

# **ARROW**

**“PILOT”**

**STORY BY**

**GREG BERLANTI & MARC GUGGENHEIM**

**TELEPLAY BY**

**MARC GUGGENHEIM & ANDREW KREISBERG**

**BASED ON CHARACTERS APPEARING IN  
THE DC COMICS’ “GREEN ARROW”**

**DC ENTERTAINMENT  
BERLANTI PRODUCTIONS**

**2ND NETWORK DRAFT  
JANUARY 11, 2012**

© 2012 WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC. THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT, INC. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, REPRODUCED OR USED BY ANY MEANS, OR DISCLOSED TO, QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF WARNER BROS. ENTERTAINMENT INC.

FROM THE BLACK --

A RUSTLE of leaves. Disturbing. Urgent. SNAP INTO:

Lush foliage beneath a darkening sky. A BALETE TREE shakes. Something climbing its way up. We're INSIDE SOMEONE'S POV and CLIMBING fast. Leaves and vines and green rushing past.

More rustling and the CLIMBER EMERGES. But it's no animal. Impossibly -- this is a MAN. His face obscured by a GREEN HOOD cut from a sail's muslin. TATTERED CLOTHING over a taut frame. He wields a COMPOUND BOW. A QUIVER FULL OF ARROWS slung around his back.

From atop the tree, he looks out at the EXPANSE of BLACK SEA. And then he sees it... far off on the horizon...

A FISHING TRAWLER

The climber STRIKES AN ARROW like a MATCH -- quick and fluid -- FIRING the FLAMING BOLT so fast we barely saw him string the bow -- and we FLY WITH THE ARROW -- a straight shot down to the BEACH below. Striking a TARGET a hundred feet away.

A WALL OF FIRE IGNITES. Pre-planned. *It's a signal fire.*

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I've never seen anything like it.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - MAIN DECK - THAT MOMENT

The CREWMEN atop the deck react to the FIRE erupting along the coast. They shout to each other in MANDARIN.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I've never read anything like it.  
Except in 19th century literature.

EXT. A BEACH - LATER

A SMALL SKIFF rests on the beach. THE FISHING TRAWLER moored offshore. The ship's CAPTAIN and First Mate -- both Chinese -- cautiously approach the WALL OF FLAME...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
The last thing anyone expects to  
find on a deserted island...

A RUSTLING from the woods nearby. The Captain pulling out A GAFFE. A precaution. Eyes going wide to see --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
...is that it's not deserted.

...A PAIR OF BARE FEET emerge from the woods. All bruises and scars. PAN UP as the FIGURE lowers his hood REVEALING... a BEARDED YOUNG MAN. 27 years old. Sun-bleached hair. Gaunt.

This is what is left of OLIVER QUEEN.

EXT. THE FISHING TRAWLER - (DUSK) LATER

As Oliver boards the fishing boat from the skiff, he looks back one last time at his home for the last five years.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
The island he was found  
on is called "Lian Yu." It's  
Mandarin... for "Purgatory."

We see the ISLAND fully for the first time. Black and silent, far from anywhere and everywhere. It feels wrong.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I can't tell you why he's alive...  
Because for five years... that  
island did its best to kill him.

Off Oliver, staring at the island. A solemn good-bye to what's been his home for the past five years...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Oliver's REFLECTION in a WINDOW. A city's SKYLINE beyond. He's clean-shaven now, hair cut. His face angular, still handsome. But those eyes, still an enigma...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Forty percent of his body's covered  
in scar tissue. Second degree  
burns on his back and arms. X-rays  
show at least 12 fractures that  
never properly healed...

REVEAL we're watching Oliver through an OBSERVATION WINDOW:

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

We've been listening to DR. NEIL LAMB (50, kind, capable). Talking to MOIRA (48, beautiful), a woman not used to being shaken, but finding herself now on the precipice of tears --

DR. LAMB  
I want you to prepare yourself,  
Moira. The Oliver you lost...  
might not be the one they found.

MOIRA  
Has he... said anything about what  
happened?

DR. LAMB  
No. He's barely said anything.

Anxious, she takes a deep breath, reaches for the handle...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tentative, Moira steps inside. Oliver's still standing at the window. Tubes snaking from muscular, toned forearms to an IV stand nearby.

MOIRA  
Oliver...?

He turns around, stares. She takes a step forward. Then --

OLIVER  
Mom.

Moira, of course, is MOIRA QUEEN.

MOIRA  
(voice breaking)  
Sweetheart.

She swallows him in her arms. Crying without realizing it. Five years of loss pouring out. Oliver smiles, grateful for the embrace, but much too far out of practice...

AN ANCHORMAN (PRELAP)  
Oliver Queen is alive...

CUT TO:

A CNN-TYPE BROADCAST. The ANCHORMAN speaks. Behind him, a FILE PHOTO of OLIVER. His face younger, fuller.

ANCHORMAN  
The Starling City resident was found by fishermen in the South China Sea two days ago. Five years after he was missing and presumed dead following the accident at sea which claimed *The Queen's Gambit*...

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE. Moira SMASHING a bottle of CHAMPAGNE against the stern of a 414-foot YACHT. *The Queen's Gambit*. ROBERT QUEEN (50) stands nearby. Powerful, fearsome. A titan.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)  
 ...Queen is the son of Starling  
 City billionaire Robert Queen, who  
 was also aboard but now officially  
 confirmed as deceased.

CUT TO:

A TMZ-TYPE BROADCAST. CAT GRANT (25, sexy) reports. Behind her is a GRAPHIC which reads, "HEIR APPARENT-LY ALIVE!"

CAT GRANT (ON TV)  
 ...five years after disappearing in  
 a boating accident, trust fund bad  
 boy Oliver Queen appears to be the  
 only survivor of the ill-fated  
 voyage...

SHAKY TMZ FOOTAGE. Oliver -- flanked by his leggy DATE -- confronting a paparazzi. This is not the ghost found on the beach. This is Oliver in his prime. And he's had a few...

OLIVER (ON VIDEO)  
 Get that (BEEP)ing camera outta my  
 face before I shove it up your  
 (BEEP)ing ass, you little (BEEP)!

Intercut with a SERIES of MUG SHOTS. Oliver doing his best Lindsay Lohan impersonation... WIDEN to REVEAL, we're:

INT. A SWANK HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The TMZ coverage continues to play M.O.S. TILT OFF the 60-inch LCD to the bed. Sheets rustle. FIND TOMMY MERLYN (28, tall, dark, Devil-smooth). He disentangles himself from a SEXY GIRL (25, rocking bod). Grabs for a water. Spent.

SEXY GIRL  
 Is this what you do? Go to clubs,  
 pick up women, have anonymous sex?

TOMMY  
 No. I go to bars sometimes. Don't  
 judge. It's not as easy being a  
 one-percenter as it used to be.

Tommy's look catches the SCREEN and the TMZ story about Oliver. Tommy's eyes shoot wide. Turning up the volume...

CAT GRANT (ON TV)  
 ...Queen's return has everyone  
 talking. Where was he? And how  
 did he survive all those years with  
 no martinis or room service?

TOMMY  
(a whisper)  
*You lucky son of a bitch...*

Tommy JUMPS from the bed. Grabs his clothes. The outburst sends a SECOND MOSTLY NAKED GIRL emerging from the bathroom --

SECOND SEXY GIRL  
What's going on?

TOMMY  
*He's alive! Ollie's alive!!*

Tommy bolts out the door, SCREAMING down the hall.

MOIRA (PRELAP)  
Tommy Merlyn is dying to see you.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MORNING

Oliver in the backseat. Moira sits opposite him. She's unnerved by his silence, talking for both of them --

MOIRA  
Your sister is nervous of course.  
But don't mistake that for anything. Thea was so distraught for so long. She never gave up hope though -- neither of us did.

But Oliver's distracted by the ICE CUBE he grabs from the BUCKET in front of him. He holds it, fascinated.

MOIRA  
(unnerved)  
Oliver...

OLIVER  
First one I've seen in five years.

MOIRA  
(back to the subject)  
The staff is excited as well. And your father's friend... Walter Steele?

Oliver bristles. A history there. Tosses the cube back.

OLIVER  
From the company?

MOIRA

That's right. He's been very  
supportive with... everything.  
He'll be at the house.

Oliver's look alters as he considers another question. His eyes flashing their first look of genuine concern.

OLIVER

And Laurel... How's Laurel?

Before Moira can answer, we go...

INT. CNRI OFFICES - NIGHT

City Necessary Resources Initiative. Think legal aid but with even less money. Crappy office in a crappy part of town. DINAH "LAUREL" LANCE (28, blonde, smart sexy) is meeting with DANIELLE DIDIO (70s, your grandmother).

A CASE BOARD behind them has PHOTOS and ARTICLES tacked up regarding ADAM HUNT. An entitled grin on his face.

MRS. DIDIO

I went to the District Attorney,  
the Better Business Bureau...  
everyone says they can't do  
anything...

LAUREL

Because, technically, what Adam Hunt did to you -- what he did to dozens of people just like you -- isn't against the law.

MRS. DIDIO

He took everything from me, Ms. Lance. My mortgage, my retirement, it's all gone... He took my life.  
(fighting tears)  
How can that not be against the law?

LAUREL

It's... complicated, Mrs. DiDio.

MRS. DIDIO

So... you can't help me, either?

LAUREL

We're suing Hunt in civil court. A class action alleging fraud and predatory lending.

(takes her hand)

(MORE)

LAUREL (CONT'D)

Mrs. DiDio, I am determined to see  
this man's head hung on the city  
gates like in the 1800s.

For the first time in months, Mrs. DiDio feels a smile blossom  
on her face, just as another lawyer, JOANNA (Laurel's age,  
Laurel's friend) blazes in --

JOANNA

Laurel. You need to see this.  
Right now.

SMASH TO:

LAUREL and OTHERS in front of a TV. The Starling EVENING  
NEWS. An ANCHOR reports, that now-familiar photo of Oliver  
chyroned behind her --

ANCHOR (ON TV)

-- Mr. Queen has reportedly  
confirmed he was the only survivor  
of the accident that took the lives  
of seven people --

(a young BLONDE WOMAN'S

PHOTO replaces Oliver's)

-- including local resident, Sara --

CLICK. Laurel intentionally snaps the TV off before we can  
hear her last name. She just stares at the black screen.

