

# WATCHTOWER

5.16 | "Thorn"

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

MAIN CAST

CHLOE SULLIVAN .....	Allison Mack
BRUCE WAYNE .....	Christian Bale
HELENA KANE .....	Kayla Ewell
JAMES GORDON .....	Dylan Walsh
KATE KANE .....	Deborah Ann Woll
LUCIUS FOX .....	Charles Michael Davis
RENEE MONTOKA .....	Stephanie Beatriz
ARCHER SULLIVAN-QUEEN .....	Jace Norman
OLIVER QUEEN .....	Justin Hartley

SPECIAL GUEST CAST

LANA LANG .....	Kristin Kreuk
PETE ROSS .....	Sam Jones III

GUEST CAST

AMANDA WALLER .....	Pam Grier
ARNOLD FLASS .....	Scott Michael Campbell
BRADY CHAMBERS .....	Griffin Gluck
ELIZABETH THORNE .....	Archie Panjabi
MAYOR SUAREZ .....	Miguel Angel Silvestre
SUZANNE 'CISSIE' KING-JONES .....	Kiernan Shipka
VALENTINA VOSTOK .....	Ali Larter

## TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD (OUTSKIRTS) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A large TRANSPORTATION VEHICLE erupts out of a dark tunnel and speeds along the stretch of road.

INT. TRANSPORTATION VEHICLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The DRIVER (late 50s) appears nervous and double-takes every chance they can. Their eyes land on the REARVIEW MIRROR:

A suspicious BLACK SUV surfaces from nowhere, tailing behind.

The driver adjusts the mirror slightly to gain a better look, then flashes a glimpse of movement in front of him.

A gasp. The transportation vehicle SCREECHES--

EXT. ROAD (OUTSKIRTS) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The transportation vehicle twists around and shrieks to a sudden halt, barely avoiding collision with THREE BLACK SUVs.

INT. TRANSPORTATION VEHICLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The driver looks back, over his shoulder, to confirm that everything is fine. A moment to assess.

EXT. ROAD (OUTSKIRTS) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

PEEL BACK from the transportation vehicle to find the doors of the BLACK SUVs opening... SUITS step out.

Visible through the glass window of the vehicle, the driver can be seen deflating with relief. They turn to face the road, then tense up at the sight in front of them. *BANG!*

Glass shatters. The driver slumps over the wheel. Dead.

Stood in front of a team of other AGENTS, a gun-wielding VALENTINA VOSTOK (30s, Blonde, a fiery presence) lowers her smoking weapon and faces the agents.

VALENTINA VOSTOK  
Search the vehicle.

The agents scatter, heading straight for the vehicle.

INT. TRANSPORTATION VEHICLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The door rips open. A rush of light washes over the valuable objects inside: MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN huddled together in fear of the intruding agents in black.

One AGENT takes the lead - gliding through the hallway of civilians on board and appearing to count.

A MOTHER pulls her DAUGHTER in close, shielding her.

The agent stops by the deceased driver. He prods him and the driver slumps further back - definitely dead.

VALENTINA VOSTOK (O.S.)  
What's taking so long?

The agent adjusts his earpiece.

AGENT  
Sorry, boss. I'm seeing maybe  
*eight* assets here. Nine, if you're  
pushing it, but--

VALENTINA VOSTOK (V.O.)  
That will do. Dispose of the  
adults and let's get out of here.

AGENT  
As you wish.

The agent withdraws his gun.

OFF the DAUGHTER, huddled into her mother's embrace with widening eyes of fear...

EXT. ROAD (OUTSKIRTS) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

GUNSHOTS ring out. Flashes of light ignite from inside the windows of the vehicle with each BANG!

Vostok watches on with a heartless stare. Unchanged.

Agents escort the children off the vehicle, and wrangle them into a submissive line. At the end of the line, a blood-stained DAUGHTER is petrified in shock...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. THE AGENCY, GUN RANGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A GUN is cocked and handed to the DAUGHTER. She holds the foreign object in her hand, uncertain of the power it holds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vostok nods to something in the distance.

The daughter follows Vostok's eyes to find MAN-SHAPED TARGETS in the shooting range. A gulp of hesitancy.

Her finger FLUTTERS over the trigger... BANG!

INT. THE AGENCY, COMBAT ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Another STUDENT (11) disarms the daughter: they throw the weapon aside, then maneuvers her to the ground. She slams hard against it with a defeated sigh. Unskilled.

INT. THE AGENCY, COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Agents pace behind the children locked onto their computers, typing away... FIND the daughter, her fingers bleeding against the keys with the monitor in front BLINKING:

'FIREWALL BLOCKED' then 'ERROR' then 'SYSTEM FAILURE.'

The daughter SLAMS her hands against the desk.

INT. THE AGENCY, GUN-RANGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The daughter (now 15) dual-wields guns that she spins in her hands, then she EMPTIES AN ENTIRE CLIP at the targets.

Bullets rip through the FACE and CHEST with precision.

INT. THE AGENCY, COMBAT ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A gun is ripped out of the daughter's hands--

She quickly maneuvers around her attacker, snatches the gun back into possession, then PISTOL WHIPS them to the ground.

INT. THE AGENCY, COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The daughter, sat behind the computer, types frantically against the TICKING CLOCK behind her. The monitor BLINKS:

'FIREWALL DISABLED.' 'ACCESS GRANTED.' 'STRIKE STOPPED.'

The daughter sinks back in relief...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD (OUTSKIRTS) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An SUV door opens. The same daughter, now 18, steps out and now resembles a familiar face... it's ELIZABETH THORNE. She watches as a TRANSPORT VEHICLE SCREECHES TO A HALT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Agents infiltrate the vehicle.

Thorne watches on with a pained look in her eye - an all-knowing look of what's to come...

AGENT #2 (O.S.)  
Looks like we've got a good one  
here. I count sixteen *assets* on  
board. Awaiting orders, 0-4-5.

Thorne tenses for a beat, then eases with resolve:

THORNE  
You know what to do.

A deafening silence, and then GUNSHOTS RING. Pained screams.

OFF Thorne, looking away with guilt and disgust...

INT. SECRET BASE - DAY

Thorne, gun-in-hand, stands over a deceased NICK (a bullet hole to the head). Her hands are stained with his blood, and she wears the same look of sorrow in her eyes as *back then*.

Doors SLIDE OPEN (O.S.). Thorne SNAPS around--

At the entrance stands PRESIDENT PETE ROSS, eyes scanning the *dead body* and landing on a gun-wielding Thorne. His eyes widen with complete shock and disbelief.

OFF the confrontation between the two...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SECRET BASE - DAY

A startled Pete eases further into the room where Thorne stands over a dead Nick, wielding the murder weapon.

PETE

When you said you needed my help, I didn't expect it to involve a body.

THORNE

I'm sorry. I messed up. I didn't mean for - for any of this to happen. I didn't--

PETE

What are you talking about?

THORNE

Nick. He went rogue. I should have seen the signs.

PETE

I'm going to need you to start from the beginning on this one.

THORNE

That's him. Nick. He's an old associate of mine from Checkmate. He reached out to me a few months ago - said that he had a plan for Gotham. He said I'd be interested. I told him I didn't want anything to do with Checkmate, and that was it. I didn't hear from him again, until... he called me. He asked me to meet him here and when I arrived-

Thorne slowly turns to face the computer where the monitor reads: 'MISSILE STRIKE COMPLETE.' Pete fills with horror.

PETE

Holy shit.

THORNE

He accessed government codes through an ARGUS database. He had already launched the strike before I got here. I couldn't stop him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

That's eight million lives... just  
destroyed. Gone.

THORNE

I was shocked. It wasn't the  
reaction he expected from me, and  
that's - that's when he tried to  
hurt me. I had no other choice but  
to... I mean he was going to--

Pete clings to Thorne, soothing her apparent anxiety. His  
hands cup her blood-stained hands that still hold the gun.

PETE

It's okay, you're okay. You did  
what you had to do.

