

WATCHTOWER

5.03 | "Martyr"

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

Based on characters from
DC Comics

CREATED BY
Jack D. Malone

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

MAIN CAST

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

SPECIAL GUEST CAST

LANA LANG Kristin Kreuk

GUEST CAST

ADRIEN RIVERS Artemis Pebdani
 AMANDA WALLER Pam Grier
 BRADY CHAMBERS Griffin Gluck
 CISSIE KING-JONES Kiernan Shipka
 ELIZABETH THORNE Archie Panjabi
 SUPERMAN Tom Welling
 VICTORIA MUCH Charisma Carpenter

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. ARGUS, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness envelops a gloomy AMANDA WALLER. She stands with her head down, eyes glued to the floor with defeat (and if you look just close enough, you can see her lips tremble).

A sudden light ignites across her face.

Waller's entire persona shifts - she switches into business mode. She meets the light with a cunning, yet forced, grin.

AMANDA WALLER

Mr. Wayne.

Waller stands in front of a large screen that displays a transmission of BRUCE in the Batcave.

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

I assume everything is going as scheduled?

CHLOE arrives by Bruce's side. She's stunned.

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

Ah, Ms. Sullivan. Pleasure of you to join us in our final hours.

BRUCE

I'm hoping it doesn't come to that.

(beat)

Report back to me when your squadron is ready for Phase Two.

AMANDA WALLER

Will do, sir.

The transmission ends.

Waller takes in a deep, soothing breath, then turns to face--

ELIZABETH THORNE (last seen in 'Paradise') maintains a steady aim of her gun on Waller.

In the room, agents stationed at their computers are also being held at gunpoint by a group of men and women dressed in black and blue stealth suits. The "BLACK THORNS."

Waller returns to Thorne, a growl of anger under her breath.

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

You're making a huge mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH THORNE

I appreciate the concern. If only you expressed that back when Lord threatened my life. Things would have been so much easier for you.

AMANDA WALLER

Your quarrel was with Checkmate and Checkmate doesn't exist anymore.

ELIZABETH THORNE

You are Checkmate.

And Waller notices the gun -- *it's staying on her...*

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)

You can hide behind a new logo and start playing for the capes and the masks of the world, but it'll never change who you are in your bones.

NICK (30s, a Black Thorn Agent) approaches Thorne.

NICK

The entire ARGUS facility is preparing for deployment.

Waller fills with intense fear.

NICK (CONT'D)

They're on route to Gotham, which has been put under the No-Man's-Land operation.

ELIZABETH THORNE

Well, this is interesting.

AMANDA WALLER

Look, if you want to take me down then take me down. Lord knows I deserve it after all these years. But don't go messing around with innocent lives.

ELIZABETH THORNE

Hmm. Maybe you *have* changed.

Thorne dismisses Nick with a nod, then narrows in on Waller.

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)

What's happening in Gotham?

AMANDA WALLER

(hesitant)

The city is on high alert for a potential virus outbreak that--

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH THORNE
The Clench?

Waller simply nods.

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)
How did you manage to let that slip
through your fingertips?

AMANDA WALLER
Maxwell Lord had a number of
contingencies in place should his
release of the OMAC machines fail.
We believe he transferred the virus
to his sister, who handed it over
to an underbelly network of
powerful people in Gotham known as
the Court of Owls.

ELIZABETH THORNE
And they're going to unleash it.

AMANDA WALLER
Not if you step aside and let me do
my damn job.

Thorne lowers her aim, then looks to her team who *do the same*. She steps aside, allowing Waller to pass her.

ELIZABETH THORNE
On second thought--

Guns all shift back on the ARGUS agents and Waller.

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)
Tell your men that the virus has
already been released and that when
they touch down in Gotham, they
have one job and one job only.
(beat)
Shoot to kill.

AMANDA WALLER
(desperate)
No! No, you can't. That - that's
almost eight million lives.

ELIZABETH THORNE
You say that like it's some sort of
record for you - which is a lie.

Thorne unveils a TRIGGER from her jacket.

AMANDA WALLER
The hell is that?

ELIZABETH THORNE

My friend here - Nick, lovely man - he's rigged every single aircraft expected to deploy your agents with *enough explosives to kill them all*. So you can either promise them a safe trip to Gotham and give them my orders, or you can watch them *all die*. It's your choice.

A beat. The decision weighs on Waller, rattling around in her head. She squints with her resolve, then approaches the large computer system to her side.

ON THE CONTROLS as a finger CLICKS on a comms button--

AMANDA WALLER

Waller to Strike Squadron - the virus has been unleashed. The nature of the mission has changed. This is now a shoot to kill operation. I repeat, this is a shoot to kill operation.

Waller withdraws from the computer with crushing defeat.

ELIZABETH THORNE

Thank you.

GUNSHOTS ring out all around them--

Every ARGUS AGENT stationed at the computers slump over with each simultaneous *BANG!*

Waller stumbles back in absolute horror. Gun fixed on her.

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)

I will never forget you or the mark you've left on this world.

INT. ARGUS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE on a set of SEALED DOORS in an empty hallway. Quiet and peaceful, away from--

BANG! A gunshot rings followed by a subtle THUD.

Footsteps echo closer and closer until the DOORS SLIDE OPEN to reveal Thorne and Nick. They proceed through the hall.

ELIZABETH THORNE

I need you to get to the press. Leak the story about the virus in Gotham. Tell them it's a No-Man's-Land, and that every precaution is being taken by the government to ensure the survival of the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nick nods, then proceeds to leave.

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)
Oh, and Nick?

Nick stops a few feet away, turning back to his commander.

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)
Make it absolutely clear that *every*
living soul in Gotham has perished.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A crowd of reporters are seated in front of a WHITE HOUSE PODIUM that sits in front of an AMERICAN FLAG.

A door opens. Camera lights flash. Voices burst aloud.

Out from the door enters Press Secretary LANA LANG (fashioned in a form-fitting pantsuit). She arrives at the podium, opens her folder, then softens the crowd with a gentle wave.

LANA
Late last night, the President received highly classified information from one of our intelligence agencies that reported a chemical attack was in progress in Gotham City.

A room of inquisitive voices jumble together. Lana simply waves them down once more, and continues. Louder.

LANA (CONT'D)
After confirming those reports, President Ross gave an order to initiate 'Operation: No-Man's-Land' as a preventative measure to stop the virus used in this attack from spreading beyond Gotham.

CRANE out from the image of Lana to find her on a TV SCREEN--

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

OLIVER and ARCHER stand in front of a TV SET that hosts the image of a level-headed Lana facing the press.

LANA
This administration will be reaching out to the neighbouring cities of Gotham over the next few days to figure out the best approach in keeping people safe. We will update you as events warrant. That'll be all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oliver meets eyes with Archer - *they're both in shock...*

ARCHER

Didn't you say Mum was in Gotham?

The TV swipes to a news broadcast: VICTORIA MUCH sits at a desk with a superimposed image of GOTHAM CITY beside her.

VICTORIA

This announcement made in the middle of the night by the White House authenticates the disturbing broadcast made by Gotham anchorwoman Summer Gleeson who brought this event to light late last night. The White House has requested we repeat the press briefing every hour on the hour with updates expected to come throughout the day.

CRANE BACK from the shocked faces of Oliver and Archer to find a coffee table in front of them with a MOBILE PHONE resting on it. It RINGS.

ON THE PHONE - it reads 'Adrien calling.'

A hand claws at the phone, swipes it up. Oliver answers it.