EXT. THE QUEEN MANSION - ESTABLISHING

The LIMO pulls up to A MASSIVE STONE MANSION surrounded by  
vast grounds. Old money. American royalty.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - THEA'S ROOM - DAY

Through the window, THEA QUEEN (17, Lolita, Oliver's sister)  
watches the limo pull up the drive. Behind her, her two BFFs  
-- MARGO (17, blonde, trouble) and NIVA (17, Indian, ditzy).

NIVA

I read on the internet he had  
frostbite. Do you think his toes  
fell off?

MARGO

Your brother was hot, but there's  
no way I could get with a guy with  
no toes.

Thea ignores all this. Just stares out the window. Worried  
to her core -- she loved her big brother with all her heart.

NIVA

What're you so freaked about? It's  
a good thing... he's alive.

THEA

(ignoring that; anxious)  
You guys've gotta leave before he  
comes in --

MARGO

Not 'til you calm down. Roll call.  
What do we have?

Niva reaches into her KNAPSACK, pulls out --

NIVA

My brother's Ritalin and my mom's  
Valium.

MARGO

Screw that.  
(pulls out)  
Thank you, Daddy's ACL tear. Go  
with the Roxy's.

Margo pops out a pill, CRUSHING it to powder on Thea's desk.  
She SNORTS, turns to Thea --

MARGO

Your turn.

She hands Thea the ROLLED UP BILL she used to snort the  
powder. Thea takes it -- practiced -- leaning down...

INT. QUEEN MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

WALTER STEELE (50, commanding) talks on a cell. Watching the  
LIMO pull to a stop through the window.

WALTER

They're here. We can discuss this  
in the office tomorrow. Let's get  
him settled first.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - MAIN FOYER - THAT MOMENT

RAISA (60, plump, old world) and IVAN (65, thin, kind) --  
both Russian, both house staff -- stare through their own  
window. They watch Oliver step from the limo.

RAISA

Well, we had five good years.

IVAN  
You missed him.

RAISA  
(covers)  
And now I'll miss the quiet.

Raisa talks a good game but we see she loves Oliver. She and Ivan are the closest Oliver has to grandparents...

EXT. QUEEN MANSION - DAY

Oliver looks up at his house. As if seeing it for the first time. The driver POPS the trunk, is about to reach inside -- -- when Oliver SPINS and blocks him. A quick move.

OLIVER  
I've got it.

Oliver bends to remove AN ARMY MUNITIONS TRUNK. Weathered. Marked with Chinese letters. He holds it tight. As if his life literally depended on it.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - MAIN FOYER - MINUTES LATER

The door opens and Oliver and Moira enter. Oliver looking like he's stepping onto the surface of Mars. Walter approaches, extending a hand. Warm --

WALTER  
Oliver. It's damn good to see you.  
(beat)  
It's Walter. Walter Steele.

Oliver shakes Walter's hand -- then walks past him. Walter exchanges a look with Moira. Hers says, "He's fine." His, "It's worse than I thought." Oliver reaches Raisa and Ivan who nod respectfully.

RAISA  
Welcome home, Mr. Oliver.

IVAN  
Welcome back, Sir.  
(re: Trunk)  
Can I help you with that?

OLIVER  
No. Thank you, Ivan.

An awkward beat. Moira filling the silence --

MOIRA

Your room is exactly as you left it. I never had the heart to change a thing. Or go in at all.

IVAN

Mr. Merlyn phoned. He wants to join you for dinner.

MOIRA

Wonderful. Oliver did you hear that--

Moira stops. Oliver turns to see what quieted his mother:  
THEA. Standing at the foot of the stairs. Beaming.

THEA

I knew you were alive. I knew it.

She races to Oliver, clutching him tight. If she's too exuberant it's because she's also high.

Oliver melts into the hug. This relationship, it's the one pure, uncomplicated one in his life. They speak so only they can hear.

THEA

I missed you. Every day I missed you.

OLIVER

You were with me. The whole time.

She smiles through her tears. Her big brother is home.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - OLIVER'S BATHROOM - DUSK

Oliver steps from the shower. As the steam dissipates, we get a good look at his bare body: insanely toned but covered with SCARS. A BRAND on one arm. Numbers TATTOOED on the other. Healed BULLET WOUNDS on his legs. A jagged SCAR across his chest. A road map of five years of unknown suffering and the will it must've taken to survive.

As we take in the injuries, A RAPID SERIES OF CUTS -- fast, virtually subliminal -- torture -- blood -- pain. Oliver shakes the memories off.

LIGHTNING FLASHES outside. ANOTHER FLASH, SMASHES us to:

EXT. OPEN WATER - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

*BLACK WATER laps against the hull of the Queen's Gambit. DARKENING CLOUDS billow overhead. THUNDER in the distance.*

*EXT. QUEEN'S GAMBIT - MAIN DECK - DUSK (FLASHBACK)*

A younger Oliver emerges from the lower deck. Shirtless. Carefree. The roiling clouds above can't dampen his mood. He walks across the deck to where --

*His father, ROBERT QUEEN, confers with HACKETT (40, grizzled, hard), Robert's head of security --*

*HACKETT*

*Storm's a category two. Captain's recommending we head back.*

*ROBERT*

*Is it really that serious?*

*HACKETT*

*When even the captain looks seasick, I take that as a bad sign.*

*ROBERT*

*(disappointed)*

*Not even two days out...*

*("oh well")*

*Alright. Back to Bahrain. You'll inform the crew?*

*Hackett dutifully nods, crossing paths with Oliver --*

*OLIVER*

*We in trouble?*

*ROBERT*

*One of us is.*

*He does not mean the storm.*

*OLIVER*

*Yeah. She and I... just kind of happened...*

*ROBERT*

*Things don't happen to us, Oliver. They happen because of us. I wish that would settle in.*

*Oliver's heard that nugget before. Ad nauseum.*

*OLIVER*

*If I wanted a lecture I'd be back at Stanford. Or Berkeley. Or Reed.*

*From below deck, we hear a girl's voice:*

*GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)*  
*Oliver! Where do you keep the  
 bottle opener on this thing?!*

*OLIVER*  
*(calling down)*  
*I'll show you. One sec.*

*Oliver starts toward the hatch --*

*ROBERT*  
*You know that won't finish well.  
 For either of them. Or you.*

*Oliver shrugs. "What can you do?" And heads below. Off Robert, hearing Oliver and the woman's LAUGHTER ECHO...*

INT. QUEEN MANSION - DINING ROOM - BACK IN THE PRESENT

ON Oliver at the table with Thea, Moira, Tommy and Walter. A nauseated look as he studies the table before him.

REVEAL a FEAST of RICH FOODS: STEAK, BROCCOLI with CHEESE SAUCE, ONION RINGS. He hasn't touched any. Food's too rich.

*RAISA*  
*Would you care for something else,  
 Mr. Oliver?*

*OLIVER*  
*A pear. Do you have a pear?*

*RAISA*  
*I will see what I find, sir.*

Raisa exits. Tommy takes over --

*TOMMY*  
*Okay, let's see. What else did you miss? Super Bowl winners: Colts. Giants. Steelers. Saints. Packers. Black president, that's new. Oh, and "Lost." Turns out they were all dead. I think...*

*THEA*  
*What was it like there?*

Everyone stops. Surprised by Thea's bluntness. But eager for the response. A beat. Then --

*OLIVER*  
*Cold.*

TOMMY

Tomorrow, you and me, we're doing  
the city. You got a lot of  
catching up to do.

MOIRA

That sounds like a wonderful idea.

OLIVER

Good. Then I was hoping to go into  
the office.

Walter is visibly unnerved. But tries to hide it --

WALTER

There's plenty of time for all  
that. I'm sure your doctors would  
prefer you take some time. Queen  
Consolidated isn't going anywhere.

Some tension. It's interrupted when Raisa returns with a  
bowl of pears. She proffers it toward Oliver -- but STUMBLES  
-- the BOWL and PEARS spilling to the floor -- But Oliver  
catches both. Fluid. Easy.

RAISA

I am so sorry, Mr. Oliver...

OLIVER

(a whisper)

*Ni dlya kogo ne volnuites, Raisa.*

Oliver looks over. Realizes everyone is staring. A beat.

TOMMY

Dude, you... speak Russian?

An imperceptible shrug from Oliver. Walter smiles, grasping --

WALTER

I didn't realize you took Russian  
in college, Oliver.

OLIVER

I didn't realize you wanted to  
sleep with my mother, Walter.

Offered without venom. Moira flashes an angry glare at Thea.

THEA

I didn't say anything.

OLIVER

She didn't.

FLASH CUTS: *Moira embracing Oliver at the hospital. Oliver shaking Walter's hand. Oliver's nose. Walter's COLOGNE on his mother. He smelled it.*

## MOIRA

I was -- I wanted to find the right time to -- to tell you. Oliver...  
Walter and I are married.

(Walter takes her hand)  
I don't want you to think that we, either of us, did anything to disrespect your father...

## WALTER

We both believed Robert was, like you... was gone and --

## OLIVER

I understand. May I be excused?

Moira -- confused -- nods. Oliver rises and exits. Leaving a quiet room in his wake. A quiet beat. Then --

## TOMMY

Raisa, I'll finish off his steak.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - MAIN HALL - SECONDS LATER

Oliver emerges from the dining room. Pained by this revelation. Eyes finding A PORTRAIT of his FATHER on the wall. He studies it. The MEMORY of A STORM echoing...

## WALTER (PRELAP)

It's strange...

INT. QUEEN MANSION - MOIRA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Walter CLOSES the window on the STORM now RAGING outside. Thunder and lightning. He turns to Moira in bed --

## WALTER

This sudden interest in the company. I don't think he's set foot in the building since he was four. And now it's the first thing he wants to do now that he's back?

## MOIRA

Maybe he craves something normal...

