

THE GREEN ARROW

by

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FIRST DRAFT

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The Green ArrowACT 1

FADE IN:

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST-DAY

In vibrant Technicolor. Men leap from trees, swing on vines, arrows fly, the orchestra swells. This is a scene from Errol Flynn's ROBIN HOOD. Making a magnificent entrance is Robin himself, swinging into position atop a boulder, framed by the sky, looking glorious and radiant and chivalrous.

ROBIN

Welcome to Sherwood, M'lady.

INT. MOVIE THEATER-1950'S

The place is filled with children. A Saturday matinee. As the sounds of derring-do fill the auditorium, we move closer on the faces, singling out one boy. He is blond, about 10 years old, with strong features and piercing eyes. No other face in the theater matches his for intensity for this boy is not just watching a movie, he is experiencing an epiphany. He is changing as we watch him. His mind is being made up and his life is taking shape. This is a boy who is witnessing his destiny.

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS LIVING ROOM-1950'S-DAY

It is Christmas morning. The boy opens presents with his parents. He rips through the gift wrap quickly with grim determination. His first gift a truck. He tosses it aside and quickly opens another. A football. He drops it without a glance. His parents don't know how to react. He reaches for his final present. He tears it open. A child-sized set of bow and arrows. This is what he was hoping for. He looks up at his parents with an assured smile.

EXT. SUBURBAN WOODS-1950'S-DAY

Filled with virgin snow. Single-family houses in the distance. The boy moves through the woods, arrow nocked. He moves with a languid grace, like he's been hunting with a bow his whole life. The boy feels like he's found the missing part of himself. He spins and shoots at a knothole--he hits it. He leaps and shoots a post. Bullseye. He rounds a hillock and his eyes flash. He shoots quickly, instinctively. He steps closer to his target and suddenly the joy drains out of his face. He turns and runs, dropping the bow.

IN THE SNOW

a rabbit lies dead. Center shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TOY RABBIT

clutched by anxious adult hands.

INT. PALMER HOUSE-DAY

a lower-middle class house. It is present day. MR. AND MRS. PALMER, white and chubby with lost, haunted eyes, watch the chaos in their house. Mrs. Palmer clutches the stuffed rabbit. The house is filled with several assorted Palmer children, relatives, cops, detectives, a video crew and GARY FREUNDLICH, 34, a TV news personality with a warm, handsome face and inviting, soulful eyes. There is an air of expectancy. Detectives talk on phones; cops talk on radios. Mr. Palmer is with the detectives.

MR PALMER

And the drop went okay?

DETECTIVE

As far as we know. We're still waiting for confirmation.

MR PALMER

(with disgust)

What kind of people are these?

DETECTIVE

The worst kind.

A PALMER KID

Are you going to catch them?

DETECTIVE

We hope so.

Mrs. Palmer pulls Gary aside.

MRS PALMER

You've been so wonderful through all this, Gary.

GARY

Just doing my job.

MRS. PALMER

No--it's more than that. You've protected us. You're always here. You've just been so...

She is overcome with emotion and can only hug Gary, tears streaming down her cheeks.

A PALMER KID (O.S.)

They're here!

A collective gasp as the room galvanizes into action. The front door is thrown open and the Palmers race out with the cops. Gary and the video crew take up the rear.

EXT. PALMER HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

A black-and-white pulls up as everyone rushes to meet it. Out of the back seat comes PAUL PALMER, 8, undernourished, pale and wrapped in a blanket. He leaps into his mother's arms.

PAUL

Mommy!

MRS PALMER

My baby! Oh, my baby!

It is a tearful reunion as the family surrounds Paul and Mrs. Palmer. The video crew doesn't miss a thing.

GARY

(into a mic)

The ordeal of Little Paul
Palmer. Kidnapped from the
Snowflake Mall ten excruciating
days ago, now back in his
mother's arms. It's an
indescribable sight...

(he wipes away a tear)

What this family has been
through is a cautionary tale
for every--

He stops. His hand touches his earphone as he listens. His smile fades. He looks around bewildered a moment and then steps away. The video CAMERAMAN turns to him questioningly.

CAMERAMAN

Gary? What is it?

Gary collects his thoughts a moment. He looks up at the cameraman.

GARY

Dear God. There's been another
one.

INT. CLOSE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN-NIGHT

once again, a scene from ROBIN HOOD. Errol Flynn gives a stirring speech at Gallows Oak.

ROBIN HOOD

...to shelter the old and the
helpless. To protect all women,
rich or poor, Norman or Saxon.
Swear to fight for a free
England. To protect her loyally
until the return of our
sovereign Richard the
Lionheart. And swear to fight
to the death against our
oppressors!

The image of Errol Flynn freezes and shrinks to one side of the screen where it is joined by the image of another figure--a man in a modernized version of the Robin Hood get up. A man with a mask and a longbow. Titles: WHERE ARE THEY NOW: THE GREEN ARROW. We see teasing samples of interviews to come:

A SWEET OLD LADY

He just swooped out of the sky
to save us. It was a miracle.

A JUNKIE

(from a prison cell)
That maniac should be locked
up. Running around in green
tights. What a freak.

A YOUNG MOM

It's simple. I wouldn't be
alive today if it weren't for
him.

A POLICE OFFICER

Vigilantism has always been
more of a problem than a
solution. And those arrows--
they're deadly weapons.

A LAWYER

Leave law enforcement to the
police. This guy should stick
to a more appropriate line of
work--like professional
wrestling.

THE JUNKIE

I mean, didn't he kill
somebody?

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-NIGHT

Dark and cavernous. We don't get much of a look at the place but we do see glimpses of someone watching the TV. Just details: a ratty bathrobe. Half-glasses perched on a nose. Kleenex on a side table. A cup of tea. A cold pipe in a bowl. This is OLIVER QUINLAN, once known as the Green Arrow, but right now we think he's just some dotty old duffer watching TV.

On the TV screen an amateur video of the Green Arrow in action. A blurry but dashing figure accosting two n'er-dowells in an alley.

NARRATOR

The Green Arrow, Public enemy
or savior? Hero or criminal?
Here is the only video in
existence of the mysterious
figure who had grown to be a
fixture of the bay area and who
has not been seen for over five
years...

During this, another sound is growing in the room. From outside the sounds of a man and woman engaged in an argument. Oliver stands and walks to the window.

EXT. OLIVER'S LOFT-CONTINUOUS

The building is dark and industrial and encrusted with Chinese architectural details. This is Chinatown. Oliver appears at the window, but we still don't get a good look at him.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

...leaving the scene surrounded
by as much mystery as when he
arrived. Who was he? Where did
he go?

POV-THE STREET-CONTINUOUS

By a parked car, a man and a woman.

MAN

...and anyway, you stupid slut,
it's not a bike, it's a

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)
motorcycle! Can't you get that
through your stupid head? A mo-
tor-cy-cle!

WOMAN
Bike bike bike bike bike!!

The man slaps her and she falls.

ON OLIVER

His eyes flash.

ON THE TV SCREEN

a noted psychologist expounds.

PSYCHOLOGIST
When dealing with a grown man
who puts on a costume and
rushes around the city trying
to rescue everybody, the only
word that comes to my mind is
"infantile." If you want to do
some good, become a social
worker. Take off the mask. Do
some real work. "The Green
Arrow" -grow up.

EXT. ON THE STREET-CONTINUOUS

as the man advances on the woman with violent intent.

MAN
I think you owe me an apology.

WOMAN
Get away from me, you bastard!

MAN
I want you to get on your
knees--

WOMAN
You make me puke!

MAN
--and I want you to apologize.

WOMAN
Don't touch me, you animal!

The man grabs the woman by the hair. He raises his hand to strike her again--but his hand seems to be frozen by some unseen force. The man cries out in surprise and pain and slowly goes to his knees. He and the woman look up to see Oliver who is holding the man's finger in some sort of grip. This is the first time we get a good look at him. He's around 50. He looks like a middle-aged bachelor from another era but there is a physical power and confidence that even the ratty trappings can't hide.

OLIVER

Don't you know that hurts?

ON THE TV SCREEN

A woodsey-looking bearded dad with some overweight kids.

DAD

My hat's off to him. Everyone talks and few people act. There's a lot of scum out there. The police can't handle half of it. I felt safer when he was around. I honestly did. The only problem I had with the guy is he had a vow never to kill. Kinda limited his effectiveness, if you know what I mean.

BACK ON THE STREET

The woman has risen. She has a demonic look on her face.

WOMAN

Kill him! Kill the scummy bastard!

Oliver is a little put off by her intensity.

OLIVER

What?

WOMAN

If you won't, I will!