OLIVER

Adrien? What's--

INT. CITY HALL, MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

ADRIEN, with a phone held up to her ear, curls away from an indistinguishable figure in the BG.

ADRIEN

You need to come down to your office. Right. Now.

Adrien disconnects the call--

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oliver lowers the phone from his face to see that the call has ended. He looks back up to see his son. Confused.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL, HALLWAY - DAY (LATER)

Oliver (now dressed in a business suit) erupts through the hallway, passing a line of security detail that mark the walls. He's in fast approach of... his office.

INT. CITY HALL, MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The doors push open. Oliver tenses at the sight.

In the office, Adrien turns to find Oliver. An all-knowing look. She steps aside, with intent to REVEAL--

LANA LANG rises from her seat to confront Oliver.

LANA
Hello, Oliver.

OFF the shock painted across Oliver's face...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CITY HALL, MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Oliver and Lana sit opposite each other at the Mayor's desk.

OLIVER

It's weird to think when our paths first crossed, we weren't exactly standing in the light. And now look at us. I'm Mayor of Star City and you - you're the Press Secretary for the President of the United States.

LANA

The strange trajectory of our lives hasn't escaped me, Oliver. And neither has the fact that our lives keep crossing paths when things go terribly wrong.

OLIVER

Gotham.

LANA

It's bad.

OLIVER

But that's why you're here, right? Because there's a way to fix it.

LANA

No.

Oliver deflates. A troubled Lana digs through her suitcase to find a FOLDER. She offers it to Oliver.

LANA (CONT'D)

The virus is a contagion that's been released in the city. It *will* claim the lives of every living soul trapped there. Eight million lives. Gone. Just like that.

Oliver looks up from the papers in his hands. Mortified.

LANA (CONT'D)

There is no fixing this.

OLIVER

Then why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

Because I need you... the *President of the United States* needs you - to prepare this city for when that classified information you're holding in your hands right now is released to the public.

OLIVER

What did you have in mind?

OFF the question hanging in the air...

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY (LATER)

A swarm of press surround Oliver on the steps of City Hall.

OLIVER

I have just been briefed on the situation that is plaguing Gotham City. And I think it is absolutely crucial that we come together as a community and stand with the families and friends of those who are struggling to find out the fate of their loved ones.

ON Oliver - delivering a powerful message of hope...

INT. STAR CITY HIGH SCHOOL, THE BEACON - DAY

PULL BACK from a MONITOR that hosts the same image of Oliver delivering his message of hope.

OLIVER

I will be holding an event tonight, right here - in this very spot...

The screen cuts to black.

Facing the screen, we find ARCHER wedged between BRADY (15, witty, self-proclaimed geek) and CISSIE (15, bright and athletic). They're the "Alphabe-st friends."

CISSIE

Not to inject this room with more bad vibes but... is it just me or did your Dad just announce a memorial for an *entire city*?

BRADY

It's kind of his job to prepare us for the worst.

(off Archer)

Right, Arch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer darts to the computer, leaving Cissie and Brady with a shared look of confusion. They soon follow.

ON THE COMPUTER - a search appears on 'Gotham City.'

ARCHER

I can't get caught up in whatever public story my Dad is handing off to the media. If there's anything I know about my Mum, it's that she's *always* prepared and nothing is ever what it appears to be.

CISSIE

Weird impression to have of your Mum. Although, my Mum wasn't exactly an at-face-value kind of person either. But Archer--

Cissie reels Archer's chair around to face her. Her voice grows soft and sincere.

CISSIE (CONT'D)

This is bigger than any impression you have of your Mum. This is eight million people we're talking about here. And while the number of times I've met your Mum and have come to know how strong and badass she is - what makes you so sure there's anything we can do?

Brady joins Archer's side.

BRADY

You going to tell her?

Archer appears hesitant. Uncertain.

CISSIE

Tell me - tell me what?

ARCHER

Brady, I don't--

BRADY

I think it's time you told her the truth. Don't you?

OFF the uncertainty building across Archer's face...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THUD. A SMALLVILLE YEARBOOK slams on the dining room table, open on a familiar high-school photograph that depicts a teenage Chloe, Clark, Pete and Lana by the lockers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER (O.S.)

What is this?

CRANE UP to find CHLOE enamoured by the picture. She looks up to find her son, Archer. He's furious.

CHLOE

It's my... my yearbook. Where did you find it? I forgot I even--

Archer SLAPS the *infamous Smallville COMIC BOOK* beside it - on a page that shows a similar group of teenagers (it's very clearly Chloe, Clark, Pete and Lana).

A chilling silence enters the room.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Is there a reason you're looking at me like that or is this a new moody teenage-boy moment of yours?

Archer pulls the comic up, pointing at the "Chloe" on it.

ARCHER

This is you.

CHLOE

Well, I'm flattered but--

ARCHER

You grew up with him, didn't you? You grew up with Superman. His story - *this* story - it's as much *yours* as it is *his*.

CHLOE

Oh, Archie. We've been over this before. This comic book was a gift from an old friend. She had it made just for you because of how much you loved Superman. And the only way you'd fall asleep at night was to know that he was out there. Watching you. Protecting you.

Archer struggles with the explanation. He shifts from believing her to questioning her...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

What exactly do you think I'm hiding from you?

INT. STAR CITY HIGH SCHOOL, THE BEACON - DAY

An entire wall flips over to reveal a BOARD of newspaper clippings and headlines, photographs, printed out articles, all surrounding an image of CHLOE SULLIVAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer steps around Brady and Cissie to present it.

ARCHER

I call it the wall of--

He stops mid-sentence. Deflates.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Brady)

Weird. I thought I'd figure out a name for this by now.

CISSIE

Weird about sums it up.

BRADY

I think you mean "awesome." I live for a good conspiracy theory, and *this* - this is next level.

CISSIE

This is insane.

Cissie confronts Archer.

CISSIE (CONT'D)

You're investigating your own mother? Why?

Archer leads Cissie closer to the board - to explain...

ARCHER

She's been keeping things from me for as long as I can remember. She always made it look like she was just some private citizen that met my *superhero father*, fell in love and had me. But when you lift the veil that is her life--

ACROSS THE BOARD - an array of superheroes are linked to the image of Chloe, notably *Green Arrow, Superman, Batman, Huntress, Batwoman, Black Canary* and *Speedy* (with a line drawn to *The Justice League*).

Cissie takes notice of all the connections.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

She's got history with *every single hero* I've researched.

Cissie's fingers trace the board and arrive on a collection of photos that pan across from *Clark Kent*, to *Lois Lane*, to *Lana Lang*, then finally... *Pete Ross*.

CISSIE

Your Mum knows the President?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cissie SNAPS around to face Archer.

ARCHER
She grew up with him.

BRADY
Cool, right?

Cissie looks back to the board. Her eyes focus in on a photograph of *Kate Kane*. She ignites with revelation.

ARCHER
Cissie?

Cissie rushes for the computer.

A confused Brady and Archer slowly gravitate behind Cissie at the computer where she types with precision. Searching.

CISSIE
Last year, I had to do a speech on the evolution of technology and how it was used throughout the years.

BRADY
Oh yeah, the near-vomit speech.

CISSIE
Emphasis on *near*, thank you.
(beat)
Anyway, I found an article from twelve years ago about some mad man that kidnapped Kate Kane and forced the public to choose between her and your Mum by using Twitter's hashtag algorithm to tally votes.

BRADY
Oh, Twitter. Hashtag R-i-P.

Archer nudges Brady back, and narrows in on Cissie.

ARCHER
What was he trying to do?

CISSIE
It's not important. But *this* is--

Cissie tilts the monitor towards Archer.

ON THE MONITOR - a news article displays an image of Chloe Sullivan in court with a headline stating 'Not Guilty!'

ARCHER
Not guilty? Not guilty for what?

(CONTINUED)

BRADY

When was your Mum on trial?

ARCHER

I don't know. She never - *she never told me.*

(to Cissie)

What does it say?

CISSIE

That's the thing - it's been redacted. It only mentions a court case and a verdict and that your Mum was cleared of all charges, but it's like -- words are missing. It's almost like...

ARCHER

Someone went in and erased it all.

CISSIE

Not "someone."

Cissie darts her eyes past Archer. He follows her line of vision to the LARGE BOARD (his 'Wall of Weird').

OFF a photograph of CHLOE SULLIVAN...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A similar board rests on a dark-lit wall. It hosts an image of Chloe that connects to a main target: OLIVER QUEEN, beside the GREEN ARROW. The wall extends to all of his most infamous allies: BLACK CANARY, SPEEDY, ARSENAL and RED ARROW.

PEEL BACK from the wall to find a HOODED MAN disguised under a metallic mask and sporting a large MECHANICAL CLAW on their right arm - a frightening presence known as STEELCLAW.

STEELCLAW

The votes are in, Mr. Mayor.

Steelclaw turns from the wall. His mechanical claw CLENCHES like a closed fist -- METAL CLUNKS violently with SPARKS.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

Your time's up.

CRANE BACK into the photograph of Oliver - unsuspecting...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CITY HALL, MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

An anxious OLIVER stands in front of a TV MONITOR that displays a stoic THOMAS BOLT on a news broadcast.

THOMAS BOLT

I'm disappointed in the Mayor to say the least. This is eight million lives we're talking about here, and his response is to "host an event?" It's in bad taste and of poor judgement and I won't be participating in this outlandish publicity stunt. I refuse.

ADRIEN arrives at the office door. She stops, watching...

THOMAS BOLT (CONT'D)

Instead, I'll be going through the appropriate channels available to me as a police officer of this great city to see what information I can find and deliver whatever answers to the public that is needed right now.

The door clicks open. Oliver shifts and turns the TV off, then darts around to find Adrien. She's sombre.

ADRIEN

He has a point, sir.

OLIVER

When the President of the United States sends their Press Secretary down to your city and tells you to do something... you do it.

ADRIEN

Fair enough.

(off Oliver's glare)

It's just... you hired me as your assistant, and then as your campaign manager, and you have said that no matter what -- you want the appropriate advice from *me* about *you*, Oliver Queen, as a candidate, as a business, and as a Mayor.

OLIVER

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADRIEN

And I'm telling you that this is going to be another hit to your campaign. What you do with that information is up to you.

Adrien turns to leave.

OLIVER

My wife is dead.

The revelation cripples Adrien on the spot.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Chloe went to Gotham to pay her respects to Bruce Wayne, and she was still there when--

Adrien jolts around -- an emotional wreck...

OLIVER (CONT'D)

My wife is dead.

ADRIEN

I'm so sorry, I didn't--

OLIVER

I didn't become the Mayor to be a self-serving, career politician. I don't want to do what's best for me, I want to do what's best for the city. They *need* this.

OFF Oliver's conviction...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CHLOE stands in a mirror, fixing her hair for bed. The door peels open behind her, and a concerned OLIVER emerges behind her reflection. She notices his demeanor.

CHLOE

I know what you're going to say.

OLIVER

He's our son, Chloe.

CHLOE

I'm aware.

Oliver deflates. Chloe meets his stare with a light-hearted chuckle. The tension between them eases.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I don't *want* to keep things from him but -- I don't know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

My gut is telling me that I need to shield him from this. From me.

OLIVER

He seemed to be just fine with me being Green Arrow, with Superman being a simple call away, with growing up alongside the Justice League. All of it.

CHLOE

I understand he's been raised in the age of heroes but I was never *that*. I wasn't some caped crusader or some emerald archer in a hood. I just... devoted my whole life to them. Until I stopped. Until I chose *him* over being some--

OLIVER

Some *what*?

Chloe pulls away. Hesitant.

CHLOE

It doesn't matter.

OLIVER

It *does* matter. To him - to *our* son. It matters.

(beat)

Hey.

Oliver reaches for Chloe, and pulls her back in to him.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

Chloe takes in a deep breath, building the strength...

CHLOE

I don't want our son to become the *people we left behind*.

(long pause)

He deserves better.

Oliver simply pulls Chloe into him -- she rests her head on his chest, and surrenders to a heartwarming embrace.

OFF their compromise...

ARCHER (PRELAP)

Why would she keep this part of her life from me?

INT. STAR CITY HIGH SCHOOL, THE BEACON - DAY

Archer examines the wall with Brady at his side.

BRADY

That's a lot of masks and capes.
Maybe she wanted to protect you.

ARCHER

Protect me from what? She read me stories of Superman every night before bed... she let me visit the Hall of Justice, take trips to The Watchtower. She let me know about Dad being the Green Arrow -- Black Canary and the Birds of Prey... all of it. Speedy used to baby-sit me, I mean -- it doesn't add up.

Brady cranes his arm around Archer - it's all he can seem to do to comfort him *without having the answers he seeks*.

CISSIE (O.S.)

Well, this is depressing.

Archer and Brady turn to find a defeated Cissie.

CISSIE (CONT'D)

I can't seem to find anything else.

Archer descends into a hollow shell.

ARCHER

It's fine. Maybe it was pointless anyway.

BRADY

Arch--

Archer pulls away from his friends.

ARCHER

No, I mean -- if what they're saying is true then my Mum died with all her secrets.

CISSIE

Hey, that's not--

ARCHER

I should go. I should be there for my Dad tonight.

Archer exits the room.

OFF a worried Brady and Cissie, sharing a look of grief...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (PRELAP)
I know you're all scared.

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT (LATER)

CRANE DOWN from the night sky, passing an American flag perched on the City Hall building, into a crowd of civilians gathered in front of the steps where Oliver stands.

OLIVER
I know you're all panicking over the news that's coming out of the White House today about Gotham. But that's why I'm here tonight. That's why I thought it was important that we come together.

From the crowd, a hesitant Archer emerges. He looks on from behind the mass of people...

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Not for optics. Not for--

Oliver gestures to the crew of NEWS MEDIA gathered around the audience, aiming CAMERAS and MICROPHONES at the Mayor.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
For all of this. But for you.

Oliver directs his full attention to the large crowd.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I want to hear your stories. I want to know your pain. Your fears. Not to promise that I can fix it but to make sure none of us feel alone in all of this.

A DISHEVELLED MAN ignites from the crowd--

DISHEVELLED MAN
You just want to use us - *to use our stories!*

He looks to the people around him -- to convince them.

DISHEVELLED MAN (CONT'D)
These politicians don't care about us. Come on! They never have and they never will.

OLIVER
And what if I stopped being a politician?

The dishevelled man returns to Oliver, seeing the genuine pain in his eyes. The crowd murmurs amongst themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What if I wasn't the Mayor anymore?

Cameras fix on Oliver--

INT. STUDIO, NEWS ROOM - NIGHT

ON A TV MONITOR - A LIVE FEED of Oliver delivering a speech at City Hall zooms into a CLOSE UP of his conviction. Time seems to stop. A moment in history.

A startled VICTORIA MUCH watches on in awe...

VICTORIA

He's not - is he? He can't.