## WALTER

Exactly. When has taking an interest in Queen Consolidated been "normal" for Oliver?

MOIRA

I want my son to reclaim his life  
as soon as possible. Have the  
lawyers here tomorrow.

End of discussion. Suddenly -- a loud BANGING. Startling Moira. Worried, she rises and heads out to --

INT. QUEEN MANSION - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She walks over to Oliver's room. Raises her hand to knock, when -- BANG! The sound again. Startling her.

MOIRA

Oliver?!

She opens the door, looks inside and sees --

INT. QUEEN MANSION - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty. Oliver's gone. *The window is OPEN.* STORM WINDS BLOWING it -- BANGING it against the frame.

EXT. QUEEN MANSION - THE GROUNDS IN BACK

MOVE ACROSS the well-manicured lawn and into the woods behind. Underneath the thick foliage is... OLIVER curled up on the ground, sleeping like a man who's lived in the wild for five years. He's restless. LIGHTNING FLASHES overhead.

*GIRL'S VOICE (PRELAP)*

*One... two...*

The DISTANT ROAR of THUNDER takes us back to --

INT. QUEEN YACHT - OLIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*RAIN pelts the tiny window portal. In bed, we find Oliver and SARA (21). We recognize her face from the TV in Laurel's office and her voice from our previous flashback.*

SARA

*three... four --*

*THUNDER echoes outside the cabin in the night sky.*

SARA

*Oooo... It's getting closer.*

OLIVER

*That's not very scientific.*

*SARA*

*What would you know about science,  
Mr. Ivy League Drop Out?*

*OLIVER*

*Kicked out. And I happen to know a  
lot about science.*

*Oliver moves to grab a bottle of WINE and two glasses.*

*OLIVER*

*I know about... fermentation.*

*(pours the wine)*

*I know about biology.*

*Oliver gets back in bed. Kisses her...*

*SARA*

*She is so going to kill me...*

*OLIVER*

*Only if she finds out about this  
weekend.*

*SARA*

*And if this turns into more than a  
weekend?*

*OLIVER*

*If I were to plan more than 12  
hours ahead, that'd be a personal  
best.*

*SARA*

*I'm starting to realize how we got  
into this mess...*

*OLIVER*

*It's not a mess. It's two people  
finding out if there's something  
more between them...*

*SARA*

*If that's all it was, I wouldn't  
feel so guilty.*

*OLIVER*

*Guilt is the most useless emotion  
in the world. When has anyone  
written songs about guilt? It  
doesn't get anybody to do anything.  
Guilt just gets people to stop  
doing things they want to do.*

*Sara swoons a little as Oliver kisses her again. A LOUD THUNDER CLAP! Startling Sara. She's nervous --*

*SARA*

*That one was really close.*

*OLIVER*

*Relax. We're okay --*

*WITHOUT WARNING, the CABIN FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN! They're thrown about as the deck becomes the ceiling. Sara SCREAMS.*

*Oliver -- BLOOD dripping from his head -- barely has time to look up and see -- A WALL OF WATER RUSHING STRAIGHT FOR HIM!*

*MOIRA (PRELAP)*

*OLIVER!*

EXT. QUEEN MANSION - REAR GROUNDS - BACK TO PRESENT

LIGHTNING CRACKLES and Oliver wakes with a start. Moira is now standing over him. Terrified. His hand SHOOTS OUT -- on instinct -- GRABBING her by the throat --

*MOIRA*

*OLIVER!*

His eyes snap wide, releasing her quickly. Horrified to discover what he was doing.

*OLIVER*

*I'm... so sorry.*

Moira studies him with shock and confusion. Oliver's eyes well with pain if not tears --

*OLIVER*

*What happened there -- it was horrible.*

*MOIRA*

*I know, son. You're home now.*

*(then)*

*Please, come inside, sweetheart.*

Oliver nods. Allows her to help him to his feet. We watch as Moira tenderly moves with her son back inside, the RAIN CONTINUES TO FALL...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. QUEEN MANSION - OUTDOOR PATIO - MORNING

The storm now replaced by a resplendent morning. Moira and Walter look on as a LAWYER takes Oliver through a stack of papers. But Oliver's far more fascinated with the lawyer's iPhone. He examines it -- amazed -- it's like magic, as --

LAWYER

Death-in-absentia usually occurs automatically after seven years. However, in cases of imminent peril -- a boating accident, for example-- the court will grant a petitioner's request to declare the missing person deceased sooner.

(an awkward beat)

We'll... delve into the quagmire of ownership position in light of your disappearance at a later date.

WALTER

Oliver, I hope you understand, in light of you and your father's... absence, it was necessary to bring the company under the control of the board.

Oliver says nothing. Fixated on the iPhone. The lawyer points and Oliver puts the phone aside to sign.

LAWYER

Congratulations. You're alive.  
Again.

The lawyer briefcases the documents and exits. Moira flashes a look at Walter. She got her way. She usually does.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dressed nicely, Oliver checks to make sure his door is locked. Then he reaches under the bed and pulls out the ARMY MUNITIONS BOX, the one he protected so fiercely.

He UNLOCKS it and reaches inside, removing a MOLESKIN NOTEBOOK. Its pages worn by water damage. He pockets it, reaches back in to produce a piece of STONE. Very old. Asian pictograms inscribed on it. Shaped like an ARROWHEAD.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - THEA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thea on her bed. Olympic caliber texting. A KNOCK and Oliver enters. She lights up at the sight of him --

THEA

Ollie --

OLIVER

No one's called me that in a while.  
(adding)  
Speedy.

THEA

Ugh. Worst nickname ever.

OLIVER

Always chasing after me as a kid, I  
thought it fit pretty well.

He holds out the ARROWHEAD. Offers it to her. A gift --

THEA

(no way)

You did not come back from a  
deserted island with a souvenir...

OLIVER

It's a *Hozen*. In Buddhism, it  
symbolizes reconnecting.

(beat)

I kept it, hoping someday it would  
reconnect me with you.

She smiles. Melting a little. A nice moment. One  
interrupted by --

TOMMY

A rock. That's... sweet. I want  
one of those t-shirts that says,  
"My friend was a castaway and all I  
got was this crappy shirt."

THEA

(to Oliver)

Don't let him get you into too much  
trouble. You just got back. Take  
it slow.

Oliver smiles at that. As he heads out with Tommy --

TOMMY

Have you noticed how hot your  
sister's gotten?

(off Oliver's look)

Because I have not.

EXT. STARLING CITY STREET - DAY

Tommy's SLR McLaren cruises through the fog-shrouded streets. A tourism BILLBOARD reads: "Starling City is a STAR City..."

TOMMY (PRELAP)  
Your funeral blew.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Oliver looks out the window. Sees a Blockbuster. The sign out front reads, "Out of business."

TOMMY  
Unimaginative toasts. So much crying. I promised myself if you were ever found alive on a deserted island I would be honest with you about it.

Beat. Oliver tries for "normal" --

OLIVER  
Get lucky?

TOMMY  
Fish in a barrel. They were so sad and huggy. I'm counting on another target-rich environment for your welcome home bash.

OLIVER  
My what?

TOMMY  
Ollie, we partied when you got your license, when you got off for decking that paparazzi scumbag... You came back from the dead. This calls for something so epic, the word "party" shouldn't even apply.

Oliver's not paying attention. His focus drawn to a HOMELESS SKID ROW AREA of town. Boarded-up windows. Graffiti.

TOMMY  
City's gone to crap. Why'd you want to drive through this neighborhood anyway?

Oliver spies a "FOR SALE" sign in front of a DILAPIDATED TENEMENT BUILDING. Burnt out. A method to his madness.

OLIVER

No reason.

TOMMY

So what'd you miss most? Steaks at  
the Palm? Drinks at The Station?  
Meaningless sex?

OLIVER

Laurel.

Tommy reacts. *Bad idea.*

TOMMY

So you miss being punched in the  
face?

(then)

Everyone is happy you're alive.  
And you want to see the one person  
who isn't?

Tommy shrugs, GUNS the engine, sure this is a bad idea...

INT. CNRI OFFICES - DAY

The clinic's beleaguered STAFF -- including Joanna from  
earlier -- looks on as Laurel argues with their supervisor,  
ERIC GITTER (40s, so tired) --

LAUREL

C'mon, Eric, if we can't win a  
class action against a land baron  
who's engaged in mortgage fraud and  
predatory lending on a massive  
scale, we're not fit to call  
ourselves a legal aid office.

ERIC

If we go bankrupt in the process,  
we won't be a legal aid office.  
Hunt's got an army of lawyers ready  
to bury us.

(almost apologetic)

You've got 48 hours. Then I'm  
rolling this whole thing up.

He exits. The staff looks to Laurel. Laurel looks to Joanna --

LAUREL

Okay, you might've called that.

JOANNA

It's fun being your friend. I get  
to say "I told you so" a lot.

LAUREL  
(to one of the staff)  
Where's Judge Grell on our  
discovery motion?

ATTORNEY  
Not where we need him to be.

LAUREL  
The forensic accountant?

JOANNA  
Same story: Needs more time, needs  
more money.

LAUREL  
Line forms behind me. Idea  
window's open, people. C'mon. Adam  
Hunt is not smarter than we are.

JOANNA  
No, just richer and willing to  
commit multiple felonies.

LAUREL  
We don't need to go outside the law --

JOANNA  
-- to find justice. Your favorite  
jingle.

Laurel smiles, about to rebut, when... she FREEZES. At the sudden, impossible sight of... OLIVER across the way. By the door. Tommy standing behind him.

OLIVER  
Hello, Laurel.

Laurel just stares. This conversation... confrontation... has been five years in the making.

JOANNA  
("wow he's hot")  
You gonna introduce us?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CNRI - MOMENTS LATER

A chasm of silence -- awkwardness -- between them.

OLIVER  
You went to law school. Just like  
you said you would.

LAUREL

Yes. Everyone's proud.

OLIVER

Adam Hunt. Are you sure you want  
to mess with him?

LAUREL

Why are you here?