The woman lunges at the man, who is still on his knees. She kicks him and stomps him and looks completely capable of killing him.

OLIVER

Wait a second. Hold on. Ma'am.
Ma'am...

WOMAN
Die, you pig! You stinkin'
pig!

Oliver finds himself now in the position of defending the man.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A drag queen in full regalia.

DRAG QUEEN
Honey, the costume is
everything.

ON THE STREET

as Oliver drags the woman away from the man. She hangs onto a handful of the man's hair. She is struggling to break away from Oliver and return to kicking the man.

WOMAN
Let me at 'im! Let me at 'im!

OLIVER
Easy, easy. Why don't we just--

MAN (O.S.)
Take your hands off her!

Oliver turns to see the man start toward him. Sometimes you just can't win.

MAN
I said take your stinkin' paws
off her.

Oliver shrugs and lets go. The woman leaps on the man.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

The mayor of San Francisco.

MAYOR
If you want to look at it
statistically, crime figures
are actually down for the five
year period without the Green
Arrow. As a symbol for action
and old-fashioned justice--
great. But let's face it. A man
with a bow and arrow can't make
much of a difference in the
modern world.

ON THE STREET

Oliver sits on the curb, his head in his hands. The man and the woman sit across the street together, spent. The man holds his hand over his mouth. He has gotten the worst of this battle.

WOMAN

Honey? Sorry.

The man won't turn to look at her. The woman picks up something in the street and holds it out to him.

WOMAN

Honey? Here's your tooth.

The man takes it, grudgingly. He finally looks at her.

MAN

(after a while)

I'm sorry too.

The woman leans over and kisses him. She smiles.

WOMAN

Motorcycle.

They kiss again. the man notices Oliver watching them.

MAN

And what are you looking at?

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A black woman sits with two children, weeping. She holds a framed school picture of a 13-year-old boy.

BLACK WOMAN

He killed my boy. Shot him right through the heart. The police did nothing. I'm glad he's gone. This world doesn't need a Green Arrow going around killing people. What good is that? I mean what gives him the right? Is he a judge? Who does he think he is? I'm glad he's gone. I ever catch him, look out. Who does he think he is?

The screen goes black.

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-NIGHT

Oliver stares at the dark screen. He doesn't move. He is alone. Music over:

PETULA CLARK

When you're alone and life is
making you lonely you can
always go...

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-DAY

A striking change in mood. The place is bright and alive with activity. We see now that this is an enormous artist's loft, the primary function of which is the creation of metal sculptures on a Homeric scale. Oliver is muscling some large iron into place. He wears heavy, chemical-stained coveralls and steelworker's boots--as does his assistant, JOHN FABRIONI, who is vibrant and fit and taciturn and a dwarf. John works from inside the sculptures. There is a ballet to the their movements--in time to Petula Clark's Downtown which is filling the room. Fighting for Oliver's attention is MARY KATE DANAHER a woman who loves a good fight and electrifies the air around her with a keen intelligence. To Mary Kate the greatest weakness is to show weakness, especially around Oliver whom she is absolutely not in love with. Absolutely not.

MARY KATE

Ten minutes, Oliver.

OLIVER

They can wait.

MARY KATE

They can't wait. They're the
board of directors.

OLIVER

They're Nazis.

MARY KATE

So they're Nazis. But they're
Nazis who are going to
commission five sculptures or
don't you want to make a
living?

OLIVER

It's your living you're worried
about.

Oliver leans out of the sculpture.

OLIVER

You know what they did to the coal miners?

MARY KATE

It's a big corporation. They have big lobbies and they need big sculptures. I don't care about the coal miners.

OLIVER

(aside, to John)

This is how they get away with it.

MARY KATE

It is not now, nor will it ever be a perfect world, Oliver Quinlan. It is a sad fact but for some of us, a little maturity--not to be confused with age--allows us to move forward with our lives anyway.

JOHN

She's got a point there. Go be nice to the Nazis.

OLIVER

Who's side are you on?

JOHN

(shrugs)

I have to buy a new printer.

OLIVER

This is why the world is going to Hell. Consumerism.

Oliver turns his back on Mary Kate and returns to work. Mary Kate stares at him and then switches off the music. This immediately gets Oliver's attention.

OLIVER

You turned off Petula.

MARY KATE

Yes. I turned off Petula now let's go.

OLIVER

Don't ever turn off Petula.

MARY KATE
What is it with you and Petula
Clark?

OLIVER
What is it? It's "don't ever
turn off Petula," that's what
it is.

JOHN
Every man needs an irrational
obsession. Sometimes it's all
he has.

INT. CORPORATE WAITING ROOM-DAY

Stark and rich. Oliver has not changed from his work
clothes--or shaved.

MARY KATE
Nice outfit.

OLIVER
I'm an artist.

MARY KATE
You're going to blow it. I know
you.

OLIVER
I'm not going to blow it.

MARY KATE
You're going to say something
about the farm workers--

OLIVER
--coal miners--

MARY KATE
--whoever they are and you're
going to insult them and you're
going to blow it.

OLIVER
I may surprise you.

MARY KATE
I doubt it.

They sit in silence for a moment. Across the waiting area a
TV plays. Gary Freundlich is interviewing a distraught
couple, MR. AND MRS. BLEAK.

MRS BLEAK

(on the TV)

I can't bear to think how frightened he must be. They don't know what he likes to eat. He likes to sleep with his bear--they don't know that.

Gary puts a comforting hand on her arm.

GARY

He's going to be okay. He's a strong little boy.

MR BLEAK

He has diabetes. If they don't get him insulin he'll slip into a coma in two days. After that-

GARY

It won't take two days. WQED has offered to double the police reward for any information leading to finding little Barry Bleak. I won't leave your side until he's back in your arms.

OLIVER

(re: Gary)

This guy's a vulture.

MARY KATE

He's just doing his job the best he can. Pay attention. You might learn something.

OLIVER

You know, there used to be a thing called compassion. If you suffered a family tragedy, you would be left in peace. Now the cameras descend like hyenas on a carcass--to suck up every little last morsel of dignity. And they fight over the juiciest bits.

MARY KATE

Oliver, everything in the past isn't automatically better and everything that's new isn't automatically bad.

OLIVER
I never said that.

MARY KATE
You don't like anything new.

OLIVER
Yes I do. Toothbrushes.

MARY KATE
You're going to blow it.

OLIVER
I am not.

INT. CORPORATION MEETING ROOM-DAY

Where shocked executives stare at Oliver.

OLIVER
...and if you're going to
continue this short-sighted
policy, this greedy ruinous
cowardly philosophy that treats
human beings as a disposable
resource, the environment as
your personal property, then
the only sculpture I would
consider appropriate for the
lobby of your corporate
headquarters would be a
likeness of your CEO dressed as
a pirate, standing knee-deep in
his own filth with his pants
down, raping the earth. I'd do
it in a nice bronze.

Mary Kate rocks slowly in her seat, her head in her hands.

INT. B.A.R.T. TRAIN-DAY

Mary Kate and Oliver ride in silence. Mary Kate is furious.
After a while, Oliver digs a stick of gum out of his
pocket.

OLIVER
Gum?

She ignores him. Finally:

MARY KATE
I'm not going to stay and
watch, you know.

OLIVER

Watch what?

MARY KATE

I'm not going to stay and watch you self-destruct.

OLIVER

I'm not going to self-destruct.

MARY KATE

You just torpedoed three year's income. What do you call that?

OLIVER

Integrity?

MARY KATE

Oliver, you're an idealist. That's not a compliment. It's like having a disease. You have this picture of the world as it should be and then you have the actual world. And they don't match. Some men deal with this inconsistency with drink. Some with women. And some find creative and subtle ways of killing themselves. This is your category, Oliver. I'm not going to stick around and watch, that's all. Get yourself a new rep. You have no more obligation to me.

OLIVER

You sure you don't want some gum?

Mary Kate takes a breath, she's about to say something that's difficult for her.

MARY KATE

Why don't you go on the hunt again?

OLIVER

Don't start.

MARY KATE

I think you need it. I think it's the only thing that can keep you alive.

OLIVER

Just forget about the hunt.

MARY KATE

That kid was a felon and a killer and he would have wound up dead somewhere anyway. You can't throw it all away because of one mistake.

OLIVER

(shouting over her)

It's a closed subject and I'm not going to do it so why don't you shut the hell up about it!

Some people on the train turn and look at them.

OLIVER

What's it to you anyway?

Mary Kate turns away from him.

MARY KATE

Nothing. It's nothing to me.

They ride through the tension. Oliver tries to lighten things up.

