

# **GREEN LANTERN**

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We begin...

IN GREEN. Vibrant, verdant. The longest, fastest continuous pullback ever begins. A steady VOICE accompanies us:

A MALE VOICE  
We are not alone in the universe.

Still pulling back to reveal... an emerald LANTERN, skyscraper tall and breathtaking. THE CENTRAL BATTERY. Then the breathtaking liquid spires and towers of OA whip past...

A MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
For years now, we've known of a group of extraterrestrials who patrol our universe and keep it safe.

Break orbit to reveal... HUNDREDS OF GREEN LANTERNS. Aliens in a universe's worth of variety, each wielding POWER RINGS.

A MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
We don't know where they come from. Or where they get their power. But we know this much... they're good.

They spar, mastering ASSORTED WEAPONS of GREEN LIGHT. Fluid. Beautiful. A sci-fi martial art.

A MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
And they protect us. Just as they protect all life in the universe.

And we're off! Suddenly flying through space. Hyper-speed. Zipping past planets, slaloming around suns and moons.

A MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
Impossible to imagine? No more impossible than when Columbus suggested the Earth was round or when Copernicus posited that it orbited the Sun.

Then a familiar planet: Neptune. Then Uranus. Saturn. Jupiter. All raging past us until we arrive at...

A MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
There are heroes out there.

EARTH. Tumbling down into the atmosphere... before landing:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEW YORK - DAY

It's FULL. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE stand in SHOCK and SILENCE, staring up at the trademark GIANT ASTROVISION TV SCREEN.

A MALE VOICE  
And now, one of our own has joined them. Taking up arms against the forces of evil. Here... and everywhere.

ON THE SCREEN: A weathered, GREYING MAN (60's) whom we'll come to know as PIPE. He's at the end of a press conference, three seconds from changing the world:

MALE VOICE / PIPE (ON SCREEN)  
*One of us. Now one of them.*  
 (then)  
 A Green Lantern.

SMASH TO BLACK.

A LEGEND APPEARS: **FIFTEEN YEARS AGO**

HAL (V.O.)  
 Jim says there's gonna be thousands of people here today.

MARTIN JORDAN (V.O.)  
 It's an air show. Not the Superbowl.

The blackness *parts*, revealing DAYLIGHT. We're in:

INT. AN AIRPLANE HANGAR - A PERFECT MORNING ON EARTH

Two massive doors split, pushed by MARTIN JORDAN and his son HAL (12). We're immediately jealous of their connection.

HAL  
 Does it completely freak you out? All those people coming to watch you fly?

MARTIN JORDAN  
 Naah. It's not me they're coming to see. It's this...

The FLUORESCENTS FLICKER on, revealing a fourth generation-style JET, the RAMJET. Hal races toward it.

HAL  
 Sweet. When can I take her up?

MARTIN JORDAN  
 When you're big enough to get in the cockpit without my help.

HAL  
 Mr. Ferris lets me use the simulator. I'm getting pretty killer.

MARTIN JORDAN  
Carol lets you use the sim. If her pop knew he'd kill you both.

Martin lifts Hal up onto the wing.

HAL  
 Does it bother you that Mom doesn't come watch you fly?

MARTIN JORDAN

It's not me flying planes she has a problem with. It's me testing them.

HAL

So... why do you?

MARTIN JORDAN

Someone's gotta be first, Hal.

The concern in Hal's look draws Martin closer to his son.

MARTIN JORDAN (CONT'D)

Someday, if your brothers let you live long enough, you're gonna be an adult. And you're gonna make a million choices. Like where to live. What kinda car to drive. Who your friends are. But every now and then, if you're really lucky, something chooses you. When that happens, there's no fighting it. Your mother might not agree with what I do, but she understands that much.

Martin watches the concept sink in with Hal. Then:

MARTIN JORDAN (CONT'D)

So... Wanna checkout the cockpit?

(Hal leaps up)

Wait. You're gonna need this.

Martin strips off his bomber jacket, places it on Hal. The call sign "SABRE" on the chest. As Hal gets in:

HAL

You think Mom will understand if I'm chosen to be a Samurai?

MARTIN JORDAN

She's handled worse.

EXT. FERRIS FIELD - A GORGEOUS DAY

WE'RE SOARING over open fields, CARS lined up eight rows deep. LOCALS sit on hoods and roofs. A BANNER shouts: "THE FERRIS AIR SPECTACULAR - A 5-YEAR TRADITION!!!"

A DEAFENING CHEER erupts as the RAMJET BUZZES the field.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - SAME TIME

Hal (still in the bomber jacket) turns from the glass --

HAL

That must've been Mach-Two!

CAROL FERRIS (12), a few years and orthodontist visits away from growing into her looks, steps beside him. She does her best to hide a blossoming crush.

CAROL

Mach-Three. When're you gonna learn how to read a sonic boom?

(then, notices)

Nice jacket. Does it come any bigger?

HAL

Nice braces. Do they come any brighter?

Hal crosses to a BOTTLE of chilled DOM.

HAL (CONT'D)

Mr. Ferris, can I crack her open?

Amidst a half-DOZEN ADULTS stands an imposing CARL FERRIS (40's). He dons a rare smile. Into his headset:

CARL FERRIS

Tower to Sabre. Your son wants to know if you're done showing off and we can get this party started.

MARTIN JORDAN (OVER RADIO)

*Roger that, Tower. Tell my son I said two fingers worth for him and that's it.*

CARL FERRIS

(to Hal)

You heard him, Hal. Knock it out.

Hal's about to do that when... *BOOM!* And not the sonic kind. AN EXPLOSION. Hal races to the window. The RAMJET SPIRALS through the air, leaving a CORKSCREW of BLACK SMOKE.

MARTIN JORDAN (OVER RADIO)

*Tower, I got a flameout in the starboard engine. Over.*

CARL FERRIS

She can't fly on one engine. Eject.

MARTIN JORDAN (OVER RADIO)

*Can't do it, Tower. The jet'll go straight into the crowd.*

CARL FERRIS

Sabre, get outta that plane! Now!

MARTIN JORDAN (OVER RADIO)

*I'm pushing her to the runway first!*

Carol turns to Hal, but Hal is half-way out the room. We FOLLOW HAL DOWN THE STAIRS, bounding two at a time.

CARL FERRIS (V.O.)

It's too far away, Martin!

MARTIN JORDAN (V.O.)

*I can do it!*

CARL FERRIS (V.O.)

Sabre, I said EJECT!

MARTIN JORDAN (V.O.)  
*I'm clear. Ejecting now --*

CARL FERRIS (V.O.)  
 Sabre, I'm ordering you to  
 eject now!

An EARTH SHATTERING CRASH as Hal flies out of the building. Carol is right after him, watching Hal frantically search the PLUME of BLACK SMOKE in the distance.

HAL  
 Where is it? *Where's his 'chute?*

CAROL  
Hal...

HAL  
Where's his 'chute?!

Carol looks at him, heartbroken. GO SLOW MO as Hal, losing it, tries to run toward the crash site but an OLDER BOY (JIM), grabs hold of him.

We gaze down at the DEVASTATION. Amongst the flames and metal, the SHATTERED COCKPIT tells us everything we need to know. We FOLLOW the rush of SMOKE into the blue sky. HIGHER and FASTER. MUSIC BUILDS. Then the pitch black of:

EXT. INTERSTELLAR SPACE

A LEGEND APPEARS: **SPACE, SECTOR 2814**

IT FADES. THEN ANOTHER: **TODAY**

A SHIP SHRIEKS BY -- a small, otherworldly SPACECRAFT.

INT. ABIN SUR'S SPACECRAFT

A complex NAVIGATION DISPLAY. Operating it is the craft's pilot: ABIN SUR. Noble features. Magenta skin. Abin's RING FLICKERS and a HOLOGRAM in GREEN LIGHT appears. It's a prissy fin-headed fishman, TOMAR-RE. VIA RING:

TOMAR-RE  
*You could have been there and back by now  
 if you'd gone by ring.*

ABIN SUR  
 Markot deserves the proper return home.  
 It is not often a Lantern falls.

In a corner, a METALLIC COFFIN.

TOMAR-RE  
*What will you tell them about how he was  
 lost?*

ABIN SUR  
 All that we know. He was overpowered in  
 the service of protecting his sector.

TOMAR-RE

And that three Lanterns were slaughtered  
before him --

ABIN SUR

There's no cause to spread fear.

A BUMP makes his ship LURCH -- the nav system GOES OUT.

TOMAR-RE

If you insist on traveling by ship, Abin,  
at least learn to operate one.

ABIN SUR

We've been friends a long time, Tomar-Re.  
Perhaps one day I'll understand why.

The hologram shuts off. Abin's RING PULSES. He is instantly  
enveloped in a BRILLIANT GREEN AURA.

EXT. SPACE - MINUTES LATER

Abin, protected by that aura, FLOATS OUTSIDE his ship. He  
takes a moment to appreciate the view... a ballet of 63  
MOONS, rotating around... SATURN. Small universe.

Abin surveys his ship's hull. He floats toward a BROKEN  
DISH. As he does, a FLASH BEHIND HIM -- a GOLD BLUR. Abin  
doesn't see it. But we do.

Abin's Ring creates TOOLS to fix the dish (*the Ring just gets  
cooler and cooler*). The FLASH BEHIND HIM comes round again.  
This time Abin sees its GOLD LIGHT. He turns to see --

A MASSIVE CREATURE blocking out the Sun. The size of a WHALE  
with tentacles of an OCTOPUS and a SHARK'S KILLER GRIN. This  
is LEGION. And we fear it.

ABIN SUR

(*holy fuckshit*)

Great Krona --

Abin FIRES A FULL FORCE RINGBLAST AT LEGION! Everything his  
ring has, deployed in one massive, magnificent pulse.

But nothing happens! His ring didn't work on Legion -- which  
fires forth A SERIES OF GOLD BLASTS. Abin's ring calls up a  
GREEN SHIELD deflecting the incoming fire. Barely.

Legion's tentacles LASH OUT, grabbing Abin and curling him up  
to the YELLOW FANGS of its DRIPPING MAW.

Abin summons a huge GREEN HAND, grabs a passing ASTEROID and  
sends it RAMMING -- SMASH -- INTO LEGION. Legion drops Abin,  
buying him enough time to climb back into --

INT. ABIN SUR'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Abin slams down the controls so that the ship's GUNS FIRE  
SIMULTANEOUSLY AT LEGION!

The force sends Legion flying back -- and propels Abin's ship ahead... BURSTING THROUGH ONE OF SATURN'S RINGS! Legion is lost in the distance.

Abin looks to a GAPING WOUND in his side. A PURPLISH STAIN colors his uniform. Struggling for consciousness, Abin's Ring generates a beam of light.

ABIN SUR

This is Abin Sur, chosen protector of Sector 2814. I have seen what hunts us... Legion... it lives. The Ring holds no effect, no defense -- You must take action. Legion is real.

(a raspy gasp, then)

I have escaped... but not with my life. I shall proceed to the nearest sentient planet for selection.

EXT. SPACE - OUTSIDE THE SHIP

REVEAL what he's aiming for: Some 820 million miles away...

EARTH. Our comforting, familiar blue home. As Abin's ship straightens to find its course we DISSOLVE TO...

ANOTHER SPACESHIP? No, it just looks like a spaceship. It's actually the SABRE JET, the latest brainchild of Carl Ferris.

CAROL (V.O.)

Pilots are obsolete.

We're watching the Sabre as it's put through its paces on a VIDEO playing on ALL FIVE FLATSCREEN DISPLAYS in:

INT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - DESIGN SHOWROOM - DAY

Smart and modern. Models of the SABRE in various design stages. CAROL FERRIS, braces long gone and replaced with an MBA, mesmerizes A FEW SUITS and TWO GENERALS.

CAROL

I know conventional wisdom says planes can't think like people. And I know conventional wisdom says U-CAVs aren't ready for mass deployment. That the tech isn't there yet.

(beat)

Conventional wisdom is for followers. Ferris Air is about to make all aerial combat missions unmanned. Today.

The SUITS look intrigued -- except for one, who speaks with the confidence of a former astronaut, current SENATOR.

SENATOR

And what do you expect all those pilots we spent thirteen billion taxpayer dollars training to do?



CAROL

If our skies are safer and their lives protected... I expect them to thank me.

SENATOR

Then you don't know pilots, Ms. Ferris.

CAROL

Enough to know pilots like you are few and far between, Senator. Most aren't four-star NASA icons. Most pilots are far more human than that. There are pilots who are cocky... Pilots who are irresponsible...

CLOSE ON: A WELL-WORN BOMBER JACKET on a floor. If it looks familiar it should. It's the one Hal's father gave him.

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And pilots who are both.

INT. OCEAN VIEW APARTMENT - COAST CITY - THAT MOMENT

PAN to the bed and UP the INTERTWINED LEGS of JENNA, a yoga-toned hottie, and... HAL JORDAN. 15 years older and not all that much more mature.

HAL

Now I remember why yoga's my second favorite thing in life.

JENNA

Yeah? What's the first?

HAL

Yoga instructors. It's a photo finish with flying.

JENNA

(they kiss, then)

Mmmm. And what was that little maneuver called again?

HAL

A Split-S. Also known as an Immelmann Turn. Dangerous stuff. It should only be performed by a certified professional.

The sound of a CAR pulling in interrupts their good time. Then a DOORSLAM. Jenna sits up sharply. Not good.

JENNA

Oh no -- he's early.

HAL

Who's early?

Jenna starts throwing clothes at Hal, a mile a minute --

JENNA

Okay, so remember after we did those shots how I said how weird it was that Tibet was your favorite place in the world too and I broke up with my boyfriend because he wouldn't ever go with me and you were so my type --

HAL

Yeah, I may have exaggerated my enthusiasm for Far East travel --

JENNA

That's okay. I may have exaggerated how much I broke up with my boyfriend.

HAL

And he's here?  
(she nods, he is)  
Now?

Yep. Hal takes a glance out the window -- and sees her MOTHERFUCKING HUGE BOYFRIEND walking towards the house.

HAL (CONT'D)

You're sure that's just one guy...

Hal puts his pants on both legs at once, as --

CAROL (V.O.)

It comes down to fear...

INT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - DESIGN SHOWROOM - RESUMING

CAROL

All pilots are susceptible. It's a human instinct. Train them for years, spend billions, you can't get rid of it. And it's fear that causes mistakes.

EXT. OCEAN VIEW APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

Hal is out the window, pulling on his clothes, when he spots... HIS BOMBER JACKET. Still on the floor. Inside, Jenna fends off her boyfriend's suspicions.

MOTHERFUCKING HUGE BOYFRIEND

I texted you all night, babe. Where were you?

JENNA

I taught a late Bikram class. The steam made my phone all sweaty.

He's about to believe the lie when he turns to find -- Hal reaching in to retrieve his bomber jacket. Busted.

HAL

Forgot this. Don't let me interrupt you.

And Hal TAKES OFF -- up the fire escape -- as --

CAROL (V.O.)  
End of the day, pilots are only human.

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - HANGAR - RESUMING

Carol leads the SUITS into the ultra-modern hangar where an even more ultra modern jet rests. A SABRE PROTOTYPE.

CAROL  
Whereas the Sabres are more than human. Each has SAR/MTI and EO/IR sensors which feed into a sub-symbolic neural net. These aren't drones. They're the chess machine that can beat the grandmaster.

SENATOR  
Our pilots live for combat, Ms. Ferris. No machine can compete with the fire we put in our boys.

CAROL  
In that case... maybe you'd be willing to suit up and fly against them in our demonstration.

The Senator decides to LAUGH it off. CARL FERRIS, himself older and crankier, sidles up to Carol. *Sotto*:

CARL FERRIS  
Explain how pissing off the guy with the government checkbook gets us closer to congressional funding.

CAROL  
I can handle him Dad. You worry about getting a backup pilot. You're still missing your third.

CARL FERRIS  
He'll show.

CAROL  
Really? Because I'm running out of shpiel and looking at an empty F-16.

CARL FERRIS  
I've been preparing for this day for fifteen years, I know what I'm doing.

CAROL  
There are better pilots out there than Hal Jordan. Who show up.

CARL  
We don't need better pilots. We need the ones who'll make the Sabre look good.

Carol clocks her father's savvy. Checks her watch.

CAROL  
Three, two, one...

As they exit the hangar doors to the tarmac, on perfect cue,  
A SABRE BUZZES clean over all their heads!

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen... the future of flying.

EXT. BEACH COMMUNITY - ROOFTOPS - RESUMING

Hal FLIES across the rooftops, reminding himself:

HAL  
Next time, down the fire escape.

A glance backward. JENNA'S BOYFRIEND is gaining. And homicidal. Hal whips out his cellphone as he runs.

HAL (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hey. It's me. I need a favor... I'm running a little late.

With that Hal LEAPS off the roof's edge. As he's mid-flight we MATCH CUT TO:

A 1967 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE skidding to a dead stop.

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER

Hal gets out as his best friend TOM KALMAKU (late 20's) RUNS UP, carrying a flight suit. Tom's part Eskimo, all dedicated nerdling. Hal snags the suit, putting it on as they walk.

HAL  
They didn't start yet, did they?

TOM  
No. 'Cause they're waiting. For you.

HAL  
Nice how everything works out.

EXT. ON THE TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Hal round the corner toward the JETS. Carol is coming at them. Tom suddenly shifts course away.

HAL  
Where are you going?

TOM  
To the tower. She scares me.

CAROL  
You're late.

HAL  
And your candy machine's out of those peanut butter crackers. A guy skips lunch because he makes certain assumptions about snack availability.

CAROL

We're making history with the Sabre today  
-- not even you can ruin my mood.

HAL

Nice name by the way. Sabre. I'm sure  
your dad gave himself a good bonus pat on  
the back for that one.

CAROL

It's in your father's honor, Hal.

HAL

My father would've hated it. It's a  
piece of metal, with an X-Box for a  
brain. It'll never replace a pilot.

CAROL

It's beaten most of them already.

He climbs up and into his jet. As he does:

HAL

Hasn't beaten me. How about, if I win,  
we go down to the riverbed and recreate a  
little night I like to call Junior Prom?

CAROL

It wasn't a night, more like three  
minutes.

HAL

Then make it dinner. You, me, lobster,  
your company card.

CAROL

We'll see how hungry you are after you  
get your ass kicked. Fly safe.

HAL

Never learned how.

Hal watches her go. A sight he'll never get over...

INT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - CONTROL TOWER - MINUTES LATER

A 360 degree view of the sky. ON TOM at the CONTROL STATION,  
headset on. Carol takes her place beside him. The Generals  
and Carl arc around. Into his headset:

TOM

Gentlemen, you are about to engage the  
fearsome and mighty Sabre U-CAV. I wrote  
half the code on 'em myself, so I should  
warn you...

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - TARMAC - SAME TIME

The THREE F-16s LINE UP. ACROSS FROM THEM on the other side  
of the runway, the THREE SABRES line up opposite.

TOM (OVER RADIO)  
*This is gonna suck hard for you.*

MUSIC RISES, POUNDING LOUDER as the JET ENGINES flare...  
 and... THE SIX PLANES take off! WE INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE CRISP BLUE SKY

A LIGHTNING-FAST 3-ON-3 DOGFIGHT over the California  
 FOOTHILLS. Hal breaks formation, going after one of the  
 Sabres. He's more than a pilot, *he's a natural*. A sharp  
 left and Hal's got one CROSSHAIRD.

HAL  
 Tower, this is Highball, I'd like to  
 report a yawn fast approaching.

Hal's missile lock CHIMES, but the Sabre DIVES in a  
 phenomenal, physics-shattering move. Dammit if the Sabre  
 isn't pursuing Hal now.

HAL (CONT'D)  
 You didn't mention they could teleport.

CAROL  
 (to the Suits)  
 The Sabres utilize the same targeting  
 algorithms as your current U-CAVs, but  
 the flying protocols are as close to  
 human-grade as you can get...

Hal's F-16 TEARS down towards the other two -- which are  
 struggling in their own dogfight with Sabres 2 & 3. A LASER  
 SPRAYS from Sabre 2, TARGET LOCKING right onto an F-16's  
 tail. Sabre 2 births a MISSILE -- which EXPLODES out and --

HAL  
*Ion! Break right!*

But the missile CONNECTS, splattering the fuselage in YELLOW  
 PAINT. Dead. Hal FIRES a MISSILE at the Sabre. But the  
 Sabre BANKS -- and SOMERSAULTS -- to come around, laser  
 target and... NAILS the third jet. SPLAT!