Victoria looks to her producer, RYAN (30s, in a permanent state of nervousness). He tries to anticipate a response, but she's quickly exposed as furious.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

The Mayor of Star City is not about to withdraw from the race when my show doesn't start for another hour. Get that blonde bimbo off the stage and hook me up to the *biggest news story of the year*.

Ryan staggers, stumbling--

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Now.

RYAN

Yes, yes. Of course.

Ryan disappears through a set of doors.

OLIVER (O.S.)

That's part of why I'm here tonight.

Victoria returns to the monitor. Fidgeting. Anxious.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What's happening in Gotham right now affects me in ways I can't even begin to explain to you - not as a Mayor, at least. And it's because of that - of *this* - that I'm choosing to...

An EXPLOSION echoes. STATIC fills the monitor--

VICTORIA

Oh my god.

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

A wave of news media collapse under an explosion. *BOOM!*

Another explosion rips from the City Hall building behind Oliver -- he's TACKLED by his security. Rubble floods the surface behind them and SMOKE RISES.

The crowd parts in violent, horrified screams.

Archer bounces between the fleeing crowd. He pushes back, desperate to get through... to reach his father--

ARCHER

Dad!

A SECURITY GUARD peels Oliver up from the ground, then guides him down the steps through the smoke.

STEELCLAW (O.S.)

I'm sorry *Mr. Mayor*.

The Guard turns, OPENS FIRE-- *BANG! BANG! BANG!*

STEELCLAW shields the attack with his mechanical claw, then swings at the security guard. A large GASH cuts across the guard's chest, and he slumps to the ground.

Oliver stumbles further back. Nowhere to run.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

I couldn't let you become a martyr.

Steelclaw pulls Oliver in with one hand, then CLENCHES his claw into a powerful fist-- *CRACK!*

An unconscious Oliver collapses on the ground.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Dad! Dad, where--

Archer emerges through the smoke.

Steelclaw looks up from an unconscious Oliver and pins a sinister glare onto Archer. Their eyes lock for a beat, everlasting. *What can a kid do to him?*

STEELCLAW

Sorry, kid. Although, they do say the best men are forged in fire.

Steelclaw withdraws a trigger, then CLICKS-- *BOOM!*

A colossal explosion rips up from the ground and slams a crushing SHOCKWAVE into an unsuspecting Archer.

Smoke gradually clears. Steelclaw is gone... so is Oliver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRANE UP from the chaos left behind. Journalists lie scattered across the cracked pavement. Broken cameras decorate their bodies. Injured civilians groan in agony on the ground... bloodied and broken.

At the center of it all lies Archer, eyes pinned wide open in a state of *complete shock*...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. QUEEN LOFT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CRANE DOWN from a chandelier to find Brady and Cissie closing in on a battle-scarred Archer sat down at the dining room table like a patient being monitored.

CISSIE
You should really be at a hospital.

BRADY
Dude, seriously. Are you okay?

Archer pulls free from his friends, out of the chair.

ARCHER
I'm okay. Really. It looks a whole lot worse than it is.

Cissie and Brady share an unconvinced look.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Trust me, okay?

BRADY
Of course.

CISSIE
Well, I don't have to like it.

ARCHER
We have to figure out who that guy was that took my Dad and--

BRADY
I'm sure the police are already on it. You don't exactly kidnap the Mayor and *nothing gets done*.

ARCHER
I can't wait around for that.

Archer disappears into the next room...

CISSIE
I don't like the sound of that.

Cissie and Brady follow.

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Through the doorway, Cissie and Brady arrive in the living room where Archer resides -- he's holding a remote to a muted TV, flipping through news channels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

From what's been reported, it doesn't look like this "claw-man" has a past.

BRADY

Claw-man? No, we are not calling him Claw-man.

CISSIE

We're not calling him anything because we are *not* the ones to take him down.

BRADY

Archer hasn't said anything about taking him down -- right, Archer?
(off Archer's look)
Oh.

Cissie notices something on the TV.

CISSIE

Whoa, whoa. What was that--

Cissie snatches the TV REMOTE from Archer's hands. She unmutes the TV, and increases the volume on--

CISSIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. It's him.

A NEWS BROADCAST hosts live footage of STEELCLAW.

STEELCLAW

And that is why if I don't see any of his known vigilante associates crawl out of the woodwork to save their *political asset in office*, I will be slaughtering your beloved Mayor on live television.

(beat)

You have one hour.

STATIC fills the screen that soon fills with COLOURED BARS.

BRADY

Holy smokes, Batman.

Archer immediately withdraws--

Cissie JOLTS around in dispute. Brady cranes around, too.

CISSIE

Where are you going?

ARCHER

To save my Dad.

INT. QUEEN LOFT, ARCHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A partly opened door cranes further open welcoming a rush of light that illuminates a sad Archer on his bed.

Oliver enters, heart breaking at the sight of his son.

OLIVER
You accepting visitors today?

ARCHER
Very funny.

OLIVER
Just trying to... lighten the mood.

Oliver takes a seat beside Archer's bed.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I know you think your Mum is hiding something from you, and I know that you think it's unfair, but--

ARCHER
Unfair? Unfair doesn't even describe it. Illogical. *Stupid*.

OLIVER
Hey.

ARCHER
Mum is always talking about how knowledge is power, and yet she refuses to equip me with any of it.

OLIVER
Equip you with -- when did you start talking like a text book?
(off Archer's look)
Okay, okay. I get that I can't just lob some light-hearted quips your way and expect that to clear the air. I'm here to listen.

ARCHER
You're all stories. Stories I hear from your friends. Stories I see in pictures, or on the news, or in *weird comic books that literally no one else owns*. And I don't know. I guess I'm just tired of seeing *half* of it, knowing *half* of you. I feel so... lonely in this house and I hate it. I hate it so much.

Archer succumbs to his sadness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

Have you ever thought that -- that maybe we don't want *your* life to be that... "other half?" That maybe we want better for you?

ARCHER

How is being kept in the dark *better?*

OLIVER

It's safer.

ARCHER

It's not. I know what world we're in here, Dad. I know that for every good guy out there, there's at least ten bad guys wanting to hurt them. So what happens when the bad guys win?

(long pause)

What happens when the people left in the dark are the only ones around to do anything? What happens when the past you're hiding from me comes back to hurt you and Mum and I'm left with *nothing?*

The words pierce through Oliver. Clarity dawns on him.

OLIVER

You're right.

ARCHER

I am?

OLIVER

Your Mum said something to me last night -- about not wanting you to become the people we *left behind*, but we don't really get to make that choice, do we? My parents didn't get to decide who I became. They were taken from me. And if anything should happen to me or your Mum, I wouldn't want you to go through what I did just to survive.

Archer perks up - this is the first time he feels included.

ARCHER

What are you saying?

OLIVER

I don't want you to become the Green Arrow. I don't want you to become some... masked vigilante.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

But I don't want you to face this world alone with no way of protecting yourself.

CRANE ACROSS from the father and son reconnecting as we find the ARCHERY SET (bow and arrow) on the wall -- a symbol of what's to come...

INT. THE QUIVER - NIGHT

An armory is exposed under a series of green back-lit cases hosting specially designed arrows, bows, gadgets and weapons.

Stood in front of the arsenal is Archer.

TWO GLASS CASES stand on either side of him - one holds the iconic GREEN ARROW suit, while the other holds a SPEEDY suit.

ARCHER

I hope you can forgive me.

Archer looks to the *Green Arrow* suit. He reaches for it.

CISSIE (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing!?

Archer JOLTS around to find... Cissie, in the Quiver.

ARCHER

How did you know I'd be here?

CISSIE

"Save my Dad." I can read between the lines, Arch.

(beat)

Please don't do this.

ARCHER

I have no choice.

Cissie rushes for Archer, pleading--

CISSIE

There is *always* a choice.

ARCHER

You saw what he said on the news.

CISSIE

I did. But you are not the *Green Arrow*, or his *vigilante associate*. Let them do this.

ARCHER

They're gone. There is no one left to save him... *except me*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer pushes past Cissie, in approach of the large COMPUTER SYSTEM that occupies the far wall.

CISSIE

And how exactly are you going to find him, huh?

Archer hits a key on the computer-

A MAP ignites on the screen. A GREEN DOT blinks on and off identifying "Queen, Oliver" -- he's already found.

ARCHER

After what happened with the Longbow Hunters, my Dad doesn't go anywhere without a tracking device.

CISSIE

Then send his location to the police.

ARCHER

I can't.

Archer hits another key on the computer-

The GLASS CASE around the GREEN ARROW suit in the background suddenly opens up.

CISSIE

Why not?

Archer SLAMS his hands down on the desk.

ARCHER

(exploding)

Because I can't lose my Dad, too!

Archer turns to confront Cissie.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

If I alert the police... they'll show up, sirens and all, and that'll give this guy more than enough time to... to *kill* my--

A beat. Archer soothes his anger, and approaches his best friend with his heart exposed.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I've lost my Mum. And I spent the better half of the day drawing connections from her past -- not to try and find her or save her but to solve her like she was some sort of problem.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER (CONT'D)

And it doesn't matter anymore
because she's *gone*. She's gone.
And she's never coming back.

Cissie swells with tears - she can feel his heart breaking...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

But I still have a chance to save
my father. There's still a chance
I can get him back.

Cissie rushes into an embrace with Archer - a *loving* hug
fueled with the fear that it may be their last.

CISSIE

Bring him home.

Archer disappears towards the GREEN ARROW suit.

A defeated Cissie turns back to face the computer. Her eyes
catch something--

The MONITOR shows access to the SPEEDY suit.

An idea seems to ignite on Cissie's face. She looks back
over her shoulder - *to see if her thoughts were noticed* -
then looks back to the suit that offers her hope.

STEELCLAW (PRELAP)

Don't even think about it.

INT. FACTORY, GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

A SET OF BOUND HANDS fumble with a a LAPEL PIN that cuts at
the ropes around them.

Steelclaw surfaces behind a bound Oliver, and SLAPS the pin
out of his hands. He lifts his head back, then points his
claw to his neck -- a threat to *kill* him...

OLIVER

Just do it already.

STEELCLAW

And where's the fun in that?

Steelclaw releases him.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

Anyway, this isn't about killing
you. This is about destroying you.

Steelclaw steps around to face Oliver.

OLIVER

Sounds personal.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You know, I have a really great therapist I could recommend. They really helped me get over my abandonment issues.

STEELCLAW

I know you're the Green Arrow.

Oliver's entire demeanor drops. He's listening now.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

It's taking everything in me not to release that information to the public - to watch it spread like a wildfire and burn your Mayoral legacy to the ground.

OLIVER

And why don't you?

STEELCLAW

I don't want to just *leak* information to the press. I want it exposed. I want it to be proven to the public. They have to see it for themselves. And the only way to do that is to bring the Emerald Archer out of hiding. And the only way to do that is to eliminate your... *other* options.

OLIVER

What other options?

STEELCLAW

All your associates -- the men and women in masks that you've left in charge of this city in your *shameful* exit. The Black Canary. Speedy. Red Arrow. Arsenal.

OLIVER

They're gone.
(long pause)
No one is coming to rescue me.

GLASS SHATTERS in the BG.

A ROUND OF GUNFIRE echoes, followed by a HOWL of pain, and a resounding THUD of defeat.

Steelclaw looks back to Oliver.

STEELCLAW

You were saying?

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

RISE UP from an unconscious THUG lying on shattered glass with a BOLT wedged in their shoulder...

FIND... the GREEN ARROW, craning up to a stance.

Look closer and you'll see a relieved Archer under the hood, completely shocked he's made it this far.

OFF the unlikely superhero...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

A paralysed GREEN ARROW stands over an unconscious thug, completely unsure of what to do next. His eyes dart around the room - as if to find an obvious answer or pathway.

Footsteps echo in from the long hall on his left.

OLIVER (PRELAP)

Okay, there are three things are going to happen when you're in the middle of an attack.

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

OLIVER paces around an ARCHER in-training.

ARCHER

And those would be...?

OLIVER

You're either going to hit back, or run to somewhere safe. It's called the fight or flight response.

ARCHER

Well, that's two. You said *three*.

OLIVER

The third is *freezing up* entirely. You want to try and ignore three.

ARCHER

Okay. So I should run?

OLIVER

No.

ARCHER

What if they have guns?

OLIVER

Most people think that running from danger prevents you from experiencing danger. But more times than not, it just turns your back to it. I've come to learn that being steady, being calm, so that you can be precise -- it works much better.

Oliver offers Archer a SMALL CROSSBOW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Here.

Archer lifts to AIM--

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

A patient Green Arrow holds that same SMALL CROSSBOW in his hands, and aims for the entry point of the hallway.

TWO THUGS (RICK and MORTY) emerge with guns.

RICK

It's really him.

MORTY

Shoot him!

Green Arrow pulls on the trigger-- *TWHICK!*

A BOLT shoots across the room, but falls short of Rick and Morty. It sticks into the ground.

OLIVER (PRELAP)

So you're not a great shot.

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A BOLT is wedged in a wall, far from the TARGET held up.

Archer lowers the crossbow, then looks to Oliver, who can't help but chuckle at his attempt.

OLIVER

That's why we often let our weapons do the work for us.

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a gloved hand pushing a button on the CROSSBOW.

BZZKKT! An EXPLOSION of electricity ignites from the ground, and throws Rick and Morty back. Down.

Green Arrow gasps with a brief laugh - *he did it...*

A CROWBAR wraps around Green Arrow's neck, and YANKS him back into the hold of another THUG. He strangles him.

OLIVER (PRELAP)

Lesson two. Self-defense.

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

OLIVER holds ARCHER in a headlock. He struggles. Stressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

You need the same mentality in a struggle. Calm. Steady. Precise.

A panicked Archer stops, then breathes. *Thinks.*

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Green Arrow GRIPS the crowbar held to his throat, and PIVOTS with his attacker until he faces a wall. He KICKS his legs against it, and the two collapse to the ground. *Free.*

A GLOVED HAND clenches the crowbar--

Green Arrow RISES, then swings the weapon against the thug's face in two quick strikes-- *CRA-CRACK!*

The crowbar is dropped to the floor.

Green Arrow reels up his crossbow, STRINGS it to his side, then darts off down the hall into the next room...

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

BANG! The door SWINGS open from a kick and Green Arrow emerges into a room of TWO unarmed thugs (BILL and BEN).

OLIVER (PRELAP)

Lesson three.

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Oliver and Archer, inside a boxing ring (gloves and gear on).

OLIVER

Defending yourself against an attack is a lot different than being the one making an attack.

ARCHER

Okay?

OLIVER

You've gone from reacting to someone else's movements, to making your own. And that's where you'll probably be most vulnerable.

ARCHER

I don't sense a lot of faith in me.

Oliver flags Archer in for an attack...

OLIVER

Come on.

Archer takes a SWING--

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Green Arrow SWINGS a punch that doesn't land, and topples over Bill, into the direction of Ben-- *CRACK!*

BLOOD SPITS across the floor.

A dazed Green Arrow stumbles back, into the arms of Bill who holds him up for another hit.

Ben POUNDS a strong fist into the Arrow's gut, winding him.

Green Arrow is released. He hits the floor, on hands and knees. He tries to crawl away until a BOOT SLAMS HIM DOWN.

OLIVER (PRELAP)

It's easy to lose control.

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A defeated Archer is pinned to the floor by Oliver's foot, held down in the boxing ring.

OLIVER

Any dangerous situation can have you slipping between a move to defend and a move to attack, and that's where the element of control comes into play.

Archer squirms under Oliver's foot.

ARCHER

I'm about to have an element of puke from your foot on my back.

OLIVER

This is serious, Arch. You're pinned down, you're out of breath, you're probably terrified in this situation. What do you do?

Archer looks around, unsure how to answer...

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill presses down harder with his boot against Green Arrow's back. He squirms, looking for an escape...

BILL

Oi, Ben. Grab Morty's gun. Let's put this clown out of his misery.

Ben nods, and disappears through the door.

OLIVER (PRELAP)

What are you going to do?

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Archer PUSHES up, but Oliver SLAMS him back down.

OLIVER
Not going work.

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Green Arrow squirms under Bill. Panic sets in.

BEN (O.S.)
I got it.

Ben steps back into the room and offers Bill the gun.

BEN (CONT'D)
Blow his brains out.

Bill aims the gun down at Green Arrow...

OLIVER (PRELAP)
There's nothing you can do.

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Oliver takes his foot off Archer. He SNAPS around, and looks up to his father -- he's completely furious.

ARCHER
What the hell? How does that help me? How does that do anything?

Oliver crouches down to confront his son.

OLIVER
Because it prepares you... to always have an exit strategy.

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Green Arrow withdraws a METALLIC ARROWHEAD from his sleeve, then HURLS IT-- TOWARDS THE WALL...

The arrowhead sticks. Then ignites with GREEN.

A force RIPS the gun out of Ben's hand -- he TWISTS with it, colliding into Bill and knocking him off Green Arrow.

Green Arrow RISES with his crossbow, and fires- *TWHICK!*

A BOLT pins Ben to the ground. He howls.

While Green Arrow loads another shot, Bill jumps up. He swipes the gun off the floor, and turns back around. Aims.

Green Arrow simply points to the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

What the--

Bill looks to the wall... the ARROWHEAD blinks green.

A force LATCHES onto Bill's arm, SWINGS it around, then glues him to the wall. He struggles, then releases hold of the gun and steps back. Freed.

BILL (CONT'D)

The hell is that?

GREEN ARROW

My way out.

Bill turns to Green Arrow, who aims his crossbow- *TWHICK!*

A BOLT hits Bill in the chest and throws him to the wall. He slides down... slipping into unconsciousness...

OLIVER (PRELAP)

What's your biggest fear?

INT. THE QUIVER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Oliver sits around a "Knight's Table" of sorts, sharing a box of pizza with his son, Archer. He's downing a huge slice of pepperoni pizza as though it's his first meal in years.

ARCHER

(mouth full)

I - I don't know...

OLIVER

Think about it. It doesn't have to be some deep and meaningful fear. Just something that terrifies you.

Archer opens the box of pizza for another slice.

ARCHER

I don't know... I've always been scared of heights but that's not--

Archer stops. Realises. He closes the box to see his father's face on the other side of the table - a look of *inspiration*. And he knows exactly what comes next...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

No.

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

The viewing room hosts a large transparent GLASS WALL that peers down into the *bulk of the factory*. A steep drop.

Green Arrow approaches the glass. Hesitant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Green Arrow places a device in the center of the glass. He turns it -- it activates -- then the entire wall of glass crumbles in one quick descent. A path is cleared.

OLIVER (PRELAP)

We all have to face our fears.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Oliver and Archer stand on a rooftop, peering down at the distance between the ground they stand on and an opposing building in the distance.

OLIVER

You can do this.

ARCHER

And if I fall?

OLIVER

You won't.

Oliver pulls up a zip-line crossbow. He offers it to Archer.

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Green Arrow examines his crossbow... he adjusts the line in it, then aims out at the GAPING WINDOW into the factory. He looks up - a moment to swallow his fear...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Archer RUNS from Oliver, then JUMPS off the rooftop--

INT. FACTORY, TOP FLOOR - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Green Arrow DIVES through the opening--

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A free-falling Archer aims out the crossbow, and FIRES a line... it CLIPS to the opposing building-- he SWINGS...

INT. FACTORY, GROUND LEVEL - BASE - NIGHT

Green Arrow SWINGS on the zip-line, gradually lowering towards the surface...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Archer LANDS on another rooftop, and the line to the high-rise building disconnects. He made it.

INT. FACTORY, GROUND LEVEL - BASE - NIGHT

Green Arrow firmly lands on the ground. The line disconnects, and he RISES to meet a SET OF DOORS.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A relieved Archer rises off the ground in disbelief.

ARCHER
(out of breath)
That was *incredible*.

He slowly turns back, and looks up at his father on the building in front of him. Proud.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
You coming or what?

OLIVER
I'll be right down.

INT. FACTORY, GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

DOORS OPEN to unveil the Green Arrow, with nothing but a *room* separating him from a bound OLIVER.

GREEN ARROW
Dad.

Green Arrow darts for his father--

OLIVER
No, Archer -- don't!

Green Arrow passes a wire-- it *SNAPS*.

The wire clings to Green Arrow's foot, then tugs up-- the vigilante *DANGLES*, upside down, captured.

STEELCLAW emerges behind Green Arrow.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(exploding)
Get the hell away from him!

STEELCLAW
Well, well, well.

Steelclaw steps in front of a captured Green Arrow, and swipes at his *mask* -- a terrified ARCHER is revealed.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)
I wasn't expecting this to become a family affair.

ARCHER
Let us go. *Please*.

STEELCLAW
Well - since you asked so nicely...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Steelclaw SLASHES at the line--

Archer collapses into the ground in a heave. He scurries for a weapon... a HAND latches onto him and PULLS HIM UP.

Steelclaw angrily THROWS Archer towards Oliver. Furious.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)
Where are your associates?!

A guilty Archer looks up at his father.

ARCHER
I'm so sorry, Dad.

OLIVER
Don't be. I'm proud of you.

STEELCLAW
(exploding)
Where are they?!

Steelclaw YANKS Archer back, and holds his CLAW to his throat. An immediate threat. Oliver tenses.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)
Don't make me hurt the boy.

OLIVER
I told you there's no one left.
There's no one coming.

The CLAW digs in to Archer... just barely... drawing blood.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no. Please!

A RED ARROW cuts across the room.

Steelclaw SNAPS around to face his attacker -- it's a girl sporting the red and yellow SPEEDY costume.

SPEEDY
Looking for me?

Speedy lines up another shot, then fires-- THWICK! THWICK!

Steelclaw drops Archer to the ground, then CUTS THROUGH the arrows launched his way. He charges for Speedy.

SWISH PAN back to a bound Oliver.

OLIVER
Archer, untie me!

Archer darts for Oliver, and starts untying him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Speedy lines up one more arrow-- *CRACK!*

Steelclaw SMACKS the bow out of her hand in one quick swoop.

THE BOW slides across the floor...

Archer looks up from behind Oliver - a more pressing sense of urgency washes over him. He unties Oliver.