OLIVER

To apologize. To tell you it was  
my fault. To ask you, please,  
don't blame her --

LAUREL

For what? Being 18? Falling under  
your spell? How could I possibly  
blame her for doing the same things  
I did?

OLIVER

Laurel, I --

LAUREL

*She was my sister!* I couldn't be  
angry at her because she was dead.  
And I couldn't grieve because I was  
so angry at her. That's what  
happens when your sister dies while  
screwing your boyfriend.

(beat)

We buried an empty coffin. Because  
her body is at the bottom of the  
ocean. Where you left her.

The words sting Oliver. Only because they're true. Pained --

OLIVER

I know it's too late to say it...  
But I am sorry.

LAUREL

I'm sorry too. I had hoped you  
would rot in hell for a whole lot  
longer than five years.

A dagger in his heart. Laurel turns to go back inside,  
passing Tommy standing just outside the doorway.

LAUREL

How did you think this was going to  
go, Tommy?

TOMMY  
About like that.

She heads back in. Oliver watching her go. Dying inside.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - DAY

Tommy drives. Oliver sits quietly. Still stinging.

TOMMY  
Okay, so we got that out of the way. Good call. Now we're ready to make up for lost time. If you're not too sick of fish I suggest we go find some leggy models and eat sushi off them. What do you say --

In an eyeblink, Tommy's window fills with a VAN -- BARRELLING STRAIGHT AT THEM -- Tommy SLAMS on the brakes --

EXT. STARLING CITY STREET - DAY

The Mercedes SPINS OUT coming to a stop -- the van screeching to a halt -- blocking the Mercedes' path. Then -- *everything happening almost too fast to process* -- the van door sliding open -- TWO MEN in GROTESQUE MASKS spilling out -- silenced semi-automatics -- body armor -- moving with military precision -- OPENING the doors of Tommy's car -- the crumpled metal -- army boots crushing shattered glass --

A HOOD over Tommy's head -- quick -- a chokehold, as -- A BYSTANDER gets out of his car -- rushing toward the scene to intervene -- to help --

-- when a THIRD MASKED MAN leans out of the van wielding a MACHINE GUN. A TORRENT of GUNFIRE SLAMS the bystander to the pavement.

OLIVER sees the samaritan drop -- surging towards him -- a YOUNG BOY -- the samaritan's son -- doing the same --

BOY  
DAD!

The boy rushes to his father. Tears streaming down his cheeks.

Oliver is transfixed by this heartbreak scene, as -- a hood comes down over his head. Enclosing him in BLACKNESS.

*OLIVER (PRELAP)*  
SARA!

EXT. SOUTH CHINA SEA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*oliver floats by himself in dark frigid waters.*

OLIVER

SARA!

*He DIVES below the surface. Beat. Then re-emerges. Alone.*

OLIVER

SARA!

*Desperation grows. Oliver taking in a lungful of air, about to go below again -- when a hand grabs him. Oliver wheeling around to see --*

ROBERT

*oliver!*

OLIVER

*She's down there--!*

ROBERT

*No, Oliver, she's not --*

OLIVER

*I've got to --*

*Oliver struggles -- Robert gripping him -- first to restrain, then to EMBRACE --*

ROBERT

*She's gone! It's been twenty minutes in freezing water.*

*(softer)*

*She's gone, Oliver.*

*oliver sags in his father's arms. Surrendering. A whisper --*

OLIVER

*Please God... No. It's all my fault. It's my fault.*

*Oliver fights tears, as Robert tows him towards --*

EXT. LIFEBOAT - CONTINUOUS

*Hackett, the security chief, reaches to drag them both aboard. Freezing, devastated, Oliver lies there shivering in his father's arms.*

*Off the three men, floating atop the endless black sea...*

MASK (PRELAP)

Mr. Queen...?

SNAP IN. The hood YANKED off Oliver's head. Oliver shaking his head to get his bearings to see he's --

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Desolate. Oliver's sitting on a wooden chair in the center of the cavernous space. Wrists ZIP-TIED behind him. He looks over, sees Tommy, head lolling, similarly bound.

MASK (O.S.)  
Mr. Queen?

Oliver looks up. Three kidnappers. Still in their GROTESQUE MASKS. The leader -- MASK -- stands over him. Flanked by GUNMAN ONE and GUNMAN TWO.

Oliver's eyes dart around. Taking in the surroundings.

MASK  
I ask the questions. You give me  
the answers.  
(then)  
Did your father survive the  
accident?

Oliver says nothing. Mask produces a Gerber clip point HUNTING KNIFE. Rakes the blade across Oliver's chest, cutting the shirt and the skin beneath. *Blood seeps.*

*Yet Oliver doesn't scream.* Mask is impressed.

MASK  
Did your father survive? Did he  
tell you anything?

Again, Oliver doesn't answer. Mask moves the knife UP. Against Oliver's neck. The jugular. Mask looks: *Well?*

OLIVER  
Yes. He did.

Mask reacts. That's more like it. Looks to the others. Then back to Oliver -- who smiles dryly through the pain.

MASK  
What did he tell you, Mr. Queen?

OLIVER  
He told me I'm going to kill you.

A confused beat. Then... Mask laughs. Then the GUNMEN join in. *Oliver must've lost his fucking mind on that island...*

OLIVER

(re: Gunman Two's weapon)  
 Galil 5.56 mm. The man carrying  
 the biggest gun is always the  
 coward. You, I'll have to hunt.  
 You die last.

(then to Gunman One)  
 You think you're faster than me.  
 You're wrong. You'll get a shot  
 off, but I'll kill you second.

The laughter starts to die. Replaced by anxious chuckles.  
 Oliver looks to Mask --

OLIVER

And you, I'm going to kill you  
 first.

MASK

You're delusional. You're zip-  
 cuffed to that chair --

Behind Oliver's back: SHUK. He DISLOCATES his thumb.

OLIVER

Not anymore.

His thumb dislocated, Oliver's hand slips his bonds -- shooting to his feet -- free hand SWINGING the chair around -- KNOCKING Mask back -- the knife out of his hand -- the motion continuing -- across his chest -- blocking the GUNFIRE from --

GUNMAN ONE. The bullets hit the chair -- SPLINTERING it -- Oliver with two CHAIR LEGS in his fists now -- using them like TRUNCHEONS -- Eskrima -- a Filipino martial art --

He knocks Mask's gun -- it FIRES into the floor -- Oliver DRIVING a chair leg towards his face -- depositing it in Mask's eye. Mask staggers back -- death throes -- as Oliver hurls another CHAIR LEG into the chest of GUNMAN ONE. GUNMAN ONE DROPS. The second to die. As promised.

It's suddenly QUIET. The space empty. Oliver was right:  
 GUNMAN TWO RAN.

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Oliver explodes out -- on the hunt -- legs pumping -- Olympic pace -- rounding a corner -- into --

INT. WAREHOUSE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Gunman Two races down the stairs. A Galil SAR fires 750 rounds a minute. Gunman Two UNLOADS them all on Oliver --

Oliver moves fast -- avoiding the GUNFIRE -- CAROMING off the walls -- PARKOUR-like. A predator. Hunting Gunman Two -- pursuing him down the stairs to --

INT. WAREHOUSE - BOTTOM FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

A labyrinth of STACKED PALLETS and SHIPPING CONTAINERS. With Gunman Two as he RUNS -- sending gunfire everywhere -- bullets RICOCHET off metal -- WOODEN CRATES turn to dust...

Gunman Two looks around -- cornered, frightened... desperate. *Where is Queen?* He fires again. Spraying bullets. Just to be safe. Then --

*CLIK.* The magazine is EMPTY. Panic setting in -- he hurriedly searches a pocket for a new clip, when --

OLIVER DROPS FROM ABOVE -- punches the base of his spine -- hitting nerve clusters -- Gunman Two DROPS. Muscles suddenly disabled. Oliver hovers over him -- Gunman Two's eyes pleading. Terrified. Desperate --

OLIVER  
You shot that boy's father...

GUNMAN TWO  
It was an accident -- I didn't mean  
to -- You don't have to do this...

OLIVER  
Yes I do. You see...  
(dark)  
No one can know my secret.

Oliver SNAPS GUNMAN TWO'S NECK! KRACK!

SLAM TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON... A SHADOWED FIGURE IN A GREEN HOOD. A pencil SKETCH. It resembles Oliver when we first found him on the beach. Even more, it echoes a certain DC Comics hero...

DETECTIVE (O.S.)  
That's your story?

WIDEN to REVEAL we're:

INT. QUEEN MANSION - SITTING ROOM - DAY

Oliver sits on the couch, flanked by Moira and Walter as a gruff, determined city DETECTIVE (50s) questions him. Another detective, HILTON (40s, heavy), stands by --

DETECTIVE  
 You were abducted, brought to that warehouse, where you were interrogated, threatened when -- suddenly -- a guy wearing a green hood flew in and single-handedly took them out?

OLIVER  
 Yes, sir.

DETECTIVE  
 Your luck never seems to run out, does it?

An edge there. *History*. He stares daggers at Oliver, who meets his gaze. Moira slices the tension --

MOIRA  
 Were you able to identify the men?

DETECTIVE  
 (no)  
 Scrubbed identities. Untraceable weapons. These were pros who probably figured you'd pay a King's ransom to get your boy back. Or a Queen's ransom, as it were.  
 (for Oliver's benefit)  
 A parent would do anything to keep their child safe.

MOIRA  
 I don't find your tone appropriate, Detective. Or, for that matter, your involvement in this case given the... personal circumstances.

DETECTIVE

Take it up with the Chief-of-D's,  
then. In the meantime, case lands  
on my desk, I work it.

Walter stands. This is over.

WALTER

If Oliver thinks of anything else,  
he'll get in touch. Thank you,  
gentlemen, for coming.

Taking the hint, Detective moves to leave --

DETECTIVE

Welcome home.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - OLIVER'S BEDROOM - LATER

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: A WGBS WEBSITE. VIDEO FOOTAGE plays  
of ADAM HUNT (Laurel's target) on an outdoor dais --

ANCHORWOMAN (O.S.)

...here is Adam Hunt at the ribbon  
cutting ceremony for the waterfront  
re-gentrification project which is  
expected to net Hunt upwards of  
eighty million--

Oliver checks that Moleskin notebook. It contains a LIST OF  
NAMES. One of them reads -- ADAM HUNT.

RAISA (O.S.)

You are different.

Oliver turns, sees Raisa in his doorway.

RAISA

Not like you to read a book.

OLIVER

(smiles, then)  
I missed you, Raisa.

RAISA

No kitchen on the island.

OLIVER

No friends, either.

A thin smile shows he means it. Raisa blushes a bit. Then --

OLIVER

Do I really seem different?

RAISA

No. You're still a good boy.

OLIVER

I think we both know I wasn't.

(off Raisa)

Too much money, not enough  
responsibility.

RAISA

But a good heart.

Oliver smiles. Moved beyond words.

OLIVER

I hope so. I want to be the person  
you always thought I was, Raisa.

Raisa offers a knowing smile. She has faith in him. Exits.  
Oliver returns the notebook to the MUNITIONS BOX and removes  
a LEATHER POUCH...

INT. QUEEN MANSION - MAIN FOYER - LATER

Oliver descends the stairs, ready to leave... when he sees a  
MAN IN A DARK SUIT (35, Black, really, really big) standing  
at attention by the front door. This is JOHN DIGGLE.

MOIRA

Oliver, I want you to meet, John  
Diggle. He'll be... accompanying  
you.

OLIVER

I don't need a babysitter.

MOIRA

This is something I need.

Oliver hesitates. Then gestures to Diggle, who nods and  
opens the door. As Oliver walks through it...

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER

Oliver in the backseat as the limo cruises the city. Diggle  
at the wheel. Oliver studies Diggle's eyes.

OLIVER

What should I call you?

DIGGLE

Diggle's good. Dig, if you want.

OLIVER  
You're ex-military?

DIGGLE

Yes, sir. Army Rangers, 105th Airborne out of Kandahar, retired. Been in the private sector a little over four years now. I don't want there to be any confusion, Mr. Queen. My ability to keep you from harm will outweigh your comfort or desires. Do we have an agreement?

(no answer)  
Sir?

Diggle turns around. Reacts. *What the--? Oliver just disappeared out of a moving car.*

EXT. STARLING CITY STREET - SECONDS LATER

Diggle jerks the limo to a stop, bolting out. Scans the street. No sign of Oliver.

INT. RUSSIAN MARKET - DAY - LATER

A run-down BODEGA in the Little Odessa section of Starling. ON OLIVER as he moves past shelves lined with caviar, canned fish, and other Russian delicacies to the back where --

INT. RUSSIAN MARKET - BACK ROOM - THAT MOMENT

-- he sits before THE GEORGIAN (60, tatted, scary). Oliver spills a pile of DIAMONDS onto the table. The Georgian examines one, a JEWELERS LOUPE in his eye. He looks up at Oliver and smiles revealing a MOUTH FULL OF GOLD TEETH.

Off Oliver, completing Step One -- MONEY...

INT. DARKENED SPACE - SOMETIME LATER

Location unknown. Oliver, shirtless. Muscles taut. Scars exposed. Sweating, as he throws JABS and KICKS against a STRIKING POLE. Off his GRUNTS and the VIOLENT IMPACTS --

REALTOR (PRELAP)  
Are you sure you want to do this?

INT. BURNT OUT TENEMENT - DAY

Oliver, face concealed by a ballcap pulled low, holds a briefcase, stands in the foyer of a BURNT OUT TENEMENT building he spied on his drive with Tommy. A REALTOR (50, desperate) stands nearby.

REALTOR

Not that I'm looking to talk anyone out of a deal in this economy.  
It's just this building doesn't need a renovation so much as a detonation.

OLIVER

I understand the property runs right over the old subway lines.

REALTOR

Yeah, but if you're worried about trains whizzing underneath, don't. Those lines have been abandoned for years.

OLIVER

Will you accept cash?

Oliver opens the briefcase. It is filled with MONEY. The Realtor can't believe his eyes or luck.

Off Oliver, completing Step Two -- LOCATION...

INT. BACK IN THAT DARKENED SPACE - SOMETIME LATER

Oliver sits at a work bench, highly focused as he sharpens metal. Whittles shafts. Trims feathers. He is making arrows. We PRELAP a HORRIBLE DRILLING SOUND --

INT. BURNT OUT TENEMENT - BASEMENT - DAY

Inside the filth-strewn cellar, Oliver wields a JACK HAMMER on the concrete floor. As concrete and dust get kicked up into the air, and the floor begins to disintegrate --

INT. THE DARKENED SPACE - SOMETIME LATER

Oliver lifts his army munitions box onto a work table. He opens it and carefully removes a HAND-MADE COMPOUND BOW. He draws back the bow, testing the tension of the cables. Satisfied, he reaches BELOW FRAME...

From O.S. we HEAR a loud POP. And then Oliver lifts into frame... a just-opened CAN OF TENNIS BALLS. Huh?

CUT TO:

A TENNIS BALL MACHINE shoots volleys of BALLS into the air. THWIKT! THWIKT! THWIKT! Oliver puts an arrow in every one.

The machine CLICKS, empty. Oliver looks down. The floor is littered with arrow-impaled tennis balls. He never missed.

INT. BIG BULK SUPPLY STORE - DAY

QUICK CUTS of Oliver stocking up on GEAR -- BOOTS. GLOVES. KNIVES. Some Khaki-colored BODY ARMOR... THEN the ELECTRONICS DEPARTMENT... CUTS OF TECH AND GADGETRY.

Off Oliver, completing Step Three -- EQUIPMENT...

INT. BURNT OUT TENEMENT - BASEMENT - DAY

CHUNKS OF CEMENT BURSTING FROM THE FLOOR as Oliver HACKS his way at a DEEP HOLE with a SLEDGEHAMMER. He stops, shines a FLASHLIGHT THROUGH THE HOLE. He looks down and SUDDENLY JUMPS DOWN and INTO...

INT. AN ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNEL BENEATH - CONTINUOUS

...Oliver lands on both feet. He surveys the darkness with his FLASHLIGHT.

The tracks stretch on into the dark and silence in both directions. The quiet is unnerving. In evidence, a GRIMY 1950s BILLBOARD: "ARROWLINE -- GET THERE FAST".

PULL OUT to REVEAL *the subway tunnel is the darkened space where Oliver has been plotting and training...*

For the first time since Oliver has been back, he SMILES.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - MAIN FOYER - DAY

Oliver enters. Sees Moira. She looks disappointed. Behind her is Diggle. He looks pissed.

MOIRA

Mr. Diggle informs me that for the past two days, you've been consistently sneaking away from him. From the security I hired to keep you safe. I think I deserve an explanation.

OLIVER

I'm sorry.

MOIRA

I said an explanation, not an apology.

OLIVER

I was alone for five years. I was seeing someone... a woman.

Moira blushes.

MOIRA

Oh.

OLIVER

But I'll take Mr. Diggle from now  
on. Promise.

INT. QUEEN MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Oliver opens the refrigerator. All that food. Just a  
fingertip away. The simple things...

TOMMY (O.S.)

The police came to talk to me about  
the kidnapping.

Oliver stops rummaging. Tommy behind him. Forced casual --

OLIVER

What did you tell them?

TOMMY

That I was unconscious. And you?  
You okay? You've been back, but  
you haven't been... yourself. Want  
to tell me what's really going on?

Tommy studies Oliver. Reading him. Searching. Prompting  
Oliver to adopt his "old" self, putting it on like a mask --

OLIVER

You're right.

(off Tommy)

About having a party. For anyone  
who forgot me, a party they'll  
never forget. We can rent out that  
space downtown. Remember, the old  
Iron Works building? And we should  
invite Jessica C. But...

TOMMY

...not Jessica M.

OLIVER

...not Jessica M.

OLIVER

And the Havins sisters. Oh,  
whatever happened to Erika? With  
the lips? She was a rocket ship.

TOMMY

Got married about a year ago.

OLIVER

So?

Tommy stares at Oliver, then, his concerns allayed, relaxes. Oliver selects A BOTTLE OF WATER from the 'fridge, passing Tommy and entering --

INT. QUEEN MANSION - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The jocularity fades. Being the old Oliver takes a lot out of him. He looks up at the PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER. Then down at the bottle of water. As he TAKES A SWIG --

EXT. LIFEBOAT - SOUTH CHINA SEA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

TIGHT ON SEVERAL BOTTLES OF WATER AND A FEW MREs. PULL OUT TO REVEAL Oliver, Robert and Hackett atop the lifeboat, checking their meager rations --

*ROBERT*  
A few days. Maybe.  
(to Hackett)  
Best guess?

*HACKETT*  
With the current, maybe a week from  
the Paracel Islands.

*Oliver moves to the side of the raft. Robert follows.*

*ROBERT*  
We're going to get through this,  
Oliver.

*OLIVER*  
Really? 'Cause the no food and no  
landfall for a week say otherwise.

*ROBERT*  
We'll make it. We have to.  
(then)  
I thought I'd have more time.

*OLIVER*  
For what?

*He studies his son. Then, hinting at a larger mystery:*

*ROBERT*  
I started with nothing, Oliver.  
But the more I earned, the more I  
paid. I paid with my soul. Queen  
Consolidated's success was built on  
the pain and suffering of many.  
Pain and suffering I caused.  
(beat)  
I failed our city.

*OLIVER*

*Dad, don't say that. You're...  
you're a good man.*

*ROBERT*

*You don't know me. Not really.  
You don't know the truth.*

*Off father and son, the endless sea all around them...*

*TOMMY (PRELAP)*

*He's not who I thought he was.*

INT. CNRI OFFICES - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Tommy and Laurel share a corner -- her STAFF works nearby.

*TOMMY*

*He's back, but he's... different.*

*LAUREL*

*The sympathy card? I was expecting  
the "We were just kidnapped" angle.  
That actually might've worked.*

*TOMMY*

*I'm serious. He was out there for  
five years. By himself. God knows  
what happened to him. God knows  
what he had to become. To survive.*

*LAUREL*

*You sound like a movie trailer...*

*TOMMY*

*Listen, if you're worried he'll  
find out about us...*

A revealing beat. Laurel laughs.

*LAUREL*

*We barely qualified as an "us."  
Ollie's "death" just gave us  
something in common.*

*TOMMY*

*(hurt, changes subject)  
Just come to the party.*

He fixes a look. The look. She starts to crack --

LAUREL

I'm on a clock. I've got a boss who seems to think Adam Hunt's worth busting only if we can do it on schedule. Hunt's a thief, he's only worse because he steals more and it's all technically legal.

Tommy leans back, smiling. Maybe even admiring her a little --

TOMMY

Dinah Laurel Lance. Always trying to save the world.

LAUREL

Yeah, well, if I don't try to save the world...

INT. ARROWLINE TUNNEL - NIGHT

The space is decked out with COMPUTERS and DATA SERVERS. A TRAINING AREA with punching bags and dummies. An ARSENAL OF WEAPONS hangs from the wall. In the corner we find...

LAUREL (V.O.)

...who will?

OLIVER as he reaches into the MUNITIONS BOX and lifts out the GREEN HOOD he was wearing when we first met him on the beach.

INT. ADAM HUNT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

And now in the flesh -- ADAM HUNT (45, a shark, ruthless) -- gets in the face of Laurel's boss, ERIC GITTER --

ERIC

Mr. Hunt, I'm sorry, but my people are determined on this --

HUNT

I don't care about your "people." You don't call off the dogs, I'm coming after you, Mr. Grant. After your house, after your law license, your kids' college funds... I will shred your life and I'll do it because I can. I'll turn you into a cautionary tale.

Grant nods. Impotent. Hunt stares at him for a beat.

HUNT

What're you still doing here?

Two BODYGUARDS -- both large -- appear in the door. He takes that as his cue to leave. Off Hunt, a disgusted sneer...

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt and his bodyguards reach the elevator. He presses the button. DING! THE GREEN ARROW above the elevator GLOWS.

INT. ELEVATOR - SECONDS LATER

Hunt presses "LOBBY" on the panel. The doors close. They stand there silently watching the LED SCREEN charting their progress. "4... 3... 2... L... P1..." Hunt reacts.

HUNT  
Piece'a crap. Passed the lobby...

"... P2... P3... P4"

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Hunt's men peer out. It is quiet and still. Sensing danger, Hunt anxiously presses the buttons. No response.

HUNT  
Check it out.

Hunt's guards step out into the dimly lit structure. Then -- THWIKT! SOMETHING STRIKES the ceiling light! It SPARKS OUT, enveloping everything in DARKNESS save for some SAFETY LIGHTS. One of the guards picks up the object that shattered the light. Reacts. *What the--?*

IT'S AN ARROW.

The guard -- instinctively -- reaches into his suitjacket --

THWIKT! An arrow strikes him -- pinning his hand to his chest -- pain dropping him to his knees, as -- the second bodyguard pulls his gun -- FIRING WILDLY into the shadows. BULLETS RICOCHET. Car windows SHATTER. Finally the gun CLICKS empty. Silence. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)  
You missed.

The VOICE is unnatural. Inhuman. Terrified, the second bodyguard turns and runs back towards the elevator --

THWIKT! THWIKT! Arrows embed in each of his thighs -- collapsing him to the ground -- right next to the first bodyguard -- both writhing in pain...

Hunt looks into the darkness to see --

THE ARROW -- in BODY ARMOR painted a green so dark it's virtually BLACK. Bow at the ready. His FACE obscured by shadow and hood. And a MASK covering the lower half of his face, distorting his VOICE a little.

HUNT

What do you want? I've got money.  
I've got lots of money.

ARROW

I know. And I know how you got it.  
(an echo of the past)  
*You have failed this city.*

Arrow pulls out a card. Drops it by Hunt. A number on it --

ARROW

Forty million dollars. To this account. By 10 PM tomorrow night.

HUNT

Or what?

ARROW

Or I'll take it. And you won't like how.

He turns to go. Hunt is predictably undaunted:

HUNT

If I see you again, you're dead.

The Arrow spins -- instantly FIRING an arrow -- it WHIZZES PAST Hunt's head -- drawing a THIN CUT across his cheek before EMBEDDING in the elevator wall behind him.

ARROW

Same.

The Arrow disappears into the blackness. Off Hunt wiping the trail of blood from his face, seething. And afraid...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ADAM HUNT'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MORNING

Panoramic views of the city. Hunt -- his face stitched -- paces, agitated from his experience the night before. He is in conference with the Detective. Hilton watches nearby.

HUNT

He was wearing a hood. A green hood. With something over his mouth and a goddamn bow and arrow.

The Detective and Hilton exchange a look.

HUNT

You don't believe me? I got two bodyguards in the hospital.

(re: his face)

You think I did this to myself?

Hunt moves to a nearby table and tosses something at the Detective -- AN ARROW.

DETECTIVE

Thanks for your statement. We'll put out an APB on Robin Hood.

HUNT

(a warning)

I'm not some grocer who got taken for his register. I have your commissioner on speed dial. I go to the front of the line.

Hunt exits. Hilton turns to the Detective --

HILTON

Looks like Queen was telling the truth.

DETECTIVE

First time for everything.

(a beat; then)

Get five or six sector cars here.

A SWAT unit, too. Have them establish a perimeter. This hooded guy comes here looking for trouble, he finds it...

Hunt and the Detective share a "fuck you" stare. The Detective and Hilton exit. Hunt looks down at the arrow. It practically says, *I'm coming...*

INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER

Oliver -- dressed to party -- climbs inside, surprised to see A DRIVER behind the wheel. Diggle is in the backseat --

DIGGLE

Put on your seatbelt, sir.

Diggle is not taking any chances. Oliver complies.

EXT. IRON WORKS BUILDING - NIGHT

Oliver's limo pulls up outside the converted factory space. PAPARAZZI snap photos of the guests. Oliver alights -- pausing for the cameras -- and makes his way inside.

INT. IRON WORKS BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

House MUSIC throbs. Skin and money on display. Oliver pulls out his iPhone, checks the clock, activates the timer. It begins counting down from 1:00:00... 0:59:59... 0:59:58...

A deep breath. *Showtime*. He steps inside. Crowd goes wild.

The DJ plays a TECHNO version of "We Are The Champions"... by Queen. Oliver accepts hugs and high-fives and air kisses --

PARTY GUY

Welcome back, Ollie!

PARTY GIRL

Love you, Ollie!

Tommy, martini in hand, finds Oliver --

TOMMY

Man of the hour. Ladies, give this man a proper homecoming.

A trio of SEXY WOMEN -- skin-tight miniskirts -- envelop Oliver -- one hands him a shot. He downs it --

OLIVER

(to the crowd)

*I missed tequila!*

The crowd WHOOPS and HOLLERS. Oliver Queen is back!

INT. HUNT'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

CLOSE ON A CLOCK. IT READS "9:25". WIDEN: Hunt waits. Defiant. PULL BACK to REVEAL... a CADRE OF BODYGUARDS slamming CLIPS into AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. A deadly arsenal.

We notice the TECHNO MUSIC throbbing from outside --

HUNT

What the hell is going on out  
there?

BODYGUARD

Some big party across the street.  
For that Queen guy who got off the  
desert island.

Hunt reacts -- CAMERA takes us out the window -- REVEALING...  
*Oliver organized his party ACROSS THE STREET from Hunt's building.* All part of the plan...

INT. IRON WORKS BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - THAT MOMENT

Oliver looks up, sees... Diggle. Nearby. Watching. As  
Tommy approaches Oliver. Noting Diggle --

TOMMY

Does he wipe for you too?

(then)

Just FYI, five years off the job  
made you a virgin again, if you  
weren't aware. As your wing man,  
I'd highly recommend Carmen Golden.

OLIVER

Which one is she?

TOMMY

The one who looks like the girl  
from *Twilight*.

OLIVER

What's *Twilight*?

TOMMY

You're so better off not knowing.

Oliver looks, catching sight of Thea, Margo and Niva. In  
jailbait attire. He reacts at the sight of his little  
sister. Here. All (too) grown up. And worse...

...she's talking to a charming DEALER. He surreptitiously  
slips a SMALL VIAL into her hand. Oliver's jaw tightens.

OLIVER

Back in a sec.

Oliver crosses over to Thea and her friends.

THEA

Hey Ollie! This party is sick.

OLIVER  
Who let you in here?

THEA  
I believe it was someone who said,  
"Right this way, Miss Queen."

Margo sidles up to Oliver --

MARGO  
Hey Oliver. Do you remember me?  
Back then, I was...  
(boobs forward)  
...smaller.

But Oliver -- disinterested -- grabs Thea, pulls her away, practically by her dress.

OLIVER  
What's going on, Speedy?

THEA  
(shrugging off his grip)  
What's going on with you?

OLIVER  
You shouldn't be here --

THEA  
Uh, not twelve anymore.

OLIVER  
You're seventeen. You shouldn't be here --

THEA  
I love you, Ollie. But you don't get to come back and judge me. Especially for being exactly like you.

OLIVER  
Thea... I know it couldn't have been easy for you when I was... away...

Thea lets out a LAUGH. It's kind of unnerving.

THEA  
"Away?" So you've joined the Euphemism Club, like Mom. You were away? Unavailable? No, you were dead. You died. My brother and my father died. I went to your funerals.

OLIVER

I know --

THEA

No, you don't. Mom had Walter.  
And I had... no one. Now you all  
act like it's cool, let's just  
forget the last five years.

(then)

Well I can't. For me, it's kind of  
permanently in there. So I'm sorry  
if I've turned out to be some major  
disappointment but this... me... is  
the best I could do with what I had  
to work with.

Oliver starts to EMBRACE her. But Thea isn't having it and pulls away. Oliver watches her head off with her friends --

ON THEA AND HER FRIENDS --

THEA

Let's bounce.

MARGO

You have the fun dip?

THEA

Yeah, it's right --

She stops. Patting herself down. *It's GONE...*

THEA

It's not -- I must've dropped it...

FLASH CUT: *Seconds earlier, Oliver surreptitiously swiping the VIAL of DRUGS from Thea when he started to embrace her.*

Off Thea and her friends, thwarted from any illegal fun...

BACK TO WHERE --

Oliver checks his new iPhone. Diggle eyeing him. Oliver turns in the opposite direction -- towards an EXIT SIGN -- and bumps into Laurel. She looks amazing and wasn't even trying. Oliver is shocked -- and overjoyed -- she showed --

OLIVER

You're... here.

LAUREL

I should've let you know I was  
coming. Tommy invited me and --

OLIVER

No. It's fine. I shouldn't've  
dropped in like that before...

LAUREL

I came to talk. Mostly. Is there  
somewhere quieter we could go?  
Like an erupting volcano?

Oliver smiles -- nods -- has just the place. He guides her  
out -- through the exit where he was headed -- but STAY WITH  
THE PARTY... FINDING... *Tommy*. Watching them leave together.

EXT. IRON WORKS BUILDING - ROOFTOP - MINUTES LATER

Oliver and Laurel. Hunt's building in the distance.

LAUREL

I'm sorry... about saying I wished  
you were dead. That was wrong.

OLIVER

I'd be happy to be, if it meant me  
instead of her.

Laurel sees it in his eyes. He's sincere.

LAUREL

About Sara... There's something...  
I'm afraid to ask... but I need to  
know. When she died... did she  
suffer?

FLASH CUT: *Sara in the sinking yacht. Screaming in terror.*

OLIVER

(lying)

No.

LAUREL

I think about her every day.

OLIVER

Me too.

LAUREL

I guess we still have one thing in  
common then.

BEEP! Oliver checks the iPhone. The timer reads, 00:00.  
Hunt's time is up. Oliver swipes the screen, switching apps --

ON THE SCREEN: ACCOUNT 52... BALANCE... \$0.00.

*Oliver frowns. Hunt isn't playing ball.*

LAUREL  
Something wrong?

OLIVER  
Just... someone who owed me some  
money. Didn't pay.

He looks up at her. They share a brief and intense look --  
it's evident they're still very much in love.

LAUREL  
I can't believe I'm saying this...  
But if you ever really want to talk  
to someone -- about what happened --  
I'm sure it wasn't easy for you,  
and if you wanted I could try to...

Oliver's heart breaks knowing what he has to do next --

OLIVER  
Laurel, you always saw the best in  
me. Even right now, you're looking  
for it, hoping that island changed  
me somehow, made me a better  
person. It didn't. Stay away from  
me. I'll just hurt you all over  
again. Only worse.  
(back to the party)  
You should go. I've got five years  
of debauchery to catch up on.

She studies him. Sad. Disgusted.

LAUREL  
You're wrong, Ollie. That island  
did change you. At least now  
you're honest.

She heads back inside. Oliver feels like he swallowed broken  
glass, but... to business. He moves into --

INT. IRON WORKS BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS  
-- and starts pounding down the stairs, when --

A VOICE (O.S.)  
Something I can help you with, sir?

Oliver turns a corner -- waiting for him... Diggle.

OLIVER  
Just needed a second to myself...

DIGGLE

And I'd believe that if you weren't  
so full of crap. Party's this way.

Diggle gestures to a door. Oliver steps forward, grabs the handle. Jiggles it. A confused look on his face.

OLIVER

It's locked.

Diggle passes Oliver, trying the handle himself -- and, *in a blur, Oliver has him in a headlock.* Diggle sags, out cold, never having seen Oliver attack him...

INT. IRON WORKS BUILDING - JANITOR'S CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver drags the unconscious Diggle into the darkened space. Closes the door on him.

EXT. HUNT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The towering building looms. Hired muscle -- business suits and machine guns -- visible through the windows. Patrolling.

Suddenly... *SHUNK.* An ARROW embeds itself on the rooftop. A CABLE trails from it -- stretching across the wide expanse -- back to the Iron Works Building, as --

INT. HUNT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

TWO of Hunt's men patrol. Everything quiet. For a beat. Then -- AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE -- the two men REACT -- too late -- coming around the corner -- moving fast --

*THE ARROW.* Bow in hand -- fires a bolt -- an arrow PINNING one guard -- a Parkour-leap off the wall -- into a KICK -- knocking the other unconscious, as --

REINFORCEMENTS surge down the corridor -- spraying bullets -- the Arrow firing off arrows -- fluid motion -- a deadly ballet -- *DISABLING the men one by one* -- pinning them to walls -- to the floor -- NEVER STOPPING his inexorable movement down the corridor. The sound of the violence is DEAFENING...

EXT. STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

...but inaudible at street level. DROWNED OUT by the lights and TECHNO THUMP of the party across the street. The COPS standing guard outside Hunt's building don't hear a thing.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hunt's eyes react to GUNFIRE and bedlam outside his CLOSED OFFICE DOORS. Then -- even more unnerving -- silence. He finally looks scared. His men grip their guns. Ready for --

THE DOORS BURST OPEN!

The men answer with their guns -- the Arrow dodging -- moving fast -- *firing off arrows* -- extremities -- *nothing fatal* -- he's taken out ALL THE GUARDS WHEN -- HUNT produces a GRENADE -- an insurance policy -- pulling the pin --

HUNT  
Choke on this, asshole --

-- and HURLS it towards the Arrow. Hunt VANISHES into the SAFETY of the PANIC ROOM behind him. The ARROW DIVES behind HUNT'S DESK while simultaneously firing off an arrow. Like the tennis balls, the arrow STRIKES the grenade in mid-air...

*BOOM! THE GRENADE GOES OFF! A MAELSTROM OF PAIN AND NOISE AND POWER ENGULFS THE OFFICE!*

EXT. STREET LEVEL - THAT MOMENT

The policemen spin around -- looking up -- as the WINDOWS BLOW OUT! Reacting --

POLICEMAN  
All units. Converge. Converge.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Behind the desk, through the smoke... Oliver. Hood down. Face exposed. Blood trickles from his ears. Unconscious. Helpless...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

*EXT. LIFEBOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)*

*CLOSE ON THE RATIONS BOX. No more MREs. Only one bottle of water left. Only three-quarters full. WIDEN TO REVEAL:*

*Oliver, Robert and Hackett. Frail and weakened by lack of food and water. Floating in the endless sea.*

*ROBERT*

*Oliver...*

*OLIVER*

*Don't talk, Dad. Save your strength.*

*ROBERT*

*I am. You're my strength. And I'm saving you.*

*Wanting privacy from Hackett, Robert moves close to Oliver.*

*ROBERT*

*We're not going to last. The three of us. But you can. You can survive.*

*(then)*

*Make it back to Starling. I ruined our city. You can save it.*

*oliver looks at his father. Has he lost his mind?*

*OLIVER*

*Just rest, Dad --*

*ROBERT*

*This is my penance. This is what I deserve. But you...*

*Robert touches Oliver's face. Tender. Emotional.*

*ROBERT*

*...you're my absolution.*

*ANGLE ON: HACKETT. He's been listening. Doesn't like where this is going. He reaches behind his back and pulls out a LONG KNIFE when --*

*BANG! Hackett is blown off the lifeboat, dead before he hits the water. REVEAL ROBERT is HOLDING A SMOKING GUN. Oliver cannot believe what he just saw.*

*OLIVER*

Dad!

*ROBERT*

*I love you, son. Survive.*

*Robert puts the gun to his head. Oliver goes to stop him -- but for the very last time in his life -- he's too slow.*

*OLIVER*

No!!

*A SECOND GUNSHOT. Oliver cries out. His innocence shattered forever. He grabs onto his father's lifeless body, hugging it close. Off Oliver's tearful eyes WE DISSOLVE TO: OLIVER'S EYES in the present-- as they flutter open in...*

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

Oliver winces from pain. He wills himself to reorient. He peers out from behind the desk. Sees THE DETECTIVE and a team of SWAT OFFICERS spill into the outer hall. He is surrounded. There is no way out.

*SWAT LEADER*

*Lay down your weapons or we will open fire. I repeat, lay down your weapons!*

Quickly Oliver reaches into his belt and pulls out a SMALL RED DEVICE the size of a FLASH DRIVE. He does something with it but we don't see what. He then dons his hood. Grips his bow. Looks to the SHATTERED WINDOWS. And BOLTS out from behind the desk --

*SWAT LEADER*

FIRE!

GUNFIRE ERUPTS -- The Arrow racing for the window -- dodging bullets and shrapnel -- and he leaps -- OUT THE WINDOW!

The Detective and the others watch as he PLUMMETS -- and FIRES AN ARROW -- THWIKT! -- A CABLE TRAILING AFTER IT like a comet -- the arrow EMBEDS in the parapet of the Iron Works -- cable going taut instantly -- *The Arrow swings across the chasm -- CRASHING THROUGH A WINDOW of the IRON WORKS BUILDING.* He's gone.

Reactions. Shock and stunned disbelief --

*SWAT LEADER*

*Someone say they saw that too.*

The team nods. The Detective pulls his service weapon --

DETECTIVE  
LET'S MOVE!

INT. IRON WORKS BUILDING - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The party is raging. Until... THE MUSIC CUTS OUT. Everyone turns and reacts -- the Detective and Hilton spilling in, flanked by SWAT. The Detective turns to the SWAT Leader --

DETECTIVE  
Search the building. Roof to basement. Find him.

The SWATS move off. The Detective addresses the party --

DETECTIVE  
This is the Starling City police.  
Party's over kids.

Tommy approaches. The Detective smiles --

DETECTIVE  
Mr. Merlyn. Imagine my shock at finding you here. Roofied anybody special, tonight?

OLIVER (O.S.)  
This is a private party, Detective.

The Detective turns... sees Oliver. Back in his suit. A drink in hand. No sign of the ordeal he just went through.

DETECTIVE  
Unbelievable.

OLIVER  
(cupping his ear)  
Sorry, the music's been loud...

DETECTIVE  
Know anything about Adam Hunt's place getting attacked?