HAL (CONT'D)  
 What are you feeding those things?

TOM  
 F-16s.

CAROL  
 For those keeping score, it's now three  
 against one.

ALL THREE SABRES target Hal now. Hal pulls every move he can  
 think of -- SKIMMING THE TREES -- HUGGING the GROUND -- but  
 nothing works. They're flies on shit.

CAROL (CONT'D)

The Sabres are programmed to perform every flight maneuver within known parameters.

The Sabres stream closer... TARGETING... he's a split-second from toast when HAL SUDDENLY YANKS his throttle! His F-16 CLIMBS MANIACALLY FAST. The THREE SABRES fly hard after him.

TOM

Highball, what're you doing?

HAL

These things are programmed within known parameters... thought I'd try out the other kind.

Tom reads the screen, so does Carol. Uh oh.

TOM

He's taking them into --

CAROL

A coffin corner. *Can they follow?*

TOM

They don't know not to. We never accounted for self-destructive behavior.

One of the suits speaks up, sending the concern --

A SUIT

What's a coffin corner?

SENATOR

The altitude where a plane's stall speed equals its Mach.

CARL FERRIS

If a plane hits it... it stalls out.

Carol grabs Tom's headset. Pissed and a little scared:

CAROL

Hal, the F-16 you're flying is a nineteen million dollar aircraft --

HAL

It's insured, right?

CAROL

You're not. You won't have enough oxygen up there! You'll pass out!

WARNING LIGHTS FLASH as the unimaginable G-FORCES overtake Hal. The SABRES are still right up his ass.

HAL

I'll wake up.

CAROL  
*Pull out! Now, dammit!*

Hal's F-16 is a SPACE SHUTTLE barrelling the UPPER ATMOSPHERE. The Sabres start to SHUDDER -- but Hal has a harder time breathing. He RIPS off his MASK.

TOM  
*I'm losing Sabres Alpha and Beta. Make that Alpha, Beta and Gamma!*

The Sabres' engines GO OUT. Another STALLS. As they all become \$100 million ROCKS and PLUMMET to the Earth.

SUIT  
 What just happened?

CARL FERRIS  
 The Sabres followed Hal into a stall but because they're unmanned, they can't restart their own engines.

SENATOR  
 Almost makes you wish you had a cocky pilot flying them, Ms Ferris.

CAROL  
 (to Tom, defeated)  
 Trigger a manual restart.

The Sabres RESTART to return safely. But Hal is STILL CLIMBING. He begins to lose consciousness.

A QUICK SERIES of FLASH CUTS: *Young Hal watching his father's plane tumbling from the sky... the BLAZE and HORROR of the WRECKAGE itself.*

CLOSE ON HAL -- HE BLACKS OUT as his own engines FLICKER OUT!

TOM  
 Hal just lost his engines.

CAROL  
*Hal! Wake up Hal!*

But Hal is out. His plane begins to FREEFALL TO EARTH! SPINNING WILDLY -- end over end with the SUN FLASHING in our eyes as we TUMBLE WITH HIM --

CAROL (CONT'D)  
*Dammit Hal, wake up!*

Carol (and the rest of us) have almost lost all hope when... *FOOM.* The F-16's engines COME TO LIFE, blossoming with light. The plane FIRES AHEAD, PEALING RIGHT OVER THE GROUND.

BACK INSIDE THE JET

Hal smiles, rubs his eyes like he never had a doubt.



HAL  
Well... that was easy.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - JUST AFTER

Carol beelines for Hal, as he steps off his plane.

CAROL  
How stupid are you?!

HAL  
Um, "Amazing moves there, Hal. You sure know your way around a Thatch Weave..."

Hal spots Carl walking the Generals to their car. He shouts after them, a young man's fury:

HAL (CONT'D)  
If you're gonna take jobs away from pilots, you better do it with something that can pull out of a stall!

CAROL  
You almost got yourself killed!  
And for what? To spite my father?  
(then)  
After all the times I stood up for you, the one day I needed you to come through.

HAL  
I know why he wanted me here today. He thought I'd be an easy target. Sorry if I disappointed.

She wishes she could fire him -- but she just can't. There's too much history there, too much... everything.

CAROL  
You're grounded. Permanently. You want to see another jet, come to the air show.

Carol goes to leave. Hal calls after her, payback:

HAL  
So I'm thinking like eight tomorrow. You come by my place, we have a drink first. I'm going casual but you should wear that little blue cocktail dress --  
(Carol turns)  
The bet. Remember?

CAROL  
(you're so fucked)  
If you'll excuse me, I have to go call your mother.

Back on Hal, the first sign of fear in his eyes...

EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - THAT MOMENT

Abin's ship shoots into Earth's atmosphere at destructive speeds -- a dead weight SPIRALLING -- FLARING UP with the immense heat so hot, pieces of it MELT away --

EXT. A PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

TWO KIDS play with their TOY SPACESHIPS -- SOMEHOW they don't notice THE REAL SPACESHIP STREAKING ACROSS THE SKY OVERHEAD.

KID  
Alien attack! Ptchoo!

EXT. A DESERT - DAY

Seconds before the ship hits, the GREEN LIGHT surrounding it focuses to the fore, as it CRASHES!

DRIVING DEEP INTO THE GROUND! Dust flies... then settles. Then all goes quiet. No sign of life. The wind picks up.

A THIN SNAKE OF SMOKE rises, set against the unkind sun. FOLLOW THE SMOKE DOWN TO... A FRESH CRATER IN THE EARTH.

CLOSE ON: A CAPILLARY LINE of PURPLE BLOOD dripping between rocks. Follow the trickle to: A MAGENTA-HUED HAND. It's ABIN'S. The wreckage crushing him. He looks to his ring.

ABIN SUR  
(barely a whisper)  
Someone honest, someone brave...

As if understanding, the RING GLIMMERS, then SPINS, becoming a SPHERE OF GREEN LIGHT. Which RISES UP into the sky.

EXT. AROUND THE EARTH - THAT MOMENT

FOLLOW THE SPHERE as it FLIES AROUND THE PLANET at fantastic speed. A streak of light. Seeking something... or SOMEONE.

It crosses the DESERT... over the SUNSET STRIP and all the CRUISING DRIVERS... Picking up speed as it DOES A COMPLETE CIRCUIT AROUND THE WORLD, buzzing (UNSEEN) past THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE... faces OLD and YOUNG... PAST SOLDIERS and FARMERS and BUSINESSMEN... bypassing CONGRESS entirely...

PAST A GLASSES-WEARING REPORTER at THE DAILY PLANET...

OVER A COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIELD and a COACH with the name "GARDNER" on his jersey (*obscuring a hero we'll meet in the second film*), the GREEN LIGHT CIRCLES him TWICE, deciding -- then SUDDENLY SENSES SOMETHING ELSE... As it BOLTS OFF...

DISSOLVE TO: A STREAK OF SPARKLERS, SPINNING --

EXT. JIM JORDAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

It's a summer BIRTHDAY PARTY. The Jordans are a large, gorgeous FAMILY. You won't be able to distinguish between them at first... that's the point. There's a lot of them.

JIM (35) and JACK (25), Hal's All-American BROTHERS are restocking the cooler. They turn to see HAL approach.

HAL  
Sorry I'm late, wasn't the best day at work.

JACK  
No kidding. A coffin corner, Hal?  
(off Hal's look)  
Yeah, we heard. Carol's voice carries.

HAL  
Where's Nathan?

JIM  
Wondering why his favorite uncle isn't here. He thought you forgot. Again.

HAL  
I remember everything.

JIM  
Like the way you remembered to pick me up for my wedding --

HAL  
I came back for you. Listen. You don't know if Mom knows, too, do you?

Hal's mother, HELEN JORDAN (50's) heads over. Her natural beauty almost covers the tragedy behind her eyes. Almost. The smile converts into a death glare.

JACK  
-- I'm gonna guess she does.

Helen's inches from Hal now. Quiet, stern:

HELEN JORDAN  
Risking your life to prove a point.  
(her anguish showing)  
After what this family's been through.  
Your father would be so disappointed.

HAL  
Yeah, well he's dead so...

She SMACKS him. Hal freezes, knows he deserved it. The rest of the party notices. Tense, awkward silence.

HELEN JORDAN  
You only think about yourself. How did I raise such a selfish child?

HAL  
You didn't. I did this all on my own.

NATHAN (O.S.)  
*Uncle Hal!*

Hal's nephew NATHAN (9) dives onto Hal. Breaks the tension.

HAL  
Happy Birthday, Flyboy.

As Nathan laughs, Hal looks back to his mother. But she's already walking away.

EXT. BACKYARD - SOMEWHERE PRIVATE - MOMENTS LATER

They walk toward a SWING SET where Nathan sits. Hal pushes.

NATHAN  
It's okay if you didn't get me a present.

HAL  
What do you know? Maybe I did get you something. Look up there.  
(points to the stars)  
See, when I was in the Air Force --

NATHAN  
Before you got thrown out?

HAL  
Stay with me, telling a story here...  
When I was still in the Air Force, I made some friends in the... Galactic Exploration Division. Top level research, secret space stuff. I asked if there were any good stars up for grabs. And you see that one right there? No one else claimed it so... it's all yours. You even get to name it.

A moment of wonder. Unfortunately, Nathan's a smart kid.

NATHAN  
You mean Hadar?

HAL  
It's already got a name?

A STREAK OF GREEN LIGHT whizzes past, stopping suddenly. It HOVERS over HAL. Dancing around him like a bee.

NATHAN  
A few. Also Agena or Beta Centauri, 'cause it's so close to Alpha Centauri. It's the 11th brightest star in the sky.

HAL  
You know, maybe you shouldn't read so much, get a video game or something.

The BALL OF LIGHT moves THROUGH HAL'S BODY, shooting out the other side and UP INTO THE SKY. Hal reacts.

NATHAN  
Uncle Hal... you okay?



SINESTRO  
Abin Sur is dead!

GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*We know --*

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*-- The Guardians mourn with you.*

But there is no feeling to back the words.

SINESTRO  
When the first Lantern fell I came to this council and was told to do nothing. Will you ask that same mindless devotion of me now? Something is out there -- strong enough to kill three Lanterns, now four. We must fight back! We must arm ourselves!

GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*You already wield the greatest weapon the universe has ever known.*

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*What greater arms would you carry?*

SINESTRO  
You know better than I that there is a light more powerful than this.

Sinestro calls another GREEN BLAST, EXPLODING into the ground below, shattering the ancient marble. Gross insubordination.

GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*There was a time not so long ago that you stood before us and begged to be called Ringbearer --*

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*-- Begged for the right to defend your sector with the very weapon you now deem lacking.*

SINESTRO  
My friend dies and that's your answer, to remind me of my obligations?

GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*If you so wish to honor Abin Sur... train his replacement. He comes soon.*

Off Sinestro, sensing his defeat, and hating it...

EXT. JIM JORDAN'S HOUSE - BACK ON EARTH - NIGHT

Jim walks Hal out. Hal's got extra birthday cake for later.

JIM

Where you headed? Please say it's to see some girl you barely know -- please say she's like 23 and vaguely ethnic. I love my wife but I've been married 10 years and I live through you.

HAL

Sorry, been a long day. I just wanna be alone with my cake. Will you...

JIM

I'll talk to Mom. But do anything that stupid again and you won't have to worry about her killing you. There'll be a line. Got it?

A hug goodnight. Jim goes inside. Hal slides into the Mustang, starts it... only the damn thing WON'T turn over. He tries again -- then it dies again. No dice.

HAL

Come on, not now. You start and I go home and today can be over --

He turns the key again -- and for a second Hal notices in the rearview mirror a GLIMMER OF THAT SAME GREEN LIGHT he thought he saw before... but it's gone just as the car STARTS!

Just then, the RADIO DIAL BEGINS TO GLOW -- and guess what color... That's weird. Hal SMACKS the dash a couple of times. But the GLOW SPREADS, slowly ENVELOPING THE CAR... Hal pulls his hands off the steering wheel,

HAL (CONT'D)

...the hell is that? Coolant?

In a moment the car is surrounded by a HONEYCOMB OF EMERALD LIGHT. But before he can properly lose his shit -- the CAR SUDDENLY JOLTS. Hal falls to the floor. He pulls himself up just in time to see --

THE CAR LIFT UP OFF THE GROUND! AND GODDAMMIT IF IT DOESN'T FLY! Taking out a POWER LINE as it RISES INTO THE NIGHT SKY!

HAL (CONT'D)

Whoawhoawhoa --

Very reasonably, *Hal freaks the fuck out* --

HAL (CONT'D)

*Car flying! Not cool!*

He sees the ground diminishing as the car ROCKETES UP! He tries steering, realizes that's stupid, so he buckles up.

Hal leans over the window and realizes he's 2000 FEET UP! Through the GREEN SHELL surrounding the Mustang, he can see a CESENA FLYING not a hundred feet off.

REVERSE ANGLE: The CESNA PILOT looks in Hal's direction --  
SEEING NOTHING. *The car is CLOAKED.*

Hal's body is suddenly bathed in the most beautiful GREEN  
LIGHT he's ever seen coming from the AC vents. It calms him  
as WE HEAR A RESONANT VOICE coming through the RADIO:

ABIN SUR'S VOICE  
*Listen well. For you have been chosen.*

A FOCUSED BEAM OF LIGHT from the AC vent projects INTO HAL'S  
EYES. A SHOTGUN BLAST of IMAGES and INFORMATION unfolds:

ABIN SUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Chosen by the Guardians of the  
Universe...*

A SPIRAL into the Guardians' CITADEL. The blue-skinned robed  
demigods float in a ring, encircling the COSMOS.

ABIN SUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*...as the bravest of your world.*

IMAGES of wildly diverse ALIEN SPECIES assault Hal's senses.

ABIN SUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Chosen to join the bravest of all  
worlds... The Green Lantern Corps.*

The CORPS. Standing like an army on the foothills of TRINITY  
CANYON on OA. They raise their POWER RINGS in unison, a  
salute, emitting a blinding GREEN GLOW.

ABIN SUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Charged with maintaining peace...*

QUICK CUTS: All manner of GREEN LANTERNS performing acts of  
selfless heroism. Rescuing a crippled spaceship...

ABIN SUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Across all 3600 sectors of the universe.*

MORE CUTS: Evacuating a planet as a supernova blooms...  
Battling monsters...

ABIN SUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*Without the Corps there would be only  
fear and chaos.*

PUSH IN ON the Lanterns, their grace winning the day.

ABIN SUR'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
*To serve is the highest honor.*

And on "honor" the EMERALD LIGHT DISAPPEARS so that Hal is  
looking out the windshield at the DESERT FIFTY FEET BELOW --  
and the car PLUMMETS TOWARD IT!

POOOOM! His car CRASHES into the SAND. As the dust settles,  
we catch a familiar GREEN STREAK moving away, to...



CLOSE UP: Of the RING, power depleted, falling into a MAGENTA HAND. The hand closes around it.

BACK ON THE TOTALLED MUSTANG. The door POPS open. A shaky and freaked out Hal FALLS OUT. He looks back to the car.

HAL  
That was so wrong!

He backs away from the car like it was possessed... backing towards the jutting TAIL END of --

ABIN'S SHIP!

BONK. He whacks his head on the surface -- and turns to see: The strange craft illuminated by the Mustang's highbeams...

Hal stops. SOMETHING IS STIRRING inside the wreck -- Hal goes straight in. WRENCHES a metal plate off the pilot.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Hang on, I'll get you outta there!

One last effort and CLANG -- he throws the heavy fragment off. And then... Hal sees ABIN SUR. Sees his strange alien features. There's no mistaking what he is. But Hal shows no fear -- he tries to help Abin.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Man, I don't know what you're supposed to look like, but you don't look so hot.

Abin Sur is beyond concern for his own life now.

ABIN SUR  
There is no moment like the first. There is so much to envy in you.

HAL  
That was you... talking to me? You brought me here?

Abin's breath is labored.

ABIN SUR  
Tell me your name.

HAL  
Hal Jordan.

ABIN SUR  
Hal Jordan. I am Abin Sur. Protector of this sector. And today I must die.

HAL  
Hang on, we'll get you to a hospital.  
(notices)  
That carries purple blood --

ABIN SUR  
 (points inside)  
 In there. The Lantern. Place the Ring,  
 speak the oath...

HAL  
 Hold on. Save your strength.

And with that Abin finally gives his RING to Hal. The greatest gift in the universe.

ABIN SUR  
 This Ring will take you... to what you  
 cannot yet dream.

Hal holds his thin alien frame as Abin draws his last breath. Moved, Hal looks at the Ring this strange stranger gave him. Looks to the wreckage of the ship.

INSIDE THE CABIN, he sees it. An object of cold unburnished steel covered in verdigris: THE LANTERN.

Hal moves towards it. Our expectation rises... when Hal's cell phone CHIMES, "Theme from Magnum PI" RINGTONE.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - WE INTERCUT

A geek paradise. Tom stands in front of a plasma, wireless controller in hand. He's pumped:

TOM  
 Man, I just got past Cortana on *Halo 3*.  
 On "Legendary" difficulty. Legendary.  
 You gotta check out the insanity on that  
 level. You've never seen such crazy-ass  
 alien mayhem.

Hal glances down at Abin's corpse.

HAL  
 You'd be surprised... Listen, I need you  
 to come pick me up.

EXT. CRASH SITE - HOURS LATER - DAWN

TIME PASSES as Hal finishes the work of burying the stranger from another world. The desert sun rises in the east. A HANDFUL of DIRT thrown TAKES HIM BACK TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - 15 YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK

A grey day. Mourners gathered around *Martin Jordan's* grave. YOUNG HAL stares at the coffin. Carl Ferris stands at the foot of the coffin. Opposite Hal, on the other side of the grave sits YOUNG CAROL. An ocean of grief between them.

CARL FERRIS  
 Except for his wife and boys, there's  
 nothing Martin Jordan loved more than  
 flying. Now he can fly forever. The  
 open sky was where he was at home.

Hal's VOICE fades in, overlapping with Carl's --

<p>CARL FERRIS (CONT'D) Fly safe. Fly true. You're going home at last.</p>	<p>HAL'S VOICE Fly safe. Fly true. You're going home at last.</p>
--	---

EXT. CRASH SITE - RESUMING

Hal, reverent, is addressing the grave.

HAL  
The sky is waiting.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - LATER

Time has passed. Hal stands out on a road. Tom's pick-up truck pulls up. As he gets out:

TOM  
You want to tell me why we're a million  
miles from nowhere when I've got a ton of  
code to comb through and I'm sorry but I  
didn't pack a snack and I'm really low  
blood sugar cranky right now --

Then he sees it. Abin's ship. Too real to mistake for anything. He bolts out. No words.

<p>TOM (CONT'D) Hal is that a --</p>	<p>HAL Yeah.</p>
--	----------------------

Tom sees the burial mound, understands instantly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
There was something in there?

HAL  
The pilot died. Gave me this.

He shows Tom the RING.

TOM  
He proposed?

HAL  
He told me to keep it.

Tom eyes the strange craft possessively. In love.

TOM  
Did he say anything about his ship?

HAL  
We just found proof of extraterrestrial  
life and you want to strip the guy's car  
for parts?

TOM  
 (hitching it up)  
 I'll come back for your wreck tomorrow  
 but we can't just leave this out here.  
 We'll take it to my place...

HAL  
 Your mom's place?

TOM  
 I pay rent. It's a quarter mine.

As Tom begins to cover up the ship we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CRASH SITE - LATER

Dozens of MILITARY PERSONNEL in HAZMAT SUITS litter the terrain, probing. A BLACK SUV rolls up, a pair of shoes step out. The STRIKE of a MATCH. We follow it up to...

A Briarwood pipe. REVEAL the GREYING MAN from our opening.

HAZMAT SOLDIER  
 Sir, you really should be in Level A  
 bunker gear, we've got a suit for you in  
 the trailer --

PIPE  
 Where is he?

HAZMAT SOLDIER  
 This way, sir. We've excavated the  
 grave, but can't find any sign of a ship.

They arrive at ABIN'S MAKESHIFT GRAVE. Pipe stares into it.

PIPE  
 Excavate this. Leave the rest as it is.  
 I want his body in D.C. by tonight.

A look passes over Pipe's face. Is it grief?

EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. - EVENING

The FBI'S HEADQUARTERS. Nothing good happens here.

HECTOR HAMMOND (PRELAP)  
 At the frontoparietal area is a V-shaped  
 incision.

INT. FBI AUTOPSY THEATRE - NIGHT

Austere and impersonal. Add "scummy" and you could be talking about DR. HECTOR HAMMOND (30s), the bespectacled pathologist hovering over the CORPSE of a LATINO MAN.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 (dictating)  
 There are also five short, jab-type  
 incisions at the lateral-most low left  
 forehead.

Hector glances at his hot lab assistant, VANESSA (20s).

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

*Carpe diem*, Vanessa.

(off her blank look)

Latin. Means "seize the day." You never saw *Dead Poets Society*?

VANESSA

I don't really like old movies.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Great flick. Point being, one second, you're standing on a street corner, minding your own business -- or in this gentleman's case, selling crystal meth -- when somebody comes up from behind and stabs you repeatedly in the cingulate gyrus. Who wants to die with recriminations, things they wish they'd done... or *people*?

VANESSA

(re: the corpse)

I'd rather sleep with this guy.

Hector's boss, JOHN BROOME enters. Broome just might be an even bigger asshole than Hector.

BROOME

Hammond. Finish up. Someone at STRATCOM wants you to perform an autopsy.

HECTOR HAMMOND

(for Vanessa's benefit)

They requested me by name?

BROOME

I offered to send them someone good, but they insisted. They've got a chopper picking you up on the roof in five.

EXT. TOM'S GARAGE - EVENING

Tom and Hal just finished wedging in ABIN'S SHIP. Its tail stuck out the door. From O.S. comes A LOUD VOICE:

TOM'S MOM (O.S.)

Thomas! What you doing back there?

TOM

It's nothing, Ma! We're working!

HAL

(suddenly five again)

Hi, Mrs. Kalmaku.

TOM'S MOM

Hi, Harold! You want cake? I made cake.

HAL  
No thanks, Mrs. K.

A DOOR SLAMS, signalling her departure.

HAL (CONT'D)  
You sure you're gonna be okay with this?

TOM  
You just gave me a lifetime supply of  
porn, I'm going to be okay forever. Are  
you gonna be okay?

HAL  
Sure. I'm cool.

Hal gives a trademark grin and heads off into the night.

INT. A NONDESCRIPT ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Going down. HECTOR, blindfolded, stands next to an  
INFANTRYMAN wielding an M4 MACHINEGUN. A silent beat.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
I'm not alone in here, am I?

Hector hears the Infantryman cock his MACHINE GUN.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Didn't think so.

INT. AN UNDISCLOSED WHITE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Hector is seated, his blindfold removed.

PIPE (O.S.)  
What you're about to see, Dr. Hammond, is  
past classified, and above top secret.

Hector turns to see... PIPE approach.

PIPE (CONT'D)  
Not to mention, highly... *unusual*.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
I guess you read my paper on atypical  
physiologic pathology. It was nominated  
for a Palsberg Grant... Almost.

PIPE  
You're here because you're the only  
pathologist I could get clearance for on  
such short notice.

Hector goes dark as he realizes why he was picked.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
One day, I'd like to do something for the  
government that has nothing to do with  
who my father is.

PIPE

I'll see what I can do. Meantime, I need you to perform an autopsy.

Pipe bends for a RETINAL SCAN. A CHIME and the WALL OPENS...

HECTOR HAMMOND

Underground and in secret. Who am I autopsying? Bin Laden? The president's clone? A Martian?

PIPE

I'm quite certain his planet of origin is not Mars, but if you can demonstrate otherwise, feel free.

Pipe leads Hector into a HUGE SPACE. In the center is a GLASS CASE. Inside it: The pale magenta corpse of ABIN SUR.

HECTOR HAMMOND

*What the hell is that?*

PIPE

He was... a friend. And I want to know what killed him. You have three hours.

As he exits, Pipe stabs a button which retracts the glass with a PNEUMATIC HISS. Hector faces the impossible corpse...

INT. HAL'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE LANTERN now sits on Hal's coffee table. Hal stares at it. *FLASH CUT* back to ABIN:

ABIN SUR

*Place the ring, speak the oath.*

RESUME: HAL PUTS ON THE RING. Puts the ring into the Lantern. Music SWELLS and... um, yeah, nothing.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)

Subject has generalized pallor...

INT. UNDISCLOSED GOVERNMENT FACILITY - THAT MOMENT

Hector, in a HazMat suit of his own, dictates as he autopsies. (*We tastefully ANGLE HECTOR from the CORPSE.*)

HECTOR HAMMOND

...which could be a tan on his planet. Moderate emphysematous changes to lungs. Correction: Lung. Subject has only one. Probably to make room in the chest cavity for his three hearts.

INT. HAL'S LOFT APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Hal plus Lantern equals awkwardness. He attempts:

HAL  
I do solemnly swear to... pledge  
allegiance... to the Lantern. In  
sickness and in health.

INT. UNDISCLOSED GOVERNMENT FACILITY - RESUMING

Hector's forceps wrestle with something in Abin's ribs.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
"Ribcage" is actually a pliant  
cartilaginous membrane. A foreign object  
appears to have penetrated...

Hector removes a PIECE of SHRAPNEL. It glows A FAMILIAR  
YELLOW. It's hypnotic. Seductive.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
*What. Are. You?*

We know it's a friggin' PIECE of LEGION. And a chunk of an  
ALIEN BEAST is so not good. Hector crosses to a GUARD.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
These HazMats don't shield against  
radiation. You might want to get a  
Geiger counter in here.

The guard's gone faster than you can say "sterility." Alone,  
Hector returns to the body, removes his facemask.

INT. HAL'S LOFT APARTMENT - RESUMING

Hal, frustrated, turns away, annoyed with the Ring.

HAL  
Screw this. I'm a pilot, not a Hobbit --

Hal makes his way to the kitchen for a much-needed beer. As  
he opens the 'fridge, he sees a STRANGE GREEN LIGHT reflected  
in the door. Hal turns around slowly to see...

GREEN WORDS. Hovering in the air, emanating from the  
lantern. Cycling through dozens of alien alphabets before  
settling on ours. Hal reads, at first barely a whisper:

HAL (CONT'D)  
*"In Brightest Day. In Blackest Night."*

A LINE of GREEN ENERGY SHOOTs from the LANTERN to Hal's ring  
and UP HIS ARM. He reads, growing confident:

HAL (CONT'D)  
*"No Evil Shall Escape My Sight."*

INT. UNDISCLOSED GOVERNMENT FACILITY - THAT MOMENT

Hector's FACE SHINES in the YELLOW LIGHT. He reaches out to  
TOUCH the PIECE OF LEGION with his free hand.



HAL (V.O.)  
*"Let Those Who Worship Evil's Might..."*

Hector touches THE PIECE and IT EXPLODES in GOLDEN LIGHT,  
propelling Hector across the room and onto the floor.

HAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*"Beware My Power..."*

INT. HAL'S LOFT APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Where Hal is NOW BATHED in WONDERFUL GREEN LIGHT. A SUDDEN,  
 GORGEOUS EXPLOSION OF ENERGY PULSES OUT:

HAL  
*"GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT!"*

Then... It's gone. All is normal. Like nothing happened.  
 Hal looks around in stunned silence before being STARTLED by --

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK! Hal nearly hits the ceiling. Still in a  
 daze, he crosses to the door and opens it -- finding --

CAROL. Not in the cocktail dress but nothing to sneeze at.

CAROL  
 Let's get this over with.  
 (off Hal, blank)  
 The bet..? Dinner? Look, if you don't  
 want to do this --

HAL  
 No. No, this is good. I don't think I  
 should be alone right now.

INT. UNDISCLOSED GOVERNMENT FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

The Guard kneels at Hector's unconscious body, checking for a  
 pulse. He looks up to Pipe, who peruses Hector's notes.

ARMED GUARD  
 He's alive, sir. What should we do?

PIPE  
 Take him home. We're done with him.

Pipe gives a last look to Abin. We sense there's a story  
 (and perhaps even a prequel) there.

INT. BEACHSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Big open windows, bigger drinks. Think Gladstones on PCH.  
 Carol's with Hal, who seems a million miles away.

CAROL  
 So how do we do this? Do I give you set  
 up lines, or do you just start gloating  
 with the entrees?

HAL  
 I'm not really in the mood.

CAROL

You should be. You always find a way to screw up my life, but sinking our business... unhinging a revolution in aviation... that was classic.

HAL

Maybe if your dad could build planes that didn't crash --

They're at it now. Old flames, same argument.

CAROL

I'm curious, what's the statute of limitations on blaming my father for everything bad that ever happened to you?

HAL

Not everything. Just one thing.

CAROL

We all lost something that day. My father lost his best friend. Not to mention your brothers, or your mom. But we all moved on --

HAL

What did you lose?

CAROL

Excuse me?

HAL

You said everyone lost something. I wanna know: what did you lose?

A beat. She looks at him sadly.

CAROL

What didn't I? After my dad's breakdown, my parents split up, the company nearly folded. Which led to me not going away for school. Which led to me missing out on all the things I wanted to do with my life. I wanted to see the world, not just the town I grew up in...

(finally)

Life's full of disappointment, Hal. It's still no excuse to wallow in self-pity and selfishness.

HAL

If that's how you feel why do you even bother with me --

CAROL

Because... when I look at you -- no matter what I do, I still see that kid searching for his Dad's parachute.

The mixture of regret and pity hanging in the air is too much for either of them. They go back to their meal.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Since when did lobsters become impossible to open?

HAL I'll get it for you. CAROL It's okay --

She turns away to grab a waiter.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Waiter -- can I get a cracker, please?

Hal reaches to help when FROM THE RING COMES A HUGE GREEN HAMMER which SMASHES HER LOBSTER! Splat! It tape measures back into the ring before she can see. Carol turns back:

CAROL (CONT'D)

Oh, you got it. Thanks.

Hal stares, stunned. He looks over to an EQUALLY STUNNED LITTLE KID at the next table. Hal shoots a look -- *Did you see that too?* The Kid NODS -- *Uh-huh.* Hal rises.

HAL

Sorry, I need the... excuse me...

OVER BY THE BAR

Hal paces by an alcove. On his cell:

HAL (CONT'D)

*If I was going insane, would I know it?*

INT. TOM'S GARAGE - WE INTERCUT

Tom's under the ship, staring into an open panel.

TOM

Insane is the tech on this thing!

HAL

Do you hear me, the Ring Made A Giant Hammer! Either that alien's from a planet that hates lobsters, or this Ring's making me see things!

Just then, SOMEONE BIG approaches Hal from behind.

VOICE BEHIND HAL

Hang up the phone.

HAL

(not turning around)  
Busy here, bro.

VOICE BEHIND HIM

Not too busy to be banging my girlfriend.  
Bro.

Hal turns to face Jenna's MOTHERFUCKING HUGE BOYFRIEND. And he's got THREE MOTHERFUCKING HUGE FRIENDS with him.

HAL

Tom, I gotta go... get... killed.

EXT. BEACH - SECONDS LATER

CLOSE ON HAL as he's shoved out the door -- M.H.B. peels off his jacket. Hal knows he's outnumbered and outsized but Hal never backs down from a fight.

HAL

Fine. You and me. Just tell your brain trust there to back off.

MOTHERFUCKING HUGE BOYFRIEND

Sure. I'm a fair guy. What do you say we go punch for punch?

He looks -- his buddies GRAB HAL.

HAL

What happened to punch for punch?

MOTHERFUCKING HUGE BOYFRIEND

I get the first ten.

A SERIES OF CUTS: As Hal takes one across the jaw. BAM! In the gut. BAM! Uppercut. Cross. BAM! BAM! Hal slams down on the sand. Spitting blood from his lip.

And, God bless him, staggers back to his feet. *My turn.*

MOTHERFUCKING HUGE BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Okay, give it your best shot.

It's a sad sight as Hal winds up, then, something comes over him. Pure will and determination. And from that will...

OUT OF THE RING comes A TEN FOOT GLOWING GREEN FIST!

It FLIES AT THEM! -- PUNCHING the THREE MEN across their faces. They FLY BACK. Out cold in the sand. And just as quickly the GIANT FIST zips back into the Ring.

Hal stares at the Ring. A thought passes through him and the RING BLOSSOMS with LIGHT and... suddenly...

The big GREEN HAND is back! Hal stares and... the GREEN HAND MOVES. WAVES. He's controlling it. He thinks... it GROWS BIGGER! Hal's eyes go wide. *What else can this thing do?*

ON A NAVIGATIONAL BUOY

As it bobs two and fro on the sea. A beat. Then... *wham!* It's snatched in the grip of A GIANT GREEN HAND.

RESUME HAL ON THE BEACH

as a TENDRIL OF GREEN LIGHT arcs to the GREEN FIST which grips the buoy far off in the distance. Hal pulls his fist back -- the tendril going taut like a fishing line... tighter... until it *SLINGSHOTS HAL* out towards the ocean!

HAL  
Nononononononono!

Hal decelerates. Coming in for a soft stop. A few feet above the water. Floating in a GREEN AURA.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Ring making me float! Floating!

He steadies himself, takes a wobbly spin left... right... Hal looks up, smiles, and RIPS INTO THE NIGHT SKY!

INT. BEACHSIDE RESTAURANT - THAT MOMENT

THE LITTLE KID from before stares, marveling at the site of GREEN HAL weaving between the tops of sailboats, masts bobbing to and fro... From him --

PAN OVER TO CAROL. Who still sits. Waiting for Hal. Story of her life. She motions to a WAITRESS, sad.

CAROL  
Just the check please.

EXT. BACK OVER THE WATER - SAME TIME

Hal SHOOTs OFF towards COAST CITY. The AURA crackling off his clothes as he soars -- a *pilot flying without a jet.*

MARTIN JORDAN (V.O.)  
Remember, it'll fly itself if you let it.

INT. A CESSNA 172 - 15 YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK

A twelve year old Hal gets his first flying lesson.

MARTIN JORDAN  
Just coax it. Now pull back on the yoke.  
Get a little height...  
(then, smile)  
Guess what, kiddo? You're flying.

HAL  
I'm flying?  
(realizes, freaks)  
I'm flying! Whoooo...

BACK IN THE PRESENT -- Hal FLIES ON. Just as thrilled.

HAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...hoooooooo!!!!

Over the beach town that raised him... Down a suburban street where he extends that GIANT HAND DOWN to WHACK ALL THE MAILBOXES as he rips by.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Time to open her up.

Hal aims straight up. The Ring builds velocity.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Highball to Tower. Commencing test flight. Altitude is Angels Five and climbing...

The night sky roars past, *breaking atmosphere* as the stars start to lose their focus --

BOOM. The SONIC CLOUD fans out around him. But Hal's speed ONLY INCREASES! He realizes *he's not in charge anymore!*

HAL (CONT'D)  
*Still climbing! Can't abort! Angels Eighteen!! APPROACHING extreme altitude and MACH... THREEEE!!!*

HAL'S POV explodes into A KALEIDOSCOPE OF COLOR AND LIGHT -- the UNIVERSE COMING AT HIM at speeds Einstein was sure were impossible as we... WHITE OUT.

Tiny bumps FADE IN, breaking up the white. PAN DOWN, we realize it's only the cottage cheese CEILING of:

INT. HECTOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Where HECTOR lies on the bed nursing the world's worst hangover. Rubs his temples. *Was it all a dream?*

INT. HECTOR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A bachelor pad on a federal salary and no taste. Hector grabs his glasses off the end table.

SOMEWHERE A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*It's not my fault you're an idiot.*

Hector looks up. *Who was that?* Only NO ONE'S THERE.

INT. HECTOR'S APARTMENT - THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He splashes water on his face. Checks his eyes.

SOMEWHERE A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
*Guess I don't have to shave, not like anyone's gonna see it...*

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Hello?

Hector looks around. Goes to put on his glasses. But they don't fit. *It's as if the glasses have shrunk.* Odd...

INT. HECTOR'S APARTMENT - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Hector alights from the elevator -- he's BENT THE GLASSES so they fit. He passes his hefty DOORMAN.

DOORMAN  
'Mornin, Doc.  
(then)  
(*Just keep walking, jerk.*)

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Sorry?

DOORMAN  
Nothin'. Just a nice day.  
(then)  
(*No Christmas bonus... Cheap bastard.*)

*The Doorman's lips don't move for the insults. Hector wonders if he's going crazy. He exits to...*

EXT. A GEORGETOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where he is ASSAULTED by a CACOPHONY OF VOICES. What a cocktail party in hell must sound like. (*Note: From here on, all thoughts Hector hears will be italicized and marked V.O.*)

VOICE #1 (V.O.)  
*I wish this fat ass would  
move...*

VOICE #2 (V.O.)  
*I gotta hit the gym  
tonight...*

VOICE #3 (V.O.)  
*Never should've given him my  
real number.*

VOICE #4 (V.O.)  
*Why can't my wife look like  
that?*

Hector reels. All these INNER VOICES... it's agony. The DIN BUILDS and BUILDS and we -- HARD CUT TO:

INT. HOOVER BUILDING - FBI FORENSICS LAB - MORNING

Hector storms in, nerves run ragged from an unimaginably torturous commute. He pushes his way through the lab...

FEMALE LAB TECH (V.O.)  
*Flirt with me and I'll kick you in the  
nuts, I swear. I am so not in the mood.*

INT. FBI TOXICOLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Hector SLAMS the door shut. Merciful silence. QUICK CUTS, Hector rolls up his sleeve, draws blood. Examines it under a microscope, dictating into his RECORDER --

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Serology sample indicates some form of  
contamination...

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, Hector's RED BLOOD CELLS are stained with that ethereal YELLOW GLIMMER.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
 Erythrocytes are tinged with a yellow  
 discoloration matching...  
 (nickel drops)  
 ...the color of the fragment extracted  
 from the deceased extraterrestrial.

He reaches over for a BOX OF SLIDES. Just a few inches past  
 his grasp, but... it flies into his hand! Hector looks  
 shaken. Did that just happen?

Hector considers, then... lets go of the box. Which FLOATS  
 in place! Hector grins. What else can I do?

CLOSE ON: A CORPSE. As --

It *SITS UP!* Zombie-like. REVEAL: Happy Hector. Lifting  
 the body off the slab *with his mind* -- until --

VANESSA (O.S.)  
 Hey, Hector. Just came in to grab the  
 Gonzales toxicology report...

The CORPSE DROPS. *Thud.* Vanessa turns, sees Hector.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
 Everything okay?

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 Wonderful, actually.

Vanessa looks for the report, lost in her thoughts:

VANESSA (V.O.)  
*Probably looking at porn. Again. He's  
 so gross. Uck, I wish he'd just die.*

HECTOR HAMMOND (O.S.)  
 Careful, Vanessa...

Startled, Vanessa turns to see that *Hector is standing right  
 behind her.* Flirtation gone. Replaced by MENACE.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
 You might say some of that stuff out  
 loud. By accident.

VANESSA  
 I didn't say anything...

Hector PUSHES her against the wall with *the force of his mind*  
 -- holds her in place. She's terrified, but puts up a fight.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
 Stop it, Hector! Right now!

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 (hands in the air, "innocent")  
 Stop what?

He advances on her, about to do... who knows what... until --



MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
*What the hell's going on in here?!*

BROOME is at the door. Hector "releases" Vanessa.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 Doesn't anybody knock anymore?

BROOME  
 Get away from her, Hector! Vanessa, get out of here!

Vanessa hauls ass out of there, but is frozen in her tracks by A VOICE INSIDE HER HEAD:

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
*Let's keep this our secret, Vanessa.  
 Nobody likes a tattletale.*

Duly horrified, she races out. Broome lays into Hector:

BROOME  
 I've laid awake nights dreaming of this moment. Ever since your father forced us to hire you, you sniveling little turd. Sexual assault. Not even Daddy can get you out of this one. You're finished.

Broome turns to leave... but the door LOCKS. Broome jiggles the knob. Nothing. As he turns back:

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 Actually John, I'm just getting started.

Hector moves toward Broome, WIPING FRAME, as we go to...

EXT. THE PLANET OA

An immense LONG SHOT of a resplendent AQUAMARINE PLANET.

The tranquility is broken by HAL shooting out of a wormhole. He skids along the atmosphere like a stone across a pond, until he's FLOATING in the stratosphere.

He looks down at OA. Then up to see... SINESTRO. Hovering above him. Backlit against the Oan suns.

SINESTRO  
 Welcome to Oa.

And then Hal *passes out.*

INT. A HOTEL-TYPE BEDROOM - LATER

Hal STARTLES awake. Startles further when he sees he wearing the green and black LANTERN UNIFORM. He's even wearing the famous domino MASK (his pupils a gossamer white). Sinestro leans against a wall, amused.

HAL  
 Am I back home?

SINESTRO

In the grand sense, yes. First Ringflight triggers a manual return here to Oa for training.

HAL

So I'm still in...  
(looks around; beat)  
Why does outer space look like a Hyatt?

Sinestro waves at a panel which makes the room WARP, to a strange ALIEN DESIGN and back again. It's a HOLOGRAM.

SINESTRO

I thought a familiar aesthetic might ease your transition.

HAL

Not unless there's a fully stocked mini-bar. Who are you?

SINESTRO

Thaal Sinestro. Protector of Sector Fourteen--

HAL

"Fourteen-Seventeen, home to 8012 galaxies, 40328 sentient species" --  
(stops, realizing)  
That was not in elementary school. Why does my brain know that?

SINESTRO

A maiden voyage to Oa is taxing. We took advantage of your rest to accord you certain benefits.

INT. CORPS INDUCTION FACILITY - FLASHBACK

Hal floats naked in midair, his head bathed in a green GLOW. Green LASERS beaming directly into Hal's retinas.

SINESTRO (V.O.)

Knowledge of all Universal Sectors, including your own, Sector 2814, has been placed in your cerebral cortex.

JUMP CUT TO: Hal's body, SPINS as thick swatches of green, black and white fly on to suit his form.

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You've noticed your uniform, which designates you as one of our number.

Hal's head. The green DOMINO MASK is CRYSTALLIZING right on him, turning his eyes WHITE.

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The mask is protocol, required to be worn by all Lanterns from planets still ignorant of life on other worlds...

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

Few Lanterns wear them.

INT. FANCY HOTEL-TYPE BEDROOM - RESUMING

Sinestro moves towards the door, which EVAPORATES to allow his passage. Even their "doors" blow Hal (and us) away.

SINESTRO

Come. Cadets arrive at Oa with much to learn. You even more so. Being from Gaia gives you certain disadvantages.

HAL

Gaia? You mean... Earth?

SINESTRO

Is that what you call it now? Do you all still believe the planet is flat?

HAL

We've got that worked out now, thanks.

Sinestro's gone. Unable to resist, Hal waves at the panel. The hologram flutters in and out. Off Hal, just beginning to comprehend this is actually happening...

INT. THE GREAT HALL - OA - MOMENTS LATER

A place for those who fly more than walk. GREEN LANTERNS of LIMITLESS VARIETY fly and shoot and joke around.

The BUILDINGS in the distance are tall as mountains. Liquid towers of living silver. The Emerald City of Oz is a dump by comparison. Sinestro notices Hal's awe:

SINESTRO

I have seen sights in this Universe to make the blindest eye water, and I can tell you... there is nothing to compare with Oa.

Hal is struck silent. Tomar-Re approaches.

TOMAR-RE

Ah. Our newest recruit. He looks... warm-blooded. I am Tomar-Re, chosen protector of Sector 2813, sector nearest to your own.

Hal can't get over the site of a fish-man talking.

HAL

Pretty convenient you all speak English.

TOMAR-RE

(his top fin ruffles)

I speak *chkgrvchk*. The ring translates 98 percent of the universe's known linguistic forms. Surprisingly, your *English* is among them.

SINESTRO

Your ring is the most powerful weapon in the universe.

INT. THE TRAINING ARENA - OA - MOMENTS LATER

Corps members train. An elegant ballet as they conjure an endless variety of WEAPONS. Like Samurai running through morning exercises. Hal watches, boyhood fantasy blown away.

SINESTRO (V.O.)

Its constructs are limited only by your imagination. Its strength limited only by your will.

Hal turns to what looks like a PILE of struggling GLs.

HAL

What are they fighting?

SINESTRO

Your instructor. Killowog.

The GLs suddenly go FLYING in all directions, having been thrown off by KILLOWOG, a gargantuan rhino-creature. He lumbers over. Looks down on Hal from ten feet high --

KILLOWOG

So you're the Poozer from 2814.

(sniffs)

You smell funny.

(leans in close, heheheh)

We're gonna have fun training you.

We're not sure if Hal will ever speak again.

SINESTRO (V.O.)

The Ring's power comes from the Central Battery.

EXT. THE CENTRAL BATTERY - OA - MOMENTS LATER

High atop an opaline plinth stands THE CENTRAL BATTERY (from our opening). Majestic. Enormous. CRACKLING with energy.

SINESTRO (V.O.)

It fuels every lantern, which in turn fuels every ring.

LANTERNS fly around and up to it, charging their rings with the formality of the righteous on pilgrimage to holy ground. FIND Hal and Sinestro below, minute in comparison.

HAL

So this is what makes all that... green.

SINESTRO

Green... the light you see, is only a manifestation of what your mind cannot comprehend.

HAL  
You lost me at "manifestation."

SINESTRO  
All life is connected. By love, by hope,  
by all the noblest instincts of the soul.  
This is the center of that connection.  
The power drawn from that connection is  
what you see simply as "green."  
(gestures to the Battery)  
All that power... collected, channeled,  
here delivered. Entrusted to us.

We can tell Hal is daunted by the grandeur of it all.

SINESTRO (CONT'D)  
Come, let us pay our respects.

Sinestro motions toward a waiting LINE of LANTERNS. All  
manner of CREATURES assembled before a MAGENTA-SKINNED WOMAN.  
Abin's widow, LIANA. Regal in her sadness. She sees them  
approach. Breaking ceremony she goes straight to Hal.

LIANA  
You bear my husband's ring.

Hal doesn't know how to answer.

LIANA (CONT'D)  
You saw him. You were with Abin Sur when  
he died.

HAL  
Yes.

LIANA  
A thousand years together and a thousand  
more taken from us.

Hal can see the pain of loss. He knows it too well.

HAL  
He told me... to tell you he loved you.  
With his last breath.

These words give her more comfort than the hundreds of well-  
wishers. She restrains a well-spring of emotion.

LIANA  
You wear the ring of a fine soldier.  
There are many who will miss him. Even  
more who owe him thanks. Do it justice.

EXT. THE CENTRAL BATTERY - MOMENTS LATER

As Hal and Sinestro re-enter, Hal studies the Battery closer  
now. A mixture of emotions cascading over him.

SINESTRO  
You lied to her and think it kind. You  
are human.

Hal TOUCHES the base wall of the Battery, as he does his ring FLICKERS. A HOLOGRAM manifests, a rotating CORPS SYMBOL.

HAL

Um... is it supposed to do that?

SINESTRO

A fallen Lantern will sometimes dictate a final transmission, to reveal itself before the Central Battery --

Sinestro waits. The logo FLICKERS into the face of...

LEGION! Ferociously ATTACKING ABIN! We're re-watching Abin's spacefight with Legion as a GIANT GREEN HOLOGRAM.

ABIN SUR'S VOICE

This is Abin Sur -- I have seen what hunts us -- Legion -- it lives --

INT. THE CITADEL - OA

Sinestro stands beside Hal, projecting Abin's message for the GUARDIANS to see. The horrible hologram REPLAYS on a loop.

ABIN SUR'S VOICE

*The ring holds no effect, no defense --  
You must take action. Legion is real.*

SINESTRO

"Legion is real." The dying words of our most noble soldier.

He points to the image of the snarling hellbeast.

SINESTRO (CONT'D)

Legion -- taking its revenge for offenses long forgotten to all but itself... And you, the Guardians of our Universe.

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)

*What is it you desire, Thaal Sinestro?*

SINESTRO

A Golden Light to match Legion's. If our enemies command such power, we must too!

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)

*It is agreed action must be taken.*

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)

*Gather your Lanterns. Seek the beast out and contain it.*

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)

*Return with Legion defeated. And we will consider your request.*

Sinestro is far from sated with their answer.

A GUARDIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*We have faith in you, Thaal Sinestro.  
 And in the Lanterns at your side.*

Hal takes one last look at Legion... which is currently  
 ROARING *in his face*, as we HARD CUT TO:

INT. THE GREAT HALL - OA

Hal storms out, moving somewhere, anywhere --

SINESTRO  
 We were given leave to find Legion.

HAL  
*You were. I'm going home. If you're ever  
 near Gaia, pop over, we'll grab a drink.*

SINESTRO  
 You are a member of the Corps now.  
 You took an oath.

HAL  
*I recited a poem floating in my  
 apartment! It doesn't make that giant  
spacemonster my problem.*

SINESTRO  
 The Ring chose you, Hal.

HAL  
 The Ring made a mistake!

SINESTRO  
 Rings do not make mistakes. Lanterns do.

HAL  
*And I'd make a million of 'em. Trust me.  
 (then, re: his Ring)  
 Look, I had a good life before this  
 showed up. Before rhino instructors and  
 purple widows, who quite frankly made me  
 feel really guilty. This whole alien  
 army deal... it's not my thing.*

SINESTRO  
 Legion was in your sector, Hal. In your  
 home system. If any trace of that demon  
 fell to your planet along with Abin... it  
 will ravage your homeworld like a cancer.

A look crosses Hal's face. *Is it worry?* He catches himself.

HAL  
 See, the Ring did make a mistake.  
 Because another guy -- he would care.

EXT. TRANSPORT BAY - OA

Hal's on a PLATFORM. Tomar-Re and Sinestro instruct him.

TOMAR-RE

*Leaving?* Well, the Ring adheres to your will. Simply will yourself home.

HAL

Where do I FedEx it when I'm done?

SINESTRO

The Ring has selected you. It is yours until you fall in battle. Or elsewhere.  
(a little grim)  
We await your return, Hal Jordan.

Hal gives a nervous look -- then LIGHTING UP IN HIS GREEN AURA... ROCKETS UP INTO THE OAN SKY!

SINESTRO (CONT'D)

(turns to go)

Gather our brethren, Tomar, strengthen their hearts. Battle awaits.

EXT. A WEST VIRGINIA FARM - DAY

A desolate stretch of West Virginia farmland. A CABIN next to a run-down BARN. A grey sky hangs overhead.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)

"Transcendental abilities testing. Day 2, Hour 16."

INT. THE HAMMOND BARN - DAY

Hector paces the barn surrounded by hay and empty stalls. He documents into a DIGITAL RECORDER, a scientist's dispassion:

HECTOR HAMMOND

"Telekinetic manipulation shows no elemental limitation, including all objects, both material...

A bright red APPLE floats out of a BUSHEL full of them.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

"...and organic. Weight or size don't appear to be factors."

He looks up to see Broome *dangling in mid-air above him*. The apple floats onto a tattered and cut Broome's head.

BROOME

Please let me go, Hector! We can forget this whole thing ever happened -- !!

HECTOR HAMMOND

*Shhhh.* Working here, John. Science is our only refuge in the face of the incredible...

Hector lifts a pair of SHARP GARDEN SHEARS *with his mind*.



BROOME  
Don't kill me, please!

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Kill you? We're bestest buddies, John.  
We just made one of the most profound  
discoveries in the history of pathology.

And he PITCHES the shears -- they FLY -- Broome squints and --  
THUNK! *It lands in the apple! Phew.*

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
"Aim seems to be getting better."

Hector thinks, Broome's arm moves. *A human marionette.*

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
"With minimal concentration, I can  
maintain complete gross motor control.

Hector dictates as Broome RISES HIGHER to the rafters --

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
"It's a bit like animating a puppet. A  
big dumb puppet you've wanted to throttle  
every day for years."

Broome tries to plead for his life. But all of a sudden  
finds *he can't speak.*

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
"Although I can control the subject's jaw  
and tongue, efforts at creating speech  
have proven..."

BROOME  
*Grgrl.*

HECTOR HAMMOND  
"...Disappointing. "

Broome GURGLES his fears. *Hector's CELL PHONE RINGS.* Enough  
to snap his concentration... Broome PLUMMETS to the ground.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello? I can't today. Tell him I'm in  
the country... Fine. I'll come in.

Hector snaps the phone off. He looks over to see... Broome.  
Floating an inch above the ground. Unharmed.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
We're going to have to cut this short.  
It seems I have to pay my father a visit.  
Good work today, *Buddy*.

As he lets Broome drop the final inch, SMASH TO:

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Architecture that exudes the dependability our leaders don't.

AIDE (PRELAP)  
Sign here, Senator.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Capacious, complete with an "ego wall." We recognize the man behind the battleship-sized desk as the *SENATOR from our opening Sabre demo.*

An AIDE waits as the Senator finishes signing some documents. Hector waits nearby, less patient.

AIDE  
Thank you, Senator.

The Aide takes documents and exits --

SENATOR HAMMOND  
Sorry to make you wait.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
No problem, Dad. Not like I've got anything better to do.

And we realize this is SENATOR HAMMOND. *Hector's father.* He produces a TICKET clipped to a FLIER.

SENATOR HAMMOND  
Here. Ferris fields in Coast City. They invited me to fly -- a slab of butter to get me to sign off on a huge appropriations request. But any chance to show I've still got some moves.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
(off the flier)  
An air show? I didn't know they still had these.

SENATOR HAMMOND  
(getting to it)  
So. Your lab called. You haven't shown up for work in days.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Just taking some personal time. Trust me, my boss knows all about it.

Hector concentrates, reading his father's thoughts:

SENATOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
*Another job you'll be fired from.*

Hector tries to hide his pain -- the pain of confirming what he's always suspected his father thought about him.

SENATOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*All of life's opportunities, and you're such a disappointment.*  
(the final knife)  
*How is it possible you're my son?*

Hector turns away, trying to hide his torment. Spits out --

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Air show and truancy. Did we cover everything?

SENATOR HAMMOND  
Since you're on vacation, maybe you can make it tomorrow?

The Senator claps Hector on the shoulder, demonstrating the limit of his affection.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Wouldn't miss it, Dad. You know how I love to watch you fly.

EXT. SPACE - A WIDE SHOT OF EARTH

A KH-10 SATELLITE floats into view. WE HEAR A WARP SPEED WHOOSH accompanied by a GREEN FLASH as --

HAL COMES OUT of warp speed, inelegantly SKIDDING to a stop like it's his first day on a snowboard.

He looks down to the vomit-inducing view of the Earth.

HAL  
(to the Ring)  
Good... space-flying, Ring. But home is a little further --

And Hal bullets to Earth. The Satellite toddles in his wake.

HAL (CONT'D)  
-- doooooowwwwwwwnnnnnn...

CAROL (PRELAP)  
Where is he? It's two in the afternoon.

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - BY A HANGAR - DAY

Where Carol lays into Tom --

CAROL  
That's late even by Hal standards.

Behind Carol, HAL DESCENDS *in full uniform*. She misses it, but Tom gets a full on holy shit view of Hal's landing.

TOM  
Um, I think he just pulled up.

Carol turns to follow Tom's gaze... *but Hal's uniform recrystalizes back into his regular clothes.*

HAL  
Hey, Carol. Sorry about last night. I kinda had to... take off --

CAROL  
Save it. I'm sure wherever you had to go  
was more interesting.

Carol storms out. Hal shakes his head. Tom is slackjawed.

TOM  
You did not just fly here.

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

A wide variety of VINTAGE AIRCRAFT are lined up. Delta Wings, F-16Cs, Warbirds, etc. Carol marches past them, head still full of steam, as Hal races to catch up --

HAL  
Carol... How can you walk so fast in  
heels? Carol, I'd explain but --

CAROL  
It's not hard to figure out. We had our  
first serious conversation in years and  
your 12 year-old brain couldn't take it  
so you bolted.

By this point, they've arrived at a trio of F-16C FIGHTING  
FALCONS. Three PILOTS descend, one from each cockpit.

HAL  
What're the Three Douches doing here?

CAROL  
The air show's tomorrow. They're making  
sure the Senator's F-16 is flight-ready.

HAL  
You're letting that geezer in a Falcon?

CAROL  
Well, that wasn't exactly Plan A, but it  
turns out one of my pilots screwed the  
pooch on the flight demo.

Meaning Hal. Who looks over the line of aircraft, eager.

HAL  
So which one of these bad boys is mine?

CAROL  
Well, let's see... Not this one. Or  
this one. Not this one either... That's  
the thing about being grounded, you stay  
on the ground. Gas 'em up.

She walks off. The Douches CRACK UP. Hal shakes his head,  
can't win... then spots a way for his day to get worse:

IN THE PARKING LOT

his beloved MUSTANG hangs from a tow truck. A corpse. Hal  
walks to it. Tom approaches. He flips Hal the Mustang KEYS.

TOM

You're welcome by the way -- nine hour drive to Arizona, no big deal. No reason to reward that kinda loyalty by maybe telling me *what the hell happened to you.*

HAL

I went to their home planet. The less said about the whole thing the better.

Hal deposits the Ring in the beat-up GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

TOM

(as Hal walks off)

That's fine. Keep it to yourself. I'm sure there's absolutely nothing cool about aliens in outer space.

SMASH TO: THOUSANDS of LANTERNS. Some big, some small, some furry -- but you wouldn't want to fuck with any of them.

EXT. HALF-MOON COLISEUM - OA - NIGHT

An enormous COLISEUM under a star-flecked sky. The meeting hall of the Corps. Sinestro stands before THOUSANDS, his ring conjures IMAGES of FOUR LANTERNS overhead.

SINESTRO (O.S.)

Fellow Lanterns. Today we mourn the loss of our finest. Four of our brethren struck down by a single terror: Legion.

The four images converge into ONE larger IMAGE OF LEGION.

SINESTRO (CONT'D)

Do not deny the truth of your own eyes. Legion is no myth. This image comes from the ring of Abin Sur himself. Proof of the unthinkable: The Lost Sector has been breached. Legion roams free. And it has a taste for your death. Alone we cannot defeat it. But we are not one Lantern.

(a warrior's cry)

We! Are! THE CORPS!

CHEERS erupt. Sinestro ring conjures his trademark scimitar. Other Lanterns also conjure their own individual weaponry.

SINESTRO (CONT'D)

Together... our light shines with the will of all that lives. Together we will search every star in every sector of the Universe until our enemy is within our grasp! And together --

EXT. A WIDE SHOT OF THE PLANET OA

More CHEERS as LANTERNS shoot off the planet and in the direction of their 3600 sectors. Lighting up the night sky.

SINESTRO (V.O.)  
 -- We Will Be Victorious!

As SINESTRO himself shoots TOWARD CAMERA. KRAK-KOOM! A SONIC BOOM quakes. WIPING US TO --

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - DUSK

Stadium-like BLEACHERS have replaced the homespun cars-in-field arena from fifteen years ago. But the crowd is no less enthusiastic as a quartet of WARBIRDS PERFORM.

ON NATHAN, somehow bobbing head and shoulders ABOVE the thick crowd. He glances down, as if talking to someone below --

NATHAN  
 Why aren't you flying today, Uncle Hal?

REVEAL Nathan is perched on Uncle Hal's shoulders.

HAL  
 Inner ear infection.

They WALK PAST the huge STAGE in front of the bleachers. The audience erupts with APPLAUSE as SENATOR HAMMOND strides up the stairs and into one of the F-16C Falcons we saw earlier.

ANNOUNCER (OVER SPEAKERS)  
 -- *three-time winner of the Flying Cross  
 and record-holder for most spacewalks,  
 Senator Robert Hammond!*

As he returns the applause with a conquering hero's wave --

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
 Fly safe, Dad.

The Senator turns around. *Who said that?* He looks, only there's no one there... But a hundred yards away...

BY A CONCESSION STAND

HECTOR WATCHES. A piece of popcorn floats neatly into his mouth. He smiles, taking his place in the stands...

INT. CONTROL TOWER - FERRIS AIRCRAFT - DUSK

We see the SENATOR'S JET at the center and head of an elaborate formation. The man can fly.

Carol, Carl, and Tom at the controls. Hal (miffed) and Nathan (transfixed) watch from the window. Carl keys his headset.

CARL FERRIS  
 How's it feel to be back in the saddle,  
 Senator?

SENATOR HAMMOND (OVER RADIO)  
*Like riding a bike. With 40,000 pounds  
 of thrust strapped to it.*

CAROL  
You boys ready for the Chandelle?

PILOT #1 (OVER RADIO)  
*Roger tower. Preparing Chandelle.*

HAL  
A Chandelle? You'd think a guy who's looped the space shuttle could fly without training wheels.

Carol shoots Hal a daggers-stare. Back into her headset:

CAROL  
At least he's flying. And setting up for a knife-edge pass.

HAL  
Butter knife.

NATHAN  
(quietly, to Hal)  
If you treated her nicer, maybe she'd let you fly.

HAL  
You just summed up women in general, little man.

THE THREE FALCONS

split out of their three-man formation. Hal shakes his head, disapproving. Back to Nathan:

HAL (CONT'D)  
See that? They should'a been at ninety degrees before coming out of formation.

IN THE STANDS

HECTOR furrows his brow. A grin spreads as he concentrates.

IN THE SENATOR'S FALCON

the plane RATTLES slightly. The Senator grips the joystick with two hands. It resists him... just a little...

THE THREE FALCONS

barrel roll around and speed towards each other. Hal sees something in the move that troubles him.

HAL (CONT'D)  
Carol --

CAROL  
Yes, Hal, I know. You could've done it better.





STAY WITH HAL as he POWERS DOWN THE STAIRS, taking them three at a time, just like he did at twelve. In fact --

With each footfall, we alternate FLASHCUTS TO Young Hal bounding down those same stairs, until he EXPLODES out to --

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Hal SMASHES through the door, feet pounding straight past

HECTOR -- who smiles, as -- THE THREE FALCONS corkscrew through the sky. Falcon 1 blazing DIRECTLY TOWARDS --

THE BLEACHERS

Terror from the CROWD as the wayward jet MISSILES AT THEM!

BACK WITH HAL -- his childhood trauma being relived. Only this time he's no helpless kid. He's a rocket on foot, POUNDING to his busted Mustang. He reaches for the glove compartment -- only the fucking thing is jammed shut!

HAL

C'mon!!! C'mon!!! C'mon!!!

FALCON 1

grows EVER LARGER in frame, casting a SHADOW over the CROWD!

BACK WITH HAL -- as HE RIPS the compartment open! STAY ON HIS FACE to see it BATHED in that BRILLIANT GREEN LIGHT...

It's time.

BACK IN THE BLEACHERS

With the terrified audience as Falcon 1 grows even closer -- on top of us now, fiery death seconds away -- when --

**THE JET FREEZES MID-FLIGHT!**

*Wrapped in a GREEN FORCE FIELD.* Close enough to their heads to touch. One of them does. Poke. Stunned silence as they look up, past the levitated jet to see him... *World, meet:*

**THE GREEN LANTERN!**

People go BALLISTIC! CHEERING WITH a welcome worthy of the LEGENDARY HERO HAL JUST BECAME!

HECTOR goes slack-jawed at the incredible sight... The world just got a lot more interesting. He stares as --

HAL'S RING -- sets Falcon 1 down on the tarmac. The CROWD'S on its feet now, applauding. But it ain't over yet, as --

FALCON 2

SPIRALS its way overhead. A GREEN BOLT OF LIGHT FLARES from where the Green Lantern just stood, as --

INSIDE THE COCKPIT, the SENATOR SCREAMS. Unable to eject...

THE GREEN BOLT OF LIGHT races the runaway jet -- blindingly fast, outpacing it -- until the green blast MORPHS into --

A *HUGE NET*. WHICH CATCHES THE FALCON! It pulls taut, straining. THE SHOT RUNS THE LENGTH OF THE NET to its source: THE GREEN LANTERN, pulling with all his strength. It nearly yanks his shoulders from their sockets.

BACK WITH HECTOR -- Concentrating on his father's Falcon, fighting against Green Lantern's amazing strength -- and losing. PAIN surges through Hector's body -- as he "pushes" harder with his power -- but --

Green Lantern has the Falcon secure. The strain becomes too much for Hector -- and the buildup of his power is *RELEASED!* FIRING OUT in a WAVE -- which blindsides Falcon 3. The jet is suddenly *PROPELLED* with the full force of Hector's mind.

The PILOT EJECTS -- but -- FALCON 3 CRASHES INTO THE BASE OF THE CONTROL TOWER!

A massive EXPLOSION of jet fuel! A scream of tortured metal as THE TOWER LURCHES FORWARD!

Defeated, Hector ducks into the crowd, instinctively grabbing his head in pain to quell the mounting pain, as --

INSIDE THE TOWER

The room PITCHES FORWARD. Nathan FLIES towards the observation window -- now perpendicular to the ground -- *SMASH!* The window FRACTURES... spider-webbing under his weight... *but doesn't break!*

ON FALCON 2

as it skids gently onto the tarmac. THE GREEN NET tape measures back into GL's Ring. But there's no time to celebrate as he BLAZES towards the tower.

INSIDE THE TOWER

Nathan keeps low, precarious, like crawling on thin ice.

CAROL

*Stay there, Nathan!*

No thought to her own safety, Carol climbs onto the glass to get him! CRACKS spindle even further. She reaches out and... HEAVES Nathan up, OVER TO SAFETY -- but...

The momentum CATAPULTS her *forward...* further on to the *slooooooowly* shattering window... and -- THROUGH IT!

CAROL FALLS to the fiery ground below! Seconds become milliseconds. Death's arms opening wide, until --

*GREEN LANTERN catches her!* Holding her close as he ZIPS her away from the rushing ground.

GREEN LANTERN  
 (pitching his voice)  
 Easy, Miss.

CAROL  
 Am I dead?

GREEN LANTERN  
 (um, something a "hero" would  
 say)  
 Not on my watch.

She clutches GL even tighter. Which he doesn't mind one bit.

CAROL  
 We're flying --

GREEN LANTERN  
 It gets better.

And in one fluid motion, GL whips around, ring blazing to project a GIANT HAND that PUSHES the leaning tower upright! A SECOND BLAST fuses the metal at the base. The tower stabilizes.

ON CAROL -- who can't believe it all. For the first time in Hal's life, someone looks at him like a hero. It feels good.

So does the ROAR from the euphoric crowd below as the GREEN LANTERN flies off with Carol on his arm over their heads and into the night sky. Brilliant green against midnight blue.

INT. AIRFIELD BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SLAM! Hector stumbles to the sinks. His hands pressed to his THROBBING forehead in electric pain. A gale-force migraine burrowing into his brain.

He reaches to splash water on his face, but can't make it, SLUMPING to the floor. *Something is happening to him... his head...* He howls in pain as his glasses SNAP OFF HIS FACE!

It's too much -- he PASSES OUT. As we PUSH IN on Hector, the vein in his head PULSING sickeningly, CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY OVER THE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

GL flies into view. Carol in his arms. They glide towards the coast. He lands softly on the sand beside her.

CAROL  
 Who... are you?

GREEN LANTERN  
 Sorry. No names on the first flight.  
 Maybe next time.

The emerald aura does a slow creep up his uniform. The Green Lantern slowly floats upward. Carol calls after him:

CAROL  
Next time?

As he disappears into the sky. A green rocket. And savior.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 ...Then I'll see you again?

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - TARMAC - LATER

Fire truck sirens illuminate the night and paramedics help shell-shocked patrons. Everyone too worked up to notice the WHISP of GREEN LIGHT zipping down behind a hangar.

A beat later, Hal walks out, casual. Carl wheels around towards him, a little accusatory...

CARL FERRIS  
 Where were you, Jordan?

HAL  
 Sorry. I had to get out of there. It was a little too... familiar, y'know?

Tom comes over, Nathan in tow, buzzing with excitement.

NATHAN  
 Uncle-Hal-oh-my-god-did-you-see-it-was-so cool-there-was-a-flying-guy-who-came-in--whoosh--with-this-kickass-green-suit-and--ptchoo-ptchoo--shot-laser-beams-out-of his-fist --

TOM  
 (to Hal; sotto)  
 Dude, seriously, I'm running out of ways to be jealous of you.

NATHAN  
 And phshoo---he-saved-everyone-even-the pilot-and-flew-off--shoom!

HAL  
 (to Nathan)  
 Calm down, Flyboy. Catch your breath.

A SERIES OF CUTS:

As Hal walks Nathan home...

NATHAN  
 Do you think he's an alien or mutant or both? Or maybe he's a regular guy who got his powers from a nuclear accident!

As Nathan brushes his teeth. Hal watches...

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
 Wait then there'd be radiation from all his laser beams and everybody he saved'd grow like extra arms or a third eye!

As Hal puts Nathan to bed...

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Maybe he gets his powers from his suit so anybody who wears it'd be able to fly around! What do you think, Uncle Hal?

HAL

(spitballing)

Maybe he's one of 3600 space police who work for blue-skinned aliens and patrol the universe using their power rings.

Nathan looks at Hal like that's the dumbest idea in history.

HAL (CONT'D)

You're right, must be nuclear.

INT. JIM JORDAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Hal walks downstairs to find his mother, watching the news.

HAL

Jim and Nancy aren't back yet?

HELEN JORDAN

Stuck in traffic. There's still a lot of media at the air field and the looky-loos are clogging up the highway.

ON THE TV: Grainy footage of Green Lantern flying over the crowd as captured by someone's CELL PHONE CAMERA.

HELEN JORDAN (CONT'D)

It has to be a stunt. Like how they made the Statue of Liberty disappear.

HAL

Yeah. Gotta be.

HELEN JORDAN

(*but...*)

What if it's not? What if -- what if he's some kind of, what did Nathan call it? Super-person?

HAL

Super-hero, Mom.

HELEN JORDAN

Could you imagine? If it's all real. That someone like that is real.

As they watch the footage of Hal as GL, Helen wishes aloud:

HELEN JORDAN (CONT'D)

It would've been nice if there had been someone like that around fifteen years ago, wouldn't it?

We PUSH IN on Hal. The thought lands hard on him.

BROADCASTER #1 (PRELAP)  
*Another tragedy today...*

INT. HAL'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hal lies in his couch, TV remote in hand. Channel surfing. Trying to let the growing thought pass without action.

BROADCASTER (ON TV)  
*...shots exchanged over the tense border  
 killing 18 guardsman and wounding...*

The channels JUMP THROUGH from one news network to the next -- each one paining Hal more -- each one making him feel more deeply the need to do something.

VARIOUS BROADCASTERS (ON TV)  
*Eight Gotham teenagers arrested after  
 filming the beating of another teen...  
 (jump to)  
 ...Coast Guard at St. Roch say a father  
 and son are presumed drowned after their  
 fishing boat capsized...  
 (jump to)  
 ...Fighting continues in Corto Maltese,  
 where missiles...*

Each change of the channel brings more death, destruction...

A LAST BROADCASTER (ON TV)  
*At least 48 people have been killed and  
 176 wounded since Sunday...*

Until he can take no more. Hal GRABS what he needs to make it all better. *The Lantern*.

INT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - HANGAR - NIGHT

Reminiscent of our opening because it's exactly *the same* hangar. Now completely empty. Hal walks inside, the Lantern dangling from his fist.

The Ramjet dissolves into translucent view. And Martin Jordan. And a young Hal. *Ghosts from the past...*

MARTIN JORDAN  
*...every now and then, if you're really  
 lucky, something chooses you. When that  
 happens, there's no fighting it.*

The memory fades -- and with it the doubt behind Hal's eyes.

INT. THE HAMMOND CABIN - SAME TIME

The SENATOR plays on the TV.

SENATOR HAMMOND (ON TV)  
*I spent my entire career being called a  
 hero and thinking I deserved it. I've  
 never been so humbled as I am today,  
 seeing what a real hero looks like.*

The screen suddenly FRACTURES. As we watch the TV being smashed apart, to bits, then to dust, as if by a ghost of some powerful petulant child (or a more powerful Hector) --

HECTOR HAMMOND (O.S.)

Of course. Someone's got to be more than human to finally impress you. Well, he's not the only one...

REVEAL HECTOR. The proportions of HIS HEAD different than before. Bigger. Ever so slightly monstrous. *He's changed.*

INT. BARN - SECONDS LATER

Hector enters to find Broome bound to a nearby post.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Good news, John, you've been promoted. From lab rat to accomplice.

Broome looks at his captor with renewed horror. As he's RIPPED away from his post...

INT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

A HATCH OPENS, daylight reveals a subterranean space.

TOM (O.S.)

Fallout shelter. Right below Runway 2 actually. Was all full of canned food and bottled water... I ate the beef jerky and chucked the rest.

Hal and Tom descend the staircase to find... ABIN'S SHIP. Tom's made certain... modifications. Like an aeronautical collage. Tom shows it off:

TOM (CONT'D)

The combustion chamber was totally shot. The jet vanes were torqued. Don't even get me started on what thruster control looked like...

HAL

So you turned it into... Frankenship?

TOM

I tried to find replacement parts, but the Apple Store was all out.

(then, quieter)

So. You really want to do this?

HAL

(beat)

This Ring chose me for a reason. Maybe if I do some good I'll figure out what that reason is.

Tom smiles. A little proud. Maybe more than a little.

TOM  
So what do we do first?

HAL  
First, we charge.

TOM  
Charge?

HAL  
(holding up the lantern)  
"In Brightest Day..."

On Tom, the BLAZE OF GREEN reflecting off his face and making him cover his eyes. Our MUSIC SWELLS, and...

HIGH IN THE SKY, the rising SUN flaring behind him, the GREEN LANTERN rockets towards camera, a new focus in his eyes...

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
(overlapping)  
-- reports are starting to come out of  
San Francisco -- starting to come out of  
Boston --

EXT. A LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

A VAN in a high speed police chase. GL lands on the roof. GIANT GREEN HANDS reach inside, start tossing out bad guys...

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
-- Fawcett City -- Star City --

EXT. A LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - DAY

The CRIMINALS from the freeway chase, smushed together in a GREEN NET. GL takes off before the COPS can offer thanks.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
-- reports of a flying man --

EXT. SPACE - ANOTHER GALAXY

Sinestro WHIPS PAST frame. Followed by an ARMY of Lanterns.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
-- some kind of hero, people are saying --

The phalanx of Lanterns move in unison into a DIVE, plummeting towards... Legion. The battle is joined!

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
-- saying they've never seen anything  
like this before --

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

A towering INFERNO. Smoke billows out from fifty-story windows. GL swoops in, Ring blazing.



NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
 -- wild speculation about who he is --

INT. FEDERATION BANK - DAY

Broome enters, moving towards the teller window with fitful, jagged steps as if under some external control. And he is.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
 -- some concern that he shouldn't be trusted --

Broome passes SECURITY CAMERAS as they SHATTER in succession. Up to the window, where the TELLER smiles sweetly.

BROOME  
 It's not me. It's him. He's controlling me.

Broome passes A NOTE. She reads it: "**THIS IS A ROBBERY. DO WHAT THE VOICE SAYS.**" She puts the note down. Frightened.

BANK TELLER  
 Who is? What voice, Sir?

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
This one.

Off the Teller, eyes wide with realization and terror...

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
 -- authorities are worried that if he turned to crime --

EXT. CHICAGO - RESUMING

THREE GREEN CHUTES spring from GL's Ring, coiling around each other like DNA as people slide to safety.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
 -- there's no telling what he could do.

A gesture and a HUGE GREEN TUBE sucks the blaze out of the building, cycloning it harmlessly into mid-air.

HECTOR HAMMOND (PRELAP)  
 Ladies and gentlemen. Your attention please.

INT. FEDERATION BANK - RESUMING

JUMP CUT AROUND the bank, HEARING HECTOR'S TELEPATHIC VOICE ECHO HELLISHLY, like a P.A. system underwater --

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
 This is a bank robbery.

GUNS fly from the holsters of the Bank's two SECURITY GUARDS, instantly KNEECAPPING them both. Instant PANIC.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Please stop screaming. I'm trying to  
 concentrate here.*

Only one customer holds calm, casually filling out a deposit slip, smiling. Of course, it's *HECTOR*.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*On the floor. Everyone.*

ONE OF THE GUNS spins in the air, covering the bank patrons. The other ZIPS straight over to Broome at the teller window --

BROOME  
 (pleading, impotent)  
*Please. Empty the safe.*

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- the kind of power never before seen --*

EXT. OVER EARTH - DAY

The International Space Station. *One of its modules has broken off.* It tumbles towards camera, dragging an ASTRONAUT by his tether. As the astronaut and module spin into infinity... *GL rockets out of the atmosphere.* To the rescue.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- like some fantasy --*

A GREEN BEAM secures the wayward module, reeling it back in towards the station, but... *the beam starts to FLICKER.* Then... cuts out as the Ring PULSES THREE TIMES.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*-- some are speculating if there's any  
 limit to his power --*

GREEN LANTERN  
 (to Astronaut)  
*One second, okay? I'll be right back.*

EXT. FALLOUT SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Green Lantern swoops inside to find Tom. Holds up his Ring.

GREEN LANTERN  
*Running low on gas.*

Tom holds up the Lantern in response.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

GL, fully recharged, returns -- much to the Astronaut's relief. GREEN TENDRILS sprout from the ring, reining in the Astronaut and the loose Module.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- right now, it seems infinite --*

GL shoots off, STAY WITH the curtain of stars and CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - RESUMING

Sinestro and the Corps in a pitched battle against Legion. *And they are losing.* Lanterns fall right and left, those already dead tumble silently in the weightlessness of space.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- it seems as if no one or no thing  
 could ever defeat him --*

INT. CAROL'S OFFICE - DAY

Carol is watching a TV broadcast of GL, edge of her seat.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- across the globe -- all around the  
 world, people are standing in silent  
 amazement -- el sorprender -- stupéfier --*

EXT. DARFUR, AFRICA - DAY

Green Lantern lowers two cargo holds' worth of FOOD CRATES onto the sprawling desert using a MASSIVE GREEN FORKLIFT.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- terrified -- estarrecido --*

INT. CAROL'S OFFICE - DAY

Carol watches Green Lantern's Darfur heroism on the TV, CHEERING like a sports fan.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- amazing -- amazed --*

EXT. SKY - MAGIC

A green flash streaks overhead, racing twilight.

NEWS BROADCASTS (V.O.)  
*-- and life on our little planet will  
 never be the same...*

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - EVENING

GL glides down and over. It's dark, save for a single light shining from one lone window. GL smiles. *Who else?*

INT. CAROL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Carol works late. A KNOCK interrupts her. Only it's not the door. Carol pulls the shades to REVEAL:

GREEN LANTERN

Right outside her window. Odd when you consider her office is five stories up. He waves with the Giant Hand. Carol waves back. The Giant Hand points UP. To...

EXT. ROOFTOP - FERRIS AIRCRAFT - MINUTES LATER

Carol steps out to the roof. Where Green Lantern hovers, aura enclosed, a few feet above the roof.

GREEN LANTERN

I hope it's okay. Coming back here.  
When there isn't a disaster.

Carol lights up like Christmas. *It is.*

CAROL

I'm glad. I wanted to see you, I didn't  
know how. You don't have a signal to  
shoot in the sky? Maybe a phone number?

GL just smiles. He's trying hard not to say too much, or  
give anything away.

CAROL (CONT'D)

No, I guess guys who float all the time  
don't have cell phones.

GREEN LANTERN

I walk too.

His feet touch the ground. The aura around him fades.

CAROL

So you're still... a *person*? But how to  
you do... all that?

She mimes -- *Giant Hand*. GL raises his ring hand.

GREEN LANTERN

This. It can make anything.  
(off her wonder)  
Anything I can imagine.

GL demonstrates. Suddenly, hanging in the air in front of  
her, is a beautiful light-statue of CAROL. Spinning slowly  
in place. Lovely. How he sees her. Carol takes it in.

CAROL

Lucky I look good in green.  
(then)

That must be nice. Anything you can  
imagine and it comes to life... Anywhere  
you want to go and you can fly there.

GREEN LANTERN

You've got a hangar full of planes with  
your name on them. You can fly.

CAROL

Not like you. I have... responsibilities  
here. I can't just go jetting off to  
Venice for the first time right now.

GREEN LANTERN

So you've never been?

CAROL

Me? Nope. For a girl who flies a lot  
I've never been anywhere.

GREEN LANTERN

Tokyo?  
(shakes her head "no")  
Paris?

Carol goes quiet. Sad.

CAROL

I always thought, you should never see  
Paris alone... And I counted on the  
wrong people to take me.

Regret on GL's face. Another failure as Hal. One more thing  
he can repair as the Lantern. He holds out a hand.

GREEN LANTERN

C'mon...

He leads her to the roof's limit. Right up to the scary  
ledge. Long way down.

GREEN LANTERN (CONT'D)

It's okay. Take my hand.  
(she steps forward)  
Close your eyes. Trust me.

Carol does. Then is lit with GREEN LIGHT as GL uses his ring  
to lift her UP... then unexpectedly DOWN... to ground level --

GREEN LANTERN (CONT'D)

Now... open.

She does. Opening her eyes to see --

PARIS -- A PERFECT REPLICA -- REMADE ON THE TARMAC! THE CITY  
OF LIGHTS, WROUGHT IN GREEN LIGHT. He's made it all for her.  
The Champs-Elysees... Notre Dame... the roiling Seine... the  
Eiffel Tower towering over it all!

The Giant Hand gently LIFTS Carol... and sets her down atop  
the glowing "Arc de Triomphe." She has a perfect vista view  
of the sprawling unreal. CUT TO:

A POLICE SKETCH of the lead suspect in the Federation Bank  
robbery, looking a lot like Broome, resting on the desk in:

INT. UNDISCLOSED FACILITY - PIPE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pipe picks up an FBI PERSONNEL FILE. A file photo of Broome.  
Compares it to the sketch. Yup, same guy. Not good...

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Pipe enters. We hear a THUMP. And we see --

A LARGE GLASS DOME. Another *THUMP* from inside. Something rattling around inside the DOME. PAN DOWN to REVEAL it's filled with:

SMALL CAGES. Each cage housing a WHITE LAB MOUSE.

*THUMP* -- A CAGE FLIES UP. *THUMP* -- a piece of CHEESE FLINGS OUT. THE MICE ARE MAKING THINGS LEVITATE! Just like Hector.

Pipe looks to a SEALED CONTAINER INSIDE, FILLED WITH YELLOW LIGHT -- *glowing with Legion's bilious hue*. We understand now: They've been experimenting. Pipe picks up a phone --

PIPE  
Find Senator Hammond.

PAN OVER the mice to find a sedentary one. It's not hard to see why it doesn't move: *Its forehead is grotesquely HUGE*. Without moving, the mouse CRUSHES its steel bowl into a BALL.

PIPE (CONT'D)  
Tell him we have a situation.

Off this glimpse of Hector's future... FLASHES OF WHITE!

EXT. SMITHSONIAN NATIONAL AIR & SPACE MUSEUM - NIGHT

*SNAP! SNAP!* FLASHBULBS pop like fireworks as VIPs, FOPs, and plus-ones stride a RED CARPET in black ties and ball gowns. A fabulous Washingtonian event.

A SLICK PORSCHE TEARS UP FRONT AND CENTER. Hector alights. Looking like the million bucks he stole. A SMOKING HOT DATE on his arm. The best money can (and did) buy.

THE ROW OF PHOTOGRAPHERS are suddenly compelled by his power to stop what they're doing, turn, and come over to take his picture. Their arms and legs moving for them.

Hector poses, making his grand entrance. People are, as he hoped, impressed. The eat-your-heart-out moment he craved.

Crossing the red carpet he overhears the CROWD'S reactions:

VOICES (V.O.)  
*Who is that? / Is that Hammond's son? /  
I thought he worked for the Bureau. / I  
thought he was in jail.*

Hector stops by a STUFFY CONGRESSMAN and his WIFE, friendly.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Congressman! Hey, I haven't seen you since you fired me from that internship. Why was it again? Right! 'Cuz I got your lunch order wrong. This is Dawn.  
(off his date; hearing a thought)  
Ah, I believe you two've already met. You hired her before too, right?

Loud enough for the wife to hear. He claps the mortified Congressman on the shoulder and moves on into...

INT. NATIONAL AIR & SPACE MUSEUM - ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

A huge, glass walled, two-story open space. All manner of historic aeronautic and space vehicles hang from the ceiling.

The floor's been cleared to make way for a HUGE MODEL of the INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION (ISS). SIGNS and BANNERS inform us this shindig is to celebrate its completion.

But all attention turns when the DOORS FLING OPEN of their own accord and... Hector makes his entrance. He struts his stuff like a man without limits.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Senator Hammond, glad-handing with A SENATOR, sees his son as the center of attention. The desired effect. Hector spots his father, approaches, snatching a drink as he walks.

SENATOR HAMMOND

Hector. What a... surprise. You're looking a little *puffy*. Are you okay?

He's reacting to the odd bulge at Hector's temples.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Never better. Lately I've been interested in space exploration. I was thinking of making a major donation...

SENATOR HAMMOND (V.O.)

Good thinking. It's a fine cause.

(V.O.)

On my credit card, I'm sure.

HECTOR HAMMOND

I can afford it. I recently came into a fair amount of *bank*.

SENATOR HAMMOND

That's great, Son. I'm glad to hear it.

(V.O.)

*What am I going to do with you?*

Not what Hector was hoping for. He tries, weakly --

HECTOR HAMMOND

Isn't this what-- You always told me you wanted me to be more successful.

SENATOR HAMMOND

I told you I wanted you to find some direction.

(thinks)

*Now you're just a well dressed disappointment.*

Trying to blunt the pain, Hector knocks back his drink.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Nothing's ever gonna be enough, will it?

SENATOR HAMMOND

I've got a speech to give. Think about making it an early night, okay?

(thinks)

*Go home before you embarrass us both.*

A knife-pierce of paternal disappointment. He claps Hector on the shoulder. That familiar paternal gesture, insincere.

FOLLOW SENATOR HAMMOND

as he approaches the Dais. Until he's buttonholed by Pipe, who grips his arm. Urgent.

PIPE

Senator Hammond. I need to talk to you about your son. We have a problem.

SENATOR HAMMOND

Story of my life. Talk to him yourself. He's here somewhere.

News to Pipe, whose eyes instantly memorize the terrain. The Senator breaks free of Pipe, heading up towards the stage. Pipe speaks into his cuff --

PIPE

Set a perimeter. Subject's inside.

As a STEALTHY TEAM OF PIPE'S MEN hone in on the exits --

SENATOR HAMMOND

climbs the dais, commands the microphone. The crowd instantly silences. He looks to the ISS, speaks genuinely.

SENATOR HAMMOND

Few things unite all people. For me, it's the way we all look at the stars. For answers. For inspiration. For hope. No matter who I talk to, anywhere in the world, we all share that. And now the stars have started giving us answers. Who knows what else we'll find up there, so long as we're brave enough to look --

*Suddenly, the Senator lifts from the podium! Floating, free of gravity, up and over the heads of the GUESTS.*

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)

*Just out of curiosity, when exactly did you decide I was such a disappointment?*

The question drives painfully into his mind.

SENATOR HAMMOND

Hector?!



HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
*You think it's easy having a living  
 legend for a father?*

The giant windows EXPLODE OUT. Wind rushes in. PEOPLE SCREAM. The Senator struggles.

SENATOR HAMMOND  
 Hector, if you're doing this somehow --

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
*Would that finally be enough to impress  
 you? Would it, Dad?!*

SIRENS and ALARMS WAIL as a mob rushes the exits. But one man surges upstream: Hector. Marching towards his father.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*What if I told you I could read your  
 mind? That I could hear your shame! Or  
 that I could rip you in half with a  
 single thought!*

Hector stands in front of him now. Out loud:

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
 Maybe now I'm the one who's disappointed  
 in you!

VOICE BEHIND HECTOR (O.S.)  
 Put him down, Hector.

Hector turns to see *he's surrounded by Pipe and his MEN.* A DOZEN GUNS trained on him. He turns to Pipe, recognizing --

HECTOR HAMMOND  
You. You did this to me. You exposed  
 me. Changed me... Into this.

PIPE  
 We didn't know-- We had no idea there  
 would be this kind of infection --

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 It was an *alien corpse!* What could  
possibly go wrong?

12 Berettas CHAMBER in unison as Pipe tries to hold his men back, reasoning with Hector, voice soothing --

PIPE  
 Hector, we don't want anyone to get hurt--

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 Then I'd suggest you put away your guns.

*Pipe's eyes go wide with realization. Starts to bark an order -- STOP! -- but too late: The guns FIRE! -- only... the bullets all WHIP UPWARDS! --*

*Riddling Senator Hammond!* CRIMSON blossoms on his chest, eating up the white of his shirt. He drops to the ground.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

(dry)

You guys killed my Dad.

*And in one insane fury -- FOOM!* -- Hector launches the GUNMEN up and out and *through* the atrium glass walls! Hector advances on Pipe.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

So there are these headaches I've been meaning to ask you about --

Hector's about to tear into Pipe -- but is stopped by --

SENATOR HAMMOND (O.S.)

(a wheeze)

Hector --

Hector turns to discover *his father is still alive.* For now.

SENATOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

I'm... sorry...

HECTOR HAMMOND

*What?*

SENATOR HAMMOND

You... may've read my mind... But you couldn't read my heart. I always loved...

*And he's gone.* Off Hector, trembling with grief and rage...

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - SAME TIME

Tom sits in front of his TELEVISION ARRAY. All tuned to the news as usual. As Tom cracks open a fresh sleeve of Pringles, one of the screens comes alive with "BREAKING NEWS" about the Air & Space Museum. Pringled Tom doesn't notice.

CAROL (PRELAP)

Do you know what's happening?

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - RUNWAY - THAT MOMENT

Walking through the "Paris" lights, wandering its amazing streets, GL and Carol remain blissfully unaware of world events. Carol marvels at the level of beauty and detail.

CAROL

Do you have any idea what you've done for the world.

GREEN LANTERN

Me? I haven't done that much.

Carol stops, looking straight at him. Meaning it.

CAROL

We stopped believing something amazing was still possible. I'm not talking about the flying or Paris. I mean... what you are. Normal people... they disappoint.

GREEN LANTERN

Not everyone.

CAROL

Most. You're someone they can count on. When there's nothing else left. Now everyone knows... there's a hero.

GREEN LANTERN

Maybe the world just hasn't been paying attention. Maybe there've been heroes all along, right in front of you, but you didn't know it... Maybe he-- they... didn't even know it.

Carol stops. Facing him.

CAROL

All I know is who's here for me now.

GREEN LANTERN

You know you're standing very close. I could light up at any second.

CAROL

I know.

His GREEN AURA LIGHTS UP AROUND THEM BOTH, drawing them together -- lips atoms apart -- the fire of anticipation about to meet with the jet fuel of imminence -- until --

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me! Hello!

The aura stands down. GL leans over Carol's shoulder to find -- Tom. Running up to them, full bore.

TOM

Hey. Uh, Mr. Lantern?

GREEN LANTERN

*("I'm deciding how to kill you")*

Anything I can help you with?

TOM

Sorry! It's just-- There's something going down at the Smithsonian!

GL looks to Carol -- Sorry. Carol understands --

CAROL

Go.

With a BLUR OF GREEN -- he's gone. Paris fades around her...

INT. NATIONAL AIR & SPACE MUSEUM - ATRIUM - NIGHT

Eerie stillness. Broken only by SOBS and helicopters circling overhead. The choppers shine spotlights below, illuminating --

HECTOR, cradling his father, HOWLING, grief struck.

PIPE

It's alright, Hector. It's gonna be alright. Just come with me.

Hector sees Pipe. A moment of childlike submission. Then the grief darkens, instantly transmuting into RAGE.

Hector glares. Pipe drops to the floor, stricken with PAIN.

HECTOR HAMMOND

That's what it feels like in here. Like someone scraping the inside of your skull, right? Forks in your eyes. And it keeps getting worse. That's my whole life now. Thanks to you.

Pipe is writhing. Hector stands over him, ready to kill. Pipe is in agony, death fast approaching -- when --

A GREEN ROPE

entwines around Pipe's ankle -- YANKING him to safety. Similar GREEN LINES snake around anyone still in harm's way, pulling them all OUT, to safety. Hector turns to see --

GREEN LANTERN

drop from the sky. GL lands in front of the fallen Senator. His ring quickly wraps Hector in GIANT MANACLES.

GREEN LANTERN

No one else needs to die today.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Oh, I can think of at least one more person.

GL is suddenly *seized* -- as if hit with 1000 volts of current. We experience it as he does -- as A VOICE INSIDE OUR HEADS. LOUD. PESTILENT. VILE. The manacles fade.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*You think you can stop me? Because your jewelry can lift things?*

GL's hand -- his ring hand -- extends. The Ring GLOWING. With telltale spasticity, his fist jerks. The Ring SURGES -- and -- the APOLLO LUNAR MODULE EXPLODES!

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

They think you're a hero? Let's see what they think of you now!

The ring hand points at THE REMAINING PIPE'S MEN STUCK IN THE ROOM! GL's eyes widen, realizing what Hector intends to do.

GREEN LANTERN

*No!*

*Oh yes. The RING FIRES! The will of all that lives misused in a blast that SENDS INNOCENT MEN FLYING! DEAD.*

GL CRIES OUT. *But he's powerless to stop the mayhem.*

GL struggles. FOCUSING HIS RAGE. Until -- with a PRIMAL SCREAM -- *GL BREAKS FREE!* Regaining control of his body -- *and the Ring -- and --*

HE SHOOTS towards Hector! A green bullet *flying right at him.*

HECTOR doubles over, the exertion causing him a NEW level of agony. But he raises his hand in defense, sending --

THE PIONEER 10 SATELLITE CRASHING INTO GL! *Hector is literally HURLING spaceships at GL!* -- the BELL XP-59 -- the NORTH AMERICAN X-15 -- the MARINER PROBE -- each snapping off its cables and RAINING ON GL! Who flies and dodges, fluid and nimble, using his Ring against the onslaught, as --

HECTOR presses his palms to the sides of his head -- the torment culminating, as --

His scalp starts to split and crack! Blood trickles from fresh tears in his skin. He lets out an animal GROWL as *HIS CRANIUM DOUBLES BEFORE OUR EYES. It's GROWING.*

GREEN LANTERN

DODGES Chuck Yeager's BELL X-1, rocketing at Hector -- and -- GRABBING HIM -- FLYING STRAIGHT UP -- to get him the hell out of there! Together, they --

BURST THROUGH THE ROOF!

EXT. ABOVE WASHINGTON, D.C.

STRUGGLING over the D.C. sky! GL holds fast to Hector as they spiral over the monuments to freedom and democracy.

*Hector's head is GROTESQUELY LARGE. Like Pipe's mouse.*

HECTOR HAMMOND

The pain... it's exquisite...

Hector's bloodshot eyes go wide, on fire with madness. He's manifesting a new power commensurate with his transformation. He focuses on GL and --

We FLASH CUT: A MEMORY HIT. From inside GL's mind, as: *Abin Sur breathes his last words to Hal.*

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*I can see in your mind... what you remember... Your memories.*

RESUME: Hector reacts with epiphany, understanding now.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
He was one of you. The alien.

ANOTHER MEMORY: *Abin hands Hal the Ring.*

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
YOU. You're the reason this happened to  
me. It's all your fault!

OTHER FLASHES OF MEMORY COME, like a wave of intimate detail: Carol's face against the "Paris" sky... Young Carol at his father's wake... His family... Jim... Nathan... Carol, as before, CALLING HIS NAME from that tarmac, VOICE ECHOING --

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(repeating what he hears)  
*"Hal... Jordan."*

RESUME: Green Lantern blanches. *Hector knows his name.*

This last taunt sends GL over the edge -- his AURA EXPLODES -- a BURST OF ENERGY that SEPARATES the two -- SHOOTING them apart! Green Lantern ROCKETS backwards, CRASHING into --

THE JEFFERSON MONUMENT!

HE BASHES into the base of Jefferson's statue! Marble shatters! Then... Silence. No sign from GL.

EXT. D.C. MALL - REFLECTING POOL - THAT MOMENT

Hector drops like a meteor, about to hit the shallow pool -- until he FREEZES -- inches from the surface. Then rights himself. And then walks (limping) across the water.

TWO TOURISTS drop their cameras and their jaws -- stunned to see the giant-headed man pull a Jesus. Remarks:

HECTOR HAMMOND  
Not as hard as you'd think.

He steps off the water to solid ground.

A speeding car suddenly STOPS. As if it hit an invisible wall. The door opens and the DRIVER is flung from inside.

Hector limps in. Hands shaking. Non-responsive. He throws the car into gear *with his mind.*

NEWS ANCHOR (PRELAP)  
*...at the Smithsonian this evening, 39  
are wounded and eight dead, including  
national treasure Senator Robert Hammond.*

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - NIGHT

In the dark, Hal and Tom, watch the coverage of GL's defeat.

TOM

This guy needs to go down -- now. So...  
how do you nail him? What's the plan?

Hal stares hard at the TV. The words, "Eight Dead."

HAL

There is no plan. I've done enough.

TOM

(understanding)

That wasn't you. You didn't hurt  
anybody. He killed those people --

HAL

He used me like a bazooka! If I go after  
him again... who knows what he'll make me  
do?

TOM

You can stop him --

HAL

-- Don't you get it? I can't stop him.  
*I don't know what I'm doing.*

(off the Ring)

They gave me this thing... but I'm not  
good enough to do anything with it. I'm  
just... a guy with a gun.

TOM

You spent your whole life screwing up and  
walking away from the wreckage and I  
stood next to you watching the whole  
time. But this... this isn't school or  
the Air Force... or Carol... If you walk  
away from this... I can't stand next to  
you any more.

HAL

What am I supposed to do?!

TOM

You're supposed to not give up! Or get  
help! Something!

Hal looks away. For the first time in his life... scared.

TOM (CONT'D)

I bet your father was just as scared that  
day. But it didn't matter, because he  
knew that when a chance to save people  
comes, you don't think about yourself.

(then)

That ring can give you powers... but it  
can't make you like him.

Tom goes. Leaving Hal, alone. He looks to the TV, FOOTAGE  
of EIGHT BODIES carried out. He looks away -- and sees HIS  
FATHER'S BOMBER JACKET. Crumpled on a couch. The MOTTO on  
the shoulder patch: "FEARLESS IN FLIGHT".

Off Hal, finding his strength, reminded... Thanks Tom...

EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT - THE STRATOSPHERE

That KH-10 satellite again. It bobs silently -- before getting *CUT IN HALF* by a *GREEN COMET* shooting out of the Earth's atmosphere. The Green Lantern is back!

STAY WITH HAL -- as he picks up speed -- SLINGSHOTTING AROUND MARS -- AROUND JUPITER -- around a star we've never seen, until he is moving at relativity-shattering speeds!

EXT. THE PLANET OA

The luminous planet hangs against a sea of stars. A CUT takes us over the GLEAMING SPIRES OF OA. ANOTHER CUT and we're at glorious city-level. GREEN STREAKS WHIZ BY.

SINESTRO (PRELAP)

And so you return --

EXT. OA - ABOVE A CITY

Hal trails Sinestro as they FLY over the city -- up and through the fantastical architecture.

SINESTRO

Next time when a friend gives you warning, heed it.

HAL

I know. I screwed up. But I need your help now. How do I stop him?

SINESTRO

You can't. Not alone at least.

HAL

I thought this Ring was the most powerful weapon in the Universe.

SINESTRO

Would that it were...

HAL

I don't get it... What is Legion anyway?

Sinestro STOPS. Landing atop the highest building. All of marvelous Oa behind him. He faces Hal. Gravely serious.

SINESTRO

Legion is the Guardians' shame.

Sinestro extends his ring up and FIRES. IMAGES UNFURL. Beginning with: A GIANT BOOK, pages fluttering open.

SINESTRO (CONT'D)

There are teachings in the Book of Oa the Guardians would not have us know. But moments we would prefer forgotten are still moments in time.



The IMAGES OF HIS RING CONTINUE so we INTERCUT between the pictographic storytelling and -- FLASHBACKS to:

*EXT. TRINITY CANYON - OA - FLASHBACK*

The Guardians float in a ring over a continental crevasse.

SINESTRO (V.O.)

*In their efforts to protect the Universe, the Guardians sought to harness the emanations of light. But they did not begin with Will. They began with a force far more potent... With Will's opposite.*

Their cumulative concentration culminates and... A Guardian swipes the air. A THIN YELLOW FLAME -- the color of Legion -- appears in his palm.

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Fear.*

The Guardian passes the meager flame to his neighbor. It grows. Until the flame becomes a BLAZE, burning one of them. The blaze widens, beyond their circle...

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*But the light of Fear could not be controlled. Even by the Guardians.*

The YELLOW BLAZE rips out of orbit towards the stars. A wash of toxic light spanning Creation.

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*It spread. Throughout Creation. Taking what is good and polluting it with Fear. And all things changed.*

*EXT. ROCKY PLANET - FLASHBACK*

Craggy, barren. Two LIZARD CREATURES share their scavengings as... THE YELLOW BLAZE passes over them like a tide.

SINESTRO (V.O.)

*In trying to bring order to the cosmos, the Guardians unleashed chaos.*

The lizards' expressions turn malevolent. Distrusting their brother. They ATTACK EACH OTHER with a new ferocity.

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*The Guardians saw their mistake. And they took action. They collected this light of Fear...*

*EXT. ABOVE OA - ORBIT - FLASHBACK*

The Guardians, in a circle again. Only now FACING OUTWARD. With their combined efforts the thin tendrils of Golden Light return to their circle from all directions in the Universe.

They collect the noxious Light, into A FORM above them.

SINESTRO (V.O.)  
*...And, once gathered, they banished it.*

EXT. THE LOST SECTOR - FLASHBACK

A starless space. Blacker and bleaker than the singularity at the center of a black hole.

SINESTRO (V.O.)  
*To the Lost Sector. A place of containment. A place to keep safe the Guardians' failures.*

The yellow torrent is cast within. It spirals inside -- a cyclone of fear and rage. It twists and writhes, coalescing. No longer merely a Light. But a Life. A nascent Beast lets out a wild, PRIMORDIAL HOWL.

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*But in that dark place, the Fear grew strength. And form. And shape.*

The swirl of fire MORPHS into a very familiar shape: *Legion*.

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*And its rage was legion.*

The HOLOGRAM FADES AWAY, as we TUMBLE down through --

INT. SCIENCELLS - UNDERGROUND - OA - RESUMING

Sinestro leads Hal through an UNDERGROUND EDIFICE. A catacomb of CRYSTALLINE structure, repeated matrices of GREEN CELLS stretching on into fractal infinity.

HAL  
 They made Legion?

SINESTRO  
 That is why it hunts us. To take revenge on its captors. And creators.

In answer, Sinestro SWOOPS down lower into the Sciencells.

SINESTRO (CONT'D)  
 With the Guardians' permission I led a phalanx of Lanterns to scour all sectors. Even with our combined efforts, our combined will, it killed thirty-three of our number.

HAL  
 I'm sorry.

Finally Sinestro LANDS at his destination.

SINESTRO  
 Yes. Sometimes victory comes at too high a price.

HAL

Victory?

SINESTRO

The Lanterns do not leave evil unbridled.

Sinestro opens a CELL DOOR -- and he shows Hal why he's brought him here. Hal's eyes go wide with surprise -- and horror -- at the sight of --

LEGION. Captured. Trapped by CHAINS OF GREEN ENERGY.

A DOZEN LANTERNS (some wounded) keep a STEADY STREAM OF RINGFIRE trained on Legion. It thrashes and brays, straining with effort to escape the pain and confinement. SHRIEKING with a rage to make the Devil piss his pants.

HAL

You didn't kill it?

SINESTRO

The Corps does not kill. Certainly not before Legion can repay its debt of death...

(approaching Legion)

The Guardians have seen enough death to permit what true and final security requires. The forming of a new ring. A more powerful one.

HAL

(understanding)

Of Fear.

Sinestro's eyes flash. *Oh, Yes...* As if understanding, Legion BELLOWS. Hal may have his doubts on how right any of this is -- but that's not why he came back here.

HAL (CONT'D)

A piece of that is still on my planet. If the Guardians let you go after the motherload, they have to help me stop his... spawning back home.

SINESTRO

I pray they will. Or soon you will have no home left.

And with that dark warning, and Legion's black ROAR...

GUARDIAN (PRELAP)

*We will dispatch the Corps to your planet's aid, Hal Jordan of Gaia --*

INT. THE CITADEL - OA

Hal stands before the ringed assemblage of Guardians. They loom like planets set against the night sky above.

HAL

Thank you --

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*Once you complete your cadet training on  
 Oa. Not before.*

They're refusing? Hal can't believe what he's hearing.

HAL  
 But... I don't understand.

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*The Corps defends its own --*

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
 -- And you are not yet of the Corps.

HAL  
 I thought "the Corps" was supposed to  
protect the universe -- Earth is in the  
 universe! We need help. And you're  
 gonna let people die because I didn't go  
 through your damn boot camp?!

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*Some measure of suffering is universal.  
 There is always danger --*

HAL  
 Well this danger is killing members of my  
 species. You guys made that thing, you  
have to do something!

The Guardians disapprove of his outburst, and respond with a  
 thunderous SHOUT into his mind, laying down their law --

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*The counterweight to suffering is the  
 Lantern and his Ring --*

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
 -- Gaia is in Sector 2814 --

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
 -- If the Lantern assigned to its  
 protection is not able --

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
 -- If he does not yet know how to  
 manifest his ring's potential --

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
 -- The fault lies with him. Alone.

Off their harsh condemnation -- and refusal -- A SHRIEK  
 rises, loud enough to match Hal's anger right now, as --

INT. SCIENCECELLS - LEGION'S CELL - THAT MOMENT

Sinestro approaches Legion reverentially, like an apostle.  
 FOUR OTHER LANTERNS flank him as he nears the monster. His  
 Ring GLOWS, and cruelly BINDS LEGION'S LIMBS --

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*The Ring is the most powerful weapon in  
 all creation. Used irresponsibly, it can  
 produce evil greater than anything the  
 Corps was formed to oppose.*

Sinestro conjures a row of SHARP PRECISION INSTRUMENTS.

ANOTHER GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*It is why we have imparted rules  
 governing its use. To prevent anarchy.*

Sinestro uses a SCALPEL TO CUT INTO LEGION'S HIDE. Legion  
 REELS! Straining against the green chains that bind him.  
 They grow TAUT...

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*To prevent catastrophe.*

...And SNAP! Sinestro reacts instantly, pointing -- FIRING --

SINESTRO  
 Secure it!

INT. CITADEL - RESUMING

Hal is shaking his head, growing ever more frustrated.

A GUARDIAN (V.O.)  
*Do you understand, Hal Jordan of Gaia?*

HAL  
 If your training is just gonna teach me  
 how to let people down... I already know  
 how to do that.

Plink. Hal has just set his Ring down on the marble pillar.

HAL (CONT'D)  
 Earth may be a primitive planet, but you  
 guys, with your whole bureaucracy...  
 you'd fit in just great there.

Hal's Uniform SHIMMERS off him, replaced by his clothes. All  
 his power gone, refused. The Guardians stare in disbelief.

HAL (CONT'D)  
 Keep your Ring. I might not have the  
 will of all that lives behind me... but I  
 have my will to do what I can. I'll beat  
 this guy on my own.

And Hal turns his back on the gods.

INT. THE GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Hal exits, quickly met by TWO GREEN LANTERNS, a WING-EARED  
 WOMAN and an ivory-colored FEATURELESS MAN. They flank him  
 ominously, leading him towards the landing/flight platform.

Wing-Ears says something in a SQUALKY ALIEN LANGUAGE.

HAL

Sorry. No ring, no speaky alien. So how do we do this? You fly me home? Or do you give me a loaner Ring --

Instead of an answer -- *Wing-Ears drops suddenly. Cut down by a YELLOW BLAST.* Hal looks up to see it:

LEGION

is clawing its way out of the Sciencells! Featureless Lantern shouts at Hal in alien before... Legion's BLAST knocks him to the ground. Hal looks up. Lanterns mobilize from all directions, FLYING. Falling into --

AN INSTANT FORMATION OF LANTERNS.

Hal ducks for cover as they whip overhead, calling up weapons and ATTACKING LEGION. But Legion lets loose with its hot hateful BLASTS -- the Lanterns are easily repelled.

TWO MORE DIE in an instant. Hal looks down to the fallen Lanterns at his feet... kneels down to them...

They might look different... *but these are his brothers.*

PUSH IN ON HAL, as --

He takes off the fallen Lantern's ring. And does the same thing with the others!

EXT. OA - OUTSIDE THE SCIENCELLS

Glass and metal rain down as LEGION'S CLAWS *explode through the outer wall!* The monster wrenches its way out of captivity, like a demon hatching from a egg.

EVERY AVAILABLE LANTERN mobilizes -- Kilowog and Tomar-Re and the CADETS -- all swarming like hornets, conjuring all manner of weapons and blasts, *all useless*, as --

LEGION FLIES UP!

In unison, the Lanterns CRISSCROSS the sky with weblike-BEAMS. Legion SWATS LANTERNS ASIDE, PULSES EXPLODING from its jaws! Lanterns fall and die, making a *hole in the sky* cover. Legion is about to escape through it -- when --

A SCIMITAR SLICES OFF ONE OF ITS CLAWS.

SINESTRO stands in its way. His four blades swinging. Valiant, but no match for Legion. In an instant, Sinestro is grabbed. Legion enjoys a moment of delight... about to take his head off in its endless fangs when --

A SHOCKINGLY POWERFUL RINGBLAST STRIKES LEGION!

The momentary distraction causes it to RELEASE Sinestro -- turning its attention to its new attacker --

*IT'S HAL!* BACK IN UNIFORM!

WIELDING A POWER RING ON EACH FINGER! A master of ten Rings!

HAL

Yeah. I really need more training.

Hal's Rings conjure up an army of objects -- SAMURAI SWORDS, ASSORTED WEAPONRY -- anything he can think of to distract Legion from the others. He succeeds -- Legion has a taste for only his blood now... And RACES for Hal! Bait taken...

THE CHASE BEGINS!

EXT. THE OAN SKIES

Hal flies fast, leading Legion away -- slaloms and twists, weaving around the towers that rocket past. Legion just SMASHES through them. Pursuing relentlessly.

Hal rockets HIGHER -- where SINESTRO flies to his side -- matching his speed. Hal couldn't be happier for the help.

HAL

Glad you could make it.

Together they FIRE an arsenal of GREEN WEAPONS that work in elegant SEQUENCE to whittle away at Legion's strength. We see in these two the makings of a legendary team.

But Legion is only scuffed, not stopped. Sinestro and Hal barely dodge an EXPLOSIVE PULSE that takes out a BUILDING.

HAL (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Am I allowed to kill him yet?!

SINESTRO

No number of rings will be enough to slay Legion.

HAL

I wasn't gonna use the Rings!

Hal loops around a DOME. Legion SWIPES, CRACKING THE DOME WIDE OPEN -- REVEALING, inside --

THE CENTRAL BATTERY!

Crackling with infinite power. He flies right for it -- FIRING AHEAD! RIGHT INTO THE BATTERY! We start to get the idea that Hal has a plan. And it's a dumb one.

He FIRES again -- right into the core -- which starts to GLOW, a nuclear bomb arming itself... Growing LOUDER and LOUDER until we feel its power surging... OVERLOADING!

LIGHTNING FIRES ALL AROUND! STRIKING HAL! But he holds his fire INTO the Battery.

SINESTRO

Get out now! You'll die.

HAL  
(straining)  
Just promise you'll help my people!

Sinestro nods. He will. Hal, made braver by that promise...

FIRES ONE LAST TIME -- INTO THE BATTERY -- which PULSES --  
and ROILS -- until... it... finally gives out --

EXPLODING WITH POWER!

A GREEN DETONATION like the Big Bang itself, traveling...

STRAIGHT THROUGH HAL.

Coursing through his body! It's too much! Hal holds it  
together just long enough to bring his hands together --  
channelling all that endless energy to --

*FIRE WITH EVERYTHING HE HAS AT LEGION!*

A RINGBLAST THE LIKES OF WHICH GOD HAS NEVER SEEN! The  
combined power of all life expended at once. So much energy  
the RINGS ON HIS HAND DISINTEGRATE!

It is finally enough. Legion is stricken. And dies.

The Lanterns who have come to witness the unthinkable feat  
watch as Legion drops. The nightmare ended. The Corps'  
surprise only outdone by their shock when they see --

HAL

still hanging in the sky... He plummets. Lifelessly. He  
POUNDS into the ground at the foot of the CRACKED and SPENT  
battery.

Sinestro and Tomar-Re are the first to reach him. The smoke  
starts to clear, REVEALING... Hal. Unmoving.

He is a hero today. And he is dead.

At least, that's what we think. Until... Hal shudders and  
coughs. Life returning. Beaten up... but still Hal.

HAL (CONT'D)  
(weak; à la post-dogfight)  
Well... that was easy.

Sinestro helps him to his feet. Hal's temples are now GREY.  
(Fanboys orgasm appropriately.)

TOMAR-RE  
You should be dead.

HAL  
Don't sound so disappointed.

Sinestro turns to ALL THE LANTERNS who have assembled.



SINESTRO

Hal Jordan of Gaia came here seeking our help and saved us instead.

(then)

Today we show him how the Corps defends its own. For he has proven he is one of us. If his planet needs help... it will find us ready. It will see a storm!

The Lanterns CHEER! Raising their Rings in unison!

EXT. SPACE

MUSIC BUILDS as SINESTRO, TOMAR-RE and KILLOWOG and a HUNDRED OTHER LANTERNS rocket towards us, led by... GREEN LANTERN!

INT. FERRIS AIR - SHOWROOM HANGAR - NIGHT

Carol and Carl linger over the news reports of Senator Hammond's death played on several plasma screens --

NEWS ANCHOR (ON PLASMA)

*...Senator Robert H. Hammond, astronaut and American hero is dead at 72...*

Carl runs a hand over the Sabre floor model.

CARL FERRIS

He was our last shot at getting these off the ground. We could've saved lives...

CAROL

We'll get the funding, Dad. Venture capital maybe.

But Carl knows better. His dream... it's over.

CARL FERRIS

No. It's time for me to get on with my life. And for you to finally have one.

A hug that says he understands the sacrifices she's made. Appreciative, holding her father, Carol is distracted by something in the distance: TOM slinking down to the shelter.

CAROL

I thought Hangar 18 was closed?

CARL FERRIS

The old fallout shelter? It is. Why?

Carol's not sure either. Curiosity piqued, she beelines to --

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - LATER

Carol is standing at the head of the metal staircase she spied Tom descending. She moves down it, through an old metal door, and into:

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Tom faces his bank of monitors/displays, so he doesn't see CAROL push through the metal doors and down the stairs. She takes in the space and -- with an audible GASP --

Abin's alien ship. Tom turns. Sees her. Shits.

CAROL

Tom... Anything you'd like to tell me?

INT. SHOWROOM HANGAR - THAT MOMENT

Carl moves through his workspace, flicking off the lights one by one. He lingers over a Sabre model. Saying goodbye.

CARL FERRIS

Sorry, Martin. Let you down again.

A moment of regret. And Carl is suddenly SUCKED out of the showroom -- CRASHING THROUGH a glass partition -- into --

The hangar. He hangs in mid-air, floating above one of the SABRE PROTOTYPES, terrified by the sight of...

A GARGANTUAN HEAD. It lists to one side, neck no longer able to support it fully. We PAN DOWN over the cracked and mottled scalp to recognize --

HECTOR. His body useless. He drools slightly. His hands tremble, curled into claws around the arm of a WHEELCHAIR, pushed by haggard and disheveled BROOME, a hellish orderly.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Excuse me. I'm looking for a Mr. Hal Jordan. You know where I can find him?

Carl stares back, bloody and scared.

CARL FERRIS

What are you -- ?

Hector sighs, as if he's being put out.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Not here?

Hector looks over to Sabre. An idea flashes.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Fine. How about we bring him to us?

His brow furrows and... *the engine FOOMS to life.*

INT. FALLOUT SHELTER - RESUMING

Tom tap dances his way out of Carol's question:

TOM

It's a... prototype I'm working on, a cross-model design sorta thing, took some fuselages and... probably won't even fly, I thought of it when I was stoned --

CAROL

Do you honestly think I can't recognize a SPACESHIP when I see one?!

TOM

(flinching)

It's not my fault -- just don't hit me --

Before Carol can press, the room is ROCKED by a THUNDERCLAP from outside. Carol BOLTS out, Tom trailing, as --

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - TARMAC - SECONDS LATER

-- THE ENTIRE FLEET OF SABRES pulls out of the hangar and... TAKES OFF, soaring into the horizon.

CAROL

We didn't have a test flight scheduled for tonight, did we?

TOM

No!

Carol and Tom race across the pavement back to:

INT. SHOWROOM HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Carol runs in -- Tom behind her -- but the sight of her father, writhing in mid-air, freezes them in their tracks.

CAROL

Dad--!

Her gasp snares Hector's attention. A MEMORY HIT: Carol's face from Hal's minds eye. Hector grins, "recognizing" her.

HECTOR HAMMOND

I know you.

Focusing on Carol, Hector's brow furrows, using his new power. ANOTHER MEMORY: Carol in "Paris," almost kissing GL.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Hal Jordan.

(re: his "condition")

This is his fault. It's because of him I'm this... monster.

EXT. COAST CITY - THAT MOMENT

A pair of Sabres shoot over the coastline, BANKING towards homes and buildings.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.)  
 So now I'm going to destroy every thing  
 and everyone he's ever loved...

...The U-CAVs align for a STRAFING RUN, birthing MISSILES and  
 SPITTING BULLETS! Architecture disintegrates.

HECTOR HAMMOND (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Starting with this crappy city...

INT. SHOWROOM HANGAR - RESUMING

Hector is eye to eye with Carol now.

HECTOR HAMMOND  
 ...and ending with you. While he  
watches.  
 (off Carol's terror)  
 That okay by you?

EXT. COAST CITY PIER - THAT MOMENT

Like the Santa Monica Pier of yesteryear. Boardwalk, Ferris  
 Wheel, a world of taffy. Full of oblivious INNOCENTS. Helen  
 Jordan laughs as Nathan pleads with his father:

NATHAN  
 (re: the Ferris Wheel)  
 Just one more time.

JIM JORDAN  
 You already had five 'one more' times.

NATHAN  
 Those didn't count. *Pleeeeeeze?*

Who's saying no to that kid?

EXT. COAST CITY HIGHWAY - THAT MOMENT

Gorgeous beach views, stuffed with traffic in front of a  
 TUNNEL (like PCH). Drivers HONK as -- BOOOOM! -- a wild  
 FIREBALL EXPLODES out of the tunnel!

FOUR SABRES FLY OUT of the fire, spinning to take aim at the  
 bridge. Cars EXPLODE and TUMBLE as the overpass COLLAPSES.

EXT. MAIN STREET - THAT MOMENT

Another Sabre DEPLOYS. The quaint city center is no more!  
 Coast City is being destroyed!

INT. SHOWROOM HANGAR - THAT MOMENT

TIGHT ON HECTOR: Eyes rolling with the remote controlling of  
 the U-CAVs. Face exultant with the death he brings.

INT./EXT. FERRIS WHEEL GONDOLA - THAT MOMENT

At the Ferris Wheel zenith. Jim's bored out of his mind as Nathan presses his face to the gondola window, entranced.

NATHAN

Hey, Dad?  
(pointing)  
What're those?

Jim glances up to see *two SABRES bearing down on them!*

No time to panic or answer as -- *the Sabres split, DIVING towards the base of the ride -- GUNS BLAZING --*

The wheelhouse CRUMPLES! Metal cries in protest and...

*The entire structure starts to topple!* Like a redwood felled and falling, casting its vast SHADOW on the ground... over...

HELEN! Feet rooted by fear.

NATHAN lets out a SHRIEK -- Jim pulls Nathan close as they fall -- it's over --

*Until the ENTIRE WHEEL is suddenly awash in GREEN LIGHT.* Nathan and Jim open their eyes to see...

A RHINO-SHAPED LANTERN. KILLOWOG. A FORCEFIELD from his Ring holding the wheel then setting it upright.

KILLOWOG

(to Nathan; a greeting)  
Poozer.

NATHAN

OHMYGODTHATISSOCO0000OL!

At which, *the sky goes DARK.* A SHADOW passes over Nathan's face, as he looks up to see...

A SKY FULL OF GREEN LANTERNS! A storm to blot out the sun!

INT. SHOWROOM HANGAR - THAT MOMENT

ON HECTOR: Delighted. With a sick glance to Carol.

HECTOR HAMMOND

He's here. And he's brought friends.

EXT. COAST CITY PIER - SKY

THE LANTERNS split off like fireworks, streaks of emerald blazing in all directions to address Hector's mayhem.

A SERIES OF CUTS, AS:

Killowog ring-welds the Ferris Wheel's base secure.

One of the Sabres DECIMATES the rollercoaster's TRACK. The 'coaster FLIES off the rails, about to CRUSH terrified bystanders before... *being caught by a HUGE GREEN CLAW.* Manifested by TOMAR-RE'S Ring.

The Sabre comes around for another try... buzzing the boardwalk. The crowd FLEES, a TIDAL WAVE of people, but... SINESTRO stands his ground, awaiting the Sabre's approach like a gunfighter.

THE OTHER LANTERNS crisscross over the city. One stops a LANDSLIDE with a GIANT GREEN SHOVEL. Another rescues a family from a collapsing building. A SCHOOL BUS is set right after teetering over an overpass.

The PEOPLE'S appreciation overwhelms their fear of the strange creatures saving them...

BACK ON THE BOARDWALK

Sinestro and Hal, side by side, manifest the weapons that dispatched Legion, Scimitar and Samurai sword, and SLICE through the horde of U-CAVs *flying right at them!*

Through the SMOKE they see two last Sabres coming at them. Sinestro prepares, poisoning his scimitars.

SINESTRO

The threat to your planet... surely it isn't only these machines.

HAL

It's not these... it's who sent them.  
(realizing)  
Carol --

SINESTRO

We have this. Go!

With Sinestro to handle the Sabres, and the team of Lanterns to help those in need, Hal BARRELS at FULL SPEED to -- FERRIS AIRCRAFT.

INT. SHOWROOM HANGAR - 1.8 SECONDS LATER

A human-sized bullet hole RIPS open as GL bursts through. He searches. No sign of Carol. But --

TOM and CARL are held captive, lifted high above, a WHIRLWIND of TOOLS and HEAVY EQUIPMENT SWIRLING around them dangerously close. All by HECTOR... who's slaving for the fight. A monster in a chair, his vile head housing his murderous mind.

HECTOR HAMMOND

You're late. I almost had to kill everyone without you.

Hector tries to penetrate Hal's mind with his own -- to CONTROL HIM -- *but Hal's aura shines brighter than ever.*

GREEN LANTERN

Let them go.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Sure.

With a raised brow... *Carl and Tom go flying out the hangar.*

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

THAT GREEN HAND catches Carl and Tom. Places them safely.

INT. SHOWROOM HANGAR - RESUMING

Annoyed, Hector FIRES the maelstrom of metal at GL -- who conjures a SHIELD to deflect it (A PIECE KNOCKS BROOME back and unconscious). Hector's chair wheels toward GL confidently. He makes a rag rise to wipe his sticky chin.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Nice. But not enough to save her...

Your Carol.

(knowingly)

I could see you all over her mind... years of disappointment. Only to disappoint her now. One last time.

Hal turns to Hector, rage in his eyes --

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Every memory she had of you is filled with regret... the years wasted, waiting for you. You never did a thing for her until someone gave you that ring.

(eyes lighting up at the RING)

You don't deserve all that power. Without that ring, you're not a hero. You're barely even a man.

GREEN LANTERN

(through his teeth)

Where. Is. She?

HECTOR HAMMOND

Relax. She's right here.

Hector glances over to that first Sabre prototype. GL's eyes go wide when he sees... *Carol*. In the translucent PAYLOAD of the U-CAV. Trapped. Pounding on the soundproofed plexi.

Hector relishes the obvious pain on GL's face.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Now from what I've seen of your childhood, you don't have such a good history with plane crashes.

Hector's eyes close. The Sabre's engines FIRE.

NEARBY: The guidance computer LOCKS on a DESTINATION. A MOUNTAIN RANGE! The trajectory of Carol's death plotted.

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

All that power and you can't do a thing.  
You're paralyzed. Get it?  
(laughing, the point of it all)  
Now you know what it's like to be me.

The Sabre's engines ready for take-off. GL steals a look back at Carol. Their eyes lock. Sympathy. Regret.

GL can't let her down. Not again.

GREEN LANTERN

But you don't know what it's like to be me. You want power? Real power? Just let her go. And I'll give you this.

He shows HIS RING. We fear for the choice he is making.

GREEN LANTERN (CONT'D)

This Ring can give you more power than you knew existed. Its only limit is what you can hold in your mind. And your mind is a lot bigger than mine.

Hector's eyes light up at the thought.

GREEN LANTERN (CONT'D)

With this you can do anything. Be anything. You can kill me as many times as you want. You can rule the world.  
(a final bargain)  
All you have to do is let her go.

Hector considers the shiny offer. The WHINE of the Sabre's engines MOUNTS. And finally -- SLOWING. It's a deal.

HECTOR HAMMOND

Fine. Take her...

In response, GL... *removes his Ring*. He opens his palm and the Ring FLOATS UPWARD. Pulled towards Hector by his mind.

As the ring leaves Hal, GL's uniform dissolves. And...

FOOM! *THE SABRE TAKES OFF!* With Carol still trapped inside! (And before she could see GL's true face.)

HECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Sorry. I lied.

The ring flies to Hector's hand. And the second it does -- Carol BLASTS into the sky. Off to her death.

Hector EXPLODES the GUIDANCE COMPUTER with his mind. Fear fills Hal's face as he watches his love recede into the sky -- he turns to see -- HECTOR -- as he --

PUTS ON THE RING!

The Ring GLOWS instantly with the connection. ENERGY BEAMING all around. The LUCENT AURA LIGHTS AROUND HIM and...



He RISES from his wheelchair, the aura giving him the strength his body lacks...

Hector's eyes grow wide with rapture. His face ecstatic... He knows now what true power is.

A flick of his wrist and he makes the WALL EXPLODE with GREEN LIGHTNING. Another and CRAGGLY CLAWED FINGERS (his version of the Green Hand) RIP THE GROUND OPEN underfoot.

SOMETHING GROWS out of the Ring. RIPPING THROUGH THE GROUND -- UP HIGHER -- THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE HANGAR -- A MASSIVE CONSTRUCT -- Hector has the exultant look of a man just named messiah.

As Hector's mountainous creation grows... its spires begin to CHANGE, MORPHING into TENTACLES. The entire construct's shape momentarily takes on *the full form of*

*LEGION!*

IT FLARES! Twisting and writhing. The Ring's power is too much for Hector. There's A FLASH OF WORRY on HECTOR'S FACE as the energy becomes TOO MUCH FOR HIM. Hal grins.

HAL

I lied, too. You weren't chosen.

*Hector gets it now. He doesn't possess the will to control the Ring -- until finally --*

The ENERGY SURGES BACK DOWN! Hector WAILS as all that energy FIRES BACK AT HIM.

AN EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND HEAT -- SEARING HECTOR!

And it's all gone. Mangled, mutated Hector has fallen back into his chair, twitching, cataplectic. And so he'll stay. Of its own accord THE RING zips off Hector's finger and...

Flies right back into Hal's hand.

CLOCK! Broome gives Hector a WALLOP, straight to the jaw.

BROOME

That's for making me rob a bank, asshole!

Broome looks up to thank his savior... but Hal is already BOLTING OUT -- chasing after Carol in the Sabre.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Running, Hal fits on the Ring. He extends his hand, ready to fly -- BUT THE RING ONLY PULSES.

*IT HAS NO CHARGE LEFT.* The Ring can't help him anymore.

HAL

The Lantern!

He looks. His underground lair is a half mile off! And the Sabre is getting further away by the second... closer to the MOUNTAIN RANGE!

Hal looks around -- his eyes landing on something... and it fills him with courage:

AN F-16

waiting on the tarmac! Without a second's hesitation, HAL POUNDS FOR IT. TOM approaches, catching up --

TOM  
What are you doing? Use your ring!

HAL  
There isn't enough time to charge it!  
She's heading for the Maker Cliffs. It's gonna crash!

TOM  
What are you gonna do?

HAL  
(as he climbs in the jet)  
Stop it.

TOM  
How?!

HAL  
I got the ride to figure that out.

But he doesn't need a ring. Just a man. Still a hero. As the canopy SLAMS SHUT --

EXT. SKY / INT. HAL'S F-16 - INTERCUT

Carol's flying prison sweeps into view, a runaway train. Her struggle muffled. She sees the CLIFFS coming up ahead -- her fear doubles. She BASHES helplessly against the glass, as --

HAL'S F-16

swoops down in pursuit. He's caught up to the Sabre -- just a few feet behind Carol now. Hal swerves his F-16 ahead --

TRYING TO CATCH IT IN HIS SLIPSTREAM AND FORCING A TURN -- but the Sabre presses on relentlessly, making its straight line for

THE MAKER CLIFFS!

From back in the TOWER -- TOM comes on the HEADSET:

TOM (FROM HEADSET)  
Can you see her?

HAL (INTO HEADSET)  
I can't move it. Shut it down!

TOM (FROM HEADSET)  
*The system's blown! It won't respond.*

Hal tries again, BARRELLING over the U-CAV dangerously close, trying to PHYSICALLY PUSH IT DOWN. But the Sabre is able to maneuver out of every move Hal can think of. And the CLIFFS are DEAD AHEAD! *How the hell is he going to stop that thing?*

TOM (FROM HEADSET) (CONT'D)  
*There's nothing you can do.*

HAL (INTO HEADSET)  
 I can't let her die!

Hal fights panic. Ghosts of old deaths haunting him.

MARTIN JORDAN (V.O.)  
*I'm pushing her to the runway. I can do it!*

ON HAL. *Inspired by his father's memory.* There's still one thing left. He races his plane in front of the Sabre --

HAL  
 Tom... What do you guess the blowback on an ejector is?!

TOM  
*A hundred feet easy at the speed you're flying!*

PULLS a switch that ARMS A WARNING LIGHT. Tom reacts to what he sees on his display. Hal's "plan."

TOM (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)  
*Hal? Nonono. You can't do it! You'll hit the jet, you'll both die!*

And without a single thought for himself, Hal YANKS a RED LEVER. Hard. In an instant --

MARTIN JORDAN (V.O.)  
*I'm clear. Ejecting now --*

HAL  
*I'm clear. Ejecting now --*

THE COCKPIT CANOPY EXPLODES! HAL LURCHES UPWARD OUT OF THE PLANE AND INTO THE SKY. HE JUST HIT THE EJECTOR SEAT!

*In an instant Hal's PARACHUTE deploys and entangles onto the SABRE. He SLAMS PAINFULLY AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE SABRE. CONTACT!* Like he just jumped from one train car to another only at 10,000 feet and nearing the sound barrier!

Hal pulls against the crushing WINDSHEAR up the 'chute -- closer... His fingers SNAG the wing of the U-CAV. With impossible effort, he PULLS himself up to the nose.

CAROL is POUNDING on the payload from the inside now. SCREAMING. And then she sees him. HAL JORDAN. *What the fuck is he doing on her plane?*

Hal sees the CLIFFS AHEAD -- they are SECONDS away from impact. He reaches for a PANEL on the top of the fuselage. Digs in and... RIPS it open -- exposing a BUTTON. Which he

PUNCHES! THE PAYLOAD CANOPY goes FLYING! Hal reaches in and pulls Carol up. Wind rips into them.

CAROL

HAL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

HAL

SAVING YOU!

He grabs her, FALLING BACKWARDS! And --

THEY FALL.

Above them the Sabre speeds off ahead -- and --

EXPLODES INTO THE CLIFFS!

They may have been saved from that -- but they're in FREE-FALL. No Ring. No chute. Just Hal and Carol clutching each other as they achieve bone pulverizing terminal velocity. Tumbling in each other's arms... The air ROARING... The GROUND COMING UP FAST... *Death is seconds away.*

They hold each other tight. The wind too painful to speak.

But they don't have to -- they both know it. They have loved each other their whole lives. They love each other still.

Nothing left to do, they clutch each other even harder and...

They kiss. A lifetime's worth of love shared in the one moment left before their deaths. The tenderest goodbye.

SINESTRO (V.O.)

*All life is connected. By love, by hope,  
by all the noblest instincts of the soul.*

If ever a kiss embodied those noblest instincts... it is this one. All that passion unbridled...

SINESTRO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*The power drawn from that connection is  
what you see simply as "green."*

The Ring feels it first. It SHIMMERS -- DRAWING FROM ALL THE POWER IN THAT KISS! The radiance spreads. Up his arm. Brightening... the AURA REKINDLING, enveloping them BOTH... his clothes recrystallizing back into... the uniform of:

THE GREEN LANTERN!

Recharged! Hal/GL and Carol are so lost in their embrace... their kiss so long awaited... they don't even notice

THEY'VE STOPPED FALLING.

Hal/GL realizes. He looks to his Ring, which SHIMMERS.

Carol opens her eyes. And looks. Exhilaration replacing terror as she sees it -- she's being carried by the GREEN LANTERN. BY HAL. The pieces fall together. Life changes.

CAROL  
(hits him)  
I knew it was you!

HAL/GREEN LANTERN  
Yeah, right.

He smiles, taking soft hold of Carol, and... FLYING across the sky...

HAL/GREEN LANTERN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
How 'bout we land in Paris?

The blue sky MATCH DISSOLVES into the blue curtain of:

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM

THE PRESIDENT is at the podium, addressing a standing-room only crowd of MEDIA:

THE PRESIDENT  
My fellow Americans. The past days have seen events so miraculous, they shatter every conception we have about ourselves... our world... our place in Creation. We can look on these wonders with fear... or we can find hope. A new beginning. To provide answers and to quell anxieties, I'd like to turn this briefing over to Special Counsel to the President... Mr. Alan Scott.

A weathered older man steps to the podium. A familiar face. And, now, a NAME.

PIPE / ALAN SCOTT  
The President has given me the honor and solemn responsibility of making this announcement, one I suspect will be long remembered.  
(a beat, then)  
*We are not alone in the universe.*

EXT. COAST CITY PIER - DAY

THE LANTERNS use their Rings to repair the widespread damage. PEOPLE marvel at the sight of ALIENS on Earth. Tomar-Re bristles his top fin, slightly offended.

PIPE / ALAN SCOTT (V.O.)  
*For years now, we've known of a group of extraterrestrials who patrol our universe and keep it safe.*

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEW YORK - DAY

*And we realize that we've caught up with our OPENING.*

ALAN SCOTT (ON ASTROVISION)  
*Impossible to imagine? No more  
 impossible than when Columbus suggested  
 the earth was round or when Copernicus  
 posited that it orbited the sun.*

EXT/INT. OTHER CITIES ALL OVER THE WORLD - THAT MOMENT

People stare at the impossible news projected there as well.

ALAN SCOTT (V.O.)  
*There are heroes out there. And now, one  
 of our own has joined them. One of us.  
 Now one of them.*

CLOSE ON: GREEN LANTERN.

ALAN SCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*A Green Lantern.*

Widen to REVEAL we're:

INT. UNDERGROUND GOVERNMENT FACILITY - HALLWAY - DAY

Green Lantern walks with Scott down a long concrete hallway.

GREEN LANTERN  
 Nice speech.

ALAN SCOTT  
 I've known about the people you work for  
 since I was... younger than you. Ever  
 since, I've worked for the government.  
 Helping them get ready for a day just  
 like this... when this planet finds out  
 it's just a tiny pebble on a very large  
 beach.

(beat)  
 And people need to know it'll be okay  
 when you're gone.

GREEN LANTERN  
 I haven't said I was going anywhere.

Scott nods. Eyeing the Ring with a bit of... *nostalgia?*

ALAN SCOTT  
 The Ring came to you, so that's your  
 decision to make. But I'll tell you  
 this: If I could do what you can do...  
 I wouldn't stay here. I'd fly around  
 this Universe, seeing things no human's  
 ever seen... No one who wears one of  
 those belongs to any one planet. *You  
 belong to the stars.*

GREEN LANTERN  
 (sensing, re: The Ring)  
 You've... worn it, haven't you?

A long silence. Then, through the haze of smoke and memory --

ALAN SCOTT  
 One like it, a lifetime ago...  
 (a sad smile)  
 But it wasn't mine to keep. I wasn't  
chosen. Not like you.

A story for another day/movie. The gruff returns.

GREEN LANTERN  
 What if there's more trouble?

ALAN SCOTT  
 I'll contact you. The same way I used to  
 contact your predecessor on occasion.

A knowing wink. Man, this guy is cool as shit.

GREEN LANTERN  
 And Hammond?

ALAN SCOTT  
 Hammond? I wouldn't worry about him...

Pipe keys a pad to take them where they're headed:

INT. SECURE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

On a catwalk, overlooking the centerpiece of the facility: A  
 STADIUM-SIZED CONCRETE-LINED LAB. Filled with --

ROW AFTER ROW of RATS and MICE in cages. As we saw before.  
 Experiments. At the far end --

IN A SEALED CELL

HECTOR HAMMOND sits. Huge cranium, burned and shrivelled  
 body. Utterly grotesque. No sign of life behind his eyes.  
 Just another rat.

ALAN SCOTT (O.S.)  
 He doesn't do much anymore.

BACK WITH GL AND PIPE

Pipe offers GL his hand. And his advice:

ALAN SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 The stars are waiting, Jordan. Don't  
 screw it up.

GL reacts. *Scott knows his identity.*

TOM (PRELAP)  
 It's not fair.

EXT. FERRIS AIRCRAFT - TARMAC - MAGIC

Hal, in uniform, stands with Carol and Tom. This is goodbye. Floating a few thousand feet up are Sinestro, Tomar-Re and OTHER LANTERNS. Tom stares a little too much.

TOM

You get to go off with them and I'm stuck here. I can't even play games with aliens now, just seems like a rip off.

GREEN LANTERN

I got a surprise for you.

GL FIRES his ring... into HANGAR 18. A RUMBLE and... ABIN'S SHIP RISES OUT! The ship HOVERS on its own. Fixed. The single greatest thing that ever happened to Tom.

TOM

It's flying! I have a space ship! That flies! Oh my god, I can visit you --

Tom hugs GL hard enough to hurt. Then makes way for...

Carol. Time for her goodbye. Not an easy thing.

GREEN LANTERN

(to Tom)

Can I get a minute.

Tom moves to his hovering craft by the hangar. The Lanterns in the sky fly off even higher. Into the upper atmosphere.

GL de-uniforms, suit shimmering back into clothes. Just Hal.

HAL

Do me a favor. Give my family a good excuse why I left --

CAROL

I will.

HAL

(missing her already)

I could be gone awhile.

CAROL

It's okay. I'll be here. Besides, you're worth the wait.

HAL

So are you.

And her lips meet his in a kiss that shows an understanding words can't. His Ring SHIMMERS with it. The SHIMMERING BRIGHTENS, MERGING INTO... PURE SUNLIGHT...

EXT. EARTH'S ORBIT

The Sun shines unobstructed. Surely The Brightest Day, as...



Green Lantern comes up through the stratosphere. Where Sinestro alone waits for him. Hal takes a longing look down at the brilliant blue Earth. Sinestro senses Hal's sadness.

SINESTRO

It is a beautiful planet.

HAL

It's everything I love.

SINESTRO

(then)

If we train you well, there will be a thousand planets you will love just as much.

The promise of things to come. Of Adventure. Hal drinks in the Earth. One last look.

HAL

Then let's go see 'em.

And with a smile... and an explosion of LIGHT...

Two GREEN STREAKS PAINT The Blackest Night...

And we end where we began.

IN GREEN.

End.