

Good Ol' Times

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

BO, 80s, sunk in a chair, watches a black and white interview on TV. The REPORTER questions a SUPERHERO from the 60s.

Bo groans to his feet. He shuffles to an aged, green and brown costume in a glass case. He ogles it.

Bo's eyes move to a darker corner in the room. Another glass case. A flashier costume. Green and pink. Made for a woman.

He examines the walls behind his prized possessions. Several newspaper articles coat them. One is framed.

A YOUNGER BO, the WOMAN, and TWO OTHER COSTUMED MEN, stand with a backdrop of police officers. They smile for the photo.

He removes the framed picture with the old gang. Eyes it.

Bo sighs. He turns toward the kitchen. Ponders.

INT. SMALL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lights off, Bo searches in a drawer full of papers. He finds a weathered green notebook with a black light beside it.

Bo flips to a blank page. Flashes the black light to reveal a list of numbers. All have been crossed out but one.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Picture in hand, Bo holds the phone to his ear as it rings. Someone answers. Bo's face lights up.

BO

Richy? Richy, is that you?

A muffled elderly voice on the other end. Bo laughs.

BO

It's me, Bo! Haven't talked to you since, when was it? '96? But hey, I was wonderin' if ya might be up for another go 'round at -- Borris Jackson. -- Quit kiddin', Richy. It's me, Bo. The "Green Team".

Bo eyes the picture. Listens. His smile starts to fade.

BO

Are you pullin' my leg here, Rich?
Borris Jackson. We used to --

Bo's smile fades completely as he listens. He rubs his head.

BO
Don't recall, huh? ... Well ya have
a good one then, buddy. Nice hearin'
your voice again. -- Yeah.

Click. Saddened eyes. Bo stares at his photo and fingers
one of the guy's faces. Bo shines the light over the numbers.

He crosses the last one out.

... Bo looks over at his cased garments.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Bo drives down a quiet city street in a rusted clunker.
Bo's costume, and the framed picture lie on his lap.

The green and pink costume drapes over the passenger's seat.

BO
Like old times, right, Loretta?

Bo flinches back a little.

BO
Well ya gotta give me a break.
Speedin' laws tightened since last
time Green Team rode these streets.

Bo glances at the costume. He shakes his head with a smile.

BO
Then hold on to ya garter belt, sweet
cheeks.

The engine roars. The wind hits his face. Bo lets out a
hoot as he flies down the small street.

EXT. CAR - LARGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The only car out. Bo caresses Loretta's costume. He gives
it a whiff. Bo grins as he leans back onto his seat.

A TAP on the window. Bo grabs at his chest, startled.

A POLICE OFFICER, 30s, signals Bo to roll down his window.
Bo glares at the officer as he does so.

OFFICER
May I ask what you're doing out here?

BO
... You know who I am?

Bo lifts his costume and photo up. The officer only stares.

OFFICER

I'm going to have to ask you to move your vehicle. This lot is closed.

BO

I lead the Green Team. Kept you flatfoots employed back in my day.

OFFICER

... If you don't move your car I'm going to have to write you a ticket.

Bo glares at the officer. The officer taps his ticket pad.

Bo grumbles as he starts his car.

EXT. CAR - CITY STREET - NIGHT

Parked. Bo rubs his head as he stares at Loretta's costume.

BO

The respect ain't there no more.
Not like it used to be. Not when
the team was together.

Bo cradles the photo with sorrow in his eyes.

BO

... Green Team might need a lil'
revampin'. Maybe some new blood.

Bo whips his gaze over at Loretta's costume.

BO

I said temporarily, didn't I? I
just need that... feelin' again.
One last time. I --

The sound of a BROKEN BOTTLE grabs Bo's attention.

A group of TOUGH TEENS emerge out of an alley a distance away. They stop under a broken street lamp.

Bo sits up straight. He closes his eyes...

His ears perk. Everything goes QUIET.

TEEN (V.O.)

(distorted)

Yeah -- got the gun -- Seven Eleven --
Maple street -- twenty minutes -- .

The tough teens disperse. Bo opens his eyes. The city's sounds turn back up. Bo looks over at Loretta's costume.

A smile creeps onto his face. Bo pulls off.

INT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

Empty. The CASHIER wipes down the register. She looks up -- JOHN, KEN, and VERN burst inside, faces concealed. Ken points a revolver at the cashier and throws a bag over the counter.

KEN

Fill it up. Don't make me ask twice.

The cashier sobs as she fumbles money into the bag. Vern stuffs beer into a backpack. John collects snacks.

BO (O.S.)

You guys is tough as nails, huh?

The teens attention snap to the entrance.

Bo's pajama-like costume sags off of his frail structure. He adjusts his mask as Ken points the pistol at him.

BO

So ya gonna shoot that or what?

KEN

Are you the real deal man, or just some nut in a costume?

Bo grumbles to himself. The cashier pulls her phone out.

BO

And here I was, thinking you punks was something to be reckoned with --

-- Bo snags Ken. Tosses him over an aisle. He squints Vern's way. A quick orange BLAST. Vern smashes into a cooler door. Bo slams John's head onto the countertop and holds him there.

The cashier dials 911. John tries to move but Bo won't budge.

BO

You youngsters are so fragile these days. Ya not even puttin' up a struggle...

JOHN

I'm sorry man. I'll leave.

BO

...'Fraid to get ya hands dirty.

JOHN

Please, man. Just let me go.

Bo sneers. Raises a fist. Comes down --

John's head EXPLODES like a watermelon hit with a shotgun.

Blood and brains splatter all over the cashier.

She drops her phone and the bag of money. Her hands tremble.

Her eyes are glued on the catastrophe before her. Bo's bloody gloved finger slides into her view. He moves it up. Her eyes follows his finger until she meets his gaze.

Bo points at the bag.

BO

Imma need ya to hand me that sack of
green, sweet cheeks.

In shock, the cashier picks up the bag and hands it to him.

Police sirens. Squad cars screech into the lot. A bright light spills in.

Bo reaches under his shirt. Pulls something out. Sets it on the bloody countertop. He heads toward the door.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

Police wait by their vehicles, weapons drawn. Bo steps out.

He squints at the bright lights. Raises his hands. Drops to his knees. Police move in.

They slam Bo onto his stomach. Cuff him.

Bo's hoist to his feet. The cops walk Bo past his own car. Bo stares into the passenger's seat. Eyes Loretta's costume.

INT. 7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Officers help wipe the blood off of the sobbing cashier. She looks over at what lies on the counter.

Bo's framed photo.

Closer, the headline reads: "GREEN TEAM, APPREHENDED AT LAST" The police force stand behind the old gang. They all smile.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

The same grand smile creeps onto Bo's face as he's escorted into one of the squad cars. They shut the door.

Bo eyes stay locked onto Loretta's costume as the police cruiser pulls out of the parking lot, and down the street...