ON Oliver - he ignites with purpose--

SWISH PAN over to Steelclaw - he CRACKS his claw across Speedy and launches her into the wall.

STEELCLAW

You're all that's left?

Oliver sweeps the bow up in his hand...

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

Pathetic.

Speedy crawls back into the corner. Trapped.

SPEEDY

No, no, no, no, no - *Archer!*

Archer tenses up - he recognises her voice--

ARCHER

Cissie?

Steelclaw SWINGS down at Speedy--

THWACK! A BOW blocks the deathly attack, then PUSHES Steelclaw back around to face Oliver.

The two clash in a heated battle - matching each strike.

OLIVER

Your stint as a super-villain is going to be very short-lived, pal.

STEELCLAW

I'm not the villain here. You are.

Steelclaw hits back. Harder.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

This city despises you. You're just a murderer to them. That's why you went into hiding. That's why you can't put that hood back on. Why you disappeared.

The bow is knocked from Oliver's hands. He falls back.

(CONTINUED)

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)
You're not this city's saviour.

Speedy rushes for Steelclaw--

SPEEDY
Leave him alone!

Steelclaw spins around with a violent swing-- *CRACK!*

Oliver notices Archer surfacing in the BG.

Oliver SLIDES the bow across the floor... it sweeps a fallen red arrow on the floor with it.

CRANE UP from the bow and arrow to find Archer. Shocked.

ARCHER (PRELAP)
I guess all that's left is--

INT. THE QUIVER, TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A compelled Archer pulls a LARGE GREEN BOW of the glass cabinet. He turns to face Oliver.

ARCHER
This.

Oliver meets Archer with a look of disapproval.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Oh, come on. You're not going to teach me how to use this?

Oliver pauses. Unsure.

INT. FACTORY, GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

Archer cranes the bow and arrow up in his hands, and stares at it like it's *his greatest weakness* - *his kryptonite*. He looks back to the scene at hand: A weakened Oliver and Speedy are on either side of Steelclaw. Defeated.

STEELCLAW
You don't have it in you to take me down. You're just a kid.

Steelclaw returns to Oliver.

Archer draws up the shot - the very sound of the arrow being pulled back *lures* Steelclaw back to face him. Waiting.

Sounds ECHO around Archer (O.S.): a VIOLENT demonic growl, piercing screams from a mass crowd, a THUD that grows closer and closer, and a SWOOSH that silences it all.

Archer trembles. Paralysed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERMAN (O.S.)
Not... your... fault.

Archer releases his aim... trapped in his own mind.

STEELCLAW
Knew it.

Speedy SLIDES an arrow across to Oliver -- he picks it up, then JAMS it into Steelclaw's side. He ducks under another violent swing of the claw, then stabs him again.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)
No!

Steelclaw PUSHES Oliver back, then retreats.

A "team" unites as Archer joins Oliver and Speedy. Steelclaw continues to back away from them...

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)
Might have to put a rain check on things. I got what I needed from this anyway...

OLIVER
If you think we're just going to let you go now--

Steelclaw aims his claw for the ceiling, and- *BANG!*

A ZIP-LINE fires out. Steelclaw FLIES off, and through a glass window that SHATTERS upon impact. Gone.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Damn it.

Speedy throws back her hood - it's clearly Cissie.

CISSIE
I'm glad that's over.

ARCHER
Cissie, you - you didn't have to--

CISSIE
I couldn't leave you to face this madman on your own.
(beat)
We couldn't.

ARCHER
We?

CISSIE
I needed some help getting here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cissie withdraws a small EARPIECE.

BRADY (O.S.)
It's your boy, Brady.

INT. THE QUIVER - NIGHT

BRADY spins around from the computer with a HEADSET on.

BRADY
Alphabe-st friends til the end.

He throws his hands up in the air.

INT. FACTORY, GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

A moment of levity from Archer and Cissie. Relieved.

Oliver steps in from behind them.

OLIVER
You're all grounded.

OFF their shared laughter...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. QUEEN LOFT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CRANE DOWN from the ceiling lights to find Oliver and Archer sitting at a table where they've clearly finished sharing a meal. An uncomfortable silence rests between them.

OLIVER

You were really brave today, Arch.

ARCHER

Thanks, but... I don't know how *alive* we would be if Cissie didn't show up when she did.

OLIVER

Oh, totally. We'd both be dead.

Archer can't help but laugh.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?

ARCHER

Sure.

OLIVER

Why'd you hesitate?

Archer tenses up.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

When you had to take the shot - when you had the bow in your hands. You hesitated. Why?

ARCHER

I was scared.

OLIVER

Scared of missing? Scared of hurting someone? What--

ARCHER

Scared of letting the same thing happen tonight that happened on...
(long pause)
Doomsday.Oliver sinks back - he *didn't know*...

OLIVER

Oh, Arch. I didn't know that you--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I didn't want you to know.
(beat)
I walk around every day knowing
that the world's greatest hero is
dead because... because of me.

OLIVER

That's not true.

ARCHER

It feels true.

Archer shifts, realising he's spilt his truth. He narrows in on Oliver - an opportunity arising...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Okay, so - I told you my deep dark
secret. Now it's your turn.

(beat)

Who was Chloe Sullivan?

The question seems to hurt Oliver...

OLIVER

It's not something I can tell you.

ARCHER

Great.

Archer sinks back down, defeated.

OLIVER

I have to show you.

OFF Archer, perking back up with curiosity...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. QUEEN LOFT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Oliver and Archer stand in the office space, facing a book shelf that appears incredibly mundane. Oliver pulls on a book - a copy of '1984' by George Orwell - and the SHELVES suddenly part open... a secret entrance.

A BLUE LIGHT scans down, reading Oliver and Archer.

WATCHTOWER (O.S.)

Identities confirmed. Oliver Jonas
Queen and Archer Hope Sullivan-
Queen. Welcome to the Watchtower.

ON Archer - he's bathed in the blue light. Bewildered.

ARCHER

Watchtower?

INT. WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

Archer enters the *secret room* that hosts a large computer system attached to three monitors that each display the infamous WATCHTOWER LOGO. The walls that encapsulate them also appear to be screens - waiting to be utilized.

OLIVER
Watchtower - *play* all files marked
'Chloe.' Every screen.

WATCHTOWER (O.S.)
Playing *all files marked Chloe.*

The room ignites with footage - *a collection of Chloe throughout the years... a hero.*

ARCHER
Why would she keep this from me?

Oliver hovers behind Archer. Proud.

OLIVER
Chloe spent her life building up people - helping them to become their best selves... to become heroes. She devoted her life to it, to them. She didn't want that for you. She didn't want you to be... to be a martyr.

Archer turns to face his Dad, tears in his eyes.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
She wanted you to be the hero of your own story.

ARCHER
She wasn't a martyr. She was - she was *my* hero.

And Archer finally breaks. Oliver pulls him in, and holds him close. They grieve the loss of Chloe Sullivan *together*.

CHLOE (PRELAP)
I'm sorry, Archer.

INT. QUEEN LOFT, ARCHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CHLOE sits at Archer's side. He appears to be ignoring her, arms folded, and unwilling to even look at her. She's left vulnerable, reaching for him.

CHLOE
I lied to you.

Archer looks to his Mum - *is she going to be honest?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Well, I *omitted* the truth.

(off Archer)

It's a little different, but hurts just the same.

ARCHER

Right.

CHLOE

I do have secrets. I am keeping things from you. And I was wrong to pretend like I wasn't - to act like you were just... going crazy or reading into things too much.

Archer finally opens back up to Chloe. He listens.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I wish I didn't have this gut feeling that I'd be doing something wrong if I let you in on what those secrets are, but I do. I can't help shake the feeling that it's going to do more harm than good. So, if you want to hate me then hate me, but - I'm never going to leave you, and I'm never going to stop loving you. And one day you'll have secrets of your own and I'll still be here. No matter what. Forever and always.

ARCHER

I don't hate you, Mum.

CHLOE

Well that's progress I guess.

A shared laughter. The tension eases.

ARCHER

It's like you always say, right? We all have our secrets, and our secrets are--

CHLOE

Ours to share.

ARCHER

I get that now.

Archer looks off to the wall.

Mounted on the wall is a BOW and ARROW set that holds all the promise of his future... his destiny.

INT. CITY HALL, MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A stoic Oliver stands in front of an AMERICAN FLAG - a symbol of his destiny. He slowly turns to face Lana.

LANA

Seventeen different intelligence agencies have confirmed the virus was released and it'll only be a matter of hours before everyone in Gotham is gone.

OLIVER

Hours? My god. Is that how fast the contagion works?

Lana recoils - almost with guilt...

LANA

No. That's how long a window ARGUS has given its agents to carry out its shoot-to-kill operation.

A beat. Oliver is overcome with shock.

LANA (CONT'D)

They've just landed in Gotham.

Oliver erupts--

OLIVER

No, no. Call them off.

LANA

I can't.

OLIVER

This is eight million people we're talking about - *eight million people--*

LANA

That run the risk of spreading a deadly virus across the globe. ARGUS made the right call.

OLIVER

But what if we could save--

LANA

This is our only option left.

OLIVER

(exploding)
Chloe's in there!

Lana immediately tenses. The revelation hits her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Our Chloe.

Lana's entire demeanor shifts - *the lives lost no longer just a digit to report.* She fills with purpose.

INT. THE QUIVER - NIGHT

Archer stands in front of the GREEN ARROW suit that sits behind a glass capsule.

BRADY (O.S.)

How long did your Dad say we had to wait here for?

Archer turns to find his *restless* friends, Brady and Cissie.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Is this part of the *grounding*? And how exactly can he ground us - we're not his kids.

CISSIE

I'm sure there's a reason Oliver wanted us to stay. Right, Archer?

Brady and Cissie look to Archer for a response. Silence.

BRADY

Uh oh.

ARCHER

My Dad wasn't exactly the one that wanted you to stay here.

CISSIE

What?

Archer can't hide his guilt.

ARCHER

It was me.

BRADY

I don't know about you guys but I'm not really feeling up to a post-apocalypse slumber party.

ARCHER

I need your help.

CISSIE

With *what*?!

Archer's doubts and fear wash away. He builds with purpose, and a look of determination crosses his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I'm going to Gotham.

A beat. Cissie sinks back with shock.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I'm going to save my Mum.

A beat. Brady fills with the same disbelief.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

And I'm going to do it as the *Green Arrow*.

OFF Archer, on the precipice of his destiny...

STEELCLAW (PRELAP)

Green Arrow is dead.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness envelops the room where a wounded STEELCLAW sits, facing the wall where his board (featuring images of OLIVER, and his associates) is illuminated by a dim light.

STEELCLAW

The myth is gone leaving only the man behind. And he's alone. He's *completely* alone. His own son had to come rescue him. Pathetic.

Implements rattle behind him. Someone's in the BG.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

No Arrow. No Speedy. No Canary. No *arsenal* left to interfere.

A brunette woman approaches Steelclaw.

STEELCLAW (CONT'D)

He's going to lose.

The woman steps in front of Steelclaw and the light catches her ever so slightly to reveal... VICTORIA MUCH.

VICTORIA

The war, or the election?

STEELCLAW

Both.

Steelclaw throws back his hood, then slowly detaches his mask. Victoria's eyes widen with affection - *she's enamoured by the man in front of her*. But who is it?

VICTORIA

Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRANE AROUND a passionate Victoria...

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Because there's no way in hell I'm putting up with another four years of this Social Justice Warrior.

And we finally see the unmasked menace... it's THOMAS BOLT.

THOMAS BOLT

You won't have to -- because I am going to save this city.

OFF the determination exuding from Thomas...

INT. ARGUS, HALLWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

ELEVATOR DOORS open to reveal a determined LANA and her security detail on either side of her as she proceeds through the long hallway marked with the infamous ARGUS logo. She holds a phone up to her ear, in the middle of a conversation.

LANA

Remind the President why he hired me in the first place and that he has the power to override the decisions made by these intelligence agencies and the decision pushed by ARGUS. I refuse to disconnect from this call until I hear from the President himself and get the confirmation I need to salvage what's left of the people in Gotham. And Jefferson?

Lana reaches a door at the end of the hallway.

LANA (CONT'D)

If you ever want to be the successor of President Peter Ross, then you'd want your name as far away from this tragedy as possible because it will be a political quick sand that will drag you, and anyone else associated with this presidency, into oblivion.

Lana hits the door -- it SLIDES open... an entrance into--

INT. ARGUS, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Lana enters the large office room (with her security detail remaining on either side of her). Nostalgia guides her through the familiar space - lost in the past...

AMANDA WALLER (O.S.)

Ms. Lang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lana turns to face the desk--

A sweaty, terrified AMANDA WALLER turns around in a chair.

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

I'm so -- sorry.

UNDER THE DESK we see Waller's legs. Blood DRIPS from one of her kneecaps - *that's where she must have been shot.*

LANA

Waller?

BANG! BANG!

THUD. Lana SNAPS around to see her security detail collapse to the ground. Dead.

In place of their bodies stands ELIZABETH THORN and NICK.

ELIZABETH THORNE

Well, well, well...

Thorne approaches, gun aimed on Lana.

ELIZABETH THORNE (CONT'D)

This just got interesting.

OFF Lana, held at gunpoint with nowhere to run...

WATCHTOWER

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. WAYNE MANSION - DAY

The sun rises over the familiar mansion.

INT. WAYNE MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY

BRUCE and LUCIUS enter the library, walking side by side.

LUCIUS

How long are you going to be
torturing him like this?

BRUCE

It's not exactly easy for me to see
either, Lucius.

LUCIUS

I understand that but -- I'm not
sure this is something he can
bounce back from. I mean... it's
his wife. His family.

Bruce reaches the bookshelf. He TUGS on a book, and the
secret passageway opens...

BRUCE

We've all lost people. We all know
what that's like.

Lucius appears to remember a *significant loss*...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Our job is to make sure the rest of
this city doesn't have to endure
what we've had to endure.

Bruce disappears through the passageway. Lucius ponders for
a beat -- *left with a painful memory to endure*...

BRUCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Lucius snaps out of his memory. He races through, into--

INT. BATCAVE - NIGHT

Lucius descends the steps to reach Bruce.

PULL BACK to find an empty chair with loose chains at its
side, and an unconscious CHLOE on the ground nearby.

LUCIUS

What the hell? Where's Gordon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bruce rushes to Chloe's aid. He shakes her awake.

BRUCE

Chloe? Chloe, what happened?

Chloe jolts up. She's shaken.

CHLOE

Veronica, she -- it was Veronica.

Lucius creeps in. Confused.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I think she's working with the
Court of Owls.

Bruce looks back to Lucius, just as confused--

LUCIUS

That - that's impossible.

Chloe clings to Bruce. Desperate.

CHLOE

Bruce. I think she killed Julie.

OFF the shock building across Bruce's expression...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.