

WATCHTOWER

5.01 | "Home"

Written by
Jack D. Malone

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

Based on characters from
DC Comics

CREATED BY
Jack D. Malone

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

MAIN CAST

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

SPECIAL GUEST CAST

EMIL HAMILTON	Alessandro Juliani
PERRY WHITE	Michael McKean

GUEST CAST

ADRIEN RIVERS	Artemis Pebdani
ALFRED PENNYWORTH	Michael Caine
BONFIRE	Megan West
JOAN LINCOLN	Saycon Sengbloh
JULIE MADISON	Darby Stanchfield
LONNIE MACHIN	Cameron Monaghan
SUMMER GLEESON	Holland Roden
THOMAS BOLT	Jay Hernandez
VERONICA VALE	Jeri Ryan
VICTORIA MUCH	Charisma Carpenter

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

CHLOE, dressed in an elegant gown, leans against the rails of a balcony and takes in the stunning view of the city.

A calm breeze washes over Chloe. She finds peace in it.

ARCHER (O.S.)
So much for mingling.

Chloe turns to find her son, ARCHER (15, the spitting image of his father). He's dressed in a suit with a green bow-tie.

CHLOE
Oh, sweetie. No. This isn't a "do as I do" thing. This is a "do as I say" thing--

ARCHER
I thought that was the opposite of good parenting...

CHLOE
--and what I said was for *you* to mingle.

ARCHER
I came, I saw, I mingled. And now I want to *not* mingle. I want to go and hang out with my friends.

CHLOE
What friends?

ARCHER
My friends. My very short list of friends.

CHLOE
The alphabe-st friends?

ARCHER
Don't call us that.

CHLOE
Oh, come on. I won't let you ditch your father's re-election campaign party unless you say it.

ARCHER
Say what?

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE
You *know* what.

ARCHER
I don't like it.

CHLOE
It's funny.

ARCHER
It's *not* funny.

CHLOE
Okay, but like, *clever* funny.

ARCHER
No, Mum.

CHLOE
Please?

A sigh of defeat. Archer offers a slight chuckle.

ARCHER
Can I *please* go so I can hang out
with my... "alphabe-st friends?"

CHLOE
See. It wasn't that hard, was it?

ARCHER
I guess.

CHLOE
Come here--

Chloe pulls her son in for a hug.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
My answer is no.

ARCHER
What?!

CHLOE
Well, not *yet*. You have to stay
for your father's announcement.

They head towards the door, Archer roped under Chloe's arm...

ARCHER
But *then* I can go?

CHLOE
Then you can go.

Chloe and Archer disappear through the doors...

INT. VENUE - NIGHT

CHLOE and ARCHER enter a large venue that hosts an audience of hundreds faced out towards an unoccupied stage.

ARCHER
Have I ever told you how much I appreciate you?

CHLOE
Not enough. Now *scram*. You're not done mingling.

ARCHER
Alright, alright.

Archer disappears into the large crowd...

A roar of applause. Screams of support. All eyes shift to a man on stage -- it's OLIVER, waving down the cheers and flashing camera lights.

OLIVER
Thank you. Thank you all so much for being here, truly.

The room grows silent. Listening to his every word...

OLIVER (CONT'D)
None of this would have been possible without your support in these last four years. But that's why I'm here. Still. Tonight.

Oliver takes in the moment, overwhelmed with pride.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I have been so honoured to represent this city as your Mayor. It's why I'm back here - in this very spot where I launched my campaign four years ago - to ask for your support once more.

A group of women wave 'Queen for Mayor' signs in the crowd.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I want to continue to fight your fights, to win your wars, and to secure justice for your families. And I believe I can continue to deliver on all the promises you know I can keep.

Screams of excitement fill the air. Oliver can't help but chuckle, then composes himself. His moment of glory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (CONT'D)

My name is Oliver Queen. And I
still want to be your Mayor.

A round of applause. Oliver can't contain his excitement.

Chloe swells with pride, watching on from the sidelines with
love. The feeling consumes her.

ADRIEN (O.S.)

Chloe?

Chloe turns from the crowd to find ADRIEN RIVERS (40s, a kind
and loyal personal assistant for the Queen Family). She
wears a sense of urgency on her face.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)

There's a call -- you have a call.
Someone called you.

CHLOE

I'm sure it can wait.

ADRIEN

I don't -- I don't think it can.

Chloe grows curious.

CHLOE

Who is it?

A million different ideas race in Chloe's mind...

INT. VENUE, OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

A room filled with campaign workers sat behind desks in
shirts sporting a 'Queen for Mayor' design.

Adrien guides Chloe into the room, and offers her a phone.

ADRIEN

I'll be outside.

CHLOE

Thanks.

Chloe hesitates with the phone... then answers it--

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Hello?

The moment hangs. Who's on the other end of the line?

INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

The familiar setting remains drenched in darkness. The
shadow of a man washes across the moonlit window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A sharp, shaky breath of grief and the man turns from the window -- it's ALFRED (a withered shell of the man we remember). He holds a phone to his ear.

ALFRED

I'm afraid I have some bad news,
Ms. Sullivan.

INT. VENUE, OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe shifts from the familiar voice - a hint of nostalgia mixed with pain and confusion.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: CHLOE and ALFRED on the phone.

ALFRED

Master Bruce has... he's been
killed. He -- he's dead.

CHLOE

What? No, that can't--

ALFRED

The funeral is ten o'clock tomorrow
morning. I'm sure he would have
wanted you *and Oliver* to be there,
so that's why I - that's why I
called. I assume you'll pass this
on to Mr. Queen.

Chloe struggles to process the truth.

CHLOE

Bruce is gone? How is that - I
mean when did--

ALFRED

I hope you can make it.

CHLOE

Alfred, I--

The line cuts.

OFF Chloe - her mind racing a mile a minute, processing
confusion, then guilt, then grief, and finally disbelief...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A TELEVISION MONITOR displays the news where a superimposed image of Bruce Wayne rests beside anchorwoman SUMMER GLEESON.

SUMMER

Following the tragic reports of Bruce Wayne's passing, our sources have confirmed a private funeral service is being held for his close friends and family in the early hours of tomorrow morning. A public ceremony will follow in the evening outside Wayne Enterprise.

The screen cuts to black.

Chloe and Oliver stare at the blank screen. Oliver tosses the TV remote aside, and buries his face in his hands.

OLIVER

It never ends.

A defeated Oliver passes an unmoving Chloe.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

No matter what city we move to, no matter what strategies we put in place to keep us all protected... our friends keep dying.

CHLOE

Bruce and I weren't exactly friends anymore, which only seems to make this even more painful.

Oliver stops, and returns to Chloe. *He knows what's coming.*

OLIVER

You want to go, don't you? Back to Gotham. For the funeral.
(realising)
You want to be there.

CHLOE

Don't you?

The question lingers. Oliver eventually withdraws.

OLIVER

I don't do funerals. You know that.

OFF Chloe, *remembering* their history of funerals...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CHLOE stands in front of a fresh grave with a makeshift marker that simply reads '*Tess Mercer. She was loved.*'

A grieving EMIL HAMILTON surfaces beside Chloe.

EMIL
It's not fair.

Chloe looks to her friend, struck by his words.

EMIL (CONT'D)
I'm an extremely intelligent scientist whose read more books than I can keep track of, and the only words I can muster for a woman I think I started to love is "it's not fair."