Thorne looks at Pete with teary-eyes.

THORNE

How are we going to fix this? How  
can this *possibly* be explained?

Pete stops for a beat - his mind racing to find clarity - and  
he soon finds a resolution. His demeanor grows calm.

PETE

I'll take care of this. Everything  
is going to be okay. I promise.

A reassured Thorne nods, and the two embrace. Over his  
shoulder, her act drops and a victorious smile appears...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (LATER)

Pete stands at a podium (marked with the Presidential seal)  
in front of a set of cameras. He delivers an address:

PETE

Earlier today, an investigation  
into the remaining state of Gotham  
found that there were no survivors.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

We did, however, discover clear evidence that the virus responsible for this tragedy began airborne in nature, then mutated to a contact-based contagion, threatening to exist and potentially harm citizens for years to come should any contact be made.

Pete stops upon sight of the next line on the TELEPROMPTER that reads: *'As a result, I actioned an immediate missile strike.'* He clears his throat, then continues:

PETE (CONT'D)

As a result, I actioned an immediate missile strike on Gotham in an effort to eradicate whatever traces of the virus remain so that one day Gotham can rebuild and rise again without threat and without fear of this deadly virus becoming a permanent issue for the great people of this country.

Shock registers on the faces of every White House reporter in the room. A chilling silence as they watch on...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

PEEL BACK from a TV SET that displays the same image of Pete delivering his address... FIND a stunned OLIVER watching on.

PETE

I'll be taking questions for the next half hour.

A REPORTER shoots their hand up. Pete gestures for them.

REPORTER

How can you possibly sign off on a missile strike without the support of congress?

PETE

This wasn't a matter of war--

The floorboards CREAK (O.S.) and Oliver turns to find an emotionally gutted ARCHER in the doorway. Grief-stricken.

OLIVER

Archer-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Archer withdraws, scattering out of the room in a hurry.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Archer, wait.

Oliver moves to chase him, but the sudden SLAM of the front door stops him in his tracks. He breathes in defeat.

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - DAY

The broadcast continues on a small TV SET in the corner.

REPORTER #2

Do you expect this move to torpedo your already crumbling approval rating or is this a move to appeal to the 56% of voters who have labelled you as 'indecisive?'

PETE

There was no political motivation behind this decision, but I'm sure you'll find a way to twist one in there like you always do.

DESCEND from the TV SET to find an imprisoned LANA, sinking with disappointment at what she sees.

LANA

Oh, Pete. What have you done?

THORNE (O.S.)

Pretty smart move if you ask me.

Lana jolts around to find Thorne stood outside her cell.

LANA

Is it true? Gotham. Was it really-

A quick eyebrow raise from Thorne is enough for Lana to know.

LANA (CONT'D)

Why?

THORNE

The answer to such a question is not so simple, Ms. Lang.

LANA

Try me. Apparently I have time.

Thorne smiles, eternally impressed by her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORNE

I'll start from the beginning.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A BAG rips from Thorne's head. She looks around in a puzzled haze. Footsteps clap around her... it's AMANDA WALLER.

WALLER

Apologies for the procedures  
involved in getting you here. I  
can't risk reproach from Vostok.

Waller unties Thorne from the chair. She rises.

THORNE

I hate that bitch as much as any  
unfortunate soul that meets her.

WALLER

That's why I'm here. I want to  
build something better.

THORNE

Better?

WALLER

The Agency has been exposed from  
someone within - a clear sign that  
it's leadership is not adequate  
enough to keep it's agents safe.

(beat)

Rather than go down with the ship,  
I can offer an out. But I will  
need something in return.

THORNE

And that would be *what*, exactly?

WALLER

Loyalty.

(off Thorne)

I understand within the Agency,  
you've been known only as a number.  
Well here, you'll have a name.

Thorne becomes transfixed on a memory...

THORNE

Lizzie. My mother... when they  
pulled the gun on her, she screamed  
for me to run.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORNE (CONT'D)  
(realising)  
I think my name was Lizzie.

WALLER  
Well, you've always been the  
*sharpest* of the Agency. Perhaps  
'Elizabeth... Thorne' suits you.

THORNE  
I like the sound of that.

The distance between the two narrows. A united force.

THORNE (CONT'D)  
This organisation of yours... what  
is it, exactly?

A beat. Waller straightens with an all-knowing smile...

WALLER  
We're calling it Check-

The world suddenly FREEZES.

LANA (PRELAP)  
Okay, okay, hold up.

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - DAY

Lana stands and faces the glass where Thorne stands opposite.

LANA  
I don't need the recap on the  
history of Checkmate's origins.  
I've read the book and seen the  
movie on that one already.

THORNE  
Yes. I know how deep your ties run  
from ARGUS through to Checkmate.

LANA  
Not as deep as yours. From my  
understanding, you climbed that  
impenetrable chain of command that  
ranks it's agents, all the way to a  
Bishop. You were next in line to  
become King or Queen.  
(off Thorne)  
What happened? What changed?

The question burns through Thorne's mind, TRIGGERING--

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Stood by the backdrop of a moonlight sea, Nick withdraws a manila folder and hands it to a curious Thorne.

NICK

Lord has your next mission.

Thorne studies the documents carefully.

THORNE

Months of being sidelined and kept in the dark, and now I'm being shipped off to... Themyscira? What the hell is going on here?

NICK

Waller fell with the Castle. She's gone, Liz. And Lord doesn't want anything or anyone to threaten his reign over Checkmate.

THORNE

This is a suicide mission.

NICK

And you should treat it as such.

Thorne shifts to the bluntness - *is this really happening?*

NICK (CONT'D)

You said you were looking for an out. Maybe this is it.

THORNE

(remembering)

*'There's only one way out of Checkmate.'*

(beat)

Who else is assigned to this?

NICK

Lord's only other competition to head the organisation.

(long pause)

Chloe Sullivan.

It dawns on Thorne that this really is a stitch up. She takes a moment before accepting what has to be done...

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES (from 'Paradise'):

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- Thorne and Chloe are aboard the plane. It DESCENDS.
- Thorne looks up to find the island. Stranded.
- Thorne is dragged away by Amazons.
- Thorne watches the prison smash from an EXPLOSION.
- Thorne offers Chloe a nod, then runs away. Free.

THORNE (PRELAP)  
And that was the day Elizabeth  
Thorne died.

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - DAY

A detached Thorne remains in her memories with a cold, blank stare. Lana studies her from the other side of the glass.

THORNE  
It was also the day I learned the  
only way out of Checkmate to be  
true - for it to come at the  
ultimate cost.

WALLER (O.S.)  
Oh, boo-hoo.

Anger replaces Thorne's expression, and she takes a few steps to her left to face the OTHER CELL where Waller (weakened, short of breath) sits against the wall, imprisoned.

WALLER (CONT'D)  
You whine too much.

Thorne's anger deepens. A hatred shoots from the eyes.

WALLER (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, *Lizzie*? Thought I'd  
have wasted away by now?

Waller's gunshot wound to the knee appears to be infected, and keeping her grounded. Her fiery spirit remains.

WALLER (CONT'D)  
Child, I grew up in the rough parts  
of Chicago. You can't get rid of  
me that easy.

OFF the cunning smile stitching across Waller's face...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oliver paces the room with the phone to his ear.

OLIVER  
Come on. Pick up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCUT BETWEEN: MAYOR SUAREZ and OLIVER on the phone--

MAYOR SUAREZ  
Oliver.

OLIVER  
Marty, are you seeing this?

Oliver faces the TV SET that plays a loop-feed of the Presidential address from Pete (seen earlier).

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
What's happening in Gotham is not normal. It's not okay.

MAYOR SUAREZ  
I'm aware of the situation.

Oliver shifts to the tone and its vagueness.

OLIVER  
Don't do that. Don't shut me out like you're talking to just another citizen of this city.

MAYOR SUAREZ  
I'm sorry, Oliver. I'm in muddy waters here. I want to pick up where you left off but I can't take the baggage with me. It'll sink more than just your legacy. This conversation shouldn't even be happening and you know it.

OLIVER  
You're right. But I need your help. Please. Just this once.

MAYOR SUAREZ  
What is it?

OLIVER  
You have to reach out to the President. He's an old friend of my wife. Tell him Chloe was in Gotham, and that I need to--  
(breaking)  
I need to know if she's okay.

MAYOR SUAREZ  
I'll see what I can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

Thank you.

Oliver disconnects the call. He takes a deep breath to collect himself, then something catches his ears...

TV REPORTER (O.S.)

-with reports that the masked vigilante, Green Arrow was spotted again, this time in broad daylight.

Oliver faces the TV. It lures him in...

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

We warn viewers that this footage is deemed violent and disturbing.

ON THE TV -- the footage shifts to a recording of the GREEN ARROW (in a makeshift suit) pummelling a CRIMINAL into a bloodied heap on the ground, then ASCENDING from a line.

Oliver recognises the person immediately. His heart drops.

OLIVER

Archer.

OFF the fear resonating from Oliver...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A worn vehicle jets along the large stretch of road. At the wheel of the car sits Thorne. The car passes a SIGN:

'Welcome to Gotham City.'

A FLASHING rotation of RED AND BLUE LIGHTS are met with a familiar SIREN and POLICE VEHICLE that emerges.

An anxious Thorne pulls over to the side.

THORNE

Shit.

Thorne takes a deep breath, tapping the wheel with fear...

A car door opens and shuts. Footsteps grow closer and closer to the vehicle. An officer, ARNOLD FLASS (30s, shaggy) approaches Thorne at the driver's window.

FLASS

Sorry to disturb you, ma'am. Do you know how fast you were going back there?

THORNE

I'm sorry, I wasn't paying attention to the limit. I didn't-

FLASS

Do you have your license and registration on you?

A sigh of defeat. Thorne shuffles through the glove compartment and hands over her details.

The LICENSE depicts 'Judy Grafton' with Thorne's photograph.

FLASS (CONT'D)

New to town or rushing home?

THORNE

I don't have a home.

Flass notices the pain in Thorne's eyes -- it hits him hard, the beginning of his desire to look after this woman...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASS

Let's forget about this, alright?

Flass hands Thorne back her documents.

FLASS (CONT'D)

Gotham comes with it's fair share of demons - which, as a police officer, I'm most certainly privy to - but it's the perfect place to start over, if that's what you've been looking for.

He pulls out a card, writes on it, then hands it to Thorne.

FLASS (CONT'D)

I've called it home my entire life, and I'd be happy to show you around. Help get you situated somewhere in the city?

THORNE

Do you say this to all the girls you pull over for speeding?

FLASS

Just the ones who look like they could really use a break.

(beat)

I'm Arnold. Arnold Flass.

OFF the comforted smile that stitches across Thorne's face...

THORNE (PRELAP)

You took everything from me.

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - DAY

A furious Thorne stands on the other side of the cells: one housing Lana, and the other housing Waller.

THORNE

You built Checkmate on the promise that it would be different to the Agency. Valentina Vostok is a saint stood next to you.

WALLER

Ouch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

And what about me? Last time I checked, I wasn't kidnapping children, or shooting innocent people point-blank in the head.

THORNE

You're ignorant and naive.

Thorne approaches the glass, eyes laser-focused on Lana.

THORNE (CONT'D)

You think ARGUS is better than these organisations you've worked to dismantle and keep buried, all the while allowing Waller to step in and take control. Do you even know what government funds are paying for under ARGUS? No. Of course you don't. That's why you deserve the same fate as Waller.

WALLER

And yet I'm the one with no food and no water. Not exactly equal treatment if you ask me.

Thorne SNAPS around, erupting at Waller--

THORNE

You murdered my husband!

OFF the rattling cry from Thorne...

INT. FLASS HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A door SMASHES (O.S)--

Flass jolts up from the couch and stands to meet an onslaught of gun-wielding AGENTS that storm into the room. He raises his hands to the intrusion.

FLASS

I'm not the-

A door clicks open behind him. A startled Thorne briefly makes eye contact with Flass, then- RATATAT!

Bullets rip through the room.

Blood SPURTS from all parts of Flass' body as he's riddled with bullets. He slumps to the floor in a gasp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thorne falls back, into the other room--

INT. FLASS HOUSEHOLD, BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Bullets tear through the walls. Thorne rolls over onto the floor and crawls towards the window. A violent SCREAM--

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - DAY

Thorne swallows her grief and remains stoic. She locks eyes with an immovable Waller in the corner of her cell.

WALLER

You can't blame me for everything.

THORNE

I swear to god, if you dare suggest I'm responsible for the death of the only man I ever--

WALLER

No. Believe it or not, Liz, I'm not the bogeyman hiding under your bed, waiting-

THORNE

You do enough in broad daylight.

WALLER

I'm serious.

(off Thorne)

If you want to know what really happened - who's truly responsible for derailing your life - then I'd suggest digging a little deeper into the archives of ARGUS under a Luthor administration.

LANA

Amanda, don't.

WALLER

No, listen. I have a lot of sins to atone for but taking a hit out on Arnold Flass-

Thorne SLAMS her hands on the glass.

THORNE

Don't speak his name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLER

If you want to kill me under the belief that I took your husband from you, then fine. But the truth is out there - if you have the stomach for it, of course.

THORNE

I'd need clearance.

LANA

Amanda, don't even think-

WALLER

Legends. Eleven. Eight. Six.

A curious Thorne smiles, then immediately leaves.

Lana deflates with defeat. She looks to her side - as if she could see through the cell walls to glare at Waller.

LANA

You shouldn't have done that.

WALLER

I was kind of hoping you had an exit-strategy up your sleeve.

OFF a playful smile that stitches across Waller's face...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A panicked Oliver paces the room with his phone to his ear, on the end of another missed call. A door SHUTS (O.S) behind him and he SNAPS around to find... a returning Archer.

OLIVER

What the *hell* are you doing?!

Oliver rips a bag from Archer's hands-

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What is this?

Oliver shuffles inside the bag -- a LARGE BOW and a QUIVER OF ARROWS rattle within.

ARCHER

What does it look like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLIVER

You know, when most kids lash out at their parents, it usually involves staying past curfew, slamming doors, or hell - even a *screaming match* would suffice, but dressing up as--

ARCHER

You?

OLIVER

A wanted criminal.

Archer shifts to Oliver's characterisation.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You know they never recovered his body. Bolt is still out there, and the Green Arrow is still a person of interest as far as the SCPD is concerned. This is dangerous.

ARCHER

I don't care anymore.

OLIVER

Oh. Okay, you don't care. So - so what? That's just it? End of conversation?

(beat)

You could die out there, Archie!

ARCHER

(erupting)

My Mum is dead!

Grief hits the two of them like a brick. Archer is wrought with emotion, now risen to the surface--

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? I spent the last couple of months training to be strong - strong so that I can go to Gotham, find my Mum and bring her home. And now? She's never coming back, Dad. She's gone. And the person that trained me is rotting behind bars. I've been ready for weeks and now--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER

Oh, you were never going to be ready, damn it. You're fifteen years old, you're a kid, and you have no idea how dangerous it is out there in the kind of world you're trying so hard to step into.

ARCHER

But I *am* fifteen years old. This is the real world for me. You're fighting against a current that isn't ever going to break because this has been my world for as long as I can remember. And maybe if you didn't spend so much time trying to shield me from something I'm already a part of, we could have done something and all of this wouldn't have been for nothing.

The moment hangs for a beat. Oliver feels the pang of a harsh truth bleed him dry. Archer stands in his bluntness.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I guess there's your screaming match. Are you satisfied?

Archer RIPS his bag back off the couch and leaves.

INT. ARGUS, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Thorne sits at the desk. She opens the laptop in front of her and types:

ON the screen - a password is entered and unlocks an interface. The files are opened. The 'classified' category is accessed. The cursor moves over 'Operation Eradicate.'

Thorne hesitates for a beat. Does she want the truth?

CLICK.

ON the screen - the page scrolls through name after name to land on 'Thorne, Elizabeth.' CLICK. The case opens and documents scatter with every single detail.

Thorne studies the information closer. Puzzling...

ON the screen - the cursor finds an audio clip under 'TARGET IDENTIFIED AND FOUND.' CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (O.S.)  
Thank you for holding. What can I  
assist you with today?

A painful pause. A familiar voice CRACKS through the static-

FLASS (O.S.)  
I'm calling about the government's  
handout for information on people  
associated with Checkmate.

Thorne's heart stops -- you can see it breaking.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (O.S.)  
Okay. What can you tell us?

FLASS (O.S.)  
Wait, wait - how long will it take  
for the money to show up in my  
account because I'm kind of  
strapped for cash right now.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL (O.S.)  
Your allegation has to be fully  
investigated and processed before-

FLASS (O.S.)  
No, no, no, no. You don't need an  
investigation, alright - it's my  
wife. Her name is Judy Grafton but  
she was an agent under the name of  
Thorne. Elizabeth-

Thorne closes the laptop - it SLAPS SHUT. She sits with her  
grief for a moment until her pain turns to anger...

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - NIGHT

Doors slide open. A furious Thorne erupts into the room in  
fast approach of the cells. She reaches Waller, and BASHES  
her fists against the door in a blind rage.

THORNE  
You twisted bitch.

WALLER  
I told you it wasn't my fault.

Thorne fixes an evil glare onto Waller.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WALLER (CONT'D)

Your husband was a drunk with a crippling gambling addiction who would rather see his wife gunned down like a sick dog than to give up the game and put down the bottle. You were just too blinded by love to see him for who he truly was - a pathetic coward of a man.

LANA

(erupting)

That's enough.

Thorne is shaken. She wipes the tear from her eye that fell in that moment, and collects herself.

LANA (CONT'D)

I don't really know what's going on here but I understand that-

THORNE

You understand nothing.

(to Waller)

And this changes nothing. You think the only reason you deserve the fate I'm giving you is because I lost my husband?

WALLER

Oh, child. I deserve worse than whatever fate you've got planned for me. The difference is, at least I'm aware. You've got no idea what's in store for you after what you've done to Gotham.

(with a laugh)

And I thought what your husband did was bad. *Damn.*

THORNE

You're baiting me. You think if you can rile me up enough, I'm going to want to open this door, come in there so you can shoot me with the gun you've been harbouring this whole time? I'm not an idiot.

Waller clutches at the gun in her possession. *She knew.*

THORNE (CONT'D)

I left you with that weapon for a reason. An illusion of choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANA

And where's my choice? You left  
your arch-nemesis with a way to get  
out of here, but not me?

THORNE

You don't get it. When I said you  
were never getting out of here, I  
meant it. There is no conventional  
key to open these doors. They're  
linked to a chip I had inserted in  
Waller's head. She dies, you walk.

A violated Waller feels for the SCAR ON HER HEAD. She sinks  
down with a crushing revelation, and a new wave of defeat.

THORNE (CONT'D)

Knowing how selfish and stubborn  
*Amanda Waller* truly is - well, I'd  
get a little more comfortable in  
this cell, Ms. Lang.

LANA

You're sick.

THORNE

No. What I am is fair.

LANA

You've had me held hostage for  
months. I'm a government official.  
You can't keep this up much longer.

THORNE

Technically, you resigned your post  
months ago. And you left quite the  
letter for your husband back home.

Thorne approaches Lana's cell, cold and calculated.

THORNE (CONT'D)

Poor Steve. I can only imagine the  
heartbreak he must be feeling. But  
keeping a marriage intact isn't  
exactly easy for you, is it?

LANA

Go to hell.

A chilling smile from Thorne, and she turns her back to  
leave. A defeated Lana and Waller can only watch on...

INT. BRADY'S ROOM (GARAGE) - DAY

The garage door rips open to reveal inside the shed: it's a decked out bedroom with a computer and desk set-up harbouring three monitors. A stunned BRADY and CISSIE turn in their chairs to face the intruder -- a stoic Archer.

ARCHER

I need your help.

Brady and Cissie's focus shifts to the bag in Archer's hand and notice the BOW and QUIVER OF ARROWS poking out.

OFF Archer, an idea of heroism in his head...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A withered Thorne sits at the end of the bar and knocks back another drink. The empty glass slams on the table, and she taps for another. A shell of herself.

The BARTENDER gathers a glass, and fixes another beer. He slides it down -- into the hands of Thorne.

THORNE

Love your work.

Thorne takes a sip.

NEWS PRESENTER (O.S.)

-finally make a projection on the Democratic primary race in Kansas today between Illinois state Senator Jefferson Pierce and Kansas state Senator Peter Ross.

The name rings in Thorne's ear. She gravitates to the report behind her to find the TV SCREEN (mounted on the wall in the corner of the room):

A NEWS PRESENTER sits beside an image of PETE ROSS with a text scroll that reads 'Ross projected to win Kansas.'

NEWS PRESENTER (CONT'D)

Senator Ross desperately needed to win his home-state in order to block Pierce's growing path to the nomination. While a few days ago spelt doom for the sitting Senator, it was an endorsement from *former* Senator Martha Kent that pushed Ross over the finish line. Here's what he had to say.

The TV shifts to footage of Pete at a rally--

PETE

This win tonight is so much bigger than me and this campaign. It's a win for all of us. We are going to secure the Democratic nomination, and we are going to get Lex Luthor out of the White House.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF Thorne, an idea forming in her head...

INT. WHITE HOUSE, OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The world seems heavy around a solemn Pete, stood behind his desk and looking out through the large windows.

A subtle knock sounds, and the door parts for a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Mr. President. Ms. Grafton is here to see you.

Pete turns with a forced smile. He simply nods.

The secretary disappears back behind the door. A beat, and she's replaced with an entering Thorne.

THORNE

I don't think I'll ever get used to being introduced to a room before I enter. Especially this one.

(off Pete)

Is everything...

Thorne nervously notices the SECURITY DETAIL in the room marking the corners. Pete notices too.

PETE

May we have the room?

Security departs. Pete steps around the desk to meet Thorne.

PETE (CONT'D)

Everything has been taken care of, alright? You have nothing to worry about. It's done.

THORNE

Thank you. Truly.

PETE

If only I could say the same thing for myself...

Pete turns back to face the window. Thorne approaches.

THORNE

What are you talking about?

PETE

Republicans are already drafting up articles for my impeachment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

The mess I've just made for myself.  
(faces Thorne)  
This is the end of my presidency.

THORNE

You don't know that.

PETE

No, I do. And I'm -- oddly okay  
with it all, to be honest.

THORNE

Peter--

PETE

I mean it. I know I had a vision  
for this country and I felt a deep  
calling to do my part to protect  
the world but... so much of that  
was about saving the country from  
another four years of Lex Luthor.

The two share a soft chuckle. Pete soon grows reflective...

PETE (CONT'D)

I've always wondered if I was the  
right person to get the nomination--  
if it was supposed to be me. Now,  
with everything that's happened,  
I'm sure of it. And I think that  
Jefferson Pierce will be the  
perfect President to take my place.

THORNE

If this is you giving up--

PETE

No. Never. This is me preparing  
for what's to come.

THORNE

Good. But in that case -- you're  
going to need someone to blame in  
the meantime.

PETE

How so?

THORNE

If there's anything I've learned in  
politics, it's that optics are all  
that matters.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THORNE (CONT'D)

You told the world that it was your decision, but you can't afford the whole world to turn against you. There has to be a fall guy. Or woman.

Pete's eyes find Thorne with full clarity.

PETE

No.

THORNE

I'm your Chief of Staff. The most senior assistant to the President. Giver of advice. You *do* see where I'm going with this...

PETE

They'll rip you apart when it comes time for a trial.

THORNE

Let them come.

A long pause. Pete hesitates with Thorne's conviction.

PETE

I need time- to think, to consider.

THORNE

With all due respect, there isn't all that much time left. But I'll be ready to pick up the phone whenever you make up your mind.

A lingering stare. Thorne offers her hand - a formal gesture to Pete - but he pulls her in for a hug. A surprising embrace that Thorne eases comfortably in. *She cares?*

PETE

Thank you. For everything.

A sense of guilt washes over Thorne's eyes...

THORNE

Likewise.

The two pull apart. A brief look acknowledging their history and the shifting dynamic. A nod, and Thorne leaves.

OFF a conflicted Pete, unsure of what his future holds...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARCHER (PRELAP)

I can't do this without you.

INT. BRADY'S GARAGE - DAY

A desperate Archer confronts Brady and Cissie.

ARCHER

Please.

BRADY

Archer, I don't- I mean we don't-

CISSIE

We understand that you're going through a lot right now and what's just come out about Gotham is more than devastating, but--

ARCHER

This isn't about that. I swear.

CISSIE

No?

ARCHER

I mean it. I know the chances of my Mum surviving that is--

(breaking)

I know she's probably--

(beat)

This is about doing some good for someone who I know for a fact we can still save - someone who is suffering because of my actions and who I have to help or else I'll never forgive myself.

Cissie looks to Brady, and the two sync up to Archer.

CISSIE

What is it you need?

SWISH PAN around the room into a BLURRING STREAM--

INT. BRADY'S GARAGE - DAY (LATER)

Archer sits in front of the computer set-up while Brady and Cissie stand behind him, watching on over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I've been investigating crime all over the city - trying to obtain any kind of valuable information I can use as leverage to hand over to the SCPD in exchange for Mia's release. And I found this.

Archer swivels in his chair to the side, revealing:

THE MONITOR displays a photograph of JASON BLOCH (50s, politician) meeting with REGGIE MANDELL (40s, tattoos and tuxedo suited-up) in an alley.

Cissie and Brady lean in with utter disbelief.

CISSIE

Is that the congressman?

BRADY

Meeting with the-

ARCHER

City's most notorious crime-lord engaging in a secret back alley deal? Yeah, it is.

CISSIE

What kind of deal?

ARCHER

All the guns that were bought back in the city - Bloch's trying to sell them back to Mandell.

BRADY

So what - one shipment gets lost in transit but really it's been given right back to criminals on the street? That's-

CISSIE

Horrible.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Genius.

A shared look between Cissie and Brady--

BRADY (CONT'D)

I mean for an *evil genius* kind of plan, not a plan that I condone.

ARCHER

They're meeting there again tonight to make the cash exchange.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER (CONT'D)

If I can get footage and details of when the shipment will be put on a truck and set out to be lost - I can get enough for a deal to save Mia.

CISSIE

Isn't this knowledge already enough to make that deal?

Archer rises from his chair in objection.

ARCHER

No. It's not enough for them to drop the charges. I need the plan *and* for them to catch the act in process. It's the only way.

BRADY

Dude, you can't do this alone.

Cissie latches onto Archer.

CISSIE

I'll come with you.

Archer studies Cassie's hand on his - a beat of lingering connection. Their eyes find each other and he pulls away.

ARCHER

I don't want anyone else to get hurt because of me. Especially you-you, you... *guys*. Both of you.  
(dusts awkward vibes)  
I need you as my eyes and ears.

BRADY

I guess every hero needs their own Watchtower, right?

Archer smiles with affection at Brady. Touched.

CISSIE

We'll be happy to help.

Archer leads them back to the computer. He works the keyboard, as the others huddle in.

Cissie lingers back for a beat, and withdraws her PHONE.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN - a text interface opens up of a contact reading 'Oliver (Archer's Dad).' Fingers type: "He's with us. I'll let you know where he's going when I find out."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A guilty Cissie looks up for a beat. Her phone BUZZES softly in her hands, and she re-examines it:

'Thanks'

A deep breath. Cissie joins Archer and Brady at the desk...

LANA (PRELAP)  
Can we trust her?

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - DAY

Lana and Waller sit in their opposing cells. Puzzled.

WALLER  
Can we trust the woman that wants to kill us both? I don't know - it's honestly hard to say.

LANA  
Hilarious. But you know what I mean. Can we trust that what she's telling us is the truth - that this elaborate set-up is even real?

WALLER  
You find it hard to believe that a woman who's convinced I ruined her life found a way to ensure that the only way for you to get out of here alive is if I wither away in a slow, painful death or put a bullet in my brain? Oh, honey. You're smarter than that.

LANA  
I think it's called denial.

Waller chuckles to herself, then grows stern.

WALLER  
I oversaw the creation of the technology Thorne is using. It's part of what we implemented for our special Task Force X.  
(remorseful)  
Another reason I deserve this fate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

No. I don't believe that. For every wrong you've committed in your past, there is just as much good you've done since joining ARGUS. You've saved so many lives. So many people who wouldn't be here if it weren't for you.

WALLER

And so many people who aren't here anymore because of me. Pendulum swings both ways until it lands right back here. To this very moment. To the end.

Waller stares at the gun in her hand, thinking...

WALLER (CONT'D)

I spent so much time telling myself that - it didn't matter what I had to do, what evil I had to commit, as long as I was doing it for my country and doing what I believed was right, then the ends justified the means and I would meet my maker with my shoulders back, chin up, and head held high.

Waller looks to the ceiling, as if it were the heavens.

WALLER (CONT'D)

It's taken me far too long to see the damage I've left in my wake.

A single tear breaks her tough exterior...

WALLER (CONT'D)

It's fitting. I've put the fates of others in my hands. Pulled countless triggers. Made many choices. It's only right the last fate I decide is my own.

Lana rests her head against the wall as if she were attempting to comfort Waller. Her hand caresses the wall.

LANA

Waller. We've all made--

**BANG!** The GUNSHOT silences everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A disoriented Lana slinks off the wall in a traumatic paralysis. The world seems to spin around her.

The cell door ignites with green. It opens.

A seething, painful RINGING echoes in Lana's ears over the SILENCE. She's crippled by it. Her face grows pale with knowledge, and she's compelled to her feet.

Lana staggers forward, hands holding her up from the walls, then the door. She pulls herself out of the cell.

Frozen. Lana stands opposite Waller's cell, now open.

An eerie silence beside her. Suddenly, all we can hear is the shallow breaths of a horrified Lana, unable to look at what she knows is in the next room.

Instead, Lana's fight response kicks in. She moves on...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A hesitant Pete creeps into a dark alley. He looks both ways. Shifty. Nervous. A shadow DARTS BY HIM--

Turning to... a desperate Thorne - their first meeting.

PETE

Who are you?

THORNE

As far as you have to be concerned,  
I'm just like you, Mr. Ross. A  
former agent of Checkmate.

PETE

You working for Luthor?

THORNE

God, no. I despise that man more  
than most - and with good reason.

Pete rushes to Thorne, a desperate plea--

PETE

Then why are you helping him win  
this election? Why blackmail me?

THORNE

I don't want to hurt your chances  
come November. I want your help.

(off Pete)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORNE (CONT'D)

My life was derailed by Checkmate, and I have been struggling to put any of the pieces back together to form some semblance of a life worth living. You somehow got out and now you're on track to be leader of the free world. I want the same chance that you got. The chance to start over. To live... again.

PETE

You want *me* to do that for you?

THORNE

Please.

A long pause. Pete's hesitancy grows to clarity -- he senses the same lost soul in her that he once found in himself...

PETE (PRELAP)

You always could get whatever you wanted out of me.

INT. ARGUS, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Thorne stands impatiently outside the elevator doors, with a phone to her ear. A genuine smile finds her face.

INTERCUT BETWEEN: THORNE and PETE on the phone--

THORNE

Does that mean you're taking my last bit of advice as my *last bit of advice*?

PETE

Professionally, at least.

The two share a brief chuckle. Warm.

PETE (CONT'D)

The announcement will be made tonight in a statement, and the Press Secretary will answer questions tomorrow morning. Your days in public office are officially over, my friend, as mine will be too, I'm afraid.

THORNE

It's been a good run.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

The best.

An eerie silence rests between them. Thorne notices.

THORNE

Are you okay?

PETE

I just wish Lana were here, you know? She knows me better than most and she - she believed in me from the very beginning. It feels weird not to have her here.

THORNE

(scorned)

I'm sure she's here in spirit.

PETE

Yeah.

The elevator doors finally OPEN--

THORNE

Look, I've got to go. Don't let the bastards get you down, yeah?

(beat)

Good luck, Mr. President.

Thorne disconnects from the call. She takes in a deep breath, then enters the large elevator.

INT. ARGUS, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Thorne hits 'B5' on the panel, then straightens.

A phone BUZZES, then BEEPS. It BEEPS again. And again.

Thorne scrambles her phone back out of her pocket and quickly searches the interface: 'FILE ACCESSED' 'SECURITY BREACHED.'

THORNE

No.

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - NIGHT (LATER)

Elevator doors open. Thorne rushes out towards the cells and stops short of them to see... they're both OPEN.

Another BEEP- 'FILE ACCESSED.'

(CONTINUED)

WATCHTOWER, "Thorn"

38.

CONTINUED:

OFF a panicked Thorne, realising the worst...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ARGUS, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Lana stands behind the desk and operates the keyboard with precision. Her eyes scan information at rapid speed.

A door slides open--

Entering the room is a furious Thorne. She pulls out her gun, and aims straight for -- Lana WHIPS a gun off the desk and aims back. *BANG!*

The gun erupts out of Lana's hand. She grips her wrist.

Thorne maintains her aim on Lana and approaches.

THORNE

You should have escaped when you had the chance, Ms. Lang. Now, you'll share the fate of Waller.

LANA

You're sick.

THORNE

No. No, you see the people who forced this life upon me and others *just like me* - now they're the ones who are sick. And you're willing to protect them. To cry for them. You'd rather point a gun at me than at the person who fixed a gun to my nine year old hand in the first place and told me where to point and who to shoot.

LANA

What are you talking about?

THORNE

Come on. You've had enough time to read over my files. You'd know.

LANA

I read enough to know I have to stop you.

THORNE

It's such a shame. You had the power to stop all of this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORNE (CONT'D)

You could have saved so many lives,  
but you chose to turn a blind eye.  
To stay ignorant. It makes you  
just as guilty as the rest of them.

LANA

If this is about *Eradicate*-

THORNE

(erupting)

We deserved better!

Thorne SWIPES the contents of her desk. Lana backs up.

THORNE (CONT'D)

Luthor wanted to cover up his  
tracks. He's a monster with a  
past, I get it. But you. Pete.

(long pause)

The operation could have been  
suspended. There were countless  
who hadn't yet been found - found  
like -- like I was... hunted and  
forced to flee. Abandoning a home  
because you're safer away from  
it... I knew what that was like,  
and they didn't deserve it.

LANA

It wasn't something that could be  
stopped. There wasn't some secret  
source of communication in place to  
call off Luthor's dogs. It was set  
in motion to stay in motion to  
clean house on Checkmate. There  
was nothing that anyone could have-

THORNE

Oh, but there was. I did it. I  
found them. Because I cared enough  
to look for them. To free them.

EXT. HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Thorne rings the doorbell. She nervously waits. She turns  
to the sound of a GUN CLICKING... finds NICK, aiming on her.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A car swerves in front of another and halts. A WOMAN exits,  
reaching for her gun. She stops upon sight of Thorne.

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A CHEF steps down into the alley with a cigarette in his mouth. He searches his pockets. A MATCH IGNITES. Thorne extends the flame to him. He recognises her with a smile.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A large gathering. Among them stand the Chef, and the woman, all looking at one another in recognition. Thorne arrives.

INT. ARGUS, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

A proud Thorne offers a smile back to Lana.

LANA

Did you free them, or recruit them?

Thorne's smile fades. She twitches with rage.

THORNE

The worst thing that can become of an agent is to go 'Black.' To live in the dark and never emerge in fear of your life. But I reached in and brought them back. And we promise to be thorns in the side of anything that threatens to drag us back to the black again.

LANA

(realising)

Blackthorns...

Lana studies Thorne. She moves in on her, despite the clear and present danger of the GUN AIMED ON HER.

LANA (CONT'D)

What I don't understand is - why Gotham? You target Checkmate and you go after ARGUS but... the virus hoax in Gotham? Dropping missiles on them? It doesn't add up.

THORNE

This isn't the part where I spell it all out for you. This isn't-

LANA

Unless it's a distraction.

A beat. Thorne can see Lana's mind finding the answer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA (CONT'D)

It's not the city. It's the data.  
A through-line of data connected  
and shared between the two over the  
years. The one thing remaining  
that can link back to everything  
you're trying to erase - trying to  
keep in the dark. The Watchtower.  
(realising)  
You want to destroy the database.

The gun CLICKS as Thorne refocuses her aim on Lana.

THORNE

Now I *have* to kill you.

Lana RUSHES at Thorne-

Their hands interlock on the gun, and Lana pushes her aim to the ceiling. The gun triggers. BANG!

A CEILING LIGHT SHATTERS. Glass sprays below.

Lana squirms with the gun in Thorne's hand, then RIPS it free and across the floor. A moment of relief.

CRACK! Thorne lands a hard blow. She SWINGS AGAIN-

Lana ducks the strike, then tackles Thorne into the desk where the contents atop it ERUPT. The two struggle against each other, until Thorne KICKS into Lana's side- THWACK!

A pained Lana hunches over. Thorne SPRING KICKS Lana off and onto the ground in a huff. THUD.

Delirious. Lana thinks quick. Her eyes find the GUN on the floor. It calls to her. She squirms around, onto her stomach, and crawls for it. Rushing.

SWIPING THE GUN OFF THE FLOOR-- Lana turns her aim on...

Thorne presses down on a button on her phone screen - ON an image of Lana - and it IGNITES RED.

A BUZZ OF STATIC and Lana freezes. She stiffens, releasing the gun, and tensing for a quick second before she becomes boneless and COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND.

OFF Thorne looking over a lifeless Lana...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

BOOTS clap against the wet ground- a man entering the dark alley to meet Mandell. It's Congressman Bloch.

MANDELL

I was starting to think you weren't going to show, Congressman.

BLOCH

Guess the slogan for my campaign isn't catching on as much as my strategists said it would. I'm a 'man of my word.' And a deal's a deal, right?

MANDELL

Of course.

CRANE UP above to find a series of balconies connecting to stairs where a shadowed Archer (disguised as GREEN ARROW) adjusts a CAMERA on the ledge, overlooking the meeting:

MANDELL (CONT'D)

Keys? Maybe I wasn't clear. The deal was for guns. Not keys.

Mandell throws a set of keys back to Bloch.

BLOCH

I can't exactly carry the kind of artillery you're in the business of purchasing. I can, however, give you the access you need to get it.

Bloch offers the keys back. A beat, and Mandell takes it.

MANDELL

It'll do.

Green Arrow sinks back with a victorious grin.

GREEN ARROW

I got you.

The camera TILTS off the ledge. Green Arrow moves to catch it, but BUMPS the ledge and it's echo reverberates throughout the alley. A vibrating thud that disrupts the meeting...

Mandell shifts to the noise above. Panics.

MANDELL

The Arrow!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mandell rips a gun from his jacket pocket and aims up to the heavens. He empties a clip. *BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!*

Green Arrow ducks and dives from ricocheting bullets. He slips to the next balcony, and lands hard. His QUIVER claps beside him, arrows rolling free...

POLICE SIRENS echo in the alley (O.S).

Mandell backs up, then SLAMS through a door marking his exit and disappears into--

INT. STORE - NIGHT

A door SMASHES against glass cabinets. A panicked Mandell rushes through a store, kicking and swiping merchandise aside in pursuit of the main entrance. He SMASHES THROUGH IT.

EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

Mandell scatters into the street. He looks both ways--

A BLACK VAN emerges. The door slides open. Two HENCHMEN usher Mandell into the vehicle. The door SLIDES SHUT.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A panicked Bloch backs up. He turns, noticing that he's been abandoned, then looks back to face the SCPD OFFICERS. He raises his hands to the light shining in his face...

A BOOT steps on an ARROW in a puddle... OFFICER WATSON leans down to pick it up. A moment to realise, and he LOOKS UP--

Green Arrow struggles back to their feet. He locks eyes...

OFFICER WATSON

I've got eyes on the Green Arrow.

A cuffed Bloch is pulled into a herd of officers that look up to find the Green Arrow. A stalemate, until...

OFFICER WATSON (CONT'D)

Let's get him!

GREEN ARROW

Shit.

Green Arrow scoops up his quiver, re-attaches it, then scales the stairs up. Bullets ricochet around him from below and he shields his face after every resounding GUNSHOT.

Officers erupt through an entrance in pursuit...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

SCPD Officers rush through the building. While some part for the stairs, Watson spots the ELEVATOR. A smile.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Green Arrow climbs up onto the rooftop. The door ERUPTS open.

Watson bursts out, gun in hand, and pulls the trigger- BANG!

A BOW drops. Green Arrow hits the ground beside it. He clutches at a BULLET WOUND to his arm, and heaves in pain.

OLIVER (O.S.)  
Get the hell away from him!

An ARROW pierces Watson's hand-- he DROPS the gun.

A MASKED Oliver lands from above, descending from a line wearing a BALACLAVA with his own bow and arrow.

Green Arrow rolls over on his side to spot his--

GREEN ARROW  
(soft, shocked)  
Dad?

Oliver runs over to him, and drops to his aid.

OLIVER  
Are you okay? You're bleeding...

GREEN ARROW  
I'll be fine.

Watson moves for his gun with his free hand. GRIPS it.

GREEN ARROW (CONT'D)  
Look out!

Green Arrow PUSHES Oliver back- BANG!

A DART releases from Green Arrow's hands... it CUTS THROUGH THE WIND in fast pursuit of... Watson's neck. It pierces--

The officer immediately drops the gun. They topple over.

A relieved Green Arrow and Oliver sink into each other, then--

GREEN ARROW (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing here?

OLIVER  
What the hell are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The doors ERUPT open. A flood of officers arrive...

OLIVER

Doesn't matter. We've got to go.

Oliver FIRES a descending line off the rooftop. He scoops his son up, and carries him as he JUMPS TO THE LINE--

Officers draw their guns, but it's too late.

The father and son escape on the line, off the rooftop...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

A door SLAMS open. Oliver (unmasked) erupts into the room with Archer (geared up, mask off) in his arms.

A guilt-ridden Cissie stands beside Brady by the couch...

ARCHER

Brady? Cissie? What are you--

OLIVER

They're here to make sure you're alright. Now here - lie on the couch with your arm out. I've got to patch you up and I promise this part... it will not be fun.

Oliver lowers Archer onto the couch, then scatters out.

ARCHER

You guys told on me?!

CISSIE

Brady didn't say anything, alright, it was me. I messaged your Dad.

ARCHER

Why?

CISSIE

Because of this - exactly this! Look at you. You're bleeding. You got hurt. And if your Dad didn't show up tonight... who knows what would have happened to you!

ARCHER

Maybe if you spent more time messaging your own Dad instead of mine, then maybe-

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CISSIE

(breaking)

I know why my Dad isn't returning any of my messages, okay? Your Mum wasn't the only person making a detour to Gotham when news got out about Bruce Wayne.

ARCHER

Cissie, I- I didn't know...

CISSIE

How could you? You've been too stuck in your own world to even consider what might be going on in someone else's. I shouldn't have expected any different after all these years. That's on me.

Cissie rushes out of the room.

BRADY

I'll go check on her. Just rest up, okay? Please.

Brady chases after a fleeing Cissie. Archer sinks back down on the couch. His entire world unravelling from him.

Oliver returns to the room with supplies.

OLIVER

Where did your friends go?

Archer simply looks away, holding back his tears...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A car jets down the road, escorted by two BLACK SUVS.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A nervous VALENTINA (60s, white hair, just as fiery) shuffles in the backseat with her assistant, KALIA (20s, sharp).

VALENTINA VOSTOK

That went a lot smoother than expected. Are we in the clear?

DRIVER (O.S.)

Should be out of the city and back in hiding in no time, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VALENTINA VOSTOK

Good. I don't want anymore  
surprises. My heart isn't exactly  
what it used to be.

KALIA

What even was that back there?

Valentina takes a deep breath.

VALENTINA VOSTOK

The past.  
(beat)  
And I'd like to keep it there.

KALIA

They were going to kill-

**BANG!** The entire vehicle ROCKS.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The car swerves to a halt - the tires RUPTURED. The  
accompanying SUVS in the BG also swerve to a halt.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A frightened Kalia looks out from under her hands.

KALIA

What the hell was that?

**KABOOM.** THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW -- a clear image of an SUV  
igniting in flames and ERUPTING in the BG.

VALENTINA VOSTOK

We were followed.

Valentina unfastens her belt.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Ma'am, stay in the-

**RATATATAT!** Bullets spray through the car... he is silenced.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The car door kicks open. A frail Valentina collapses out  
onto the road. She crawls up onto her knees to see...

A MISSILE connects into the second SUV. It EXPLODES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORNE (O.S.)  
Remember me?

Valentina WHIPS around to see... Thorne holds a gun to her.

Kalia exits the vehicle. She limps around to see the conflict and raises her hands. A gasp. Thorne spots her.

VALENTINA VOSTOK  
No, don't-

BANG! Kalia drops to the ground. Dead.

THORNE  
Since when did you care if others  
lived or died?

A defeated Valentina sinks into herself. Crushed.

VALENTINA VOSTOK  
What do you want from me? An  
apology? We were unconventional  
but we protected the world.

THORNE  
Liar.

The gun CLICKS. Thorne steadies her aim.

VALENTINA VOSTOK  
Whatever you think you'll get from  
this, I assure you it won't be what  
you're after. No matter how much  
you try, you can't change the past.  
You'll always be zero, four-

BANG! A bullet RIPS through Valentina's head...

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - NIGHT

Thorne FLINCHES from the memory.

Thorne sees a dead Waller. It's finally over. She then  
looks to see a motionless Lana, back in the opposite cell.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - NIGHT

A gasp. Lana erupts out of slumber. She frantically examines her environment then sinks in defeat. Imprisoned.

THORNE (O.S.)

You really thought I'd kill you?

Lana shifts to face an annoyed Thorne outside the cell.

THORNE (CONT'D)

As tangible your culpability is in all of this - killing you would only hurt an honest man. And I would never do that to Pete.

LANA

Didn't seem to care when you dropped bombs on a city full of people he loved.

THORNE

That's different.

LANA

And why's that?

THORNE

Because they're not you.

(off Lana)

The people operating behind the walls of the White House know that Press Secretary wasn't exactly the *dream role* Pete had in mind for you in his administration. No. It was being his First Lady.

LANA

Pete and I... I mean we're-- it's ancient history. If jealousy is what stopped you from making a move--

THORNE

It's not jealousy, it's simply me being observant. You mean more to him than I think you know. It's why I deactivated the chip I had planted in your skull. *That's* what knocked you out back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

Well, I'm not exactly feeling safe right now.

THORNE

You will. I've contacted your husband. He will be on his way to come and "save" you. When he gets here, I will be long gone.

LANA

What? Why would you...

THORNE

Perhaps I'm not the villain you want me to be.

Thorne motions to leave. Lana pounces to the cell door in desperation. Her hands SLAM against it.

LANA

Wait!

Thorne stops in her tracks, then looks back at Lana.

LANA (CONT'D)

There has to be a part of you deep inside that recognises what you're doing is wrong. I know you can justify it in your head with everything that has happened in your life, but there is no coming back from this. Look, I appreciate the show of mercy but I'd rather you spare the rest of the world than to just spare me.

THORNE

I can see why he loved you as much as he did. Goodbye, Ms. Lang.

Thorne turns her back and disappears down the corridor.

OFF an imprisoned Lana, left in the dust...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver patches Archer's wound up while he lies on the couch.

OLIVER

There. All done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oliver places the equipment back down on the coffee table, and leans back into a couch of his own. Archer sits up.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Don't turn on your friends. They were only looking out for you.

ARCHER

I'm not mad at them. I'm - I'm mad at myself.

OLIVER

Oh, good. Glad we're on the same page then because--

(erupts)

What the *hell* were you thinking?!

Archer shifts to the tone. He becomes just as passionate.

ARCHER

I was thinking that if I got enough leverage on someone the SCPD were actually interested in catching then I could use that to save Mia.

OLIVER

You almost got killed.

ARCHER

But I didn't-

OLIVER

Because I saved you!

Archer rolls his eyes. No come-back.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

The worst of it is... your plan would have worked. This idea you had -- it was perfect. We could have come up with a strategy to execute it in a way that was not only successful in getting Mia out, but wouldn't have ended with me watching my kid take a bullet.

Archer softens at the pain in Oliver's voice.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You're my whole damn world, Archie. My boy. I -- I can't lose you.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

When are you going to realise that I'm here for you - that I'm not some obstacle that's always in your way? We could have done this together. Saved Mia together.

ARCHER

I'm sorry, Dad. You're right.

(long pause)

It's just - it's hard to know when I come to you if I'm going to get "supportive Dad" who understands where I'm coming from and believes in me, or if I'll get "over-bearing and protective Dad" who thinks every single thing around us is a threat that could kill me.

OLIVER

I hate to break it to you, son, but that's called *being your father*.

A small comfort. Archer wells with tears.

ARCHER

I really messed up this time.

Oliver sits beside his son on the couch.

OLIVER

Nothing we can't fix.

OFF a hopeful Archer looking for comfort from his father...

INT. SECRET BASE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Doors slide open to welcome an eager Thorne. She approaches the large computer system where Nick is seated.

THORNE

Did you do it? Did you find it?

Nick types with precision on the keyboard.

The MONITOR in front of him ignites with a MAP - a BLINKING indicator identifies 'ARGUS Headquarters.'

NICK

I've got a definite location.

THORNE

It's about time.

(off Nick)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THORNE (CONT'D)

Thank you. I don't know what I'd do without you some days, Nicholas.

NICK

Well, I appreciate the sentiment but I didn't rush you over here for praise - believe it or not.

THORNE

What is it?

NICK

I introduced a bug in their system - the same bug we were taught to use during our Checkmate days. It wasn't long before the undetectable was detected - which struck me as odd - but then when I saw this it suddenly wasn't so strange.

An image on the monitor shifts to a frame of WEBCAM FOOTAGE depicting an all-knowing AMANDA WALLER.

THORNE

No. That's not possible.

NICK

Someone of her status wouldn't be just some asset to the organisation-

THORNE

(realising)

She'd be running the whole damn thing.

Thorne straightens with new purpose.

THORNE (CONT'D)

We need to bring everyone in. This concerns all of them. With Waller comes decades of information now shared with ARGUS that could be used to keep hunting us. We need to shut it down now.

NICK

To think we were just going to be piggybacking off of them. Now we've got a whole seize and destroy operation to plan out.

THORNE

The Watchtower can wait.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

A beat. Did she just say Watchtower?

THORNE (CONT'D)  
This is personal.

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES (from 'Martyr'):

- WALLER turns to find THORNE, gun-in-hand.
- ARGUS AGENTS slump at their desks from ECHOING GUNSHOTS.
- LANA raises her hands to a gun-wielding THORNE.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Pete stands by the window, overlooking the lawn. A longing.

RINGRING. RINGRING.

The PHONE on the desk strikes Pete's attention. He moves for it, almost hesitant but definitely confused. He answers.

PETE  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Steve? Slow  
down. What do you mean Lana was  
kidnapped?  
(listens)  
Okay. Okay, we'll get her home.

The call is over. Pete places the phone down, then reaches for the MOBILE in his pocket. Traces over 'Liz.'

INT. ARGUS, HEAD OFFICE - NIGHT

Thorne sits at the desk in front of the main computer.

A phone BUZZES on the desk. 'Pete.'

Thorne leans back in revelation. She simply 'declines' the call, then turns her phone over - out of sight.

A deep breath. Thorne returns to the computer.

The MONITOR displays the hard-drive. The cursor highlights over it and summons a selection. It hovers over 'Delete.'

A contemplative Thorne sits back in her chair for a beat.

CLICK. A loading bar surfaces, wiping the database...

Thorne rises from the chair, and exits.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

A stunned Pete looks at his phone with confusion. Questions clearly rattle through his mind. *Could it be?*

CRANE OUT off the damning realisation sinking into Pete...

INT. BRADY'S ROOM (GARAGE) - NIGHT

Brady sits with Cassie on the bed. His arm wraps around her back, comforting his friend. She's visibly been crying.

BRADY

I'm sorry. I'm used to being the provider of sarcasm and poorly timed jokes. Not so good at the "comforting friend" role.

A smile breaks through on Cissie's face.

CISSIE

You're doing fine.

BRADY

Oh. Okay, good.

Cissie looks at her phone. No notifications.

BRADY (CONT'D)

He's probably sleeping.

CISSIE

I know. It's just - there was a time when I thought I could tell him everything. And I know I should have told him about my Dad but there was so much going on in his world. I wanted to be there for him. Now I've lost him too.

BRADY

No. That's not true.

Brady gently nudges his friend.

BRADY (CONT'D)

I don't think there's a world out there that exists where Archer lets you fall out of his life. He needs you more than you know.

Cissie looks up from the ground to see Brady. Her pain, in this moment, eases ever so slightly...

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver stands in the living room, watching over his son who sleeps on the couch. His phone buzzes. He answers.

OLIVER

Marty? Tell me you have good news.

INTERCUT WITH: OLIVER and MAYOR SUAREZ on the phone.

MAYOR SUAREZ

I'm sorry, Oliver. I know he's your friend and all but the President seems too preoccupied trying to avoid advancing his own impeachment to talk to me. He won't touch anything close to what's happening in Gotham.

OLIVER

I should have known. I'm sorry for putting you in an uncomfortable position. I appreciate the help.

MAYOR SUAREZ

Look after yourself, alright? This city still needs you, you know?

OLIVER

Goodnight, Marty.

Oliver disconnects the call, and returns to his one-seater.

Opposite him on the couch, Archer shuffles over. He briefly wakes, noticing his father opposite him. He nestles back into a deep sleep, warm and safe...

INT. ARGUS, CELLS - NIGHT

Lana stands, isolated in her cell. She watches as the flickering lights cut - one after the other - until the last shimmering light on her BLACKS OUT.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. QUEEN LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver appears to sleep comfortably opposite his son, Archer.

*KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.*

The eruptive BANGING rips Oliver from his slumber. He JOLTS up. Looks around in a panic. *KNOCK. KNOCK.*

Oliver scurries to the door. He RIPS it open-

OLIVER

Kate?

An all-knowing KATE stands on the other side of the door...

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? *How* are you - what--

KATE

I'm here for Chloe. She's alive.

OFF the jaw-dropping reaction of one Oliver Queen...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GOTHAM, OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A pale CHLOE stares down at the ARGUS MISSILE glued into the ground in front of her. It TICKS away.

She looks up at the surrounding chaos - the city IGNITES with smoke and hellfire. Explosion after explosion.

And yet the missile at her feet remains inactive.

It sinks in that Chloe's still alive. She falls back - as if plucked to safety. She's totally overwhelmed. Short, rapid breaths. The world spins around her.

Chloe crawls back, up to her feet, and RUNS--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE