

# WATCHTOWER

3.18 | 'Salvation'

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

Based on characters from  
DC Comics

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**PRODUCED BY**  
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# WATCHTOWER

## 'Salvation'

### CAST

CHLOE SULLIVAN ..... Allison Mack  
 BRUCE WAYNE / BATMAN ..... Christian Bale  
 HELENA BERTINELLI ..... Kayla Ewell  
 VICKI VALE ..... Yvonne Strahovski  
 TALIA AL GHUL ..... Stana Katic  
 JAMES 'JIM' GORDON ..... Dylan Walsh

### GUEST CAST

ALFRED PENNYWORTH ..... Michael Caine  
 BANE ..... Dave Bautista  
 BARBARA GORDON / ORACLE ..... Emma Stone  
 BURT WESTON / FILM FREAK ..... Dylan O'Brien  
 COUNT VERTIGO ..... Tom Hiddleston  
 CRIME DOCTOR ..... Anthony Hopkins  
 DICK GRAYSON / NIGHTWING ..... Patrick J. Adams  
 ETHAN BENNETT ..... Alfred Enoch  
 HARLEY QUINN ..... Nicki Minaj  
 LARRY THE JUDGE ..... Gary Cole  
 LISA ANDREWS ..... Lizzy Caplan  
 MAGGIE PYE ..... Jada Pinkett-Smith  
 SARAH ESSEN ..... Vera Farmiga  
 STRYKER ..... Kevin Chamberlin  
 SYLVIA SINCLAIR ..... Michelle Pfeiffer  
 THE SMILER ..... Ty Burrell  
 TREVOR WINSTON ..... Michael Jai White

**TEASER**

BLACK.

Footsteps circle. Slight whimpers fill the BG.

HUSH (O.S.)  
I've seen your future, Helena.

LIGHTS IGNITE-

**INT. ELLIOT MANOR, CELLAR - NIGHT**

HELENA is shackled by chains. HUSH looms in, closer.

HUSH  
Your story is almost over. Your time is almost up. It's only fair to help make the most of it while there's still an inkling of hope left for you.

Helena hides behind a forced smile.

HELENA  
I can't wait to see my friends put your back in your tomb. Tell me, what was it like being an Egyptian Pharaoh in the eighteenth dynasty? And were you always sold on the name Tutankhamun because its a bit of a mouthful.

HUSH  
When stripped of any power, you mortals employ humour as your only means of defense and it's pathetic.

HELENA  
Oh. Sorry. Didn't realise it was a touchy subject.

WHACK! Hush palms Helena across the face-

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT**

Hands tear a tuft of hair back, ripping Helena out of her slumber. Her hands are shackled, tied to a chair, and the rest of her is covered in blood, sweat and tears.

In front of her stands HARLEY QUINN.

HARLEY QUINN  
Rude. I don't fall asleep when you're beating the crap out of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Helena jolts back, and falls with the chair-

CRASH! Freed, Helena scrambles and rolls towards a figure emerging from the shadows...

Hush resurfaces.

HUSH

This is where it all began. Your descent into madness. It's what made you who you are.

(beat)

Hush.

HELENA

What?

A set of hands cling to Helena from behind. A blade is guided towards her mouth. She struggles, panicking.

CUT TO BLACK.

**EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - DAY**

A large crowd of people gather in front of a crime scene. At the front of the line stands Helena.

HELENA

I know the victim. Please, you got to let me through.

The officer turns, MORPHING INTO HUSH-

Everything around Helena dissolves. She's isolated, backing away from an approaching Hush.

HELENA (CONT'D)

How are you doing this?

HUSH

Run.

Helena turns to sprint -- her foot slams down against a wrist, summoning a large howl of agony.

On the ground, NIGHTWING looks up in disbelief.

NIGHTWING

You.

Helena stumbles back, fumbling into Hush. She faces him.

HELENA

The hell is all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUSH

It's your story, Helena. And like I said, it's about to reach a conclusion.

HELENA

This isn't... I didn't... you're doing this. Not me.

HUSH

Ah. But we're the same.

Hush claws off his bandages-

**INT. VICKI'S APARTMENT, LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT**

Hands rip at the bandages, and long, brunette hair drapes out. The last piece rips-

VICKI stumbles back, face filled with shock.

VICKI

No.

Crushed against the remnants of the table, Helena lies unconscious, blooded and exposed -- she is Hush.

CUT TO BLACK.

A SET OF DOORS KICK OPEN-

Legs lay on a gurney, bumping and jerking along through an extensive hallway that never seems to end. Around the gurney, guiding it, are a DOCTOR and three NURSES.

DOCTOR

The hell are we saving her life for? Isn't she the one responsible for tearing people's faces off and stringing them up in the city like dog meat?

NURSE

It's not our job to play God.

DOCTOR

Just get her to the ICU. I'll take it from there.

They plough through another set of doors-

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, HELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Helena gasps awake. Her eyes survey the room, frantically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THROUGH THE WINDOWS -- the same doctor is deep in conversation with a SURGEON.

SURGEON

If we remove the bullet, she could bleed to death.

DOCTOR

That would be a blessing in disguise.

Helena struggles to get out of the bed. She leans up, into a set of hands that PUSH HER BACK DOWN-

Holding her down, Harley belts a roaring display of laughter.

HELENA

This is crazy. This isn't real, it isn't...

HARLEY QUINN

Sanity only shackles you from reaching new heights. Mr. J taught me that.

Harley withdraws a switch-blade, and stabs it into her arm.

Helena gyrates, her other hand motioning for the blade, only to find a syringe. Gravity eases her head towards a Nurse, standing beside her.

NURSE

Shh. You're going to be okay.

OFF the fear in Helena's eyes, slowly fluttering about...

CUT TO BLACK.

Doors slowly widen, welcoming in a rush of sunlight that bathes over the room, illuminating a small, enclosed space looking out to a large open field of serenity. An island.

In the epicenter of the light, a hazed Helena stumbles forward. Her eyes fixate on the beauty outside, as though witnessing the gates of heaven. She couldn't be more wrong.

FILM FREAK (O.S.)

Welcome to your salvation.

Helena turns, finding a speaker elevated above a table with a carry-bag stashed across it. She draws closer, curious.

FROM THE SPEAKER -- a voice sounds. It's drowned by a voice modulator. Deeper. Darker. Less human. Yet it packs all the power of conviction. This is FILM FREAK.

(CONTINUED)

FILM FREAK (CONT'D)

(from speaker)

I'm about to make you an offer you can't refuse. 'The Godfather,' 1972. Fantastic film. That's the thing about film and television, of course... it allows us to experience life changing moments without actually having to do anything at all. We project ourselves into these worlds, into these characters, these stories, and come out learning valuable lessons about ourselves.

Helena digs through the bag to find a switch-blade.

FILM FREAK (CONT'D)

Lessons only achieved through fictional actions. Fictional choices. Fictional worlds.

(beat)

But what if those worlds were reality, hmm? What if we didn't need to glue our eyes to a screen in order to grow as mankind? In order to develop more forgiving and understanding emotions of empathy and appreciation. What if I brought that experience right to you. To you... corrupted, and broken human beings.

(beat)

And boy do I have the perfect film to do just that...

The glass door behind Helena slowly parts, opening...

FILM FREAK (CONT'D)

I've managed to capture the very essence of one of the greatest action films of all time in order to offer you the opportunity to obtain what you gave up the second you deemed your life more worthy than another's... your soul.

**EXT. ISLAND, FIELD - DAY**

Helena steps out, into the serene image of the island. She carries the switchblade close by her side, cautiously, when she spots something in the distance...

A SPEAKER continues to blast full volume:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILM FREAK

(over speaker)

Kinji Fukasaku's '*Battle Royale*' may have inspired the concept, but it's each and every single one of you who will tell the story. Now, whether that be one of bravery, perseverance, tragedy or sacrifice... the key to your salvation lies in your hands.

(beat)

Twelve enter. Only one can leave.

Helena spots someone in the distance. A man. Receding hairline, transparent eyebrows. The kind of face you can't take too seriously. LARRY THE JUDGE (52).

FILM FREAK (CONT'D)

Justice can no longer be found in isolation. Freedom can no longer be offered by time. Instead, that which you broke must be earned back... must be fought for...

(beat)

So fight. Or die.

Helena looks to Larry with a different set of eyes, eyes that now view him as a direct threat to her life. She returns her focus to the switch blade back in her hands, then to him...

Larry withdraws a loaded pistol. A one-up.

HELENA

The odds are not in my favour.

Helena darts off, charging into a plethora of bushes.

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**



**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, ETHAN'S ROOM - DAY**

Vicki sits beside a hospitalised ETHAN. He slowly wakes, bringing a defeated Vicki back to life...

VICKI

You know, I've spent these last three days trying to wrap my head around what to say when you woke up. What to do if you didn't.

(beat)

Thought of a thousand different ways to apologise, finding every possible way to blame myself for what happened when I realised something. I'm not sorry.

ETHAN

I- I don't understand.

VICKI

No. I mean... of course I'm sorry you're in here. I'm just-

ON THE TELEVISION IN THE BG -- footage shows an overweight, balding man. STRYKER (50s). He struggles towards a series of trees, out of breath.

ETHAN

For someone who makes her money with her words, you sure aren't great at speaking them.

A shared laugh breaks the tension.

VICKI

What I'm trying to say is... it's taken me a while to figure out what it means to accept other people's choices. What happened back at the apartment... I kept thinking that if I said no, if I just walked away... this wouldn't have happened to you. But the truth is...

(beat)

I wanted to be with you.

ETHAN

I wanted to be with you, too.

VICKI

Which brings me back to, 'I'm not sorry.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETHAN

See, if you lead with the first thing, it would have been less morbid.

GORDON (O.S.)

No. Don't touch me.

Vicki's head eases towards the familiar voice...

THROUGH THE WINDOWS -- a distressed GORDON is reeled out of a room by a MALE NURSE.

Vicki returns to Ethan, her curious glare all-revealing.

ETHAN

Go.

Vicki exits.

Ethan's vision shifts towards the television set in the room.

ON THE TV -- hands guide a string around Stryker's throat, and tug back. He grips aimlessly for release, face turning bright red. Bubbling. Boiling. He dies.

OFF Ethan's growing confusion...

**INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, HALLWAY - DAY**

Gordon pulls away from the male nurse.

GORDON

I was here yesterday, damn it, and she was not comatose. You and yours have done something, and I'm going to get to the bottom of it.

MALE NURSE

Are you implying-

GORDON

I'm not implying shit. I'm saying it. And you better hope you're not among the guilty party, or the next time we meet, the only association you'll have with the term 'Hush' is when I silence you. Got it?

A slight whimper, and the male nurse scurries off...

Gordon turns, arriving at an approaching Vicki. The two meet halfway, a look of amusement on Vicki's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICKI

I wish making grown men cry was an ability we shared because that... that was impressive.

GORDON

You know, whatever time we thought we had left to prepare for what's to come was seriously overestimated.

VICKI

What happened? Are you okay?

GORDON

Yin. She was admitted into the hospital two nights ago in critical condition, but she was very much awake and aware. Now, she's in the same damn coma Hush and his men had me in for nearly twelve months, and these nurses expect me to believe it's just a coincidence. It's my job to peel back the deception and uncover the truth.

VICKI

Ditto.

GORDON

No. You're too close to the case.

VICKI

I'm not the one he put in a coma for twelve months.

GORDON

No, you're just the one whose apartment he frequents.

(beat)

Stay out of the way or you'll end up in a twin room with your boyfriend back there. Alright?

Gordon trudges off.

VICKI

He's not my... ugh.

Irritated, Vicki turns away. Her eyes catch glimpse of the television set in the distance-

ON THE TV -- a figure loots a lifeless Stryker, then rises from the overweight man. It's THE SMILER (40s). His maniacal grin stretches from ear to ear, then crystallizes behind a latex mask.

(CONTINUED)

THE SMILER  
(on TV)  
One down. Eleven to go.

An echoing laugh, and he flees.

Vicki watches on, a glare of confusion glued to her face.

**INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY**

Bathing in the light of the sun, a contemplative BRUCE stands by the window of the library, staring out with sad eyes.

ALFRED (O.S.)  
Hmm. It's rather unusual to find  
you brooding in the light of day.

Footsteps halt. At the entrance, ALFRED pauses. Empathetic.

ALFRED (CONT'D)  
Everything alright, sir?

BRUCE  
Couldn't be further from it.

He turns to face Alfred.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Selina's dead, Alfred.

Alfred closes in, heart strings tugging him forward.

ALFRED  
My god. How is that possible?

BRUCE  
I don't know. I always just  
thought she was... invincible, you  
know? She always seemed to...

ALFRED  
I'm so sorry, Master Bruce. I was  
quite fond of Ms. Kyle.

BRUCE  
It's my fault.

ALFRED  
I'm not following.

BRUCE  
When Hush kidnapped me, it was all  
a setup to aim Talia like a loaded  
gun against Selina. She thought  
she was avenging my honour by  
taking Selina's life. That's why  
he let me go when he did.

CONTINUED:

ALFRED

This is hardly your fault.

BRUCE

Things need to change, Alfred.

(beat)

Last year, I thought keeping my identity secret was the only way to protect the people in my life, but it's not. The only way to keep the people I love safe is if Bruce Wayne is someone incapable of love.

ALFRED

Are you implying that the man underneath the mask must become the mask, sir?

BRUCE

I know we don't live in a black and white world, but in order to protect this city... in order to keep the people I love safe... the Batman can't be just a man under a mask. He can't have a life outside of his crusade. He has to be more so that he can do more... without the burden of losing anyone else.

ALFRED

I don't think cutting yourself off from the world is the answer.

BRUCE

It's not. But I can't be the city's white knight while I'm out there posing it's dark knight.

BZZ! BZZ! Bruce withdraws his phone.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Chloe?

He answers the phone.

**EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - DAY**

CHLOE stands in shock, phone held up to her ear with one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. Her eyes are glued front.

CHLOE

Have you turned on the TV today by any chance?

INTERCUT BETWEEN: CHLOE AND BRUCE ON THE PHONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

No, why? What's going on?

CHLOE

Just do me a favour. Meet me at  
the clocktower as soon as you can.

Chloe hangs up the phone, eyes still glued out front...

THROUGH THE SHOP FRONT -- a series of television sets hold the same footage. The Smiler strangles a woman with a string, pulling it tight. She struggles, then spins herself free, escaping. Looking up from the glass, HELENA reveals herself. She crawls for safety.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Helena?

ON THE TV -- Helena rises, and The Smiler crashes into her-

**EXT. ISLAND PRISON, FOREST - DAY**

Tumbling through leaves, branches and grass, two figures crash to a halt by a series of trees. A dazed Helena rolls on her back, winded. The Smiler rises.

THE SMILER

I'm sorry to do it like this...

He climbs on top of her, and palms over her mouth and nose.

THE SMILER (CONT'D)

I have a tendency of fainting at  
the sight of blood, so it helps to  
just... strangle you to death.

Helena struggles, legs kicking as much as they can. The fear in her eyes turn to realisation that it's over. This is it.

BANG! Blood spurts out the side of The Smiler's head, and he collapses beside Helena.

Helena scrambles in fear, and RACES THROUGH THE FOREST-

Branches clap and swish aside. Helena pushes through, puffing and panting, sweating in fear until she stops.

A figure, standing in front, slowly turns. COUNT VERTIGO.

COUNT VERTIGO

It's nice to finally catch up.

He flicks his wrist-

PFT! A dark glues to Helena's neck. She immediately grips it, and rips it out, realising...

(CONTINUED)

HELENA

No.

COUNT VERTIGO

Ah, yes. Karma is quite the bitch.

Helena staggers back, fear in her eyes. As she connects with a tree, grappling on for support...

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - DAY**

The door opens, and Bruce enters.

At the computer system, he finds Chloe standing beside a red-head, typing away, in full control. It's BARBARA.

CHLOE  
Remember what we talked about...

BRUCE  
Am I interrupting something?

Bruce notices Barbara.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
What is the Commissioner's daughter doing in our new headquarters?

Barbara turns in her chair, offended.

BARBARA  
Technically these are my headquarters.

CHLOE  
It's true. Barbara let us set up shop here after Hush infiltrated our base. She's essentially my sidekick now.

BARBARA  
(more offended)  
Hey.

BRUCE  
The dynamic duo.

BARBARA  
This is not cool.

Chloe gestures Barbara to get back to work, then approaches a confused Bruce, descending into familiarity.

CHLOE  
Sorry. I probably should have given you the heads up.

BRUCE  
It's fine. Some things are best left unsaid, right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I hope you remember that.

Bruce grows curious, but dismisses it.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Found something.

Chloe and Bruce return to the computer where Barbara sits.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Wait. I know this guy. He got a scholarship to major in screen and cinema at GCU.

(beat)

What was he doing at the GCPD?

CHLOE

You think he's capable of pulling off a stunt like this?

BARBARA

I don't know. He was always so nice to me.

BRUCE

If he is involved somehow, the only way we are going to find out is by asking whoever dealt with him on the day of his visit. Maybe they can give us an idea of just what it was he was doing there.

Chloe looks to Bruce with a growing smirk.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Right. Guess 'we' means 'me?'

CHLOE

Smart man, detective.

BRUCE

Lucky for you, news of Helena's predicament has proven to be very sobering.

(beat)

What's this guy's name?

SARAH (PRELAP)

Burt Weston.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. GCPD, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)**

A tight squeeze of an office. A blonde, well-dressed woman sits behind the desk that hosts a plaque, reading 'SERGEANT SARAH ESSEN.' Early 40s, extremely charming.

SARAH

Yeah, I recognise the name. He came in claiming to be a college student studying a degree in the arts. Wanted me to play the 'Kate Beckett' to his 'Castle.'

(beat)

Kid didn't realise that research for whatever script he was writing wasn't executed on the same level as a fictional television series.

On the other side of the desk, Bruce descends into a chuckle.

BRUCE

Sounds like he has a hard time separating reality from fiction.

SARAH

Every arts kid is the same. One sitting of 'The Matrix' and suddenly every kid is waiting for their Morpheus to offer them a little red pill.

BRUCE

Right.

(long pause)

When this guy came in... did he take anything from your computer?

SARAH

I don't think so. Let me check.

She types away on the computer, then stops. Puzzled.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Huh. That's strange.

BRUCE

What is it?

SARAH

Nothing, it's just... it says here that a file was accessed that I don't remember opening.

BRUCE

Don't supposed you'd let me take a look at it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Realising his intentions, Sarah withdraws from the computer.

SARAH

I get you're the all high and mighty of Gotham City, but I don't think this is information I can disclose with you.

BRUCE

I've helped Gordon on cases before.

SARAH

Well, I guess I should start calling you Batman.

BRUCE

Worth a shot, huh?

Bruce eyes the security camera resting in the top right hand corner of the room, overlooking Sarah at the computer. He darts his vision away, then turns for the exit...

**INT. GCPD, HALLWAY - DAY**

Bruce pulls a phone out of his pocket.

BRUCE

You got it?

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - DAY**

Behind the computer, Barbara smiles in satisfaction.

BARBARA

This isn't my first day.  
(beat)  
Oh my god.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: BRUCE AND BARBARA

BRUCE

What is it?

BARBARA

The file that was accessed...

ON THE MONITOR -- a screenshot of security footage shows a list of names on a computer screen.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

It's some sort of evidence gathered from the Huntress. A list of names. Werter Zytle. Bradford Thorne. Margaret Pye.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA (CONT'D)

This is not the kind of crowd I'd want to play 'battle to the death' with.

BRUCE

So, he's rounding up criminals on Helena's hit list. How would he know she's the masked vigilante behind the crusade?

BARBARA

I don't think he does...

Barbara zooms in at the bottom of the list...

ON THE MONITOR -- a pixillated group of letters slowly blur into clearness... it reads 'Helena Bertinelli.'

HELENA

Helena wrote her name at the bottom of the list.

OFF the shock written on both their faces...

COUNT VERTIGO (PRELAP)

This is all your fault.

**EXT. ISLAND PRISON, FIELD - DAY**

A weak Helena stumbles towards a tree for supporting. Count Vertigo closes in on her.

COUNT VERTIGO

What? Did you think I wouldn't notice the others trapped on this hell-hole with us? Stryker? Larson? Or are the people you helped distribute my drug to just *what?* Coincidence?

HELENA

Call it what you will... only one of us is walking out of here alive.

COUNT VERTIGO

I know. Quite a shame, really. Larson was always good to me and mind. Knowing there was someone in the legal department who had my back made certain transactions more... comfortable.

(beat)

I'm going to miss him.

Vertigo latches onto Helena's face, withdrawing a syringe with his free hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELENA

Another dose of vertigo, huh? I think I can live with it.

COUNT VERTIGO

Oh, sweetheart. You don't have much living left to do.

SLASH! A blade cuts from side of Vertigo's chest, down to his waist. His grip loosens, releasing Helena and the syringe in a gasp. A moment to realise it's over, then he collapses.

BEHIND HIM -- a battle scarred LISA stands, blade in hand.

HELENA

Lisa?!

LISA

Guess you put my name on that list after all.

Lisa begins to blur, a mix of brown and white and green...

Helena collapses in the grass. Unconscious.

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - DAY**

The door opens, and Bruce enters. Confusion builds on his face when he reaches Barbara, alone at the computer.

BRUCE

Where's Chloe?

BARBARA

I'm afraid it's just the two of us.

(beat)

Literally, though. I've seen what you do to people that piss you off and I have a history of pissing people off so please don't dangle me from a skyscraper if I manage to offend you - which, knowing me, is only a matter of time.

BRUCE

I'm already offended.

BARBARA

See what I'm saying.

A shared chuckle. Bruce closes in, noticing the monitor.

BRUCE

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

I've managed to pull up footage of Helena's capture, which lead me to this steroid-induced hulk monster.

ON THE MONITOR -- a still frame image of a man, erupting with muscles that shape like solid clouds. Red eyes beam from behind a mask that conceals this hulking mass of man.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I think it's safe to say I'm getting really tired of masked men.

(beat)

No offence.

BRUCE

He's got to be on some sort of drug, right? That's not human.

BARBARA

Well, you can find out for yourself.

Bruce looks to Barbara, confused and uncertain. She simply types away on the computer...

ON THE MONITOR -- a map appears, pinpointing a location.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

He may have found a way to lay low when it comes to past records, but he is not good at hiding in public.

BRUCE

You found him?

BARBARA

You sound surprised.

BRUCE

Try 'nervous.'

Barbara turns from the computer, a playful grin on her face.

BARBARA

What's the matter? Is the big, black bat scared to go toe to toe with captain forearms here?

BRUCE

Believe it not, Barbara. This isn't a game. And we are not invincible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You might think it's fun to sit behind a computer screen and watch the rest of us go out and actually fight for this city, but once you start asking yourself why there's more names on that database than there are people standing in front of you, you'll stop treating this like an after school special.

Bruce turns his back, and walks. Offended, Barbara wheels forward, attempting to follow.

BARBARA

Hey.

He turns.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Don't confuse my humour for child's play. I've spent my whole life watching a certain hero walk out the room to go fight for this city. Staying up late, wondering when he'd come home. If he'd come home.

(beat)

I don't do this because it's some game to me. I do it because I knew that if I could somehow watch his back, then I'd know he'd be safe.

Bruce's eyes widen as if seeing Barbara for the first time.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Every hero needs brains behind their brawn, so you should consider yourself lucky that it's this particular brain in control of your eyes and eyes. Alright?

A nod of acknowledgement, and Bruce exits.

Barbara sighs, as if exhaling for the first time. A small grin widens - a beat, then back to business. She wheels around to the computer, and connects herself to a headset.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY (LATER)**

The doors part, and Bruce enters. He is immediately halted at the sight in front of him. It's TALIA.

BRUCE

I don't have time for this.

Bruce steps around her. Talia follows, desperate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA

Please. I'm not here to hurt you.

BRUCE

You never are, yet it always seems to be what ends up happening. Guess it just comes naturally to people like you, huh?

TALIA

What is that supposed to mean?

Bruce stops, then returns to Talia. Aggressive.

BRUCE

You've spent all this time trying to fight a father who raised you to be the exact same as him.

(beat)

I wish you had both stayed dead.

Bruce walks away. Talia follows, racing in desperation.

TALIA

I've spent enough time around you mortals to know that you do not mean that. You're just angry, and you have the right to be. I killed your beloved, and I would take it back if I could, but-

He jolts around, furious.

BRUCE

You can't. That's just it. This is the one time we can't fix it.

(long pause)

Your many other attempts at helping me resulted in the resurrection of your father. The one man powerful enough to bring the woman I love back... if he didn't have the desire to see me join her.

Bruce tugs the book on the shelf, and the secret passage opens up behind him. He turns, and disappears into the darkness, and O.S.

Talia watches on, eyes falling to the ground. Defeated.

**INT. ISLAND PRISON, SHELTER - DAY**

A door creaks open. A rush of light enters the shelter, painting the rusted floor and dishevelled house.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Through the doorway, a woman enters with the posture of a queen, but the condition of a whore - SYLVIA SINCLAIR (58). Long, blonde hair frames her paranoid, sweaty expression.

SYLVIA

Hello? Is anyone in here?

The door behind her slams shut. Sylvia turns, and INTO-

CRIME DOCTOR (75), a man with ghost-white hair and beading, all-seeing eyes, holds a surgical blade up to a startled Sylvia. He creeps in, closer and closer...

CRIME DOCTOR

Perhaps shouting isn't the best way to discover whether or not you're alone. You'll never know who's on the other end of your 'hello,' ready gut you like a fish.

Sylvia raises her hands in mercy, pleading...

SYLVIA

No, no, no. I can help you win this. I can help you kill the others. You and I both know we're too old to take the others down on our own. If we work together, we stand a better chance.

CRIME DOCTOR

And then what? When we've cut our way through the masses, and reached that all glorifying finish line with only us two remaining... what happens then, princess?

SYLVIA

(nervous)  
Flip a coin?

Crime Doctor withdraws, cackling. Sylvia straightens, and joins in on the laughter. When he stops, she stops. Her face returns with fear.

CRIME DOCTOR

I like that idea.

SYLVIA

Yeah?

CRIME DOCTOR

Yeah. There's just one tiny problem. Just a... minor detail.

Sylvia draws closer, curious...

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA  
What is it?

Crime Doctor turns, and STABS HER-

CRIME DOCTOR  
I'm not Harvey Dent.

His hand SLICES UP-

Sylvia drops to the side, freeing the light that burns across the Crime Doctor's bloodied face. He smiles, looking down at the corpse by his feet.

CRIME DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
You stupid bitch.

OFF his disappointed glare...

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**INT. ISLAND PRISON, SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

A harrowing gasp.

Helena rises from a sheeted bench, drenched in sweat and despair. She looks around, frantically surveying the room.

AT THE WINDOW -- a woman stands, back turned.

HELENA

Lisa?

Helena claws herself from the table, and approaches.

LISA

I keep thinking about how we met.  
How we were together. Now this.

Lisa turns to face Helena.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's all been one big fight to the death, and we were stupid enough to convince ourselves of any other ending than the one fate had in store for us.

HELENA

You really believe in that crap?

LISA

Makes things easier, I guess.

(beat)

Explains why I still love you after everything that's happened. Why I'd still fight for you. And, most importantly, why I'd die for you.

HELENA

You're not going to die.

LISA

God, you're stupid.

(furious)

You don't get to die tonight. You don't have to get blood on your hands. You never have to. The second you get knee deep in these situations, you have always had me to help break you out, and now...

(voice breaking)

You put my name on that list.

(CONTINUED)

HELENA

I'm sorry.

LISA

So sorry that you locked me up.

HELENA

I was trying to protect you. You made yourself a target and were too stubborn to think you'd get caught so I had to do something about it.

LISA

By putting me behind bars?

HELENA

Yes.

Lisa stutters with Helena's conviction.

HELENA (CONT'D)

It was my time to save you.

(beat)

Granted, that didn't work, but I still have time now. I can fix this. I know I can.

LISA

That's not how this works.

Heartbroken, Lisa turns her back on Helena, and disappears.

Helena watches on, unsure...

BARBARA (PRELAP)

This is not going to work.

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - DAY**

Behind the computer, Barbara adjusts her headset.

BARBARA

It just looks too easy, Bruce - I mean, 'Batman.' Damn it.

ON THE MONITOR - a live feed shows BATMAN on a rooftop, overlooking a warehouse.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

Batman rises from the ledge, confident.

BATMAN

I'm going in.

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - DAY**

Barbara pivots around in protest.

BARBARA  
That is definitely not something I  
sign off on. If anything happens  
to you, I refuse to be haunted by-

BZZ! BZZ! Barbara jolts, then scrambles for her phone.

BATMAN  
(over headset)  
Sounds like you're preoccupied.

Barbara spins back around-

BARBARA  
No, no, no, wait.

The line disconnects.

A sigh, and Barbara removes her headset, answering the phone.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Before you ask, I'm at Alisha's.

**INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, STUDY - DAY**

Sat behind a laptop, Gordon holds the phone up to his ear with one hand, and rests his other on the keyboard.

GORDON  
You're a terrible liar. And that's  
not why I'm calling you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: BARBARA AND GORDON ON THE PHONE

BARBARA  
Good, cause I'm not even sure I  
have a friend named Alisha.

GORDON  
I need you to overlook the security  
footage of Detective Ellen Yin's  
room at Gotham General. I want  
toknow who's been in and out of  
there in the past three nights.

BARBARA  
What you're asking for is illegal.

GORDON  
You and I both know justice isn't  
as black and white as the law makes  
it out to be, sweetheart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barbara types away on the computer, punching in keys.

BARBARA

Remember that if any of my deep,  
dark secrets suddenly emerge into  
the public limelight.

GORDON

What?

BARBARA

Nothing.  
(beat)  
I'm accessing the footage now.  
Should be sent in... aha!

Gordon perks up, then squints his eyes in deep thought.

GORDON

You terrify me.

BARBARA

Thank you.

GORDON

There's leftover pizza in the  
fridge for dinner tonight. If I'm  
not home when you are, go all in.

BARBARA

Alright. Bye, Dad.

Gordon hangs up the phone, then hones in on the computer-

ON THE MONITOR - footage speeds through of an unconscious Yin lying in her hospital room, then halts on a figure that appears at her bedside. A woman. Frame by frame capture shows a blonde woman, injecting an unknown substance into the tubes connected to Yin. She turns. SARAH ESSEN.

GORDON

No.

Gordon slides back in his chair, horrified.

GORDON (CONT'D)

It can't be.

LISA (PRELAP)

You can't be surprised by this.

**INT. ISLAND PRISON, SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

Lisa sits, back to Helena who stands in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

My name is only on that list  
because of how far I was willing to  
go in order to protect you.

HELENA

What you're talking about... what  
you're willing to do... that isn't  
saving me.

LISA

Then what is it, huh?

HELENA

It's giving up.

Lisa turns, enlightened.

HELENA (CONT'D)

You and I have only made it this  
far because we've refused to let  
anyone get the best of us. And now  
you're just willing to jump in  
front of a bullet to save me?  
You're willing to accept the odds  
we've been given? I know you  
better than anyone, and that isn't  
you. This isn't you.

LISA

(sarcastic)

Guess prison changes people.

Lisa springs from the chair, and motions to leave. Helena  
grips her arm, and guides her back to her.

HELENA

When are you going to shut up and  
realise that I still love you?

Their eyes draw closer, lips almost meeting...

LISA

We can't do this.

HELENA

This might be the only time we can.

A kiss, then Lisa pulls away.

LISA

I can't lose you, Helena.

HELENA

I'm not going anywhere.

A gun cocks in the BG. Helena and Lisa jolt around-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In the doorway, MAGGIE PYE, an African American woman hidden behind stylish red glasses, aims a gun out.

MAGGIE  
I beg to differ.

Lisa immediately pushes Helena to the side, and- BANG!

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Careful, cautious steps forward. Batman turns a corner, and approaches a large, open space that hosts a computer in the distance, rested on a desk. He reaches it, and finds a note.

ON THE NOTE - it reads, 'You may be known as The batman, but your death will forever shape you as the Wicker Man.'

BATMAN  
Wicker man...?

A shadow looms over Batman, and he turns-

THWACK! A colossal fist smashes into Batman.

He takes a swing.

BANE, an overgrown mass of muscles, barely flinches. He grabs Batman, lifts, and-

CRASH! Batman smashes through the wooden table, winded.

**INT. PRISON ISLAND, SAFE HOUSE - DAY**

CRACK! Helena hits the bench. A loose knife on the edge falls - she catches - and throws--

A knife spirals through the air, and into-

Maggie's twists, a blade piercing her shoulder from behind and steering her aim off a wounded Lisa - BANG! BANG! BANG!

The force propels Maggie into the counter-top. Helena rises.

The two collide. Helena spins Maggie around, and slams her onto the counter-top. She rips the knife from her back-

Maggie howls in agony, then launches back her head - CRACK!

Helena staggers back, knife in hand. Her eyes take a second to focus - Maggie faces her. Helena raises the blade.

BANG! Maggie collapses out of sight.

Helena's focus shifts to Lisa in shock. Lisa holds a smoking gun with a trembling hand. Blood coats her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LISA

Told you so.

Lisa drops back. Helena's face fills with disbelief.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Batman rolls onto his stomach, and crawls forward. A large boot slams onto his back, pinning him to the floor. Bane chuckles on top of him.

BANE

He told me you'd be coming.

BATMAN

(struggling)

You're going to have to be more specific.

BANE

The man you choose to hunt like prey. The man whose cause you seek to stop, despite fueling your own vigilante agenda.

(beat)

The hypocrisy is vile. You cannot fight injustice with injustice.

BATMAN

(struggling)

Right now... I'm trying to figure out... how I'm going to fight you.

He removes his foot. \*

BANE

I do not wish to fight you.

BATMAN

That solves one problem, then.

BANE

I wish to kill you.

Bane flicks a lighter open, and tosses it to the ground. \*

Flames rise from the broken table, and cloak Batman. It spreads. Batman disconnects his cape, and rises. He aims his forearm, and - GAUNTLETS JET OFF--

Bane slaps the attack away, and steps forward.

Batman whips the burning cape up from the fire, and strikes Bane - flames clap against him. He tugs the cape forward, clings to Batman, and tosses him aside.

Batman slides across the ground, and rolls to a halt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANE (CONT'D)

Should have guessed it wouldn't be  
that easy to kill someone like you.

Batman withdraws a bat-a-rang. He launches it-

Bane catches it, and crushes it in his hands. He continues forward - a bull in a china shop - and collides with Batman.

Each strike is met with a block, maneuvering a back and forth-

CRACK! Bane lands a hit, and smashes Batman's mask. He drops to his knees.

Bane lifts his leg, and kicks Batman to the ground.

BANE (CONT'D)

I was raised in a prison.

Batman attempts to stand-- CRACK! Bane strikes him down.

BANE (CONT'D)

Forced to fight in order to  
survive.

A SWING - Batman's fist is caught. Bane's knuckles crack against Batman's mask, knocking him back. He sprawls out, defeated. Broken.

BANE (CONT'D)

This will not end well for you.

OFF the fear in Batman's eyes...

**EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - DAY**

A hand reels in a newspaper from off a rack...

Vicki turns into sight. She reaches the sidewalk, then stops amidst a shop front - a series of television sets show a mourning Helena, cradling a dead Lisa in her arms.

VICKI

Helena?

ON THE TV - static cuts through and replaces the image with a set of eyes, fixated on us. Beside it reads, 'Eyes Only.'

CHLOE (O.S.)

(from television)

Citizens of Gotham. My message is  
not for you but for the madman who  
seeks to poison our city.

The footage scrambles, then returns on... Chloe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)  
My name is Chloe Sullivan.

Vicki fails to hide her shock.

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Amongst the wreckage, Chloe stands in front of a camera.

CHLOE  
For the past four years, I've been  
watching over this city.

INT. CLOCKTOWER - DAY.

Chloe's feed fills the monitor. Barbara watches.

CHLOE  
I've vowed to protect this city,  
and every good person in it, no  
matter what the cost. And it's  
time I made good on that promise.

\*  
\*  
\*

A smile creeps up on Barbara's face. Proud.

INT. GCPD, OFFICES - DAY.

Sarah stands in front of a group of officers, all gathered  
around a television set. Chloe's feed continues.

CHLOE  
In order to do that, I have gone  
outside of the law more times than  
any of the twelve people you have  
captured and put out on display for  
the entire city to watch. So, have  
I got your attention? Good.

\*

An officer bursts through, reaching Sarah.

OFFICER  
What should we do, ma'am?

CHLOE  
My base of operations is located  
underneath the Gotham Gazette.

Sarah turns to the officer.

SARAH  
Get your men and bring her in.

A nod, and the officers flee. As they part, Gordon fills the  
void. The two lock eyes, a longing stare from Sarah.

GORDON  
Hello, Sarah.

**INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - DAY.**

Chloe remains behind the camera.

\*

CHLOE

Right now, the GCPD will be coming for me and they will arrest me for crimes they're not even aware of yet. But that's how you're going to find me, now isn't it?

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY.**

A boot SLAMS against Batman's chest, and pins him to the ground. He struggles underneath the pressure.

Bane withdraws, turning with his finger up to his ear...

BANE

(into an ear piece)

Yes. Yes, of course. I'll be right there.

Batman crawls up onto his hands and knees, and motions to stand. A hand clings onto him and yanks him back. Bane leans in, close to his ear.

BANE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, I don't have the luxury of killing you today. But don't worry. The day will come where our paths shall cross again and I can assure you, *Batman*.

(beat)

I will break you.

He releases.

Batman hits the ground in a grunt. He struggles, wincing from the pain, until he manages to roll over, and-

Bane is gone.

OFF Batman's relief...

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT**

The door slams open. Bruce limps in, unmasked and furious.

BRUCE  
What the hell have you done?

Barbara turns from the computer, and wheels to meet him.

BARBARA  
Chloe knew the risks, Bruce. This was the only way to save Helena.

BRUCE  
She's throwing her whole life away, and for *what*?

BARBARA  
For family.

Bruce halts in his tracks.

**INT. JET - NIGHT**

Chloe slowly awakens in a comfy, stylish jet. She slowly lifts her head off the floor to find Burt Weston (Film Freak) sitting across from her, studying her intently. She is cuffed to her seat. A prisoner.

CHLOE  
Guess you found me, then.

BURT WESTON  
You made it rather easy.

CHLOE  
Yet you still felt the need to knock me out.

A smile forms across Burt's lips. He likes her.

BURT WESTON  
You intrigue me.  
(beat)  
I can't tell if you're a nut job or just a fan of my work.

CHLOE  
I'm neither.

BURT WESTON  
Then why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

All good reality shows need a decent wild card, right?

A chuckle escapes Burt. He's wiser than his years.

BURT WESTON

The truth is... I don't know what to do with you just yet. By agreeing to this little arrangement, my broadcast is back on. Putting you in the games, now that... that's a different story.

CHLOE

Well as long as we're being honest... I'm here for Helena.

BURT WESTON

You think you can save her?

CHLOE

I want to kill her.

Burt shifts, caught by surprise.

BURT WESTON

Curiouser, and curiouser.

CHLOE

Why do you do it? I mean, without biting the hand that feeds me here... you're just a kid.

BURT WESTON

A kid who knows corruption when he sees it.

(beat)

The law is outdated and corrupt. Criminals are put behind bars for a few years, then released, and if not, they're just... forgotten.

CHLOE

How does that affect you?

BURT WESTON

Come on, Chloe. People like us don't go through life surrounded by anything but computers. And tech. And anything else we can get our hands on that isn't human.

(beat)

I'm not here to hurt anyone that doesn't deserve to hurt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BURT WESTON (CONT'D)

And you cannot judge my methods  
when yours infringe on the privacy  
and the trust of this city.

Chloe looks away, almost guilty.

CHLOE

What happens to the winner? They  
just get put back on the streets?

BURT WESTON

They'll work for me. The games  
will continue and they will offer  
salvation to others who seek it.

CHLOE

Doesn't sound like salvation to me.

BURT WESTON

They are free to walk, if they  
choose. However, if they commit  
another crime, I will make an  
example of them.

CHLOE

So, if I win this... if I kill  
those that are left...

BURT WESTON

Then we'll be seeing a lot more of  
each other.

Chloe offers her hand.

CHLOE

Pleasure doing business with you.

Burt completes the hand shake.

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT**

Bruce paces in the BG. Barbara lights up behind the computer  
with a gasp of joy.

BARBARA

Got it.

Bruce approaches as Barbara types away on the keyboard.

BRUCE

Got what, exactly?

BARBARA

You really think Chloe's strategy  
was to just dangle herself in front  
of the enemy as bait and then try  
to wiggle her way out?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Come on, even I know her better  
than that.

Bruce's face illuminates with clarity.

BRUCE

She put a tracer on him.

BARBARA

Once they stop moving, we'll know  
where the games are being held, and  
I can contact the authorities to  
shut them down.

BRUCE

The authorities?

Barbara looks to Bruce, unimpressed.

BARBARA

Well I don't suppose you have a  
'bat pod,' now do you?

BRUCE

I can't do this.

Bruce exits the room.

**EXT. ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT**

Larry pushes through the forest, clapping away branches and bushes in his paranoid trance. The noise echoes behind him, and he comes to a halt. He grips the gun by his side.

LARRY

I have been the judge. I have been  
the jury. Guess it's time for me  
to become the executioner.

He turns, and aims-

In front of him stands Helena. She is bloodied, and filled with rage. She simply stares back at the barrel of the gun aimed straight for her.

HELENA

I wasn't the one following you.

LARRY

What?

SLICK! An axe wedges into Larry's back, then withdraws.

Larry stumbles over in a weightless fall. He manages to roll over, and gaze up at his attacker--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TREVOR WINSTON (48), a strong, well-built man with a bloodied axe in his hands, stares down at a struggling Larry.

TREVOR

I have worked too damn hard at staying alive in that god forsaken city to fumble at the last hurdle.

LARRY

That makes two of us.

Larry's hand reaches for the gun, and as the axe comes down-

**INT. PRISON BASE, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Burt leads the way. Chloe follows, cuffed at the wrists, while the hulking mass of Bane keeps close behind her.

BANE

You better hold up your end of the deal, Weston.

BURT WESTON

Yeah, yeah. You'll get what I promised you. All in good time.

Burt reaches a door, and scans a card. It opens-

**EXT. ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT**

Trees clap and rip apart. Hands navigate through, until-

Helena reaches the point of origin. A series of cells surround the area. She halts, having completed a circle.

TREVOR (O.S.)

This ends now.

Helena snaps around and catches an axe, mid-swing. As she struggles against Trevor...

**INT. PRISON BASE, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Burt glares at the action behind a computer monitor.

BURT WESTON

Tsk, tsk, tsk. Looks like we're just down to four players.

He slowly turns, meeting a hesitant Chloe.

BURT WESTON (CONT'D)

Hardly the time to introduce a wild card, don't you think?

Burt raises a gun to Chloe, who jolts back in surprise.

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT**

Barbara jolts up with a smile.

BARBARA  
Found you.

Barbara types away at the keyboard.

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

An OFFICER sits behind the computer. The screen is suddenly overtaken with a map focused on 'Prison Pena Duro: Urgent.'

He perks up, then reaches for his walkie talkie.

FEMALE OFFICER  
We got a situation.

**INT. ISLAND PRISON, SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT.**

Careful footsteps clap against the ground, one after the other, until they reach Maggie. Her body is lifeless, eyes peering out with no movement. Dead.

Closing in, Crime Doctor chuckles to himself.

CRIME DOCTOR  
Foolish girl.

LISA (O.S.)  
I think the only fool here-

He turns to find-

Lisa stands in front of him, knife held up in front.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Is you.

OFF the realisation in the Crime Doctor's eyes...

**INT. PRISON BASE, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Chloe raises her cuffed hands in mercy.

CHLOE  
Whoa. You brought me all this way  
and you're just going to kill me?

BURT WESTON  
I'm truly sorry, Chloe. You should  
know it's sincere by the lack of  
creativity put into your demise. I  
wish I had the time to give you a  
death worthy of an award winning  
feature film, but... this will do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

That's a shame. I've given yours  
one hell of a plot twist.

Bane steps forward, and slaps the gun out of Burt's hands.

BURT WESTON

What are you-

Bane grabs onto a fearful Burt.

FLASH CUT TO:

**INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Chloe adjusts a headset by her ear.

CHLOE

The transaction has been made, and  
the cops are on their way. You  
better be there to complete your  
end of the deal.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Batman is pinned to the ground by a boot. Bane withdraws,  
turning with his finger up to his ear.

BANE

(into an ear piece)

Yes. Yes, of course. I'll be  
right there.

**INT. PRISON BASE, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Bane slowly backs a confused Burt into the wall.

BURT WESTON

I- I don't understand.

Chloe watches from afar, hands withdrawing from the cuffs.

CHLOE

Guess I'm just better at playing  
computers than you. And my income  
had a lot more to offer than your  
student loans.

BURT WESTON

No. No, don't do this. Don't-

CRACK! Burt slams against the wall, and falls unconscious.

Bane turns to face his 'boss,' Chloe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

You better go. The cops will be here any minute.

BANE

Pleasure doing business with you, Ms. Sullivan.

A chuckle, and Bane exits the room.

Chloe's eyes shift to the control panel in front of her.

**EXT. ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT**

Helena runs in to meet Trevor. As he lifts the axe, Helena catches his arm - she bashes the handle back into him, again, and again, and again until he's disarmed.

THWACK! Helena takes a hit, hard.

The two go toe to toe... block, strike, block, strike-

BANG! Helena snaps around-

LISA holds a smoking gun out in front of her.

Helena looks back to Trevor... he lies on the ground, bullet in the head... her vision shifts back to Lisa, mortified.

HELENA

Lisa?

OFF Helena's startled reaction...

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT**

The door opens, and Bruce enters. Stood by his desk, Talia turns to face him. He is immediately unimpressed.

BRUCE

You know, when I said I didn't have time for this, it wasn't an invitation to come back later.

TALIA

I won't take up much more of your time. I promise.

BRUCE

What do you want, Talia?

A deep breath, and Talia unravels like a scroll.

TALIA

Ever since I stepped foot in this city, I've been a poison to you and to the people you love. The only way I know to stop hurting you is to leave. But I refuse to leave without knowing you are safe.

Bruce realises he's covered in cuts and bruises

BRUCE

Oh, right.

(beat)

I know it looks bad, but... I'll be fine, Talia.

TALIA

No. Not without this.

Talia withdraws a vial containing green liquid.

BRUCE

Is that what I think it is?

TALIA

Waters from the Lazarus Pit.

BRUCE

I thought you said you used the last of it when you saved Lisa.

TALIA

I lied.

(CONTINUED)

She offers him the vial.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
Take it.

BRUCE  
Why would I need that?

TALIA  
Hush. When he releases his army,  
and declares war on your city, he  
will come for you. He will come  
for you and he will kill you.

BRUCE  
He can try.

TALIA  
He will succeed.

BRUCE  
I forgot how little faith you had  
in mankind.

TALIA  
If you drink this... if you ingest  
it when the war begins... you are  
immune for twenty four hours.  
Whatever hell he condemns you too,  
you will survive it.

Bruce takes the vial, eyes glued to its power.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
I know you may not believe me...

Bruce looks up from the vial, eyes catching Talia's.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
But I truly did care about you.

Silence. Talia steps around him, and exits.

A deep breath, and Bruce musters the courage to turn, and  
follow her. But she's gone.

HELENA (PRELAP)  
It's over.

**EXT. ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT**

Helena bridges the gap between her and Lisa. They fall into  
a loving embrace.

HELENA  
I can't believe it's really over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Helena is overwhelmed with emotion.

Lisa's eyes trail down to the gun still held in her hands, an idea glued in her mind. Silent.

**INT. CLOCKTOWER - NIGHT**

ON THE TELEVISION SET - Lisa and Helena hug.

Barbara watches the television set from afar, hand up to her chest, eyes about to bubble over with tears.

CHLOE  
(over headset)  
Oracle, do you copy?

Barbara shoots up.

BARBARA  
Chloe?

**INT. PRISON BASE, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Chloe stands behind the control panel, a small device resting in her ear for communication.

CHLOE  
I need you to shut down the broadcast, and get these doors open. Now.

BARBARA  
(over headset)  
I'm on it.

CHLOE  
Thanks. I can't seem to work the system, and Weston is down.

BURT WESTON (O.S.)  
Down, but not defeated.

Chloe turns to find Burt, leaned against the wall, finger grazing a trigger to a device he holds in his hands.

CHLOE  
What is that?

Burt slowly rises from the ground.

BURT WESTON  
Insurance.  
(beat)  
You may not have noticed, but the bracelet around each contestants ankle wasn't exactly product placement.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURT WESTON (CONT'D)

A single hit of this trigger, and the last two standing will be blown to kingdom come.

CHLOE

What do you want?

BURT WESTON

Call off the cops. Now.

CLOSE ON the headset - Chloe's finger taps it, deactivating it. The small blue light blinks off.

Chloe holds her finger against the device.

CHLOE

Oracle, change of plans.

(beat)

Change the distress signal. Don't let the cops find this place.

Burt smiles. He reels the gun in from the floor with his free hand, and keeps it steady on Chloe.

BURT WESTON

Good little puppet.

CHLOE

You know they'll find this place eventually, right? Your fingerprints will be all over it.

BURT WESTON

I'm not exactly ready for cancellation, Ms. Sullivan. In fact, I was kind of banking on a season two.

CHLOE

You're sick.

BURT WESTON

No. This whole city is sick.

**INT. ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT**

Helena and Lisa pull apart. Lisa runs her fingers through the strands of Helena's hair, and she smiles.

LISA

I love you.

Helena's eyes light up. The distance between their lips closes, and they lock in a passionate kiss.

Slowly, beside them, Lisa raises the gun to her own head.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BURT WESTON (V.O.)  
It has blood all over it.

**INT. GCPD, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

A guilty Sarah stands by the window, eyes filled with tears.

SARAH  
Promise me you won't kill him.

In the reflection of the glass, Hush appears.

BURT WESTON (V.O.)  
It's corrupt. Broken.

**INT. GOTHAM GENERAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Gordon stands in the hallway, peering through a window that captures the image of a still heavily unconscious Yin. He bows his head, defeated.

BURT WESTON (V.O.)  
The people who should be fighting  
for it aren't, and when they do,  
they fail, then give up.

**INT. PRISON BASE, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Chloe and Burt face off.

CHLOE  
You're wrong.  
(beat)  
I won't ever give up on my city.

BANG! Burt jolts in surprise.

Chloe slaps the device out of his hand, and elbows Burt in the face. He pivots, and fires at the wall - BANG! BANG!

**INT. PRISON BASE, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

An explosion rips from the door panel. A series of officers are met with a sliding door, and they rush through.

HUSH (PRELAP)  
Well, this is a surprising outcome.

**EXT. ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT**

Helena stands, frozen in trauma. Her eyes are glued open, unable to move. Hush stands behind her, intimidating.

HUSH  
Then again... one could only hope  
for results as grand as this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grows closer, whispering against her. She remains still.

HUSH (CONT'D)

Isn't it funny. How your life is  
somehow always more important than  
everyone else's.

A single tear begins to fall from Helena's left eye.

HUSH (CONT'D)

Your father. The woman you claimed  
to love. All those names you put  
on that list...

Hush slowly circles her, arriving in front of her  
expressionless face. A step away lies a fallen, bloodied  
body, collapsed in the dirt.

HUSH (CONT'D)

It should have been you.

Suddenly, a massive door in front of them opens. A piercing  
white light rushes through, and envelops Helena, as we-

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**