Chloe reaches for his hand. An act of comfort that she needs just as much as he does. He eases into the hold.

CHLOE
I'm so sorry, Emil.

EMIL
No. Apologies are for those at fault - for those responsible - and the only thing responsible for this is the fatal flaw of mankind... our unwavering mortality.

A wave of hope washes over Emil for a beat.

EMIL (CONT'D)
I hope a day comes in our lifetime where we don't have to confront it so easily.

Emil withdraws from Chloe, and approaches the grave site.

EMIL (CONT'D)
Tess wanted to save lives. She was so excited about doing that as *The Watchtower*.

The moniker strikes a chord with Chloe.

EMIL (CONT'D)
Every life we save now -- it's in her honour.

Emil rises, then looks back to Chloe with conviction.

EMIL (CONT'D)
And I plan on saving the world.

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A LAPTOP SCREEN displays an article with a thick black headline: *'Bruce Wayne, The True White Knight of Gotham, by Vicki Vale.'* It's accompanied by a photo of the fallen hero.

Chloe sits at her desk and studies the article on her laptop with a burgeoning sense of grief.

A door CLICKS open.

Chloe closes the laptop, and looks up to find Archer - *he attempts to make a discrete entrance but is busted.*

CHLOE

You're late.

ARCHER

Where's Dad?

CHLOE

He's sleeping. Big day tomorrow.
And you're avoiding the question.

ARCHER

I didn't hear a question.

Chloe chuckles to herself. She rises to greet her son.

CHLOE

Just please try not to stay out too
late next time. We need to be a
lot more careful now that--

ARCHER

We're living in a post-doomsday
world. I know.

Chloe stops. Another wave of grief.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

You never talk about him. About Su-

CHLOE

Don't. Just get ready for bed.

Chloe side steps Archer to leave, but he follows.

ARCHER

Why do you do that? Why can't you
ever just talk to me like you're a
regular Mum? You're supposed to
share things with me - to tell me
about the world for the way that it
is. Prepare me for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Can we not do this tonight?

ARCHER

When *can* we do this?

(long pause)

My father was the Green Arrow. My baby-sitter was his sidekick. My *former* Step-Mum helps run the Justice League. And you--Chloe shifts back around to him. *Does he know?*

ARCHER (CONT'D)

You have this whole life that you won't let me in on.

CHLOE

Had. *Had* this whole life. But that's in the past.

Chloe turns off. Walks away.

ARCHER

The past is important. We learn about it in school. It's called history and it matters. Hell, it often repeats.

And Chloe stops. The message rings loud and clear: *the past is important*. Silence fills the room as it dawns on her.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Ugh. Forget it.

Archer withdraws, and disappears down the hall into his room.

Chloe takes in a deep breath - the kind only mothers of teenage boys would need to take. But she settles on a surprising fact: *he's right*. She looks back. He's gone.

CHLOE

"The past is important."

A beat, followed by a decision. *What is she going to do?*

INT. QUEEN LOFT, ARCHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Archer closes the door behind him, entering his room (which could pass for a museum of superhero memorabilia).

He stops in front of a LARGE BOW that hangs on the wall.

ARCHER

Guess you really were just a toy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer kicks his shoes off. Collapses onto his bed. He shuffles, feeling the prong of an uncomfortable object.

HANDS claw a black WATCH from underneath.

Archer's frustration subsides, eyes locked on the watch that hosts a familiar 'S' on its exterior. *Superman?*

He nestles the watch close to his chest, then drifts off.

GLIDE OFF towards the window... the night sky burns into morning light. A new day.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Archer erupts out of slumber. Sits up. A look of guilt.

OLIVER (O.S.)
Archer? It's time to get up!

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oliver scatters into the room. He pulls his jacket from the chair and drapes it over his shoulder, completing his look.

Hands scoop up the remote discarded earlier. Aims it.

The TV ignites with the image of three talking-heads, from left to right: VICTORIA MUCH (40s, stubborn conservative), Summer Gleeson, and JOAN LINCOLN (30s, passionate).

VICTORIA
The whole thing felt so desperate, getting up there and saying "I *still* want to be your Mayor." It's like a kid asking for their toy not to be taken away. Pathetic!

Oliver shifts back, then focuses in on the segment.

JOAN LINCOLN
That doesn't concern me. What concerns me is his mention of 'war.' Is he trying to scare the voters into avoiding change?

SUMMER
That's a great question, Joan. What are your thoughts, Victoria?

VICTORIA
It's nothing. Please! The guy has an inflated sense of self. He wouldn't know what war was if he was smack bang in the middle of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN LINCOLN

(with a laugh)

True! What was that he said about securing justice, and fighting their fights - as if he's some police officer risking his life to fight crime?

VICTORIA

Ugh, the worst. All he does is sit behind a fancy desk in a fancy office, earning a fancy pay-check.

Oliver scoffs at the woman. Offended.

SUMMER

Oh. Looks like that's all the time we have this morning, ladies.

Oliver turns the TV OFF.

OLIVER

I miss *The View*.

A hazy Archer stumbles into the room, hopping on one foot as he tries to put his shoe on the other.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Tell me you showered.

Archer halts in front of his father.

ARCHER

I thought we made it a rule not to lie in this house, Dad.

OLIVER

You are *just* like your mother.

ARCHER

Mum stinks?

OLIVER

Mum's *snarky*.

(beat)

Go grab something to eat in the kitchen. Something *quick*.

ARCHER

Okay, okay, okay.

Archer scoots out of the room.

A slight chuckle from Oliver. He pulls his PHONE from his pocket, and finds a contact to call -- *calling 'Wife.'*

The phone rings, then CLICKS. Connected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

Chloe? Where are you? I didn't hear you come to bed last night.

CHLOE (PRELAP)

Sorry. I got up early.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Sunlight washes over Chloe. She holds a phone up to her ear, and gradually proceeds through what appears to be a park.

CHLOE

I just needed to clear my head.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: CHLOE and OLIVER on the phone.

OLIVER

Is this about Bruce?

CHLOE

No, it's something Archer said last night about the past.

(beat)

I keep holding things back from him and I think it's because I haven't fully closed the door on that particular chapter of the *Chloe Sullivan Chronicles*.

Chloe stops to take in the sun. Clarity hits her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I don't think I'm ready for my life to be a story in someone's head, especially when it feels--

OLIVER

Unfinished.

Chloe is almost relieved. Understood.

CHLOE

Yeah.

OLIVER

You need closure.

CHLOE

You always did know me.

OLIVER

I know I should be supportive but I really don't think you should go all the way to Gotham to find it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Don't worry. I won't. I just need some time, you know?

OLIVER

Take all the time you need.

(long pause)

I love you. You know that, right?

CHLOE

Ditto.

The call disconnects.

The sun fades from Chloe. Her smile disappears into a look of guilt she attempts to swallow. She shuffles her phone back into her pocket, and pushes through an open-gate into...

A large FIELD OF GRAVES.

CRANE UP to reveal a sign that reads 'Gotham Cemetery.'

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A large gathering surrounds a MINISTER (60s) stood beside a fresh grave-site with a headstone that reads '*Bruce Thomas Wayne, Beloved Son, Friend and White Knight of Gotham.*'

MINISTER

Every few decades, this city bears witness to extraordinary men who exceed our expectations of what it means to be human, and solidify themselves as monuments - of hope, and love, and legacy. Bruce Thomas Wayne embodied all of it.

