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GREEN ARROW:
ESCAPE FROM SUPERMAX

An original screenplay by
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Based on the characters from DC Comics

3/5/08

Phantom Four Films
(424) 204-0700



FADE IN

Sounds of water lapping against a hull. Endlessly, rhythmically, peacefully. And then-

SPLASH!

EXT. CARIBBEAN OCEAN - NIGHT --- 12 YEARS AGO

YOUNG OLIVER QUEEN (20s), in a soaking wet tuxedo, struggling to stay afloat in a raging ocean.

Behind him a YACHT cruises away. We can still hear DISTANT MUSIC from the party on-board.

Queen, stunned sober by the impact, tries to yell out but only swallows seawater. The yacht disappears into the fog.

HACKETT (O.S.)

What I remember are two Oliver Queens...

INT. OPULENT DINING HALL - NIGHT --- TODAY

The fully grown OLIVER QUEEN (early 30s). Strong features, light complexion, thin goatee. This guy's got it together.

HACKETT (O.C.)

There was the wild trust fund brat.
First to the party, last to leave, never without a gorgeous model on his arm...

WIDER TO REVEAL an enormous ballroom full of high society patrons, Queen sitting front and center.

HACKETT (O.C.) (cont'd)

And then there was the trust fund brat
who fell off his own yacht and resurfaced
three years later.

Standing at a podium delivering the speech is WILL HACKETT (30s), refined Englishman. Queen's childhood best friend.

HACKETT (cont'd)

That was a different Ollie. Focused,
full of principles and vision. The man
who sits before us today.

Queen smiles graciously, lifts his glass as a "thank you."

Behind Hackett, SLIDES flash on a projection screen, showing Queen doing social work in various corners of the world. A man with his sleeves perpetually rolled up.

HACKETT (cont'd)

Over the last ten years, Queen Industries has committed almost a billion dollars toward those principles. Whether it be fighting organized crime, corporate fraud, or government corruption, Oliver Queen is a warrior on the front lines. A modern day Robin Hood.

The slides turn off. Hackett looks out at the crowd.

HACKETT (cont'd)

In this world, virtue wears no suit.

APPLAUSE in the crowd. Queen focuses his attention on-

MARCUS CROSS (60s), an older CEO sitting at a nearby table. Sharp, calculating, and manipulative. He raises a toast.

Queen doesn't return the gesture.

EXT. CHECKMATE STAR CITY DIVISION HQ - NIGHT

In a different part of town, several TRUCKS have pulled into the loading bay of an anonymous industrial building. Uniformed workers carry heavy crates inside.

ON THEIR LABEL: "Checkmate World Security Initiative"

INT. CHECKMATE HQ - WAR ROOM - NIGHT

A new operation is moving in. Expensive computers being installed by Checkmate TECHS.

Overseeing this operation, tough as they come, is COL. TALEB BENI KHALID (40s). Five stars around his collar. A flag on his arm, worn proudly.

Nearby, a flatscreen TV broadcasts the evening news...

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

And in politics today, Col. Taleb Beni Khalid appeared in front of an open congressional hearing to defend his controversial Checkmate program...

Col. Khalid glances over at the TV, where he sees the image of himself speaking into a microphone.

COL. KHALID (ON TV)

Those who don the mask and cape should not be permitted to call themselves enforcers of the law. That is why our Checkmate Initiative must safeguard the public from these vigilantes.

Overhead, a massive boot screen flashes the Checkmate logo.

CHECKMATE TECH

Sir. We're online.

Col. Khalid glances up at it and smiles.

EXT. CHECKMATE HQ - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A rooftop heavily guarded by a NON-UNIFORMED SECURITY DETAIL. Walkie-talkies, Uzi's all around. One of the agents stops along the parapet and extinguishes a cigarette.

A NOISE

Like a whisper. A sharp projectile cutting through thin air. Soft, subtle, precise. The agent tilts his head curiously. Was it just his imagination? Or was it-

A GREEN ARROW

Lodging itself in his chest! The agent hits the ground.

A steel fiber wire runs from the arrow, still connected. The wire goes TAUGHT as weight pulls on it.

Another agent rushes to the scene just in time to see-

A DARK FIGURE

Emerging over the ledge, ascending via an Australian rappel harness. Before the guard can move for a weapon, the attacker raises a-

COMPOUND HUNTING BOW

Aluminum alloy, complete with two laser sights and a hinged axel pivot that snaps an arrow immediately into the mount as he pulls back and RELEASES.

The arrow lands between the agent's eyes and knocks him backwards a full ten feet before hitting the wall.

INT. CHECKMATE HQ - STAIRWELL ACCESS - CONTINUOUS

Another agent, reading the Sports section, picks up a walkie-talkie.

AGENT #1
Rooftop, check in-

Suddenly AN ARM wraps around his neck and pulls quickly. The agent struggles against his dark aggressor.

The door opens and another agent sees what's happening. He goes for his 9mm and raises it to fire when an arrow-

LANDS IN HIS HAND.

AGENT #2
Breach in the stairwell! One coming through, there could be-

He doesn't even have a chance to get the next word out, as another arrow is forcefully jammed into his throat.

INT. CHECKMATE HQ - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Four agents burst into the room. Distant GUNFIRE sounds out behind them.

AGENT #3
Everybody out. There's been a breach.

COL. KHALID
What's wrong?

AGENT #3
Sir, it's not safe for you here-

Suddenly, the LIGHTS CUT OFF. The agents put their backs together around Khalid, preparing for the worst when-

SOUNDS OF ARROWS

Cut through the darkness. One by one the bodyguards go down, arrows lodged in their chests.

Khalid picks up a 9mm off the floor and backs beneath a computer bay for safety.

FOOTSTEPS

Walk over the concrete floor. Slow and precise. Two heavy boots with KNIFE SPURS projecting from the sides. Khalid checks the safety on his 9mm. Suddenly-

A HAND

Grabs him by the shirt collar and YANKS HIM forcefully as we-

CUT TO:

INT. OPULENT DINING HALL - NIGHT

Hackett shuffles papers on the podium.

HACKETT

Anyway, it's time to hear from the man himself. Philanderer, philanthropist, philosopher... call him what you may. I'm just proud to call him my client, my wing man, and my lifelong best friend.

(pauses)

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Oliver Queen.

A STANDING OVATION throughout the ballroom.

Queen downs his champagne, straightens his bow-tie, and ascends the platform into the warm embrace of Hackett.

QUEEN

Had to use the yacht story, didn't you?

Hackett catches a glimpse of Marcus Cross behind them.

HACKETT

Did you see him? Some balls. Ten thousand dollar table at a benefit for the man he's trying to buy out.

QUEEN

At least we know he's serious.

Hackett smiles and steps off the platform. Queen looks out at the crowd. He's about to start speaking when suddenly-

POLICE BAND RADIO

Whispers through a concealed device nestled in his ear.

POLICE BAND (O.S.)

All cars in the vicinity of Fort Street.
Reports of an attack at the Checkmate HQ.

Queen pauses. This registers great concern for him. He looks out over the waiting crowd, and then...

QUEEN

I'm sorry. Sometimes virtue can't speak for itself.

And with that he walks briskly off the stage and out of the ballroom. The crowd watches with confused concern.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Queen loosens his bow tie in full stride. Hackett emerges behind him.

HACKETT

Ollie, come on. They made a cake for you. Eight layers-

QUEEN

Something's come up. I need you to cover.

(off Hackett's look)

Don't act like you don't enjoy it.

HACKETT

One of these days I'm going to run out of things to tell them...

Queen smiles and tosses Hackett his bow tie.

QUEEN

Sorry, buddy. I'll be back by dessert.

HACKETT

Go. Save the world. See what I care.

EXT. STAR CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Six police cars dart through the main avenue, sirens blazing, accelerating to eighty miles per hour.

POLICE BAND (O.S.)

Suspect last seen headed by car towards the warehouse district on Fort and Main...

ABOVE THE STREETS

WE CRANE UP to a black tuxedo discarded hastily on a rooftop, which we recognize as the one Queen was just wearing.

PAN OVER

To the OUTLINE OF A MAN soaring away across a zip line in pursuit of the police cars.

He lands on an adjacent building and does a quick somersault roll, which he finishes in a sprint that gives him enough speed to leap off towards the next rooftop, landing perfectly once again and providing us with a perfect view of-

THE GREEN ARROW (a.k.a. OLIVER QUEEN)

Tight green leather suit, quivers attached to his ankles and thighs, and a giant COMPOUND BOW running across his back. His face is concealed by a dark hood.

POLICE BAND (O.S.) (cont'd)

Scratch that, make it Fort and Wentworth...

Queen glances to his right and sees the building they're talking about. He knows a shortcut and acts accordingly, cutting over buildings where roads can't travel.

INT. TOY WAREHOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

An empty mill. The door bursts open and Queen struts in, bow drawn, ready for a fight, when he sees-

THE LOFT SPACE IS EMPTY.

Except for a single chair containing a slumped-over figure.

Queen edges closer, constantly checking sight lines. Wondering what he's walked into. He circles the chair to see-

COL. KHALID

Out cold. And not the unconscious kind. This man is dead. Killed by the object protruding from his chest, which just happens to be-

A GREEN ARROW.

Queen compares it with the others in his thigh-mounted quiver. It's a dead match. He's been set up.

POLICE BAND (O.S.)

All units, new reports just coming in... suspect has been ID'd as the Green Arrow.

QUEEN

Not good.

DISTANT POLICE SIRENS.

Just then, on all sides, the doors burst open and-

A SWAT UNIT

Ready for war, rushes the room with their rifles raised.

SWAT LIEUTENANT

Freeze! Let's see those hands!

Queen slowly raises his hands, but with a sense of purpose...

WRIST-MOUNTED CROSSBOWS

Fire cables towards the ceiling. Queen LIFTS HIMSELF high above the SWAT team.

They OPEN FIRE, but bullets are no match for a man of his speed. They ricochet off the steel struts around him.

Queen sprints along the rafters. He pulls out his bow and fires an arrow into the vertical support struts ahead of him. It LIGHTS UP. And then-

BOOM!

The arrow explodes, causing the struts to buckle inwards and Queen's platform to tilt downwards, allowing him to surf down along its slope and somersault a landing.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Queen rushes through the corridor. He hears FOOTSTEPS and sees lights at the stairwell ahead. More police coming up.

He looks to his left and sees a door labeled MEN'S ROOM.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He pushes inside and sprints towards a set of floor-to-ceiling windows on the other end of the long space...

...passing several INDUSTRIAL HAND-DRIERS mounted on the wall. He knocks off their porcelain bodies one after another as he runs by, allowing the HEATED OXYGEN VENTS to blow freely into the space.

Then he draws an arrow and fires it into a nearby radiator pipe. The METHANE GAS begins leaking loudly.

The SWAT team bursts in behind him, automatic weapons raised, and begin firing.

WHOOM!

The sparks from their rifles ignite the free-flowing methane gas, which sets off the streams of oxygen emanating from the hand-drier vents and shoots-

PLUMES OF FIRE

All across the room, causing the team to duck back and crawl to safety in the hallway.

Queen runs straight towards the GLASS ahead of him and-

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BURSTS THROUGH

Righting himself midair and GRABBING ONTO A CABLE which he uses to slide himself to a safe landing. Out of breath and exhausted. Unprepared to face-

POLICE CHIEF (O.C.)

Don't move, Green Arrow!

He spins around and realizes he is-

COMPLETELY SURROUNDED

Dozens of cops in a wide circle, all of their weapons trained on him. Squad cars stopped everywhere. It's a small army. The CHIEF stands at the front of the line.

POLICE CHIEF (cont'd)

Now drop your weapons.

ON QUEEN: the face behind the mask, still considering his options, realizing he doesn't have any. The show is over.

He pulls at a cord which causes his several QUIVERS to drop from his body. Two on his thighs, one on his back. The crossbows go next. Then his bow. Then his backup bow.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STAR CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A throng of reporters has gathered on the front steps of the station. Nobody's being let inside.

Will Hackett pulls up in a limousine and pushes his way through the reporters as if they weren't there.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

POLICE LT. CAMERON (50s). Smug, arrogant, been-there-done-that, but by the look on his face, tonight is one place he's never been nor done.

He meets Hackett at the door and they stride down a corridor towards the elevator.

HACKETT

If any of your men laid a finger on my client...

LT. CAMERON

Laid a finger? One of my rookies tried to take off his mask. Kid's gonna be brushing his teeth with his feet for the next two months.

INT. POLICE STATION - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Cameron swipes a key card and presses the button for the basement. The door closes.

LT. CAMERON

This client of yours... billionaire or no billionaire, I don't care who he is. When he straps on a suit and kills a high-ranking official... he's not getting preferential treatment.

HACKETT

Oliver Queen is not a killer.

LT. CAMERON

Oliver Queen's got nothing to do with it. This is about the Green Arrow. And the dozens of DA's who have been trying to bring him down for a long time.

They stare off for a long beat. Cameron smirks.

LT. CAMERON (cont'd)
Rock. Meet hard place.

INT. HIGH-TECH HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cameron closes the door and leaves Hackett alone inside, staring at-

QUEEN

Dangling midair from several chains, his arms wrapped across his chest, his legs twisted too. He's still in his costume, except the hood is pulled back and the mask removed. He's bruised and bleeding.

HACKETT

All this and they haven't even booked you yet.

QUEEN

Cross set me up. Sitting at my benefit, smiling the whole time...

Hackett picks up the Green Arrow mask off the floor.

HACKETT

How would he find out who you were?

QUEEN

Hackett. This is a ninety billion dollar takeover. No secret is too expensive. We've got to assume we've been totally compromised.

HACKETT

They'll freeze your assets. If they mark your expenditures as criminal activity, this takeover just got that much easier-

QUEEN

(smiles)

That's why I have the best lawyer in Star City on my side.

Hackett bites his lip thoughtfully.

HACKETT

I'll get on it.

EXT. STAR CITY FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Morning commuters read a newspaper with the headline: "BILLIONAIRE ROBIN HOOD?" Another says: "HERO OR MURDERER?" It shows Oliver Queen next to a picture of the Green Arrow.

PROTESTORS

Push by on the sidewalk, waving signs that read: "LET OUR HERO GO" and "GREEN ARROW IS A FREE MAN".

Nearby, a REPORTER speaks into a shaky camera.

REPORTER

...in a shocking turn of events, the controversial folk hero known as the "Green Arrow" has been apprehended and charged with murder. His secret identity? Star City's own billionaire playboy: Oliver Queen.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY --- WEEKS LATER

ON A TELEVISION SET: Col. Khalid is delivering his speech to Congress.

COL. KHALID (ON TV)

As world citizens, we can no longer stand by while armed vigilantes take to the streets. We must fight back.

A HAND shuts the television off. WIDER TO REVEAL-

Hackett and a DISTRICT ATTORNEY arguing in an ornate office.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

That's one hell of a motive.

HACKETT

I've got five hundred witnesses who were having dinner with Oliver Queen at the time of the murder-

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Time of death was established three hours before the fundraiser.

HACKETT

What's this really about? Bringing in a vigilante because now Checkmate says it's illegal to wear a mask?

(MORE)

HACKETT (cont'd)

(pauses)

Or are you boys just looking to finally
get a punch in?

The District Attorney smiles smugly. Leans across the table.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

This is about justice. I've been waiting
eight years for it. Your rich playboy is
going away for a long, long time.

EXT. QUEEN'S STAR CITY BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Reporters are held back behind police lines as Lt. Cameron,
the District Attorney, and a team of POLICEMEN push through
the metal gates labeled "QUEEN".

INT. QUEEN'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron and the District Attorney shine a light around the
gorgeous collections of art, mostly centering on primitive
sculpture.

LT. CAMERON

Why does a rich man with rich friends
give up everything to fight crime?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Because he thinks he's better than us.

Cameron observes a nearby ARROW mounted on the wall. He runs
his hand over it thoughtfully. And then-

IT RETRACTS

Sinking further back in the wood and unlocking a series of
wall panels in jigsaw form that suddenly PUSH BACK to reveal-

A WEAPONS ARSENAL

Thousands of arrows, all with varying functions, all labeled
accordingly. Hundreds of different bows too.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (cont'd)

Our job just got a lot easier.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION FOOTAGE. A COMMENTATOR speaks in front of grainy
AMATEUR PHOTOS of the Green Arrow, taken from afar.

NEWS COMMENTATOR

After mysteriously arriving on the scene almost ten years ago, the Green Arrow quickly became a heroic symbol to the downtrodden residents of Star City. A modern day Robin Hood.

NEWS FOOTAGE OF QUEEN being escorted into the police station by what seems like an army of officers.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (cont'd)

But now Star City has a new name for their masked man... billionaire industrialist Oliver Queen.

The images disappear and we slowly ZOOM on the commentator.