OLIVER  
Who's Adam Hunt?

DETECTIVE  
A millionaire scumbag. I'm kinda surprised you aren't friends.

OLIVER  
I've been out of town for a while.

The Detective's WALKIE SQUAWKS.

SWAT LEADER (OVER WALKIE)  
No sign of him.

OLIVER  
No sign of who?

DETECTIVE  
The guy with the hood who saved  
your ass the other day.

OLIVER  
You still haven't figured out who  
that was? If it'd help, I could  
post a reward.  
(to crowd)  
Two million bucks to anyone who can  
find a nutbar in a green hood.

The crowd CHEERS in response. The Detective steps up close  
to Oliver. Rage and pain bubbling over. Quiet intensity --

DETECTIVE  
Did you even try to save her?

Oliver's stomach plummets. Unable to answer. And that only  
enrages the Detective further. Hilton gets between them --

HILTON  
Let's go, partner.

The Detective -- eyes lit with hate -- takes a beat... before  
allowing Hilton to lead him away. Oliver turns... into THEA.  
She heard their conversation. Her disappointment palpable.

THEA  
Did you try to save Dad? Or did  
you just let him die, too?

The look in her eyes -- the disappointment from the one  
person he was closest to... it's almost too much to bear.  
Words fail him. Thea goes, exiting with her friends. A  
pained beat. Oliver willing himself back into character --

OLIVER  
(back to the crowd)  
It is waaay too quiet in here!

As the MUSIC COMES BACK UP, Tommy approaches --

TOMMY  
Some coincidence. You asking to  
have your party here and then Hunt  
getting robbed right next door.  
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
And by the same guy who rescued us  
at the warehouse. A guy I never  
saw.

Oliver clearly doesn't like Tommy's tone. His face darkens.

OLIVER  
I thought you were unconscious.

For the first time in his life Tommy is afraid of Oliver.

TOMMY  
(a lie)  
I was.

OLIVER  
That's good...

TOMMY  
What happened to you on that  
island?

OLIVER  
A lot.

Oliver turns away, the costs of his lonely crusade already  
evident...

INT. HUNT'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

WORKERS hang TARPS over the broken windows. Hunt storms  
about the ruins of his home, barking at an UNDERLING --

HUNT  
I want the entire security system  
overhauled. Card keys. Motion  
detectors. Everything military  
grade. No one gets in here again.

Hunt spies an ARROW sticking out of his wall.

HUNT (CONT'D)  
Ever.

UNDERLING  
Sir, your accountant is holding on  
line one...

Hunt goes to his desk, picks up his phone --

HUNT  
(into phone)  
What is it, Ron?

Whatever Ron says, Hunt's face goes ashen --

HUNT

What the hell are you talking  
about??! Forty million dollars  
doesn't just up and vanish!

(then)

"*Untraceable?*" IT'S FORTY MILLION  
DOLLARS! FIND IT!

Hunt stops. Sees the SMALL RED DEVICE the Arrow was holding during the shoot out. It is attached to his computer. *Shit.*

HUNT

(realizing)

It was a goddamn set up...

Hunt slumps in his chair. Broke. And broken.

INT. ARROWLINE TUNNEL - THAT MOMENT

CLOSE ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: *MONEY TRANSFER COMPLETE* --  
*AVAILABLE BALANCE:* \$40,000,000

WIDEN TO REVEAL Oliver at the computer -- A SECOND WINDOW opens: *CNRI -- CONFIDENTIAL -- E. STONE ET AL v. HUNT.* A LIST OF NAMES cascades down. A lot of names. Hunt's victims. Laurel's clients. The \$40 million decreasing automatically. We know exactly where the money is going...

Oliver opens the now-familiar MOLESKIN notebook. Swipes a pen across a page: ADAM HUNT. Oliver shuts the book.

MOIRA (PRELAP)

Did you think I wouldn't find out?

INT. QUEEN MANSION - SITTING ROOM - LATER

Moira is there, chewing out a chastened Diggle.

MOIRA

Passed out in a closet. I think I'm starting to understand how my son's been managing to shed you every day for the past week --

DIGGLE

Mrs. Queen, I don't know what happened. If you wish to fire me --

MOIRA

I do. And you are. Fired.

OLIVER (O.S.)  
Don't I get a say?

They turn. Oliver's walking in.

OLIVER  
It wasn't his fault. It was a couple of ex-bouncers who had some beef with me.

(off Diggle)  
We were in the stairwell, they came up behind you -- you never had a chance. I tossed 'em a few thousand. It's all settled now.

(back to Moira)  
I vote we give him another shot.

MOIRA  
This isn't a game, Oliver. This is your life.

OLIVER  
Which I value very much. Besides, I think Dig and I understand each other. Don't we?

Very pointed. Diggle takes a beat, then nods.

DIGGLE  
Yes... sir.

OLIVER  
Good. See you tomorrow then.

Taking his cue, Diggle exits. Oliver sits down, picks up a book. Apparently, not a care in the --

MOIRA  
What was that about?

OLIVER  
Nothing.

MOIRA  
Are you hungry? I could have Raisa make us some dinner.

OLIVER  
No, thank you.

An uncomfortable beat. Moira fills the silence.

MOIRA

I feel like I'm doing everything wrong. I wish there were a handbook on being the parent of a shipwreck survivor. But there isn't...

(then)

I know my relationship with Walter was a shock for you. I tried to find a way to keep living after losing you, losing your father. And now I feel like you want me to choose between you and Walter --

OLIVER

Mom... I don't want you to choose.

He takes her hand. Moira, grateful for the opening, hugs her son. He returns the embrace. Struggling to reforge a bond.

MOIRA

I'd love for Walter to have you down to the company tomorrow. You'll like the new offices.

OLIVER

I'm sure I will.

(then, tired)

I'm gonna head up, get some sleep. It's been a long couple of days.

Oliver exits. Moira's smile fades.

INT. CNRI OFFICES - LAUREL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Laurel is on the phone --

LAUREL

...I don't think you have anything to worry about Mrs. DiDio. But that said, as your attorney... if, hypothetically... \$50,000 magically appeared in your bank account... it might be best not to speak of it. To anyone. Ever.

(then)

God bless you too, Mrs. DiDio.

Laurel hangs up. *Weird.*

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Strange day?

Laurel looks up. The Detective is there.

LAUREL  
Strangest.

DETECTIVE  
Want to talk about it?

LAUREL  
Attorney-client privilege.

DETECTIVE  
You know cops hate that.

LAUREL  
I think that's the point.

The Detective sits down. Weary.

DETECTIVE  
Have you seen him?

Laurel takes a sec.

LAUREL  
Yes.

DETECTIVE  
He was throwing himself a party  
last night.

LAUREL  
(uncomfortable)  
Yeah. I heard.

DETECTIVE  
(it still disgusts him)  
Celebrating his miraculous return  
from the dead. I wanted to send  
him right back there.

The Detective studies A PHOTOGRAPH on Laurel's desk. It's of THREE PEOPLE: The two Lance sisters and their father -- our Detective. Quentin Lance.

DETECTIVE LANCE  
I keep thinking about the last time  
I talked to her. On the phone.  
She said she was at the dorm. At  
school. But she was on that  
boat... with him. I was at work  
when she called. Busy with a case.  
Drug bust. Nothing big. But that  
day it seemed so important. More  
important than talking to my  
daughter. So I got off the phone.

LAUREL

Dad...

DETECTIVE LANCE

(emotional)

Maybe if I talked to her for longer  
I would've realized she wasn't at  
college. I could've yelled at her.  
Told her to get her ass home.

He trails off. Trying to keep it in. Always keeping it in.  
Laurel takes her dad's hand.

LAUREL

No, Dad. The only lesson here is  
for both of us not to let Oliver  
Queen back into our lives.

Detective Lance nods. Laurel changes the subject --

LAUREL (CONT'D)

So how's work?

DETECTIVE LANCE

A puzzle. This vigilante. Hood  
and arrows. It's surreal.

LAUREL

Any leads?

DETECTIVE LANCE

No. The Mayor wants me to  
establish a task force. Whoever he  
is -- we'll get him. It's like  
I've always told you Laurel...

PULL BACK -- out through the window -- and up to:

EXT. A ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

THE ARROW stands atop the adjoining roof, looking down on  
Laurel and Detective Lance. *Watching.*

DETECTIVE LANCE (O.S.)

(recalling Laurel earlier)

...we don't need to go outside the  
law to find justice. I believe  
that. And by the time I'm done,  
this guy'll believe it too.

EXT. AN EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A LONE CAR is parked in the dimly lit lot. Behind the wheel  
sits a GRIZZLED MAN (45, reptilian, cold).

After a moment, SOMEONE GETS IN THE BACKSEAT. The GRIZZLED MAN speaks but we don't see to who --

GRIZZLED MAN

The police failed to identify the men I hired to kidnap Oliver. And they never will.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Good.

GRIZZLED MAN

Should we arrange another abduction?

A VOICE (O.S.)

No.

REVEAL the person in the backseat... *IS MOIRA QUEEN.* She was the one that had Oliver kidnapped. She shakes her head --

MOIRA

There are other ways of finding out what my son knows.

With that, she gets out of the back and walks away. Off this shocking development, we go back to...

EXT. THAT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Arrow lowers his hood, revealing Oliver's face. We try to read his expression, but we can't. So much of Oliver, so much of his story, is still a mystery to us. We wonder now more than ever what exactly happened to him on that island.

Oliver surveys the city as an evening MIST settles in. WE MATCH CUT TO: ANOTHER MIST FIVE YEARS AGO...

EXT. THE LIFEBOAT - SOUTH CHINA SEA - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

*Oliver's lifeboat floats through the mist of the China seas. Oliver's in it, looking lifeless. After a moment, Oliver HEARS something... the SOUND OF SEAGULLS. Land is near.*

*He struggles to lift his head... his eyes searching the horizon. As the mist parts, he sees something in the distance. He rubs his eyes. Convinced he's hallucinating, he squints again. And then we see it, too:*

AN ISLAND.

SNAP TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT