

SECTOR: 2814

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Based on:

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SECTOR: 2814 - SEASON ONE, EPISODE: PILOT

TEASER

EXT. DEEP SPACE - THE OUTER COSMOS.

SUPERIMPOSE: SECTOR 1111 - GALAXY Z8_GND_5296.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE LUCINDA NEBULA.

The VAST INFINITY of space stretches beyond the event horizon, and the DEAFENING SILENCE of its depths seems to only enhance its unending beauty. The purple, blue, orange, and yellow lights blink in a universal mathematical rhythm that only the eldest of beings could hope to decipher.

One of the yellow lights FLICKERS on the far left and begins to move with purpose.

The YELLOW RING is engulfed in a saffron aura of PULSATING power; the pattern of a circular lantern etched into its signet, and a smooth gilded band completes the circle in a rather symmetrical fashion.

As the Yellow Ring streams through the nebula, a green orb FLICKERS into existence ahead of it; a bright green trail emerging as it hurls itself towards the Yellow Ring.

The GREEN RING is bathed in a CRACKLING emerald energy; the pattern of a squared lantern carved into its oval signet, which sits upon a wide jade band.

The Rings are on an unstoppable collision course, as they fly towards each other at incalculable speeds. When they finally meet, a small 'TINK' can be heard.

BWAAAAAMMMMP.

A massive wave of energy cascades from the contact, yet the Rings phase through one another as if not quite in the same dimension - the slightest hint of the others' color being absorbed into the center of each Ring's LANTERN.

Continuing to fly as if they hadn't registered the encounter, they both speed along on their journeys unhindered.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - UNITED STATES - NIGHT.

A DEAFENING ENGINE ROAR is quickly drowned out by POLICE SIRENS, as a MINIVAN swerves around a stopped car at an intersection.

SIMON BAZ (27, Palestinian-American) lets out a SWEAR under his breath. He unconsciously scratches the ARABIC WORD TATTOOED on his right inner-forearm, and cranes his neck to look at the passenger-side mirror - the five cop cars are right on him.

He YELLS into the cellphone now held to his ear with his shoulder, as he frantically darts the minivan around another stopped car.

SIMON

Nah, screw that, man! You said a quick in and out- there's five damn cops on my ass!

Taking his eyes off the road, the van dips hard over the road's median.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Son-of-a-

He regains control of the van, but is CUT OFF by the voice on the other line. After a moment:

SIMON (CONT'D)

Nuh uh. Too many people, so I grabbed one I found under the bridge on Oak. (Beat.) What do you mean that wasn't the deal?! It's the same damn van-

He's cut off again.

Checking the mirrors, he glances into the now skewed rear-view mirror and notices a set of blinking lights in the backseat of the minivan for the first time.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I need that money, Javier! Don't mess with- ... The fu..?

He finds a clearer path on the street, before turning his head around to triple-check.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Hey man, there's somethi- (Beat.)
 Hello? Hello?!

Simon lets the phone drop to the floor as he swivels his head back and forth between the front window and backseat - his face falls. There's no doubt about it. The clock on the front of the thing confirms not only a BOMB, but a bomb about to go off.

02:24, 02:23, 02:22...

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Of all the vans, Simon! Of all the
fu-

One of the police cruisers bumps into Simon's left rear-bumper in an attempt to stop him. The van swerves hard, but Simon is able to keep control of the vehicle.

He scratches at the inner-forearm tattoo again, and surveys his surroundings. It's a busy part of town, and DOZENS of PEOPLE and FAMILIES are enjoying their Friday night out.

He looks at the bomb, then back at the people he now knows are in danger. His brow furrows as a look of determination dawns upon his face. Activating the right-side turn-signal, Simon LAYS on the HORN wildly as he takes the chase onto the FREEWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - DETROIT, MICHIGAN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS).

Racing down the freeway, he reaches around the van's floor and finds his cell phone - double tapping the screen as he presses it against his ear.

SIMON
 Call Sira.

The tiny speaker on the phone CRACKLES to life as it acknowledges his request and the call is connected. After a few rings, the line CLICKS.

SIRA (OS)
 Hi, you've reached Sira! Please
 leave a message and I'll return
 your call as soon as I can. Thanks!

The message BEEPS, and Simon looks at a loss for words. He opens and closes his mouth several times, before:

SIMON

Sira... I- I'm sorry we haven't talked in a while... Listen, tomorrow morning... Tomorrow morning, you're going to hear some crazy stuff about me, OK? Just remember: whatever you hear about me, what ever they say I did - it's not true! You know me, and I would never do something like this. (Beat.) I mean, I- I did steal the van, but I did not know about the bomb! I-

A SIGN on the FREEWAY reads: "BLANGERRY AUTOMOTIVE PLANT NEXT RIGHT," as well as an orange "CLOSED" sign on top of it.

Speeding past it, he races down the exit.

SMASH TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BLANGERRY AUTOMOTIVE PLANT - DETROIT, MICHIGAN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS).

Smashing through the fence on the far side of the plant, he sees his objective in the distance and MUTTERS:

SIMON

Yeah, there it is...

His face becomes even more determined as his impromptu plan takes shape. He SPEAKS into the phone again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Listen, when they ask you why I did it... Tell them that I- I had to take it to the factory, OK? Too many people could have gotten hurt. (Beat.) I- I did this to myself, Sira. And you're right, I always do this to myself.

His eyes begin to well, and his VOICE CRACKS.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Just- just tell mom and dad that I love them, OK? Tell dad that- tell him that he was right, and that I'm sorry. (Long Beat.) I love you too, Sira. You, Nazir, and your beautiful son. You'll never- I- I can't believe I'm letting you down again.

Simon drops the phone as he approaches the heavy-duty loading bay of the deserted factory; its windows and doors boarded shut, between thick floor-to-ceiling concrete slabs that divide the bay.

He pushes the minivan to its limits as he SMASHES through another closed gate, darting in between the abandoned hulks of machines and containers, in an attempt to lose the cops pursuing him.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Why can't these guys take a hint?

The clock reads 00:10, 00:09, 00:08.

Simon opens the van door and flings himself away from the minivan - tucking and rolling as best he can while he skids a few feet on the pavement before stopping.

BOOM.

The explosion is mostly contained. A huge plume of fire and smoke rage from the open side of the loading bay walls, but the damage is minimal.

Simon's ears RING and the world spins, he tries to get to his feet.

MUFFLED YELLS can be heard as he blinks repeatedly to clear his vision. The blurry images begin to take shape, and he sees a dozen guns pointed at him. He puts his hands behind his head and drops to his knees.

BZZZZTTTTT.

Six chrome alligator clips hit Simon in the chest like angry hornets; HALF-A-MILLION VOLTS of ELECTRICITY inject themselves into Simon's now falling and unconscious body.

FADE TO:

EXT. BAZ FAMILY'S MOSQUE - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - UNITED STATES
- EARLY EVENING.

FLASHBACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: JULY 4TH, 2002.

Simon (age 11) and his father HASAN(50s) are leaving a Thursday afternoon Quran study group.

As they make their way through the parking lot, Simon sees something written in spray paint on the wall of the Mosque.

When they get closer they see the words: "TERRIST!"(sic), "9/11 MURDERS," and "GET OUT!" written in several colors of spray-paint.

After staring at the wall in silence for a few moments, Hasan lets out a STIFLED SIGH of frustration. He looks down at his son who's still staring at the words, and it takes him another moment to realize his son's hands are shaking slightly.

Simon JUMPS with a start when his father lets out a SHARP BARK OF LAUGHTER.

HASAN

You know... we have been looking for an excuse to repaint the building. Maybe now the Committee will finally agree to pay for it.

Hasan turns to his son and gives him a wink.

HASAN (CONT'D)

Come! Let us find something to help clean this off. (Beat.) Then we can re-paint it a beautiful shade of pink!

Simon LAUGHS and looks up at his father as they walk back towards the entrance of the mosque, a note of CONCERN in his voice:

SIMON

But... dad. Why- why would someone do that? (Beat.) It isn't true, is it? We didn't do 9/11, right?

