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GREEN ARROW:
ESCAPE FROM SUPERMAX

An original screenplay by
JUSTIN MARKS

Based on the characters from DC Comics

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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.