The crowd is deeply moved by the words.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

And this city was lucky to have witnessed *his* hope, *his* love, and *his* legacy.

A line forms, as people pay their respects...

From the back of the crowd, Chloe gradually creeps in from the trees. She simply observes.

CHLOE

Goodbye, Bruce.

A moment to take it in, and Chloe turns to leave--

THUMP! Chloe bumps into a woman, JULIE MADISON (40s, an elegant red-head, old Hollywood vibes). She staggers back, and seems to drop her belongings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

Oh god. I'm so sorry. I didn't even want to be here. I shouldn't be here. I can't--

CHLOE

It's fine. It's my fault. Really.

Julie scoops her belongings back up and loads them back into her bag. Chloe moves to help but Julie jolts back.

JULIE

I should go.

CHLOE

But you just--

An anxious Julie darts off, back the way she came...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(deflating)

Got here.

Confusion settles in before Chloe catches a glimpse of a small BUSINESS CARD left in the grass. She scoops it up off the ground. It reads 'Julie Madison, *Bullock Lawyers.*'

OFF the spark of curiosity igniting within Chloe...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CAMPAIGN BUILDING, HEAD OFFICE - DAY

An anxious Oliver paces back and forth. He perks up at the sight of an enthusiastic ADRIEN, darting into the room.

OLIVER

Tell me you have *something*.

Adrien closes the door behind her and faces Oliver.

ADRIEN

More than *something*. I just got off the phone with the Star City Police Department and scheduled you a *very public* meeting with their best officer *Thomas Bolt*.

Adrien offers Oliver a folder.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)

That should squash any views from potential voters who think you're acting like you're above the SCPD.

Oliver flips through the manila folder to find a photograph of THOMAS BOLT (40s, Latino, handsome).

OLIVER

Thomas Bolt, huh?

ADRIEN

He's *gorgeous*, right?

(off Oliver)

Regardless, he says he's excited to discuss the campaign with you.

OLIVER

That's perfect. Thank you.

Oliver drops the folder on his desk, then returns to Adrien - an uncomfortable silence filling the room...

ADRIEN

Is... there... anything--

OLIVER

How do I turn this around?

ADRIEN

Turn what around?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

The monumental *failure* of my campaign announcement.

ADRIEN

Sir, I think you did a wonderful--
(off Oliver)
Okay. Voters forget. An election cycle comes around and we forget the accomplishments and the characters and the men and *hopefully* women who throw their name into the ring and we judge everything based on what's happening *now*. Voters forget.

Oliver doesn't seem to be following.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)

So, you need to stop approaching the city as the current Mayor and pretend this is your first bid for the job. Start from scratch. Introduce yourself to the city. Because? Because we--

OLIVER

Forget. I got it.

Oliver sinks back into the desk. Adrien softens.

ADRIEN

What was the first thing you did when you launched your campaign four years ago?

OLIVER

I told them about myself - why I chose to live in this city, and--

ADRIEN

That. Right there.

Adrien buries in closer to Oliver, having caught his full attention. He clings to her discovery.

ADRIEN (CONT'D)

Why do you choose to live in Star City? You've lived in Gotham for years? Metropolis, even... why - why didn't you stay there?

OFF Oliver, the answers filling his mind...

INT. APARTMENT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A quaint dining room table hosts a delicious, home-cooked feast where CHLOE and a sombre OLIVER sit on either end, sharing a meal by candlelight.

CHLOE

I missed you at the funeral the other day. I know it's always the last place you want to be, but I just thought -- for Tess, it'd be... different.

OLIVER

I got dressed up. I had every intention of being there, but I just - I couldn't. I'm sorry.

CHLOE

No. No, it's fine. I just want to make sure you're okay.

The FLAME of the candle flickers.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

It seems to be hitting Emil pretty hard, and I didn't even know they were so close.

OLIVER

Why, what did he do?

The flame shimmers, catching Chloe's eyes. Distracted.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Chloe?

Chloe snaps out of her trance.

CHLOE

What? Oh, nothing. He just started talking about saving the world, and mortality being our greatest weakness.

OLIVER

It's probably just his scientist brain trying to process death.

CHLOE

I know. I'm just worried. I feel like we should have stayed in Metropolis, and - I don't know, kept an eye on him or something. We still have a month on our lease.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

I don't think I can go back there after... It's just too many painful memories right now.

CHLOE

Of course.

A FIERY FLASH ignites from the candle. Chloe darts back, and out of her chair. *What the hell was that?*

OLIVER

Chloe?

Suddenly the candle ignites--

A ROARING FIRE erupts from the wick and SHOOTS ACROSS THE ROOM. Chloe is knocked into the ground, then looks up to see the flames merge to form BONFIRE (30s, a feisty metahuman with flowing red hair). A puff of smoke emits off her.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Get the hell away from her!

Oliver pulls a STEAK KNIFE from the table--

BONFIRE

Wait, wait, wait.

Bonfire raises her hands in mercy. Oliver lowers his weapon.

BONFIRE (CONT'D)

You're Oliver Queen? You're the Green Arrow, right?

OLIVER

What do you want?

BONFIRE

Your help.

Chloe perks up off the ground. Curious.

CHLOE

Help with what, exactly?

BONFIRE

The Doctor.

(beat)

I need you to help save me from 'The Doctor.'

Chloe and Oliver share a look of intrigue.

CRANE BACK and from the image of RED, FLOWING HAIR--

INT. BULLOCK LAWYERS, JULIE'S OFFICE - DAY

A similar shade of RED HAIR whips past a modern office room.

It's a frantic Julie, bouncing from each corner of the room. She's gathering folders, checking filing cabinets, and typing on the computer at her desk.

A subtle KNOCK signals the door.

Julie yelps, then turns to find Chloe entering the room.

JULIE

What - what are you doing here?

CHLOE

I didn't mean to scare you.

Chloe offers Julie her BUSINESS CARD back.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You dropped this, and I - well, I had some questions.

JULIE

Can't see why. A crazy lady at a funeral ducking in then racing out doesn't exactly ring alarm bells!

Julie closes the door, offering them some privacy. She pulls a seat opposite Chloe at the desk.

CHLOE

Did you know Bruce?

JULIE

Know him?

Julie is brought to a nervous laugh.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, it's just... that'd be like me asking if you knew Oliver Queen.

CHLOE

You know who I am?

JULIE

He talked about you. A lot, actually. I'm *Julie*. Bruce and I were -- we were friends. Well, more than friends. We were engaged, but... the - the ring seems silly now.

Julie studies the ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I - I didn't know that Bruce had found someone after...

JULIE

Vicki?

CHLOE

Yeah.

JULIE

I guess you can only be lonely for so long before you have to find love again. Or it finds you.

Julie's nostalgia shifts into a dark, bitter sadness.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I warned him.

Chloe perks up in her seat. Intrigued.

JULIE (CONT'D)

This city... it's a cancer. It eats away at you until there's nothing left. Because it's built that way. And the people that built it... they still exist. They're still here. And they want nothing more than to maintain order. Bruce challenged that and they killed him for it.

CHLOE

Who's they?

JULIE

They're the air we breathe -- the reason time still ticks in this city. They control everything. They're a part of everything. And Bruce was going to expose them.

Julie grows spooked. Chloe is hooked to every word.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to meet his informant in an hour. The 'Deep Throat' to his Woodward and Bernstein. That's why I'm so on edge. But I don't--

CHLOE

I'll go. If you have an address, I can go for you.

