

# WATCHTOWER

5.08 | "Dome"

Written by  
Jack D. Malone

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

Based on characters from  
DC Comics

**CREATED BY**  
Jack D. Malone

**PRODUCED BY**  
TheVPN ([www.vpn-tv.proboards.com](http://www.vpn-tv.proboards.com))

MAIN CAST

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

SPECIAL GUEST CAST

DUSAN AL GHUL ..... Bryan Greenberg  
 PERRY WHITE ..... Michael McKean  
 TALIA AL GHUL ..... Stana Katic  
 VICKI VALE ..... Yvonne Strahovski

GUEST CAST

JULIE MADISON ..... Darby Stanchfield  
 LONNIE MACHIN / ANARKY ..... Cameron Monaghan  
 SARAH ESSEN ..... Vera Farmiga  
 OSWALD COBBLEPOT / THE PENGUIN ..... Toby Jones  
 VERONICA VALE ..... Jeri Ryan  
 ZACHARY GATE / ARCHITECT ..... Steven Yeun

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A stoic BRUCE stands on the steps of City Hall, addressing a crowd of journalists. A press conference.

BRUCE

Commissioner Essen and the GCPD have done a remarkable job keeping this city safe. But there is no debating the fact that the current prison infrastructure has reached its capacity, and we are in desperate need of a solution. And that's why I'm here.

Camera lights flash against Bruce.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Today, I am proud to announce that I support the Mayor's efforts to increase funding for Gotham's prisons. And as of today, we have launched a new project at Wayne Enterprises technical division that would section off part of the city, in surrounding areas of the Gotham State Penitentiary, to allow for this necessary increase.

A JOURNALIST pushes forward, mic out--

JOURNALIST

What is this project going to be?

Bruce notices the puzzled expressions glaring back at him.

BRUCE

A dome. We're building a dome.

The press ignites - a million questions to be asked.

CRANE BACK to find this moment framed in a box...

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The press conference continues on a TV SET.

A surprised GORDON sits on the couch, watching on in awe. He looks over his shoulder to find SARAH, in uniform, with coffee in hand. A sense of grounding reality.

SARAH

A dome? Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah moves around the couch. Takes a seat beside Gordon.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Surely that's not possible.

Gordon shifts between his wife and the TV - mind racing to a sense of clarity. Turns the TV OFF.

GORDON  
Right. We can chalk this one up to  
*things that will never happen.*

EXT. GOTHAM CITY (OUTSIDE DOME), STREETS - NIGHT

Present day. Gordon and Sarah stand outside the newly activated dome, trapped on the outskirts of it. The same look of disbelief and shock is worn on their faces.

GORDON  
This is... not good.

Sarah traces her hand across the impenetrable dome.

SARAH  
All the people this dome was  
created to help keep safe...  
they're trapped inside, and the  
criminals -- they're all out here,  
on the streets, *outside* this dome.

GORDON  
Which means instead of protecting  
us like he thought he was doing--

SARAH  
We could be in even *more* danger.

Gordon's focus shifts to the BATMOBILE behind him - a heavily armored vehicle that points to things being *okay*.

Sarah follows his line of vision. Hopeful.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
That thing can fly, right?  
(realising)  
Maybe our instincts to get the hell  
out of here were right.

GORDON  
No.

Gordon turns in to face his wife. Urgent.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
He's in there *alone*. He's going to  
need us when he comes back.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator doors open. A shadowed figure emerges.

Two "GUARDS" spin around, guns in hand, to face the intrusion. They quickly move to aim on --

THE BATMAN, glides from the elevator into combat.

In a matter of seconds -- Batman grips onto the first guard, dismantles his weapon, slams him into the wall, spins into the second guard, kicks out his stance, then drives him into the ground and kicks his weapon across the floor.

The FLOORED GUARD squirms, motioning to rise...

Batman turns back, FIRING a gauntlet from his forearm--

The gauntlet pierces the floored guard, then SEIZES with an electrical current that renders him unconscious.

Batman proceeds forward, around the corner...

An extended hallway offers a pathway towards a large entrance that's painted with disarmed and UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS.

Batman halts. Observes for a beat. He hesitantly steps over and around the defeated guards, following the unique path towards THE DOOR. Pushes through, INTO--

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open-

Batman pushes through, until the door SLAMS BACK into him.

A GLOVED HAND latches onto Batman's arm, and pulls him into the room and onto the floor. He rolls, springing back up and around to face...

BATWOMAN, easing off in a beat of confusion. A reunion.

A moment to process: Batwoman, studying the familiar man in front of her, then remembers -- *it's not possible*.

Batman tenses at her shift. *They're going to fight.*

BATMAN

Wait--

Batwoman CHARGES the "imposter" into the wall.

The two are locked into an even brawl: blocking every strike, anticipating every move, until they push back, off another.

Batman RIPS off his mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Batwoman SPINS a violent kick -- GLOVED HANDS catch her leg,  
and an unmasked BRUCE peers up from his position.

BRUCE

It's me.

Batwoman sinks back, the world caving in all around her.

OFF the unlikely reunion...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY (OUTSIDE DOME), STREETS - NIGHT

Chaos ensues in the streets. Dozens of scattered THUGS ransack nearby buildings. Hungry for *everything*.

A large SPARK ignites. An EXPLOSION.

A RING OF FIRE races around a thinly veiled line then shoots off into the sky to form a FLAMING 'A.' Smoke soon clears from it, beside an alleyway.

CRANE DOWN from the ash to find ANARKY, atop a dumpster.

The thugs gather around him - as if he were some kind of beacon. Enamoured, they look up. Bewildered.

ANARKY

Our time has come.

The theatrics fade. A meeting among criminals.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

Inside that dome are two opposing forces and whichever side comes out the victor will lay claim to the city. Now, more than ever, it is up to us to fight back.

The thugs look to one another - inspired.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

We must make it known that Gotham is not theirs to take. It's ours.

Watching from afar... a fearful GORDON and SARAH peer back into the shadows, behind a wall.

GORDON

To think the biggest threat to this city was inside that dome.

SARAH

We need to follow him.

GORDON

Agreed. But we're a team of two here, and we're going to need some sort of an arsenal.

SARAH

We already have one.

Gordon follows Sarah's vision to find... THE BATMOBILE.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

CRANE UP from the computers where KATE (geared up, mask off) types on the keyboard. She examines the door in front of her, it SEALS with a deadlock noise.

KATE  
That should buy us some time.

BRUCE (geared up, mask off) approaches Kate.

BRUCE  
Time for what?

Kate jabs Bruce in the shoulder. He flinches back.

KATE  
For me to drag your ass from here to Sunday for making me think you were dead.

BRUCE  
I couldn't tell you. You'd have stopped everyone from leaving.

KATE  
(realising)  
That's why you sent them away...

Kate fills with clarity. Bruce stands, now exposed.

KATE (CONT'D)  
You knew the bridges were going down - that Gotham was about to be ripped from the inside out. You were... protecting them.

BRUCE  
I've lost so much already. I wasn't going to lose them, too.

A beat. Kate needs to process these revelations...

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
It kills me I couldn't get you out of this mess. With your job at the GCPD, it wasn't as easy to get you out of the city as it was with the others. But I'm glad you're safe. And here. I could use your help.

Kate shifts back, aware of her own reasons for being here.

KATE  
I can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

What is it? What's wrong?

Kate pulls away, almost ashamed. Unable to face Bruce.

KATE

Helena called me - the night this place was raided. She was working. It sounded like she was hurt. And I haven't heard from her since.

BRUCE

We can search for her later. Right now, we need to save these people.

KATE

No.

Kate turns back to Bruce, hesitant to his plans.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but, I can't risk escalating this war with Cobblepot when he can just burn this place to the ground and tarnish any chance I have of finding out what happened to Helena - of *finding* Helena.

Bruce eases off, seeing the fear radiate off Kate.

BRUCE

Okay.

Kate's shame washes away. Smiles.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You stay here. Find her. I'll take care of Cobblepot.

Bruce places his cowl back on, becoming THE BATMAN.

Kate hits a key on the keyboard, releasing hold of the exit. Batman approaches. She watches as he heads off to war...

INT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES, HEAD OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A set of doors push OPEN on -- Bruce, entering the office to face a different kind of war. He immediately halts at the sight of his desk. Taken aback.

Turning from the desk, Gordon confronts his former partner.

GORDON

Hello, Bruce.

Bruce shrugs off his surprise. Approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

Of all the people I expected to see waiting for me in my office today, I certainly wouldn't have had you on my shortlist.

GORDON

It wasn't exactly on my agenda for the day either.

Bruce closes off, folding his arms impatiently.

BRUCE

Why are you here?

GORDON

The dome.

(off Bruce)

What the *hell* were you thinking?

BRUCE

Oh, here we go.

Bruce withdraws, moving for the window. Gordon follows.

GORDON

Why would you support such a thing, especially when it's a policy that this new Mayor has rolled out?

BRUCE

I recognise how the optics of me supporting this policy could lead people to believe I've come out in support of this current Mayoral administration - but even then, it goes hand in hand with the public persona I've moulded for myself.

GORDON

Not when you supported *my* administration.

Something *clicks* for Bruce. Faces Gordon.

BRUCE

It always comes back to that.

GORDON

This is just another stain on my legacy that you've orchestrated against me. Did you not stop to think what it would mean for my biggest, most vocal public supporter in the city to now support the man who stands for everything in contrast of me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRUCE

I haven't heard anything about the  
*new guy murdering* anyone - unlike  
the *last* Mayor.

Gordon swallows his pain - noticing the open wounds...

GORDON

(defeated)

You *know* I didn't kill anyone.

A beat. Bruce doesn't give Gordon the response he was seeking. He turns his back, and leaves.

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The front entrance door slides open, and Gordon exits the building in a huff. Devastated.

CRANE BACK to find Veronica, watching on...

INT. COURT OF OWLS, HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Veronica scales through the dark corridor of holding cells, with prisoners hidden away behind translucent doors on either side of her. She stops in front of an ominous cell that appears all too familiar to her - it's marked 'HUSH.'

A button is hit. The translucent door fades into view of the cell: a man, back turned, stands inside the cell.

The man slowly turns to face us - it's DUSAN AL GHUL.

DUSAN AL GHUL

I was wondering when you'd show up.

Veronica confronts Dusan. Tension in the air.

VERONICA

I'd restrain from making me believe  
my visit to be fated. That only  
works to make me nervous for what  
you might have planned.

DUSAN AL GHUL

It's *your* plan, isn't it?

VERONICA

Well, I do need your help.

DUSAN AL GHUL

There it is.

Veronica grows uncomfortable - is she doing the right thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

I did the unimaginable to obtain a Lazarus bomb strong enough to bring my daughter back from the dead. But she isn't... herself.

DUSAN AL GHUL

And how exactly am I supposed to help with that?

VERONICA

Oh, I don't know. Something about being *the Son of the Demon*. And the fact you can literally heal people with your hands.

Dusan raises his arms - there are CUFFS on them that are ignited in green. A binding energy.

DUSAN AL GHUL

Not with these on, I can't. I'm nothing but a neutered puppy dog.

VERONICA

You won't have to wear those, or be in here any longer, if you help me.

Dusan grows enticed by the offer. Smirks.

DUSAN AL GHUL

Not to ruin my chances of seeing that happen, but... what makes you so sure that I won't just break that pretty little neck of yours and teleport away?

Veronica sits in the moment of fear for a beat, then offers a cunning smile. Dusan grows disturbed by her confidence.

VERONICA

I'm aware of your history, Dusan.

(beat)

You spliced yourself throughout the future, but so did your *other half*.

Dusan shifts, the fear in *him* now.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Kyle Williams devoted what was left of his life to splicing himself into as many echoes as you did, which means wherever *you* are, he's just around the corner. And I am under his full protection.

Dusan studies her power play. Questions it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUSAN AL GHUL

Then why isn't he the one helping you bring Vicki back?

VERONICA

"Blah, blah risks, blah, blah, ramifications." Sometimes *heroes* are god damn annoying, and he's carrying the weight of *your* actions on his shoulder so he's occupied trying to be the very best.

Dusan appears convinced, begrudgingly so.

DUSAN AL GHUL

Fine. I'll help. But the second this is done, I'm out. Free. And that means free of *him*, too.

VERONICA

Understood.

The cell door opens. Dusan simply smiles at Veronica...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

A courtyard full of prisoners and yet, it's as if the only two people here - in this moment - are CHLOE and PERRY.

CHLOE

Isn't this the part where the world goes boom?

Perry can't help but smile.

PERRY

Something tells me that's not going to happen this time.

CHLOE

Can I... hug you?

Perry erupts with a warm laugh, and the two embrace. Happy.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? Why are you here? I mean... how? I have so many questions!

PERRY

I can see that.

Perry sits at the bench, and Chloe follows - eyes locked onto his, enamoured by his very presence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY (CONT'D)

I came back for Bruce. For the funeral. I couldn't believe he was really gone, and as much as I wanted to... pay my respects, the *journalist* in me had to see it to believe it. That's when I saw you.

INSERT CUT: A startled PERRY spots CHLOE in the distance at the funeral, and moves to flee.

PERRY (CONT'D)

I panicked. The whole "end of the world" thing, and all. So, I decided to come back later to say my farewells to Bruce.

INSERT CUT: Now at night, PERRY stands over BRUCE'S GRAVE.

PERRY (CONT'D)

After that, I was on my way out of the city when the bridges collapsed.

INSERT CUT: PERRY, in his car, swerves to a park in front of a COLLAPSING BRIDGE.

PERRY (CONT'D)

When I drove back into the city to take refuge, there were these *thugs*, rounding people up like dogs and taking them away. I'm a little too old to keep up my 'Pitbull' name, so I just... gave in.

INSERT CUT: PERRY surrenders to a group of THUGS.

PERRY (CONT'D)

And so here I am.

CHLOE

Together, at the end.

PERRY

Oh, Chloe.

Perry reaches for Chloe's hand, comforting her.

PERRY (CONT'D)

This isn't the end.

CHLOE

I remember when I was the optimistic one out of the two of us. Maybe if I got out of the city the same time you did, I'd be able to believe you right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chloe sinks into herself, even more defeated than before.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Maybe the reason the world isn't imploding right now is because this *is* it. The finish line. One last gift from the universe before it ties up loose ends.

PERRY

Since when has the universe given us anything?

The two share a laugh. A much needed moment of levity.

PERRY (CONT'D)

We're going to get out of this. I'm going to go home to my beautiful wife, and you -- you're going to see your family again.

OFF Chloe, with an opening to *hope* again...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

A SCREEN displays Chloe and Perry in the prison...

CRANE OUT to find Zachary Gate (now known as ARCHITECT), examining the footage on a tablet. He grows alarmed.

ARCHITECT

It would appear this little problem of ours has found a friend.

Architect turns, showing the footage to THE PENGUIN.

THE PENGUIN

Our problem... is that there are too many risks in waiting now.

ARCHITECT

What do you suggest we do?

THE PENGUIN

It's time to release the virus.

A beat. The Architect hides his hesitancy.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

Tonight.

OFF the decision damning them all...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, FILE ROOM - NIGHT

A transparent glass case holds THE CLENCH in a beaming white light, illuminating the power that this virus carries.

HANDS grip the crate, and unseals it--

A hesitant Architect lifts the lid, and places it to the side to unearth the virus in all its glory: a vial, containing the power to eradicate the world.

THE PENGUIN (O.S.)  
Remarkable.

Architect steps aside as The Penguin approaches the Clench.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)  
Something so small can be... so powerful. Although, I've heard the same thing said of myself.

The Penguin's belted laughter dissolves into a coughing fit.

ARCHITECT  
Are you alright?

THE PENGUIN  
I'm fine -- *fine*. Not that it will matter in an hour or so.

The Penguin removes the vial from the case. He now carries the most powerful weapon in the world... in his hands.

A beat. Architect becomes all too aware of that face...

*PING!* Architect shuffles his TABLET out from his coat and observes it with growing concern.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)  
The hell's going on now, huh?

ARCHITECT  
We have some... unwanted visitors.

Architect positions THE TABLET towards The Penguin:

A set of DUAL SECURITY FOOTAGE SCREENS depict two alarming events: BATMAN, in hot pursuit of the top floor, and BATWOMAN, digging around in the security room.

THE PENGUIN  
A visit from the Bat is far from unwanted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Penguin scoffs, and heads for the exit.

ARCHITECT

And what about the red-head?

THE PENGUIN

You can deal with her. And have fun with it, alright! Might be the last person's life you have an opportunity to destroy.

The Penguin's hearty, cough-inducing laughter echoes back beyond his exit -- doors closing behind him.

Architect shifts back to the UNSEALED CASE. Concerned.

CRANE UP into the overbearing CEILING LIGHTS. *WHITE*.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The consuming light fades to reveal a ceiling light, hovering above a meeting between Veronica and the Architect.

ARCHITECT

The dome is nearly complete. It would appear that everything is going as planned.

VERONICA

Well, it certainly helps that Wayne is on board. Publicly, at least.

ARCHITECT

There is *one* slight hiccup, though.

Veronica sinks back, curious.

VERONICA

I'm listening.

ARCHITECT

A lawyer. The one that's been investigating Cobblepot and his men. She's spotted me on two separate occasions and I think she's beginning to realise I'm not like the *rest* of his associates - that I have a story of my own. I'm worried that if she keeps digging--

VERONICA

She'll uncover the Court of Owls.

ARCHITECT

We cannot allow that to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

What do you suggest we do?

ARCHITECT

I want you... to kill her.

Veronica sits with the request for a moment, chilling.

VERONICA

With all due respect, killing someone that close to Wayne would be a mistake. It would hurt us as much as it would help us.

Architect steps around the desk.

ARCHITECT

I understand the unique predicament this puts us in, which is why we need to deal with this lawyer in a *different* way.

Veronica stands up, and follows after him.

VERONICA

You don't want to use the Court?

ARCHITECT

We cannot risk raising suspicion of its existence with Wayne.

VERONICA

I guess the Talon is out of the question, then.

(off Architect)

Fine. But if I'm about to get blood on my hands for you, then I want something in return.

The Architect shifts to her - as though all the power he had is now in *her* hands. Curious.

ARCHITECT

What could you *possibly* want?

VERONICA

I want my daughter back.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, UNDERGROUND ROOM - NIGHT

And we find her daughter: VICKI, sat in chains, complete with a blank stare and void of all emotion.

A burning light WASHES OVER HER, emitting from a HAND O.S.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRANE BACK to find Dusan Al Ghul, watching the light slowly fade from his hand. Unsuccessful. He looks back, over his shoulder, to find a heartbroken Veronica.

DUSAN AL GHUL

I'm afraid your daughter is gone.

VERONICA

No. She's right here - right in front of us. You're supposed to heal her. Fix her.

Dusan closes in on Veronica, addressing only her--

DUSAN AL GHUL

The Lazarus Bomb you were given to resurrect your daughter only brought back her body. Her vessel.

VERONICA

How is that possible?

DUSAN AL GHUL

Do you believe in an afterlife?

VERONICA

There isn't anything I don't believe *can't* be true these days.

DUSAN AL GHUL

Vicki's soul has moved on. Found peace. Perhaps it's time for you to do the same.

VERONICA

No!

Veronica erupts past Dusan, crumbling to Vicki's side--

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Come back to us Vicki. The world needs you. I need you. And I promise that this time I can protect you. I can keep you safe.

DUSAN AL GHUL

Victoria Vale is dead.

The words punch Veronica in the gut. She sinks.

DUSAN AL GHUL (CONT'D)

And since this mortal vessel will be of no use to you anymore--

VERONICA

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A confused Veronica cranes around -- Dusan SWERVES his hand aside -- a POWERFUL FORCE scoops Veronica up and launches her into the ground, sliding away from her daughter.

A path cleared. Dusan rushes to Vicki, hand on her shoulder, and the two disappear in a PUFF OF GREEN MIST.

OFF Veronica, distraught and alone...

KAREN (PRELAP)

What the hell do we do now?

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

A gathering of inmates, divided into two seemingly opposed groups. One appears to be lead by KAREN (40s, outspoken) and the other by GARY (30, inspired).

GARY

We need to fight back.

KAREN

You saw how well that worked out for that girl, didn't you?

(beat)

I don't want to die.

GARY

And you think we do?

Their voices are suddenly drowned out by the crowds gathered behind them arguing their cases louder than they can.

CRANE BACK to find Chloe and Perry watching on.

PERRY

I know at my age that my eyes can be very deceiving, but from what I can see... they're looking for someone to lead them, Chloe.

CHLOE

Long as they're not looking to me.

Chloe pulls away. Perry follows.

PERRY

Come on, kid. I know when it comes to this city, you think your time as a hero is over, but look around.

Chloe indulges: the loudest voices might be heard, but the fear and the dread on people's faces speaks more volumes.

PERRY (CONT'D)

They need you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chloe feels the weight of it... then hesitates.

CHLOE

Since I've been here, two people have died from the choices that I made. The choices that they're arguing about right now: to fight back, or to stay out of it and hope someone *else* can save us.

(breaking)

I can't be responsible for any more lives being lost.

PERRY

When I first met you in this city, you were doing exactly *this*. You were running away from what you knew was the right thing to do - what you *knew* in your bones was needed of you. This whole mission that you set out to fulfill...

CHLOE

Perry.

PERRY

No, listen to me.

Perry grips onto Chloe, almost pleading--

PERRY (CONT'D)

I understand that this wasn't your fight for the last twelve years, and I understand that you did everything you could to best position this city away from darkness, but it's being *sucked right back into it*. It needs you do what you do best and guide it back into the light.

(beat)

It needs The Watchtower.

The moniker strikes a nostalgic chord for Chloe, and she smiles, realising his words to be true.

A slight nod of acknowledgement from Chloe, and Perry releases his grip of her. She writhes out from his hold, and turns to address the crowd. A hero.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Monitors in the BG display the same footage of the courtyard.

CRANE BACK from it to find KATE (geared up, mask off), oblivious to the events transpiring as she is in front of her own set of monitors, studying older footage:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*A CELL DOOR opens to reveal an unmasked Anarky (LONNIE MACHIN). He obtains a HANDGUN. Approaches HELENA.*

Kate's deepest fears intensify. Gripped to the screen.

ANARKY (O.S.)  
The last of the Bertinelli's.

HELENA (O.S.)  
Don't even think--

A GUNSHOT echoes from the monitor. It appears to ring throughout Kate's entire body. Eyes still glued.

ANARKY (O.S.)  
You're a tough bunch.

A SECOND GUNSHOT O.S.

Kate rips from the monitor, unable to bear it.

Suddenly, the world is spinning all around Kate - everything blurs in her crumbling state of mind. Time seems to move differently. Her heart decaying away, and then--

HELENA (O.S.)  
Wife.

The word reaches out to Kate. Her world stops spinning. She turns to face the monitor:

*A struggling Helena drops her phone beside her head.*

HELENA (CONT'D)  
Call... wife.

Kate covers her mouth in awe.

KATE (O.S.)  
Helena? Helena, are you there?  
(beat)  
I just got a report about the prison. Please tell me you went home early -- tell me you're not there. I swear to god, Helena.

Tears stream from Kate's eyes. Pained, watching...

*The faint makings of a smile seem to stretch across Helena's face on the security footage. At peace.*

HELENA  
So-- soldier... on.

*Helena tilts her head to see the phone call has ended. She eases her head back, accepting the end.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HELENA (CONT'D)

I love you.

A revelation hits Kate hard: *she still loves her, too.* She strokes the screen - her only way of being there for the woman she loves at the end.

ARCHITECT (O.S.)

It's a shame.

Kate catches a glimpse of the Architect's reflection in the monitor in front of her. Grimaces at his approach.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't have come here.

A vengeful Kate reaches for her answer... THE BAT-MASK.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

The Penguin studies the deadly vial in his hands, still enamoured by the power of it. He's too swept up in it to hear a door SLIDE OPEN behind him in the BG.

BATMAN (O.S.)

It's over, Cobblepot.

A cunning grin stitches across Penguin's face. He slowly turns to face his opponent: THE BATMAN.

THE PENGUIN

Finally, we agree on something.

Batman notices the virus being carried in Penguin's hands.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

But something tells me this was not the ending you expected.

OFF the stalemate between the two...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

An EXTREME CLOSE UP of the virus in a set of gloved hands--

CRANE OUT to find a devilish Penguin, carrying the virus, with full knowledge of the power he wields. Opposite him stands The Batman. A final confrontation.

BATMAN

What are you doing, *Oswald*?

THE PENGUIN

And here I thought *you* were the great detective, *Batman*.

BATMAN

Well, your actions don't exactly give way to a clear motive. It's lacking in logic. Reason.

The two pace each other, maintaining the same distance and laser-focus on other's movements.

THE PENGUIN

Right. Because you've known me so well over these past ten years...

BATMAN

It's hard not to familiarise myself with the city's biggest crime lord--

THE PENGUIN

Oh, you flatter me.

BATMAN

--especially when everything you've done up until this point has made so much sense.

THE PENGUIN

Care to enlighten me?

QUICK CUT: A wave of OMAC MACHINES obliterate under a GOLDEN RUSH OF LIGHT that erupts over the city, restoring it.

BATMAN

Gotham thrived after those machines were destroyed. The city was finally brought into the light.

QUICK CUT: Civilians smile in the sun. Safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Those still operating in the dark  
were found, punished and put away.

QUICK CUT: An OFFICER guides a CRIMINAL towards a packed cell  
of other inmates in holding.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

It left an opening - for someone to  
become a leader, a *King of  
Outcasts*, and so you assumed that  
position. Rightfully so, I guess.

QUICK CUT: A group of men gather in front of Cobblepot,  
lurking underneath the shadows of his guards.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You had the time, the money, and  
the resources to stretch the very  
*limited* shadows you had to build  
this operation - this empire.

QUICK CUT: SCISSORS cut a RED TAPE in front of a newly  
redesigned ICEBERG LOUNGE.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You bought out businesses,  
restaurants, clubs.

QUICK CUT: A guarded Cobblepot throws out his hands in front  
of a stunning restaurant, now *his*.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You did everything you could so  
that you couldn't be touched.

QUICK CUT: A large gathering in front of Cobblepot, standing  
in front of a CAMPAIGN BANNER FOR MAYOR.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You were--

THE PENGUIN

Invincible.

Their focus shifts back to the VIRUS in his hands.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

I'd always wondered why you didn't  
just swoop in to the Iceberg Lounge  
and tear me apart for threading the  
needles of corruption back into  
this city -- your city.

(beat)

Now I wonder... if you regret  
letting me get this far. If you  
regret not acting *sooner*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BATMAN

We were building a case -- doing things the right way.

THE PENGUIN

Oh, that's right. The red-head.

Batman tenses. Fists clenched.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

What was it she said, again? "The fish rots from the head." Poetic.

BATMAN

We were so close to taking you and your entire operation down. So I guess that leaves us here - with you scared. Cornered. And ready to unleash a deadly virus to wipe us all out... because you lost.

Penguin shrinks in defeat, hunched over the virus.

THE PENGUIN

You know what's truly sad... I'm almost *jealous*. After all this time, I couldn't help but see myself as The Batman's ultimate opponent. The worthiest of your ever-growing Rogue's gallery. And yet you refuse to kill me like you did The Joker.

The words pierce a painful memory into Batman's heart.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

I guess it made sense. I'd never sink as low as to *kill* a protégée of the Bat's.

Penguin watches Batman's anger intensify.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

Although, I'd always wondered -- I mean, just while we're still discussing *cases* against *crime lords* and all -- I'd think there would be grounds to haul your ass to Gotham State Penitentiary for endangering the life of a child by bringing him into this *insane* cult of yours, don't you?

Batman moves to close the distance, but quickly stops upon sight of The Penguin, aiming the virus out to be dropped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

I wouldn't.

Batman eases off, but remains just as angry.

BATMAN

Is that how you want your story to end? With me killing you?

THE PENGUIN

Better than the one I've been given.

Penguin examines his TREMBLING HANDS. A sign of the end.

OFF Batman, noticing his health *deteriorating*...

KAREN (PRELAP)

We're all going to die.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The divided crowd of inmates face Karen, in a heated debate.

KAREN

We stay here and wait, hoping for someone to save us - *we die*. We say "screw that," and fight back, *we die*. We can't win.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Exactly.

Karen shifts with the crowd... now focused on Chloe.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

We're not in an easy situation here. There's no guarantee that *any* decision we make is going to save our lives. But we need to accept the fact that sitting on our hands and doing nothing is no longer an option tonight.

Gary appears inspired by her leadership.

GARY

What do you suggest we do?

CHLOE

I think we take *your* lead. I think it's time we fought back.

An eruption of defiance. The division on full display.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Listen, I know you're scared - we are *all* scared. The only two options we have here... I've tried them *both*. When I fought back, I lost someone very important to me. And when I chose not to get involved, they *slaughtered* Kitty right in front of us.

The memory cripples Karen, she looks away.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

But Kitty took a stand, and she would have been successful if we rallied behind her.

Chloe grows desperate, pleading with the crowd.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Look around... we are the very *best* of this city. That's why we're here, because they want to get rid of us. We have to show them that they can't. We have to stand up, unite *as a city* - as the Gotham we helped make better - and we have to take back what is ours.

The idea seeps into the crowd's mind. They look to each other -- realising they aren't alone, but that they are stronger together. Hope restores across their expressions.

Among the crowd, a scared Karen eases up. Smiles.

Chloe realises she's built a united front. Hope soon fills her too, and she looks back, over her shoulder...

A proud Perry looks back at Chloe. A hero.

PERRY

(to himself)

Good work, kid.

CRANE BACK past the BRICK WALL into black--

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, STREETS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A large, red 'A' is painted across the wall that Veronica stands beside. She appears notably anxious.

Footsteps echo in. A shadowed figure emerges.

VERONICA

It's about time you showed up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veronica faces the approaching figure, stepping into the light to reveal themselves -- it's Anarky.

ANARKY

I take it you don't know much about copyright law. That symbol's mine.

VERONICA

Needed to grab your attention somehow. Figured this would work.

ANARKY

And it did.

Anarky makes her aware of a SMALL BLADE gripped in his hand.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

What do you want?

VERONICA

Your help, actually.

Veronica removes a MANILA FOLDER from her large overcoat, and hands it to Anarky. A beat. He's not interested... yet.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You want to destabilise the establishment that runs this city. Create chaos. This will propel your movement forward, trust me.

Anarky bites. He opens the folder, reading it...

ANARKY

Who the hell is Julie Madison?

VERONICA

A woman I want you to kill.

Anarky hands the folder back.

ANARKY

I'm not a hired hitman.

VERONICA

Perhaps not, but you are someone that has to be keenly aware of what this *dome* would do to a city like Gotham. How divided it would be.

Anarky lowers the folder by his side.

ANARKY

I'm listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONICA

This woman is an associate of Wayne's. Someone in his ear that will convince him to denounce the Dome and stop its development. She must be taken down.

ANARKY

And what exactly do I get out of it? I'm sure you can offer me more than just... advancing my agenda.

VERONICA

Power.

A beat. The two finally understand each other.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

When the Dome goes up, I can promise you *everything* outside of it. This city - the Gotham outside *dome walls*... it will be yours.

CRANE BACK to the 'A' plastered on the wall...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The same 'A' rests on the warehouse walls. A proud Anarky turns from his symbol and addresses his crowd of supporters.

ANARKY

It's a new day, my *friends*.

Anarky observes the crowd - *his* followers.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

This - right here - this moment... it's exactly how I imagined it.

The crowd look to each other. Strangers, gathered together.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

The things I've had to do... to secure it. Oh, well, that's a thing of the past now. As for our future, it's rather simple.

Anarky throws out his arms, big and wide--

ANARKY (CONT'D)

It's the city. All of it.  
(cunning)  
And it's ours.

COBBLEPOT'S GOON (O.S.)

Not so fast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A group of ARMED MEN enter, seemingly lead by COBBLEPOT'S GOON. They approach Anarky, and his followers.

ANARKY

I'm terribly sorry, but this is a closed event. VIP only. Although, for curiosity's sake... you are?

COBBLEPOT'S GOON

We work for Cobblepot, and he isn't about to let a bunch of no-good amateurs - lead by some loon in a mask - lay claim to Gotham in his absence. This is his territory.

The armed men fix their guns on Anarky.

ANARKY

And just *how* in the hell did you find this place?

A man steps forward -- out from Anarky's crowd -- and joins the other side. A clear TRAITOR.

TRAITOR

Sorry, kid. I like what you're about and all, but... this ain't the time for a revolution.

ANARKY

You rat.  
(to his men)  
Destroy them!

Gunfire ERUPTS--

Anarky flees like a kid in a playground.

CRANE AROUND the room to witness the unravelling chaos:

Bullets ricochet throughout the warehouse. Men and women drop on both sides. Blood sprays. Guns clap against the ground, beside fallen thugs. Ruin.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

A door SLINGS open. Anarky collapses out, into the alleyway and away from intense gunfire. Tears his mask off.

The ANARKY MASK slaps against a puddle of water. Discarded.

A fleeing LONNIE MACHIN charges into the dark--

BEAMING LIGHTS erupt in front of him. A blinding white that stops him immediately in his tracks.

The lights dim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lonnie lowers his hands from his face. His wincing eases into a look of fear. Busted.

In front of him... the BATMOBILE.

THE PENGUIN (PRELAP)

I guess you got me.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

The Batman stands in defiance of The Penguin.

THE PENGUIN

I'm dying. Deteriorating by the second. I won't live to see the city I've molded outside these Dome walls. Not with that *bloody* exit sealed shut.

Batman takes note - *something Penguin needs... an in.*

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

It was always the plan to let everything in here perish. I just didn't want to go with it.

BATMAN

You're the one in control right now. You have the virus in your hands. You don't have to use it.

THE PENGUIN

And give you the satisfaction of saving the day, once again? I don't think so, Bats.

(beat)

Besides, I got people outside the Dome. In the city. People who will ensure my new *world order*.

QUICK CUT: COBBLEPOT'S GOON collapses from a bullet wound, joining the rest of his fallen men. Deceased.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

Gotham City will forever be reshaped in my image. My legacy.

Penguin rolls the virus in his hands, dangling it out...

BATMAN

And what if I could guarantee your survival? What if I told you there was a way out?

THE PENGUIN

Bollocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATMAN

You mentioned the "exit" being "sealed shut." It was a safeguard put in place so that whoever made it through wouldn't be followed.

THE PENGUIN

Which upon activation, cannot be accessed for quite some time. I'm aware. Unfortunately for us, it's already been accessed, which means we're trapped here.

BATMAN

No. We're not. I can override it.

THE PENGUIN

How?

Batman RIPS off his mask to reveal his true identity... a stoic BRUCE WAYNE stares off his opponent.

BRUCE

Because I built it.

OFF Penguin, crippled by shock...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A triumphant BRUCE faces a crowd of press. Stoic.

BRUCE

I want to thank everyone for coming out here today. As you've probably heard, we have a very exciting announcement to make -- and that is that after eighteen months, Wayne Enterprises has finally completed the creation of the Dome.

An uproar from citizens - a mixed response (from cheers to sounds of dissent). Camera lights FLASH against it all, a defining moment in Gotham's history.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Following today's press conference, I will be *hand delivering* the codes to the Mayor who, in correspondence with the Governor, will ensure the appropriate measures are in place to activate the Dome.

A proud JULIE watches from beside Bruce.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

This project was one we built to revolutionize this city's prison system, and allow us to finally cope with and accommodate for the growing arrests and imprisonments that have worked to keep our crime rates at an all time low.

BOOM. An EXPLOSION tears from above--

Glass and debris collapse from the high-rise Wayne Enterprise building, and rains atop the press conference.

An immediate wave of DUST fogs the scene.

PUSH THROUGH the crowds:

DEBRIS crushes down... men and women disappear underneath it, buried... glass SHATTERS into the unsuspecting... horrified screams quickly silenced.

CRANE UP the stairs to find Bruce, tearing back from the crowd and towards Julie. He SHIELDS her on the steps.

Dust soon settles around them. A horrific scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Are you hurt?

A shaken Julie looks out at the mayhem: a field of bodies...

Bruce SHAKES her back to him. Julie comes to--

JULIE

You should go.

BRUCE

Are you sure?

JULIE

Go be a hero. I'll be fine.

Bruce RACES up the stairs. Disappears through the entrance--

CRANE DOWN into the crowd -- a "reporter" rips the ANARKY MASK out of their jacket, places it on, and pivots to a struggling CAMERAMAN aimlessly stabilising their shot.

Anarky GRIPS onto the camera--

ANARKY

People of Gotham. The elite can no longer control us.

A struggle between Anarky and the Cameraman. With several steps back, Anarky drags them both UP THE STAIRS.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

It's time for us to take on the establishment. And tear them to the ground. All of them. The rich. The media.

Anarky releases hold.

The Cameraman STUMBLES for a beat, then maintains his focus on the masked mad man in front of him.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

And let's not forget...

SHAKY-CAM FOOTAGE of Anarky looking to his side to find a shaken Julie, confused at his appearance.

ANARKY (CONT'D)

Lawyers.

Anarky pulls a gun out from his jeans. Turns on Julie.

CAMERAMAN

Wait!

Cameraman DROPS the camera. Charges--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A GRAPPLE GUN pierces through Anarky's shoulder -- it TUGS him, lifting him up off the ground and forcing his release of the gun. He FLIES to the heavens, howling.

Cameraman and Julie watch the criminal ASCEND--

A GLOVED HAND smashes through the window, CLUTCHES Anarky's leg, then PULLS HIM IN.

From the outside of the building:

A furious BATMAN pins a distraught Anarky against the remaining window. He SLAMS him against it, forcing his mask to fall and reveal a scared kid, LONNIE.

Batman SLAMS Lonnie's head against the window-- CRACK.

BATMAN  
Game over, kid.

OFF an unconscious Lonnie, slumped against the wall...

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A slumped Lonnie JOLTS out of his slumber. He motions to stand -- a loud CLUNK grips his hand, and he falls back into the wall... he's tied to a RADIATOR. A hostage.

LONNIE  
What the -- the hell is this?

SCAN AROUND THE ROOM with the same panic that sits in Lonnie--

A LIGHT erupts. Illuminated from the shadows, two figures approach: a smug Gordon and Sarah.

GORDON  
It's over, kid. You lost.

LONNIE  
I'm just getting started.

SARAH  
The hell you are.  
(beat)  
We are in the middle of a war here,  
one unlike we've ever faced before  
in this city. And you're  
exploiting it -- for what?

LONNIE  
I thought it was obvious.

Lonnie chuckles - an agent of *anarchy*...

Sarah can't look at him with anything but disgust. She steps back, allowing Gordon to take over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

You want to make the history books, kid. Well congratulations. You're going to be the first prisoner behind bars in the new Gotham that emerges when all this is over. When we recover. And we will, because we *always do*.

SARAH

Until then, you're going to be *here*: locked away like an animal until you're given your rightful day in court.

Lonnie takes in the surroundings - mortified.

As Gordon and Sarah turn their backs on him, Lonnie LUNGES in desperation. His cuff RATTLES their attention back to him.

LONNIE

No! You can't do this. *Please*, I can't be locked away again. I'll do anything. I'll--

SARAH

You're embarrassing yourself.

LONNIE

I can help you.

Gordon tugs Sarah back from responding, intrigued.

GORDON

Help us with what?

LONNIE

The Court of Owls.

Gordon and Sarah shift to him - maybe he *can* help?

LONNIE (CONT'D)

I can help you stop them.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

SCATTER BOMBS explode around The Architect--

An animalistic Batwoman PUSHES into him, roping herself around him, and driving the Architect into a COMPUTER MONITOR. It ERUPTS with sparks.

Architect SLAMS his elbow into Batwoman's ribs, freeing himself of her hold. He SNAPS around, SWINGING--

Batwoman SWERVES out of the way, then catches his next hit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two LOCK into each other: each strike made is matched by the other, blocking and moving throughout their attacks.

ON the recorded SECURITY FOOTAGE behind them:

A weakened Helena struggles up in the pool of her own blood, struck by a second wind.

HELENA

Kate? Kate, I--

Batwoman releases her hold on Architect, distracted--

CRACK! Blood SPRAYS from her face...

Architect delivers POWERFUL STRIKES into Batwoman - caught in a moment of weakness - and cripples her to her knees. She raises her hands, almost in mercy--

BATWOMAN

Wait.

Architect SLAMS his boot into her face-- CARAAACK!

A broken Batwoman CLAPS against the ground, her mask shattered and bones aching.

Architect pins her down with his foot, then reaches down for her mask. She squirms underneath him, struggling...

An unmasked KATE spits blood at Architect. A last move.

ARCHITECT

Katherine Kane. Well, if this isn't... fitting.

The BAT-MASK drops beside a defeated Kate.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

The Court of Owls is doing everything they can to control this city. Everything they can to do what they think is *right* for Gotham. But the same problems can't be solved with the same way of thinking used to create them.

KATE

Is that... supposed to make sense?

ARCHITECT

The Court has their fair share of puppets. The Waynes. The Elliots. Cobblepots, and... the Kanes. The superheroes, and the--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATE  
(mocking)  
Super villains?

Architect chuckles to himself. A moment of levity.

ARCHITECT  
The Court may have saved this city with its puppets in the past, but it won't work this time. Not when their solution has only ever slapped a band-aid on an ailing city. It's my belief that it's time for it all to end.

KATE  
By sacrificing innocent lives.

ARCHITECT  
You're not innocent. None of you in capes and masks are.  
(beat)  
The only ones worth saving are those prisoners Cobblepot rounded up. They deserve to live. And they will. Just as long as you *heroes* don't get in my way.

Gravity eases Kate's head towards a COMPUTER MONITOR:

SECURITY FOOTAGE on display shows an entire uprising of the prisoners: lead by CHLOE and PERRY, fighting through ARMED THUGS, inside prison walls.

A smile widens across Kate's face. Hopeful.

KATE  
You mean... those prisoners?

Architect cranes around to the monitor... paralysed by it.

KATE (CONT'D)  
I'd say you got five minutes to stop them from *escaping* and ruining your -- whatever the hell it is that you're planning.

Architect faces Kate, growling like a dog.

A beat. And Architect BOLTS off, heading for the exit, on his way to salvage his plans.

Kate eases back, almost crying with relief. Alive.

VERONICA (PRELAP)  
Thank God.

INT. COURT OF OWLS, LUCIUS' ROOM - NIGHT

A confused LUCIUS places a framed photograph (of himself and his husband KARL) onto the bedside table. He faces the intrusion at the door: Veronica, shaken and unhinged.

VERONICA

Lucius, something has happened.

Fear sinks deep into Lucius' bones.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I wasn't... completely honest with you last night. About Julie.

Lucius tenses up, and pulls away. Distrusting.

LUCIUS

What about Julie?

VERONICA

What I told you was true, but it wasn't the whole truth. She wasn't just killed to keep her away from my asset on the inside -- it was bigger than that. I made a deal with him. The Architect. He said that if I took her out of the picture, away from him and Cobblepot, that -- that I could...  
(breaking)  
You're going to hate me.

LUCIUS

Veronica, just tell me.

VERONICA

He promised me I could bring Vicki back from the dead.

Lucius withdraws, a deep anger burning inside him.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I wanted to believe him.

LUCIUS

Damn it, Veronica. You should have just come to me.

VERONICA

You were suffering just as much as I was over her. I didn't want to give you hope that--

LUCIUS

There was *no* hope - that's the thing. Son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucius SWIPES everything off his bedside table:

A collection of items SHATTER across the ground, buried underneath a now CRACKED photograph of Lucius and Karl.

The imagery cripples Veronica: another thing to hold back...

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

There was a prophecy... delivered by a friend. She said that someone close to Chloe would die and that she couldn't be brought back.

Lucius faces Veronica, all his anger now on her:

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

Which is what I could have told you before you killed someone over it.

A puzzle disconnects inside Veronica's mind.

VERONICA

But I did.

LUCIUS

Did *what*?

VERONICA

I brought her back. She's -- back.

The world caves around Lucius, reality shifting for him...

VERONICA (CONT'D)

But... something happened.

(guilty)

I needed help. She wasn't *normal*, she wasn't... herself. So I--

Lucius latches onto Veronica, grounding her.

LUCIUS

Veronica. What did you do?

A guilty Veronica wrestles with her actions...

BRUCE (PRELAP)

It's done.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Bruce (geared up, mask off) sits at the desk in front of a computer. He punches in a series of codes.

BRUCE

The doors are open.

CRANE UP over the computer to find The Penguin, watching on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PENGUIN

Nice work, *Mr. Wayne*. I guess it's up to me now to hold up my end of the agreement, yes?

Bruce rises from the chair, into--

The Penguin withdraws a LOADED GUN aimed on the billionaire.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

I just have a few conditions.

BRUCE

Don't be stupid, Oswald.

THE PENGUIN

Never. I just want assurance that I make it out on my terms.

*BANG!* The computer ERUPTS.

Bruce stumbles back from the explosion, shielding his face.

THE PENGUIN (CONT'D)

I've come too close to fumble at the finish line.

Bruce whips out a BAT-A-RANG, and swings--

The Penguin LAUNCHES the virus forward... flipping through the air in approach of the BAT-A-RANG.

The two CONNECT. Dead-center of our confrontation.

The bat-a-rang CUTS through the virus... it SHATTERS, glass exploding out... and a WHITE LIGHT ERUPTING OUT.

*BOOM!* A visceral EXPLOSION of white flames bursts out--

The energy divides the two:

Bruce SLAMS through the wall that erupts with him, and disappears under debris, while the Penguin is shot in the other direction, into a wall and buried under a beam.

The entire room trembles, then... calm.

OFF the destruction left in the wake of this detonation...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

A WHITE FLASH hits, and the entire structure TREMBLES.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A violent tremor shakes Kate up off the floor. Dust and small fragments of debris collapsing around her.

Kate examines her surroundings: a reminder of where she is.

AROUND THE ROOM - most of the COMPUTER MONITORS have been destroyed, bar one. It stares back, like a beacon.

Kate ropes herself up and rushes to the computer. She removes a gauntlet, then clips a USB DRIVE out of it to plug into the computer.

ON THE MONITOR - a collection of video files are dragged into the folder. A transfer loading bar appears...

KATE

Come on, come on.

Kate hits the keys with precision.

The MONITOR displays the folder, now retitled 'Prison Raid' and blinks out, onto a screen of SECURITY FOOTAGE:

Outside the Dome, a familiar MOTORCYCLE rests in the dark.

KATE (CONT'D)

Renee?

A new fear seeps into Kate's bones. Back at the computer--

The MONITOR rewinds the SECURITY FOOTAGE until the sun comes out -- the previous day -- then PLAYS:

SECURITY FOOTAGE shows a MASKED RENEE speeding towards the Dome as it activates... almost there -- then HITS the rough exterior and dismounts from the bike.

KATE (CONT'D)

You came for me.

A figure emerges, approaching Renee...

KATE (CONT'D)

No.

OFF the image of ANARKY - the same man that murdered Helena, now in approach of Renee...

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A gloved hand RIPS the ANARKY MASK off a chained Lonnie, glued to a chair at the edge of a deep cave-fall. He scans the room, then looks back at the steep fall to his fate.

BATMAN (O.S.)

I'd keep any movements to a minimum  
if I were you.

A traumatised Lonnie SNAPS back to the voice --

An approaching BATMAN emerges from the shadows. He appears almost demonic - as if we were seeing him from Lonnie's POV.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

This is the part where you make a  
choice, *kid*. You can either tell  
me everything I want to hear, or--

LONNIE

(erupting)

The Court of Owls hired me to  
murder that woman because they were  
worried she would convince Wayne to  
denounce the Dome which would ruin  
all their plans.

Lonnie GASPS for any air. A puzzled Batman sinks back.

BATMAN

What exactly does this have to do  
with the Dome?

LONNIE

I - I don't know, man. Everything?

Batman turns his back to Lonnie, a million things hitting him at once: *The Dome could be a weapon, he's captured a patsy, and everything is turning upside down.*

LONNIE (CONT'D)

I just want to take on the  
establishment. They made it look  
like helping *them* would help *me*, so  
I did it. Please don't kill me.

It clicks in Batman's mind - *this man can be useful.*

BATMAN

The Court of Owls are finally  
starting to show their cards.

Batman returns to Lonnie, inspired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATMAN (CONT'D)

You want to take on the establishment? They've been pulling the strings well before any of us were even born. And it needs to stop. Now.

Batman latches onto Lonnie's chains, then KICKS--

The chair underneath Lonnie FLIES out from under him, and he tilts back over the ledge. Batman GRIPS the chains, and a dangling Lonnie merely leans over the ledge. Stressed.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

And you're going to help me.

A flourishing partnership is born in this very moment...

LONNIE (PRELAP)

I'll tell you everything.

INT. GORDON RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A pleading Lonnie remains shackled to the radiator.

LONNIE

Just... let me out and I'll do it.

Gordon narrows in on Lonnie. Sarah watches on, behind him.

GORDON

You'll tell us everything we need to know because you have no other option right now.

Lonnie growls with discontent - *he's right*.

LONNIE

Cobblepot isn't the threat here, he's just a distraction -- a puppet of the Court.

GORDON

But he's the one with the virus.

LONNIE

No, he's not. It's a lie. They just *told* him that to think that his plans were working - *could* work. But it's a trick.

Gordon shares a look of concern with Sarah, answers leading to only more questions for the two of them.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

The Court want Cobblepot gone just as much as you do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

They've had plenty of opportunities to take him down.

LONNIE

So have you. And the Bat. They were hoping that case building against him would put him away for life, but that didn't exactly go to plan, did it?

Gordon and Sarah can't seem to argue with it.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Their man on the inside -- he's the one that's going to kill Cobblepot and his men. He's probably already dead as we speak.

SARAH

And all those people?

LONNIE

They'll be fine. Let back in the city to see another day.

GORDON

Which explains why you were so quick to start a gang of your own.

LONNIE

Only way to survive in this city is to have power. I'm not going back to a cell. I can't.

A revelation slowly hits Sarah:

SARAH

If Cobblepot doesn't have the virus, then who does? And how does any of this help us stop the Court?

GORDON

A very excellent point.

Lonnie RIPS at his cuffs--

LONNIE

Let me out of these damn cuffs and I'll tell you.

Gordon and Sarah look to each other - a choice to be made...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A front-line of a dozen ARMED THUGS lock their weapons on the elevator. A last line of defense. Terrified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator DINGS--

Doors CRACK OPEN behind the thugs, and they turn to the noise to find a flood of innocent inmates -- now armed with guns and night sticks -- CHARGING towards them from both sides.

Gunfire erupts throughout the hallway.

The elevator doors open to reveal CHLOE, PERRY, and a small crew behind them emerging onto the floor. They FIRE.

Chaos. Bullets tearing through the room... no sign of who's winning... bodies slamming into each other... men and women hitting the floor...

An ARMED THUG falls to the ground, then aims up- BANG!

A bullet RIPS into Perry -- he COLLAPSES back in a heave.

CHLOE

Perry!

Chloe SNAPS around. Spots the thug. She KICKS the gun out of his hands, then clubs him with the NIGHT-STICK.

Another thug LATCHES onto Chloe and drives her into the wall.

A wounded Perry crawls up against the wall. He turns his back to the brawl, and caves in on himself -- fixed on his wound. His hand covers it, and a WHITE LIGHT glows.

ON THE WOUND as the light bathes it... it somehow heals.

SWISH PAN to Chloe, pinned to the wall. Hands reach around the thug and TEAR HIM OFF. Freed. She collects her fallen night-stick and CRACKS the thug across the jaw.

The surviving inmates look around the room... it's over.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(remembering)

Perry.

Chloe DARTS for Perry, clawing him off the wall in a desperate plea to see if he's hurt. He raises his hands with a sly smile - a sign to show he's okay.

PERRY

Didn't get me.

CHLOE

I thought... I could have sworn I saw you--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERRY

Don't sound too disappointed,  
Sullivan. I'm sure my inevitable  
death isn't too far away.

Chloe jabs Perry in the shoulder.

CHLOE

That's *not* what I meant.

A light whimper sounds in behind them. Chloe and Perry look over their shoulders to see:

A weeping KAREN cradles a bloodied, wheezing GARY in her hands. He's riddled with bullets. She looks over to an approaching Chloe, who places her hands on her shoulder.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

KAREN

He wanted to fight back, and I  
was... so worried it was going to  
get me killed.

Karen looks up at Chloe, heartbroken--

KAREN (CONT'D)

He has kids. I- It should have  
been me. He was the hero, he--

CHLOE

He wanted us to survive.  
(to everyone)  
So let's do that... and get the  
hell out of this place.

Karen nods, easing Gary to the ground. She rises to join the rest of her comrades.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Come on!

Chloe leads the prisoners -- racing down the hallway...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT

The inmates gather in front of a LARGE OPEN ENTRANCE that offers them their freedom. Chloe moves through the crowd, arriving at the epicenter of the entrance. Bewildered.

CHLOE

Someone already opened the doors.

Karen eases up behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

What does that mean?

CHLOE

It means we're lucky the doors  
aren't sealed on us right now.

(beat)

We're going home.

Hope swells over the inmates.

Chloe steps aside, and gestures to the entrance. She watches  
on as Karen leads the group towards their freedom. Saved.

Perry turns in to face Chloe.

PERRY

You did it, kid.

The two embrace - a moment to finally hug each other again.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Always making me proud.

CHLOE

Couldn't have done it without you.

The two pull from each other, smiles on their faces.

PERRY

Sometimes we all need a reminder of  
who we are and what we can  
accomplish when we believe in  
ourselves again.

CHLOE

If this is your way of saying I  
should stay and fight--

PERRY

You *should* stay and fight.

A light-hearted chuckle between the two.

CHLOE

Don't really have a choice.

PERRY

I guess that's true.

CHLOE

But running away from it all hasn't  
helped, that's for sure.

PERRY

I thought I taught you that lesson  
the day we met in this city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The heartwarming memory fills Chloe.

CHLOE

You did.

A LOUD HUM echoes around them--

The STEEL DOORS begin to seal shut, moving quicker than one would expect.

A moment of panic. Chloe PUSHES Perry through the doors.

Perry hits the ground in a huff. Scuffles up to see the doors closing in front of him. He howls--

PERRY

(erupting)

No!

The doors SEAL SHUT.

Chloe stands in shock, isolated and alone. She takes in a deep breath - absorbing this moment...

ARCHITECT (O.S.)

It's too bad.

Chloe SNAPS around to find:

The ARCHITECT latches onto Chloe, roping her in and throwing her into the open elevator.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

I'd have enjoyed killing that old man just as much as I'm going to enjoy this.

He enters the elevator. The doors CLOSING--

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

DING. Elevator doors open. Chloe immediately crawls out, struggling up onto her legs to run--

Hands GRAB her.

The Architect drives Chloe into the wall. Pulls out a KNIFE, then rams it into her gut. He pins her there, over his blade, feeling the life drain from her.

ARCHITECT

If I'm being honest, I'm sorry it had to be this way. But I warned you to stay out of it.

Chloe kicks, any sign to feel alive still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

I needed those people here for my  
plan to work and you ruined it.  
And for what?

Blood trickles down Chloe's lips that curve into a smile.

CHLOE

(struggling)

I saved... a city full of people...  
which is what I came here to do in  
the first place.

The knife TWISTS.

Chloe doesn't seem to be phased anymore... triumphant in her  
final moments.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

If my sacrifice is how I'm  
remembered, then that's a legacy  
I'm proud to have, and proud for  
my... son... to know.

Architect scoffs.

ARCHITECT

Technically you died, bleeding out  
on a dirty prison floor... alone.

The blade RIPS from Chloe--

Chloe slides down the wall, then hits the ground hard. She's  
lost all ability to walk, and simply rolls onto her back.

Architect looks down at his destruction for a beat. Leaves.

Chloe lies on her back. Shallow breaths. With nothing left  
to do but ease into an acceptance of her death...

BRUCE (PRELAP)

Legacy.

EXT. WAYNE ENTERPRISES - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A somber Bruce stands in front of a slew of journalists, at  
another press conference.

BRUCE

I've had to think long and hard  
about what I want my legacy to be  
when all is said and done. And  
it's provided me with a unique  
perspective on this project we've  
been working on for the past  
eighteen months.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Camera lights FLASH against his torn cadence...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I've seen the polling. I've seen  
the response the city has made to  
this Dome. To me. Our Mayor.  
I've seen it all, I assure you.  
And it's time I stopped ignoring  
it. It's time I listened.

CRANE BACK into the crowd where a distant Gordon watches on.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Effective today, Wayne Enterprise  
will deactivate the Dome.

Shocked responses from the crowd. Mostly cheers, only kept  
muffled by the several gasps from journalists.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

The codes we've given to the Mayor,  
and to the Governor, have been  
changed. Our company expects to be  
hit with some hefty lawsuits over  
this, but I cannot allow such a  
divisive policy to create more  
division in this city and fracture  
the soul of Gotham.

Veronica joins Gordon's side at the conference. Furious.

VERONICA

It's too bad.

Gordon JOLTS around to find her -- shocked by her presence.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

We're going to have to kill him.

A mortified Gordon looks back at Bruce - a fate he doesn't  
want to see happen...

BRUCE

Any questions?

The journalists flock to him.

OFF the WHITE FLASH of the cameras--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. LAZARUS PITS - NIGHT

A green flame BURNS across frame--

A fog of smoke begins to clear through a messy fire, breathing life into a womanly shaped figure emerging out of it with great confidence. Triumphant.

Behind a league of assassins, DUSAN watches on. Smiling.

The flames fade behind VICKI VALE who breathes in new life; although she appears different. Cunning. *Someone else.*

"Vicki" notices Dusan, and approaches for a hug.

VICKI  
I've missed you.  
(off Talia)  
*Her not so much.*

SWISH PAN to a shackled TALIA, surrounded by assassins.

DUSAN AL GHUL  
Don't be sad, sis. We're about to  
have a... family reunion.

TALIA  
I will not let you do this--

The assassin STRIKES Talia onto her knees.

Dusan faces away from his sister, turning to "Vicki" instead.

DUSAN AL GHUL  
Welcome back.

VICKI  
It's good to be back.

OFF the two reunited, their plan coming together...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE