he proceeds away from the showers.

The sound of a gun COCKING is heard, and Emil turns.

EMIL
(beat)
Who's there?

An OFFICER reveals themselves.

OFFICER
Good evening, Mr. Hamilton.

Emil starts to back away.

EMIL
What do you want?

The officer SPINS the gun around, the handle facing Emil, and offers it to him --

OFFICER
Here. You'll need this.

Emil eyes it down.

EMIL
Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

I'm here to ensure your safety.

(beat)

You can accept that, or be found
dead tomorrow morning by the
hands of Eric Louter. Your
choice.

Reaching out, Emil wraps his fingers around the gun, and
brings it into his possession.

EMIL

This isn't the life I --

OFFICER

Don't feed me that crap,
Hamilton. We know you. This
facade of seeking redemption, it
doesn't suit you.

EMIL

We?

The officer pulls open his jacket, to reveal a BLACK KNIGHT
embedded onto a checkered logo - clearly stating who he was
working for.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Waller.

OFFICER

Seems she'd like to discuss
business with you. But until we
can find a way to break you out
of here, we have to resort to ...
other tactics.

EMIL

I'm here by choice. It was *my*
decision to repent for the
actions I've committed.

OFFICER

We're about to enter a new world,
Mr. Hamilton. The next step in
evolution, if you will.

(beat)

You do *not* want to be on the
wrong side when it comes to pass.

And he disappears...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT.

23

The doors JOLT apart, welcoming the short blonde haired woman inside - her face clouded with concern.

MIA DEARDEN,

turns to face Chloe, the noise of the doors clicking back together grabbing her attention.

Chloe stops in her path.

ANGLE: COMPUTER SCREEN - something is playing on the computer screen, Oliver Queen. He turns around, a hand creeping up around his mouth, and pulling him aside. PULL BACK to --

Chloe Sullivan. Her eyes open wider, Mia turning back to face her.

CHLOE

Is there anything else?

MIA

No. The power was down. Only got this footage from the cloaked camera. But whoever has taken him, may be the same person who has Bruce.

Chloe gives her a confused look.

MIA (CONT'D)

Oh. Oliver told me...

CHLOE

That's odd ...

MIA

Well, not really. I mean, I am apart of the team, and the situation called for ano --

CHLOE

No. Not that, *this*.

Chloe is studying the wall, finding a jagged marking.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Almost like a ...

(CONTINUED)

MIA

... Map.

From the wall, Chloe looks to Mia. Her eyes begin to light up, and she wonders on over towards the main computer.

MIA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CHLOE

Using the most high tech program
on the web.

She turns with a smile.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Google maps.

SMASH CUT TO:

24 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT.

24

Closed off construction site; dirty, windy, harsh. Bruce Wayne is lying face first, his expression covered in thick layers of dirt. He rubs his eyes, fixing his vision, only to find

OLIVER QUEEN,

a few feet away, unconscious.

BRUCE

Oliver?

Rushing to his aid, Bruce turns Oliver onto his back, shaking him into wake.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Come on, Oliver. Wake up --

Oliver's eyes begin to flutter, and the lids peel back, revealing his brown eyes.

OLIVER

Bruce?

(jolts up)

What the *hell* is going on?

ARCHER (O.S.)

The final test.

Both men SNAP around to where the voice is coming from, finding the Archer in their midst.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Both of you are... similar in every single way - right to the core.

(beat)

Both lost your parents at a young age. Both watching the money flow into your bank accounts. And apparently, you're both jiving over the same short blonde that I have to admit, doesn't do anything for me.

Oliver clenches his fists. As he steps forward, Bruce holds him back --

BRUCE

Oliver, don't listen to him.

ARCHER

Hmm. Such a nice friend you are, Bruce Wayne.

(beat)

I guess planting one on his girl is a sign of a true friendship.

A beat. Oliver pushes Bruce's arm away, and they face each other. Bruce look startled ...

OLIVER

You *kissed* her.

BRUCE

Oliver, I --

Throwing a punch, Oliver sends Bruce rippling to his knees.

ARCHER

(laughing)

Lets get this show on the road, shall we?

He throws in a gun - in the center of where they both stand.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Only one of you are leaving this site tonight. Its been a fun game, so far, but all good things must come to an end.

(beat)

And I can't wait to see who is left standing ...

The Archer FLEES from sight, and we PULL BACK in towards Oliver, who stares down at the gun.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce SNAPS up to meet with his eyes, and the two are locked on this look of *what do we do now...*

SMASH CUT TO:

25 INT. PRISON - WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

25

The door CREAKS open, and Emil is guided down to the seat in front of the office desk. The room is empty, and he is left alone.

In his pocket, a LOADED GUN. Concealed.

PUSHING PASSED Emil, we come to a TELEVISION SCREEN that begins to flicker on, showing a tight image of the

CHECKMATE LOGO.

Fuzzing about, **AMANDA WALLER*** appears, suited, with her hair falling passed her shoulders. Her presence is, in itself, suspenseful. No expression. Frightening ...

(*appears on television screen only)

AMANDA
Emil Hamilton. Its been a long time.

EMIL
Waller...

AMANDA
I understand the last time our paths crossed, things got a bit out of hand. But --

EMIL
You *shot* me.

AMANDA
Yes, well, bygones.

Emil shifts in his seat, uncomfortable.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Seem on edge. If prison's as bad as they say, I can see why.

EMIL
Its not like that ...

AMANDA
How exactly did the mastermind that is Emil Hamilton, get put behind bars?

(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

To my understanding, you're
searching for redemption.

EMIL

I've taken things too far.

AMANDA

Actually, you haven't taken
things *far enough*.

(beat)

And its time we started moving
things along. Faster.

EMIL

I can't.

AMANDA

Can't. Or won't?

(beat)

Checkmate has dedicated a lot of
time to this project. You ...
have dedicated a lot to this
project. And you're telling me
that you can't finish what we
started?

EMIL

Believe me, Waller. I want to.

(beat)

But I saw the future. Because of
what we do, the world ... its not
what we wanted. What *I* wanted.

AMANDA

So you decided to just give up?

(beat)

We can mould the future into what
we want. Improve it. *Shape* it.

EMIL

Trust me. The experiment will
only bring about chaos and
destruction. Unless there were
some way to control the improved
race, we're only creating the
equivalent of *World War III*.

Amanda looks disappointed.

AMANDA

Well, I guess its over, then.

(beat)

If you're ready to step up and
finish what we started, you know
how to contact me.

(long pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER "Archer"
25 CONTINUED: (2)

31.
25

AMANDA (CONT'D)
In the meantime, watch your back,
literally. Waller, out.

The screen returns to the CHECKMATE LOGO, and we

SPIN BACK AROUND

to Emil, who sighs a breath of relief. The guard re-enters
the room, and maneuvers him to leave. From that, we --

CUT TO:

26 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT.

26

Rising to his feet, hands in the air, Bruce shows Oliver
he's not willing to grab the gun and make the shot. The two
circle the loaded weapon.

BRUCE
We don't have to do what he
wants, Oliver. There's two of us,
and one of him.

OLIVER
He's got us right where he wants
us. A controlled environment.
(beat)
There's no stopping him.

BRUCE
So I guess this means ...

Oliver gulps.

OLIVER
... that only one of us is
leaving this place alive.

PULL BACK in a blurring swirl, we find ourselves outside
the construction site, where a car pulls up. The door kicks
open, and out steps Chloe Sullivan.

Stepping around the vehicle, she looks on, spotting two
distant figures (clearly recognizing the two of them).

Mia steps in from behind her.

MIA
That them?

Chloe nods, and then glances at Mia.

CHLOE
Come on.

(CONTINUED)

They begin to enter the site, and as they do, we PUSH FORWARD in a blur that leads us straight back to --

BRUCE. OLIVER.

We pan around them as they continue speaking ...

OLIVER
I'm not going to kill you.

BRUCE
This can only end one of two ways.

OLIVER
Promise me something.

Bruce tunes in.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
If I'm the one to take a permanent dirt nap, take care of Chloe for me, would you.
(beat)
Don't let anything bad happen to her, alright.

Bruce nods, and offers him his hand.

BRUCE
You have my word.

OLIVER
Thank you.

Bruce then TUGS Oliver forward and brings up his knee, winding his opponent. With a grunt, Oliver stumbles back, and Oliver

SPINS AROUND,

returning with a roundhouse kick that clobbers Oliver across the jaw. He falls straight to the ground, gasping u7

Further behind her is Mia, standing in front of a door, that should be sealed shut. The two meet eyes.

CHLOE
I have to --

MIA
(assuring smile)
I know.

Turning off, Chloe starts SPRINTING towards Bruce and Oliver, who are not too far in sight.

Mia EXITS frame, through the doorway, into the flight of stairs that leads up towards the "in progress" stadium.

Back on Oliver. He rolls over onto his back, Bruce standing over him, with the gun now in his hold.

SHOOTING

his legs up, he kicks the gun out of his hands.

They're eyes meet again, and Oliver springs his legs out again, knocking Bruce onto his back, grunting as his back meets the hard ground; dust brushing out from behind him from the impact on the dirt.

Regaining his balance, Oliver takes his stance, and spots Chloe in the distance, RUNNING towards the nmbm.

OLIVER
(under his breath)
Chloe.

Running off, he attempts to reach her.

Meanwhile, Bruce gets back up onto his knees, realizing that Oliver has jetted off. He reaches for the gun, and starts to get back up on his feet.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Chl--

BANG!

All is silent. Oliver suddenly drops onto his knees, arching his back as he slowly falls into the dirt. Chloe looks on, PUSHING IN tight on her face.

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT.

27

The ground is being covered in blood. As it spreads out, we begin to slowly RETRACT, finding Oliver lying face first to the ground, bleeding out.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Oliver!

Chloe DROPS to his aid, and rolls him onto his side, head facing up. Her hands are trembling, eyes watering.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oliver? Ollie! Come on, I --

She's distracted by the blood on her hands, rushing out of the wound on his back.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

TIGHT on Bruce. His eyes begin to flutter, and the smoking gun drops from his hold. Hitting the ground, dust consumes it, and he slowly turns to face the Archer, who presents himself.

Chloe slowly looks up and notices him.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You did this ...

Standing up from Oliver's withered body, Chloe clenches her stomach in grief, and stares at the approaching monster.

ARCHER

Technically, he did.

Chloe's eyes fall to Bruce, and he meets her look.

BRUCE

I -- It was --

ARCHER

You're free to leave, Bruce.

He shoots Chloe a dark look, and turns off, Oliver's death on his hands. Chloe looks shocked; another friend turning their back on her, and themselves.

She returns to the Archer.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE
What do you want?

ARCHER
I want to be sure that this
doesn't hit the press, *Chloe*
Sullivan.

Chloe's eyes slowly peel up to see Mia approaching from behind him. She subtly locks her eyes back to his.

CHLOE
You are seriously mistaken if you
think I will just let this go.
(beat)
You're going to spend the rest of
your life rotting in a federal
state prison.

ARCHER
Now you see --

Spinning around, he grabs Mia by the throat, pulls her back around to where he was facing before, and puts a crossbow to her throat.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
I don't like the sound of that...

CHLOE
(gasping)
No!

Mia is panicking, staring down at the arrow pressed against her bulging throat, as her breathing is strained.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Please. Don't.

MIA
(ragged)
Chloe ...

ARCHER
Ugh!

Mia is released from the Archer's hold, Chloe immediately dropping to her aid, catching her, and as he suddenly

DROPS,

we reveal Oliver, standing behind him, with the gun in his hand - having knocked it across his skull. Chloe's eyes widen in disbelief.

The Archer rolls over, to look at his attacker.

WATCHTOWER "Archer"
27 CONTINUED: (2)

36.
27

ARCHER (CONT'D)
You were *dead* --

Oliver grins.

OLIVER
Hardly.

FLASH CUT TO:

28 INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISE - HEAD OFFICE - FLASHBACK. 28

Oliver and Bruce sit by the desk, locked in a conversation.

OLIVER (V.O.)
You see, Bruce did some research
and found that someone from
inside the company was secretly
stealing high tech equipment from
his company, and when he did some
digging, he stumbled across where
all this tech was being
transferred too.
(beat)
That's when I got involved.

FLASH CUT TO:

29 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK. 29

PULL BACK from the computer screen, to find Oliver and
Bruce reading up on the Archer.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Learning about the sick game you
played on the rich and famous, we
decided it best, for not only the
people you preyed on, but Bruce's
company, that we bring it to an
end.

FLASH BACK TO:

30 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT. 30

Oliver held the loaded gun down at the Archer.

OLIVER
Studying your tactics, we knew
exactly how to best you at your
own game, and teach you a lesson.

ARCHER
I saw him shoot you.

(CONTINUED)

Oliver rips off his shirt to reveal a bullet proof vest, with a blood pack attached to the front and back of him.

OLIVER
Its always the simple things that
geniuses forget about.

Chloe stands from Mia, impressed.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
The game's over, Quigley.

On the Archer's (QUIGLEY) shock, we instantly --

FLASH CUT TO:

31 EXT. GOTHAM CITY - CITY - NIGHT. 31

A beautiful sequence of shots of the gorgeous city, Gotham. Finishing with an obvious look at the distant Watchtower structure standing tall above the city, we find ourselves --

32 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT. 32

Down from the ceiling, we come in on Chloe, who faces both Oliver and Bruce inside the Headquarters.

CHLOE
Since when did the two of you
become the Dynamic Duo?

BRUCE
It wasn't like that.

OLIVER
Besides, if I remember correctly,
you did the exact same thing with
Roulette.

CHLOE
Touche.
(beat)
But Roulette wasn't an
extortionist on a vendetta
against bachelor billionaires. I
wasn't painting a giant target
over my head.

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER
You have to admit, we did a
pretty good job of bringing this
guy down.

CHLOE
I thought you were dead.

BRUCE
We're sorry, Chloe. Really.

She sighs.

CHLOE
No, you guys are right. You got
the job done, and you didn't risk
the safety of the team.
(beat)
Just wish you'd fill me in next
time, you know.

They show that they understand, and Chloe smiles.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Now if you'll excuse me, I have
some unfinished business to take
care of.

Turning away from the boys, Chloe makes her way towards the
doors, EXITING. From that, we --

JUMP CUT TO:

33 EXT. GOTHAM DAILY - NIGHT. 33

A widening shot of the Gotham Daily newspaper, retracting
from a close up shot of the LOGO. From that, we STRETCH UP
to find the head office window, soon entering the window
into --

34 INT. GOTHAM DAILY - PERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT. 34

Sitting behind his computer, at his office desk, Perry
White scans tomorrow's paper. His office light begins to

FLICKER,

which grasps his attention.

Snapping up, he stares off at it, before all the power cuts
out. His computer screen goes black, the light turns off,
everything shuts down ...

PERRY
What the ...

CHLOE (O.S.)
(distorted voice)
Perry White.

(CONTINUED)

Standing up from his desk, Perry turns to where the voice is coming from.

PERRY
Who are you? What do you want?

There stands the FIGURE (who we know is Chloe), cloaked in darkness, their face unable to be deciphered.

CHLOE
I think you know who I am.
(beat)
And I think you know *exactly* what
I want.

TIGHT on Perry's realization.

PERRY
Watchtower...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

35 INT. GOTHAM DAILY - OFFICES - MORNING.

35

The elevator slides apart, welcoming Chloe into the offices of the Gotham Daily newspaper. Pushing passed the people, she makes her way towards her desk. There lying on her keyboard, is a

NEWSPAPER,

that reads the byline of "**Here to Help**".

It contains an image of a set of EYES, pinned wide open, green in colour, the article below. A smile forms on Chloe's face, and we --

JUMP CUT TO:

36 INT. GOTHAM DAILY - PERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING.

36

Standing in the doorway with a bright smile on her face, Chloe awaits Perry's attention. With a small, subtle cough, he looks up and meets her smile with his own.

PERRY

Read this morning's paper?

CHLOE

Yes. Can't believe you *actually* managed to track down this person. They tell you who they were?

PERRY

Said it wasn't important.

(beat)

Watchtower came to me, right here, in my office. She told me that she was working to stop the corruption, the criminals, and that she can't do that if the public knew who she was.

CHLOE

Sounds intense.

Perry can't wipe the grin off his face.

PERRY

Gotham finally has its own superhero.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERRY (CONT'D)

Not some vigilante, or some do-gooder that throws the American flag around like a patriotic fool. A *superhero*.

(beat)

Someone who won't give up on us.

His words touch Chloe.

CHLOE

Yeah. I guess we do.

(long pause)

So does this mean the hunt on *Watchtower* is over?

PERRY

I ... I don't know ...

As he stumbles with that question, we --

SMASH CUT TO:

37 INT. WAYNE MANSION - LIBRARY - MORNING.

37

Welcoming Oliver into the library, where Bruce sits behind his desk with his laptop out in front of him,

ALFRED PENNYWORTH

enters frame, guiding Oliver towards Bruce's presence.

OLIVER

Thanks, Alfred.

ALFRED

Anytime, Oliver.

With a grin, and a nod, Alfred

EXITS,

leaving the boys to talk.

BRUCE

Figured you'd stop by.

OLIVER

We have to talk.

BRUCE

About ...

OLIVER

Chloe.

Bruce throws his full attention to Oliver, now.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Knew that'd be the persuasive
argument.

BRUCE
I thought we already discussed --

OLIVER
Yeah, we did. But, nothing really
got said. At least, not what I
wanted to say.

With a sigh, Bruce stands from the desk, and approaches
Oliver slowly. He knows what's about to come.

BRUCE
Look, Oliver, I know how much you
care about Chloe, and I think you
know how much I do too.

OLIVER
That's what worries me...
(long pause)
Chloe helped you see the light,
and, take it from someone whose
speaking from experience, it
pulls you in. Makes them seem ...
like they're the only one who
gets you.

TIGHT on Bruce. He understands; Oliver is making complete
sense, because its true. Its in Bruce's eyes.

He shifts, uncomfortably ...

OLIVER (CONT'D)
You can't look at her as your
savior. Your world.
(beat)
Because once you realize that she
doesn't feel the same way, the
shallow water you're in right now
is going to get deeper and
deeper, and soon, you're right
back where you started.

BRUCE
There's a connection between us.
I can feel it. And, I know she
feels it too.

OLIVER
Chloe once sacrificed *everything*
in order to save the life of one
man who was *doomed* to live his
life in darkness.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Her desire to protect those in need is not only one of her greatest strengths, but her major flaw. I have never loved someone as much as I do her, and I do not want to see her get hurt.

(beat)

Not. Again.

BRUCE

(angry)

That is not *your* choice to make.

OLIVER

Bruce, back off.

BRUCE

For someone who has so much faith in his relationship, you seem awfully paranoid that I'm going to tear that apart.

OLIVER

You know, I wanted to try and keep the peace between us, but I'm starting to see a whole new side of you - one I'm not exactly jumping over joy with.

BRUCE

I want to keep our friendship. The ball is in your court here.

OLIVER

You kissed my girlfriend.

(beat)

Our friendship took a serious nose dive the minute you told me you loved her.

BRUCE

I'm being honest with you.

OLIVER

We've been friends for so many years. Both of us should know what it feels like to have everything stripped away from us.

(beat)

Our parents. Friends. Our childhood. I won't let you take her away from me.

BRUCE

You don't have to worry about that.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce turns his back, returning to his desk. Oliver looks confused, following him.

OLIVER
What are you talking about?

BRUCE
I'm due back in Japan.

OLIVER
Japan?

BRUCE
Yeah. I have some ... stuff to deal with over there. Hopefully I'll be gone long enough for the smoke to clear.

Oliver folds his arms.

OLIVER
Bruce, I didn't mean --

BRUCE
(stands)
Look. I know where you're coming from, and I know I'm an ass to do what I did - especially with us being friends - but I need to find something else in my life before I can move on.

A small nod of agreement, before we slowly PUSH UP closer towards Oliver, towards his eyes. From their brown colour, we can't help but --

CUT TO:

38 EXT. WATCHTOWER, CITY - NIGHT.

38

SONG: HANGING BY A MOMENT - *LIFEHOUSE*.

The rain is pouring from the skies, washing over the tall structure of Watchtower. Through the large window, we see

CHLOE,

who stares out at the moon that is risen high in the night sky. She takes in a deep breath.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Life. For most people its a blessing that is filled with nothing but opportunities.

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER "Archer" 45.
38 CONTINUED: 38

Chloe's eyes begin to DRIFT towards the floor, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

39 INT. WATCHTOWER - HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT. 39

OLIVER approaches Chloe who turns around to face him. His smile brings her to feel the same, happy ...

BRUCE (V.O.)
Love.

DISSOLVE TO:

40 INT. PRISON - CELL - NIGHT. 40

ERIC LOUTER lies in a pool of his own blood. Standing over him is Emil Hamilton, his hands covered in the man's blood.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Pain.

GUARDS are rushing in, and they find him, in the cell room, hovering over the dead body. He looks to them, bruised, battered. Dripping with another man's blood on him.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Sometimes you meet people who
carry a balance of all three.
(beat)
Often, only a few. But there are
people in this world who are the
embodiment of one.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. PLANE, GROUNDED - NIGHT. 41

BRUCE sits on the plane, by the window. He is writing in his journal, no one seated next to him.

BRUCE (V.O.)
Someone filled with that hope
that you can do just about
anything, if given the chance.
(beat)
Someone filled with the kind
heart, the loving soul, who never
gives up on those around them.
(beat)
But then there's people like me.

He STOPS. Thinks ...

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (V.O.)
Built from pain. The loss of
those loved, the loss of
opportunities given. The pain of
knowing you'll always be alone.

ANGLE: JOURNAL -- the pen writes the word *alone*, and a
small tear hits the page, soaking it ...

Bruce looks up from the journal.

BRUCE (V.O.)
With nothing left but to accept
the pain ... *and move on.*

CUT TO:

42 EXT. SKIES, NIGHT.

42

The PLANE takes off, moving towards the darkness as it
SHOOTS

into the sky and takes flight. As it disappears into the
night, we ...

BLACKOUT:

END OF SHOW