JULIE

I can't ask you to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHLOE

I don't know what Bruce told you about me, but I'm a lot stronger than I look. The truth is there's not much left in this world that can scare me.

A reluctant Julie offers a nod. She shuffles through her desk to find a SMALL CARD - it has a handwritten address on it. She motions it to Chloe, then pulls back.

JULIE

I'm scared because scared keeps you alive. Don't make the same mistake that he did. Don't get in the way.

Chloe nods, then accepts the card...

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A COMPUTER MONITOR displays a loading bar that gradually fills to completion. It blinks, then reveals a series of blue-prints of a facility marked 'Emil's Base.'

CHLOE sinks back from the computer screen.

CHLOE

It worked.

The power cuts. Footsteps creak in, and Chloe jolts around to find an intimidating Emil. He lurks in the shadows.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Emil? What are you doing here?

EMIL

I was afraid she'd go to the police. That she'd turn me in. I kept asking if a criminal would risk stepping foot inside a police station. I didn't think she'd track you down instead. But this is good. This is better.

CHLOE

What the hell are you doing?

EMIL

I told you. I'm saving the world.

A beat. Chloe realises he's *not a lost cause yet...*

EMIL (CONT'D)

These metahumans have a gene that is so compatible with us. If I can harness it, then I can manufacture it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMIL (CONT'D)

I could manipulate it into a solution - to preserve mankind. To prolong our lives.

CHLOE

But you're hurting people. And I can't let you hurt anyone else.

EMIL

I'm afraid I can't let you stop me.

CHLOE

Are you going to kill me?

EMIL

Your fate is entirely up to you.

ON Chloe - *what does that mean?*

EMIL (CONT'D)

I've contacted the Department of Domestic Security and turned you in as *The Watchtower*. All the crimes you've committed - the spying on US Citizens, the breaching of classified government information, and your allegiance with these... vigilantes - they know all of it.

CHLOE

You wouldn't--

EMIL

It's already done.

Panic sets in. Chloe's world crumbles around her.

EMIL (CONT'D)

And so I leave you with two choices here. You can pretend you've never heard of "The Doctor" before, and let this go... or you can spend the rest of your life as a prisoner.

(beat)

You have a choice to make.

And Emil leaves, back into the shadows that birthed him.

OFF Chloe, left with a difficult decision...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Chloe stands alone in the epicenter of a darkly lit alley, void of any sunlight. She checks her watch, then shuffles her hands back into her pockets. Cautious. Waiting.

Footsteps echo behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I was starting to wonder if you
were going to show up.

A gun CLICKS.

Chloe immediately throws her hands up. A show of mercy.

Behind her stands DEEP THROAT (a man dressed in a trench coat
and hat), cloaked in the shadows that seem to bend around
only him. He carries a gun, pointed out at Chloe.

DEEP THROAT

I don't know who you were expecting
to find here. But I suggest you--

Chloe SNAPS around to meet his aim with a gun of her own.

CHLOE

Put your gun down.

DEEP THROAT

Chloe?

They both lower their weapon.

Out of the shadows steps JAMES GORDON (white hair and beard,
and a hell of a lot more bitter than we last saw him). He
looks at Chloe like a wave of hope has returned...

CHLOE

Gordon?!

OFF Chloe's initial shock...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

A confrontation between Chloe and Gordon.

CHLOE
You're Deep Throat? Seriously?

GORDON
I'm a former Mayor and Police Commissioner whose desire for justice hasn't withered with the rest of me, Ms. Sullivan. The only way I can help this city is by keeping to the shadows.

CHLOE
In broad daylight.

GORDON
It's a metaphor.

CHLOE
Right.

Familiarity seeps in between them. Gordon closes in.

GORDON
Not that I'm not happy to see you and see that you're still--

CHLOE
Alive?

GORDON
Among other things. What are you doing here?

CHLOE
I came for the funeral. That's when I ran into--

GORDON
Julie Madison.
(beat)
Let me guess, she told you there's some deep conspiracy behind Bruce's death - that "whispers in the dark" killed him.

CHLOE
Something like that. She also said you were Bruce's informant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDON

I informed him, alright. But unlike Julie, my information was grounded in facts.

Gordon withdraws a folder and offers it to Chloe. She flips through it to find photographs of LONNIE MACHIN (20s, red hair, the definition of *crazy eyes*).

GORDON (CONT'D)

That's the *one and only* person responsible for Bruce's death.

CHLOE

This is just a kid.

GORDON

Try terrorist.

Chloe closes the folder, and confronts Gordon.

CHLOE

Sorry, but even I have a hard time believing that *The Batman* was taken down by some kid, terrorist or not.

GORDON

Hmm. I had an uncle that passed away after suffering from a terrible disease for almost his entire life. But it wasn't the disease that killed him, no. It was the flu. Because that's just it, Ms. Sullivan. The thing that plagues us is rarely the thing that kills us.

A beat. The anecdote resonates with Chloe.

GORDON (CONT'D)

The kid's confessed. He's locked up at the Gotham State Penitentiary and I suggest checking in with your old friends at the GCPD if you want to arrange a meeting with the man who *killed The Batman*.

Gordon takes the folder back from Chloe.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Unless you prefer to keep chasing the wind. Your choice, Sullivan.

And Gordon leaves.

OFF Chloe, left alone with yet another decision to make...

INT. WATCHTOWER, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A MONITOR displays familiar security footage -- the final confrontation between Chloe and Emil. As Chloe darts out of the room, Emil slowly elevates to press a trigger, and when he does, an explosion emits from his chest. Static.

Chloe and Oliver (geared up, mask off) watch the footage on the computer screen. They look like they've been in war.

CHLOE

Looks like the choice has been made for me.

Chloe turns away with conviction, but Oliver follows.

OLIVER

What is that supposed to mean?

Chloe's pain stops her in her tracks. She returns to Oliver.

CHLOE

Emil. He gave me a choice-- to let this whole 'Doctor' thing go and pretend none of it was happening, or to let the DDS come and arrest me for being the Watchtower. With Emil dead, he can't exactly call them off.

OLIVER

We can find a way.

CHLOE

Not this time. My only option left is to... to hide.

OLIVER

No!

Oliver jolts towards Chloe, desperate for her to stay. He clings to her, like she just might slip from him forever.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I just got you back. I'm not losing you again.

Chloe eases into his hold, craving him...

CHLOE

I know, I know.

Reality sets back in and Chloe pulls free from Oliver. He realises that she's made up her mind. *It's over for them.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Oliver. But as long as
the DDS know who I am and where to
find me... Chloe Sullivan can't
exist anymore.

Chloe takes in one last glimpse of the 'Watchtower.'

CHLOE (CONT'D)
And neither can this.

The DOORS RIP OPEN behind Chloe, and she darts around to find
an ominous Bonfire enter the room. But this intrusion is met
with a nod -- she was expected.

BONFIRE
Are you ready?

Oliver steps forward, disputing--

OLIVER
Ready? Ready for what?

Chloe looks back to Oliver, who is now her past.

CHLOE
To disappear.

OFF the fear that bubbles up to the surface inside Oliver...

INT. CAR - DAY

OLIVER sits in the back of a car, glued to the phone in his
hands that registers a failed call. He sinks back, defeated.

A concerned ADRIEN sits beside him.