OLIVER

Look. It's not just what happened that night. It's just that running around in green tights trying to save the world is a young man's occupation. Besides, I don't have the legs for it anymore.

Mary Kate doesn't take the bait.

OLIVER

And in the scheme of things, what good did it do anyone?

MARY KATE

It just kept you alive, Oliver. That's all the good it did. It just kept you alive.

EXT. B.A.R.T. TRAIN-DAY

as it rumbles through the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A VERY DARK PLACE-DAY

what we see first is a toy--a crude wooden figure of an acrobat strung between two sticks. When the sticks are squeezed, the man jumps and jerks on the string. An adult hand works the toy. He whistles a haunting lullaby.

There is a young boy here, around 9 or 10. He is small for his age and pale. He is very frightened. This is Barry Bleak, the boy who was kidnapped.

BARRY

I have homework.

There is no response.

BARRY

I have to do my homework or I get an unsatisfactory.

MALE VOICE

We'll write you a note.

BARRY

I don't feel good. I have to go home and test my blood sugar. When I feel tired like this I have to go home and test. I'm really tired and I have a headache. When do I get to go home? When do I? I don't feel good.

The jumping man never misses a beat.

BARRY

I don't feel so good.

EXT. B.A.R.T. STATION-DUSK

The train rumbles out of the station, leaving Oliver alone. He puts his hands in his pockets and walks.

EXT. CITY STREET-NIGHT

Oliver walks faster, deep in thought. There is a street festival going on. Music, laughter, food. Everyone seems young and without care. Oliver, just the opposite. There are some people in costumes--a princess, a devil, a whore--and then, the Green Arrow. Oliver turns as this apparition hurries by him. The Green Arrow is young and smiling and he holds Oliver's gaze as he disappears in the crowd. As Oliver turns back, he is now, himself, dressed as the Green Arrow--and we are in a different time. The festival is gone and Oliver is running...

EXT. EMPTY STREET-NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Green Arrow moves like what he is--a beast of prey. He is on the hunt. Silent and fluid. He stops and listens, eyes shining, nerves tingling. A sound.

EXT. FENCED LOT-NIGHT

A figure is running. Green Arrow is up and over a 12-foot fence like water over a stone. He pursues.

INT. TENEMENT STAIRWELL-NIGHT

The thunder of several pairs of feet head for the roof. Green Arrow is taking the stairs like a gazelle. He makes a landing and finds himself facing two children. All are startled. The children stare at Green Arrow in awe. Green Arrow smiles.

EXT. THE ROOF-NIGHT

Green Arrow steps out onto the roof. Everything is silent. Green Arrow stays in the shadows as he continues his hunt. There is the click of a gun. Green Arrow turns and, while turning, smoothly draws an arrow from its quiver, nocks it, aims and has fired before he completes the turn.

The arrow knocks the gun from the hand of a black teenager. A second arrow pins him to the roof. A third grazes his crotch and stops his struggling.

Green Arrow kneels close to the boy.

GREEN ARROW

I thought I told you to stop.

The boy spits in his face. Green Arrow doesn't blink.

GREEN ARROW

Where's your friend?

The boy's gaze shifts to a point behind Green Arrow. Green Arrow turns and comes up with an arrow.

POV

a silhouetted figure raises a gun.

GREEN ARROW

aims his arrow. His gaze is rock-steady. His fingers begin their release.

THE TEENAGER

rises from the ground and leaps on Green Arrow's back. The arrow flies.

GREEN ARROW

watches in horror. Before it hits its target, he knows where the arrow will land.

THE FIGURE

hit dead center, drops his gun and falls off the roof.

GREEN ARROW

races to the edge and peers over.

POV

Down in the alley below, a black kid, around 12 or 13, lies on the pavement. The arrow sticking out of the center of his chest. He is dead. Whatever his crime was, it doesn't matter. He is a child and he's dead. There is shouting and presently, his mother screams out of the building to throw herself on his body. She is wailing. Others appear to help. And then she looks up to the roof.

ROOFTOP

where there is no one. Just the stars. We pan back down to

EXT. THE ALLEY-NIGHT

where Oliver stands in the empty alley. Staring at the spot where the boy fell. The sounds of the street festival continue in the distance. The past has a strong grip on Oliver.

The trance is broken as an arrow clatters on the pavement at Oliver's feet. He looks up to see the young man dressed at the Green Arrow at the mouth of the alley. He is with a girl. He has just shot the arrow. They are drunk.

YOUNG MAN

Sorry. Sorry. It slipped.

GIRL

You're drunk.

YOUNG MAN

I am not. I'm chemically challenged.

Oliver picks up the arrow and walks toward the couple.

YOUNG MAN

Didn't mean to shoot you. I
guess I've lost the old touch.
I'm the Green Arrow...
(introducing the girl)
..and this is my quiver.

GIRL

Shut up.

YOUNG MAN

I didn't mean to scare you. I
was looking for bad guys.
Twang. Twang. Zip. Aaaaaah...

GIRL

Let's go, Brad.

YOUNG MAN

But I'm retired now. The ol'
string finger. Can't get it to
work like it used to, if you
know what I mean. The ol'
string finger.
(then, to the girl)
Did I ever show you my ol'
string finger?

Oliver has been taking this in stone-faced but now he takes
the bow and arrows out of the young man's hands.

YOUNG MAN

Hey--

Oliver takes the young man's hat off his head and throws it
into the air. Oliver shoots one, two, three arrows into the
hat before it hits the ground at the young man's feet. The
young man stares at it. Then looks up at Oliver.

GIRL

Let's go, Brad.

She pulls him away back to the festival.

OLIVER

stands in the alley, turning the bow over in his hands.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

A concerto arranged for violin and cello over:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET-DAY

An electric bus powered by overhead wires moves through the traffic. Sparks fall from the wires as the bus makes a lazy turn.

INT. THE DARK PLACE-DAY

Close on little Barry who doesn't look so good. His eyes are hazy and unfocused. There is a television playing and on the screen we see Gary Freundlich soulfully talking to Barry's parents. No recognition shows in Barry's face. Someone puts some food in front of Barry but he doesn't even look at it.

INT. FENCING ARENA-DAY

a couple dozen fencing students--all in white uniforms--watch a match. The duelists are elegant and sure. Their faces are hidden behind protective masks. A fierce ballet.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK-MORNING

There is a morning ritual going on here. A group of Chinese women, none younger than 60, practice Tai Chi in the dawn chill. After the violence of fencing, this is a sweet interlude.

INT. MARY KATE'S APARTMENT-DAY

HELIOS, the world's smallest Dachshund, watches Mary Kate prepare breakfast for one. Mary Kate pours cereal in a bowl, pours milk in her coffee, then pours the coffee in her cereal. She eats standing by the window. There is not a lot going on in Mary Kate's life.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK-MORNING

We move through the Tai Chi group of old woman to find an incongruous member--Oliver. He seems an accepted part of the group as he concentrates on his movements.

INT. MARY KATE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Mary Kate sets out dog food for Helios as she prepares to leave the apartment. Helios wags like a wind-up toy. She

spreads newspaper out for the dog. Something in the paper attracts her attention. She kneels down to read about little Barry Bleak.

INT. FENCING ARENA-DAY

The sabre battle continues. One of these guys is much more the aggressor. He moves so fast that there is an abstract quality to the image. He finishes his opponent and waits for the next.

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-DAY

John sits deeply concentrating on a yellow pad and as inspiration hits, he scribbles something down. He is oblivious to his surroundings until something grabs his attention: some molten metal is bubbling and hissing in a furnace. John quickly dons asbestos gloves and welding mask, pours the metal expertly into a mold, and then goes back to his writing. He looks across the loft to:

Sheet music on an oak stand. Playing the violin seriously and with some panaché is FLYNN MARECHAL who is one of the only 10-year-olds in the world who thinks before she speaks.

OLIVER (O.S.)

Stay clean. Good. Sep-er-ate notes...

Sitting next to her, playing cello is Oliver.

OLIVER

Now attack. And strong...and we finish.

They wind up the piece with a flourish.

OLIVER

Go easy on the bridge; remember your transitions and you'll kill 'em.

FLYNN

Are you going to be there?

OLIVER

Of course.

FLYNN

Really?

OLIVER

Really. I'll be the proudest
dad in the whole place.

FLYNN

I hope so.

OLIVER

Just don't screw it up.

She smiles. They are very much alike and there is a
closeness that comes from that. But there is something else
here, something unspoken that keeps them at a distance.
Flynn starts to put away her violin. Oliver watches her.

OLIVER

Truth or dare?

She turns to him.

FLYNN

Okay. Truth.

OLIVER

Um. Is your mom still seeing
that guy? Whatshisname?

FLYNN

You're so in love with her.

OLIVER

That's not an answer.

FLYNN

His name is Mohammed. He's very
nice and he smells like cloves.

OLIVER

You're teasing me.

FLYNN

Of course.

OLIVER

So she's still seeing him.

FLYNN

Just buy her some flowers or
something. You never know what
could happen.

OLIVER

I'm not playing this game with
you anymore. You cheat.

He tries to find a place for his cello.

FLYNN
Okay. She's still seeing him.
Happy?

OLIVER
Delighted.

FLYNN
Good. Now it's my turn. Truth
or dare?

OLIVER
Truth.

FLYNN
What was it like being the
Green Arrow?

OLIVER
What?

Oliver is shocked. His instinct is to deny it, but he knows
that Flynn won't buy any of it. He denies it anyway.

FLYNN
I know, you know.

OLIVER
I mean dare.

FLYNN
I dare you to tell me the
truth.

OLIVER
It's not true.

FLYNN
Now who's cheating?

Oliver busies himself even more diligently.

FLYNN
It wasn't exactly hard to
figure out, you know.

OLIVER
It's a lovely fantasy to think
that your dad's this heroic
figure, but the truth is--

FLYNN

(not even listening)

Remember all those times you talked about the relationship between playing the violin and archery? Who else would come up with something like that?

OLIVER

That means nothing.

FLYNN

And I never saw you at night and all those cuts and bruises that you said were from sculpting--I've been thinking about this for a really long time.

OLIVER

Did your mother say something to you?

FLYNN

Mom can only talk about you up to a certain point--and then there's this big...hole.

OLIVER

Maybe she just wants to forget about me.

FLYNN

Maybe she doesn't. Maybe she was protecting me. But I know you. I just know. It's exactly the kind of thing you'd do.

Oliver takes this in. He's proud of her for figuring it out but being a superhero doesn't necessarily fit into anyone's idea of a healthy father/daughter relationship.

OLIVER

(echoing her)

...exactly the kind of thing I'd do.

FLYNN

I know you.

Oliver hasn't a clue about what the right thing to do at this moment is. He summons his courage.

OLIVER
Okay. Okay.

FLYNN
Okay.

There. It's out.

OLIVER
Well. Um. How do you feel about
it? I mean, are you--does it--
are you...

FLYNN
Proud. I'm proud of you.

OLIVER
Really?

FLYNN
Yeah. Really.

OLIVER
Hm.

FLYNN
So you haven't answered my
question.

OLIVER
I haven't?

FLYNN
What was it like?

OLIVER
Maybe we should just drop it.

FLYNN
(never one to let go)
What was it like?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OLIVER'S LOFT-DAY

A woman is heading for the loft. Maybe we just see her
feet--but even this tells us that there is a sense of style
and money about her.

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-DAY

Oliver is standing, talking excitedly to Flynn. His eyes
are shining. John looks on.

OLIVER

I don't see him but I sense that the third guy's coming around behind me. There's this moment before release--if you're doing it right--when God reaches down and taps you on the shoulder and says, "now." And the moment you release the arrow, you know exactly where it's going. It's not you anymore and not the arrow but something else. Something... happens. You become more than--

Oliver stops because he sees the woman from the hallway standing in the room. This is SIMONE MARÈCHAL. She is in her 40's and striking and French and right now furious.

FLYNN

Hi, Mom.

EXT. LOFT FIRE ESCAPE-DAY

Simone and Oliver have found a private spot.

OLIVER

I didn't tell her.

SIMONE

That's just my point. If a 10-year-old girl could figure it out, then someone else could too.

OLIVER

It's in the past.

SIMONE

Not far enough. If someone links you with the Arrow--

OLIVER

Green Arrow.

SIMONE

You know what I'm saying. If someone links you with those activities, she could be a target. You didn't exactly make a lot of friends.

OLIVER
The Green Arrow is dead.

SIMONE
I wonder.

OLIVER
I remember a time when you
found the idea kind of
attractive.

SIMONE
Danger is always attractive
when you're young. It loses
some of its charm when you
become a parent.

OLIVER
I'm her parent too.

SIMONE
Let's not stretch the word too
far.

OLIVER
You're the one who didn't want
to get married. You're the one
who's been keeping me out of
her life.

SIMONE
You've never had trouble
keeping yourself occupied.

OLIVER
What's that supposed to mean?

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-CONTINUOUS

where John and Flynn can see but not hear Oliver and Simone
through the window. The tenor of the discussion is obvious.

FLYNN
Did you know?

JOHN
Yes.

FLYNN
For a long time?

JOHN
Since the beginning.

FLYNN

Was it cool?

JOHN

It was the coolest Goddamn
thing you ever saw in your
whole Goddamn life.

Flynn turns to him and smiles.

JOHN

You want to see something?

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-TIME CUT

Oliver and Simone step in from the fire escape.

SIMONE

I just don't want her
disappointed.

OLIVER

It's different now.

SIMONE

We'll see.

OLIVER

(changing tactics)
Do you ever miss them?

SIMONE

Miss what?

OLIVER

The old times?

She turns to him.

SIMONE

(She does)
And if I did? What difference
would it make? Life moves
forward, not backward.

OLIVER

Does it have to?

SIMONE

I get very worried when you
talk like this.

OLIVER
It was exciting, wasn't it?

SIMONE
I think excitement is vastly
overrated in this country.
(looks around)
Flynn? Flynn?

INT. STORAGE AREA-CONTINUOUS

Simone and Oliver step in to see that John has opened several crates for Flynn. All of Oliver's Green Arrow paraphernalia. Arrow-making equipment, arrows, clippings, his old costume. Flynn is holding an elegant longbow with a reverence rarely seen outside a religious painting.

FLYNN
Is this really the bow Errol
Flynn used in Robin Hood?

Simone is not at all happy with this development. John shrugs.

JOHN
I figured as long as she
knew...

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE-DAY

Oliver and John watch as Simone and Flynn disappear into a taxi.

JOHN
Sorry.

OLIVER
Don't be. I've been wanting to
tell her for years. Did you see
the look on her face?

JOHN
You can't fight heredity.

OLIVER
You don't know who you are
until you see yourself in your
daughter's eyes.

JOHN
So who are you?

Oliver doesn't answer. He just stares after the receding taxi.

JOHN

Who are you?

Petula Clark's "The Other Man's Grass (Is Always Greener)" over:

INT. STORAGE AREA-NIGHT

Oliver, alone, digs through the past. He's wearing those old man half-glasses again. Every icon of Green Arrowdom is on display. Even one-hour photos of him with John and Mary Kate. And the uniform. Oliver hesitates over that. Boots, tights, tunic, belt, quiver, mask--and his green Robin Hood-inspired hat. He regards it with a mixture of awe, dread and contempt. Finally, slowly and inescapably, he places it on his head. He takes it off. He puts it back on.

He puts on the mask, solemnly.

He put on the tights and is exasperated to find a run.

The tunic has seams which are unraveling.

And the belt. Well, let's just say it doesn't fit with the comfort it used to. Oliver performs the necessary diaphragmatic contortions.

He pulls his boots on, hopping to keep his balance. Do all superheroes go through this?

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-NIGHT

Petula is still playing. A door swings open, revealing a full-length mirror. And there stands the Green Arrow. A bit frayed, a bit dowdy but still rather majestic. Oliver surveys his reflection, dignified, noble. But who's he kidding? He lets his stomach droop over the belt. He sticks his tongue out at himself. He makes faces in the mirror.

It's about this time that he notices Mary Kate standing behind him, an incredulous look on her face. Oliver whips around.

OLIVER

(trying to summon a
shred of dignity)

Welcome to Sherwood, M'lady.

Mary Kate walks into the room and circles Oliver wordlessly. She has an amused little smile on her face.

OLIVER

This doesn't mean anything.

He takes off the hat and the mask.

MARY KATE

Man puts on green tights. Means nothing.

(she tosses him the newspaper)

Film at eleven.

Oliver looks at the article about little Barry.

MARY KATE

Just like old times, isn't it?

OLIVER

That's what you'd like.

MARY KATE

Now that you mention it, yes.

He hands her back the paper.

OLIVER

Forget it.

MARY KATE

(looking him over)

Why don't I believe you?

OLIVER

Take a good look. Even if I wanted to, I'm in no shape to go on the hunt.

MARY KATE

But you want to.

OLIVER

I don't. And you know why.

MARY KATE

I forget.

OLIVER

I remember.

MARY KATE

I know what you remember. The fun of it. The thrill. It keeps you up at night. You remember what you were and you're just afraid that you can't be that again.

OLIVER

Just who are you talking about?

MARY KATE

You.

OLIVER

(correcting her)

you.

Mary Kate turns away.

OLIVER

Forget it. It's been too long.
If I went out there now, I'd be
killed.

MARY KATE

(flip)

What do you want to do, live
forever?

OLIVER

I'm not about to endanger
myself and my daughter to put a
little thrill in your empty
life. It's be a lot easier on
everybody if you just went out
and got laid.

MARY KATE

Go to Hell, Oliver.

She turns and walks away. As she passes the record player
she cranks up the volume.

MARY KATE

(the final insult)

And don't ever turn off Petula.

She leaves. Oliver stands awash in the music.

OLIVER

(to himself)

I'm having a problem with
women.

EXT. STREET-CHINATOWN-NIGHT

as Mary Kate walks quickly, blinking the tears from her
eyes. Oliver, still in his old Green Arrow get-up, sans hat
and mask, catches up to her.

OLIVER
Hey...

MARY KATE
I told you to go to Hell. How
come you're not in Hell?

He turns her around to face him.

OLIVER
I am.

She sees that he is telling the truth. She softens.

MARY KATE
It's not the thrill. It's not
recapturing old times. It's
because you can say and do
everything that I'm afraid to.
You do what everyone is afraid
to. You do. We need that. Or
we'll die. Like you.

Their eyes are locked. This is the most honest they've ever
been with each other. It might be truth or it might be
friendship or it might be love but it's something powerful.
People on the street have noticed Oliver and are staring--
but he is oblivious.

MARY KATE
(trying to break the
intensity)
And you're right about me
getting laid.

OLIVER
I'm not Superman. Just the
Green Arrow.

A TOURIST

unseen by Oliver, snaps his picture. Snaps a few of them.
Then blends in with the crowd.

MARY KATE

becomes aware of staring eyes.

MARY KATE
Oliver-

Then he realizes the vulnerable position he's in. He grabs
Mary Kate by the hand and they disappear into an alley.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FENCING ARENA-NIGHT

These guys again. two masters in a bout. One seems more aggressive. A cell phone is heard it rings a couple of times and the aggressive fencer quickly finishes off his opponent. We get the feeling he could have done this at any time. They salute each other and the aggressive fencer grabs a phone from his gym bag. He takes it off to a private corner. He takes off his mask to talk on the phone. It's Gary Freundlich.

GARY

Yeah? He's what? Well, what did you give him? How much longer do you think?

INT. THE DARK PLACE-NIGHT

a shadowy figure is on the phone. This is HECTOR. Little Barry Bleak is lying in the background, unconscious. The figure plays with the jumping man toy.

HECTOR

I don't know, Gary. He's pretty sick. What do you want to do?

INT. FENCING ARENA-NIGHT

as Gary thinks it over. All the possibilities.

GARY

Let's let this one die.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

INT. BLEAK HOUSEHOLD-DAY-VIDEO

Gary Freundlich is kneeling with Mr. and Mrs. Bleak. He is holding their hands. Heads bowed. The mood is somber.

GARY

Dear lord. We turn to you in this dark hour. Only you can know what is being felt in the hearts of these two good people. Lord, we ask you...

Gary turns and looks into the lens.

GARY

Shut off the camera.

INT. BLEAK HOUSE-DAY

Now we see the camera crew taping the event. The cameraman peers over the top of the video camera incredulously.

CAMERAMAN

Gary, we're live.

GARY

Shut it off.

The cameraman shrugs and shuts off the camera. He takes it off his shoulder and holds it at his waist. Gary returns his attention to the Bleaks.

GARY

Lord, we ask you, well, for a miracle. Watch over little Barry. Keep him strong. Help us to find him. Today. Amen.

THE BLEAKS

Amen.

Mrs. Bleak looks up at Gary, eyes shining.

MRS. BLEAK

God bless you, Gary Freundlich.

Gary hugs her and as he does, he sneaks a glance to the cameraman. The cameraman winks. We see that the camera is still on, still broadcasting.

INT. BLEAK KITCHEN-DAY

The cameraman steps in to get some coffee. Gary is standing there alone with his thoughts.

GARY
(quietly, into his
coffee)
Bigger than Baby Jessica.

CAMERAMAN
God bless you, Gary Freundlich.

They share a laugh. It carries over:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK-DAY

A small archery target is set up against a tree. An arrow flies by, missing it completely. Another falls short. A third hits it sideways. Two black kids around 7 or 8 are playing with toy bows and arrows. Kid #1 who is smaller and more timid collects his arrows.

KID 1
That doesn't count. I go again.

KID 2
It's my turn.

KID 1
I was just practicing.

KID 2
You better move or I'll shoot
your ass.

They freeze as they hear someone approaching through the woods. They look up to see:

THE GREEN ARROW

standing near their target. Oliver has a new version of the old Green Arrow outfit and he cuts rather a dashing figure. It's a little less Robin Hood and a little more Green Beret but it still has a nice cut and a real sense of style. He holds his Errol Flynn longbow. He looks like he's out for green bear. The kids scramble away with their toys and disappear into the woods. Oliver watches them go. After a moment, Mary Kate hurries up behind him. She is holding Helios.

MARY KATE
Hold still.

She removes a price tag from his knee-high leather boots.

MARY KATE

There.

OLIVER

I look like an idiot.

MARY KATE

Stop whining.

OLIVER

These are women's boots.

MARY KATE

They fit, the leather's good
and they were on sale.

OLIVER

It's humiliating.

MARY KATE

Think Joan of Arc.

OLIVER

Joan of Arc wore men's boots.

MARY KATE

Okay. Think Nancy Sinatra.

OLIVER

I'm supposed to be
intimidating.

MARY KATE

You scared the piss out of
those six-year-olds. Stop
worrying about the outfit. Can
you still run?

OLIVER

Of course I can still run.

Mary Kate sets Helios on the ground.

MARY KATE

Run, Helios! Run, boy! Go!

She stamps her foot and Helios takes off into the
underbrush. She turns to Oliver.

MARY KATE

Oliver, fetch.

EXT. IN THE WOODS-DAY

Helios scurries through the trees faster than you'd ever believe those stubby little legs could carry him. He's every bit the descendant of wolves as he clambers over rocks and leaps from logs.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS

Oliver is in pursuit. At first maybe he's a little out of form but rather rapidly, he hits a graceful stride. If he is anything, he is a hunter. Oliver moves instinctively, without wasted motion. In a way, he is a dancer. We are reminded of the 10-year-old boy back in the 50's. The sureness of purpose, the agility. We cut back and forth between Oliver and Helios and at first the effect is comic, but it soon turns heroic. The Green Arrow is back.

There's one other thing. Joy. Oliver has found the missing piece of himself. Mary Kate was right. This is life for Oliver. The act of hunting fuels him and calms him. There is a rightness to it that lights Oliver's face in a way we have not seen.

Something pricks at Oliver's ears. He stops and silently peers over some rocks.

EXT. A CLEARING-CONTINUOUS

A gunwoman (a very tough strung-out cookie) stands over a picnicking teenage couple. This robbery is well underway. The picnic is scattered. The gunwoman stands over the girl, gun at her head. The boy is searching his clothes.

GUNWOMAN

Give it to me. I swear, I'll kill her.

The boy searches for his wallet.

BOY

I'm getting it.

GUNWOMAN

Hurry up. I'm going to blow her brains out.

GIRL

Peter, give her your wallet.

BOY

I can't find it!.

Peter!

GIRL

Time's up!

GUNWOMAN

The hammer of the gun goes back. The girl screams. Where the hell's Oliver? Suddenly:

Here it is! I got it! Jesus!

BOY

Nice work, Spunky. Give it here.

GUNWOMAN

The boy hands the wallet to the gunwoman. Just as it touches the gunwoman's hand, zip! It's gone. There may have been a flash of movement, but we can't be sure. Just a whisper in the air.

I said give it to me.

GUNWOMAN

I did.

BOY

Don't kak around, Spunky.

GUNWOMAN

I gave it to you! I did!

BOY

You're pissing me off.

GUNWOMAN

This time she raises the gun to the boy's face. She's given up on the money--she's just going to kill them. The girl screams. Zip! The gun is gone. All three of them freeze. No one can figure out what's going on.

ON A NEARBY TREE

Both the wallet and the gun are held against the tree by two arrows. The gun is still swinging.

THE GUNWOMAN

Hits the boy on the side of the head, knocking him down. She runs. Zip! The gunwoman suddenly finds herself on her face. She turns over and looks incredulously at a arrow which has passed through both of her shoes, pinning them together. That's when she notices this character in green standing over her. An arrow is nocked and is pointing at her nose.

POV-THE GREEN ARROW

smiling behind the arrow. He's really enjoying his comeback.

GREEN ARROW

Welcome to Sherwood, M'lady.

EXT. THE WOODS-DAY

Oliver walks through the trees, a little spring in his step. Helios trots at his feet. Oliver leaps around a tree, his arrow ready for some imaginary prey. He walks on, then spins to aim at another. He's playing. He breaks through some brush, his arrow aimed--and then he freezes.

He surprised the two boys with the toy bows. They are crouched over something. They stare at him, frightened. The smaller one, especially. There is something about his face that moves Oliver. He lowers his bow, shaken that he came so close to shooting a child accidentally. He looks past them to see that they have killed a bird with their arrows. A sparrow lies center-shot on the dirt. The smaller boy is trembling.

BOY 1

It was an accident.

All the joy drains from Oliver's face.

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-NIGHT

Oliver is working out his half of the concerto on the cello. He seems completely absorbed by the music. Mary Kate and John sit at a table going over the result of what looks like a lot of legwork. John and Mary Kate are energized by their work and we get the sense that it wasn't only for Oliver's well-being that they wanted to see the Green Arrow back in action.

MARY KATE

The Bleak family has been in the optometric field for two generations. In spite of what their name suggests their financial picture is good, although they don't make the kind of money that would suggest them as the target for kidnappers. They don't seem to have any enemies that I could find--their business deals have been both legal and moral which may separate them from the

JOHN

I was trying to find some common denominators between the Bleak kidnapping and the three other children that have disappeared from the bay area in the last 12 months. Now I'm not blaming anyone, but all of my contacts at the police department have all transferred, won't talk to me any more, or, in two cases, are serving

rest of the world, but, once again, doesn't single them out as victims-of-the-week. Little Barry was last seen buying candy with two of his school friends at a convenience store that is next to his school. The three boys separated and Barry was supposed to be waiting for his ride home from--

prison terms. In spite of these handicaps, here's what I was able to come up with: all four kids come from stable families; all first marriages for both parents, all four families have fairly strong religious convictions--

MARY KATE

What are you saying, that's there's some sort of religious connection?

JOHN

I'm not saying anything. I'm just listing similarities. You'd know that if you'd let me finish instead of being automatically critical.

MARY KATE

I'm not being critical.

JOHN

We haven't done this in five years and already you're starting right where you left off.

MARY KATE

I can't believe what I'm hearing.

JOHN

Just keep your criticisms to yourself.

MARY KATE

It wasn't a criticism.

JOHN

Okay, then.

MARY KATE

Okay.

John turns his attention back to his papers.

JOHN

Where was I?

MARY KATE

Your idiotic religious theory.

JOHN

(ignoring her)

Of course, what sets little Barry apart from the other kidnappings is his medical condition. He has type one diabetes. He requires insulin injections at least once a day. His blood sugar gets too far out of whack and he's in diabetic coma. Now, depending on what they're feeding him--or injecting him with, he may or may not be alive. Let me show you something I found--

John digs up a video cassette from the mess on the table and walks over to a television. Olive continues to play and does not look up.

OLIVER

It's a terrifying proposition.

MARY KATE

What is?

OLIVER

Kids. They hold your heart in their hands and the world does what it wants with them.

Mary Kate knows he's not just talking about little Barry.

MARY KATE

So anyone who has a kid is really an optimist at heart. Or a romantic.

OLIVER

You know me better than that.

Mary Kate smiles. She's pegged him and knows he'll never admit it.

JOHN (O.S.)
Ready.

Oliver and Mary Kate wander to the television as John starts a tape--cuts of Gary Freundlich as he covers the various kidnappings.

OLIVER
Ah. The Vulture.

MARY KATE
Gets around, doesn't he?

JOHN
I culled newsfootage from all four cases--Freundlich covered all of them so there's a lot of footage inside the houses. He worked very closely with the families and in two cases they would only talk to him. I thought maybe if we looked at the home environment--

OLIVER
(not really listening)
They always show up when something dies.

JOHN
Who?

MARY KATE
(getting Oliver's drift)
The vultures.

John looks at Gary's face on the screen.

JOHN
Yeah. Wouldn't it be funny if--

His smile disappears. And now all three have the idea.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Gary Freundlich exits the building. He looks around and walks off. High above him, perched on the corner of the ledge of the building, the Green Arrow watches his every move.

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Gary ducks in, making sure no one is around. He takes out a cell phone and dials.

GARY

It's me. How is he? What? Okay,
give him the insulin. Yeah. I
need two more days. Then--

Something has caught his eye. A movement he hadn't seen before. He takes a step and finds John standing behind some boxes. John is wearing headsets and is holding a radio. He moves to unheard music. He returns Gary's stare. Gary is flustered and walks off in a different direction. We move in on John and find that we can hear Gary's conversation. John is not listening to music, but to Gary's call.

GARY

(through John's
headsets)

I gotta go. I'll call you
later.

John rewinds a small tape recorder and listens to the call from the beginning--specifically the tones made as Gary dialed. John looks up and--in sign language--delivers the number to:

INT. EMPTY OFFICE-NIGHT

Mary Kate watches John through binoculars from the open window then goes to a computer and enters the number. An address comes up on the screen. She writes it on a piece of paper. A man in a tie appears.

MAN

You finished? I have to lock
up.

Mary Kate artfully hides the binoculars in an attachè case filled with computer tools.

MARY KATE

All done.

She crumbles the paper with the address and tosses it out of the window.

EXT. LEDGE OF THE BUILDING-NIGHT

Oliver catches the paper. He opens it. He's having fun.

INT. THE DARK PLACE-NIGHT

The jumping man twists and writhes. We get a better look at this place. It's a gutted industrial building. We are several stories up. We get a look at the two men who are holding little Barry. A couple of sour mouthfuls. They are HECTOR (who plays with the jumping man) and DWIGHT. Dwight is preparing an insulin injection for Barry.

HECTOR

Is that the right amount?

Dwight shrugs. He moves to the unconscious child as Hector watches.

HECTOR

My father had diabetes. He killed himself with an apple pie. We found him in front of the TV with an empty--

DWIGHT

Shhh!

Hector freezes. Dwight holds his hand up for silence. He is listening.

HECTOR

You hear something?

DWIGHT

Keep talking.

Dwight puts down the syringe and walks to the door. Listens.

HECTOR

Yeah. So anyway, we figured he just got tired of it all and, you know, went to Marie Callender's and did the deed. It was Dutch apple. With the crumbs on top. They're solid sugar--

During this Dwight has silently opened the door and, finding nothing, has slipped out. He has taken with him a baseball bat. Hector, left alone, listens for noises outside but it's hard to separate anything from the city sounds. He walks to the bed where little Barry lies. Asleep or unconscious. He looks down at the child. He holds the jumping man up and softly sings the lullaby he has up until now been only whistling.

HECTOR
 Sana, sana colita de rana, si
 no sana hoy sanarà manana...

POV

through the window from the fire escape. Hector and Barry
 at the bed.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE-CONTINUOUS

Oliver is watching. The window is closed, save for a small
 transom for ventilation. This is clearly a situation where
 a longbow is the wrong tool. Oliver reaches into a pocket
 and takes out a rubber band and some push pins. He makes a
 mini-bow of his thumb and forefinger. He aims the push pin
 through the transom.

INT. DARK PLACE-CONTINUOUS

Pop! The light bulb over the bed explodes. Hector jumps.
 Pop! The second and final light bulb in the place goes. Now
 the dark place is truly dark.

HECTOR

is panicked. He turns just in time to see

AT THE WINDOW

The silhouette of the Green Arrow! Oliver stands framed in
 the window. It's rather a dramatic entrance. He throws the
 windows open and...

Smash! Dwight appears behind him and bashes him over the
 head with the bat. A roundhouse swing to the midsection and
 a crushing blow to the back. Oliver falls off the fire
 escape. There is a sickening thud in the alley below.

Hector rushes to the window.

HECTOR
 Who the hell was that?

Dwight spits off the fire escape.

DWIGHT
 Some asshole dressed as Robin
 Hood.

He tucks the bat under his arm and heads down the ladder to
 finish his work.

INT. FLYNN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Flynn turns from a mirror. She is wearing a new black dress.

FLYNN
What do you think?

Simone stands in the doorway.

SIMONE
It's a recital, not a beauty
contest.

FLYNN
It's going to knock dad's socks
off.

Simone nods, hiding her doubts.

SIMONE
It's beautiful.

Flynn hugs her.

FLYNN
I can't wait for him to see it.

Her eyes are shining, full of expectation.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Dwight is searching, swinging his bat. He moves carefully up and down the alley, checking behind trash cans and down stairwells but there is no sign of the aforementioned asshole. What Dwight does find is Oliver's longbow, a scattering of arrows and some drops of blood. Dwight picks up the weapon and smiles grimly to himself. He follows the trail of blood but it just ends. He takes one last look around and heads upstairs. The alley is quiet and empty.

EXT. STREET CORNER-PHONE BOOTH-NIGHT

A pudgy 50-ish businessman is on the phone. He's playing coy.

BUSINESSMAN

Yes, well, I'm surprised I called too. I was in the neighborhood and, well, I just couldn't stop thinking about you. I don't usually do this but I can't get you out of my mind. What? Well, technically I'm married--

He stops as he notices a drop of blood hit the ground at his feet. He looks up to see the Green Arrow, beaten to a pulp, barely able to stand. The businessman is shocked into silence. Oliver sways.

OLIVER

You gonna be long?

The man hands the phone to Oliver.

BUSINESSMAN

Help yourself.

Oliver takes the phone. He stares at it, trying to clear his head. He's in a pretty bad way.

OLIVER

Got a quarter?

BUSINESSMAN

Sure.

He hands Oliver the coin. Oliver sticks it in the phone, leaving a smear of blood. He dials 0.

OLIVER

(into phone)

Get me the police. Yes it's an emergency. Thank you.

Oliver waits for a connection. He tries to smile at the businessman who can only return a look of horror.

OLIVER

(into phone)

Listen carefully. The kidnapped boy. Barry Bleak. He's being held at--

Oliver stops. He looks at the phone incredulously. He turns to the businessman.

OLIVER

(the final insult)

I'm on hold.

Oliver's eyes roll up and he falls to the ground.

INT. AMBULANCE-NIGHT

Oliver's eyes open. He is lying on a gurney. His wounds have been tended. He is hooked up to an IV. The ambulance is moving. Next to Oliver sits a paramedic.

PARAMEDIC

What the hell happened to you?

OLIVER

I have to make a phone call.

PARAMEDIC

Plenty of time for that.

OLIVER

It's important.

PARAMEDIC

Big date with Maid Marian?

The paramedic laughs, thrilled with his own wit. Oliver pulls the IV out of his arm. He gets up off the gurney.

PARAMEDIC

Where do you think you're going?

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

As the ambulance slows to make a turn, the rear doors fly open and Oliver jumps out. He rolls in the street, scrambling out of the way of passing traffic. He scurries between two parked cars and catches his breath. He is winded and beaten and crabby.

OLIVER

I'm getting too old for this
shit.

Oliver stands and heads into the nearest store.

INT. SHOE STORE-CONTINUOUS

Customers and saleswomen stare at the figure Oliver cuts as he makes a beeline for the phone. Oliver makes no eye contact. He just picks up the phone and dials 911.

OLIVER

This is an emergency. I need to
talk to an officer. Yes, I
have--

But another idea begins to take shape. Oliver hangs up and redials.

OLIVER

Hello. Could you get me the
number of KQED? That's right,
the television station.

While he's waiting for the number, his eyes drift to a salesgirl who is staring at his outfit.

SALESGIRL

Where'd you get those boots?

INT. BLEAK HOUSE-NIGHT

as Gary turns, phone to his ear.

GARY

Freundlich.

He listens and the color drains out of his face.

INT. NEWS VAN-NIGHT

The cameraman is driving. Gary is biting his nails in the passenger seat.

CAMERAMAN
Did they find him or not?

GARY
Just keep driving.

CAMERAMAN
Don't be a prick. Tell me.

GARY
When we get there, just stay in
the van.

We move in on Gary, intense, worried.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

An electric bus moves along the street, long feelers
scraping against wires overhead. Someone is crouched atop
the bus.

OLIVER

has hitched a ride. He is heading toward his destiny now.
His eyes are straight ahead and determined. Sparks flash
and cascade around him.

INT. ALLEY-NIGHT

John kneels over some drops of blood. Mary Kate steps up
behind him holding a broken arrow. They listen for any
signs of activity--any other clues, but there is only
silence.

MARY KATE
Oh god, John, we killed him.

JOHN
We don't know that.

MARY KATE
He wasn't ready. We rushed him
into it.

She starts to cry softly. John goes to her.

JOHN
Things have looked worse than
this and turned out okay.

MARY KATE
When?

John searches his memory, but can't think of anything. A sound from the street catches their attention.

POV

as Gary's van pulls up to the mouth of the alley. John and Mary Kate draw back into the shadows. They watch as Gary and the cameraman get out of the van.

MARY KATE

Why would he take a chance and
show his face here?

A smile spreads across John's face as he realizes the only answer.

JOHN

Watch.

ON GARY

standing next to the van, listening, wondering what to do.

CAMERAMAN

What are we doing here, Gary?

GARY

Shut up.

CAMERAMAN

What was that phone call?

GARY

I said shut up, you fat turd.
Worry about your job and I'll
worry about mine.

Gary scans the alley and street once again. There is an eerie silence.

GARY

Let's get out of here.

Gary and the cameraman get back into the van. The cameraman reaches for the keys only to discover that they're gone.

GARY

I said let's go.

And then he notices. The two stare at each other for a moment. And then a hand appears at the top of the windshield, dangling the keys. Gary slowly opens the door of the van and looks on the roof.

THE GREEN ARROW

sits on the top of the van, idly swinging the keys in a circle.

GREEN ARROW
Looking for something?

ON MARY KATE

who gasps with joy.

THE VAN

Gary stays close to the door of the van. He is shocked to see the Green Arrow and, surprisingly, a little thrilled.

GARY
You.

GREEN ARROW
You know me?

GARY
(with a sense of awe)
Green Arrow.

GREEN ARROW
Well. How nice. And everyone knows you. Gary Freundlich.

Oliver leaps to the ground, closing in on Gary.

GREEN ARROW
Freundlich. That's German for sweetheart, isn't it? That's what you are. A real sweetheart.

Oliver is enjoying this. A cat playing with a mouse before the kill. Unseen by anyone, the cameraman is slowly reaching behind his seat for something. Oliver moves closer to Gary. Gary hugs the van.

GREEN ARROW
Tell me, Gary, as one celebrity to another, where do you get your ideas?

GARY
What ideas?

GREEN ARROW

Oh, I don't know. Kidnapping kids so that you can have a story. Sucking the life out of these poor families for the ratings. Killing that little boy up there so you can play the sensitive hero. Those kinds of ideas.

Gary makes a move to get away but Oliver is on him in a flash, blocking him against the van door.

THE CAMERAMAN

sees his chance. He lunges behind the driver's seat and comes up with--a video camera. He snaps on the light and he's rolling.

GARY

jerks his head towards him.

GARY

What are you doing?

CAMERAMAN

worrying about my job.

THE GREEN ARROW

smiles at this.

GREEN ARROW

This is one of those great moments, Gary. A moment of truth. They don't come very often in a man's life and they're to be made the best of.

During this, he is moving closer on Gary--who is secretly reaching for something in the van.

GREEN ARROW

And so before the cops arrive, before you're exposed to the world as the vulture you are, before I beat the living crap out of you, what are you going to do with your moment?

Gary takes this in, eyes shifting. Oliver is enjoying this.

INT. NEWS VAN

Gary's hand feels it's way past a gym bag, past his fencing clothes and finally touches the handle of his sabre.

GREEN ARROW

is all confidence.

GREEN ARROW

Don't you have anything to say?

There is a long moment. Gary's eyes find Oliver's. He clears his throat.

GARY

You think you're the only one
who ever liked Robin Hood?

Before Oliver can react, Gary whips his sabre out of the van. Without hesitation, he comes at Oliver with a triple molinello, cutting Oliver's arm, neck and face. Oliver falls and tries to scramble away, but Gary is on him, sword flashing.

THE CAMERAMAN

gleefully follows the action.

GARY

has been liberated from pretense and is a demon with a sword. His bloodlust is palpable. Oliver tries to regain his balance and get away but Gary is all over him, cutting his legs and arms. Gary's toying with him, trying to inflict as much pain as possible before moving in for the kill.

GARY

You put on those stupid tights
and you think you're the only
one who can be some kind of
goddamned hero.

OLIVER

scrambles behind a street lamp and manages to keep it between himself and Gary long enough to get to his feet. He's looking frantically for something to use as a weapon-- but there is nothing.

GARY

Look at you now, hero.

Oliver turns and runs. He heads for a seedy apartment building next door. Gary, instead of following, races for the van with a hoot of maniacal glee.

EXT. THE APARTMENT HOUSE DOOR-CONTINUOUS

Oliver tries the door but it's locked. He starts pushing buzzers. He looks over his shoulder.

AT THE VAN

Gary has thrown the door open and is rummaging inside. He turns around--he has another sabre. With one in each hand, he advances on Oliver.

APARTMENT HOUSE DOOR

Oliver pushes the buzzers more frantically.

THE ALLEY

where John has seen enough. He races out of the alley toward Gary.

MARY KATE

John, no!

THE STREET

as John leaps at Gary's knees, throwing him off balance. Gary can't believe his eyes. He regains his balance and delivers a solid kick to John's head.

MARY KATE

John!

Gary moves on towards

THE APARTMENT BUILDING DOOR

where Oliver throws himself against the door, forcing it open. Voices from the apartments can be heard on the intercom. Gary is right behind him, brandishing both sabres.

GARY

Ollie Ollie oxenfree...!

THE STREET

as Mary Kate runs to the fallen John. She cradles his head. He slowly opens his eyes.

MARY KATE

You idiot.

John smiles.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL-NIGHT

as Gary forces Oliver up the stairs, blades whirring. Oliver uses any objects he finds, trash, a kid's toy, to use against Gary. This place has an odd familiarity. It is not the same, but feels very much like the place Oliver chased some kids five years ago. There is something besides a battle here, there is a haunting.

GARY

Moving kind of slow there, old man. Kind of wish you hadn't come out of retirement, huh? Don't look so heroic now, do you?

Gary stalks Oliver, taking stabs whenever he can. He is inexorable. Oliver is slowing. He is winded and in pain. He tries to keep his distance as he makes his way up the stairs.

EXT. THE ROOF-NIGHT

as Oliver falls through a doorway and collapses on the tar paper. Gary is upon him in a second. He holds a sword at Oliver's throat. He is sweating and breathing hard and a far-away look has come into his eyes. He is face-to-face with Oliver.

GARY

(strangely tender)

Don't you understand how lucky you are? I grew up reading about you. I wanted to be you. A hero. I did everything I could to be ready. Fencing. Archery. Martial arts. Then I waited for my chance. I waited. Bad things happen wherever you go--but me? I had to make my own opportunities.

Oliver summons the last of his strength and kicks Gary off. Gary rolls to the side and one of his swords clatters out of his hand. Both men look at it--it is equally far away from both. And then Gary smiles and steps away from the sword.

GARY
Moment of truth.

Oliver picks up the sword. Hefts it. And attacks. He has tapped some hidden reserve of strength. To no surprise, he is every bit the swordsman Gary is. This is a fierce, athletic, brutal swordfight. Much of the form we'd expect has gone out the window. These are two men who just want to kill each other.

GARY
Not bad for an old man.

GREEN ARROW
Not bad for twisted sicko.

GARY
You should see my bosses. I'm a piker compared to them.

GREEN ARROW
No thanks.

INT. THE DARK PLACE-NIGHT

as Hector and Dwight walks toward the window. The swordfight on the next roof is clearly visible.

HECTOR
Can you believe this?

EXT. THE ROOFTOP-NIGHT

The swordfight rages. The backdrop is the skyline of San Francisco. Sometimes Gary takes the offensive, sometimes Oliver. Gary's banter is becoming increasingly maniacal.

GARY
You think I'm a killer? It's them! The pressure to succeed is incredible. It's ratings, ratings, ratings--never mind the cost in human terms.

He pushes the attack. Oliver is backed closer to the edge of the roof.

INT. RECITAL HALL STAGE-NIGHT

Flynn is performing her violin concerto. She's doing well but her eyes keep darting out to the audience. What she's looking for is not there.

INT. RECITAL HALL LOBBY-NIGHT

An usher brings a couple of others on the run to the cloak room.

USHER

You got to see this.

On a table among the coats is a portable TV. The swordfight is being broadcast on the news.

EXT. ROOFTOP-NIGHT

Gary is driving Oliver closer to the edge of the roof. He's ranting.

GARY

Do they care what 50 years of programming has done to the American mind? Kids can't read. They can't value anything. They're the killers.

GREEN ARROW

You know, I tend to agree with you.

Oliver is teetering at the edge of the roof. Gary stops his attack and looks at Oliver strangely.

GARY

It's a shame it had to end this way. We could have been friends.

OLIVER

You think so?

GARY

Not really.

With a huge blow, Gary sends Oliver over the edge. Oliver's sword flies off into the darkness. Oliver falls.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE-CONTINUOUS

Oliver bounces off the first fire escape landing, tumbles over the next and finally catches himself on the third. He hauls himself onto the landing and falls on his back, near unconsciousness. Lights are going on in windows and we hear voices, but to Oliver is a blur and a buzz of sounds.

OLIVER'S POV

Hazy and indistinct--but we can see enough to know that Gary is gleefully leaping down the fire escape ladder to finish Oliver off. He is whooping like an Indian.

OLIVER

turns his head, waiting for the inevitable. Next to the fire escape is a window of an apartment. Staring at Oliver, in the window, just a foot away is a boy. There is something very familiar about his face. Is it the boy from the park or is it the boy Oliver killed five years ago? The image is dreamy and wavering. We don't even know if it's real. The boy is holding out a toy bow and arrow. Oliver squints, trying to make sense of what he sees.

GARY

is upon him. Sabre raised for the kill.

GARY

Any last words?

Gary glances down and for a split second cannot comprehend what he sees. Oliver is aiming an arrow at his throat.

GREEN ARROW

Yeah. Shut up.

Oliver shoots the arrows into Gary's voicebox. Gary gurgles in surprise and then topples off the fire escape. Oliver lays his head down and closes his eyes because that's all he has the strength for. The toy bow slips from his fingers. For a moment, all is peaceful. Then, distant sirens can be heard, drawing closer. Hands are reaching out, pulling Oliver up.

MARY KATE

Come on, Oliver. No sleeping.

JOHN

Let's go, boy.

Mary Kate and John help a shaky Oliver to his feet and trundle him up the fire escape back to the roof. Oliver shakes his head to clear it. He looks down into the alley.

POV

there is no sign of Gary. Police cars are arriving on the scene.

TOP OF THE FIRE ESCAPE

searchlights are washing over the building. Oliver hesitates.

OLIVER

Where is he?

MARY KATE

Let the cops handle the rest.
Up and over, you old fart.

EXT. THE ROOF-NIGHT

as the three plop down, out of sight.

JOHN

Not bad. A little rusty but not bad.

OLIVER

I didn't kill him.

MARY KATE

You certainly discouraged him.

OLIVER

That's good.

JOHN

Is it?

OLIVER

Yeah. It is.

MARY KATE

I'm proud of you, Oliver.

OLIVER

Really?

A look of horrible realization crosses Oliver's face.

OLIVER

What time is it?

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

A gurney carrying little Barry is lifted into an ambulance. He's conscious. A cop is with him, playing with the jumping man. A newsman is nearby talking to a video camera.

NEWSMAN

...bringing to a close the
strange kidnapping of Barry
Bleak. This is Charles Shore
substituting for Gary
Freundlich. Now back to the
studio...

EXT. RECITAL HALL-NIGHT

All is quiet. A figure in an overcoat runs toward the
doors.

INT. RECITAL HALL LOBBY-NIGHT

A janitor sweeps up. The figure enters and hurries past
him.

INT. RECITAL HALL AUDITORIUM-NIGHT

The recital is long over. The figure is revealed to be
Oliver who is still dressed as the Green Arrow under the
overcoat. He stares at the empty stage, the few stragglers
talking in the seats. He sits down in the back row.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLIVER'S LOFT-NIGHT

The lights are out. Oliver sits, looking out the window.
Mary Kate enters and sits next to him.

MARY KATE

You saved that little boy's
life.

OLIVER

Yeah.

MARY KATE

You can't make everybody happy.

OLIVER

Ain't that the truth..

MARY KATE

There'll always be a price.

OLIVER

I know.

She gets up and kisses him on the forehead.

MARY KATE

Good night.

Oliver doesn't respond. Mary Kate heads toward the door. She stops as she passes the record player. She turns it on. It's "Downtown." She leaves Oliver alone with the music.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ONE-HOUR PHOTO SHOP-DAY

Music continues over. The shop is on a sunny, small-town street. We move ever closer until we can see through the window. A processing machine is working away, cutting prints which fall one at a time into a tray displayed in the window.

CLOSE ON THE PRINTS

which are from someone's trip to San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge. Chinatown. And then the Green Arrow. Without his mask.

FADE OUT.