NEWS COMMENTATOR (cont'd)

None can speak for what sense of justice inspired Mr. Queen to don that famous green mask. But we do know this: the fate of this trust fund vigilante now lies in the hands of judge and jury...

EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY --- WEEKS LATER

Reporters follow Marcus Cross as he climbs the steps of the station with a small entourage in tow.

PROTESTORS camp out nearby, advocating for Queen's release.

REPORTER

Mr. Cross, will you continue with your takeover attempt of Queen Industries in light of Mr. Queen's indictment?

CROSS

I have always believed that Oliver Queen was of unfit moral character to run a billion-dollar enterprise. My only hope is that now the shareholders agree it is time for new leadership.

He continues up the stairs and disappears inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - VISITING CHAMBER - LATER

Three guards drag Queen in by long RODS attached to his neck, keeping him out of arm's reach like a wild dog.

Cross waits on the other side of the glass.

CROSS
They certainly don't leave anything to
the imagination.

QUEEN
I've been known to make quick exits.

Cross holds his hand out to one of his men, who draws forth a
pile of DOCUMENTS. He slips them into a tray.

CROSS
Oliver. You're a good businessman.
Clearly you know what's coming next.

Queen SLAMS the tray back to the other side, never breaking
eye contact with his adversary.

QUEEN
I know what you're trying to do. And
it'll never happen.

CROSS
My work is for the good of this city.

QUEEN
Privatizing slums and uprooting thousands
of people doesn't sound good to me.

CROSS
Don't act so self-righteous. You drive a
Porsche.

QUEEN
At least I never stole one.

Cross smiles slowly. Buttons his suit and prepares to leave.

CROSS
So you won't be reasoned with.

Cross leans forward and speaks close to the glass.

CROSS (cont'd)
You have no idea what I am capable of
doing, Mr. Queen.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY --- WEEKS LATER

Queen, bound in chains, is led into the courtroom by the
bailiff. In the background, CHEERS in the crowd.

The FEDERAL JUDGE silences the audience.

Hackett pats Queen on the shoulder reassuringly.

The jury walks into the room. Poker faces. No one making eye contact with the Federal prosecutors or the defendant.

JUDGE

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, please pass your verdict to the bailiff.

The FOREMAN complies. The bailiff hands it to the JUDGE, who stares at it, then passes it back.

JUDGE (cont'd)

As to the charges of murder in the first degree, how do you find the defendant, Oliver Queen?

FOREMAN

Guilty, Your Honor.

The crowd ERUPTS in rage.

Queen turns to the back of the room, where standing patiently against the wall is Marcus Cross. He smiles.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

The crowds out front have gotten violent. People push against the lines of policemen.

A PROTESTOR speaks angrily into a news camera.

PROTESTOR

The Green Arrow was the only guy who looked out for us in the slums. You take him away, you take away this city. And then what do you got left?!

A LIMOUSINE pushes through.

Bodyguards make way, ushering the Federal Judge in plainclothes through the crowd as people throw things at him.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

The Judge ducks in and pulls the door shut behind him. Sitting across from him, preparing a drink, is Marcus Cross.

JUDGE

If I sentence this man to death there's going to be a lynch mob waiting for me.

CROSS

That's why there's another option.

Cross passes him a SEALED ENVELOPE with the Checkmate logo on it. The Judge stares at the document inside.

JUDGE

This is worse than death.

Cross smiles. Hands him his drink.

INT. CRIMINAL HEARING ROOM - DAY

The room is empty but for the prosecutors, Queen, and Hackett.

Just then, in the back, the doors open and in walk-

SOLDIERS in black fatigues. CHECKMATE logos on their sleeves. A private security force, built to handle metahumans. These are not guys you mess with.

HACKETT

What the hell is this about?

The Judge enters and sits at his throne.

JUDGE

Oliver Queen, please rise.

HACKETT

Your Honor, I demand an explanation-

Queen gestures for him to stop. He rises patiently.

JUDGE

Given the very public circumstances of this trial, this Federal court faces considerable challenges in proposing a life sentence.

(pauses)

Since we have no confidence that a conventional lockup will be able to contain a man of Mr. Queen's abilities, it is the recommendation of this court that he spends the remainder of his life in the only place in the world that could lock him down... the Supermax Penitentiary for Metahumans.

Hackett stands up, banging his fist furiously on the table.

HACKETT

Your Honor, this is out of line! My client has no special abilities-

JUDGE

I hereby surrender your life to the custody of the Checkmate Initiative.

(pauses)

May God help you.

The Judge SLAMS his gavel on the podium.

ON QUEEN: flinching ever so slightly.

INT. HIGH-SECURITY HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Queen sits alone in a cinder-block room, handcuffed and shackled on each of his limbs. He can barely move.

The heavy steel doors OPEN and Hackett is escorted inside. He carries with him a tray of food.

HACKETT

You look like a man who could use one last hot meal.

QUEEN

The appeal?

Hackett shakes his head. Queen can't help but smile, it's so absurd.

QUEEN (cont'd)

Supermax. The Alcatraz for super-villains. Probably half the inmates are there because of me.

HACKETT

Cross initiated the audit this morning. He's advocating your standing be thrown out due to fraud.

(pauses)

Ollie, I'm so sorry.

QUEEN

Did you bring the papers?

Hackett gives him a reluctant look.

QUEEN (cont'd)

Don't bail on me now. If we don't do this, he's going to have access to all of my assets. Pockets nobody should have access to.

HACKETT

The, um... archery expense account?

QUEEN

Make it disappear. I'm authorizing you to do whatever it takes. Bounce it around. Buy me some time.

HACKETT

Time for what?

Queen smiles him knowingly.

QUEEN

You didn't think I'd rot in prison while some murderer is on the loose, did you?

HACKETT

Ollie. Supermax, it's a one-way ticket. No one has ever escaped-

QUEEN

I've gotten out of worse and you know it.

Hackett sighs, reaches into his briefcase. Pulls out a series of legal documents and a pen.

QUEEN (cont'd)

(glances at security cameras)

Careful. They don't like it when I find sharp objects lying around.

He opens his mouth. Hackett puts the pen in and he signs while holding it with his teeth.

HACKETT

This is where we say good-bye.

QUEEN

Cheer up. I'm not dead yet. Not literally, at least.

Just then, over the tick of a nearby radiator, they HEAR...

NOISES OF A CROWD

Outside the thin sliver of the window, not large enough for a human to fit through. Queen and Hackett peer outside to see-

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A CANDLELIGHT VIGIL

Where hundreds of people have gathered, staring up at the prison in silence. Some carry signs that read "THANK YOU GREEN ARROW", others read "COME HOME SOON".

It's an emotional good-bye to a local hero. One last reminder of who he is to these people. And what he has lost.

INT. HIGH-SECURITY HOLDING CELL - MORNING

Queen wakes up to the sound of the METAL DOORS OPENING in the darkness.

HANDS GRAB HIM

Dragging him in a stranglehold across the floor, slamming shackles onto his hands, ankles, etc.

CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS:

Queen being thrown into a barber's chair. His blonde hair shaved into a buzz cut. His goatee shaved off entirely.

The Green Arrow uniform being shoved into a sealed plastic bag, buried in a deep storage closet, sealed up and vaulted.

Queen being fastened to some kind of mobile chair. Iron restraints on all sides. A MASK slammed over his face so he can't bite his way through anything.

EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

An enormous C-130H HERCULES CARGO PLANE. Painted on the side is a CORPORATE LOGO: "Checkmate Security Initiative."

A HUM-VEE arrives and the Checkmate soldiers lift out Queen, tranquilized and bound in his metal chair restraints. KEYS dangle from one of their belts.

His mask is removed. He finds himself staring at a FEDERAL MARSHAL, waiting beside the soldiers.

FEDERAL MARSHAL

Oliver Queen. You are about to be incarcerated in the Supermax Penitentiary for Metahumans. You are no longer a member of free society, and any words you speak will no longer be recorded on public record.

(pauses)

Do you have any final words?

Queen raises his hand slightly. Everyone looks down to see-

HE'S HOLDING THE HANDCUFF KEYS!

The soldiers all jump on him, prying the keys away while violently restraining him.

QUEEN

Tell Cross I'll see him when I get back.

The Marshal nods his order to the Checkmate men.

A tough soldier with a spider-web tattoo on his face practically spits into Queen's eyes as he speaks...

CHECKMATE SOLDIER

How do you like the silver spoon now, rich boy?

Then he jams a TRANQUILIZER into his arm. Queen fades almost immediately.

They lift him out of his chair and shove him into an enormous-STEEL-PLATED TRANSFER BOX

Like a shipping crate, except with air-holes. This thing could contain the strongest of the strong.

INT. THE CROSS COMPANY - PENTHOUSE OFFICES - NIGHT

Cross hangs up his mobile phone, having just received news.

CROSS

He's gone.

WIDER TO REVEAL

Several high-priced ATTORNEYS sitting around a giant table, passing documents back and forth.

CROSS (cont'd)

I don't even want his name left on the letterhead when this is done.

ATTORNEY

Do we have the authorization from the consigned officer?

Cross looks expectantly to his left. PAN OVER to reveal-

HACKETT

Sitting next to him, holding Queen's papers in his hands.

HACKETT

Yeah. I have it right here.

Hackett passes the forms across the table. Straightens his tie self-consciously. He catches a glimpse of himself in the reflection of the window. He doesn't like what he sees.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACKNESS.

Noises of a CRANE LIFTING. The crate settling into place inside the C-130H. Hydraulic doors closing. The plane engine starting up. Take-off.

LATER:

OLIVER QUEEN. Lying in half-darkness, listening as the plane reaches 30,000 feet.

LATER:

The plane loses altitude. TOUCHES DOWN on a hard tarmac.

LATER:

DOORS OPENING.

Bright light pouring through. Queen shields his eyes. How long has he been in here?

PRISON GUARDS

Drag him out of the crate and pull him along the floor.

Queen catches glimpses of a LARGE HANGAR. Overhead fluorescents. Other guards, fully armed and in Kevlar...

LATER:

HANDS HOLDING HIM DOWN

A mechanical syringe injects his forearm with a COMPUTER CHIP. We can see it glowing beneath his skin. We will call this a Parallax Device.

ON A COMPUTER MONITOR: Queen's chip activates on a three-dimensional grid.

As he FADES OUT of consciousness again, we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAPTISM GALLERY - LATER

A sterile, hollow void. No windows. Cold steel surfaces. All you'd need to clean this place is a bucket of water.

Queen awakes on the floor. Several chains hold him down.

A DOZEN PRISON GUARDS

On a gallery above the main floor, rifles trained on him. He's in some kind of pentagonal chamber. Like an operating theater. No one stands on his level. Until-

A MECHANIZED SLIDING DOOR

Opens and in walks a SINGLE FIGURE. Silhouetted at first, but as the door closes we see-

A WOMAN.

Beautiful features. Shaved head. Smart suit. High heels. Piercing dark eyes that exude Zen-like calm. This is AMANDA WALLER (black, 40s). Technically the warden of Supermax, she's more like the priest.

WALLER:

Hello, 9242. My name is Amanda Waller.

She stops at the edge of a painted circle.

WALLER (cont'd)

Your sedative should be wearing out by now, which means everything I am going to tell you will be lucid and understood.

(MORE)

WALLER (cont'd)

(pauses)

Allow me to introduce you to Supermax.
Your home for the rest of your life.

Queen laughs to himself.

Waller doesn't smile. She's seen men like him before.
Strong. Unbreakable. She's broken them too.

WALLER (cont'd)

You think you don't belong here?

QUEEN

I think you and I both know that answer.

Waller purses her hands gently behind her back. Then she
nods at one of the guards on the second level, who reaches to
a control panel and PRESSES A BUTTON.

Queen VIOLENTLY CONVULSES, shaking until he hits the ground.

The guard releases the button.

Queen looks down at his forearm, studying the PULSING RED
Parallax Device beneath the surface of his skin.

WALLER

Col. Khalid was a friend of mine. I want
you to know that.

INT. BAPTISM GALLERY - LATER

The guards each take turns beating at Queen while he crouches
naked in the middle of the floor.

One of these guards is PENOTTI (40s). A good ol' southern boy.
Always with a gap-toothed sneer.

OFFICER PENOTTI

Ain't so tough without his mask.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATER

A bruised and bloodied Queen is handed a GREEN JUMPSUIT and
green sneakers. A PIN NUMBER is ironed to its back. 9242.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Queen stands naked, holding his clothes in his arms, escorted
by two guards. They use USE SIM CARDS for access.

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - LATER

The elevator doors open and Queen steps out into a long hallway. Dark and sterile. Steel walls.

Above him, SECURITY CAMERAS pivot back and forth.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - LATER

A colossal cylindrical space, towering to a staggering height beneath a sun-drenched dome far above our heads. On all walls we see the jail cells of hundreds of prisoners.

The naked Queen is escorted down Broadway. Prisoners catcall him from every direction.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

One hundred square feet. A mattress on a mounted steel base. A toilet in the corner. A sink. A shelf to place belongings. And a spherical security camera on the ceiling.

The doors SLAM SHUT behind him.

Queen stares up at the camera, knowing Waller's eyes are on him right now. He cracks a grin. Waves at her.

INT. WALLER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

ON THE IMAGE OF QUEEN: staring up at the camera.

WIDER TO REVEAL...

The ultimate screening room. The central cortex. Waller's personal space is like a giant high-tech panopticon.

A reclining seat in the center, staring upwards at the projected images of HUNDREDS OF SCREENS. Using a touch-pad she can bring up any image into full view and move them around at will. Sound flows in from dozens of speakers, providing her with a way to hear every conversation.

We'd call it voyeuristic, but this goes ten steps above that. This is downright insane.

Waller reaches up and MINIMIZES Queen's monitor.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - LATER

Queen dresses himself in his green jumpsuit.

Above him, near the ceiling is some kind of PORTAL looking outside. He can't reach it, and it is slanted upwards. Through the opening, he can HEAR sounds of seagulls.

VOICE (O.C.)

(whisper)

Say hey, friend.

A fist sticks out of the neighboring cell for a pound. Queen hesitates a moment, then touches it, only to be-

ELECTROCUTED ON CONTACT!

He falls backwards. His neighbor, a Japanese man known as SHOCK TRAUMA (30s), laughs hysterically.

A WOMAN stands in a cell on the opposite end of the gallery. She wears an orange jumpsuit. Gorgeous, athletic, auburn hair tied back in a bun. This is GEMINI (20s).

GEMINI

Trauma, give it a break. You'll get us in trouble.

SHOCK TRAUMA

Just playing with the new guy, Gemini. You want your shot?

Queen starts to stand up again, ready for a fight, when-

GEMINI

Careful. Don't want to upset your device.

He looks down at the red pulsing light on the Parallax Device on his forearm. It blinks at a higher rate.

GEMINI (cont'd)

Waller's eyes on the inside. Tracks heart rate, location, meta input. You start trouble, use your powers a little too much... she'll know.

QUEEN

And then what happens?

ANOTHER VOICE (O.C.)

Brother, you don't wanna know.

Queen turns back to the window overhead. He looks down at his shoes. Smooth, slick rubber. Looks over to the bed frame, bolted to the ground.

SHOCK TRAUMA

What's your name, new guy?

He removes his shoes and begins dragging their soles along the sharp edge of the frame, cutting grooves in them.

GEMINI

Sooner or later we're going to find out.
We always do.

Queen puts his shoes back on and tries them on the slick steel walls. He now has traction.

He gets a grip on the window sill and glimpses out towards-
MILES OF BLUE OCEAN. Not a landmark in sight.

QUEEN

Where are we?

SHOCK TRAUMA

Australia. The original penal colony.

ANOTHER VOICE

That ain't the place, Trauma, and you know it. There's a northern breeze outside.

YET ANOTHER VOICE

Bullshit. We're in the Bahamas baby!

Gemini smiles.

GEMINI

As you can see, there's been some debate.

QUEEN

Nobody's ever been out there?

GEMINI

One time. All that came back was a body in a bag.

(pauses)

So how about a name?

Queen sits back on his bed. He can only play this game for so long.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
I'll give you a name.

IN A CELL BELOW:

Glass-encased, air-tight and maintained at an incredibly high temperature, is a BLACK MAN sweating bullets. He wears an orange jumpsuit. We will know him as CAMERON MAHKENT (30s).

MAHKENT
I know that voice anywhere.

ON QUEEN: staring down at Mahkent across the divide.

MAHKENT (cont'd)
Ain't that right, Green Arrow?

All around A-Block, the prisoners fall silent. You could hear a pin drop in here.

The two men make eye contact as we FLASH CUT to-

INT. BANK VAULT --- FLASHBACK

A COLD HAND gripping the wheel on a vault door, lowering its temperature so much that the wheel snaps off and gives the man access to the bullion inside.