ADRIEN
Still can't reach her?

Oliver offers a "what do you think" glare back at Adrien.
She throws her hands up in mercy.

OLIVER
Let's just get this over with
already, yeah?

ADRIEN
Sounds good to me, sir.

The doors CLICK OPEN--

EXT. SCPD - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD opens the door to the BLACK SUV, and a
"showman" version of Oliver steps out into the public. He
throws waves and smiles towards them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From the other side of the car, Adrien scurries around to join her boss, carrying a clipboard close to her chest.

OLIVER

What's this guy's name again?

ADRIEN

Oh god.

OLIVER

I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

The two head up the stairs and into the SCPD building...

THOMAS BOLT (PRELAP)

You sure do capture the hearts of this city, Mr. Mayor.

INT. SCPD, BOLT'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

The ecstatic screams echo from outside, ringing in the ears of Oliver and THOMAS BOLT. Their first meeting.

OLIVER

Well, you're the one out there saving them so - really it's officers like *you* whose name they should be shouting.

THOMAS BOLT

You're too kind.

The atmosphere shifts - *time for business...*

THOMAS BOLT (CONT'D)

I know you took quite a hit for some of the words you used in your campaign announcement. The media sure likes to twist its words, huh?

OLIVER

You can never predict when they'll turn on you. They seemed to like me just fine before I announced my bid for reelection.

THOMAS BOLT

I'm sure there are a lot of Mayors from Star City past who think you're lucky to have made it this far without being dragged through the mud in the media.

OLIVER

Hmm. Well, I like your way of thinking, Mr. Bolt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS BOLT

Oh, please. Call me Thomas.

The two shake hands.

OLIVER

Thomas.

Oliver eases now that this is going just as he had hoped.

THOMAS BOLT

So tell me. How can I help?

INT. GCPD, OFFICES - DAY

A determined CHLOE shadows a fleeing police officer, RENEE MONTROYA (40s, Latina, a little rough around the edges) who seems to be expertly dodging her.

CHLOE

I just need you to point me in the direction of Commissioner Essen.

RENEE

And what was that for again? Oh, right. You want to play pen pals with the lunatic that killed Wayne.

CHLOE

Look, The Commissioner knows me. If you could just--

KATE (O.S.)

Everything okay here, officer?

Chloe grows defeated. Renee turns to face her superior.

RENEE

Just another Wayne fanatic.

CHLOE

No, that's not--

Chloe turns around to find KATHERINE 'KATE' KANE - she's dressed in full police uniform and sports a new short hairdo. A deep silence rests between them. Twelve years of it.

KATE

(to Renee)

I'll take it from here.

RENEE

Yes, ma'am.

Renee continues on with her day job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kate and Chloe continue their moment of silence. It soon softens into familiarity...

CHLOE
You changed your hair.

KATE
You got married.

Chloe notices a WEDDING BAND on Kate's finger.

CHLOE
You too, I see. How's--

Kate recoils her left hand away.

KATE
You're here about Bruce?

A moment to process the quick change, then Chloe pipes up.

CHLOE
His killer, actually.

OFF the hesitancy that creeps across Kate's face...

INT. GCPD, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Kate closes the door, then places a laptop down onto the table in the room. She takes a seat opposite Chloe.

KATE
We were in quite a scramble, as you could imagine, when news hit that Bruce had been killed. As beloved as he was, a public figure like him creates multiple suspects.

Kate notices a smile stitching across Chloe's face.

KATE (CONT'D)
What is it?

CHLOE
Nothing. You just sound so *police officer-y*. Sorry, continue.

KATE
As I was saying, the only reason we caught this guy was because we *literally* caught him... on tape.

Kate spins the laptop around to face Chloe.

THE LAPTOP displays security footage: LONNIE MACHIN steps through the wreckage of an office room. He shakes a SPRAY PAINT BOTTLE then marks the remnants of the wall with 'A.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I take it that symbol's familiar.

Lonnie CIRCLES the large 'A' on the wall. Footage FREEZES.

KATE

It stands for Anarky. That's what this kid's been calling himself.

CHLOE

How did he get in that office? How did he get past security? How did Bruce - of all people - let this kid slip through his fingers?

KATE

I ask myself those same questions every damn night.

CHLOE

And you're sure it's him?

KATE

He confessed, Chloe. A confession paired with *this* footage--

CHLOE

But *you* - are *you* sure he did it?

KATE

I don't know. All I know is that Bruce Wayne is dead. *Our* Bruce is dead. And the city needs answers. It needs closure. And this is closure. And maybe that's enough - maybe that *should* be enough.

Chloe ponders the thought for a moment. But it still doesn't sit right with her - it's *not enough for her*.

CHLOE

I want to see him. *Anarky*. I want to look that son of a bitch in his eyes and I want him to tell me *why*.

KATE

I can't arrange that for you.
(long pause)
But I know someone who can.

OFF the hope igniting in Chloe's eyes...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - DAY (LATER)

Elevator doors open to an anxious Chloe. She hesitantly steps out, into the light of the hallway, and looks up to face a still figure, waiting for her. A deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER, 'Home'
CONTINUED:

32.

CHLOE

Hi.

REVEAL a stoic HELENA (dressed as a SECURITY GUARD).

HELENA

(hurt)

Chloe.

OFF the tension between them...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, CELL - DAY

Darkness envelops the small cell where LONNIE MACHIN sits chained to a chair. He seems to breathe in the hostility steaming from Chloe at the other side of the room. An uncomfortable silence rests between the adversaries.

LONNIE MACHIN

I've been waiting for you.

A chill rushes over Chloe, but she buries it down.

CHLOE

I'm sure being incarcerated in a tiny cell all by your lonesome makes you happy to see anyone step through this door. You know who I'd like to see? You know who I'd wait for? *The man you murdered.*

Lonnie succumbs to an ill-placed laugh.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You think that's funny?

LONNIE MACHIN

No. No, I'm sorry. I was laughing at -- *something else.*

And he laughs yet again.

LONNIE MACHIN (CONT'D)

It's just that... you had *twelve years* to catch up with your old friend, Bruce.

Another chill overcomes Chloe - *how does he know that?*

LONNIE MACHIN (CONT'D)

I didn't take him from you. You left *him.*

CHLOE

How the hell do you--

LONNIE MACHIN

Do you want to know a secret?

Chloe realises she isn't in control of this situation. But she doesn't care. She's fascinated by him.

CHLOE

Try me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNIE MACHIN

Well don't just stand there. Don't you know that secrets are meant to be whispered? *Closer, closer!*

Chloe takes the bait, drawn into him...

LONNIE MACHIN (CONT'D)

Come on, you're almost there...

Chloe arrives directly in front of Lonnie -- and he smiles like a boy that's caught his first big fish.

LONNIE MACHIN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I didn't kill Bruce Wayne.

Chloe JOLTS back--

CHLOE

You're lying.

LONNIE MACHIN

No. What I am is a patsy.

CHLOE

I saw the tape. You were there. And you confessed.

LONNIE MACHIN

(with a laugh)

I know! What can I say? I do a lot of *crazy* things.

CHLOE

Stop.

LONNIE MACHIN

I'm a bad man. At least by the standards of the law. But I'm not *the* man. I'm not *this* man. I'm not the man that killed Bruce Wayne.

Chloe staggers further back, crippled with disbelief.

CHLOE

I don't believe you.

LONNIE MACHIN

Because you've been brainwashed, just like the rest of this city.

CHLOE

This isn't my city.

LONNIE MACHIN

It used to be. Once upon a time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A deep fear sinks into Chloe, and she SNAPS around to the door. She BANGS on it, desperate to leave.

LONNIE MACHIN (CONT'D)
I know you. I know who you are,
Chloe Sullivan. That's your name,
isn't it? *Chloe Sullivan*.

And Chloe looks back at him. Petrified.

LONNIE MACHIN (CONT'D)
Such a weird name. You ever
thought about changing it?

The door lights up, then opens.

A LIGHT rushes in and bathes Chloe. She remains frozen at the epicenter of the light, remembering...

EXT. GOTHAM CITY, TRAIN STATION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CHLOE descends a set of stairs, luggage clapping the ground behind her, in pursuit of the last TAXI parked outside. She flags it down, but it jets off. Occupied.

PERRY WHITE (O.S.)
Where you running off to so fast?

Chloe turns to find PERRY WHITE (60s, balding, carries a reputation that precedes any desire to look the part). They immediately recognise each other. Chloe recoils.

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)
Hey, I know you don't I?

CHLOE
I - I don't think you--

PERRY WHITE
You're *Sullivan*, right? Chloe
Sullivan?

CHLOE
No, no. I'm, uh-- I'm...

Chloe fumbles through her belongings to pull out an ID.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I'm *Christina*. See.

ON THE ID that displays her smile beside the name 'Christina.' Her thumb covers the last name.

PERRY WHITE
You can't fool me, kid. I know
you. Met you at Smallville High.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)

You had quite the story to tell at -
what was it called? The Torch?

CHLOE

That wasn't--

PERRY WHITE

Your cousin is Lois. She just got
engaged to *that* - that friend of
yours -- Clark? Come on!

CHLOE

I can't do this.

Chloe withdraws from Perry and moves to run. Her luggage
topples over, and explodes with clothes. She drops to the
ground, frustrated, and piles her clothes back in.

PERRY WHITE

Hey, look. I get it, alright?

Chloe stops in her tracks - *she craves familiarity.*

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)

I relate to your sense of escapism,
kid. I've felt that too. That's
why I'm here. If there's anywhere
in the world where you can hide
from your past... it's Gotham City.

Chloe looks up to Perry. She's broken, but inspired.

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)

Despite our little run in here, no
one's going to find you.

CHLOE

That's the plan.

PERRY WHITE

I can tell.

Perry points to the mess of her luggage on the ground. They
share a laugh -- *a brief moment of levity.*

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)

One thing I learned was that you
can't lose sight of who you are or
this city is going to eat you up
and spit you back out.

Chloe looks at the ID in her hands with clarity...

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)

You're Chloe Sullivan. Not this
Christina. So be Chloe Sullivan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chloe looks up from her ID to find an INVITATION offered out to her in Perry's hands. She hesitantly takes it.

CHLOE
(reading)
"The Wayne Gala."

Chloe darts her confused eyes to Perry.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
What is this?

PERRY WHITE
It's a fresh start.

OFF the hope that restores in Chloe's eyes...

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - DAY

A startled Chloe storms out of the closing cell door, and turns in to face an apathetic Helena.

HELENA
Did you get what you came here for?

CHLOE
Yeah, I did.

HELENA
And that was?

CHLOE
Validation. I was right to leave
this city when I did.

Chloe turns to leave.

HELENA
You're wrong.

Her voice paralyzes Chloe on the spot. She listens.

HELENA (CONT'D)
This city needed you. We needed
you. You came to this city when we
were all broken and scattered and
scared and you made it our home.
You were our home. The Watchtower--

Helena fights back her tears.

HELENA (CONT'D)
You had a mission, and you
fulfilled it. I get that. I do.
But we were more than some god damn
mission. We were family. And you
turned your back on us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

You didn't exactly stop me.

And Chloe turns to confront Helena.

HELENA

I thought you needed time. God, we all needed time after--

CHLOE

Vicki.

A beat. It's the only thing they seem to agree on.

HELENA

I just didn't realise you needed twelve years, and the death of another friend to bring you--

SLAP! Helena nurses the raw strike against her cheek...

HELENA (CONT'D)

You know what -- I guess you are right. Your decision to leave was a mistake. But so was coming back.

CHLOE

Goodbye, Helena.

Chloe turns her back on Helena, and disappears inside the elevator. As the doors close in front of her--

INT. CITY HALL, HALLWAY - DAY

DING! Elevator doors part to welcome OLIVER and ADRIEN, who are escorted by security detail through the hall.

ADRIEN

Officer Bolt is expected to take the stage any second now.

OLIVER

Good -- that's good. Maybe we can bounce back from last night's blunder after all.

Oliver and Adrien arrive at a set of transparent doors where a sign reads 'OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.' They enter.

INT. CITY HALL, MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A spacious office that's groomed by sunlight, and decorated with a wealth of framed photographs, patriotic memorabilia, and an American flag. The desk is buried in paperwork.

Oliver skirts past all of it to swipe a TV remote off the desk, and face the LARGE SCREEN on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

What channel are we looking for?

Adrien shadows in close behind Oliver.

ADRIEN

Should be broadcast on all the major news channels.

Oliver aims the remote--

The TV ignites with a LIVE BROADCAST of Thomas Bolt addressing a crowd of Queen supporters outside the SCPD building. He's in the middle of a speech.

THOMAS BOLT

--and as an officer of the law, I've committed myself to cleaning the streets and doing *my* part to keep all of you safe. And while I know our Mayor respects and appreciates all the work that goes into being a police officer of the SCPD, I cannot excuse his comments.

Oliver looks to Adrien, fear in his eyes--

OLIVER

What is he doing?

ADRIEN

I - I don't know.

EXT. STAR CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

An inspiring aura exudes from Thomas, addressing the crowd.

THOMAS BOLT

In these past four years, our Mayor has *stripped* the funding to our special tasks unit that commits itself to thwarting the kinds of threats that hide behind masks and terrorise this city. And he's done this in favour of the *other* masks - the ones we're supposed to believe in - who aren't held to the same rules and regulations that keep our men in uniform honest.

ON THE CROWD - a few men and women lower their QUEEN POSTERS, and start paying attention. His words seem to grab them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS BOLT (CONT'D)

And it's because of this that I've decided to run against Mayor Queen, and vow to do it with the same honesty and integrity that I've upheld in the past *two decades* of my career as a Police Officer.

A few gasps fill the audience, followed by a few uncertain boos. Thomas waves them down with a smile.

INT. CITY HALL, MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The same image of Thomas calming the crowd fills the TV SCREEN that Oliver and Adrien watch in the office.

THOMAS BOLT

Alright, alright. I have nothing but respect for our man in office--

The screen turns black.

A furious Oliver throws the TV remote aside, then paces the room in frustration. Adrien is crippled with disbelief.

ADRIEN

How could he do that?

OLIVER

I need to make some calls.

Oliver takes out his phone. Types, until - the phone dies.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Oliver motions to throw it. Adrien CLINGS to his hand.

ADRIEN

I am *not* spending another weekend setting up a new phone and putting in *all your contacts* because you chucked another temper tantrum.

(off Oliver's look)

With all due respect, sir.

Adrien sets his phone down. Oliver eases onto the lounge.

Oliver releases possession of the phone, and Adrien sets it down onto the desk. He soon falls back into his lounge.

OLIVER

I can't believe he played us.

ADRIEN

What do we do now?

INT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Chloe proceeds towards her car, phone to ear. It BEEPS.

CHLOE

Oliver, it's me. I know it seems like I've been avoiding you all day and that's because I have been.

At her car, Chloe shuffles through her bag for her keys.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I know I said I wouldn't go back to Gotham but that was a lie. It's where I've been all day. And you were right. It didn't help. It didn't bring me closure. All it did was remind me why I left.

Chloe ropes her keys out, then clicks -- BLEEP! BLEEP!

The car unlocks. Chloe opens her car door, throws her bag in, then returns to the phone now in her hand. Calm.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

But it did help me figure one thing out. And that's that you and Archer and Star City -- it's my whole world. My *home*. And I can't wait to get back to it.

(beat)

I love you.

Chloe disconnects the call, then enters her car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Chloe adjusts the GPS glued to the windshield - a route back to Star City. But she stops. An idea forming in her head...

CHLOE

One last stop.

Chloe cancels the route on the GPS. Starts the ignition.

EXT. WAYNE MANSION - DAY (LATER)

The same car pulls up outside the large WAYNE MANSION.

THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW we see an anxious Chloe, looking up at the familiar mansion that offers a wealth of history.

This is where it all began.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. WAYNE MANSION, BALCONY - DAY

CHLOE and ALFRED proceed out of a ballroom and through a set of open, transparent glass doors that lead them out onto the familiar balcony. Chloe fills with nostalgia.

CHLOE

I remember this like it was yesterday. Me, out here on this balcony, looking out at the city for any sign that I had made the right choice - that I was meant to be here. And I never found it until I walked back through those doors and ran into him. Bruce.

ALFRED

He gave all our lives meaning.

And Chloe looks out at the city, finding clarity.

CHLOE

I'd have none of the life I have right now if it wasn't for him - if he didn't bring me back. It kills me that I've never been able to do the same. For him, or for...

A sharp pause. Alfred knows exactly who she's talking about.

ALFRED

Nothing has ever been the same since then, has it?

CHLOE

I've spent the entire day discovering that to be true.

Chloe grows lost in the view of the city. *Can it offer her anything now?* She glimpses over at Alfred to see that he seems to be doing the same.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Do you think it was worth it?

ALFRED

What?

CHLOE

The city. Do you think it was worth trying to save?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALFRED

I couldn't give a rats ass about this city, Ms. Sullivan. It chewed good men up then spat them back out. But Bruce cared. And I made a vow to protect him. And that meant protecting what he cared about, no matter what the cost.

CHLOE

You sound like you're not finished.

Chloe locks eyes with Alfred. Their souls are exposed.

ALFRED

Does it ever really end?

A DOORBELL rings.

The sound rips Alfred out of the moment, and he scurries back into "Butler" mode.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

I should get that. It's probably more people stopping by to offer their condolences.

Chloe examines her phone for the time.

CHLOE

I should probably get going. I want to try and be home for dinner with my son. He and I are--

ALFRED

No, no. Please.

Alfred clings to Chloe's hands, desperate.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Please stay. Just for a while longer. *Please.*

Chloe's hesitancy eases under the image of Alfred's broken expression. She manages a smile, then nods.

CHLOE

A few more minutes.

ALFRED

Thank you.

And Alfred disappears back into the ballroom.

Chloe returns to the view of the city, as though she were bidding it one *last goodbye*. *The sun begins to set...*

EXT. QUEEN LOFT, BALCONY - NIGHT

OLIVER stands on the balcony of his loft, watching the same sunset in the *soon-to-be* night sky. A new wave of defeat slams into him -- a night without Chloe.

A DOOR CLICKS in the BG.

Oliver looks back, over his shoulder. His face soon lights up -- the smile of a *happy father*.

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ARCHER arrives in the living room. He swings his back pack off, drops it on the floor, then collapses back onto the couch with exhaustion. Oliver soon enters.

OLIVER

Long day?

ARCHER

It was awful. I mean in *what world* does math need to exist past like, the *tenth* grade?

OLIVER

I'm sure there's a whole parallel world out there in the multiverse where math doesn't exist. Maybe we can go there sometime.

ARCHER

Oh, okay. Whatever you say, Dad.
(off Oliver's look)
You're being serious? There's a multiverse? *Seriously?*

Archer sinks back, a little more *hurt* than expected.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Is there an Earth where Mum actually tells me the truth?

OLIVER

Hey, that's not fair. You know what I've said about this in the past. We all have our secrets and our secrets are--

ARCHER

"Only ours to share." I know.

A muffled groan, and Archer swoops back up, collects his bag, and heads for his room. Oliver tries to follow.

OLIVER

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

Math.

Archer disappears down the hall.

The half-smirk painted across Oliver's face soon fades, and he approaches his phone that CHARGES ON A CABINET. He unplugs it, then turns it on to see "(1) new message."

EXT. WAYNE MANSION, BALCONY - NIGHT

An impatient Chloe examines the time on her phone once more, then caves in to her desire to leave. She turns back--

INT. WAYNE MANSION, BALLROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A large ballroom full of the rich and wealthy. Men are dressed in suit and tie, while women glow with elegance, painted with jewels and expensive gowns.

At the entrance, Chloe stands frozen. Observing.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, BALLROOM - NIGHT

Chloe looks up from the floor, and-- *OOMP!* Her phone drops.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, BALLROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Whiskey sprays against the shoulders of Chloe's dress, and she pats herself down.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, BALLROOM - NIGHT

A PHONE descends from a set of trembling fingertips, then shatters against the floor.

Chloe covers her GASP with her hand, eyes front towards--

INT. WAYNE MANSION, BALLROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A man offers Chloe a smile -- it's the kind only one man could own: BRUCE WAYNE.

CHLOE (PRELAP)

Oh my god!

INT. WAYNE MANSION, BALLROOM - NIGHT

An older, worn-down version of the same man stands in front of a stunned Chloe. But instead of a smile, BRUCE wears a look of conviction across his face.

BRUCE

Hello, Chloe.

CHLOE

What - what are - I mean *how*--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Out from around the corner, JULIE and ALFRED resurface.

Chloe stumbles back. A look of confusion is soon replaced by one of betrayal. Her world is spiralling.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
What the *hell* is this?

BRUCE
This... is a long story.

CHLOE
You're - you're *alive*.

Julie throws up her left hand -- *there's no ring*.

JULIE
And we're not engaged, by the way.
(to Alfred)
I've always wanted to be an
actress, though.
(to Chloe)
Was I convincing?

CHLOE
Why? Why would you do this?

BRUCE
Gotham needs us now more than ever.

Chloe looks to Alfred, heartbroken by his part in this...

ALFRED
It's like I said, Ms. Sullivan.
"No matter what the cost."

Chloe combs her fingers through her hair with frustration, struggling to put the pieces together.

CHLOE
Is this that - that *damn* conspiracy
Julie was going on about? Or was
that just another lie, too?

BRUCE
That's real. But that's not what
this is about. That's not why
you're here.

CHLOE
(booming)
Then why am I here?!

A TREMOR rocks the entire room--

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - NIGHT

A LARGE BRIDGE that extends out of the city *completely erupts in flames*, then crumbles into ash. Cars explode, and are thrown from the bridge. Helpless civilians free-fall.

EXT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

A series of explosions ignite from the prison -- the gate explodes, the guards are buried in debris, and the entire entrance opens up. Everyone is free.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Every single light sparks into darkness, one after the other, after the other. FOLLOW its trajectory to find HELENA, glued to each light that goes out.

EMERGENCY POWER activates and the room floods with red.

A SIREN soon booms. The doors all sound.

HELENA

Oh, no.

CELL DOORS open and a flood of prisoners escape.

A terrified Helena latches onto her BATON, but it's too late, and she's SWARMED BY INMATES.

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, CELL - NIGHT

Lonnie remains in darkness. The door slides up, and a beam of light washes over him. He breathes in the smell of freedom, grins a wicked smile, then rises.

FOLLOW him through the cell, and out into--

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A GUARD collapses in front of a set of feet. Dead.

It's Lonnie. He steps over the guard, then swipes his gun from his holster. Armed. He proceeds through the hall.

Two prisoners are thrown to a wall, then another is swung over a shoulder, and dragged aside to reveal HELENA. She spins around to FIND... Lonnie. A confrontation.

LONNIE MACHIN

The last of the Bertinelli's.

HELENA

Don't even think--

BANG! BLOOD SPRAYS against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bloodied fingers trace along a bullet wound, trembling with mortality... CRANE UP to find Helena, turned a ghostly white, as it dawns on her that this is the end.

LONNIE MACHIN

You're a tough bunch.

BANG! Another bullet rips through Helena--

THUD. Helena drops back into a pool of her own blood. She convulses, feeling the pangs of death creeping up on her.

Lonnie simply steps over her, and disappears down the hall.

A PHONE falls out of Helena's pocket. Her bloodied hands swipe it up to see 'Kate Calling.' She ANSWERS, but then drops the phone by her side. Weak.

INT. GCPD, OFFICES - NIGHT

A panicked KATE rushes into view, phone to ear.

KATE

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.

Faint murmurs echo from the phone.

KATE (CONT'D)

Helena?

HELENA

So-- soldier...

The LINE cuts. Kate examines her phone -- no signal.

KATE

No. No, no, no, no.

RENEE (O.S.)

Sergeant, look out!

RENEE tackles Kate away from the wall, and into the ground.

AN EXPLOSION rips from the wall, and crumbles to unearth an army of criminals on the other side. All armed. They swarm the department, aiming their guns, and shouting.

OFF the entire police department now in custody...

EXT. WAREHOUSE, DOCKS - NIGHT

A startled GORDON races out of a warehouse by the docks, and looks out at the city that fills with smoke and fire. He ignites with rage. Furious.

GORDON
You didn't tell me this was part of
the plan.

Gordon turns back to face--

Half a dozen men and women dressed in black robes and matching WHITE MASKS (designed in the shape of OWLS) emerge behind Gordon. They're stilted.

A woman steps out from behind them, peeling her mask off to reveal... it's VERONICA VALE.

VERONICA
That wasn't us.

And Gordon looks back out at the city -- this time, *in fear*.

BRUCE (PRELAP)
I needed to know if Gordon could
still be trusted.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, BALLROOM - NIGHT

A confrontation between Bruce and Chloe. Julie and Alfred loom in the back -- *this isn't their fight*.

BRUCE
I faked my death, knowing you would
come back here. I had Julie run
into you at the funeral -- to guide
you in Gordon's direction, so we
could know for sure if they had
gotten to him or not. I can't save
this city with people I don't
trust. And his damnation of Lonnie
Machin confirmed his allegiance to
the *Court of Owls*.

CHLOE
That doesn't answer why I'm here.

BRUCE
Yes, it does. I trust you.

CHLOE
No, you don't. You don't even know
me anymore.

BRUCE
Wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce draws closer and closer to Chloe while she steps back.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're Chloe Anne Sullivan, wife of Oliver Jonas Queen, and the one responsible for building The Watchtower.

Chloe almost trips, staggering further back from Bruce--

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're an Editor-in-Chief at the Vale Verity -- a name I very much approve of, by the way. But most importantly you're a mother to a fifteen year old boy named Archer Sullivan-Queen. A boy I'm sure you intend on seeing grow up. A boy who is going to be the reason you join this fight, and see it through to the end, because that's the only way out of this -- that's the only way you'll ever see your son again.

Chloe reaches the glass doors to the balcony. She stops, tears swelling in her eyes. This is sick.

CHLOE

You son of a bitch.

Chloe SWINGS a punch, but Bruce catches it.

BRUCE

It's nice to see you again.

A breathless Chloe pulls back, away from Bruce...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A TV displays 'BREAKING NEWS' with images of the destroyed bridge to Gotham, and accompanying shots of the Gotham State Penitentiary and GCPD being under attack. It's MUTED.

Oliver stumbles in, oblivious, as he accesses the message on his phone. It plays, on LOUDSPEAKER:

CHLOE (V.O.)

Oliver, it's me.

Oliver shifts to the news, ever so slightly--

CHLOE (V.O.)

I know it seems like I've been avoiding you all day and that's because I have been.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

Oh my god.

Oliver swipes the TV remote off the coffee table, and restores volume to the news.

THE TV showcases SUMMER GLEESON beside a superimposed image of the collapsed bridge. *The volume drains out the LOUDSPEAKER message off the phone.*

SUMMER

This is a plea to our neighbouring cities. *Please.* We need--

The screen goes black.

CHLOE (V.O.)

I know I said I wouldn't go back to Gotham but that was a lie. It's where I've been all day.

Oliver SNAPS around to his phone -- *she's where?!*

CHLOE (V.O.)

And you were right. It didn't help. It didn't bring me closure. All it did was remind me why I left. But it did help me figure one thing out, and that's that you and Archer and Star City -- it's my whole world. My *home*. And I can't wait to get back to it.

A set of footsteps echo in the BG.

Oliver spirals around to find ARCHER. Oliver is unable to hide his shock, and grief painted across his expression.

CHLOE (V.O.)

I love you.

The message BEEPS. Finished.

Oliver finds himself torn between the message, the TV, and his son, who's completely oblivious.

ARCHER

Was that Mum?

(beat)

Can you tell her that chocolate makes for a great *truce*-present?

And Archer disappears into the kitchen.

OFF Oliver, his whole world crumbling around him...

EXT. WAYNE MANSION, BALCONY - NIGHT

Chloe rushes to the very edge of the balcony, staring back out at the city that's now clouded in a thick fog of smoke and some fading fires. She notices the bridge -- it's gone.

CHLOE
No-man's-land.

Bruce joins Chloe on the balcony.

BRUCE
The war has just begun.

And Chloe looks to Bruce, realising she's trapped here...

WATCHTOWER

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. GOTHAM STATE PENITENTIARY, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator doors open on a set of feminine legs, dressed in high heel boots. They clap against the ground, one in front of the other, until -- they stop. A beat.

CRANE BACK to find a long stretch of crimson red that builds into a pool of blood under a struggling HELENA.

ON Helena - her eyes bulge, and she tilts up to see the figure stood in front of her. A wave of familiarity crashes over her, then confusion nestles into her expression.

HELENA

You.

And Helena eases back onto the ground, clutching her wound that continues to bleed.

The woman steps around Helena, then crouches down -- she's in a LEATHER JACKET, and sports short black hair. She latches onto Helena's arm, and *drags her around*.

OFF the woman, dragging Helena towards the elevator...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE