

ARROW

"JERICOH"

Written by
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ACT ONE

ESTABLISHING: STARLING CITY.

INT. THE GRELL MUSEUM - SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Leonardo Da Vinci's famous painting of LADY WITH AN ERMINE, we PULL BACK to see a gala in full swing. Starling's ELITE mingle while a CHAMBER ENSEMBLE plays something classical.

JOSEPH WILSON, 24, blond, finely trimmed mutton chops line the sides of his handsome face. You have seen him before on any given cover of GQ. He sketches in a small book as he watches:

THEA QUEEN, 19, looking 30, dressed in the classic "little black dress," she sips a club soda. She searches for someone among the crowd. Frustrated, she gets out her cell. Dials.

Joseph shuts the sketch book, eyes the Lady with an Ermine with great admiration. He catches himself before he's too lost in the masterpiece. He focuses back to:

Thea on cell.

ROY'S VOICE MAIL (O.S.)

You have reached Roy, or not... You know what to do. BEEP!

Thea hangs up as an OLDER MAN suddenly grabs her arm.

OLDER MAN

Miss Thea Queen, I have been looking all over for your brother. Have you seen him?

THEA

(with a forced smile)
I'm sure he's running around here somewhere.

SNAP IN:

EXT. THE TRIANGLES - STARLING CITY STREET - NIGHT

THE ARROW leaps from roof to roof, runs parallel with a junker car below. It SPEEDS down a boulevard swerving in and out of traffic -- HORNS BLARE!

The Arrow lassos a wire around a brick chimney. FIRES a grappling arrow -- WHIZZZZ -- tip of arrow expands into hooks. It spears through roof into backseat of junker car floor --

DRIVER'S SEAT - JUNKER CAR -

DEALER
HA! You missed me!

ROOFTOP -

Uncoiling wire from arrow anchored to chimney runs out of real estate, SNAPS tight -- car jerks to a stop.

DEALER
What the hell?!

Wheels PEEL RUBBER --

The Arrow zip lines down wire attached to car -- he lands and cuts wire -- car jets forward and SMASHES into a storefront.

Store ALARM BLARES --

STOREFRONT -

Dealer slumps over driver's wheel. Head bleeds. He MOANS. He starts to come to. The Arrow SHATTERS the driver's window and yanks the Dealer out of the car by his collar --

SIRENS HEARD APPROACHING --

ARROW
You supplied Vertigo to three teens yesterday. One died and two are in the ICU. Do you have any idea how many lives you have destroyed? Your dealing days end tonight!

DEALER
Let go of me man...

The Arrow throws the Dealer to the ground. He goes to the trunk and kicks the lock. Trunk POPS OPEN, REVEALING:

Bricks of Vertigo -- Dealer's eyes widen. He scrambles to his feet. The Arrow glares at him and heads back to the driver's door. He reaches inside and SHIFTS car's gear to neutral. The car rolls out backwards into the street.

STREET -

Dealer bolts down the street. The Arrow watches him with a grin.

WHIZZZZ! A trip wire arrow wraps around the Dealer's leg, he slams hard to the ground.

DEALER (CONT'D)
ARRGHUUUUU --

POLICE SIRENS approaching closer.

The Arrow aims an explosive arrow into the car trunk --
THWIKT!

BOOOM! A huge ball of fire bellows into the sky.

The Arrow smiles, looks at his watch.

THE ARROW
Crap! I'm --

SLADE (PRELAP)
...late!

SNAP IN:

EXT. ISLAND OF LIAN YU - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Oliver runs to a clearing surrounded by trees.

SHADO and SLADE patiently stand holding backpacks and bows. Oliver, drenched in sweat and out of breath, approaches them.

OLIVER
That was -- steep.

SLADE
*You must build your endurance
Oliver or you'll never survive this
place.*

OLIVER
Easy for you to say.

Shado smiles then hands Oliver a strip of torn shirt.

SHADO
*Fun and games are over. It's time
for your training. Put this around
your eyes.*

Oliver confused, goes with it. He blindfolds himself. Shado hands him a bow and arrow. Slade grabs a Kiwi from his backpack.

OLIVER
*I'm not sure what you're expecting
me to do. I can't see anything.*

SLADE

Shh. Just listen.

Slade throws Kiwi in the air. THUNK. Kiwi hits the ground.

SHADO

Shoot the Kiwi before it reaches
the ground.

OLIVER

(chuckling)
You're kidding, right?

Shado and Slade stand silent --

OLIVER

It's not like I have "The Force" or
anything.

SHADO

Focus, Oliver. Remember what my
father taught you. Be in readiness
for favorable winds and your ears
will see what your eyes cannot.

Slade throws a Kiwi in air. Wind rustles through the tree
leaves. Oliver listens, THWIKT! Oliver takes off his
blindfold. He pierced the Kiwi through the middle.

SLADE

I'm impressed. That showed great
discipline over your senses,
Oliver.

Then, the SOUND of a helicopter. Slade's eyes widen --

SLADE

Come on!

A UH-60 Blackhawk helicopter flies overhead.

OLIVER

You think they're here for us? Are
we being rescued?

Slade ignores Oliver. He runs following the helicopter.

SLADE

Let's go! Stay low!

INT. DIGGLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - BACK IN THE PRESENT

JOHN DIGGLE is asleep on his couch and a file lays open across his chest that reads FLOYD LAWTON. Diggle's cell RINGS. He awakes and fumbles for it --

DIGGLE
(on cell)
Diggle.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BENSON FRANK'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Picture of Diggle and Frank in military uniforms smiling outside a tent in the dessert. BENSON FRANK, 30's, ex-military, his face says he's seen a lot of bad shit. He sits in front of his laptop.

Benson looks at MERCENARIES mug shots from a data base of SEARCHERS INC., CONFIDENTIAL FILES of FLOYD LAWTON, a.k.a DEADSHOT.

BENSON
Hey, John. No luck on that H.I.V.E. organization that Lawton told you about; but, my informant was able to find something you will be interested in -- Lawton's client kill list.

DIGGLE
Kill list? Well that's a start.

Can you meet tomorrow at my place?
I will give you everything I have.

DIGGLE (CONT'D)
Yeah, absolutely. This really means a lot to me. I really owe you Benson. Tomorrow then.

They hang up. DIGGLE smiles.

The client list of Floyd Lawton cascades down Benson's screen. WIDEN TO REVEAL A PICTURE OF MOIRA QUEEN. Benton CLICKS on her picture. Her file reads CLIENT: MOIRA QUEEN. ASSASSINATION TARGET: MALCOLM MERLYN next to MERLYN'S PHOTO.

BENSON
Mrs. Queen. What skeletons you keep.

EXT. THE GRELL MUSEUM - SECOND LEVEL - NIGHT

LAUREL wears a slinky number. She approaches Thea from behind.

LAUREL

Yoo-hoo.

Thea spins around while placing her glass on a passing WAITER'S tray.

THEA

Laurel, you look amazing.

They hug.

LAUREL

(smiling)

Not compared to you. Are you here alone?

THEA

Roy is suppose to meet me here. It's kinda of our first real date somewhere other than Big Belly Burger.

LAUREL

Ah, young love and fast food.

THEA

What about you?

LAUREL

My dad's doing private security for the event and got me a ticket. Looks like I'm pretty much flying solo.

Thea grabs Laurel's hand with compassion.

THEA

Waiter!

WAITER approaches with a tray of drinks. Thea grabs Laurel a martini and a ginger ale for herself. Thea holds up her glass.

THEA

To flying solo.

LAUREL

To flying solo.

They toast, CLINK drinks. Laurel takes a huge gulp.

THEA

Oliver should be here somewhere.

Oliver appears behind them in a fitted Armani charcoal pinstripe suit and green satin tie.

OLIVER (O.S.)

You two look stunning.

(to Laurel)

I bet they enjoyed frisking you at the door.

Laurel smiles. Oliver beams back with a twinkle in his eye.

THEA

Oliver, where have you been hiding?

Thea hugs Oliver.

THEA

I smell smoke.

(off Oliver)

Why do I smell smoke?

Exploding arrows and blazing cars do give off a smell --
Oliver just smiles -- Laurel SNIFFS --

LAUREL

I smell it too.

OLIVER

(suspiciously)

I don't smell anything.

Then, A LADY older than God wearing a black and white fur stole death clutches Oliver's arm. He grimaces --

OLD ART MUSEUM LADY

Ollie, there you are darling.
Harold and I were wondering if we
could have a moment of your time --

OLIVER

Ugh, sure...

Now her captive, she whisks him away --

OLD ART MUSEUM LADY

... now, as you know, the annual
Starling Women's Floral committee
is... I smell smoke darling... do
you smell it?

Oliver looks back to Laurel and Thea --

OLIVER
 (silently mouthing)
 HELP ME!

Laurel and Thea wave good-bye and LAUGH.

ROY HARPER, 21, below, watches Thea from outside through a window on the first floor.

EXT. THE GRELL MUSEUM - FIRST LEVEL

Roy scans all the fancy clothes everyone wears. *Clothes he could never afford.* He looks down at his blue jeans and beat-up leather jacket. *It's a very John Hughes moment.* He swallows his pride and is about to head inside, when --

UPPITY OLD MAN (O.S.)
 Oh boy! Boy.

Roy looks around --

UPPITY OLD MAN
 I need my car now, boy. It's the gold Jaguar. Can you fetch it, please?

Roy horrified, realizes the old man is talking to him.

UPPITY OLD MAN
 Do you speak English? Hello? Are you not the valet?

Roy glares, rushes past him, bumps into OFFICER LANCE, who talks with a SECURITY GUARD.

OFFICER LANCE
 Hey, kid.

Roy reacts, turns around and confronts.

ROY
 I'm not kid... or boy.

Roy hurries away -- Officer Lance confused.

OFFICER LANCE
 Hey! Where you going?

ROY
 (yells back)
 Looks like nowhere.

INT. THE GRELL MUSEUM - SECOND LEVEL

Thea calls Roy again -- straight to voice mail.

LAUREL
He's still not answering?

Thea hangs up. Very disappointed.

THEA
Looks like I'm flying solo too.

Laurel sympathetic.

LAUREL
You know what. I can be your date.

THEA
You're sweet but I think I'm going to call it a night. You should go find Oliver and save him from Cruella.

LAUREL
Call me tomorrow, we can do lunch.

They hug. Laurel leaves. Thea heads out, a painting catches her eye. She studies its beauty. It's a painting of Oliver's island of Lian Yu.

JOSEPH (O.S.)
(Australian accent)
Lian Yu.

Thea turns around. She's taken aback by Joseph's majestic good looks.

THEA
Excuse... me?

Joseph brushes against her shoulder and stands next to her.

JOSEPH
It means purgatory in Mandarin.

THEA
Nice accent. How do you know that?

JOSEPH
Do you like it?

THEA
It reminds me of someone very close to me. It feels... lonely. Sad.