HASAN

No son, we did not.

SIMON

Then why would they do that?

Hasan lets out another SIGH.

HASAN

I imagine they did it out of anger.

SIMON

Are- are they mad at us? (Beat.)
Are- are they mad at... me?

Hasan stops and looks at his son, a note of sadness in his voice.

HASAN

No, Simon. In fact I don't think they're mad at anyone who worships here, not really. But after what happened in New York last year, people are afraid; and fear is a powerful emotion. As your grandfather used to say: "Fear is the destroyer of men, and the downfall of all great civilizations. (Beat.) Fear of the unknown, fear of the 'other' - even the fear of one's self; can drive the most well-intentioned to take drastic and irrational actions."

SIMON

But why do they think we did it, dad?

HASAN

They don't.

SIMON

Then-

HASAN

As I said, Simon: fear. Fear and anger, and no place to put it. No place to understand it, or let it go...

Hasan begins to walk again and Simon follows; his eyes falling upon his feet as he stutter-steps to get in step with his father. After thinking for a moment, he looks back up at him:

SIMON

How do you know all this stuff, dad?

HASAN

... Because before you and your sister were born, you mother and I lived in a place where these kinds of sentiments surrounded us almost every day. (Beat.) We moved here so that we could have a better life - and we do.

SIMON

But- but, can that change?

HASAN
Can what change?

SIMON
Our better life? I mean, can- can
they make us leave?

Hasan forces out another BARK OF LAUGHTER - though his eyes betray the heartbreak invoked by his son's innocent and genuine concern.

HASAN
(Softly)
No, son.

SIMON
But how do you know that, Dad? What
if they do? What if they want us to
leave our house?

HASAN
That's not going to happen, Simon.
They can't make us leave, we are
American citizens. (Beat.) Don't
worry, this will pass, it always
does... It takes time to heal from
a wound this deep, but we will come
together once again, I promise.
It's what makes this country one of
the best in the world, and it's why
we call it our home. (Beat.) Now,
let's get this wall cleaned, and
then grab some pizza before-

WHIP TO:

INT. BLACK OPS SITE - EARTH - NIGHT.

PRESENT DAY.

SUPERIMPOSE: RENDITION CENTER - TANGO 77-BRAVO

Simon lets out a SWEAR under his breath, as the black cloth bag is whipped off of his head, and winces from the overly bright lights blaring down upon him.

He unconsciously scratches at the ARABIC WORD tattooed on his right inner-forearm, and his eyes adjust enough to see the room he's in.

It's cold, metallic, and unnervingly sterile.

Dressed in a short-sleeved orange jump suit, he sits at a metal table; a sinister looking handcuff restraint rests on the aseptic surface in front of him.

Two silhouettes block the light from his eyes, but also cast shadows around the faces of the TWO MEN (AGENTS' SMITH, Black, 51 and JONES, 33, Latino) ADDRESSING him.

AGENT SMITH

...so then why even go in there?

SIMON

I took a trip with my family to visit relatives in Lebanon and Egypt. And I went to Saudi Arabia for the Hajj; so yeah, of course I went into a few mosques-

AGENT JONES

The Hajj, huh? Would you call yourself a very religious man, Mr. Baz?

SIMON

Not especial-

AGENT SMITH

That tattoo on your arm, when did you get it? Before, or *after* your trip?

AGENT JONES

Aren't tattoos 'Haram,' Mr. Baz?

AGENT SMITH

And the word 'Courage?' What do you need courage for, Mr. Baz? Are you planning something that's gonna need a little more than usual?

AGENT JONES

I'm not so sure the Prophet would appreciate the sin you've committed against your 'sacred vessel' there, Mr. Baz. Might've messed up your chances with those 72 virgins.

Simon stares at them incredulously, his disbelief turns into a SARCASTIC DEFIANCE:

SIMON

"And all that have not fins and scales in the seas, and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you: ye shall not eat of their flesh, but ye shall have their carcasses in abomination." (Beat.) Been to a *Red Lobster* lately, asshole? I've had three days of this shit, and I'm over it.

AGENT JONES

My religion isn't on trial here, Mr. Baz.

SIMON

And mine is? Who the hell do y-

AGENT SMITH

No. (Beat.) Your religion is not on trial here, Mr. Baz. Agent Jones is mistaken in his implication. I think we've gotten off to a rough start here, why don't we just back up a bit?

SIMON

Sure. I want a lawyer.

The two agents look at each other for a moment, then back at Simon.

AGENT SMITH

That's... that's not feasible at the moment.

SIMON

(Sarcastically)

Why? Are we in Cuba, or something?

Both agents stare silently at him for a few seconds.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Are you serious? Tell- tell me we're not in GTMO (Git-Mo)?

AGENT JONES

Well that is where terrorists go, Mr. Baz.

Agent Jones and Simon stare each other down. After a moment, Smith CUTS in:

AGENT SMITH

Hey Mike, why don't you get us some coffee? Looks like this punk's gonna keep us here all night.

AGENT JONES

Sure.

Jones gets up from his seat with a SNORT, and shoves his chair into the table. Both Simon and Smith wince with the CRACK. After Jones walks out of the door, Smith gets up and locks it behind him. He begins to roll his sleeves up as he turns back towards Simon.

SIMON

Holy shit. (Beat.) Are you- Are you going to torture me? Look dude, I'm telling you the truth! Hook me up to a lie detector, man... give me truth serum, throw me in jail! But come on, I'm not a terrorist, I'm an American!

Smith takes his seat again, places his forearms on the edge of the table, and leans forward.

AGENT SMITH

Is your name really Simon Baz?

SIMON

(Defeated)

Yes! I don't know how many more times I can tell you... (Beat.) I mean come on, man, is your name really Agent Smith?

Smith gives him a sheepish grin, and now in an ENGLISH ACCENT, responds:

AGENT SMITH

Actually, my name is Fed. Agent Franklin Fed of her Majesty's Ministry of Information.

SIMON

You're British?!

Agent Fed dismisses Simon's question and looks down at the blue folder again, continuing in his NATIVE ACCENT:

AGENT FED

The truth is a funny thing, that's why we're still having this conversation. (Beat.) What's with the scripture? You memorize a lot of religious text in your spare time? Kinda suspicious, don't you think?

SIMON

People quote scripture all the time, why is it only suspicious when people like me do it?

AGENT FED

You tell me.

SIMON

I don't know, maybe it's because you're only a fanatic in this country if you're brown? (Beat.) Look, when I was in college it was between theology or philosophy; and I didn't really want to hear a bunch of stoners having a quarter-life crisis, while quoting Ayn Rand.

Fed lets out a CHUCKLE and gives Simon a tight smile.

AGENT FED

I suppose you've also found it useful for... situations like these? (Beat.) Simon, I want to believe you, in fact I almost do. I just need you to tell me the absolute truth about what happened that night. And you need to do it before the walking Patriot Act comes back from the gedunk garden.

Simon lets out a LONG SIGH.

SIMON

Like I've been trying to tell you the whole time... Some people I know offered me three grand to steal a minivan. And as you've so kindly pointed out, Nazir's hospital bills are piling up, and it was some fast cash. When I found the bomb, I thought I could just get all fast and furious and save the day.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

But instead, I got the shit zapped outta me, and now I'm here. That's it, man. That's the whole story, I swear it to every God there is, sir.

Fed gives Simon a long hard look.

AGENT FED

I believe you.

SIMON

You do?

AGENT FED

I do.

Simon leans back in his chair and looks at Fed relieved. He smiles a bit, then his face turns concerned once again.

SIMON

But we have to find out who actually did it.

AGENT FED

Did what?

SIMON

Put the bomb in that van! I stole that thing less than three blocks from my parent's house, man. If I didn't steal it... My parents could have-

The door THUDS against it's frame from being locked, as Jones tries to re-enter the room. There's a cop-knock RAP RAP RAP from his knuckles, his MUFFLED VOICE is heard through the door:

AGENT JONES

All right Fed, times up. They want him upstairs.

Simon looks at the door, and then back at Fed.

SIMON

That doesn't sound good... Come on man, I've told you guys the truth!

The JINGLE of keys can be heard, and a second later the lock CLICKS open. As Jones enters the room with two ARMED GUARDS, Fed stands to meet them.

AGENT FED

Easy fellas, the kid's given us everything he knows. I think we can transport him back state-si-

AGENT JONES

Afraid not, Fed. Orders are to take him upstairs to meet the contractors.

AGENT FED

I don't really see that being necessary here, Valdez. He's been honest, I think we can-

AGENT JONES/VALDEZ

Yeah, I don't really care. Bag'em.

One of the armed guards pulls out a draw-string black bag, as they both approach Simon. Simon YELLS in PROTEST as the bag is forced over his head, the strings drawn tight.

SIMON

Stop! Wait! Listen to me! I've told you the truth! We have to find out who really did this! What if they do it again! What if they hurt my fam-

Simon tries to stand up straight to plead his case, but one of the guards forces his face down on the table with a THUD.

AGENT FED

Simon! Stop. You're going to make things worse for yourself, mate. Just chill out for a minute, and I'll go talk to the boss. It'll be al-

Being slightly shorter than Simon, the guard trips while they stand. The black bag over Simon's face is ripped off as he slides out of the guards grip and on to the floor. Simon tries to push himself to his feet, when the barrel of Valdez's .45 caliber SMITH & WESSON presses against his forehead.

AGENT VALDEZ

Please. For the love of God. Give me the excuse, *Haji*.

Simon stops and raises his hands, scowling at Valdez.

SIMON

I am an American, you ass-

CLANG!

The wall to the left of Simon shakes and CREAKS from the force of- WHATEVER it is that's trying to push through.

The steel wall slowly begins to stretch towards them, the SCREECHING sounds of the metal being stretched to its BREAKING point fills the room, causing everyone to cover their ears.

The screeching rises in OCTAVES as the metal thins.

THUNK.

The GREEN RING bursts through the wall - its momentum carries it into flying circles around the room, its green contrail leaving a slight afterglow as it finalizes the search for its new host.

It comes to a sudden stop in front of Simon.

GREEN RING

*Simon Baz of Earth, Sector 2814.
You have the ability to overcome
great fear. You have been chosen.*

The BODILESS FEMALE VOICE that surrounds him causes Simon to jump. He swings his head around to look for the source, and finding no one, looks at the Ring both bewildered and petrified.

SIMON

Ch-chosen? Chosen for wh-?

His arms still in the air from the threat of Valdez's gun, the Ring flies towards Simon's right hand and onto his middle finger.

BUH-DOOOOMMMM!

A BURST OF GREEN LIGHT engulfs the room, and Simon lets out a SCREAM.

The ceiling explodes and the emerald light shoots through the now open roof, everyone else in the room are thrown against the walls.

The light fades, the room is in shambles, and Simon Baz is nowhere to be seen.

AGENT VALDEZ

What the Fu-? What- what was that?

Agent Fed helps the guards to their feet, and looks sternly at Valdez.

AGENT FED
Get Waller on the phone.

AGENT VALDEZ
Look buddy, you don't have the
juris-

AGENT FED
Waller. Now. (Beat.) Do you even
know what just happened?

Valdez looks at Fed, not really knowing how to respond.

AGENT VALDEZ
No...

AGENT FED
A Green Lantern Ring just broke
Simon Baz out of GTMO. And since
that's kind of a big deal, she
needs to know - ASAP. (Beat.) Now,
get me Waller, before we lose him
on radar, jackass.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BARREN PLANET - ANTI-MATTER UNIVERSE.

SUPERIMPOSE: PLANET QWARD - YELLOW LANTERN CITADEL

A GOLDEN TRAIL breaks through the barren yellow planet's atmosphere, causing a series of small contrails to follow the Yellow Ring on its descent toward the surface.

The Ring flies through the Citadel, a MILITARY-STYLE BUNKER is seen in the distance, and it soon becomes clear that this is the Ring's destination.

CUT TO:

INT. SINESTRO CORPS LISTENING POST - PLANET QWARD - ANTI-MATTER UNIVERSE (CONTINUOUS).

The large COMMAND CENTER is bathed in a deep red hue, allowing the occupants to focus on their screens while still being able to see the room around them. They all glow with a FAINT YELLOW SILHOUETTE, and there is a SOFT MURMUR of FOCUSED CONVERSATIONS around the room as information is gathered, analyzed, and disseminated to the Sinestro Corps members at-large.

The doors to the room BURST open, and the Yellow Ring begins to slow its speed as it enters.

A shadowed colossal being sits upon the center command chair, and the Ring makes its way toward it. It stops and hovers in front of the large entity for a few moments before an enormous gray-scaled fist, also bearing a Yellow Ring, rises from the dark and opens.

The Ring drops into it and glows dimly.

YELLOW RING

*Thaal Sinestro of Korugar, Sector
1417, is dead.*

The hand dips slightly in disbelief, then closes around it swiftly. The small, matter-of-fact voice of the Ring has SILENCED the MURMURS of the other occupants in the room, and all eyes become fixated upon the command chair.

Some flinch as the giant being rises from the seat. This is ARKILLO. His thunderous voice BOOMS coolly through the room's stale air.

ARKILLO

Is the Pinnacle Protocol still in place? Is the Battery still functioning?

A frantic five seconds pass before a VOICE (TECHNICIAN, ALIEN) CALLS OUT:

TECHNICIAN

Yes, Arkillo.

ARKILLO

And the Anti-Monitor?

TECHNICIAN

Still in hibernation at... 66 percent power restoration.

ARKILLO

Good. Then Sinestro will have his revenge on Hal Jordan, regardless of his final outcome. And I now have the Corps under my command. (Beat.) We proceed as planned. Send the next wave of Corpsmen to Earth.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST WETLANDS - FLORIDA, UNITED STATES - NIGHT.

SUPERIMPOSE: EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK

SUPERIMPOSE: FLORIDA, UNITED STATES

Simon wakes with a start. The crescent moon and tall trees surrounding him create a sense of an uncomfortable tranquility, and for a brief moment, he wonders OUT LOUD:

SIMON

Am... am I dead?

A warm pulse of emerald shines from under his chest, and he frantically swings his arm out from under himself to look at his hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)

A Green! Green... Ring?

GREEN RING

*Simon Baz of Earth, Sector 2814.
You have the ability to overcome great fear.*

(MORE)

GREEN RING (CONT'D)

You have been chosen to become an officer of the Green Lantern Corps.

SIMON

What?

GREEN RING

*Simon Baz of Earth, Sector 2814.
You have the ability to overcome great fear. You have been chosen to become an officer of the Green Lantern Corps.*

Simon pushes himself up off the ground and stares at his hand bewildered. Then looks around for the source of the VOICE.

SIMON

Who's saying that? What the hell are you talking about?

GREEN RING

*Simon Baz of Earth, Sector 2814.
You have the ability to overcom-*

Looking up at the sky, Simon CUTS the voice off.

SIMON

Great fear. Yeah, you keep saying that. I think you've got the wrong guy, lady. I'm afraid of a lot of things... Snakes, cops, bees, all sorts of shi-

GREEN RING

*Simon Baz of Earth, Sector 2814.
You have the will to overcome these trivial fears. You have the will to overcome all of your fears. This is why you have been chosen to become an officer of the Green Lantern Corps.*

Simon let's out a FRUSTRATED SIGH.

SIMON

Listen... voice, it's kinda been a shitty day. I just want to go home and chill for a... What the hell...?

A small stream of CRACKLING EMERALD ENERGY begins to leak from the center of the lantern signet on the Ring.

It slowly rotates around Simon's middle finger, then his hand, then makes its way steadily up his arm.

SIMON (CONT'D)
What the hell?! Stop it!

GREEN RING
*Recalibrating Ring. (Beat.) Memory
Access Initiated.*

The energy continues up his arm, and then surrounds his chest and head.

SIMON
No, wait!

His eyes widen, flash green, and then shut violently as MILLIONS OF MEMORIES BEGIN TO FLASH BEFORE HIM.

SMASH TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL/FOOTBALL FIELD - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - EARLY AFTERNOON.

FLASHBACK.

Simon (age 14) and his sister Sira (Age 17) kneel on small rugs facing the Qibla and are praying toward Mecca. It's lunch time, and since they need to fast during Ramadan anyway, they use this time to perform the Salah. They finish praying and TALK about the feast they'll be having that night, as they gather their things.

SIMON
... you're right, mom's spaghetti is way better during Ramadan. I wonder what she- Sira, watch out!

SMACK.

A red water balloon hits the side of Sira's face and she lets out a YELP. It breaks upon impact, soaking her clothes and leaves a welt across her cheek. The sound of CRUEL LAUGHTER can be heard, and a group of JOCKS (16 & 17, white) walk toward them.

SIRA
What the hell, Todd?!

One of the boys walks toward them (TODD, 16) chomping hard on a large piece of gum as he sneers:

TODD
I already told you: keep that
stupid shit in your stupid mosque!

Simon jumps to his feet.

SIMON
What's your problem, man?

TODD
Easy Aladdin! Look, just get back
on your magic carpet there and head
on back to Afghanistan, we don't-

SIMON
We're Americans, asshole!

TODD
Sure ya-

Todd begins to choke on his piece of gum, his face turning purple as he reaches toward his throat.

SIMON
Seriously?!

Simon bolts toward Todd, fist clenched.

SIRA
Simon, no!

Simon runs up to Todd and slugs him in the gut - the piece of gum flying out of his mouth as he doubles over and lands on the ground GASPING.

SIMON
Now what, jack off?

He kicks some dirt in Todd's face and walks back towards Sira.

SMASH TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DETROIT, MICHIGAN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS).

FLASHBACK.

Simon (age 20) walks down a street lined with bars, the neon signs brining a warm glow to the late and cold November night. Holding his phone to his ear, Simon is smiling.

SIMON

Yeah man, I think she likes me! It went really well, and it turns out, she's nerdier than I am.

He listens.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Aww, come on dude. You'll get there - no doubt. I'm heading back now, actually. Should be there in-

There's a WOMAN'S SCREAM from down the alley he just passed. Simon turns around to find the source, and as he looks down the alley, he sees a MAN on top of a WOMAN holding her down, while another MAN goes through her purse.

Simon YELLS into the phone:

SIMON (CONT'D)

Yo, call 911 and tell them to go to the alley behind *Barker's* on Fifth - somebody's in trouble!

Simon charges down the alley, and tackles the man on top of the woman, pushing him to the ground.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What's up, mutha fu-

SMASH TO:

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL ZONE - DETROIT, MICHIGAN - NIGHT
(CONTINUOUS).

FLASHBACK.

The REVVING of car engines ROAR across the cement and ECHO off the empty buildings. A crowd of people are gathered around the starting line, NAZIR (age 29) LAUGHS at Simon (age 26) through his open car window.

NAZIR

I don't want to take your sister and your car man, but if you insist... I mean, it's bad enough I'm related to you now, but are you sure you wanna pink slip the only other beautiful woman in your life?

SIMON

I'm gonna smack the taste out ya mouth, Naz. Keep that shit up, and see what happens.

They both LAUGH.

SMASH TO:

EXT. EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK - FLORIDA, UNITED STATES - NIGHT.

Simon awakens with a start, taking a deep, staggered breath as he comes out of the trance.

SIMON

No! (Beat.) Not that...

The energy is absorbed back into the ring, and Simon is surprised to see himself wearing a shimmering, half-sleeve black and green military-flight suit, a glowing Green Lantern emblem resting on the center of his chest. The ink of the tattoo on his inner-forearm has been replaced by the same crackling emerald energy that surrounds the ring - pulsing in sync with his accelerated heart-rate.

SIMON'S RING

*Mapping neural pathways, complete.
Green Lantern Simon Baz, Sector
2814, established. Commission into
Green Lantern Corps, initialized.
(Beat.) Power levels at 5.5
percent. (Beat.) Message waiting.*

He closes his eyes and takes a few deep breaths. The pulsating energy slows, and he lets out a long breath. He looks up at the sky again.

SIMON

Why did you show me those memories?

SIMON'S RING

Message waiting.

SIMON

Message? What message?

SIMON'S RING

Message waiting.

SIMON

Uh, play message?

An emerald beam shoots out from the Ring projecting a life-sized, semi-transparent glowing green construct of HAL JORDAN - Earth's first* Green Lantern.

HAL JORDAN
Greetings Rookie. My name is Hal Jordan, and if you're seeing this message... it- prob- dead.

The message begins to fragment and become DISTORTED

SIMON
Dead...?

HAL JORDAN
You're- middle of a war. The Ring sought you out because you have the will to overc- fear. You're probably asking-- means, and I- Each Green Lantern has a their own uni- -ship with conquering fe- and through our diff-er, the Corps is made strong- The Ring will construct any- your mind can imagine, -simply need to have the will to bring it into exist- the Ring will do the re-.

Simon looks down at the Ring on his finger and squints his eyes in concentration. A few sparks fly from it. Jordan CONTINUES SPEAKING in BROKEN SENTENCES, and he looks back up.

HAL JORDAN (CONT'D)
-Until- get to Oa, try your best. Find Lan-tern B'dg (Badge). He'll- you. He's un- cover, so it won't be easy- (Beat.) Good luck- Rook- need it.

The construct of Hal Jordan disappears, and Simon finds himself alone and in the dark once again. He looks at the Ring, then up at the sky with his now GLOWING GREEN EYES.

SIMON
How the hell can I be a Green Lantern? (Beat.) You've made a mistake... I'm no Green Lantern.

SIMON'S RING
*Simon Baz of Earth, Sector 2814.
Green Lantern Officer, Rank:
Rookie, Sector patrol: 2814.*

SIMON

Are you really going to do that all
the time?

The Ring doesn't respond.

Taking a deep breath, he stands in silence for a moment
staring at the stars. His softly glowing eyes dart around the
sky as if seeing them for the very first time. He MUTTERS:

SIMON (CONT'D)

OK, so where's Oa?

A beam shoots out of the Ring creating a 3-dimensional map of
the Universe; as Simon turns his head, the map follows his
eyes and creates a Heads-Up Display (HUD) giving him all the
known information about the things he sees - his mouth falls
open.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hello, Final Frontier...

Every known object within the endless universe seem to be
just a stones-throw away, and he never imagined there could
be so much life found in space. A green bubble PINGS in the
center of the map, and Simon can see Oa and the vast amounts
of information available about it. Frozen in wonderment, he
begins to cipher through the data.

A moment later, his eyes cross and he finds himself bent over
- throwing up. The glowing map disappears, and it takes Simon
a second to regain his bearings. He looks down at the Ring.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That's gonna take a second to get
used to. What else can you do?
(Beat.) OK, Ring: Activate!

He thrusts his fist out in front of him, pointing it at a
tree. Nothing happens.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fire!

Nothing.

He pulls his hand back to look at it, then punches the air
toward the tree again:

SIMON (CONT'D)

Greeeen Lanternnnn!

Nothing. He looks at the ring and MUTTERS to himself:

SIMON (CONT'D)

I have to will it into existence -
what the hell does that even mean?

He aims at the tree again.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Uh... Energize?

Again nothing. His arms drops to his side in defeat as he looks around his environment. He lets out a GRUNT of frustration.

SIMON (CONT'D)

This doesn't make any sense, how
can I be a Green Lantern? I don't
even know where I am! What the hell
am I sup-

The HUD flashes back up in front of Simon's face and he leaps backwards falling to the ground with a startled YELP.

After gaining his bearings, he examines the glowing green map in front of him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Not cool, Ring. Not cool. (Beat.)
Florida? So I really was in GTMO?
Damn... (Beat.) OK Ring... I don't
know how you work, but before
anything else happens, I need to
find a way back home.

SIMON'S RING

*Flight mode initiating, calibrating
new neural pathways. Stand-by...*

SIMON

What?

SIMON'S RING

Stand-by...

SIMON

Wait, what did you say?

SIMON'S RING

*Stand- Pathways complete. Flight
mode active.*

SIMON

What?! Wait a minute, I don't know
how to fly! What are you talking
abo-

His tattoo SEARS with a green static-charge, and his entire body begins to glow with a bright green silhouette. His feet lift off the ground.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh shiiiiii-

He blasts off and hurdles through the pre-dawn sky - heading North.

FADE TO:

INT. SINESTRO CORPS LISTENING POST - PLANET QWARD - ANTI-MATTER UNIVERSE.

A Sinestro Corpsman RADAR TECH (small headed purple alien) is sitting at one of the electromagnetic surveillance stations in the back of the room, when a SMALL ALERT sounds. He looks at his screen in disbelief and double-checks it before clicking-on his headset mic.

RADAR TECH

Sir... this is station Echo Sierra -
1. I- I've just registered Hal
Jordan's electromagnetic signature
in Sector 2814 - on Earth. How
would you like me to pro-

There's a THUNDEROUS ROAR from the center of the room.

Arkillo gets to his feet, and as his massive body enters the dim red light, the true terror of Arkillo is understood.

Standing at ten feet and moving as if one solid muscle, he towers over the other species of Yellow Lantern Sinestro Corpsmen in the room. His impenetrable reptilian skin and long protruding tusks catch and reflect the room's light - making it hard to keep him in focus - as he noiselessly glides towards the Radar Tech.

Doing all they can to avoid his piercing and calculating gaze, the other Corpsmen keep their eyes locked on their stations as Arkillo passes them silently. He slides behind the Radar Tech - who's frozen in place and jumps when he's asked COOLLY:

ARKILLO

Did you say Hal Jordan is alive and
on Earth?

RADAR TECH

N-no. Well, y-yes. But, n-no. I mean, I registered his Ring's EM signature on Earth, but that doesn't m-mean it's him. It could just mean that his Ring is active again.

ARKILLO

Which would mean that a new Green Lantern has been recruited... How certain are you that it's someone new and not Hal Jordan?

RADAR TECH

I- Well, I can't be certain of either, sir. Not without getting a scan closer to the planet. The electromagnetic scans from Earth are always a little shaky because of the Multi-Dimensional Planes, I-

Arkillo places his giant hand on top of the Radar Tech's head, and moves his own head down to the same height of the technician's.

ARKILLO

Then why tell me, if you do not know for certain.

RADAR TECH

Sir, I-

Arkillo raises his head back up to his full height; the Radar Tech letting out a little WHIMPER as his head is suddenly squashed - a sickening CRUNCH then POP - ECHO around the room. Arkillo looks down at the OPERATOR next to the now headless technician.

ARKILLO

Dispose of this. (Beat.) Then summon Karu Sil to the Anti-Chamber.

OPERATOR

At- at once, Arkillo.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY.

SUPERIMPOSE: ADVANCED RESEARCH GROUP - UNITED STATES (ARGUS)

SUPERIMPOSE: DIRECTOR WALLER'S OFFICE

AMANDA WALLER (52, Black, no-nonsense) is sitting at her desk watching the footage of Simon Baz at GTMO; biometric data is displayed on a tablet in her hand, and a small communications ear-piece sits in her right ear.

AMANDA WALLER

Yes. (Beat.) Yes. (Beat.) But that's just it Madam President, as you can see for yourself, he was being completely cooperative and seems to be telling the truth. And all bio-data reads steady - I mean, he gave up his address and Social pretty quickly... And as much as I'm in shock to say it in this current environment, he might have actually been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

She sits listening to the President for a moment.

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

Yes ma'am, I concur - especially with heightened global security. And he did run, even if he didn't necessarily mean to, he did. I've reached out to the other Green Lanterns, but none of them are responding. In fact, there's seems to be a lot of interplanetary communications systems down - and with the Justice League off world-

She again listens to the President.

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

Yes Ma'am, understood. I'll send you hourly SITREPS. (Beat.) And you, Ma'am.

Waller leans back in her chair and looks at the radar displays and world news reports shown on the giant flat screen monitors above her door. She stares at the footage of protests happening in several countries - including the U.S., then keys up a radar feed. A map of North America appears across four of the screens, and in the lower-right quadrant of the map, a burst of green light flashes in Cuba before streaming toward the southern tip of Florida. An hour later, it happens again in the Everglades, then vanishes; only to reappear again a few minutes later, before streaming north as it flickers off the grid.

There's a KNOCK on her door as the radar feed replays itself from the beginning.

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

Enter.

Agents Fed and Valdez enter her office. As they reach the chairs sitting across from Waller's desk, they realize she's looking past them at something, and turn to see what it is.

AGENT FED

That Baz?

AMANDA WALLER

It just came in and is being analyzed by the techs down stairs, but probably. (Beat.) You two playing nice yet?

AGENT FED

You know me.

AGENT VALDEZ

Oh yeah, Fed's a real asset, Waller. I appreciate you lending him to the Department - especially when Baz turned out to be one of your freak-show felons all along.

AMANDA WALLER

Oh, he's not one of mine. And around here, you'll address me as ma'am, or not at all. (Beat.) Now, this was just another Homeland Security issue until the Ring showed up, now it's a top priority - as if I needed another one. With all the non-metahuman tension in the world at the moment, I don't know as much as I should about Baz. What's your read, Fed?

AGENT FED

Simon Baz seems to be a decent kid who just got caught up in something bigger than he realizes. And I'd bet my good leg that that was the first time he'd seen anything like that Ring. (Beat.) The van is one thing, sure - and I'm at 80-20 that he's innocent about the bomb. But the Ring? Don't those tend to go to heroes?

AGENT VALDEZ

Damn. He got you man. He got you hook, line, and sinker. You do know there are hostile Ring bearers, right? Sinestro was one of these space-cop 'heroes' and look at the damage he did. I can't believe you fell for his bullsh-

Waller puts her hand up cutting Valdez off.

AMANDA WALLER

I'm debriefing my agent, thank you.
(Beat.) Continue.

AGENT FED

You've seen the video, and we've run the details. It all checks out so far and-

Valdez clears his throat LOUDLY.

AGENT FED (CONT'D)

But, we are still vetting and won't know anything sure for about 12 more hours.

AMANDA WALLER

OK. What's the play?

AGENT FED

I'd like to go to Dearborn.

AMANDA WALLER

Are we sure he'll go back there?

AGENT FED

There's nothing to say that he won't, and his family's there. Since I can be there in a few hours, why not reach out directly if we get a chance? Better me than a SWAT team, eh? Especially if he figures out how to use that Ring.
(Beat.) Permission to go?

AMANDA WALLER

Granted. (Beat.) Valdez, you stay here and be my... liaison to Homeland. We also need to find a way to contact the Corps.

(MORE)

AMANDA WALLER (CONT'D)

If we can unload this problem onto them, we can turn our attention back to some of the larger and more pressing issues at-hand.

She points to the multiple news reports shown across the screens - the many local trouble-spots taking place across the world seem to be inching the entire planet toward an unstoppable crisis.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ANTI-CHAMBER - SINESTRO CORPS CITADEL - PLANET QWARD - ANTI-UNIVERSE.

The room is bathed in a saffron light emanating from glowing pipelines that flow with a static energy. The HUM of the energy current RUMBLES in the background, as two beings stand in the shadow of a GOLIATH.

With his hands clasped behind the small of his back, Arkillo stares into the lifeless face of the ANTI-MONITOR. Its enormous body residing on the four stories below him, Arkillo is able to examine the giant being's helmeted face - with its shriveled gray skin and hollowed eye-sockets - in close detail.

Next to Arkillo stands a red-skinned three-faced alien (MAASH), who's single elongated head holds each face above the other.

ARKILLO

Truly a wonder to behold, Maash - a being as ancient as time itself, powerless in this state of exiled hibernation. But soon, our Guardian of Fear shall restore order to the universe. (Beat.) Ring, status of the Anti-Monitor?

ARKILLO'S RING

Anti-Monitor power restoration at 70 percent.

ARKILLO

And the Pinnacle Protocol?

ARKILLO'S RING

Pinnacle Protocol running at a suboptimal 52 percent.

Arkillo forces his gaze away from the spellbinding face of the lifeless Anti-Monitor, and keys up a map of the universe. Finding Earth, he sees luminous and transparent streams of color covering the atmosphere. The array of colors ebb and flow from blue, to green, to red; and while each color presents itself equally, yellow seems to dominate the sphere in sporadic waves.

ARKILLO

If we create tears within the fabric of space-time and ensure an event occurs across a multiverse focal-point; we will accelerate the Theorem generated through the Terrans by at least 10 times its current level.

MAASH - BOTTOM FACE

(Growling)

But why not send the entire Corps there now, Arkillo? Why not wipe out the human apes with a swift and bloody campaign? The Green Lanterns can no longer enter the Terran Solar System, and we control the Convergence Gate.

MAASH - TOP FACE

(Stuttering)

H-h-he's afraid, Sinestro isn't dead - not after the Electro-Ma-ma-magnetic, readout, of Hal Jordan's, Ring. I- I can sense it.

MAASH - MIDDLE FACE

(Sarcastically)

Surely the great Arkillo fears nothing?

Arkillo looks at Maash's bottom face out of the corner of his eye.

ARKILLO

Silence your lesser selves, Maash. Or I shall do it for you.

Arkillo returns his gaze to the map, and finds the coordinates he's looking for.

MAASH - BOTTOM FACE

(Growling)

Yes of course, Arkillo. (Beat.) But, with all due respect... why restrain yourself now?

MAASH - MIDDLE FACE

(Sarcastic)

The great tactician no longer needs to save face and hide his savagery. I say, commence the blood bath.

MAASH - TOP FACE

(Stuttering)

B-bu-but what if Sinestro, isn't dead? W-wh-what if he's trying to, flush out usurpers, be-be-before the Anti-Monitor's, return?

ARKILLO

A point well noted. (Beat.) So we will stay the course laid out by Sinestro, but still test the waters. At the very least, the Terrans are a key factor, and will continue to be a sustainable resource until the Protocol's completion.

The door to the room slides open behind them, and the silhouette of a woman appears in the door way. This is KARU SIL.

KARU SIL

You sent for me, Arkillo?

ARKILLO

Enter, Karu Sil.

Karu enters the room and walks into the light. What was once the face of a beautiful woman, is now marred by the scar tissue surrounding her lip-less mouth. Her exposed teeth have been filed into sharp points, which are just visible through a mess of tattered black hair that surrounds her face like thick curtains. Her yellow eyes stare piercingly into Arkillo's as she approaches. Three canary-yellow beasts follow her in - the constructs stop a few feet behind her as she reaches Arkillo and Maash.

She bows slightly.

ARKILLO (CONT'D)

Sinestro is dead.

Karu's jaw drops, and the bottom-third of her face becomes almost beast-like in appearance - matching the faces of her exposed-teethed, wolf-like beast constructs behind her.

KARU SIL

How is that possible?

ARKILLO

An investigation is underway, but it appears as if Hal Jordan is to thank.

KARU SIL

Are we sure this isn't another ruse? This rumor has been spread before.

Arkillo lifts his hand, turns it over, and upon opening it, reveals the Ring that flew into the command center. It glows dimly.

ARKILLO

Ring, status of Thaal Sinestro?

SINESTRO'S RING

Thaal Sinestro of Korugar, Sector 1417 is dead. (Beat.) Awaiting reassignment.

Karu takes a step back, staring at the ring in disbelief.

KARU SIL

What- what does this mean? What of the Sinestro Corps?

A thin smile dawns upon Arkillo's face.

ARKILLO

I am now the Corps, Karu Sil.

Karu stares unblinking at Arkillo.

KARU SIL

Understood. (Beat.) How may I serve the Arkillo Corps?

Arkillo's face breaks into an approving smile.

ARKILLO

Become my spear, Karu. Be my force of will on Terra Prime, and complete our mission of reviving the Anti-Monitor.

KARU SIL

You- you honor me, Arkillo.

ARKILLO

I honor loyalty and success, not the medium through which they present themselves. (Beat.) There is a Green Lantern active on the surface of the planet, here are his current coordinates.

Karu looks at the map and sees: 42.3223 N x 83.1763 W displayed on the upper-half of North America.

ARKILLO (CONT'D)

Report back to me immediately if it is Hal Jordan. If it's his replacement... dispose of them as you see fit. They cannot get to Oa and will not understand the power they possess. You will then take over operations on Terra Prime and complete the Pinnacle Protocol.

KARU SIL

As you command, Arkillo.

With another slight bow, Karu turns to leave, the bestial constructs follow at her heel as the door closes behind her. Maash lets out a HISSING LAUGH.

MAASH - BOTTOM FACE

(Growling))

A worthy, but expendable pawn.

ARKILLO

We shall see.

CUT TO:

INT. YASMIN'S CAR, PARKED - GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDING - DETROIT, MICHIGAN - EARTH - MORNING.

It's 7AM and Simon's sister SIRA (30) is sitting in the passenger seat of their mother's (YASMIN, 60s) car holding up her cell phone as SIMON'S VOICEMAIL comes to an end.

In front of Yasmin, a newspaper with Simon's face on the front page rests against the steering wheel; the words LOCAL TERRORIST BOMBS FACTORY are plastered in a large font under his picture. Behind them, Sira and Nazir's child (JUSTIN, 3) stirs in his sleep in the car-seat, and brings Yasmin's eyes back into focus.

SIRA

And that's it. That's the first and last time I've heard from him in over a year. I'm sorry I didn't share it sooner, I wanted to investigate it before I told you anything for sure.

(MORE)

SIRA (CONT'D)

I've tried every contact I have:
half of them won't return my calls,
and the others say they can't
comment due to 'national security.'

YASMIN

I see... And the FBI?

SIRA

After they interviewed us, I
haven't heard back from anyone.

YASMIN

Do you think he- my God, he can't
have. Not my son...

SIRA

Of course he didn't!

YASMIN

But he was in the van, Sira! And
the van had a bomb in it! How could
he not have seen it? (Beat.) Why
did he even steal it to begin with?

She rubs her hands over her face and down her neck.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

Where did I go wrong with him,
Sira? How did I fail as a parent -
to see my only son accused of
terrorism on the front page of
every newspaper...

SIRA

Mom he didn't do it! He's always
had a chip on his shoulder, sure.
But to do something like this? It's
impossible. Besides, he took it to
the factory and nobody got hurt!
(Beat.) I wish they'd talk about
that on the news, instead of about
how you and Dad are from
Palestine...

YASMIN

But what if he did do it, Sira?
What if he did...

Yasmin stares out of the window, lost in a memory.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
 So much anger and resentment...
 It's the same cycle everywhere,
 isn't it...?

SIRA
 Cycle? Mom - he didn't do it, Simon
 is not a terrorist! How can you
 even think that? I mean, really
 mom!?

Sira looks at her phone as it BUZZES with an alarm.

SIRA (CONT'D)
 I've gotta go into work. Listen,
 we'll find him. I know he's
 innocent, and I know we can find a
 way to prove it, OK?

Yasmin is brought back to the present again, and gives her daughter a look of concern.

YASMIN
 It's too soon, Sira. They may not
 want you back yet. Your father and
 I are on voluntary administrative
 leave, and we think you should do
 the same.

SIRA
 This is my job, and I am not my
 brother. They know me here. (Beat.)
 Thanks for watching Justin again! I
 love you! (Beat.) Bye, baby.

She kisses her hand and touches Justin's check, then gives her mom a quick hug, before closing the car door and heading into work. Yasmin watches her enter the building with a woeful look, before hesitantly pulling away.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - MORNING
 (CONTINUOUS).

Sira enters the lobby with a forced-smile on her face, and greets several people as she crosses the hallway. Everything seems normal and she let's out a RELIEVED SIGH. Waiting for the elevator, she glances around the lobby and is horrified to realize that her brother's face is staring back at her - floating between the many pairs of clenched hands in the room;

whose owner's faces begin to peer over the newspapers and in her direction. When she catches a few of their gazes, she smiles politely with a nod.

It's hard to mask the relief she feels as the elevator DINGS with its approach. She slips herself inside it and pushes the button to her floor before the doors have even fully opened, and they quickly reverse direction and close behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - MORNING
(CONTINUOUS).

Sira walks toward her office. She can feel the eyes in the room following her as she makes her way behind the counter, and as she passes her boss (DORIS, 65), she can hear WHISPERS beginning to emerge.

Doris gets up and follows Sira into her office, a newspaper in hand, closing the door behind them.

SIRA

(Upbeat)

Good morning, Doris! I've got those reports completed, and I think I might have saved us around half a million dol-

DORIS

Listen hon. I- I don't know how to say this... I know your brother has had some issues in the past, and we've been able to overlook them, but this...

SIRA

Doris, I- (Beat.) OK, first, I don't think he did what they're accusing him of. Second, I am not my brother. You cannot hold me accountable for something that I didn't do. I've worked here for 7 years, Doris. You know me. I-

DORIS

Sira, I do know you. And that's why I'm able to put you on administrative leave until this is resolved - and not just fire you.

SIRA

Fire me? For what? Because of what my brother is accused of doing? What happened to innocent until proven guilty?

DORIS

Optics, Sira. You know that more than anyone. It doesn't matter what it is, it matters what it looks like. And right now, it looks like your brother is a terrorist who blew up a factory.

Doris looks sternly at Sira, but her TONE SOFTENS when she sees Sira's face drop and her eyes well with tears.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Just... Look at this as a little paid vacation time, OK? You've earned it, you're one of the best I've got. I mean these reports aren't due for another month, and here they are already completed. No one else does that around here!

Sira tries to smile through her tears at the compliment, sniffing through her clogging nose.

SIRA

Thanks, Doris. I-

Sira begins to openly cry and Doris embraces her in a hug.

DORIS

Shh. Shhh. Shhhhh. It's OK. I know you didn't do anything, and I know you think your brother didn't do anything either. I'm sure it's all a big mistake, and it'll get sorted out soon enough. Don't you worry.

Doris releases her hug, and hands Sira a tissue.

SIRA

Thanks...

DORIS

Don't mention it.

Doris gets up and walks towards the door.

DORIS (CONT'D)

I don't know how long this is all going to take, but we'll call you when we've decided what we're going to do, OK?. (Beat.) And hon, would you do me a favor and leave out the back entrance? I don't want to rile up the folks in the office again. Thanks Sira, we'll see you soon.

She quickly closes the door behind her, before Sira has a chance to respond.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND OFFICE BUILDING - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - MORNING.

Sira walks out of the emergency exit door behind the office building and heads down the alley. She takes a few steps before she leans against the alley wall, and begins to sob uncontrollably.

It begins to rain - hard.

SIRA

Son of a bitch!

She slaps the wall with her hand, then recoils it immediately, flipping it over to inspect the self-inflicted wound. She lets out a GROWL of frustrated rage, almost hitting the wall again, before pulling her hand back.

A few yards down the alley there's a flash of green light, a second later, she hears a familiar VOICE.

SIMON

Sira...? Sira, is that you?

Sira sees her brother approach her dressed in what looks like a (non-glowing) black and green pajama onesie through the rainfall.

SIRA

Simon...?

Sira closes the space between them with purpose - a loud SMACK cuts through the falling rain as she slaps Simon across the face. He tries to respond, and she slaps him twice more before a green pulse deflects her fourth attempt - the rebounded force almost making her lose her balance.

SIRA (CONT'D)

What the hell was that? (Beat.)
Actually, I don't care. Where the
hell have you been Si? How can you
leave me a message like that? Like
that, Simon? I haven't seen you in
over a year, and you leave me a
message like that? Where the hell
have you been?

SIMON

GTMO.

SIRA

GTMO... Cuba?

SIMON

Yeah.

SIRA

For a year?

SIMON

No, maybe two or three days.

Sira slaps him again, catching him by surprise.

SIRA

Then where the hell have you been,
Simon? (Beat.) I've always had your
back. Always! I need you, and you
just disappear? What kind of shit
is that?

SIMON

I put Nazir in a coma, Sira! How am
I supposed to come around you and
Jus- (Beat.) How- how can I look
Justin in the eyes, and not be
absolutely destroyed for doing that
to him - to our family? What if Naz
never wakes up, Sira? It's my
fault...

SIRA

He made his own decisions, just
like you did. And your guilt
doesn't excuse you from abandoning
us when we needed you the most.

SIMON

I- I sent you money.

SIRA
From racing and stealing cars for
chop shops?!

SIMON
I got laid off.

SIRA
And that made you a car thief?

SIMON
No one was hiring. And I wasn't
about to go back to delivering
pizza for 8 bucks an hour.

SIRA
That's bullshit, and you know it!
You've got a degree, Si! What are
you doing racing and stealing cars?
(Beat.) Blinded by your stupid
pride, Simon. You just rush right
in, and not give a damn - just like
always!

SIMON
(Scoffing)
Yeah well, now you sound just like
dad - and I've had about enough of
his bullshit lectures, thanks.

SIRA
Well he's right, you little
asshole! And now look at you,
you're accused of being a
terrorist, Simon! Why did you even
steal that van?!

SIMON
To pay for Nazir's hospital bills,
Sira!

SIRA
That's not your job, Simon! Your
job was to be here! For me! For
Justin! But instead you just
disappear...

She stares at him accusingly as they stand in silence, the
rain pelting them unforgivingly.

Sira suddenly wraps her arms around Simon squeezing him
tightly. Simon flinches from the fear of another slap, but
returns her embrace when she begins to cry.

SIRA (CONT'D)

I can't Si... I just can't anymore.
 (Beat.) Justin's learning how to talk, Simon... how do I tell him about his father? How- how do I explain why his uncle's face is on all the newspapers and TV? How do I explain this horrible and shitty world to a three year old...

Her body begins to shake with her sobs, and Simon hugs her tightly.

SIMON

I know I wasn't here, but I'm here now. OK? I'm going to make this right, Sira. I've got this Ring - it's got these powers. I don't know how to use them yet, but I will.
 (Beat.) I'll fix everything, I promise. I'll prove to everyone that I'm innocent. I just need to find this guy - named B'dg - I think he's supposed to train me to be a Green Lantern.

SIRA

A what? What are you...?

She takes a step back and looks at Simon again. Upon a second inspection, she sees that the green and black pajama onesie is actually a sleeked-out version of a tactical military flight-suit.

She wipes the tears and rain from her eyes while SNIFFLING hard.

SIRA (CONT'D)

What...? What the fuck are you wearing?

SIMON

A Green Lantern uniform!

She notices the dull, but CRACKLING green energy emitting from his tattoo and points at it.

SIRA

What's wrong with your arm? Oh my God, are you radio-active?! Did that bomb-

SIMON
No! No, it's this Ring! It's a
Green Lantern Ring!

He stares at her with a big dumb grin on his face, waiting for her to join in on his excitement.

SIRA
OK...

SIMON
Sira, I'm a Green Lantern!

SIRA
What- what does that mean?

SIMON
What does that-?! Sira, I'm a
Green! Lantern!

SIRA
OK... But I'm not really sure what
that is.

SIMON
Oh my God! Don't you watch the
news? They're heroes, like the
Justice League. You know, like The
Batman and Wonder Woman... They-
they're like a group of
intergalactic police officers who
protect the universe from evil
doers and villains, and...

Sira looks like she's on the brink of laughter.

SIMON (CONT'D)
It means- It means that I have...
powers, and stuff!

SIRA
(Chuckling)
'Powers and stuff,' huh? Like when
you were a kid and played *Power
Rangers* with Shane?

Simon gets defensive.

SIMON
It's an honor to be chosen to be a
Green Lantern, Sira! Quit laughing.
(Beat.) Well check this out then:
I can- I can... uh... I can fly!

His tattoo flares, his body glows with an emerald silhouette, and he lifts a few feet off the ground. He floats for a few seconds, and then lands gently back on the street.

SIRA

Holy- holy shit! You can fly...

SIMON

See? I told you.

SIRA

That was... yeah, OK. That was pretty cool. But why do you have it? Did you steal that too?

SIMON

No! (Beat.) I was at GTMO, and it uh- well, it kinda broke me out.

SIRA

Why would it do that?

SIMON

I'm not sure yet. This guy, Hal Jordan came out of the Ring and told me that there's some kind of war happening...

SIRA

A guy came out of your ring and told you there's a war going on? What war? In the Middle-East? Who doesn't know about that?

SIMON

I think it might be bigger than that... I'm supposed to find this guy B'dg, he'll tell me. Hal Jordan also said this Ring chose me for a reason, and that I had to figure out what that reason is... I think the first reason is to find out who put that bomb in the back of that van. I stole it just a few blocks from mom and dad's house, and I've got to find who did it before it happens again.

SIRA

You- you did? I- I didn't know that... OK, what are you going to do and what can I do to help?

SIMON

I've got the license plate number of the van I stole. Can you find out the address of its owner? I'm hoping that they can maybe point me in the right direction.

SIRA

I'm on 'administrative leave' as of 20 minutes ago, but I'll try. Give me a few hours.

SIMON

Thanks, Sira. (Beat.) I really am sorry. Let me just clear my name, and I promise I'll make it up to you, OK? Hit me up on my cell, when you've got it. I lost my phone, but my Ring somehow gets my calls and texts - check it.

Simon winks at Sira, just as her phone VIBRATES. Its a text message from Simon, it reads:

"YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR ME, I PROMISE THAT I'LL BE HERE FOR YOU TOO. XO, SI."

She looks up at him and smiles.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Give my love to mom and dad. I'll see you guys soon.

His tattoo flares again and his silhouette glows brightly. He hovers above the street for a moment, and then takes flight once again.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - EVENING.

Simon touches down on the grass of a well manicured lawn, and walks toward the front door, the rain still steady. There aren't any lights on in the house, but he can see the flickering blue light of a large TV through the window and the same make and model of the van he stole, parked in the driveway.

Before he knocks, he looks down at his glowing flight suit and MUTTERS to himself:

SIMON

Not very inconspicuous... Ring, uh,
uniform off?

The flight suit dissolves and the energy from it is reclaimed by the Ring. He looks at himself again, now in the bright orange jumpsuit from GTMO.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Not much better. Ring, uh... normal
clothes?

The energy is again released from the Ring and covers Simon in a non-glowing t-shirt and jeans.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Hell yeah.

SIMON'S RING

Power levels at 0.72 percent.

SIMON

Hmm... Hope that's enough...

He KNOCKS on the door.

The bright beams of flickering light from the TV cast a shadowed silhouette over the face of the muscular man who answers the door in a bathrobe. This is ROY (White, 42).

ROY

What do you want?

SIMON

Hello sir, my name is Simon Baz and I know this is going to sound crazy, but I was wondering if I could ask you about your van? Did you have one stolen from you recently?

Roy flicks on the porch light, temporarily blinding Simon who winces. Roy GRUNTS.

ROY

Yeah, I did. You should come in out of the rain, boy. Let's talk inside.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE/LIVING-ROOM - DEARBORN, MICHIGAN - NIGHT
(CONTINUOUS).

Simon thanks him and enters the house. Roy goes into the kitchen TELLING him that he'll be right back.

Simon scans the room while he waits in the dark, the flickering light from the TV throws the room into shadows as the conservative news channel BLARES on about illegal immigrants, and the constant dangers of terrorism. He sees a shadow box filled with military ribbons and medals from the recent wars in the Middle East on a bookshelf. He also sees some blueprints laying on the coffee table - and from what he can see of them - they pique his curiosity.

He bends down and pushes the curled portion of the plans flat - its a bridge. The bridge on Oak, in fact. There are also plans for all the major bridges in the Detroit area; as well as power plants, airports, City Hall, and-

CHK CHK.

A GUN'S HAMMER is cocked behind him.

ROY

You God damn sand-niggers have
absolutely no respect for privacy,
do ya?

BANG.

Roy shoots the back of Simon's head at point-blank range.

There's a green glow, and the bullet's impact is absorbed by the construct of a miniature brick wall. Simon pushes the stunned Roy to the ground, and runs towards the kitchen, throwing himself over and behind the island counter.

SIMON'S RING

Power level at 0.0 percent.

SIMON

Shit.

BANG! The dishes above him explode.

The energy holding his clothes together fades, and the bright orange jumpsuit remaining makes him an even bigger target.

BANG! THUMP. The counter catches the next round.

Simon can hear Roy's FOOTSTEPS getting closer. He opens a cupboard door to find something to defend himself with and sees heavy pots and pans. He grabs one and lobs it over his head.

CLUNK.

Simon smiles to himself as Roy lets out a YELL of pain. He grabs another then another, lobbing them as hard as he can in Roy's direction and he's forced to take cover.

Seeing an opportunity to escape, he makes a run for the back door. He rounds the far counter, when: BANG! CRACK! - The cupboard door beside him explodes - showering him in a hail of broken wood.

He hesitates, then reaches for the doorknob.

ROY

Turn around Haji... I got you dead to rights.

Simon stops and raises his hands as he slowly turns around.

ROY (CONT'D)

Man... I saw your face on the front page today, couldn't believe my luck - some dumbass camel-jockey went and stole my bomb.

SIMON

Your bomb?

ROY

Months of recon, of planning- of setting it all up to blame you little shit-stains, and you go an' up the ante for me. (Beat.) I should be thanking you.

SIMON

Thanking me?

ROY

God damn you monkeys are slow. (Beat.) It doesn't matter. We're done here.

Roy sights down the barrel of his pistol.

Simon catches a movement out of the corner of his left eye. A familiar VOICE follows.

AGENT FED
 Except, we're not.

Fed has his .45 aimed at Roy, his arm extended over Simon's left shoulder. Roy lowers his arms slightly.

AGENT FED (CONT'D)
 I'm a Federal Agent, and you need
 to lower your weapon, sir.

Roy smiles.

ROY
 A Haji and a Fed all in the same
 night?

He sights down the pistol again.

ROY (CONT'D)
 (Singing)
 Jesus loves me, yes he does...

AGENT FED
 Sir! Put down the weap-

There's a DEEP SNARL from the doorway next to Roy, and a canary-yellow blur attacks him - pushing him to the ground behind the island counter. Roy's gun is flung towards Simon as he falls, and Simon instinctively reaches for it.

AGENT FED (CONT'D)
 Don't.

Fed is bewildered by the intrusion from this unknown thing, but still keeps an eye on Simon.

Roy lets out a loud SCREAM followed by the CRACK of his neck being broken. Simon and Fed are frozen in place. The thing lets out a BARK of victorious triumph, before HEAVY FOOTSTEPS begin to move toward Simon and Fed.

One of Karu Sil's wolf-like bestial constructs rounds the corner of the counter, it's razor sharp teeth line a jowl-less snout - dripping with blood and pieces of flesh. It stares at Simon and Fed for a moment before rearing its head back and letting out a long HOLLOW HOWL. Not a second later, a series of SHORT HOWLS respond off in the distance.

AGENT FED (CONT'D)
 On second thought... pick it up.

END OF PILOT