WIDER TO REVEAL

A younger Cameron Mahkent, a.k.a. ICICLE, his body entirely encased in ice, carrying a backpack to gather his prize. That's when he feels-

AN ARROW AT HIS BACK

Behind him is Queen, in his Green Arrow outfit.

QUEEN
Not another move.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL --- TODAY

ON MAHKENT: his skin momentarily freezing over before the high heat of his cell reduces him back to normal temperature.

MAHKENT
Good to see you. We're gonna have some fun together real soon.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Everyone in A-Block is asleep. Silence. Not even a whisper.

Queen lies on his back, staring up at the ceiling as he hears a RUMBLING NOISE beyond the walls. Just then-

WHOOM!

He is suddenly pulled off his bed as the entire cell moves backwards, being sucked into the wall itself!

Queen clings onto the frame for support and stares through his bars as he is carried through-

A VAST BLACK VOID

A giant hydraulic calculus of dancing lights, where each light is another prison cell, dangling from hundreds of giant mechanical claws, moving the cells in concentric circles, spinning them into new locations and finally-

CLANK. They are all put back into place.

Queen stands up, looking out through his bars at the restored A-Block, only to see that-

ITS SHAPE HAS CHANGED!

All of the cells have been rearranged. Even the corridors move in different lines. We have no idea which way is out.

GEMINI (O.C.)

Eventually you'll sleep right through it.
They re-configure every night.

Queen looks up at Gemini, now three rows over his head.

GEMINI (cont'd)

Disorientation. Makes you think twice
about breaking out, doesn't it?

Queen shrugs.

GEMINI (cont'd)

Just out of curiosity, what's the Green
Arrow doing in Supermax anyway?

QUEEN

Would you believe I'm innocent?

GEMINI

I'd look out if I were you. This is a bad place to be a good guy.

QUEEN

Don't count me out yet.

Gemini smiles. Queen lies back down and tries to sleep.

INT. SUPERMAX - A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - MORNING

The bars slide open and everyone steps onto a yellow line.

Queen surveys the sordid assembly of prisoners. Metahumans, regulars alike. All types of shapes and sizes, each wearing uniforms of varying colors for classification.

They look very pleased to see him.

A giant RED SPHERE hovers above an iris vault door on the floor. It turns GREEN and everyone begins walking. Queen moves in formation.

He passes a few cells that are SEALED UP, their prisoners still inside. On one door, vaulted closed, we see the label: "2714: JOKER".

In another sealed cell, smiling at Queen through the acrylic glass, is MAHKENT.

MAHKENT

Good luck out there.

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A long hallway. Hundreds of prisoners walk compliantly beneath the watchful eyes of a dozen surveillance cameras.

Queen hears more RUMBLING in the walls. This hallway has completely re-configured. Different doors lead in different directions now. The whole prison has changed shape.

He steps towards a doorway just as-

ALARMS RING OUT! His feet are outside of the yellow line.

A VOICE, booming over the monitors above:

VOICE (O.C.)

Back in line, 9242.

An inmate in an orange jumpsuit comes up behind him. Blonde-haired, southern accent, overeager, but winning despite it all. His name is SPLIT (early 20s).

SPLIT

You wanna keep breathing the fresh air, I suggest you jump back. We don't get a very long leash around here.

Queen weighs his options. Steps back in line.

SPLIT (cont'd)

So you're the Green Arrow.

QUEEN

Please. Call me Queen.

SPLIT

Don't worry, I ain't gonna come after you. I just never saw a cape in the flesh before.

(pauses)

Name's Split.

Queen pushes through a door. It SLAMS SHUT in Split's face. And then-

HE WALKS RIGHT THROUGH IT. He's a teleporter.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Shit, they're not gonna like that...

Split suddenly grips his temples like he's having the migraine of a lifetime. On his forearm, his Parallax Device FLASHES WILDLY.

After a few moments, the blinking subsides.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Can't so much as walk through a door without sneezing blood for a week.

QUEEN

They stop you from using your powers?

SPLIT

Yup. We use too much and this thing lights up like a six-year old girl at a tea party.

They continue walking, following the line of prisoners towards a massive steel iris opening.

QUEEN

Split. You know your way around here?

SPLIT

Sure, three years in the 'Max. Why?

QUEEN

How about a tour for the new guy?

SPLIT

A tour?

(smiles)

Hell, from me, you'll get the VIP
breakdown.

EXT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

An enormous track and field, complete with assigned areas for weight work, a soccer game, and people who just want to walk in circles.

Behind them, the dome-like shape of the prison looms beneath a bright blue sky.

We see all kinds of superpowers here. From superstrength, speed, to a man with leaves covering his arms who sits in a sandbox, beckoning ferns to grow at will. Fans will know him as FLORONIC MAN (70s).

SPLIT

Welcome to Gen Pop. They figured out a couple years ago that inmates started going hog wild when their powers were completely shut down --- made it too hard to hold down the fort. So here we get supervised usage, one hour every day, as long as it's under control.

Surrounding them are heavy walls. A tungsten osmium-iridium compound. Cameras and SHOTGUN MICROPHONES scan for conversations. Guards keep watch behind heavy artillery.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Rec yard is reserved for inmates Waller can control. Some folks, their powers are too much. We call them Class Five. Permanent lock-down back in the cells. But the rest of us get free reign.

Queen watches a FLOCK OF PIGEONS take off from the soccer field, flying through the air and cutting west before they disappear in the sky.

QUEEN

This is it? This is Supermax?

SPLIT

It's no Four Seasons, but hey, at least they keep the ladies in here with us.

(pauses, winks)

Of course; these women fall in two categories: the kind you wouldn't want to screw, and the kind who'd kill you if you tried.

Queen points to the perimeter walls.

QUEEN

Why doesn't someone just jump that wall?

SPLIT

Ask Count Vertigo. He tried it once. Parallax Device hit him so hard he don't even know what day it is anymore.

Split points towards COUNT VERTIGO (50s), sitting on a bench, drooling and twitching uncontrollably.

SPLIT (cont'd)

You see, Queen, that's how Waller works. Only one way to break men like us. You break 'em from the inside.

Queen nods knowingly.

SPLIT (cont'd)

So out here, we got three groups. First, the mortals. Green suits. Not a lot of you in here.

They pass a cluster of prisoners in BLUE JUMPSUITS, all fragile-looking men, playing with children's blocks like they were regressed preschoolers.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Then we've got the geniuses. Blue suits. Extreme intelligence, they call it. Luthor's somewhere around here. But he ain't the old Lex. They're injected with a counter-balance. Basically makes 'em dumb all day.

(whispers)

I hear it's ganja, but don't tell no one.

Queen keeps his eyes on one of them, scraggly red hair with glasses. Fans will recognize him as the CALCULATOR (40s).

SPLIT (cont'd)

Finally we've got orange. My boys.
Meta. Superpowers. Strength, sight,
speed, heat, teleporting, even some stuff
you probably haven't seen on the streets.

They walk by the weight area, a chicken-wire cage where
enormous prisoners work on their shape. One runs on a giant
hamster wheel.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Parallax Device keeps us in check, but
still don't mean they're pushovers.

A behemoth of a man finishes his bench press and sits up.
He's an animal-like monster. Beyond human. This is
BLOCKBUSTER (40s).

He stares Queen down... and SMILES maliciously.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Blockbuster. He kind of runs things in
here. You wanna keep breathing, steer
clear of that guy.

As they walk past, Queen notices an OLDER PRISONER watching
them from afar. In an orange jumpsuit, with pale green eyes.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Queen and Split enter a large mess hall. Thick walls.
Cement flooring. Steel tables bolted to the ground. More
shotgun microphones and cameras. Constant surveillance.

They pass through a SCANNER that feeds back their vitals to a
guard booth on the wall.

IN THE BOOTH: each prisoner gets multiple layers of scans,
from thermal to gamma, making sure they aren't carrying any
foreign objects. The only things that register are the
Parallax Devices in their arms.

Guards hand out PAPER CARDS to each prisoner in a line.

SPLIT

Flex cards. More service hours you log,
more cards you get. You can trade 'em in
for rec hours, extra rations. It's
Waller's way of giving back to the world.

Queen takes his food and sits down next to Split. He looks
around for utensils.

QUEEN

No silverware?

SPLIT

You get used to your hands real fast.

Queen regards his HOT OATMEAL, unimpressed. Suddenly-

WHAM!

Two powerful hands SLAM DOWN on the table, shaking Queen's bowl of oatmeal. He looks up to see-

IRON CROSS (20s)

An enormous man with Aryan Nation tattoos all over his ugly face. Behind him are several other neo-Nazis, including HEATMONGER (female) and BACKLASH.

Split picks his food up.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Good meeting you, Queen.

And with that, he TELEPORTS to the other side of the room.

Iron Cross GRABS Queen and lifts him up to face level.

IRON CROSS

I'm hearing the Green Arrow's come to Supermax.

QUEEN

Yeah? When you see him, let me know.

Iron Cross TOSSES HIM sideways.

One of the guards moves for an ALARM button, but Officer Penotti holds him back. He wants to see the new guy prove himself.

Queen slides along the concrete floor, then picks himself up, dusts off, and returns to his seat. Refusing to fight.

IRON CROSS

Check it. We got ourselves a pacifist.

QUEEN

You really don't want to fight me.

Heatmonger, a beautiful redhead, leans over the table. Her hands, pressed on the surface, melt the steel.

HEATMONGER

Tough talk from little men always gets me
so... hot...

Queen glances down, seeing that she's inadvertently HEATED
his bowl of oatmeal to boiling temperature.

QUEEN

Let me help.

With a quick flick of his wrist, he suddenly-

FLIPS THE STEAMING OATMEAL INTO HER FACE!

Heatmonger screams and clutches her cheeks. Backlash reaches
out with an extending arm, which Queen quickly takes in a
firm grip and-

TWISTS BACKWARDS!

Snapping his bone. The arm goes limp. Queen leaps out of
his seat while Iron Cross raises his fist and-

SLAMS IT DOWN

On the steel table, shattering its already-melted form into a
hundred pieces.

Penotti hits the ALARM. Guards rush the cafeteria.

Queen picks up broken steel fragments of the table and tosses
them at Iron Cross like throwing stars. Each one lodges
itself into his enormous form as he gets closer and closer.

Finally, Iron Cross picks Queen up in both arms and HEAD-
BUTTS him in the face.

Queen rears back, slightly dazed, bleeding from the mouth.
Then he SMILES.

QUEEN (cont'd)

You knocked out some teeth.

IRON CROSS

I'll knock out more than that...

Just as Iron Cross prepares to squeeze the life out of him,
Queen suddenly-

SPITS SEVERAL LOOSE TEETH

Into his throat, causing Iron Cross to choke and fall to his knees. He gasps desperately for breath. Queen takes him by the hair and slams his face into the bench.

And then-

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK runs from his arm throughout his entire body. Queen convulses and hits the ground.

INT. WALLER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Waller watches quietly from her throne, having just delivered the shock via his Parallax Device.

WALLER

That's enough fun for now.

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - LATER

Giant HANGING HYDRAULIC CLAWS slide along a horizontal track down the hallway, each of them carrying within its grip...

Iron Cross, Heatmonger, Backlash, and Queen

Dangling upside down, held at the ankles by the high-tech contraptions. They convulse spastically, still injected with inhibitors from their pulsing Parallax Devices.

INT. WALLER'S SUITE - NIGHT

Queen lifts his head. He's coming back into focus. His hands and legs are bound by separate metal claws extending from the ground.

WALLER (O.C.)

Whose side are you really on, 9242?

Sitting in her leather chair before him is Amanda Waller. Hundreds of monitors behind her.

WALLER (cont'd)

There you were, a man of incalculable wealth, all the resources in the world. You could have fought crime through any means. But instead you chose to do so outside of the law. Why?

QUEEN

All the money in the world can't make it a safer place.

WALLER

No. That's why Checkmate is here.

They stare off for a long, slow beat.

WALLER (cont'd)

We're not that different, you know. I used to believe in the goodness of mankind, in the importance of right over wrong. But that's not true anymore. In a world of capes and masks, all we have is the law to show us the way.

QUEEN

It doesn't bother you that Col. Khalid's real killer is still out on the street?

WALLER

He's not. I'm looking at him.

QUEEN

I was set up.

WALLER

Not according to the law.

Waller smiles, leans forward.

WALLER (cont'd)

Supermax isn't just a place to house the degenerates of society. It's our only meaning in a compromised world.

(pauses)

It's the line in the sand.

She presses a BUZZER on her desk. The guards enter.

WALLER (cont'd)

Six weeks in the hole. Good luck, 9242.

INT. B-BLOCK - "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - LATER

Officer Penotti and two other guards toss Queen into a pitch-black room and slam the hatch shut.

Queen feels around. He's in a small box. Seven feet by seven feet with a seven foot tall ceiling. Not an ounce of light in any direction.

His eyes adjust to the darkness. He catches vague glimpses of writing on the walls. Scratches. Day markers. Personalized notes.

One of them reads, "E Nigma was here."

Queen runs his hands along it slowly as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUEEN INDUSTRIES BOARD ROOM - DAY

Bright sun pouring in through the filtered windows.

Hackett and Cross, with multiple ATTORNEYS flanking them, sit across the table from the SHAREHOLDERS of Queen Industries.

A CITY CLERK scours legal papers. And then finally:

CITY CLERK

No, this won't do.

HACKETT

What do you mean it won't do? I have complete power of attorney, granted by Oliver Queen himself-

CITY CLERK

This is an emergency authorization. It entitles you to make executive decisions within the framework of the title. However, acquisitions are a different breed. You can't hand over a company without explicit consent.

CROSS

Now hold on, we were told this would be sufficient-

The clerk shakes his head and passes the documents back.

HACKETT

Mr. Queen is in an unreachable prison for the rest of his life. How are we supposed to get some kind of consent?

CITY CLERK

He'd have to be declared dead before his estate is released.

Cross and Hackett share knowing glances.

INT. "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

BLACKNESS.

Sounds of breathing. Labored at first, but gradually calming to a steady rhythm.

We get a glimpse of Queen, now aged what must be a few weeks. On his face is a fair amount of stubble. His skin is pale.

HIS FINGERNAILS

Have grown considerably. He holds one up to another. He's using them to measure time. With one of his buttons, he etches a VERTICAL MARK on the wall alongside several others.

Counting the days. TWENTY.

LATER:

QUEEN'S BLOODSHOT EYES

Watching as the hatch opens and his food slides in. He jumps at it, reaching for the guard's hands, only to be-

ELECTRO-SHOCKED

Through his Parallax Device. He falls back, gripping his arm in pain. Kicks the tray in frustration.

LAUGHTER on the other side of the door.

LATER:

QUEEN SLEEPING

His body having given way to deterioration. Lack of sunlight. Lack of physical contact. Utter insanity.

ON THE DOOR: beneath the crack, vague light emanates. Movement punctuates its steady glow. Small creatures slipping under. ANTS. Hundreds of them.

Queen shoos them away. But they persist, walking in a circle and then STOPPING. Frozen, as if sensing his presence.

THEY ARE FORMING A SHAPE!

Words on the floor. A sentence. It reads: "TALK TO ME"

QUEEN

Talk to who?

The ants re-configure themselves: "YOU ARE NOT ALONE"

QUEEN (cont'd)

You're not real.

TRACK IN

Along the line of ants, finally squeezing beneath the crack of the door, through the corridor outside isolation...

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING along the ground, into the hallways, through the legs of heavily-armed guards, beneath another set of doors...

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Moving past cell after cell, finding our way to...

INT. HARTLEY'S PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

HARTLEY RATHAWAY (60s). A sly, intellectual affectation and enough dignity to show he's had his fair share of battles. His eyes are PALE GREEN. He can hear through the ants.

We recognize him as the older prisoner from the yard.

HARTLEY

Very real indeed, Mr. Queen.

INT. "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Queen stares down at the ants: "VERY REAL INDEED"

QUEEN

Who are you?

NOTE: the following conversation will be split between two screens as the two men speak through this medium of exchange. The ants will not be onscreen --- rather it will seem as if the men are speaking directly to each other.

HARTLEY

My name is Hartley Rathaway. They once called me the Pied Piper. I've been in Supermax since the beginning.

Queen nudges the ants. They immediately go back into place.

QUEEN

You talk to ants?

HARTLEY

All creatures that can be manipulated by high sonic frequencies.

Queen violently kicks away at the ants, trying to dispel them. They insistently pull back into formation.

QUEEN

What do you want from me?

HARTLEY

Your trust. Your faith. And your willing partnership in our escape.

Now he's got Queen's interest.

QUEEN

Sorry. I'm not a villain.

HARTLEY

That doesn't matter. No man belongs in this place. Good or bad, we're all victims within these walls. Raped by the inhumanity. It's the souls they're violating. That's why we must escape. So the world can see this injustice.

QUEEN

You brought this on yourselves. All of you deserve to be in Supermax.

HARTLEY

I thought the Green Arrow was a crusader-

QUEEN

The Green Arrow is dead!

Hartley shakes his head slowly.

HARTLEY

No. He just needs to change.

(pauses)

Tell me how you became the Green Arrow.

ON QUEEN: remembering as we FLASH CUT to-

EXT. TROPICAL DESERT ISLAND --- 12 YEARS EARLIER

The younger Queen awakes on a beach, drenched in his tuxedo and hung over as hell. He looks around.

An empty island. Dense jungle all around. No Club Meds.

QUEEN (O.S.)

I was stuck in a place where a checkbook
couldn't save me.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Queen huddles against a tree, VOMITING his guts out. Beside him is a bush full of half-eaten berries. He wipes his mouth, kicks the berries away. So much for dinner.

In the distance, the CRIES OF A BOAR. Queen huddles closer.

EXT. BEACHFRONT - DAY

A boar stands near a shrub, chewing away at the vegetation. Just then, behind it-

A WOODEN SPEAR

Darts through the air. It strikes the boar and BOUNCES OFF, not even piercing the skin. The boar runs away.

Queen emerges from the jungle, disheartened.

EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING

Queen works relentlessly on carving out thin projectiles from nearby sticks. He notches the backs.

Then he assembles a bow using dry balsa wood and a spindle of coconut fibers as string. He bends it carefully, slowly, until it-

SNAPS AND SLICES HIS HAND. Blood flows immediately.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A herd of boars runs wildly from an unseen attacker. Emerging from the woods is-

QUEEN

More muscular now, drawing back on the bow with powerful hands and FIRING!

The arrow darts confidently across the landscape, striking a male boar. The creature slides to a stop.

HARTLEY (O.S.)
 You built yourself from nothing.

EXT. BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

Queen cooks the boar over an open fire using a dangling spit he has rigged from a tree. He thoroughly enjoys his meal.

EXT. STAR CITY SEAPORT - DAY --- THREE YEARS LATER

Throngs of REPORTERS surround the dock as an exhausted Queen is escorted off a Coast Guard cutter. He shields his eyes from the flashbulbs.

HARTLEY (O.S.)
 And when they found you three years later, you were a changed man. You understood the reason behind your simple existence, yes?

INT. "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT --- TODAY

Queen nods slowly.

QUEEN
 I finally knew who I was.

HARTLEY
 Good. Let me help you find yourself again.

INT. CONFINEMENT MONITORING BOOTH - DAY

A guard watches Queen's image in night-vision, where all we can see is him seemingly talking to the floor.

GUARD
 Check it out. He's losing it.

INT. "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

Weeks have passed. Queen uses a sharpened piece of concrete flooring to shave off his long beard.

HARTLEY (O.S.)
 The Green Arrow is dead, but he can be reborn.

(MORE)

HARTLEY (cont'd)

He is the only man who can show the world
that cages like this should never exist.

INT. HARTLEY'S PRISON CELL - DAY

Hartley stares at the sliver of sunlight moving across his
wall from the portal window.

HARTLEY

None of us deserve Supermax. Deep down,
you know it's true.

INT. "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - DAY

LIGHTS FLOOD IN.

Officer Penotti enters. He dangles a long set of chains.

HARTLEY (O.S.)

All that remains is a question for you,
Oliver Queen...

Queen sits in the corner, smiling and healthy.

HARTLEY (O.S.) (cont'd)

Can you build yourself from nothing once
again? Can you learn to trust those you
once despised?

Queen stares up at Penotti. Proud and unafraid. He sticks
his hands out. Waiting for the cuffs.

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - LATER

The guards escort Queen down the hallway. He passes Split,
mopping the floor, and winks. Split smiles back.

OVERHEAD:

From the catwalk, Amanda Waller looks down at him. Trying to
read his thoughts.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

The cell doors close behind Queen.

ON HARTLEY: staring at him from across the way. They make
eye contact and smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUEEN INDUSTRIES - HIGH-RISE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Hackett stares out at the Star City skyline, hands pursed behind his back. Conflicted and pensive.

Behind him, his luxurious new offices. ASSISTANTS running back and forth. Power embodied.

ASSISTANT

Your guest just arrived.

INT. HACKETT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Several FEDERAL MARSHALS, rifles cocked and ready, stand in a wide circle around a single prisoner, just arrested, still in plainclothes, bound in chains.

TWO BOOTS

Are kicked up on the desk. Spurs on the edges. The same ones we saw go after Col. Khalid. WIDER to reveal-

ARTHUR KING, a.k.a. MERLYN (40s). An assassin. Compact build, but with the kind of hands that warn you not to cut him any slack.

Hackett opens up a folder on his desk. Merlyn's record. Images of him in full black costume, firing arrows off rooftops. Newspaper headlines pertaining to his capture.

HACKETT

So. Merlyn. Sentenced to Supermax.
Three counts of felony first degree.
League of Assassins turned you in?

MERLYN

We're not a very loyal bunch.

Hackett dismisses the Federal Marshals. They walk out and close the doors behind them.

MERLYN (cont'd)

Shouldn't I be going to jail right now?

HACKETT

My associate has considerable pull within the Federal legal apparatus.

Hackett rises and walks to his window.

HACKETT (cont'd)

What would you say if I could offer you a way out of Supermax? A transfer, maybe, to a more... relaxed facility.

MERLYN

I'd say power buys a lot of nice things these days.

Hackett stares at the skyline in silence. Ignoring him.

MERLYN (cont'd)

Let me guess. I provide Queen's head, your friend provides the sunlight?

HACKETT

All that you'll ever need.

MERLYN

One condition. If they're gonna put me away for this, I want everyone to know it was me that brought Green Arrow down.

HACKETT

You really hate him, don't you?

MERLYN

I'm sick of being second best.

Hackett nods knowingly. He couldn't agree more.

MERLYN (cont'd)

What about you? Weren't you his best friend? What made you turn?

Hackett straightens his suit. Cold and empty.

HACKETT

He had the whole world. And he wouldn't share it.

INT. SUPERMAX - MEN'S SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Queen stands among several prisoners beneath the giant shower heads. He stares at the wall, deep in thought.

Whispers around him. Various faucets turning on. Hot water. VAPOR rises and obscures the security cameras. One by one, the silhouetted figures begin to walk away.

As Queen rinses his face and opens his eyes, he notices he's all alone. And then-

HE DUCKS

Just as a FIST slams into the porcelain tile in front of him.

Several HUGE MEN pounce and drag him across the slick wet floor. Queen desperately tries to grab hold of whatever he can. The attackers knock his hands loose and pick him up, finally shoving him against a wall to reveal the face of-

BLOCKBUSTER. Wearing his orange uniform. Soaking wet.

BLOCKBUSTER

Green Arrow came to the wrong place.

He tosses him across the stall.

Queen looks around. The security cameras are still obscured by the vapor. Thinking fast, he withdraws into the mist.

THUGGISH PRISONER

Where'd he go?!

Queen, still hiding, sees an electric SOCKET nearby. He YANKS IT from its bolt. Wires come out. He wraps them around each other.

A HAND

Suddenly jams against his throat. Blockbuster emerges.

BLOCKBUSTER

Ain't nobody gonna lift a finger for you.

Just then, Queen grabs onto the shower faucet overhead and-

LIFTS HIS FEET OFF THE GROUND.

With his other hand he drops the wires, which he has pulled into a long enough coil so that they-

HIT THE WET FLOOR SURFACE!

Blockbuster and the other hulking attackers suddenly SCREAM OUT and drop under the electric shock they've just been delivered. They convulse wildly.

The circuit eventually shorts out and the current stops.

Queen drops down, steps over the bodies writhing on the ground, and grabs a towel off the rack.

QUEEN

I can help myself, thanks.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Queen sits next to Hartley.

At a table across the room, Blockbuster and his thugs glare at him from afar. Some of their hair has fallen out. From the look on their faces, they're now afraid of him.

HARTLEY

I see you've been making friends.

Queen shrugs. He holds up his wrist, studying the Parallax Device embedded in his forearm.

QUEEN

Have you ever had a battery replaced on one of these?

HARTLEY

Not once in seven years.

QUEEN

That means they take their power locally. Which means they have a radius of operation. Which means if we got outside that radius, we'd disappear.

HARTLEY

We'd need to blank the system. Short out the tracking grid. Put alarms offline.

QUEEN

And who could do that?

ON HARTLEY: smiling knowingly.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - DAY

TRACKING through the corridor during rec hour. Uninhabited except for those few who remain in their cells.

HARTLEY (O.S.)

Class Five. The most uncontainable of all prisoners. Locked down 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

SLOW ZOOM on one cell in particular. A SEALED DOOR with a single vent pointed outside.

HARTLEY (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Counted among this group is a man they
 call Djinn.

THROUGH THE DOOR

Into the cell of DJINN (30s), a dark-skinned Arab with a
 shaved head and shaved eyebrows. In fact, he has no body
 hair whatsoever. He sits cross-legged in the corner.

HARTLEY (O.S.) (cont'd)
 He holds a mortal form, but is capable,
 upon access to technology, of translating
 himself into something else...

ON DJINN'S EYES: millions of 1's and 0's inside. Binary
 code. Software.

HARTLEY (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Remember the Manhattan blackout?

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEW YORK CITY --- FLASHBACK

The bright plasma displays suddenly SHUT OFF. The city's
 power grid has melted down.

On a large monitor, we get a brief shot of Djinn's free-
 floating digital form moving through the pixels.

INT. CAFETERIA --- TODAY

Queen is starting to get it.

QUEEN
 So we upload him into the system...

HARTLEY
 ...and we have an EMP.

They look at each other and smile.

QUEEN
 How can we get to him?

EXT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

Hartley passes Queen a small WRAPPED BUNDLE, which he takes
 without a word, eyes on the guard towers.

Queen walks over to the picnic benches, where-

Sitting alone is a compact man with a shaved head and TATTOOS COVERING HIS ENTIRE BODY. His name was once the "Tattooed Man," but now he goes by ABEL TARRANT (30s).

QUEEN

I hear you're the man who can get me anything.

TARRANT

When the getting's good.

Queen passes him a handwritten list:

"A conductor (preferably lithium), pre-cut holes and joints, an LED, a crystal oscillator, a storage switch device, and a stick of gum."

TARRANT (cont'd)

Can't do the oscillator. Only simple technology. But the components are easy. What's the stick of gum for?

QUEEN

Old habit.

TARRANT

And if I can get you all this?

Queen opens up the bundle Hartley just gave him, which contains SEVERAL FLEX CARDS. A week's worth of food.

Tarrant quietly takes them. Lengthways along his arm we notice the TATTOO OF A SNAKE. He rubs it gently.

Suddenly the snake tattoo literally COMES ALIVE! It slithers across his palm like a real creature. He caresses the serpent's head.

TARRANT (cont'd)

It'll take me a few days. Then I gotta wipe it clean. They scan me every morning for new ink. That'll cost extra.

Queen passes him a few more flex cards and then walks away.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Queen sits calmly on his bed, folding a t-shirt as he stares out through the bars at-

WHOOM!

His cell being lifted by the prison's inner-hydraulics, which pull apart and begin to rearrange.

Queen's eyes survey the giant black void, watching the cells floating through space and slamming back into a new configuration.

He looks down at his lap, where from his t-shirt he has torn off multiple threads and woven a complex, maze-like tapestry... mimicking the paths of the cells.

EXT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

Queen and Hartley walk in a slow circle, keeping close to a raucous game of TOUCH FOOTBALL in the center of the track... Orange suits use all their powers to compete. Guys with superstrength knock people out of the way. Speedsters catch up to them.

At one point, the ball is passed to a man fans will recognize as MULTIPLEX (20s). He REPLICATES HIMSELF into four identical versions, confusing the defense, and crosses to the end zone.

Everyone cheers. Queen and Hartley make sure their voices blend into the din of the crowd.

ON THE SHOTGUN MICS: getting nothing but crowd noise.

HARTLEY

So we're looking at a cycle repeat every nine days.

QUEEN

It's supposed to discourage escape.

Hartley observes the weave that Queen has put together. Then he hands it back and glances up towards the dome shape of the prison behind them.

QUEEN (cont'd)

All we need is a way out of the shell.

Queen watches the flock of pigeons flying off into the sky. We have no idea what he's thinking.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Queen walks in line, casually taking food under the watchful eyes of the guards. He discreetly grabs a HANDFUL OF SALT PACKETS and shoves them into his pocket.

Nearby, Gemini watches curiously.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Tarrant works in the laundry room, passing bags back and forth. One of the guards leaves something on the counter as he walks by...

A WALKMAN CASSETTE PLAYER.

Tarrant makes eye contact with him as he takes it and shoves it into one of his bags.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Hartley pretends to read a book while approaching a WALL PANEL.

It's loose. Behind it is a small HOLE in the concrete. Chewed out by rats so carefully that the alarm wires have been avoided.

Hartley kneels quietly and closes his eyes. Moments later, several RATS pop their heads through. He nods approvingly and replaces the panel.

INT. TARRANT'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Tarrant pulls apart the Walkman. Takes what he needs. The motor, the spindles, the internal gears.

He reaches beneath his mattress and pulls out a contraband BIC PEN. Removes the shell, extracts the ink duct and fuses it to the end of a paperclip. This he attaches to a roll of masking tape wrapped around the Walkman motor.

Within moments he has constructed a homemade tattoo kit. He uses it to apply the ink.

EXT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

In a corner of the yard, Tarrant discreetly lifts his shirt, where we see NEW TATTOOS. The items requested by Queen.

He closes his eyes and one by one-

THE ITEMS BECOME THREE-DIMENSIONAL

Falling off his skin and landing at his feet. He discreetly shoves the pieces into his pockets.

INT. MEN'S SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Queen grabs a towel. He sees folded within it are...

THE PARTS HE REQUESTED. Perfectly-constructed replicas.

Tarrant eyes him nearby, drying his tattooed body in the mirror. He's got a few scars where he recently scraped clean his new tattoos. Queen nods a thank you.

INT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

Queen lifts weights at the bench press while Hartley feeds bread crumbs to pigeons.

The birds "coo" lightly, providing enough noise to distill the shotgun mic sensors if Queen and Hartley speak in low enough voices.

QUEEN

These are Samoan pigeons. Pacific Ocean.

Queen pulls out a small pouch that he has woven out of a tube sock. He grabs some BIRD DROPPINGS and scoops them up.

HARTLEY

You've got strange hobbies, Queen.

QUEEN

(ignores him)

When the system goes haywire, there's going to be a lock-down. All doors frozen. We won't be able to move.

HARTLEY

Which is why we'd need someone who can get through those doors to let us out.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

ON SPLIT: sorting books behind the desk of the library. He speaks in a hushed voice, keeping an eye on the guards above.

SPLIT

I mean, all due respect because respect is always due here... but you're out of your freaking mind, man.

Split rolls up his sleeve to reveal the Parallax Device beneath his skin.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Do you see this thing? If I so much as walk through a screen door, I get zapped. Now think about what would happen if I tried to run through three feet of steel.

Queen discreetly shakes his head. Split double-takes.

SPLIT (cont'd)

What?

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - EVENING

Queen and Hartley walk together back towards their cells under the watchful eyes of the surveillance cameras. They chew on snacks, keeping their mouths full as they speak...

HARTLEY

Once we're in the Pacific, we're going to need a way home. Someone who can manipulate the currents.

Hartley stops in front of a cell with a glass wall. Sealed off. Another Class Five.

HARTLEY (cont'd)

So I'd like you to meet a friend of mine. Her name is Cascade.

INSIDE THE CELL: a gorgeous woman bathes in a small tub of water. Her nude body MORPHS between flesh and liquid as she stands and wraps herself in a towel.

CASCADE (20s). Beautiful Indian features.

HARTLEY (cont'd)

Cascade was responsible for the attack on the French Riviera last year.

EXT. CANNES BEACH --- FLASHBACK

Vacationers flee in terror as behind them a TIDAL WAVE rises up in the shape of Cascade's face.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR --- TODAY

Queen looks at her skeptically. Then he shakes his head.

QUEEN

No.

HARTLEY
We need her help-

QUEEN
Forty-two people died in that tidal wave.
There's no way I'm siding with her.

CASCADE
Hartley. Maybe he doesn't have what it
takes to be one of us-

QUEEN
Is that supposed to be an insult?

They stare off angrily. Hartley pulls Queen aside.

HARTLEY
Oliver. Listen to me. We don't have a
choice here. She's our best option.

Queen points an indignant finger at Cascade.

QUEEN
I'm going to be on you. You hear me?

CASCADE
I look forward to it.

He pushes past Hartley and storms off.

BELOW: Gemini watches this interaction with great interest.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Queen pushes a cart filled with towels. Gemini pushes her
own cart nearby.

GEMINI
Hey. We never really met. I'm Gemini.

QUEEN
I already know who you are.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB --- FLASHBACK

Armed police sprint into a night club as panicked spectators
run out. One of them MORPHS INTO THE BODY OF GEMINI, who
walks calmly from the scene of the crime.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM --- TODAY

Gemini creeps closer, keeping her eyes on the guards overhead. She discreetly passes him...

A CHILDREN'S DRAWING

Of a sun setting over a lush green landscape.

GEMINI

They allow gifts once a year, on your birthday. It's from my daughter.

Queen turns the paper over to see she has scrawled a note:

"I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING."

GEMINI (cont'd)

She's eight. Wish I could see her again.

Queen indifferently folds up the drawing and walks away.

QUEEN

I can't help you.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A hundred prisoners sit on the main floor of Broadway, watching a movie projected onto a hanging canvas sheet.

Armed guards keep lookout from the gallery above.

Queen, Hartley, and Split speak in low voices, their eyes on the screen.

QUEEN

One missing detail. Buoyancy. Who'd be able to float us home?

SPLIT

I can't teleport that far.

Queen gives him a look.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Hey, I'm a C-list villain, what do you expect?

HARTLEY

We need someone who could freeze water.

Hartley indicates over his shoulder, where-

CAMERON MAHKENT lies inside his glass-encased cell on the second level, watching from his bunk.

QUEEN

Absolutely not. He wants me dead.

HARTLEY

Doesn't everyone?

QUEEN

This team is getting worse by the minute.

Queen reluctantly stands up. Looks at a guard above.

QUEEN (cont'd)

Permission to return to my cell?

The guard nods. They keep their eyes on him as he climbs the stairs and heads towards his bunk.

On the way he stops in front of Mahkent's cell.

GUARD

9242. Keep moving.

MAHKENT

You heard the man.

QUEEN

Look. You don't like me and I don't like you. Unfortunately, this thing we've got going is making it hard for us to get the one thing we both want.

MAHKENT

And what exactly is that?

Queen says nothing, instead directing his eyes upwards, as if to indicate flight. Mahkent laughs.

MAHKENT (cont'd)

You gotta be joking.

GUARD

(more insistent)

9242. You listening to me?!

Two guards start coming towards Queen. He starts to leave. But Mahkent holds up a finger.

MAHKENT

Coming to me like this... that makes you
one of us now, don't it?

Queen just stares back at him.

Mahkent extends his hand through a sealed rubber orifice that
gives him access to the outside. Waits for the handshake.

After a long beat, Queen takes it.

INT. GUARD'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Officer Penotti removes his uniform and places it into a
locker. A GUARD sticks his head in.

GUARD

Penotti. Call for you.

INT. GUARD'S QUARTERS - VIDCON BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Penotti closes the partition behind him. Makes sure he's
alone. Hits the "RECEIVE" button.

OFFICER PENOTTI

This is an open line.

ON-SCREEN: we see the face of Marcus Cross.

CROSS

It's encrypted. Don't worry. Your debts
are almost paid, Officer Penotti.
There's just one more thing I'd like for
you to do. Then your son's record gets
erased, no questions asked...

Penotti leans closer, ready to listen.

EXT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

The entire block of prisoners are asleep when suddenly they
hear METAL CLANKING sounds coming from Broadway below.

LOW ANGLE: heavy chains dangling in front of our vision.
Footsteps marching ominously.

NEARBY PRISONER

Incoming. New blood.

Queen looks through his bars to see the guards escorting a new prisoner. Shackled, naked, carrying his clothes. Except this is a familiar face...

Merlyn.

Prisoners catcall him as he walks by, but he's nonplussed. This is a man on a mission.

INT. MERLYN'S PRISON CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Merlyn's chains are removed and the guards walk out. Penotti is the last to leave. He gives him a knowing look.

Merlyn eyes his toilet. Glances at the security camera overhead. Finally, he leans over the bowl and-

WRETCHES.

Except while he's doing this, he secretly reaches into his mouth and unlatches-

A FALSE TOOTH.

Something is tied to it. A length of wire. He pulls at it, longer and longer, revealing that he had slipped an entire metal cord down his throat to evade detection!

EXT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

Merlyn sits alone on a bench, his eyes not betraying any of his calculated thoughts.

Queen approaches, keeping his distance.

QUEEN

Merlyn. You don't get caught unless you want to. So I take it this is about us.

MERLYN

People don't like you on the outside.

QUEEN

You killed Khalid, didn't you?

Merlyn smiles deviously.

QUEEN (cont'd)

I should have known. No one else rips off my M.O. like you. Are you working for Cross-

MERLYN

I don't steal your M.O.

Queen pauses. Merlyn glares at him angrily.

MERLYN (cont'd)

I've seen your accuracy. Mine's better.
And green's a terrible color. You should
have worn black.

(pauses, leans forward)

Some day, people won't remember you.
They'll think of me. Because when this
is over... I'll be the last man standing.

Queen turns and leaves.

BENEATH THE BENCH: Merlyn is discreetly tearing off PLIES OF WOOD. He keeps his arms out of sight, not betraying any signs of activity for the cameras.

INT. MEN'S SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Queen stares at his reflection in the sink. Hartley is next to him, drying his face with a towel.

QUEEN

Time's getting tight.

HARTLEY

We're almost ready.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Merlyn casually pushes a basket. He bends over to tie his shoe, but then he reaches to the bottom of his cart and-

REMOVES TWO WHEELS.

He opens up his shoe's rubber sole, which has been hollowed out, and slips both wheels inside.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Queen sits alone in his cell, working discreetly under his covers. One by one he opens the SALT PACKETS he has stolen and pours each into a tube sock filled with PIGEON DROPPINGS.

ACROSS THE WAY: he catches sight of Merlyn, sitting in his own cell. Silent, focused... eerie.

BENEATH MERLYN'S COVERS: unseen by Queen, he is fashioning something of his own... SMALL, SHAPED BOLTS. Bits from the weight rooms around the recreation yard.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - NIGHT

Hartley, mopping the floor on janitor duty, casually pushes the bucket past a wall.

THROUGH THE PANEL

The rats continue to chew relentlessly.

EXT. RECREATION YARD - DAY

Closing time. Prisoners are beginning to file out. Queen and Split stand across the yard from Hartley, who looks at them, hands in his pockets, and subtly-

TOES A LINE IN THE SAND.

SPLIT

What's that mean?

QUEEN

It means it's time.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - EVENING

Queen sits alone in his cell. He hears a scurrying noise at his feet and looks down to see a LINE OF ANTS.

QUEEN

You're still up?

INT. HARTLEY'S PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Hartley leans up on his cot, his eyes glowing green.

NOTE: the following conversation will once again employ split-screen to evoke Hartley's communication with Queen.

HARTLEY

Confession for you. I once tried to detonate Los Angeles with a nuclear warhead.

QUEEN

Why are you telling me this?

HARTLEY

I wanted to make sure there were no illusions. I'm a criminal just like the rest of them.

Queen nods thoughtfully. And then:

QUEEN

Are you sorry for what you did?

HARTLEY

Every day.

Queen thinks about this for a long beat. Then he smiles.

QUEEN

Do you know that I never told anyone how I got off that island?

EXT. TROPICAL DESERT ISLAND --- FLASHBACK

A rowboat has just drifted to shore, complete with oars and an emergency food ration. But we're not looking at that. Our eyes are on-

A HYSTERICAL MAN

Torn clothing, eyes bugging out with hunger, wrestling violently with the younger Queen, who has clearly been surprised by the attack.

The man has his hands on Queen's throat, squeezing powerfully, about to kill him when-

QUEEN REACHES FOR A NEARBY ARROW

And jams it through his throat! The man falls sideways.

Queen gasps for breath and looks over at the dying man. The life runs out of his eyes. Queen can't believe what he's done.

Then he turns to the ROWBOAT...

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL --- TODAY

ON QUEEN: the memories flooding back.

QUEEN

He was a drug runner using the island as an opium farm. I wasn't thinking. It was pure instinct.

HARTLEY

You sinned for a greater good.

QUEEN

Like releasing prisoners into the world just so I can solve a murder?

HARTLEY

Once the true sinners have been exposed, you will earn back your righteousness.

Queen smiles as the ants scurry out of his cell.

INT. MAHKENT'S PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Mahkent stares down at an old photograph. The image of a girlfriend. A long time ago. A life he's going back to.

INT. CASCADE'S PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Cascade lies on her bed, staring straight up at the ceiling. Her hand dangles, dripping water steadily onto the floor.

INT. SPLIT'S PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Split nervously taps his feet on the ground. On his wrist, the indicator light from the Parallax Device shines through his skin. He watches. And waits.

INT. QUEEN'S PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Queen sits on the edge of his cot, staring straight ahead at the drawing from Gemini's daughter on the wall. A distant sunset. An open landscape.

After a long beat, he looks down at his hands. Clenches them into fists. It's time.

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The doors open for Queen, who walks forward and waits patiently on the yellow line.

A guard approaches and hands him a sponge and a bucket.

GUARD

Janitor duty tonight. I want that floor
so clean you could eat off of it.

INT. MERLYN'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Merlyn awakes to the sound of a SIM card being inserted into his lock. He sits up to see-

OFFICER PENOTTI. Waiting expectantly.

OFFICER PENOTTI

Camera's been cut. You've got one hour.

Merlyn sits up and tears open his mattress, revealing what he has been keeping inside...

FOUND PARTS

Pipes from the showers to form each ridge of a COMPOUND HUNTING BOW. Wheels from the laundry carts to form the tension mount. For the arrows he's managed to shave down wood pieces, complete with sharpened metal bits as the tips.

For the razor wire, the one piece hard to find in a prison, he attaches the length of cord he brought inside of him.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - LATER

Queen cleans the polished floor as he makes his way down Broadway. It's dead quiet in here.

He passes one cell, pushing the bucket along. Inside is GEMINI, curled up in her bed and asleep.

Queen lingers, observing a rare moment of vulnerability. On the wall behind her are several drawings from her daughter.

He rounds a corner and finds himself in front of the cell he's looking for. Closed off. Sealed like a sarcophagus.

"1803: DJINN"

Queen kneels before it, pretending to scrub the floor, while he pulls out an aluminum piece and angles it towards the SECURITY EYE mounted on the wall.

Light reflects off of it, causing a GLARE that-

INT. SECURITY TRACKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Obscures the view of the camera. It's subtle, but the light blocks any view of what's happening on that monitor.

The GUARD watching the dozen monitors doesn't even notice.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Queen stares into Djinn's portal.

QUEEN

You don't know me, but you'll want to.

DJINN

Something tells me that's no lie.

Queen reaches into his pocket and reveals...

A FLASH DRIVE

Straight aluminum construction, complete with a crystal oscillator and an LED. This is what he built out of the parts Tarrant gave him. It's rough, but it does the job.

Djinn's eyes light up with anticipation. Binary numbers move back and forth in his pupils at rapid speed.

QUEEN

I'm going to inject you into a terminal.
You know what to do from there?

DJINN

What I do best.

Queen spits out the gum he's been chewing and jams it into the hinge of the door. Then he takes two wires protruding from the flash drive and sticks them into the wad.

The drive LIGHTS UP, indicating connection to a conductor.

Djinn presses his hands against the cold steel door. And then something amazing begins to happen...

A TRANSFORMATION

A metamorphosis from human form into his binary state. Real becoming virtual. He FLICKERS on and off, shrinking away into space, using the current from the door to carry himself through the node of the flash drive.

The drive's LED begins blinking steadily. Inside the cell-

DJINN HAS DISAPPEARED.

QUEEN

Still with me?

The LED blinks twice in response. Queen removes the wires from the disk and slips it into his pocket.

INT. SECURITY TRACKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens behind the guard and Officer Penotti enters. He carries a cup of coffee.

OFFICER PENOTTI

Take a break. I'll sit in.

The guard gratefully complies.

Penotti watches Queen moving into the laundry room. On separate monitors, he sees Merlyn stalking through the halls.

He turns OFF the monitors.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Queen makes his way through the loud industrial washers stacked up to the high ceiling.

A NOISE BEHIND HIM

For a moment he can't detect it above the din of the machines. But then he realizes. He's being followed.

A SOUND cuts through the night. A vague WHIFF getting closer at a high speed. Queen hears it coming. Anyone else would miss it, but Queen ducks just as-

AN ARROW

Lodges itself in the machinery directly next to him!

That's when he sees, emerging from the catwalk above...

MERLYN.

Holding the bow in his hands, wearing a quiver of arrows across his back. He points upwards and fires towards-

THE HALOGEN LAMPS OVERHEAD

Immersing Queen in pitch darkness. Now arrows come at him rapidly. It's all he can do to run from their path. One lodges itself in the floor just inches from his feet.

MERLYN

It's over, Queen.

Queen hits a wall, out of real estate, when he turns and-

GRABS AN ARROW MID-FLIGHT

Just before it hits his chest. He snaps it in half.

Merlyn emerges from the darkness, having climbed down to his level. His bow is drawn, ready to deliver the killing blow.

Queen reaches behind him and grabs from a work bin a STEEL PLATE used to weld broken pipes shut.

MERLYN (cont'd)

Framing you was one thing. But killing you? It doesn't get any better.

Merlyn releases his shot just as Queen raises the steel plate and uses it to-

DIVERT THE ARROW

Which slices sideways, hitting a slanted pipe at a perfectly planned angle, causing it to ricochet in the other direction...

STRAIGHT BACK AT MERLYN!

It slices through his cheek, shattering teeth and flesh on its way out. Merlyn SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

Queen grabs him by the collar.

QUEEN

How much did Cross pay you?!

Merlyn can barely speak through his injury. Queen shakes him harder. And then--

ALARM BELLS RING OUT!

Emergency lights slam on. Red and disorienting.

GUARDS sprint out onto the catwalk, armed with lethal assault rifles. Officer Penotti is at the lead.

OFFICER PENOTTI

Take 'em, boys.

They OPEN FIRE, shooting bullets in every direction.

Queen grabs Merlyn's quiver as well as the bow, then athletically leaps backwards behind cover.

He crawls on his hands and knees as the guards continue to fire over his head. He reaches into his pocket and removes the FLASH DRIVE. The LED still blinks.

AHEAD OF HIM:

A USB terminal on the locked door. It's not ideal, but this will have to do. He sprints straight for the terminal and SLAMS the disk into the access point.

ZOOM IN

Through the terminal as Djinn's binary form enters the system with a GASP OF ENERGY. We can HEAR him unleashing fury, bellowing out with the wrath of a demon.

And within moments, even the emergency lights-

SHUT OFF! The prison is immersed in total fucking chaos.

INT. WALLER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Waller groggily comes into her control room just in time to see ALL THE MONITORS GO OUT.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Prisoners embrace the madness.

Split checks the indicator light shining through his skin. With a whimper and a gasp, the Parallax Device blanks out.

SPLIT

Right on.

He stares at the bars in front of him and within moments-

HE IS STANDING ON THE OTHER SIDE!

Meanwhile, in her cell, Cascade sits up and casually walks towards the acrylic glass, MELTING INTO WATER and pouring through the cracks of the seal.

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Powerful air-lock doors CLAMP SHUT in sequence down the corridor. Emergency lock-downs, operated on a separate electrical grid.

Queen, with the quiver on his back, sprints through these doors, leaping through each narrowing gap one after another.

INT. SECURITY TRACKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Waller runs into the room as dozens of technicians try desperately to gain control of the situation.

TECHNICIAN #1

We have a virus!

WALLER

How long until the grid goes back online?

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Split runs through walls, reaching the pulley and lever system that operates the call doors and-

YANKING THEM OPEN.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Prisoners rush Broadway, cheering enthusiastically. Anarchy ensues. Hartley and Mahkent emerge from their cells and push through the crowd. Cascade joins them.

Elsewhere, Shock Trauma is going nuts with his restored power, firing bolts of electricity in every direction when-

BLOCKBUSTER grabs him by the neck and CRUSHES HIS LARYNX.

INT. MAIN STEM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Queen reunites with Hartley, Cascade, and Mahkent as they emerge from A-Block.

QUEEN

Let's get to the library.

They push down the corridor.

Behind them, Mahkent pauses. He looks down at his hands, forming ice over his fingertips into the shape of...

A SHARP PROJECTILE

Which he raises and HURLS straight at Queen's back!

But before it can meet its intended destination, Cascade reaches out and grabs it midair, dissolving it into her own liquid form.

CASCADE

We still need him.

Queen turns. Mahkent glares at him.

MAHKENT

Breaking me out doesn't make us even.

QUEEN

Next time, don't miss.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The group gets to the outside of the library, which has been sealed shut by a REINFORCED HATCH. It's still locked.

MAHKENT

Where's your teleporter?

SPLIT (O.C.)

Guys!

They turn to see Split coming towards them, out of breath from all the running.

SPLIT (cont'd)

Let's get the hell out of-

CASCADE

Look out!

A FIST

Suddenly plunges through Split's chest. He stares down in disbelief at the hand gaping through his wind cavity, blood dripping from its fingers.

Then the fist withdraws and Split hits the ground, revealing-

BLOCKBUSTER

Standing over his corpse, staring straight at Queen.

BLOCKBUSTER

I want a ticket on this field trip.

Hartley drops to his knees.

HARTLEY

You just killed our way out.

BLOCKBUSTER

What, to get through this?

He jams his fingers into the door bolt, prying around the edges of the hatch and using his incredible strength to pull back on the sliding mechanism---

CREATING AN OPENING.

BLOCKBUSTER (cont'd)

(straining)

Make your call, Queen... go with me... or don't...

Queen and Hartley exchange nervous looks. They've got no choice. Together with Mahkent and Cascade they sprint through the opening.

QUEEN

(glaring)

This isn't over.

INT. AIRLOCK THRESHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Blockbuster lets go and the door SLAMS SHUT behind them.

Just as it does, yet another emergency door kicks in and SEALS in front of them.

Queen bangs on the plate glass. Blockbuster pushes him away, raising his fist to punch it, only to find-

WHAM! It has been reinforced even beyond his strength.

HARTLEY

We can't do this without Split.

Queen stares hopelessly through the door towards the corridor beyond. Then, appearing on the other side is-

A GUARD

Approaching them quickly. He seems to have some kind of purpose on his mind. And then he suddenly-

TRANSFORMS INTO GEMINI

Who opens the door for them.

GEMINI

You owe me one.

INT. SECURITY TRACKING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The technicians work several cell phones, trying to get a handle on the situation.

WALLER

How much longer?

TECHNICIAN #1

I'm isolating the virus, containing it on a firewall partition-

TECHNICIAN #2

We're back!

Overhead, the LIGHTS COME BACK ON.

INT. A-BLOCK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Lock-down is rapidly reinstated. Cell doors slam shut again. The corridor is sealed off. The rioting comes to a halt.

Prisoners who were able to wield their superpowers are now finding their Parallax Devices working again. Every inmate goes into intense EPILEPTIC SHOCK.

INT. SECURITY TRACKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Waller studies the various surveillance monitors with a finely-tuned scrutiny. She barely regards the hordes of inmates convulsing on top of each other.

TECHNICIAN #1

Tracking grid is back online.

WALLER

Queen. Where is Oliver Queen?

Off the image of QUEEN'S EMPTY CELL we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPERMAX BAPTISM GALLERY - LATER

Waller and Officer Penotti waiting in front of a vault door. It slowly IRISES OPEN and in walk-

CHECKMATE TRACKERS.

The most badass spec ops team we've ever seen. These guys are no joke. Decked out in Kevlar, high-tech weaponry, and scars all over their faces. You only call them when shit has hit the fan. And it just hit.

Their LEADER approaches Waller.

CHECKMATE LEADER
Hear you lost some puppies.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - LATER

The soldiers storm the library with their weapons trained.

Empty. Silent as a tomb.

CHECKMATE LEADER
No one's home.

INT. SECURITY TRACKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Waller watches this operation via the surveillance monitors. She coordinates with the tracking grid next to her...

SIX BLIPS frozen in one area. Tracked via the Parallax Devices.

WALLER
(into com-link)
The grid shows them clustered together behind the adjunct vent on the east side. Six devices. The vitals are gone.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The guards direct their weapons to a nearby bookshelf propped against the wall. They creep closer, finally kicking it over to reveal-

A GAPING HOLE IN THE WALL.

CHECKMATE LEADER

Holy shit...

The leader leans closer just as-

RATS

Crawl out, their lips covered in human blood. On the ground in front of them are SIX PARALLAX DEVICES.

CHECKMATE LEADER (cont'd)

Waller. You've got a breach.

EXT. SUSPENDED SPHERICAL VOID - CONTINUOUS

Queen and the others emerge from the rat-chewed hole and crawl out onto a smooth chrome surface. Their arms are bandaged where the rats ate out their Devices.

WIDER TO REVEAL

They are standing on an expansive plane in the middle of-

MAHKENT

Holy shit...

A GIANT VOID containing hundreds of massive floating shapes.

Various facilities and prison cells, plus tubes for hallways, constantly moving via hydraulic arms. This is what we caught a glimpse of whenever the cells re-configured.

Queen consults the weave he's put together. A cube lowers near the edge of the plane they're standing on.

QUEEN

There! Hurry!

He sprints towards the edge of the plane and-

LEAPS!

Grabbing onto the edge of the cube as it swings by.

The others follow one by one. Hartley has the most trouble, but Gemini reaches back and pulls him up.

The cube swings wide through the gaping space, getting close enough to another large block, which Queen points to and once again they make another LEAP.

This happens a few more times, Queen using his map to lead the team closer and closer to-

A CATWALK

Wrapping around the gaping edge of the spherical dome. Everyone lands there and collapses, gasping for breath.

GEMINI

Where to now, fearless leader?

Queen sees ahead of them-

A HATCH. Marked simply: EXIT. Sealed shut by heavy bolts.

He reaches into his pockets and pulls out SEVERAL TUBE SOCKS, each filled with his pigeon dropping composite.

MAHKENT

What the hell is that?

QUEEN

Birdshit.

He takes out a one of Merlyn's arrows and strikes it against the wall, creating a spark that he uses to light each sock on fire. Then he plants them into the hatch and backs away as-

BOOM!

It explodes. Shards of metal rain down all around them.

QUEEN (cont'd)

Decomposed. Mixed with sodium. Nasty explosive.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE HATCH - MOMENTS LATER

DAYLIGHT pounds down.

The hatch props open, slowly at first, but wider.

Queen pops his head out. He shields his eyes from the light. Hears something. SOUNDS OF PIGEONS cooing.

That's when he sees, hovering directly above him-

A GIANT CAGE

Filled with hundreds of pigeons. All of them suspended from the ceiling of-

A MASSIVE INTERIOR SPACE.

Queen's eyes slowly widen as he realizes they are inside yet another dome. And not just any dome...

AN ENORMOUS LCD SCREEN

Covers the ceiling, creating a panorama as far as the eye can see. Half a mile in diameter. On it is a projection of-

A blue sky with an ocean flowing beneath.

HARTLEY

Tell me that's not the Pacific Ocean...

MAHKENT

Ladies and gents, we've been had.

GEMINI

Where the hell are we?

Cascade sees pipes threaded across the surface of the dome above. She follows one to the floor.

CASCADE

Underground. That piping conduit must lead to the surface.

HARTLEY

But we don't know where...

QUEEN

We don't have a choice anymore!

They stand over one of the pipes and Blockbuster PUNCHES through the round metal surface. Water explodes outwards. A rising duct.

One by one they leap inside.

INT. C-LINE MAIN DUCT - MOMENTS LATER

It's a tight fit, dark and wet, but Queen curls himself into a ball as he and the others ride the water pressure. They spin a corner and dart vertically, the pressure firing them along.

Daylight is rapidly approaching. A way out. Freedom.

CASCADE

Hold on!

Queen cups his hands over his head just as-

EXT. SUPERMAX MAIN WALLS - DAY

WHAM!

The vent bursts open, carrying them through the air and finally landing on-

SOMETHING HARD. Queen rolls over. It's windy. Exposed. Cold. Something's dead wrong.

WIDER TO REVEAL

An arctic surface!

What they thought was some tropical island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean is in fact miles of icy terrain, stretching as far as the eye can see.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

ON A MOUNTAIN FACE BEHIND THEM

A giant wall begins to lift. It's a hidden hydraulic vault. A hangar opening up. Noises of bloodhounds barking. The Checkmate soldiers, wearing HEAVY SNOW GEAR.

A convoy of vehicles accelerates towards them. High-tech all-terrain machines. Snowcats, Monowheels (giant wheels where the driver sits inside), and Snow Hawks (motorcycles).

QUEEN

We've got to go!

BLOCKBUSTER

Go where?!

Cascade takes a step but FREEZES mid-air. Her liquid leg has iced solid. The extreme cold rises up her body.

CASCADE

Hartley, I-

But her face FREEZES before she can utter another word. Hartley can't believe his eyes.

The silence is broken by-

THUP! THUP! Bullets hitting the snow around the inmates. One of the slugs strikes Cascade's body and-

SHATTERS HER into a thousand pieces!

Everyone starts to run. But Queen holds his ground. The Snow Hawks bear down on him.

HARTLEY

Queen! What are you doing?!

His focus narrows. He reaches to Merlyn's quiver on his back and draws a single arrow. His only one. He bends back one of the parabolic guiding fins, precisely manipulating its shape. Then he plants the arrow in the bow and LETS IT GO.

ON THE ARROW

Spiraling through the air and SLICING THROUGH the heavy spokes of a Snow Hawk. As it does, the damaged guiding fin SNAPS OFF, causing the arrow to suddenly-

BANK LEFT

And slice through the spokes of another Snow Hawk. Both vehicles immediately careen sideways, hitting a third bike before all three-

CRASH INTO A SNOW BLUFF!

Queen turns to the others, who watch him in amazement.

QUEEN

There's our ride.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER

The injured Checkmate soldiers lie shivering, having been stripped of their snow gear.

AHEAD OF THEM:

Five Snow Hawks speed off into the distance. Queen, Hartley, Gemini, Mahkent, and Blockbuster.

OVERHEAD: a Checkmate helicopter soars by at full speed. The team leader looks down and sees the injured soldiers.

CHECKMATE LEADER

(into walkie-talkie)

We've got men down on the surface. Five Snow Hawks on the run.

INT. SECURITY TRACKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Waller watches all this from multiple monitors.

WALLER.

Stay on them.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter sweeps low over the Snow Hawks as the gunner leans out and-

OPENS FIRE. Bullets puncture the snow.

Mahkent's vehicle gets hit in the fuel tank. He rapidly loses speed and control. The bike is about to crash when-

Mahkent leaps off and TRANSFORMS INTO HIS ICICLE FORM!

His body is now encased in a silver gleam, which gives him the ability to fly via his own ice wave several feet above the ground. He quickly catches up to Queen and the others.

Meanwhile, another shot hits Gemini's bike, causing it to FLIP OVER and crash to a halt.

Blockbuster rides right towards her. She lifts a hand for help, but he just kicks up snow and keeps going.

BLOCKBUSTER

Tough break, bitch.

Queen sees Gemini behind him. Turns his Snow Hawk around.

HARTLEY

Queen, no! We have to go!

He rides straight at her. Checkmate Monowheels bear down.

Queen cuts a line directly in front of them, kicking up a heavy spray of snow, which momentarily blinds one of the pilots and causes him to divert his path-

RIGHT INTO AN ICE WALL!

BOOM! The vehicle explodes, sending shrapnel flying in every direction. The other pilots slow down to allow for the visibility to clear.

Queen pulls up next to Gemini and allows her to get on.

QUEEN

We're even.

The helicopter flies through the smoking wreckage.

CHECKMATE LEADER

Don't lose them!

They are enveloped in thick black smoke. When they emerge on the other side, they see that-

THE PRISONERS HAVE DISAPPEARED!

No tracks, no sign of the Snow Hawks.

PILOT

What the hell...?

They touch down and the leader climbs out. They're gone.

CHECKMATE LEADER

They couldn't have gone far.

The team piles back into the helicopter and takes off.

BELOW THEM:

Beneath the surface of the ice, we see MOVEMENT...

INT. UNDER THE ICE - CONTINUOUS

Mahkent is using his powers to form a giant ICE CEILING protecting them from view of the surface.

BLOCKBUSTER

Well this is one hell of a plan, Green Arrow. I'm glad I came.

QUEEN

You're not even supposed to be here.

Queen opens up his glove compartment and pulls out a satellite terrain MAP.

GEMINI

Where are we?

QUEEN

Antarctica. Thirty clicks south of Vinson Massif. And we don't have enough fuel to reach a shipping port.

HARTLEY

We've got to try.

Mahkent laughs and breathes cold air over his hands.

MAHKENT

Yeah, you do that, old man. In the meantime, I'm out of here.

QUEEN

Try finding your way without a map.

Queen strikes a lighter and holds it under the map. Mahkent charges. Hartley gets between them.

HARTLEY

Enough! We don't have time for this. Any moment they're going to come back for us, and when they do we'd better be far from here. Does everyone understand?

Silence all around.

HARTLEY (cont'd)

Whether we like it or not, we're a team now. That means we live together... that means we die together.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - LATER

Heavy snow pours down. The group travels on their Snow Hawks.

Queen checks his fuel gauge. Teetering on empty.

All the vehicles finally slow to a stop. Everyone exchanges weary looks.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - LATER

The group trudges on foot. Shivering, exhausted, marching endlessly into the snowy haze.

Queen checks the map. His hands are shaking. He can't see straight. Even Mahkent, nearby, is beginning to show signs of fatigue.

Hartley drops. Queen and Gemini run over.

Blockbuster turns to leave. But after a few steps, he too drops to his knees, out of breath. And finally collapses.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - LATER

Queen's face is almost entirely buried in the snow. His cheeks are frozen over. From his POV, we watch as the distant sun begins to gradually BLUR OUT...

...and then we see something...

MOVEMENT

Silhouettes against the snowstorm, TWO MEN in snow gear, emerging from metal hatches on the surface.

LATER:

A pulley system lowers their unconscious bodies into an industrial-looking bunker.

The hatch SEALS SHUT, cutting us off from the harsh weather.

LATER:

Queen's eyes open. He has no idea where he is. Then, into his view comes-

HARTLEY. Well-rested and peaceful.

HARTLEY

Wake up, Mr. Queen. You're not home yet.

Queen abruptly sits up to find himself in-

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - GUEST'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Some kind of sparsely decorated bunk room. Concrete floors, steel walls. Scientific equipment everywhere.

Hartley sits at the foot of the bed.

HARTLEY

You've been out a few hours.

Queen stares at the wall, where he sees pictures of an OLDER MAN and his grown son, holding rifles.

HARTLEY (cont'd)

Tell me something, Oliver. Do you really think we're all that bad?

Queen looks at Hartley. Then suddenly he reaches out and-

GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT!

QUEEN
Don't. Do. That.

Hartley TRANSFORMS INTO GEMINI. Queen releases her and she catches her breath.

GEMINI
I guess that answers that question.

QUEEN
Where are we?

GEMINI
We caught a lucky break. I can't believe it myself. Come see.

INT. B-5E ICE STATION - GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Hartley, Blockbuster, and Mahkent eat oatmeal at a table while listening to a story told by-

LIAM BLALOCK (50s)

A stout Irishman with large hands but kind eyes. He's in the middle of recounting a story about his teenage son, MICK (18), who sits silently nearby.

BLALOCK
And then Mickey here, he grabs hold of the piston and starts yelling, "Poppy, the walls are coming down!"

Everyone laughs hysterically. Queen and Gemini enter.

GEMINI
Oliver Queen, I'd like you to meet Liam Blalock. He's the one who rescued us.

BLALOCK
You coming along all right, eh? You were out a while. Good thing we found you. Here, grab yourself a seat. Boy, get up.

Mick reluctantly moves to the back of the room. He's holding an old-fashioned ARMY RIFLE. He doesn't trust their guests.

Blalock passes Queen a bowl of oatmeal.

BLALOCK (cont'd)

Welcome to Beta Six Echo. Ireland's last standing South Pole research station.

HARTLEY

I was just telling Mr. Blalock about our mining expedition near Vinson Massif.

BLALOCK

Had some bad luck, yeah? Or a stroke of good luck, so it happens, finding us.

QUEEN

We're looking to get to the port. Can you help?

BLALOCK

Sure thing. Hell, the boy and I, we can bring you there ourselves.

Queen and Hartley exchange knowing smiles.

QUEEN

Well isn't this our lucky day?

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - HANGAR - LATER

A huge SNOWCAT, complete with enormous treads, stands in the middle of the garage space.

Mick leads Blockbuster and Mahkent inside.

MICK

Great mileage to the gallon. One trip to the harbor, back and forth. Gets you where you need to go. No joke.

MAHKENT

You make this trip a lot?

MICK

Every six months.

The boy turns his back to them, tinkering with the undercarriage. As he does, Blockbuster reaches out and grabs a WRENCH, which he raises until-

Mahkent holds him by the wrist, FREEZING it as a warning.

MAHKENT

(whispering)

These guys are our only way out. That means you stay cool.

Blockbuster relents, dropping the weapon.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Gemini walks through the hallways when she notices something lining the ceiling above her...

FUSE WIRE

Stretching everywhere, connected at regular intervals to EIGHT OUNCES OF C4. She studies it curiously.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Queen and Hartley are in a small study containing piles and piles of books. Not just scientific journals and operating manuals, but tons of theological literature.

Queen picks one up. A study of the disciple Paul, titled, "From Prison to Paradise."

HARTLEY

Ah, yes. The prophet Paul.

Blalock walks in behind them.

BLALOCK

Are you a religious man, Mr. Hartley?

HARTLEY

I know enough. Paul spent his final days in prison, persecuted for the Lord.

QUEEN

Sounds like he should have stayed quiet.

BLALOCK

I used to think so too, Mr. Queen. But then I saw the truth. The line between good and evil...

In the distance, we begin to detect a LOW RUMBLE. That's when Queen notices something on the bookshelf...

BLALOCK (cont'd)

...and the higher good on the other side.

...he removes one book that stands out from the others. On its spine is a-

CHECKMATE LOGO! Labeled "HANDBOOK: OPERATIONAL REGULATIONS"

It's a trap. They've walked right into it.

QUEEN

Research station my ass...

But before Queen can even spin around, Blalock suddenly draws a REVOLVER and-

FIRES!

Hitting Hartley in the chest. He stands stunned as the air runs out of his lungs. Then he collapses on the ground.

Queen makes a move, but Blalock turns towards him.

BLALOCK

They don't want us killing you, but I'm permitted to make exceptions.

The rumbling noise is louder now. We realize it is the sound of HELICOPTER BLADES!

EXT. B-6E ICE STATION - SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Three Black Hawk helicopters touch down. Moments later the doors slide open and out step-

THE CHECKMATE SOLDIERS. Armed and ready for a fight.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Hartley's breathing is labored, heavy. Queen reaches out and takes his hand.

HARTLEY

Don't let them forget us...

Queen doesn't know what to say. Hartley continues to struggle to breathe.

Blalock gestures with his pistol for Queen to stand up.

BLALOCK

Turn around and place your hands on the wall, and don't think my aim is off.

QUEEN

You'd better be really fast with that shot. You won't get a second.

BLALOCK

That won't be-

Just then the AIR VENT above suddenly falls in and-

SEVERAL DOZEN RATS

Pour down on top of Blalock, who flails around wildly. Queen uses the moment to disarm him and KNOCK HIS FACE INTO A WALL. He drops to the ground, out cold.

Moments later Blockbuster and Gemini come barging in.

BLOCKBUSTER

What'd I miss?

Queen tends to Hartley, whose green eyes GO BLANK. The rats surround him. Then he finally DIES.

GEMINI

Hartley. No...

QUEEN

We've got to go. Now.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - ENTRANCE DUCT - CONTINUOUS

The Checkmate team descends the pulley into the main facility. The leader speaks on a com-link.

CHECKMATE LEADER

We're inside.

INT. WALLER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Waller sits at her main console, watching OTS cams from each of the soldiers and-

SECURITY MONITORS

From inside the ice station! She's been watching the fugitives this whole time.

WALLER

Be careful. They know you're coming.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

A BREACH ALARM RINGS OUT.

Queen, Gemini, and Blockbuster run as fast as they can down the hallway. Mahkent joins them.

MAHKENT

I take it we're getting out of here.

BANG! A shot takes off a chip of concrete just by Mahkent's head. Everyone stops to see-

BLALOCK'S SON

Holding his rifle in both hands, cocked and ready.

MAHKENT (cont'd)

Oh you did not just shoot at me.

Mahkent fires an ICE SHARD directly at the boy, hitting him in the head and knocking him out.

Gemini, meanwhile, runs to a security monitor. She sees the Checkmate team coming in through the duct.

GEMINI

There goes our exit.

MAHKENT

(closing his eyes)

I can feel moisture from the outside.
There's another way out.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

The Checkmate team emerges at one end of the corridor just as the inmates round the opposite corner.

CHECKMATE LEADER

There!

They OPEN FIRE, bullets cutting into the pipes and machinery. Queen and the others are pinned down just beyond the corner.

QUEEN

How much longer, popsicle?

MAHKENT

Get off my back!

A primed HAND GRENADE lands at Gemini's feet. She casually picks it up and tosses it back down the corridor. The soldiers dive for cover as the EXPLOSION tears through.

Mahkent, meanwhile, sees what he's looking for...

A VENTILATION HATCH

Leading to a maintenance duct. The door is ajar.

MAHKENT (cont'd)
Fresh air. This goes to the surface.

Blockbuster suddenly rises and pushes Mahkent out of the way.

BLOCKBUSTER
All bets are off, right Queen?

He climbs into the shaft and-

SLAMS THE HATCH

In their faces. Queen bangs up against it. Blockbuster buckles it shut from the inside. They can't get through.

GEMINI
Blockbuster, you son of a bitch!

Behind them, the GUNFIRE is getting closer.

GEMINI (cont'd)
Is there another way out?

MAHKENT
Does it look like there's another way out?!

QUEEN
Wait. I have an idea...

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

The Checkmate team rounds the corner, rifles raised, to see Queen and the others sprinting away.

A DOOR OPENS and Blalock emerges, groggy and shaken from the wound to his head.

CHECKMATE LEADER
You all right?

BLALOCK
One hell of a headache.

They turn their attention back to the fugitives. As the last soldier passes, Blalock suddenly reaches out and-

GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND

Smacking his head against the door while stripping the soldier of his gear belt.

The rest of the team spins around to see-

BLALOCK TRANSFORM INTO GEMINI!

CHECKMATE LEADER
Take her!

Gemini reaches to the soldier's belt and removes from it-

A SMOKE GRENADE

which she discharges in front of them. A black cloud fills the hallway, immersing her completely.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - MAINTENANCE DUCT - CONTINUOUS

Blockbuster climbs the ladder at full speed, headed towards the daylight above.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Queen and Mahkent emerge in the middle of the garage.

The Snowcat sits in the corner. Beyond it is an AIR-LOCK.

QUEEN
You don't know how to ride one of these,
do you?

MAHKENT
You're the one with all the toys.

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE

Forces them to the floor. Bullets puncture the concrete near Queen's head. The real Blalock is firing an UZI in their direction.

MAHKENT (cont'd)
Does this guy know when to give it up?

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

The Checkmate soldiers creep through the haze of black smoke, guns trained in wide circles.

One man backs up against a wall and is GRABBED by Gemini, who throws him into the soldier next to him. Another man turns to fire but can only see smoke. She kicks the rifle out of his hands and CRACKS HIS NOSE.

ON THE LEADER: looking around wildly, as the smoke finally clears and he sees-

NO ONE IS LEFT. His soldiers all lie unconscious.

CHECKMATE LEADER

What the-

Suddenly two legs drop down from overhead, grabbing him by the neck and THROWING HIM INTO A WALL! He goes down hard.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Mahkent makes a mad dash for the Snowcat, sliding beneath it and coming up on the other side, protected from the gunfire.

Queen, meanwhile, uses the distraction to go right at Blalock. He yanks the weapon out of his hands and-

SLAMS HIM IN THE FACE. Discards the rifle uselessly.

Blalock UNSHEATHES A HUNTING KNIFE, which he slices at Queen, causing him to jump back.

Queen glares at him with a look that says: "Don't waste my time." With two deft blows, he puts Blalock on his back.

QUEEN

Stay down.

Blalock tries to get up again and Queen SMASHES HIS FACE with his heel. Now he ceases to move.

Gemini runs up behind him. Mahkent revs the Snowcat engine.

QUEEN (cont'd)

Time to go.

They pile inside. Queen picks up a hanging remote and presses a large GREEN BUTTON. In front of them...

THE AIR-LOCK DOORS OPEN.

Daylight pours in. A path to freedom.

INT. WALLER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Waller sees the downed Checkmate team and knows Queen has gotten away. She's only got one choice left.

WALLER

Sorry, Queen.

She takes a key from around her neck. Inserts it into a RED SWITCH on the console and pulls the lever down.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Blalock sits up and sees on the wall the C4 CHARGES flashing.

Mick stumbles over. Blalock wraps an arm around him, not even having time to get the words out.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The Snowcat clears the edge of the hangar just as-

BOOM! An enormous EXPLOSION rips the underground complex apart behind them, engulfing everything in a WAVE OF FIRE.

INT. B-6E ICE STATION - MAINTENANCE DUCT - CONTINUOUS

Blockbuster, still making his way up the long ladder, turns to see below him...

A RISING FIREBALL

His smile vanishes as it ENGULFS HIM VIOLENTLY.

EXT. ANTARCTIC SURFACE - LATER

The tank moves stealthily over the snow, headed on a course due south. Gemini is checking the maps while Mahkent steers.

Queen sits in the rear, staring back towards the fiery wreckage. The friend he left behind.

EXT. PORT LOCKROY - ANTARCTICA - DAY

HELICOPTERS circle a large expanse of shipping containers being loaded onto a FREIGHTER.

The FOREMAN scans each container for thermal activity as it is hoisted overhead by a giant crane.

Amanda Waller stands next to him, her arms crossed.

FOREMAN

Normally we only check about eight percent.

WALLER

Make an exception.

Waller keeps her eyes on the monitor... watching as each container comes up BLUE. No signs of life.

SLOW ZOOM

ON ONE CONTAINER that has just passed inspection and been lifted onto the ship.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

A container filled with garbage and debris.

Mahkent keeps his hands pressed against the metal walls, creating a thick layer of ice around every interior surface. This protects them from thermal detection.

MAHKENT

There's some leftovers in here. Should be enough to eat.

Queen and Gemini sit on a pile of trash. Queen catches sight of his reflection in a nearby pane of broken glass.

ON QUEEN: watching his own shattered image, wondering if he knows this man anymore.

Gemini reclines nearby, her thoughts on Hartley.

GEMINI

You were right about us. We screw each other over every chance we get. It's pathetic.

Queen looks at her. Her spirit has been broken.

GEMINI (cont'd)

What's the point of breaking us out? My daughter, she's not even going to know who I am.

For the first time, his heart goes out to this villainous prisoner. He reaches out and WRAPS AN ARM AROUND HER.

INT. SUPERMAX - WALLER'S SUITE - NIGHT

Waller speaks on a video conference with the President's CHIEF OF STAFF. Behind her, NEWS of the escape plays on every television.

WALLER

Post-op team went through the ice station inch by inch. They said they couldn't find any trace of bodies. The station was liquidated, as per procedure.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Doesn't mean they didn't get away.

Waller acknowledges this with a short nod.

EXT. STAR CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

The freighter moves towards the northwestern port by cover of darkness.

INT. STAR CITY HARBOR - NIGHT

Long after any servicemen have left, the shipping container CRACKS OPEN from the inside.

Queen, Mahkent, and Gemini emerge.

They observe the Star City skyline in silence. Destiny reached. Their mission accomplished.

MAHKENT

Guess this is where we part ways.

He turns to look at Queen.

MAHKENT (cont'd)

You're really gonna let me go?

QUEEN

A deal's a deal. Maybe there's actually
some good in you.

Mahkent smiles. Extends his hand. Queen takes it. Pulls
him closer. Serious.

QUEEN (cont'd)

Don't prove me wrong. Or else.

Mahkent smiles and steals off into the darkness. Now it's
just Queen and Gemini.

GEMINI

This isn't the Green Arrow I remember.

QUEEN

Times have changed.

POLICE SIRENS scream out in the distance.

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - MORNING

Hackett steps out of the shower, grabs a towel. Behind him,
the television is playing the morning news.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

*There's no word as to where the fugitives
are believed to be. Again, if you're
just joining us, a daring escape at the
Supermax Penitentiary for Metahumans...*

His phone rings. Hackett's face clouds over. He knows who
it's going to be. After a beat he picks up.

HACKETT

Ollie?

QUEEN (O.S.)

(on phone)

I need your help.

INT. SUPERMAX - INFIRMARY - DAY

Injured inmates from the riot. Cots set up in the aisles.
Waller stands over the bed of one prisoner in particular:

MERLYN. Sedated and unconscious, his face bandaged up.

The medic holds up the makeshift ARROW that Queen deflected
through Merlyn's cheek. Covered in blood, sealed in a bag.

MEDIC

He was carrying a whole bunch. And we found enough spare parts in his cell to make a compound bow. Someone had to turn a couple blind eyes here.

ON WALLER: her gears winding.

WALLER

Get me all security tapes.

INT. STAR CITY GOODWILL CLOTHING CENTER - EVENING

The locked door has been jimmied open after hours.

Inside, Queen and Gemini steal a pile of used clothes, discarding their arctic gear.

GEMINI

What's that they say about robbing from the rich and giving to the poor?

Queen checks out his look in the mirror.

QUEEN

Lighten up.

INT. STAR CITY METRO STATION - NIGHT

Commuter rush hour.

ON THE BALCONY: Queen watches the main floor.

Gemini waits across the way. She's keeping her eyes on a nearby bar, where a TELEVISION broadcasts images of the fugitives. Mug shots. If you see these people, please call... etc.

On the floor of the station, Queen finally sees---

HACKETT. Wearing a baseball cap pulled low. Nervous. On edge. Alert.

Queen climbs down off his perch and descends the set of stairs. Gemini watches their surroundings.

As Hackett approaches Queen, he forces a smile.

HACKETT

Glad to see you made it.

Then, as Queen is about to extend his hand for a shake...

HE CATCHES SIGHT OF GEMINI ABOVE.

She's pointing at something across the way. A group of plainclothes businessmen. Insignificant except for the fact that they're all wearing EARPIECES.

Feds everywhere. Uniformed police guarding the doorways. It's a trap.

Queen turns his eyes to Hackett. At first he's confused. Then... his gears working, he finally puts it all together.

His best friend was the one who betrayed him.

Hackett's smile fades. He knows he's been outed.

HACKETT (cont'd)

I guess this is where we say good-bye.

Queen stares at him in disbelief, then quickly pushes past him without another word.

The plainclothes officers begin to swarm, emerging from every corner of the station, weapons drawn.

Queen accelerates his pace. Hackett turns to watch him go, looking as his best friend VANISHES into a sea of bodies.

AT THE DOORWAY: a POLICE OFFICER with a shotgun stands watch.

A CHINESE HOMELESS WOMAN (70s) bumps into him, carrying grocery bags.

CHINESE WOMAN

So sorry.

The police officer gently slides her out of the way, keeping his eyes on the station.

UNSEEN BY HIM: Queen uses the distraction to slip through the door and head out onto the street.

EXT. STAR CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Queen walks at a steady pace. The old Chinese woman drops her grocery bags and catches up with him, TRANSFORMING into Gemini at the same time.

GEMINI

I thought he was your friend.

Queen doesn't know what to say. Just then, behind them-

POLICE OFFICER

Hey! Stop!

Queen and Gemini turn a corner, where Gemini presses against a brick wall and TRANSFORMS back into the Chinese woman.

GEMINI

Sorry Queen, you're on your own now.

Queen doesn't even look back, breaking into a fast sprint as-

POLICE CARS

Swerve to a stop, blocking his path. He quickly leaps over the hood of one car and ONTO A MOVING TAXI CAB, which he falls off and does a quick roll to his feet.

The cops sprint after him. Queen darts into a blind alley and kicks open a fire escape.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - CONTINUOUS

He runs through a narrow corridor and pushes into the main retail space of a department store.

ALARM BELLS ring out. STROBE LIGHTS flash everywhere. Voices of policemen chasing after him.

Queen sprints down the escalator and runs into an unsuspecting COP, who goes for his weapon only to receive-

A CHOP TO THE THROAT. The cop drops the gun.

Queen continues moving, kicking open a door towards a street-facing shop. It's a stationery store.

He grabs a package of BALLPOINT PENS off the rack as he runs quickly towards the display window and-

CRASHES THROUGH!

EXT. STAR CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Queen emerges on the sidewalk in front of two stunned police officers. He quickly takes the ballpoint pens and-

TOSSES SEVERAL OF THEM

Like darts into the legs of the policemen. They scream out and go down.

Queen sprints into traffic, daringly cutting across a high-speed three-lane thoroughfare. Cars scream past him. One car swerves towards the intersection, headed straight for-

A WOMAN ON A CELL PHONE

In the crosswalk, oblivious to the oncoming danger. Queen changes directions and leaps into the path of the car...

GRABBING THE WOMAN and pushing her aside just in time.

Now trapped in the middle of the street, he sees a cavalry of POLICE CARS getting closer.

He turns up the other street when he sees a BUS barreling towards him. It SCREECHES to a grinding halt, jackknifing erratically, its broad side about to smack Queen at fifty miles per hour when-

HE GRABS THE WINDOW PANEL!

Spinning with the bus, 360 degrees, until it slams into the police cars on the opposite side, separating him from his pursuers and completely blocking their path.

The cops run around the bus only to see that...

QUEEN HAS COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Queen leans up against a brick wall. SIRENS wail by in the distance. He's concealed and out of sight, his mind racing at a thousand miles per hour

Gemini appears and sits down next to him. Neither says anything for a long beat.

QUEEN

Why are you still here?

GEMINI

I... I thought we could help each other.

He stares at her skeptically.

GEMINI (cont'd)

Look. We're trapped. Everywhere we go it's going to be like this.

(MORE)

GEMINI (cont'd)

(pauses)

My daughter... I won't get within a thousand yards of her. And you, how could you build a case against anyone while you're a fugitive?

QUEEN

What's your point?

GEMINI

Don't you get it? We're the only friends we've got left.

ON QUEEN: thinking this over. She's right.

INT. SUPERMAX - GUARD'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Officer Penotti is tied down to a chair, sweating bullets. The door opens in front of him and in walks Waller.

OFFICER PENOTTI

Waller, listen to me-

WALLER

If you insist on lying, then you are no better than the other prisoners. Thus, we will treat you accordingly.

Two guards hold him down. Another reveals he is carrying a STAMPING MACHINE, the kind used to install a Parallax Device.

Penotti flails about wildly while they inject his arm.

WALLER (cont'd)

You're going to tell me exactly how inmate 7461 had the freedom to build a compound bow within a maximum security lock-down facility.

The injection has finished. Penotti cradles his arm, tears running down his cheeks.

OFFICER PENOTTI

Waller, you have to believe me! I had nothing to do with this!

Waller hits a receiver button and-

A JOLT OF ELECTRICITY courses through Penotti's body. He unleashes a blood-curdling scream.

WALLER

Care to reassess?

OFFICER PENOTTI

They wanted... they wanted Queen dead.

WALLER

Who?!

INT. QUEEN'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Deep underground in an undisclosed location, Queen opens up a large concealed VAULT containing...

ALL OF HIS BACKUP EQUIPMENT. His high-tech costume, weaponry, devices, arrows, and bows.

He begins to suit up while Gemini watches.

GEMINI

What 'is it with rich men and toys?

INT. HACKETT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Hackett goes to the mini-bar. Pours a drink. Carries it to the floor-to-ceiling windows and stares out over the skyline.

MOVEMENT OUTSIDE

Something soaring through the air, getting closer... finally we realize it is-

AN ARROW!

Lodging itself in the glass right where Hackett's face is. The pane spiderwebs and begins to crack. On the arrow, some kind of DETONATION DEVICE is attached.

Hackett leaps backwards just as-

BOOM!

The device explodes, bursting the glass inwards in a thousand pieces. Hackett crawls on his hands and knees to get away as-

ANOTHER ARROW

Hits the wall just behind him, attached to a CORD that runs outside the window like a zip-line.

Climbing in via the cord is OLIVER QUEEN, a.k.a. THE GREEN ARROW. The mask, the quiver, the bow. He's back in action.

HACKETT
Ollie, be reasonable-

QUEEN
Don't talk to me about reasonable.

Just then the doors BURST OPEN and in come TWO SECURITY GUARDS, pistols raised.

HACKETT
Wait!

Queen draws another arrow and shoots it towards the ceiling. It emits a FLASH BANG that momentarily blinds everyone.

The guards shake it off to see Queen standing right before them, TWO TRANQUILIZER DARTS mounted in small crossbows on each wrist, which he abruptly shoots into their necks.

By the time Queen turns back around, Hackett has DISAPPEARED. The fire escape door swings back and forth.

INT. FIRE ESCAPE STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Queen emerges, crossbows raised, and looks down the stairwell. Sixty, seventy storeys. He hears FOOTSTEPS coming from above him.

Hackett is going for the roof.

EXT. STAR CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Amanda Waller gets out of a private plane and climbs into a waiting HUM-VEE. She hands him an address.

WALLER
I know where Queen will be.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Queen pushes out through a roof access, bow drawn, when suddenly-

A FIRE AXE

Swings at him. He ducks and rolls just in time. The axe lodges itself in the door.

Hackett comes at him furiously. He swings the axe again and again, each time narrowly missing Queen, who rolls dangerously close to the edge and finally-

STOPS HIMSELF

Before he falls off. Hackett raises the axe one more time.

HACKETT

You're like a bad penny, you know that?
Every time I throw you out, somehow the
tide brings you back.

ON QUEEN: realizing as we-

EXT. QUEEN'S EXPENSIVE YACHT - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

The younger Queen, drunkenly pissing off the side of the boat while the party goes on behind him.

UNSEEN BY HIM: a younger Hackett approaches, also drunk, his face contorted into a hollow resolve.

QUEEN (O.S.)

It was you. You're the reason I fell.

Hackett puts his hands up against Queen's back and PUSHES HIM into the water below.

EXT. ROOFTOP --- TODAY

Hackett's hands grip the axe tighter.

HACKETT

Look at yourself, Ollie. This is how
you've been your whole life. You're not
Robin Hood --- you're Peter Pan. The
spoiled kid who never had to grow up.
Every time you got in trouble, fate was
always there to bail you out.

He SWINGS DOWN, but Queen rolls out of the way. Hackett pulls back the axe and recovers.

HACKETT (cont'd)

Then there's me. That's the best part.
I cleaned up every mess you ever made.
And what have you given me for it?
Nothing. No partnership, not even a
share. When Cross made me his offer, it
was the best I'd gotten in years.

Queen just stares at him in disbelief.

HACKETT (cont'd)

And now I don't have to pick up after you anymore. So life is good.

Hackett swings the axe down again just as Queen raises a leg and KICKS him back. He drops the axe and falls over.

HACKETT'S BODYGUARDS

Emerge from the stairwell. Five of them, clad in Kevlar, rifles drawn, laser sights pointed. They OPEN FIRE on Queen, who has to duck behind a skylight for cover. Just then-

GEMINI

Appears behind the guards. Suddenly she TRANSFORMS into one of the burly guards, giving herself enough mass to pick up one of them, throw him into another, then transform into a sleek acrobat, cart-wheeling into the other three with incredible athleticism.

GEMINI

You're clear.

A helicopter rises in the air. Automatic weapons mounted on its sides, a STAR CITY PD logo emblazoned on the nose.

POLICE CHIEF

(on loudspeaker)

Oliver Queen! We have you surrounded!

Another helicopter rises behind them, its bright searchlight glaring down.

POLICE CHIEF (cont'd)

We have been authorized to use lethal force!

He reaches to his quiver when the helicopters both OPEN FIRE!

Queen and Gemini duck for cover.

Hackett uses the chaos to sprint over the rooftop and LEAP to a lower terrace, hitting a scaffold and tumbling to a stop.

Above, Queen and Gemini are both pinned down. They look at each other and NOD KNOWINGLY.

A silent agreement.

Then Queen draws his bow and fires arrows towards the helicopter as Gemini stands and SPRINTS for the exit hatch.

The police shooter focuses his attention on Gemini.

She stays a step ahead of the bullets, getting closer and closer to the hatch, leaping inside just as a SHOT hits a nearby gas main and-

BOOM! The entire hatch EXPLODES around her! She disappears in a wall of flames.

Above, the helicopters focus their attention back to Queen, only to see that he has DISAPPEARED.

POLICE CHIEF (cont'd)

Stay on him!

PILOT

Stay on him where?!

ON THE TERRACE:

Queen stealthily slips through shadows, his bow drawn, tracking Hackett like an expert hunter. He hears a FOOTSTEPS nearby. Turns and-

FIRES AN ARROW

Launching across towards the running Hackett, about to hit him when-

IT DARTS TO THE RIGHT

Curving around his ankles and deploying a thin wire that wraps around him several times and brings him to the ground.

Queen steps closer to Hackett, his bow poised to fire. The two friends stare at each other silently.

HACKETT

Trick arrows. What a throwback.

The helicopter picks up on them and shines its spotlight down. Hackett and Queen shield their eyes.

The shooter has Queen in his sights when-

WALLER (O.C.)

Attention, Star City Police Department!
These fugitives are under Checkmate's
jurisdiction!

They turn to see YET ANOTHER HELICOPTER looming above, this one with a-

CHECKMATE LOGO

Emblazoned on the fuselage. Amanda Waller sits in the passenger bay, yelling out through the loudspeaker.

WALLER (cont'd)
Cede your position. I repeat, cede your position!

Below, Queen brings Hackett to his feet. He raises a crossbow directly to his throat.

HACKETT
Come on. You're not a killer, Ollie. You never were.
(pauses)
Or did prison actually change you...?

ON QUEEN: still hesitating. Eyes twitching back to the helicopter above. Finally, he DISCARDS HACKETT and-

STEPS BACK.

Lowering his weapons. Dropping everything to the floor. He puts his hands on his head.

Hackett can't believe his eyes.

Behind them, on the rooftop, an entire SWAT TEAM cautiously approaches, their weapons raised.

WALLER
He's surrendering. Take him.

The SWAT team binds Queen in heavy tie-wire.

Queen never takes his eyes off Hackett. It's like he's sending him a message through his compliance.

SWAT LIEUTENANT
Are you okay, sir?

Hackett averts his eyes, no longer able to look.

EXT. STAR CITY AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Checkmate jet revs up.

Queen, bound in heavy chains, is escorted onto the plane by a dozen soldiers. He silently climbs the stairs past Waller.

EXT. SUPERMAX HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

A helicopter touches down on the landing strip and the guards escort Queen through the hangar doors.

INT. "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT - LATER

Queen is tossed into the narrow box and the hatch SLAMS SHUT behind him. He leans up against the wall, sitting in absolute silence.

The VIEWING HATCH slides open. Waller looks in.

Queen stares at her with the most steadfast, indignant expression you'll ever see.

WHAM!

She slams the viewing hatch shut, immersing Queen in darkness once again. He's all alone now. Everything was for nothing.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. THE CROSS COMPANY - PENTHOUSE - DAY --- WEEKS LATER

Cross sits across from the table from an exhausted Hackett. He looks like he hasn't slept in weeks.

CROSS

You don't look well.

Hackett takes a long drink. Stares straight ahead.

CROSS (cont'd)

Hackett. Are you listening to me? It's been three weeks. These assets are only going to remain frozen for so long.

HACKETT

I can't get that signature.

Cross smiles smugly.

CROSS

Maybe we weren't clear on this relationship. I'm giving you a great opportunity. A chance to produce.

(MORE)

CROSS (cont'd)

But that means that pretty soon you're going to have to start... producing. Do you understand?

Hackett turns his glare to Cross. He knows he doesn't have a choice. He's long since regretted this relationship.

EXT. STAR CITY JOURNAL OFFICES - DAY

The daily hustle of a newspaper headquarters. One REPORTER casually carries a bagged lunch into his partitioned office just as he sees something odd...

...attached to his door is a MANILA ENVELOPE with the label: "For the Press".

And that's not even what we're looking at. We're more concerned with the GREEN ARROW that nailed it to the door.

INT. SUPERMAX - "THE HOLE" - SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Light shines through. Queen is asleep on the floor, unshaven and awful looking after a few weeks of confinement.

INT. B-BLOCK CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

GUARDS escort Queen on weak legs.

INT. VIP VISITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The guards shove Queen into a seat across a thick layer of bulletproof glass, staring at the person who waits on the other side...

HACKETT. In his best suit. Trying to put on a smile.

HACKETT

Got us some VIP face time.

He reaches into his briefcase and pulls from it ACQUISITION PAPERS. The same ones that Cross tried to get him to sign earlier in the story.

HACKETT (cont'd)

No more games. It's over. Pass me the company and I'll make sure your charities stay protected.

And then... slowly... Queen begins to SMILE. Something about it strikes Hackett the wrong way.

HACKETT (cont'd)

Fine. You're going to die in here, Ollie. Alone on another desert island. And you know what? I'm glad. I was having my doubts, but looking at you here, smiling like that same son of a bitch... I have no regrets.

Queen still doesn't speak. And then-

Doors open behind Hackett. PRISON GUARDS walk in. They're escorting someone. That's when he turns to see-

OLIVER QUEEN!

Clean-cut and wearing a nice suit, looking like he hasn't spent a single day in prison. The smile drops right off of Hackett's face like a ton of bricks.

QUEEN

Neither do I.

Hackett can't believe his eyes. He incredulously looks back at the "Queen" on the other side of the glass...

AS HE TRANSFORMS INTO GEMINI

Who maintains the same smile, this time adding a middle finger to go along with it.

Several FEDERAL MARSHALS enter behind Queen.

HACKETT

What the hell is this?

Queen slaps down a FILE FOLDER in front of him. Its contents spill out. A signed affidavit.

QUEEN

A little research I did these last few weeks. Seems Merlyn has become a born again. He confessed to the murder of Col. Taleb Beni Khalid. On your payroll.

ON HACKETT: his face contorting into a hollow rage. His universe beginning to come apart.

FEDERAL MARSHAL

William Hackett, you are hereby placed under arrest...

HACKETT

This is laughable. This is insane.

The guards fit Hackett with handcuffs. He struggles against them, coming completely unhinged.

FEDERAL MARSHAL
...anything you say can be held against you...

HACKETT
Don't let them do this, Ollie!

QUEEN
This is where we say good-bye.

Hackett lashes out as the officers drag him away.

INT. SUPERMAX - WALLER'S SUITE - DAY

Waller sits contemplatively at her computer throne, staring into space as the TELEVISION plays behind her.

REPORTER (ON TV)
The new allegations, citing the Checkmate organization as the chief transgressor, accuse the Supermax Penitentiary for Metahumans of a variety of violations, including guard corruption, collusion, and thirty-two flagrant abuses of the Geneva Convention...

Just then, the door barges open and several more Federal Marshals push inside.

WALLER
You can't be serious.

The Marshal dangles a warrant in front of her.

FEDERAL MARSHAL
If I were you, I wouldn't say a thing, Ms. Waller.

EXT. THE CROSS COMPANY - PENTHOUSE OFFICES - DAY

Cross sits alone in his high-rise offices. The TV behind him plays news of Queen's pardon. His face doesn't move. No emotion. He looks out towards his beautiful view.

Behind him, BANGING on the door.

POLICE CHIEF (O.C.)
Mr. Cross, Star City PD. Open the door!

EXT. THE CROSS COMPANY - PENTHOUSE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

The police officers kick in the door and run in, only to see-
BROKEN GLASS

Where the high-rise window once was. Cross has jumped!

INT. VIP VISITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Queen sits down in front of Gemini, sitting on the other side of the glass.

QUEEN

How you been holding up in there?

GEMINI

Glad I can be myself again.

QUEEN

You may not be stuck here too much longer. Walls are coming down.

GEMINI

They'll never cut me free.

QUEEN

Maybe not. But everyone here deserves a better cage.

Gemini smiles gratefully. And then-

ROUGE (O.C.)

Mommy?

Behind Queen, a LITTLE GIRL enters. This is ROUGE (9), innocent and intimidated. Gemini's daughter.

ON GEMINI: her face melting at the sight. Years of longing... finally realized. Even the hardest of criminals can't help but break down.

GEMINI

Hi baby...

Rouge reaches into her backpack and pulls out a DRAWING. It depicts a SECLUDED VILLA.

ROUGE

I made this for you. It's Mr. Queen's house. See? That's my room right there.

GEMINI

Do you like living with Mr. Queen?

ROUGE

Oh yeah, it's real fun. Way better than that place I was before.

Gemini smiles at Queen. A silent thank you.

ROUGE (cont'd)

Mom? Are you gonna live with us now?

GEMINI

I don't think so, baby. This is my home. Just like that's your home out there.

Queen steps forward, places his hands on Rouge's shoulders.

QUEEN

Say good-bye to your mother, Rouge.

Gemini puts both her hands on the glass. Rouge climbs down and walks away.

QUEEN (cont'd)

We'll get a visit every year.

(pauses)

So? Are we even now?

She smiles and nods. He makes a fist, places it to the glass. Gemini follows suit.

INT. SUPERMAX HANGAR - DAY

Hackett is led by the Federal Marshals into a prisoner escort jet. As he looks at the handcuffs around his wrists...

HE BEGINS TO SOB.

EXT. SUPERMAX HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

The cold Antarctic surface. Two helicopters wait on the edge of the tarmac. Waller is being led by handcuffs into one of them. Queen walks into another, where Rouge waits.

WALLER

You're compromising the stability of the system. You know that, right?

QUEEN

You failed these prisoners. So did I.

WALLER
You won't accomplish anything.

QUEEN
I owe it to a friend to try.

He starts to duck into the chopper.

WALLER
Green Arrow.

Queen stops.

WALLER (cont'd)
I thought you were one of the good guys.

QUEEN
(smiles)
Always.

And with that he disappears inside. The blades WHIR to life.

CRANE BACK

To a wide shot of the prison, a lone monolith against the expanse of ice, a last vestige of meaning in a world where all the lines have been blurred.

And as the helicopter FLIES OFF towards the horizon, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

* * * THE END * * *