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SUPERMAN: YEAR ONE, AMERICAN ALIEN

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Screenplay By Jean Paul Nicole

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Based On DC Characters

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Dream Cast Lol. Never gonna happen. Might as well go all in since I'm "straight" black male nerd living in a complete fantasy world writing about Superman. My cast

Superman American Alien Cast

A young Clark Kent moves to Metropolis to become an Intern for the Daily Planet after the tragic loss of a loved one.

Clark Kent - Nick Robinson or Darren Criss

Parasite/ Rudy Jones - Aaron Paul

Jimmy Olsen - Nick Robinson

Steve Lombard - Jharrel Jerome

Lois Lane - Aubrey Plaza

Lex Luthor - Oscar Isaac or Darren Criss

Pa Kent - Richard Gear or Kyle Chandler

Ma Kent - Hellen Hunt

Jor El - Daniel Bruhl

Braniac - Kal El's father???? - Edward Norton

Perry White - Henry Golding

Toy Man - Jackie Earle Haley or Forest Whitaker

Miss Tessmacher - Amandla Stenberg

Otis - Forest Whitaker or John Leguizamo

INTRO: All this is photo real. We hover over an alien star system with a red sun at its center. Close on the fourth planet from the star. It's made up of a big blue Ocean and what seem to be Crystalline continents. A crystal shaped space ship shoots past us, as the planet implodes turning into a mass of detritus flying at us from all directions. This action dissolves into our -

TITLE sequence modeled on the 1978 animated opening credits of the Superman movie but with a new original theme, hopefully as classic and timeless as John Williams or we can only hope. As the animated TITLES fly towards the screen, we travel like a ship guiding us at light speeds through several alien galaxies and solar systems until we enter the Milky Way and begin slow descent toward Earth's atmosphere.

OPEN ON: EXT. CHAPEL, KANSAS CEMETERY - EVENING

FROM ANIMATED MAX FLEISCHER style, to REAL LIFE.

An overhead shot of tiny town chapel, with a cemetery at back, nestled in an endless field of Golden stalks. A gloomy sky, pregnant with dark clouds. A YOUNG MAN(18) bursts through the gates of the cemetery, and keeps on tracking fast through the field. We hold on THE YOUNG MAN a beat. CU his knees begin to buckle. In a sprinting motion, his contorting limbs start a slow climb, FEET LIFTING off the ground. FLYING. BACK PROFILE, he loops AROUND LIKE A BLOW UP DOLL FLAILING IN A STRONG GUST. Desperate. SCREAMING. Trying to hold on to anything or swim back to ground as he ascends into the ether.- -

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CESSNA AIRPLANE/STORMY SKY/ CARIBBEAN WATERS - NIGHT

The plane torpedo dives into a raging storm, not far above the waters. We are about to make a crash landing.

INT. CESSNA - NIGHT

The seasoned PILOT, lets call him JEFF (40s) Hawaiian shirt, panics, bracing for a crash landing. In the passenger seat sits THE YOUNG MAN (now 21) a fresh faced, boy scout of a man, his big blue refulgent eyes filled with terror.

JEFF

The damn stabilizers shot!

YOUNG MAN

We're gonna die!

JEFF

Brace yourself kid!

EXT. CESSNA AIRPLANE/STORMY SKY/ CARIBBEAN WATERS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The plane nose dives into choppy waters. Extreme waves rip at the wings.

INT. CESSNA AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The YOUNG MAN looks on petrified.

JEFF
We're gonna die!

Waves smash against the windshield, spider cracking it on impact. JEFF hits his head against the controls. KO'd.

Suddenly a flash of confidence on the YOUNG MAN's face. But where was this bravado before?

EXT. UNDERWATER (CARIBBEAN SEAS) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The plane flopping and floating along the current sinks further into treacherous terrain. **FROM THE WINDOWS, A FLASH OF ILLUMINATED RED INSIDE THE CABIN.** The cockpit door BOOM! Blows off it's hinges exploding open.

Out swims the YOUNG MAN, with JEFF in hand, as he kicks to the surface.

EXT. YOUNG MANS P.O.V - SAME TIME

In distance a 35m LUXURY SUPER YACHT.

CUT TO:

EXT. 35M LUXURY SUPER YACHT - LATER

The YOUNG MAN has made his way to a boarding ladder on the side of the ship. O.S. We hear the sounds of a massive rave party on the boat. The young man grabs onto the first rung of the ladder.

YOUNG MAN
Here. Grab on tight, man.

Woozy JEFF grabs on to YOUNG MAN as he climbs the ladder.

EXT. LOWER FRONT DECK/ 109M LUXURY SUPER YACHT - MOMENTS
LATER

The YOUNG MAN climbs towards the deck, ensuring JEFF is safely on board before jumping on himself.

He is met by a gregarious gathering of young, wealthy party animals, skirting around in shorts and bikinis with booze and expensive champagne flying out of flutes. Beautiful people too vain to notice the plights of others. A blonde adonis (DRUNK GUY) stumbling by them accidentally splashes champagne in the YOUNG MAN'S face.

DRUNK GUY

My bad, old boy. --- Wait a second.
Is that you, Bruce?

YOUNG MAN

Bruce?

DRUNK GUY

Bruce. As I live and breath. It is
you. Bruce Wayne! What an entrance.

The name Bruce Wayne reverberates around the deck. Gradually a crowd starts to form around the YOUNG MAN.

JEFF

You're Bruce Wayne?

JEFF nearly faints.

THE GATHERING CROWD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BRUCE!!!

The audience, completely confused, are they watching the right movie?

The YOUNG MAN shepherded through the crowd, a spontaneous render of "happy birthday" and chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow!", Clark and Jeff startled by the commotion.

YOUNG MAN

Look, I'm not who you think --

Distracted when People pat and high five him. The YOUNG MAN has no idea what to do. Until one ----

LIZZY BIRKBECK, preppy (21) stops him.

LIZZY

Bruce, you rascal! You made it. You
know I always forgive and forget!

Oxanna Petrov, Russian Model(22)

OXANNA

Bruce you absolutely must taste
this Caviar I brought from
Caucasus, just for you.

A red-head, freckled-cheeked beauty in black tank top, summer hat and tartan hiking shorts approaches. Her name, PRISCILLA RICH.(21) She immediately catches the YOUNG MAN'S attention.

YOUNG MAN

Whoah!

PRISCILLA

Back from the shadows Bruce?

YOUNG MAN

Uhhh!

She starts to drag him away, through the crowd.

PRISCILLA

Every time I see you, you're like a
deer caught in headlights, Wayne.
Sooo, happy birth-day!

YOUNG MAN

Listen, I think --

PRISCILLA

-- The big two-one. All
downhill from here. Yu-mmy
(Sniffs him) You've got un-
wordly pheromones.

YOUNG MAN

I do? --

PRISCILLA

-- We should celebrate.

YOUNG MAN

Jeff! He's been hurt.

The YOUNG MAN points JEFF OUT. She looks concerned.

PRISCILLA

Well bring him silly. My cabin'll
do. Get you all dried up and have a
nice little chat, shall we?

The YOUNG MAN looks at her. Has he been busted.

INT. PRISCILLA'S CABIN/LUXURY SUPER YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

The YOUNG MAN gently lays JEFF on the bed. JEFF is about to pass out.

JEFF

I hope this doesn't put you off flying, son. Statistically speaking it's still the safest way to travel.

The YOUNG MAN takes this in and smiles, lingering on these words like he'll remember them forever. Then he walks to

- OCEAN VIEW/ BALCONY -

Joining Priscilla, leans on the balustrade, almost as if ready to leap off. Something soft and sultry in her eyes.

YOUNG MAN

You know, I think there's been a big mistake, I'm not...

PRISCILLA

Oh, I know, you're not Bruce Wayne. I knew Bruce as well as anyone on the planet and you are not him...

YOUNG MAN

Good. Great. You know!

She moves in closer, seductively to the YOUNG MAN:

PRISCILLA

Which begs the question, mysterious stranger- who exactly are you?

CLOSE ON YOUNG MAN'S face as he recalls a distant memory.

MAN'S VOICE O.S.

Clark! CLARK KENT!

FLASH BACK - ESTABLISHING. KANSAS COUNTRY SIDE - DUSK

Travelling shots of crop dusters working harvested fields, grazing live stock, parochial churches and simple farmhouses.

FLASH BACK - ESTABLISHING. ROAD IN KANSAS WHEAT FIELD - DUSK

An advancing red dot on a curvy clearing situated around the high wheat planes of Kansas weaves for miles until vanishing into the clay hued sky and golden tufts. CLOSE ON: An All-American red PICK-UP TRUCK swerves round the road.

POLICE SCANNER
1-3- 9-3-2 Over in Wilson,
Jones Farm. Suspect number
one, male white juvenile.

JONATHAN KENT
Clark!... Clark Kent!... Boy
are you listening to me?

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DUSK

Two PEOPLE in truck cab. The MAN salt of Earth, chizzeled. A Rockwell painting brought to life. This is JONATHAN KENT. Father to the SUPERMAN. Next to him sits Clark Kent (15), a younger version of the YOUNG MAN.

POLICE SCANNER
Suspect number 2, female
white.

CLARK KENT
Wait dad! I need to hear
this!

JONATHAN KENT
The hell you do!

POLICE SCANNER
Both considered to be armed
and dangerous.

JONATHAN KENT
(anxious, uncertain)
Boy oh boy, Martha's gonna -

CLARK KENT
C'mon dad you said it
yourself -

JONATHAN KENT
Look here! I ain't about
gettin' my only boy killed.
Son, we're going home!

Starts maneuvering the wheel to turn the truck around.

CLARK KENT
They've gotta kid dad. You know I
can stop'em. I've got this.

Jonathan Kent ponders punches the steering wheel. Looks head on and continues driving to the danger.

JONATHAN KENT
All the lousy.

FLASH - ESTABLISHING. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, EDGE OF CORNFIELD/
ACTIVE CRIME SCENE- DUSK

Jonathan pulls up alone in the pick up, to the COUNTY ROAD which fronts the Jones's farm. It's a circus. Cops, squad cars, helicopters overhead, FBI, buses full of SWAT men, with M-16's, rushing out of their buses into position. Yellow tape and barricades keep news vans, camera crews and TV Reporters away from the active crime scene.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK/ EDGE OF CORNFIELD - SAME TIME

Close on Jonathan's startled expression assessing the gravity of what he's done. Jonathan exits pick up.

EXT. JONES' FARM HOUSE/ EDGE OF CORNFIELD/ ACTIVE CRIME SCENE
- MOMENTS LATER

Jonathan tries pushing past a sea of Reporters from TV news(Possibly CAT from Daily Planet) ---

THE REPORTER, a sexy-bombshell, the décolletage of her dress low and enticing and CAMERA MAN try to do an impromptu interview with an annoyed officer.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| CAT GRANT | OFFICER |
| So you can confirm, The | Back off lady. |
| Hopesfield slayers have taken | |
| hostage another local family? | |

Jonathan approaches the officer, pushing past Cat.

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| OFFICER | JONATHAN KENT |
| Sir, step back. Little help, | My son's in there! |
| please. | |

Distracted officers struggle with Jonathan. A.O. Clark super speed jumps over railing and runs into the corn field.

EXT. EDGE OF CORN FIELD TO FRONT YARD, JONES FARM -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

Concealed by CORN STALKS Clark peers out at the front yard of FARMHOUSE 100 feet away.

EXT. ALTERED P.O.V. CLARK'S X-RAY VISION AND SUPER HEARING -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

SEEN THROUGH X-RAY VISION, Clark scopes around the area. He sees SWAT men quietly moving through the corn stalks.

Then he focuses on the FARMHOUSE: A GIRL, freckles, pig tail and braces, LUCY WHITE, 17 and a BOY 19 RUDY JONES (Mumble rap attire) hold the Jones family hostage with pistols.

DAD ROY 50s sits on sofa, his daughter KATY, 8, sits on an old creaking rocking chair by the couch. TUNE INTO ---

RUDY
(-- Clear)
You said I'd be welcome back
anytime dad --

X-RAY VISION becomes more focused until ---

-- INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

FADE IN from X-RAY to normal shot.

Rudy struts, shooter in hand, addressing ROY. PHONE RINGS.

RUDY

But somehow you don't seem happy to see me.

ROY

They just wanna talk, son.

He walks over to Katy.

ROY (CONT'D)

What do you want with her?

RUDY

I'm not gonna hurt her Roy.

Kneels down eye to eye. Katy has a bruised eye.

RUDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about mamma.

REVEALED, young SOCCER MOTHER, lies motionless. Possibly dead.
ON RUDY, a look of remorse.

RUDY (CONT'D)

But she never said no to to... And now Baby bear, now we can be a family again! Would you like that?

Lucy smiles a twisted smile.

LUCY

Course she would, baby.

Notices her eye.

RUDY

Someone do that to you? Hurt you baby-bear?

(Angry at Roy)

Did you hit her, Roy?

KATY

Some mean boys at school.

RUDY
 Cutest little girl in Kansas.
 (Anger)
I SHOULD HAVE PROTECTED HER!

Katy gets scared and runs into her fathers arms. Rudy points the gun directly at ROY. Lucy cackles, amused.

ROY
 You're running too high son...

KATY
 Dad!

ROY
 ... You're gonna crash'n burn. End up hurting everyone y'love. ---

RUDY
 It was an All-American home just like this dad... We burned it down.

EXT. FRONT YARD, JONES FARM - SAME TIME

An unsure Clark observes from behind a GREEN COMBINE by THE FARMHOUSE porch. A lively GOLDEN RETRIEVER RUNS OUT FROM THE BARN WITH a FETCHING BALL. A friendly family dog, IT DROPS THE BALL BY CLARK, barking, hoping he'll play. Clark shushes the DOG.

-- INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S FARMHOUSE -

RUDY
 They're calling us serial killers now.

Hearing the dog barking, Lucy:

LUCY
 Does that damn dog ever stop barking?

RUDY
 You bailed Dad. To the land'a American dreams'n post cards for Christmas.

The phone rings. Rudy cocks his gun. Thinks for a second.

RUDY (CONT'D)
 Did I ruin it? Did I ruin it for you dad? Thanks Giving, Sitcoms?
 (MORE)

RUDY (CONT'D)
 Flags and fireworks on the fourth
 of July? Did I ruin America for
 you, dad?

Lucy, points her gun toward the barking.

LUCY
 That lowsy dogs too loud.

Lucy, walks toward the front door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - SAME TIME

LUCY walks on to the front porch. Sees dog. Someone cowers
 behind the COMBINE. CLARK'S SHADOW.

LUCY
 Who the hells out there? I see you,
 you little freak!

Clark steps out from the COMBINE with his arms up and ambles
 over towards her.

CLARK KENT
 I'm here to help.

LUCY
 Are you a cop?

She shoots. Keeps blasting. Bullet slams hard into the bridge
 of his nose. The impact sends Clark to the ground.

INT. STREET AND MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - SAME TIME

Jonathan sits with cops looking at surveillance equipment.

WALKY
 Shot's fired!

JONATHAN KENT
 Gunshots?

DETECTIVE
 Sir, please remain calm.

-- INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S FARMHOUSE -

RUDY
 Lucy, you okay out there?!

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Lucy moves closer to Clark who lays motionless.

Clark groans. Opens one eye, surprised he's alive. Bullet indent by the bridge of his nose. Lucy shocked aims gun.

But before she can take a shot, Clark grabs the DOG'S FETCHING BALL next to him. *Launches* it at her, *super speed*, sending her flying into the farmhouse. Knocked out, winded. Clark takes her gun, crushes it into dust.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JONES'S FARMHOUSE -

Rudy goes to check on Lucy --

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Outside. Sees Clark. Clark, hands up, surrenders. Rudy confused, not sure what to make of the kid.

RUDY

You a cop?

CLARK KENT

No, I'm not a cop. Look you gotta listen to me, man. I mean c'mon, you got ya family in their scared outta their mind. And I know you don't wanna hurt anyone?

Rudy considers. *Hears* Lucy groan.

RUDY

Honey bear? Where is she, man?

Clark looks over. She's huddled in the corner, breathing heavy. Rudy registers this.

CLARK KENT

Let'em go man. Then we can talk.

RUDY

I ain't going back to jail man.

RUDY shoots him. Clark falls to one knee. His eyes start turning bright red.

RUDY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you?

CLARK KENT

(In pain)

Nooooo, help! My eyyyyyyyyeeeeees!

As he lets go of his eyes a burst of microwaves hit Rudy who falls to the ground burning and screaming. Turns eyes from Rudy setting VERANDA AND BARN ON FIRE.

Clark sees Rudy. Face, clothes in flames, yelling in agony.

Clark instinctively, uses *super breath* to put out RUDY. But serious Damage has been done. Rudy sinks to the ground clutching his face. In the commotion Lucy has disappeared.

Clark looks around. Where's Lucy? ANGLE ON LUCY exiting front door with a knife to Katy'.

LUCY

One way or another we're leaving.

Clark traces her every move like a Hawk.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'll cut this little piggies head right off. I swear.

Rudy notices what's happening.

RUDY

Don't you hurt baby-bear!

LUCY

Babe this between me and the freak.

CLARK KENT

Imma tell you once. Let her go!

A figure emerges from behind Lucy. Clark instinctively, concentrates heat vision on her hand, burning her. KNIFE DROPS. --- The figure is Roy with a shovel. He hits LUCY (Lolla). She goes down. Clark rushes to TEARFUL Katy.

ROY

Get us outta here, please.
(Clark nods)

CLARK KENT

I'll get her to safety then I'll come right back for you, y'hear?

He takes Katy in his arms. *Accelerates* into the cornfields, vanishing. --- Roy watches, Clark tracking through it at *mach speed, astonished.*

EXT. EDGE OF CORNFIELD/ ACTIVE CRIME SCENE - SECONDS LATER

Clark crawls out from the CORNFIELD with Katy (Lucky) rushing over to the cops. --- Cops puzzled raise their weapons towards Clark.

CLARK KENT

Don't shoot!

SHERIFF BRODY 50-something veteran of the force, traces his pistol on Clark, while clinically approaching him. Katy hangs on to Clark, her hero, for dear life.

SHERIFF BRODY

Are you carryin' a weapon, son?

A rookie officer cocks his gun and takes a shot. Slow-Motion -
- Jonathan runs up to the Sheriff. -- Clark sees the bullet heading to Katy and spins. Hits his spine -- grounded.

JONATHAN KENT

Son!!! Are you crazy?

A miracle, Clark stirs. Dizzy. Uninjured. Sheriff Brody gives Clark an intense look of suspicion as he comes to. He wants answers.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO JONES FARM/ JONES FARM - LATER

As Police storm The Jones FARM *THE HOUSE EXPLODES...*
Disintegrating into a fire ball. -- Sheriff BRODY exits one of the squad cars troubled by the scene.

FADE TO:

INT. LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT/ INTERROGATION ROOM -

Sheriff Brody concluding interview with Clark and Jonathan.

SHERIFF BRODY

Mr. Kent, with one suspect still
missin' police escort would be
wise, if not just for your own
peace a mind.

Jonathan shakes hands. Prepares to leave with Clark.

JONATHAN KENT

--- Oh now, that's a mighty kind offer Sheriff, but we won't wanna be causing no fuss.

SHERIFF BRODY

Ain't no bother. You gotta remarkable boy there, Mr Kent. In fact before you go I wonder if you can shed some light on this Clark?

Brody puts a picture on the table. We push in on a COMPOSITE SKETCH of a person with eyes lit up red like a demons.

SHERIFF BRODY (CONT'D)

Our suspect drew it. She claims a monster burnt down Jones Farm.

Jonathan looks at it. Could be Clark. Panics.

INT/EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK, ROAD TO KENT FARM (MOVING SHOT)-
MORNING 8AM

Jonathan Kent driving, as the sun rises over the lazy, rustic town. Clark Kent getting an ear full from Jonathan.

JONATHAN KENT

That is not what we talked about, Clark. I said if you saw an opening, grab the girl. That was the game plan. Instead you were showing off.

CLARK KENT

I heard her. I heard her screaming in the night.

JONATHAN KENT

That is not your responsibility Clark. But you are mine.

CLARK KENT

So I was spose to let' her die?

JONATHAN KENT

I don't know. Maybe.

Clark cowed by his fathers callousness. Jonathan looks at his son realizing he's wrong.

JONATHAN KENT (CONT'D)

Look son, Obviously I didn't mean that -

CLARK KENT

I just wanted to be a hero. Like grandpa, like you -

JONATHAN KENT

There's more at stake Clark -

CLARK KENT

I just want you to be proud of me -

Jonathan rustles his hair.

JONATHAN KENT

I am proud'a you boy.

Clark gives him a smile.

JONATHAN KENT (CONT'D)

When I heard shots... I... I... You know your Ma and I, we always regretted we couldn't have a child. Hell, you kept our love alive, I reckon. I prayed and I searched the heavens for an answer and you know me, I've never been much of a praying man. One day, outta the blue... You, a perfect little miracle boy. And you've turned out to be one helluva fine fella too.

Looks at Clark, who listens intently.

JONATHAN KENT (CONT'D)

You're destined for something. Something great I bet. I feel it in my bones Clark. But you're young. There's no rush. You still got plenty time to figure it out.

Clark smiles.

JONATHAN KENT (CONT'D)

So you're bullet proof huh?

CLARK KENT

Little bruise, but I reckon so.

JONATHAN KENT

Well I'll be.

FADE OUT.

EXT. KENT FARM HOUSE - MORNING 8.45AM

A modest but picturesque farm house on a dirt road by the side of a wheat field. Pure Americana. A timeless place. The barn stands tall at the end of the front yard area.

A woman (late 50s), in a dusty white t-shirt, dungarees, and summer hat, sits in the drive way, upset, eagerly awaiting the arrival of someone. This is the lovely Martha Kent. Her silver hair betrays her age, but one can tell she was a stunner as a young woman and remains handsome till this day.

She hears the grumble of an old engine, and down the dirt road. It is Clark and Jonathan ---

IN THE PICK UP

CUT TO

Pulls up just outside the house. Martha marches over, mad as hell as Jonathan gets out the drivers side.

MARTHA KENT
Jonathan Joseph Kent.

JONATHAN KENT
Now, wait a second Martha.

MARTHA KENT
Have you lost your mind?

JONATHAN KENT
I can explain!

MARTHA KENT
Explain?! I just got off the phone
to the Sheriff's office.

CLARK KENT
Mom!

MARTHA KENT
Clark! Get your butt
upstairs. NOW!

INT. CLARK KENT'S BEDROOM, KENT FARM HOUSE - SUNNY MORNING

Clark's bedroom is not the typical teenage bedroom.

Sports and academic awards and pictures mount the walls till elementary school. But nothing for high school. -- Lining the wall posters of ET, PREDATOR, THEY LIVE, THE THING. BOOK SHELF crammed full of books on Aliens.

Clark lays on bed. WITH SUPER-HEARING: listening to Martha and Jonathan O.S. He looks distressed.

MARTHA KENT O.S (O.S.)
I can 't talk to you when you're
acting like this, Jonathan -

JONATHAN KENT
 Yesterday he said he's a monster
 Martha! No one at school likes him -

Clark visibly upset by this. We now look at MARTHA AND
 JONATHAN - through

EXT. ALTERED P.O.V. CLARK'S X-RAY VISION AND SUPER HEARING,
 KENT KITCHEN -

Jonathan mid-speech and heated. Martha equally irritable.

JONATHAN KENT
 'Cept for the Ross's boy. And
 that's because all his life we've
 been teaching him to hide in plain
 sight! Don't draw attention. But
 he's becoming a man -

MARTHA KENT
 He can bench press our thresher -

INT. KITCHEN, KENT FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

JONATHAN KENT
 We need to start teaching a new
 lesson. Show him his abilities
 don't make him a monster -

MARTHA KENT
 And what if they come for him?

JONATHAN KENT
 Who? The god damn alien police?

MARTHA KENT
 They said the Jones farm was on
 fire, Jonathan!

JONATHAN KENT
 So!

MARTHA KENT
 Was it him?

Jonathan cowed by the question.

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)
 Did you ask him?

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK KENT'S BEDROOM, KENT FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
ACTION

Clark listens intently and with burning curiosity.

JONATHAN KENT (O.S.)
Quiet down. The boy might hear you.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, KENT FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two parents whisper.

MARTHA KENT
Last time he nearly killed you!

JONATHAN KENT
Martha. He was 3 years old.

MARTHA KENT
And god forbid, what if he had hurt
someone else. Killed'em by
accident. How much of a monster
would he have felt then? You know I
can't even look atchu right now.

Martha leaves.

JONATHAN KENT
Martha!

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE CLARK KENT'S ROOM - MORNING

Martha knocks on Clark's door.

MARTHA KENT
C'mon pumpkin. I just wanna talk to
you. That's all.

Listens for a second. No answer.

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna come on in anyway.

Opens door. Clark gone. Window wide open. She knows where
he's hiding.

EXT. ROOF, KENT HOUSE - MORNING

Clark looks up at the bright blue Kansas heavens. Martha comes up from behind him and rustles his hair.

MARTHA KENT
There's my little big man.

CLARK KENT
Mom. I'm 15.

MARTHA KENT
Is snuggle bug better?

CLARK KENT
No.

She sits next to him and gives him a hug.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)
You told me he got those scars in Nam!

MARTHA KENT
You heard huh?! Boy oh boy, you and that hearing a'yours.

CLARK KENT
Is it true? I nearly killed dad?

MARTHA KENT
You were a baby Clark -

| | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| CLARK KENT | MARTHA KENT |
| I am. I'm a monster. | No. No. No |

| | |
|---|--------------|
| CLARK KENT | MARTHA KENT |
| Alien, freak, monster. Whatever, mom. It's all the same. | You are not! |

CLARK KENT
Have I ever hurt you?

MARTHA KENT
Me? Never. Not once. Saved me though.

(Clark, looks interested)
Up there on Farmland Rd. Busted my tire pretty good'n silly old me tried my hand at fixin' it right there, and then.

(MORE)

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)

Jack musta shimmyed and pushed the stone out or something, cos the darn thing nearly collapsed on top of me. But there you was My Guardian Angel. Big, pretty smile n'all. 5 years old and already protecting momma. You held the whole station wagon up over your head like it weighed nothin'. Shoulda seen your fudge filled chubby little face... eatin' your hero puddin', so proud.

(This is a happy memory)

You see. You ain't no monster, Clark. Just prone to mistakes, same as all us folk.

CLARK KENT

I'm just gonna play ball and chase girls like all the other jerks at school.

MARTHA KENT

That wouldn't make me happy at all.

Martha concerned a beat.

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)

You know, since you and you're father decided on doing something so darn stupid; I'm glad at least you saved that poor little girl. God knows what woulda happened if you hadn't been there.

Martha puts her arm round her son and they both look up to the sky.

The classic superman theme plays as we transition to

FADE IN

END FLASHBACK

INT/EXT. UPPER DECK, LUXURY SUPER YACHT, CARIBBEAN WATERS - NIGHT

Prescilla Rich and Clark Kent lean on the railings of the upper deck watching the party below.

PARTY GUY
(From lower deck)
Yo Wayne. Sick party man.

Prescilla giggles.

CLARK KENT
(Clark waves)
Okay, man.
(To Prescilla)
So how did you know?

PRESCILLA RICH
That you weren't Wayne? -- You've got something mysterious in your eyes. But not pain, anger or sadness. More like your holding back, afraid of your own potential.

CLARK KENT
Boy you're good.

PRESCILLA RICH
You have no idea - Besides, trust me, I'm at every single one of his "*parties.*" My old friend Bruce. The Great Gatsby.

CLARK KENT
Sounds like a really lonely guy.

PRESCILLA RICH
You don't know the half of it. He was only 9 years old when he lost his parents.

CLARK KENT
What happened?

PRESCILLA
Gotham streets swallowed them up like so many of it's residents. Last time I saw him was at the funeral. I never saw eyes like that before. So sunken, so focused...
(Looks in Clark's eyes)
And so not blue.

CLARK KENT
But all these people are his friends.

PRESCILLA RICH
 With cash like Bruce has, even
 these affluent debutants, these
 debauched social climbers, flock
 here to his light --

CLARK KENT
 Like moths in darkness--

PRESCILLA RICH
 Drawn to a flame...

CLARK KENT
 Wait. What are you saying?

PRESCILLA RICH
 They'd believe a Parrot was Bruce
 Wayne with the right haircut.

Looks at him intently. Prescilla giggles.

PRESCILLA RICH (CONT'D)
 It'll be soooooo fun.

CLARK KENT
 Oh. I'm so gonna get arrested.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)
 Only if we're lucky.

She meows at him. Then walks off giggling.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH, CARIBBEAN SEA, NEAR SUPER YACHT - SUNNY AFTERNOON

Clark pilots a Jet ski with reckless abandon. Performs a 380 spinning jump over a medium ramp. As he lifts off into the air:

CLARK KENT
 I'M BRUCE WAYNE!!

While spinning he loses control and is flung from the vehicle plunging into the water. --- ON onlookers agape, sure Gotham's First Son has is dead. TWO BEATS. Clark's head bobs out waves to their relief.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. LOWER DECK BAR, SUPER YACHT - SUNNY AFTERNOON

Clark sunbaths with adoring Models. PRESCILLA lingers.

CLARK KENT

So, I was like, buy your own
Gauguin!

The models giggle in unison like school girls. PRESCILLA fake
laughs mocking them.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT/EXT. HOT TUB JACUZZI, SUPER YACHT - MORNING 3AM

Clark, Prescilla, Lizzy Birbeck, Ollie Queen (DRUNK GUY),
Jeff the pilot etc soak in the hot tub chomping caviar topped
toast. RE: The Caviar.

LIZZY

My birthday present to you!

CLARK KENT

The waterproof rolex wasn't enough?

LIZZY

That cheap little trinket. Oh, so I
decided to splash outta bit. So
what! Who cares, right?

JEFF

(In Disbelief)

Bruce Wayne saved my life! Crazy
ass sonofabitch.

GIRL#1

Yes, you were quite brave, Bruce!

GIRL#1, Plants a wet one on Bruce's cheek. Lizzy bites back
against the flirting, with a "what a tramp" bitchy look.

LIZZY

I can't believe you let him fly his
own plane.

(RE: Jeff. intended to
impress)

I'll buy you a new one. My treat.

Clark sips his glass of champagne. Examines it. Sees something that catches his attention.

CUT TO:

CLARK'S P.O.V. ALTERED MICROSCOPIC VISION. He sees tiny golden molecules dance around the tiny beads of rising air.

CUT TO:

Clark puzzled by something.

CLARK KENT

Gold?

OLLIE QUEEN

You noticed the Gold flakes. That bubbly like \$4000 a glass, Bruce.

Clark is shocked by the excess - and has a -

FLASH BACK EXT. BORADA, SAVANNAH - DAY TIME.

Clark wrestles with a teenage Lion as a pride of Lions who have taken Clark on as family look on. He seems happy. Free.

CLARK KENT (V.O.)

(Sad)

Last year I was travelling through Borada. Trying to raise awareness for endangered species. While I was there a civil war broke out. It was-

The lions and Clark become alarmed by the sound of shell fire, bombs and war. From afar, plumes bomb smoke rise in air.

CLARK KENT (V.O.)

Brutal! I helped try get aid through to starving villagers. But it kept getting intercepted by Husa warlords. I did what I could --

FLASH BACK END

INT/EXT. HOT TUB JACUZZI, SUPER YACHT - MORNING 3AM

Clark continues -

CLARK KENT

-- but It wasn't hardly enough.

OLLIE QUEEN
Some people can't be helped Bruce.

CLARK KENT
The Guru tribe were a beautiful
people, Ollie. This one bottle
could have fed a whole village for
a year -

- as Ollie insensitively throws the liquid from his flute -

OLLIE QUEEN
What? -- It was warm. Any way! It's
not like you to worry about money.

CLARK KENT
You don't know me.

LIZZY
Everyone knows you. You're Bruce
Wayne.

Clark thinks a beat.

CLARK KENT
I'm not Bruce Wayne.

Everyone in the tub looks at each other unsure.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Ollie Queen | Lizzy |
| Deep! | Totally. |
| Clark face palms. Prescilla laughs uncontrollably. | |

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER DECK, LUXURY SUPER YACHT - MORNING 6AM

Clark and Prescilla can't stop laughing.

PRESCILLA RICH
Idiots!

CLARK KENT
Smucks!

PRESCILLA RICH
I honestly, could have just died!

-- Face red with laughter. Composes herself.

PRESCILLA RICH (CONT'D)
Can't believe a farm laborer
actually pulled this off.

CLARK KENT
Hey. I only live on a farm.

PRESCILLA RICH
How often do you milk the cows?

CLARK KENT
Bout as often as you milk Bruce
Wayne.

Hits him playfully

PRESCILLA RICH
Ouch. Don't get cocky, farm boy!

They kiss but Clark is kind of awkward.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, BRUCE'S PRIVATE CABIN - NIGHT

Clark gazes into the bathroom mirror. Nervous and unsure.

CLARK KENT
(Whispers to self)
Who cares! Earth to Clark Kent. You
like her, she likes you. She's
beautiful. Just do this.

Clark remembers:

FLASHBACK EXT. LANA'S CONVERTIBLE, DRIVE IN CINEMA, SMALLVILE
- 11PM

On big screen plays ET. We are watching SETI snatch a dying
ET from the Eliot house.

INT. LANA'S CONVERTIBLE, DRIVE IN CINEMA, SMALLVILE -
CONTINUOUS

Lana Lang (16) in the drivers seat a blubbering mess as Clark
(15) watches fully engrossed. -- She holds his hand.

CLARK KENT
Lana? You think they'd really do
that?

LANA LANG
Do what?

CLARK KENT
Experiment on him like that?

Lana confused. -- Clark sees his reflection in the rear view mirror. Accept it's not him. ET stares back at him. Clark freaks.

Lana looks in his eyes. Sad. Needing comfort. Goes to kiss him. CLARK P.O.V. Clark's senses go mad. Panic attack. X-Ray vision sees her brain, skull, synapses firing... Hearing her heart beat... Overload --- Clark lunges back busting Lana's door off the hinges.

LANA LANG
What happened?

Clark gets out in shock.

CLARK KENT
Gotta go!

Clark makes a b-line zig zagging through the parking lot, banging into parked cars. Jeers of "freak!" "Loser." "WEIRDO!" Lana gets out the car. Shouts at a running Clark.

LANG LANG
CLARK IT'S OKAY?... YOU STILL
COMING TO THE HALLOWEEN BALL?

She's met by a chorus of "Shut ups!" Clark is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, KENT FARM HOUSE - NEXT DAY (SATURDAY)

Clark sits somber on the couch. Jonathan opposite, equally serious, while Martha drinks wine in more jovial mood.

CLARK KENT
I'm a freak. She's freaked at me.

MARTHA KENT
Don't be silly son. Only this
morning she was calling after you.

JONATHN KENT
Okay. This isn't gonna be easy -

CLARK KENT
Please pa, don't!

MARTHA KENT

(Joking)

C'mon, just be men about it.

JONATHAN KENT

We're talkin bout the birds and bees with uh -

CLARK KENT

Alien freak, say it.

JONATHAN KENT

No, son. Clearly that's not what I mean. What I meant was, we still have no idea where you came from. You just turned up there, out there on the field. No clues... *About your... unique biology...* What would happen if... I mean you've obviously got a healthy interest in girls. That's good. Perfectly natural for a boy - young man your age. But intimacy between -

MARTHA KENT

-- It's called sex, Jon -

JONATHAN KENT

As I was saying - can be complex. And I'm. We're. We are just worried - Uhm - Look, how can I say this?

MARTHA KENT

When a man gets excited during sex -

CLARK KENT

Mom!

MARTHA KENT

There are certain physical responses he can't control.

Clark puts his hands over his ears. Martha chuckles.

JONATHAN KENT

And with you - well, we can't really be sure what happens.

CLARK KENT

Are you telling me I can never have sex?

JONATHAN KENT

No. Yes. You wanna chime in? I. I got some tasteful magazines.

JONATHAN KENT (CONT'D)
They're under your bed.

CLARK KENT
No. No. No. This isn't
happening to me.

MARTHA KENT
You bought our son porn?

Martha can't stop laughing.

CLARK KENT
Real funny mom! I'm gonna need like
years of therapy.

Clark storms out.

END FLASH BACK.

INT. BATHROOM, BRUCE'S PRIVATE CABIN - NIGHT

Clark looks in the mirror. Seeing ET.

CLARK KENT
Really? That memory, right now.

INT. BRUCE'S PRIVATE CABIN - NIGHT

Clark walks nervously into the candle lit room. Prescilla
waiting for Clark in her nightgown.

PRESCILLA RICH
So what do you think? -

CLARK KENT
Wow! Just wow.

In bed kissing, he's nervous.

PRESCILLA RICH
Relax! We're both exploring new
territory here.
(Clark confused)
I've never been with a guy with a
less than six-figure bank balance.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S PRIVATE CABIN -

Post coitus.

CLARK KENT
Well that went better than I
thought.

PRESCILLA RICH
Yes it did.

INT/EXT. RELAXING AREA, UPPER DECK, CARIBBEAN WATERS -

Clark and Prescilla lay on beach towels, holding hands,
Looking at pulsating Caribbean stars. Drunk on champagne.

CLARK KENT
It's just wow.

CUT TO:

From Clark's P.O.V. Stars, planets are much closer.

CUT TO:

Back to normal view.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)
I wish you could see it.

PRESCILLA RICH
How do you mean?

Clark entranced ignores her a beat.

CLARK KENT
Makes you feel so small.

PRESCILLA RICH
I think it's perfect. Tiny little
creatures. Aliens adrift, lost in
space. Ever wondered if there's
anything out there?

CLARK KENT
Yup. Nothing but silence.

Suddenly he jumps up. Waves his arms in defiance at the
stars.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)
Hey! You up there. Can you hear me?
Can you see me? You left me behind!
But I'm okay! I'm happy down here!

She hugs him from behind.

PRESCILLA RICH
Are you happy, Clark?

CLARK KENT

(pos alt: alone with the
cows, thrashing(it out)
among the stars)

19 years. Never left Kansas. But
some folks never leave and I'm not
sure how my fathers holding up out
there, tending the farm all alone. -
- Y'know being here -- among you
rich folk. I realize, the world
really needs people like me. Not in
an arrogant way, I just mean,
people who wanna use what they got
to make a difference somehow. Stick
up for the little guy -

PRECILLA RICH

-- Haha! Okay. I bet you will
--

CLARK KENT

-- And all the aliens!

PRECILLA RICH

You're super weird.

CLARK KENT

Super weird alien.

PRECILLA RICH

Yes you are. But I'm glad I met you
farm boy.

Prescilla smiles and yawns. Cuddles him closely.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S PRIVATE CABIN - NEXT MORNING

Clark wakes up to an empty bed.

EXT. PIER, YACHT DOCKED IN GUYANA PORT -

Clark walks away from the boat --- From the bow of the ship
we hear a familiar voice. Prescilla --

PRECILLA RICH

(Shouts)

Leaving so soon?

-- leaning over the curving railing.

CLARK KENT

I couldn't find you.

PRESCILLA RICH

I was being hard to find. Good-byes are not my strong suit. Especially with people I like.

CLARK KENT

Who says we have to say good-bye?

PRESCILLA RICH

To be honest this morning I was worried I might leave with you!

CLARK KENT

Okay. Lets go.

PRESCILLA RICH

... What? Where?

CLARK KENT

Screw it... Ever been to Kansas?

PRESCILLA RICH

You're so cute Clark... Nothing like the guys I usually date...

CLARK KENT

But?

PRESCILLA RICH

Look, you don't wanna get mixed up with my kinda crazy, Kansas. It's a whole'nother level of super weird alien.

CLARK KENT

So where you headin'?

PRESCILLA RICH

Africa. On a dig. With a professor who digs me.

CLARK KENT

Oh. Will you be happy?

PRESCILLA RICH

Long as he doesn't keep his promise and divorce his wife. Maybe?

CLARK KENT

Well! see you round, Kitty cat.

PRESCILLA RICH

Bon Voyage, farm boy. Was a blast.

Clark blows her kiss then walks away.

TITLE:

KANSAS

EXT. CHAPEL, KANSAS CEMETERY - MORNING

CAMERA CLOSE: Tombstone reading Martha Kent BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER 1957-2019 R.I.P.

PULLS BACK - Clark levitates, legs folded with preta-natural grace, eye to eye with the grave stone inscription. Exotic flower in hand... Mournful eyes.

FLASH BACK - INT. MARTHA KENT'S HOSPITAL ROOM, MED CENTER -

Martha Kent lays in a medical bed, bald, withered, thin, gasping for air, on her last legs, dying from cancer. Clark sits beside her on the verge of tears but trying to remain strong.

MARTHA KENT

(Breathes heavy,
incoherent)

... Maybe I Shoulda visited Aunt Mable in Metropolis once... Seen those big fancy buildings she's always going on and on about... Too busy baking berry pies, I guess - Competitive that one ---

(Smiles and coughs)

Take the ticket, Clark... Don't shut yourself in. Clark you hear me?

CLARK KENT

Course ma! I'll take the ticket.

MARTHA KENT

Figured as much... Let me see those big beautiful blue eyes.

Jonathan enters the room.

MARTHA KENT (CONT'D)

Makes no sense, but just like Momma's... Wish it was true...

CLARK KENT

Me too Ma.

Squeezes her hand tighter. Martha notices Jonathan and smiles.

MARTHA KENT

Good boy. Go fetch ma a cuppa water
now, will ye?

Clark lets go of his clutch. He leaves to --

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT

An assortment of downtrodden, meek faces of the sick line the corridor. Mainly wheel chaired, emaciated oncology patients.

AT WATER COOLER, CLARK begins pouring a plastic cup full...
Just then - he hears (super hearing) - a heartbeat fading...

MARTHA KENT (O.S.)

(Only Clark can hear)

I love you snuggle bug.

... it flat lines.

Clark runs up the lobby dropping the cup and into --

INT. MARTHA KENT'S HOSPITAL ROOM, MED CENTER --

Clark runs back to see Martha Kent is gone. He breaks into bitter sobs. -- Jonathan hugs his son to console him.

JONATHAN KENT

She's gone, son. She's gone.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. KANSAS CEMETERY - MORNING

Clark fold legged, lays flowers on the soil by grave stone.

CLARK KENT

Hi Mom... It's been a long time, I
know. I want you to know I took
your advice. I'm moving to
Metropolis. Aunty's helping me with
all the arrangements and cousin
Jimmy - he really came through -
just like you said he would. Got me
an interview with the paper he's
working for based on some samples
of writing I sent him.

(Reflects)

(MORE)

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

Every day I ask what more I coulda done. Why I couldn't... I wanna do so much... But I don't have your strength and determination... I wanna honor you but it's hard to think how. It's like, now more than ever I need you, and where are you mom? You always knew how to cheer me up. Make me see the bright side.

(Chuckle maybe)

You always had the right homespun and hopeful pearl of wisdom to impart. Pick me up when I was down. I swear it could even be doomsday. The whole sky could be crashing down on our heads and you'd still see the good in it, the good in us, "just means we're moving closer to the stars", you'd say... Boy Ma. You really were somethin'. Wish I was too. Don't worry about dad. I'll take care of him. Make sure he's okay.

Kisses his hand and presses it against the soil.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

Sorry I was a coward Ma. Sorry for running away.

JONATHAN KENT (O.S.)

Thought I might find you out here.

Clark turns back to see Jonathan Kent standing over him.

CLARK KENT

She didn't want me to see her go. Did she?

Jonathan puts his hand on his shoulder.

JONATHAN KENT

Shoulda stopped by later on. You know your old Ma was never a morning person.

INTERCUT

INT/EXT. PICK UP TRUCK/ DRIVING THROUGH VARIOUS STATES TO METROPOLIS -

(Looking for the magic playing in back ground. Maybe)

Clark driving admiring the country. He is wearing a T-Shirt of the movie The Thing and a cardigan looking pretty nerdy Patting his hand on the steering wheel along with the sound track.

JONATHAN KENT O.S
Proud'a you son. All a dad can ask
for is for his boy to grow up and
become his own man...

EXT. KANSAS CEMETERY - MORNING

Clark and Jonathan look at each other as Jonathan sizes his son up before his big trip to the city.

JONATHAN KENT
Stand on his own two feet.

INT. DINING TABLE/ KENT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Clark and Jonathan begin chowwing down on some pie. Clark takes a bite. Jonathan waits for his reaction.

JONATHAN KENT
Not as good as mom's huh?

CLARK KENT
It's delicious dad.

Jonathan smiles and begins chomping down himself, washing down with his third bottle of bud. Offers Clark a free bottle. Clark declines.

JONATHAN KENT
Suit y'self. So when you headin'
out?

CLARK KENT
Figure I'll drive down...

INT/EXT. PICK UP TRUCK/ DRIVING THROUGH VARIOUS STATES TO METROPOLIS -

Driving through Vegas. Just picked up a burger at a drive thru. Drives off back on to the road and starts munching...

CLARK KENT O.S
--- in the morning.

CUT TO:

Driving through the desert.

JONATHAN KENT
That'll take you two days or so. At
least.

EXT. PORCH/ KENT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Father and son drinking a beer together.

JONATHAN KENT
Dunno, I'd be tempted to just --
whoosh.

Makes a sign to fly with his hands.

JONATHAN KENT (CONT'D)
I mean. Now you can.

CLARK KENT
Don't wanna get bugs in my eyes.
(They chuckle)
Plus, still afraid'a heights.

JONATHAN KENT
Sometimes it's good to go at your
own pace Clark ---

INT/EXT. PICK UP TRUCK/ DRIVING THROUGH VARIOUS STATES TO
METROPOLIS -

BIG CITY HIGHWAY. Buzzing traffic. Drives past a sign saying
10 miles to Central City.

JONATHAN KENT O.S.
Out there on the road. Gives a man
time to really reflect. Mull things
over.

CLARK KENT O.S
I don't wanna rush things dad.
Wanna make sure I'm ready.

JONATHAN KENT O.S
Anything I can get ye, Just ask!

INT. CLARK'S ROOM/ KENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Clark is busy packing while Jonathan holds a base ball mitt
and throws the base ball up and down against it.

CLARK KENT

Actually there is something. Going for a bit of a new look. Where about the same size now. Wondered if I could borrow some of ye old suits. And moms reading...

EXT. MAIN SQUARE, METROPOLIS - SUMMER AFTERNOON

Clark walks around Metropolis. He now has old fashioned rimmed glasses on, a star trek t-shirt, cardigan, jeans and old sneakers. Totally geeky.

CLARK KENT O.S.

... glasses.

TITLE:

METROPOLIS

City Of The Future, Star Scrapers hang for miles in the sky.

Packed streets. Youthful hipsters and business types abrasively scurry past each other. None over 30.

Clark looks up in wonder at Lexcorp Towers.

Distracted Clark bumps into RUDE YOUNG WOMAN. Drops HANDBAG. Clark tries to help her with it --

CLARK KENT

Sorry, Scuse me Ma'am!

Snatches the bag from him disgusted and hurtles off.

INT. MORNING METROPOLIS (POINT VS POINT), TV STUDIOS -

Under the lights, Live interview, on Morning Metropolis segment point vs point.

ON The interviewer. Walter Cronkite brought back to life.

INTERVIEWER

-- The Juventas Summit

We enter mid-scene pulling back to see POLITICAL COMMENTATOR (50s) and mousy but stalwart scientist and CO-CEO of Cale Pharmeceuticals, DR. LESLIE ANDERSON (24), being interviewed on this no punches pulled, hard-hitting interview segment.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

-- A historical meeting of the four most influential young billionaires in America, today. Your take?

POLITICAL COMMENTATOR

Telling you, it's what's wrong with our country today.

LESLIE ANDERSON

Wrong? Young people as innovators and captains of industry?

POLITICAL COMMENTATOR

---You mean these twitter obsessed, ADD afflicted babies, whose wet nurses's are Giant Multinational corporations with enough cash flow to sink the entire global economy-

LESLIE ANDERSON

- I mean you do realize we have kids in America fantasizing about their parents being murdered -

LESLIE ANDERSON (CONT'D)

-- Will you please! Do you have no shame?

POLITICAL COMMENTATOR

-- So they can be just like Bruce Wayne and drag the last decent family of Gotham's memory through the mud. A family with a deep legacy of philanthropy and imagination! And what have they left? A son who struts around the streets of Gotham like a cave man.

LESLIE ANDERSON

Have you any empathy at all? Y'know Trauma in Latin translates to wound. Maybe he's hide --

POLITICAL COMMENTATOR

He sucks from the sewer pipe and Oliver and your mentor are no better. If madam ambassador wasn't so gracious, your purple ray stunt could have caused a diplomatic debacle. And Lex Luthor. Granted, he's an arrogant little prick, but you ask me he's the only one of these clowns I'd put any stock in.

Channel changes Pull back to see -

INT. RUDY JONES BASEMENT APARTMENT, METROPOLIS - DAY

RUDY JONES (now ten years on), slumped back on the sofa of his lonely, little apartment, with a beer, watching TV. Now Older. This guys worked out like crazy... Third degree burns have mutilated his face.

ON TV an advert for Cale Pharmeceuticals which ---

ANGLE ON TELEVISION - (CALE PHARMACEUTICAL ADVERT)

In a High Tech Lab with ADVANCED MED BAY MACHINE. A LITTLE GIRL WITH SEVERE BURNS is layed out asleep and peaceful on MED BAY MACHINE. DOCTORS IN ALL-WHITE operate the machine.

WOMANS VOICE ON TV

Here at Cale Pharmeceuticals we
specialize in building brighter
futures --

Hold on RUDY'S face --- absorbed -

CALE PHARMACEUTICAL ADVERT (**RUDY'S FANTASY**) - CONTINUOUS

-- RUDY lays on the Med Bay Machine. Angelic medical staff transport him to the light --

Machine starts it's procedure. ULTRA VIOLET RAYS ENGULF RUDY, HEALING HIS SCAR TISSUE ON IMPACT. IN A BEAT, Rudy 100% cured. His face as immaculate as when he was a teenager.

WOMANS VOICE ON TV (CONT'D)

With just one simple procedure, we
guarantee, you'll --

CUT TO:

GARDEN - He's playing with his sister (Katy or BABY BEAR) on the swings. An all American happy family.

WOMANS VOICE ON TV (CONT'D)

-- never be seen as a monster
again.

END FANTASY

CUT BACK TO:

ON Rudy. EYES GLUED TO REAL ADVERT, touches his scars...

ANGLE ON TELEVISION - advert ends. THE GIRL WITH SCARS, IS SCAR FREE, PLAYING WITH HER DOG AND FAMILY IN THE GARDEN; CARE FREE.

WOMANS VOICE ON TV

For a one off fee of just \$100,000,
dreams can come true.

CUT TO:

INT. RUDY'S/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RUDY opens a duffle bag on his bed. Picks a scrumpled wad out of it. \$50k. -- Burner phone chimes. Picks up. Listens intently.

RUDY

Meet you there!

Holsters a gun. Looks at framed picture of Baby Bear and him.

EXT. LEXCORP SKYSCRAPER, PRESS COURT -

Outside auditorium. Clark Kent awkwardly shuffles through a sea of Media people listening to OLLIE QUEEN give a TED TALK style speech on stage. MOPPISH HAIR, RUMPLED SUIT, WEARING THICK RIMMED GLASSES, AND A HIGH SCHOOL BACKPACK, THAT IS COMPLETELY INCONGRUOUS WITH THE REST OF HIS OUTFIT. The MILD MANNERED reporter. Invisible, to his urban, edgier contemporaries.

CLARK KEN

Excuse me, you seen Louis Lane?

JOURNALIST#1

Are you high?

JOURNALIST#2

Ssssh!

VOICE IN CROWD

Who you looking for?

The VOICE IN THE CROWD is LOIS LANE (24), all black, apart from a red shawl, and lip stick.

CLARK KENT

Uh, Louis Lane, ma'am?

LOIS LANE

Ma'am? Guessing you're Clark Kent?
Our newest shark bait? Very Darwin
out here... Sink or swim if you know
what I mean?

Clark can hardly follow her words, he's so entranced.

CLARK KENT
And you are?

LOIS LANE
Lois Lane.

CLARK KENT
Wait! You're supposed to be a guy?
Oh, I am so sorry, Ms. Lane.

LOIS LANE
(Confused)
Don't sweat it guppy. Chief was probably just messing with you for kicks. Actually, I identify as non-binary. --- Just Kidding Hicksville.

She directs Clark's attention to the podium, where Ollie finishes up his speech.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)
This is garbage by the way. 3 no shows. We're getting a damn publicist up there. Look at these buncha newbies grinning like idiots, they're all getting identical reports. I need an exclusive.

OLLIE QUEEN
Collectively we are committing 15 billion to public services, the schools, the hospitals, investment in local businesses in the cities of Metropolis, Gotham, Gateway and of course my home Star City.

OLLIE is distracted when he sees Clark in the crowd.

OLLIE QUEEN
You?

CLARK KENT
Oh no.

OLLIE QUEEN
It is you.

Ollie makes his way through the press toward Clark. As he approaches Clark, almost pushing Lois to the side.

OLLIE QUEEN (CONT'D)
Our Bruce!

LOIS LANE
Wait? What's happening right now?

CLARK KENT

I was Bruce Wayne once. Play along.

OLLIE QUEEN

And of course you were with the press.

CLARK KENT

Got me!

OLLIE QUEEN

Alright, I suppose you'll be wanting an exclusive. Come. Swing on by my office in the sky.

LOIS LANE

An exclusive?

Ollie's body guards part the seas for Ollie and Clark to make there way through the crowd. Lois still trying to make some sense of what just happened.

INT. BOARD ROOM, LEXCORP TOWER -- SUNNY AFTERNOON

LEX LUTHOR (27), in casual wear, EYES GLUED TO HIS LAPTOP, in a boardroom full of stuffy suits, not too impressed by their chairman. Standing behind him a leggy Asian (Indian) exotic beauty Miss Teschmacher.

MID-TABLE: projected SCREEN, DISPLAY MONITOR. ON SCREEN Lex speaks native Japanese with hologram image of heated tech mogul. -- EXECs bemused. The skype call ends abruptly.

BOARD MEMBER

Mr. Luthor?

LEX LUTHOR

Coding! (beat) Bingo.

The board look on with expressions of abject irritation. - Being around the young Lex Luthor is both dizzying and maddening at the same time. -- Everyone in the boardroom has the same private expression. Of all those who could have been gifted great genius why this little shit?

LAWYER

This is serious business. The unions are readying to ---

LEX LUTHOR

Serious business I pay you a handsome fee to deal with.

(MORE)

LEX LUTHOR (CONT'D)

Would you like to hold on to all your company perks, Joshua?

LAWYER

I mean, sir, they are asking for quite reasonable things. Include benefits in their wage package. Guarantees that their contracts will be continued once the science tower opens and liability assurances for injuries incurred while on the job. We wanna open on schedule, maybe we just cave.

LEX LUTHOR

Cave? You wanna cave? Anyone else here wanna cave? What if we ran the Science Tower as a non-for-profit organization? What would happen to the contracts then?

LAWYER#2

Oooh. Tricky. That's a good bit of lawyering Mr. Luth -

LEX LUTHOR

Lawyering, I'm paying you for, right?

LAWYER

Well on going negotiations are for the service end, so theoretically we could cut the unions out once we're up and running -- But how we gonna convince them to finish construction? -

LEX LUTHOR

Done.

LAWYER

Union rep's as tough as nails.

LEX LUTHOR

Don't be so pessimistic. Gentlemen.

Luthor gets up to leave. Miss Teschmacher follows.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. HELICOPTER/METROPOLIS - MORNING

ESTABLISHING, flying over the city. The city seen in all it's glory is a stunning accomplishment from here. Like if New York City, Silicone Valley and Tokyo merged into one. -- Inside the chopper Clark looks uneasy flying. Mid-conversation.

CLARK KENT

It was totally unintentional --

OLLIE QUEEN

Told Bruce. Had him in stitches and trust me, he never laughs.

CLARK KENT

Comforting. 'Opulent in their fabulous lives considerin' me--

OLLIE QUEEN

Hope'ya got enough for the article?

CLARK KENT

You kiddin, dude? I'm in your debt for at least, like, a week.

OLLIE QUEEN

Two. Max. (A silence) What?

CLARK KENT

Luthor? Off the record. What do you really make of Lex?

OLLIE QUEEN

Off record. He's a bigger douche bag than I use to be and that's saying something. But, my cities been hurtin some, so I uh, why not rob from douches like Lex and redistribute the wealth where it's needed.

CLARK KENT

Look at you. You've become a regular modern day Robin hood.

The helicopter banks for -

EXT. LEXCORP TOWER - DAY

Ollie's chopper touches down on helipad. Lex Luthor and Miss Teschmacher ready to greet with security personnel --

Ollie and Clark get out. -- MISS TESCHMACHER reaches to shake Clark's hands, wind pushes him, he trips. Lex smirks. --
The phalanx of bodyguards move on Clark --

OLLIE QUEEN
Chill out guys, he's with me.
Reporter. Daily Planet. --

Lex shakes his hand.

MISS TESCHMACHER
I do apologize. Mr?

CLARK KENT
Clark. Clark Kent.

MISS TESCHMACHER
Don't be embarrassed. Most men fall
weak at the knees for me. Apart
from this one. Right Lex?
(Unresponsive)
Sorry for the hostile welcome Mr.
Kent. Lex can be very paranoid
sometimes. We've been doubling
down security... Maybe you've
Seen the spy drones hovering all
over the city? Trask Industries
work. Big Brother, Orwellian
madness if you ask me.

OLLIE QUEEN
Clark's looking for a quote.

Lex considers.

EXT. LUTHOR'S TERRACE - DAY

A reflecting pool. Water right to the edge, a narrow walkway
right through the middle makes the L logo for Lexcorp. We are
80 stories above the city and the view is terrifying. -- Lex
walks right to the edge of the walkway with no fear, as if to
challenge Clark.

Clark looks queasy as fuck. Lex turns to him, stunned to see
Clark with dictaphone, recording.

CLARK KENT
Hope that's cool, Mr. Luthor, sir?

LEX LUTHOR
Stunning, isn't it? This city.

CLARK KENT

Kinda takes your breath away.

LEX LUTHOR

Just stunning! --- Look down.
Closer Clark.

CLARK KENT

Closer to the edge?

LEX LUTHOR

Wanna know what I see? -- I see a city desperate to be saved. People everywhere looking up to the heavens for a hero. But what is a hero, Clark? --- Winston Churchill. He was a hero. A serendipitous old hound. Yet won an impossible campaign against European Fascism. Mean while the hero of our story was a blue blooded mean spirited old elitist who advocated race based eugenics. Or maybe Roosevelt, another great celebrated war time hero. Some say he was aware of the Pearl Harbor attack before it happened, but let it go ahead, so Americans would wake from their complacency. And compel them to war. History's been kind to his legacy. A monster, judged otherwise on the merit of his greatest deeds. I hope history may judge me kindly. The Science Tower my greatest deed. Have you been following its development?

Lex points to LEXCORPS TWIN building under construction.

CLARK KENT

80 floors. Each one dedicated to the cutting edge of its field ...

LEX LUTHOR

Many of Lex Corps major investors consider it a trivial pursuit. Old men like Trask drilling for oil in Alaska, instead of mining the most unlimited resource we have.

CLARK KENT

People?

LEX LUTHOR

Knowledge, Mr. Kent, growing exponentially. Unchaining us from the limitations of this world. All they see up there is noble gases and carbon compounds. None of'em have vision to seek beyond dollar signs? Do something crazy, like oh, look to the heavens for hope?

CLARK KENT

So you're just a billionaire optimist looking to line his pockets with the stars?

LEX LUTHOR

Power corrupts, so I'm bound to be corrupted, huh? -- "easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than a rich man the Gates of heaven."

CLARK KENT

Behold my loot from Bethlehem for -- "Behind Every Great Fortune, a Crime?"

LEX LUTHOR

So, I see, you've read Balzac?!

CLARK KENT

Actually it was the Epigraph to Mario Puzo's Godfather?

LEX LUTHOR

(Beat) Heights, huh?

CLARK KENT

Ever since I was a kid.

LEX LUTHOR

I find you astonishing Mr. Kent. You pitch yourself as some small-town, middle-American rube. As graceless and wide-eyed as a landslide. To the world you're practically a cripple. But you're hiding something aren't you?

CLARK KENT

Hiding?

LEX LUTHOR

In plain sight? That uncommon glint
in your eyes. Almost as if you're
looking down on everyone, even me.

Puts arm around Clark, takes him to the edge.

CLARK KENT

I'm just a regular kid from Kansas,
Mr. Luthor...

LEX LUTHOR

Well Clark, click your heels twice
along that yellow brick road... I
intend to be your benefactor today.
Front page exclusive, the Science
Tower, we're gonna open it free, as
a Non-for-profit organization. A
gift to the children of Metropolis.

Close on Clark's face. A big smile.

EXT. LEXCORP TOWER / STREET - DAY

Clark exits Lexcorp with a spring in his step. On the street
he starts doing a 70's style disco dance.

CLARK KENT

Who the man? Who... The... Man?

A squad car drives up to Clark as the people stare at Clark
as if he's crazy.

COP#1

Gotta problem, kid?

CLARK KENT

Rhythm musta finally got me
gentlemen!

Cop#1 confused.

COP#1

What'd he say?

COP#2

Get outta here, dumb dancing goof..

COP#1

Pure anarchy, man.

O.S. BLAM BLAM BLAM, GUNSHOTS

Clark and COPS shocked find the sound.

ANGLE ON -- ACROSS STREET --

EXT. SIEGEL AND SCHUSTER MERCHANTS BANK (BANK ENTRANCE)-
CONTINUOUS ACTION

MACHINE GUN FIRE. BLOOD SPLASHES against the banks GLASS
DOOR.

As bank door bursts open, BANK SECURITY GUARD slides down it.
Slumping DEAD outside on the pavement. Bystanders scream.

3 MASKED COURIERS follow stepping over security guard,
shouldering duffle bags, strapped with submachine guns they
exit, fast b-line to

ARMORED TRUCK, parked outside.

A FEW THINGS HAPPEN QUICK. One spots the Cop#1 and #2's squad
car. CLARK FROZEN.

MASKED COURIER#1
Cops man. spray'em.

MASKED COURIERS,

Blast at SQUAD CAR while -

COP#2
Go, go, go. Move your ass.

SQUAD CAR screeches off -

MASKED COURIERS PEEL in ARMORED TRUCK in the other direction
as panic ensues.

IN SQUAD CAR -

COP#2 (CONT'D)
7-A-27, We have a possible robbery
homicide. Active shooters.
Currently in pursuit. Requesting
back up.

ON Clark not sure what he's seen, gives chase to the ARMORED
TRUCK.

AT INTERSECTION -

ON MASKED COURIER DRIVER, ramming past cars in traffic, THE RUDE YOUNG WOMAN (P.43) earphones in, casually crosses at a RED LIGHT AT INTERSECTION OF TWO MAJOR AVENUES without looking, not noticing she's on direct collision course with metal carnage, coming her way.

INT/EXT. LOIS'S CHALLENGER, (INTERSECTION) - CONTINUOUS

LOIS at red lights of the INTERSECTION, JIMMY OLSEN hipster (20) in passenger. They hear sirens and commotion. LOIS spots the RUDE YOUNG WOMAN, she has less than seconds before she's PANCAKED by ARMORED TRUCK --

LOIS LANE

Oh my God.

ON RUDE YOUNG WOMAN in the middle of the road, impact imminent, *AT IMPOSSIBLE SPEED IN REAL TIME*, Clark races across road and grabs her up -- *SPEED RAMPED* - following CLARK almost too quick for the eye to see, he runs --

- ANGLE ON SIDEWALK

DECELERATING from super-speed as he reaches the curb, with RUDE YOUNG WOMAN IN ARMS, places her gently on the side walk.

RUDE YOUNG WOMAN

Are you crazy? What the hell are you ---

- SLAM! BOOM! CRASH! ARMORED TRUCK broad sides several vehicles in the way - causing tumbling, fire and mayhem.

- RUDE YOUNG WOMAN realizes she's been saved

BYSTANDER

Hey man. How'd you do that?

- Clark looks at the frightened bystanders a second, takes off his glasses, blasts off in the sky after the ARMORED TRUCK.

INT/EXT. LOIS'S CHALLENGER, (INTERSECTION) - CONTINUOUS

- Lois watches CLARK VANISH not comprehending, as 3 cop CRUISERS, tail the ARMORED TRUCK high speed.

LOIS LANE

Grab that camera

Puts on seat belt, Olsen looks at his CAMERA BAG.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)
Buckle up jimmy. We're riding.

LOIS takes off after the Cruiser -

JIMMY OLSEN
Looooooooiiiiissss!

-- JOINING THE CHASE

EXT. METROPOLIS DOWN TOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS.

ARMORED TRUCK makes quick turn into a narrow street -
FLOORING IT.

WAILING sirens, 3 cop cars fish tail in pursuit.

ARMORED TRUCK comes CAREENING around the corner of a narrow
street, taking out fire hydrant.

EXT. METROPOLIS DOWN TOWN SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

WE SOAR OVER THE CHASE, tracking it's progress, as ARMORED
TRUCK ZIG ZAGS through NARROW ROAD and ALLEY.

BUT HANDHELD AND NOT CLEAN, our pursuit is messy. WE BUMP
INTO A BLOCK OF OFFICES -- WE ARE

ANGLE ON, -- CLARK, FLYING IN PURSUIT OF THE ARMORED CAR.

But not the neat elegant flight we are accustomed to IN
SUPERMAN. CLARK HAS NEVER FLOWN THIS FAST OR HIGH. FEAR IN
HIS EYES. EVERY COUPLE OF turns HE BUMPS into a building
slowing him, like a toddler still learning to run. He's
unsure of himself, afraid, at times it looks like he may even
hurl.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. LOIS'S CHALLENGER, (ALLEY) - CONTINUOUS

Lois weaves down ALLEY - cop cars in view.

Fishtails in pursuit. Jockeys for position weaving through
traffic -

JIMMY has his camera on CHASE

JIMMY OLSEN
Slow down!

LOIS LANE
Keep shooting! I saw
something.

JIMMY OLSEN
You'll get us killed.

LOIS LANE
We'll live forever.

JIMMY OLSEN
She's flipped.

ANGLE ON, -- CLARK, FLYING IN PURSUIT OF THE ARMORED CAR

Speed climbing as they skid onto Third and

CLARK trail's close within arms reach of the roof, AS THE
ARMORED TRUCK weaves through sparse traffic at high speed.

COMING TO ANOTHER INTERSECTION -

A METROPOLIS CITY "CATERPILLAR" BUS crawls into a
perpendicular path in front of the speeding cars.

BUS DRIVER unaware of the SPEEDING CARNAGE coming his way.

PASSENGERS FROZEN in DISBELIEF, some scream.

CLARK, shoots into action. -

FLYING at SONIC SPEED, stops in front of the bus with mere
seconds left to collision. Using heat vision, he separates
the carriages at the middle "concertina" section, cutting the
bus in two. The front carriage continues driving at first
unaware.

CLARK PUSHES THE BACK CARRIAGE OUT OF THE PATH OF THE ARMORED
TRUCK, but SPLAT IS FLATTENED by FRONT GRILL of chase car
(ARMORED TRUCK) -- manages to hang on IN FLIGHT. He climbs up
crab crawling onto the hood. Knocks on windsheld.

MASKED DRIVER and PASSENGER MOUTHS AGAPE.

CLARK KENT
Pull over!

MASKED DRIVER
Lose him.

MASKED PASSENGER pulls his weapon, shoots through the already
cracked windshield at CLARK.

CLARK moves quick, to side of CAB, holding on by drivers side window. CLARK SMASHES THE WINDOW WITH ONE PUNCH.

MASKED DRIVER panics, weaving back and forth across lanes, screeching, wobbling and whipping into cars on the edge of control, trying to shake CLARK off -

CLARK KENT

Problem with the brakes friend? Let me help you with that.

CLARK grabs at the MASKED DRIVER.

MASKED DRIVER

What're you waiting for? Shoot him.

MASKED PASSENGER takes shot at CLARK. The bullet sticks in his temple as if his skin were made of kevlar, before rolling gently down his forehead.

MASKED DRIVER so in shock he broad sides an oncoming police car, flipping it over -

A POLICE CRUISER pushes the ARMORED TRUCKS' tail --

INT/EXT. ARMORED TRUCK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

MASKED COURIER restless in the BACK OF ARMORED TRUCK with ALL THE LOOT. Pulls his sub machine gun, bursts open the back door,

INT. LOIS'S CHALLENGER, (FOLLOWING POLICE CHASE) - CA

Jimmy sees MASKED COURIER about to fire on 3 squad cars in front of them.

Lois going 70 jockeying for position.

LOIS LANE

Keep shooting.

JIMMY OLSEN

Stop. What're you trying to prove?

LOIS LANE

Chasing a near-life experience Jimmy.

SPEEDOMETER

sweeping through 80 ... 90 ... 100

INT/EXT. ARMORED TRUCK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

MASKED COURIER starts spraying the cop cruisers chasing.

INT/EXT. COP CRUISER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Swerves to avoid direct hit. But instead JACK KNIFES itself. SAILING, tumbling into a ball of steel and fire - about to collide with -

INT/EXT. LOIS'S CHALLENGER, (FOLLOWING POLICE CHASE) - CA

--- LOIS, trying to avoid the cop cruiser at 90 mph -

JIMMY OLSEN

She's 1 ----

SOUND OF JIMMY'S VOICE TRAVELS TO ---

INT/EXT. ARMORED TRUCK (BUSY STREET) - CA

ANGLE ON

--- CLARK'S EAR.

JIMMY OLSEN

-- oosssttt iitttt. Hellllpppp!!

--- CLARK KNOWS This voice. Still hanging from the side of the ARMORED TRUCK. CLARK snatches DRIVERS BALACLAVA -

CLARK KENT

Borrow this?

DRIVERS face revealed.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. LOIS'S CHALLENGER, (FOLLOWING POLICE CHASE) - CA

--- AT TREMENDOUS MOMENTUM They CRUNCH into COP CRUISER. AN EXPLOSION OF ROLLING GLASS AND STEEL. Airbags inflate, LOIS LURCHES forward, legs banging against the dash.

Car whips around, ass-over. On Lois's expression, hopeless, resigned to her fate, AS HER CHALLENGER MAKES A MID-AIR dizzying loop. ---

--- EYES closed, EVERYTHING STOPS...

CLARK HAS stopped the fall feet shy of impacting the road.

JIMMY LOOKS out his window spooked. A balaclaverd MAN HOLDS the car up from the PASSENGERS side.

Gently places the challenger on it's wheels.

Lois exits the car. Other foot traffic coalesces around the crash sight, trying to process what they've seen.

SMOKE billows from the engine block. CLARK BLOWS FREEZE BREATH on it, cooling it down.

Lois leaves the car apprehensively making her way to her savior,

LOIS LANE

Who?

As the crowds gather around CLARK, he flies off.

CLARK KENT

Drive safe!

LOIS LANE

Wait. Who are you? -- Jimmy -- Wait
-- Jimmy, take a pic ---

CLARK is GONE.

HOLD ON LOIS's awed countenance.

EXT. CLARK FLYING (AFTER ARMORED TRUCK) - MINUTE LATER

... One squad car remains on its tail. Trying to lose it. MASKED COURIER AT THE BACK is loading up.

ANGLE ON CLARK hovering over the SQUAD CAR chasing ARMORED TRUCK.

CLARK HAS HAD ENOUGH.

CLARK FLIES TO THE GROUND HOVERING SUPINE BETWEEN SQUAD CAR AND ARMORED TRUCK.

HE BEGINS TO SLIP UNDER THE CHASSIS OF THE ARMORED TRUCK.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK (DRIVERS CAB) - CA

-- on collision course for another innocent commuter in his way.

Getting confident the unmasked driver -

DRIVER
(RE: SQUAD CAR)
Lose these fools. Light'em up.

Is surprised to see instead of broad siding the commuter in front, the Truck seems to be floating upward.

EXT. CLARK FLYING (WITH ARMORED TRUCK) - SAME TIME

CLARK gracefully floating several feet above ground. Holding the ARMORED TRUCK above head like some circus strong man.

Cops come to halt. Drivers, leave their car to see this gawdy circus act. The whole street in quiet awe as Clark gracefully descends to the ground. CLARK USES HEAT VISION TO BLOW OUT THE BACK TIRES.

A sea of police officers, whispering behind cars, holding weapons traced on CLARK. Distant sirens are the only sounds -

COP#3
(Trains gun on Clark)
Put that down or I'll shoot.

CLARK puts down TRUCK with heavy thud. Criminals crawl out TRUCK confused, WEAPONS DRAWN READY FOR a gun fight.

Cops open fire not discriminating between CLARK and the criminals, who shoot back, as bullets riddle them -- slump and die --

CLARK KENT
No!

Clark unmoved by gunfire, takes off, cops, bystanders following his ascent with their eyes.

INT. BUCK HOIST, (ST, CONSTRUCTION HIGH-RISE) - NIGHT

Going up wearing hard hats, OTTIS, RUDY and Monty 60s, retired construction worker, now union rep.

MONTY
(RE: Rudy's Burns)
It's too bad what those bastards done to your face. Damn white collars, always cutting corners.

OTTIS

We brothers in blue gotta stick together, right?

MONTY

You got family in town?

RUDY JONES

Sister. But she's never seen me like this. You?

MONTY

Wife. Two daughters. My angels. Couldn't find my shirt without'em.

INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joshua walks in to meet LEX and MISS TESCHMACHER in sweats boxing training. Lex stops, pats himself down with a towel, gulps down on a protein shake.

JOSHUA

It's a no go Lex. Monty won't budge an inch.

LEX LUTHOR

How bout 60 stories?

INT/EXT. SCIENCE TOWER (CONSTRUCTION HIGH RISE) - NIGHT

Sixty stories up, skeleton frame vast and austere, unfinished concrete, open vista to the Metropolis full moon.

MONTY

Not a high rise in Metropolis, without at least one rivet or screw got my finger print on it.

OTTIS quietly picks a sledge hammer leaning on an I-beam.

Still a steel monkey at heart though. I like to say I worked my way from the top to the bottom -

OTTIS strikes Monty with sledge hammer.

OTTIS
Equipment seems sound to me.

MONTY
(breathy)
Not health and safety.

A moment of shocking violence. Rudy grabs Monty by the neck, lifts him clean off the ground, and dangles him off the edge.

OTTIS
 (Laughing)
 Looks like a little work place
 accident, Monty.

MONTY
 Don't work here no more, scumbag.

RUDY JONES
 Monty, Listen to me. 210 Tanacre
 Lane. Sophia, Piano lessons 6pm
 every Thursday. Kimberly. Skips
 class, Hooks up with some local
 joker most Tuesdays.

OTTIS
 Grow up so fast don't they?

RUDY JONES
 Buncha bad bad men_ got orders to
 put bullets in back of their
 brains. I don't want that.

INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lex hovering over the phone. Ottis on the line on speaker.

LEX LUTHOR
 Mind, will they budge a inch?

OTTIS ON SPEAKER
 Tough negotiator, but uh, we got a
 deal.

MONTY ON SPEAKER
 Yeah, yeah. You got it Mr. Luthor.

INT/EXT. SCIENCE TOWER (CONSTRUCTION HIGH RISE) - CONTINUOUS

OTTIS speaking on phone, with a foot on Monty's back who
 leans over the edge scared.

OTTIS
 Hear that?

INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ON SPEAKER PHONE with OTTIS THE MIND.

LEX LUTHOR
 Loud and clear. Good job.

Lex presses a button on conference speaker phone. Joshua pale.

LEX LUTHOR (CONT'D)
Joshua, you're fired.

Before Joshua can respond. Miss Teschmacher round house kicks him knocking him out.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING, DOWN TOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

Clark (wearing the same clothes as p.55 to 64, without balaclava), approaches a four-story walk-up in a lower income neighbourhood. He avoid the stares of some neighbourhood HIGH SCHOOL KIDS hanging out on his stoop. Alights the stair case, sweating, looking over his shoulder.

INT. CLARK'S BUILDING CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT.

CLARK briskly paces along the corridor, fumbles with his keys, hands trembling, finds right one, throws door open -

INT. LIVING ROOM TO KITCHEN. CLARK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Less than modest studio apartment. Rent is high in Metropolis. This is all Clark could afford.

CORRIDOR

Clark enters, shuts the door fast. Leans up against door, heavy breaths, hyperventilating almost.

KITCHEN

turns on water, splashes face, fills cup, downs a glass.

BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM

Tries to relax on the couch. Picks remote. *Clicks* on TV.

ANGLE ON TV "Metropolis Today" news show.

ANCHORMAN (ON TV)
-- Authorities searching the grounds are still looking for missing 14 year old --- Gotham Bay resident Amanda Grant who was abducted on her birthday, June 1st last year.

(MORE)

ANCHORMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Only weeks after her abduction the victims family reported receiving a suspicious birthday card containing a now infamous macabre message detailing Amanda's *final hours*. We join Stacy Moskowitz live outside Gotham PD where Alleged serial killer Raymond Salinger is being taken into custody and officially charged for the Birthdy Boy murders.

Clark listens in horror to the news report.

On TV - a press circus as Birthday Boy Ray Salinger is perp walked into Gotham PD

PRESS ON TV

Were you captured by the Batman?

PRESS ON TV (CONT'D)

Did the masked vigilante have anything to do with your arrest?

Clark is glued to the television as the phone rings. He does not answer.

BIRTHDAY BOY ON TV

He ruined the surprise party.

PRESS ON TV

Who?

BIRTHDAY BOY

Batma --

Dragged into the station before the press get a definitive answer.

ANCHORMAN

Although the GPD's official line is still to deny the existence of the Batman, many of Gotham's residents feel these recent images captured of a mysterious masked figure contradict the commissioners party line.

ON TV still image of blurred shadowy figure swinging from roof. Batman front cover Detective Comics#1 with strange cowl and Da Vinci inspired cape brought to life.

Clark deep in thought as the phone rings, finally going to ANSWER MACHINE.

PERRY WHITE JR ON ANSWER MACHINE

Hi. It's Perry here. Word on the street is you did good Kent. Heard about you scoring back to back exclusives with Queen and Luthor. So, tomorrow, I want you bright and early in my office to speak over a proposal with Lois. I love the smell of napalm in the morning.

CLICK.

Clark thinks a second. Checks his pockets. Crap, something missing. --- SUPER SPEED blitz and x-ray vision, turns the room up side down looking for something. Knock, knock! On the door. CLARK startled. CLARK uses X-RAY vision. Two HIGH SCHOOL KIDS African American and Latino banging on the door. --- Clark reluctantly opens having no idea.

BLACK HIGH SCHOOL KID

Hey mister. Think you dropped this.

Hands Clark his dictaphone. CLARK regards kids with a gracious and relieved smile.

EXT. DAILY PLANET - MORNING

Clark gets out of cab drinking a coffee. -- Above him flies an ADVANCED DRONE. Hovering in the sky over some corporate art. (The CLASSIC SPINNING GLOBE at the entrance to the daily planet offices)--- Clark regards the drone a beat before sauntering into the building.

As he enters the building Cat Grant (2020 woke reboot) and Lombard (GQ Gym obsessed millennial) shove past Clark making him spill his coffee on his shirt.

EXT. DAILY PLANET OFFICES, GROUND FLOOR ELEVATOR - MORNING

Cat waits impatiently by the elevator as Clark tries to mind his own business. The elevator doors open, Clark tries to be the gentleman. Cat looks at him disgusted as Clark smiles.

CAT GRANT

Ugh Pig. This office is so toxic. -

INT. NEWS ROOM, DAILY PLANET - MOMENTS LATER

Cramped, medium sized office. Clark shuffles past an assortment of framed articles and bullpen desks, each disclosing the personality of it's occupant. From new age to exotic, to neurotic. Jimmy Olsen notices Clark enter and runs up to greet him.

JIMMY OLSEN
You slept, cuz?

CLARK KENT
Rough night.

JIMMY OLSEN
I'll say. Loony Lane almost got me killed yesterday man.

CLARK KENT
Serious?

JIMMY OLSEN
As a heart attack. Girls off the reservation. Y'know, first day on the job I figured her for an egotistical, type A, narcissistic, sociopath.

Clark waits to hear Jimmy's change of heart. It never comes.

CLARK KENT
Seems like a sweet enough girl to me.

JIMMY OLSEN
Sweet as cyanide? You'll see.

CLARK KENT
Hey man, where's Mr. White's office?

JIMMY OLSEN
You gotta meet with Perry?

CLARK
And Lois.

JIMMY OLSEN
With Lo? Good luck man. It's over there at the back.

Perry's office is at the back enclosed in glass partition, overlooking the whole newsroom.

CLARK KENT

Dude, what's with the military looking drones outside?

JIMMY OLSEN

Trask industries is testing some prototype "automated anti-terrorist" aircraft this week.

CLARK KENT

Lex mentioned it. Rather unsettling, isn't it? City council approve that?

JIMMY OLSEN

Apparently you've been anointed a journalist my son. Lane finds it iffy too. But step on her toes on that scoop, she'll gouge your eyes right out. -- CHEESE --

Jimmy snaps an unexpected picture of Clark ---

INT. DAILY PLANET, PERRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Perry White Jr (20s) a stylish, effete Asian hipster, having heated shouting match with Lois. Clark enters.

LOIS LANE

You read my story Perry.

PERRY WHITE

Gotta have something to read on the John, Lo.

LOIS LANE

(RE: Clark. Dismissive) Mines a cuppa joe. Black, no sugar. Thank you Pleasantville.

CLARK KENT

Actually It's Smallville and I'm here to see Perry.

LOIS LANE

--- Whatever.

PERRY WHITE

You two scored big yesterday -

LOIS LANE

My interview with Bruce Wayne is A feature article and you know it --

CLARK KENT
Wayne? Impressive.

LOIS LANE
Yeah, I figured he always
blows these things off, so I
managed to run into him at
Ace's playing hands of black
with hood Fish Moony yes -

PERRY WHITE JR

- Bet the figure hugging
cocktail gown helped -

LOIS LANE
-- It's called instincts Perry. I
leave the dumb luck to rookies. And
a first on spec interview with
reclusive, bad boy billionaire
Bruce Wayne is a feature article.

PERRY WHITE JR
You wanna raise the stakes rookie?

CLARK KENT
I gotta a real solid scoop too.

PERRY WHITE JR
Sold! (Lois gives him a grave
look) You both got exclusives.
Combine'em. Queen, Luthor, Wayne.
That's more than feature article,
that's Global Head Line News.

LOIS LANE
So I'm baby sitting newbies now?
What about the footage last night?
You saw it. This flying man's
gonna be bigger -

PERRY WHITE JR
- Than Elvis, I know. I saw a blur
Lo.

CLARK KENT
Flying Man?

LOIS LANE
No balls! And if you think for a
second I'm sharing my hard earned
market share with some red neck,
you've got another thing coming.

Lois storms out slamming the door as Perry puffs his vape.

PERRY WHITE JR

God I love her? -- like having a pet Tiger. Know why I love her Clark? She's angry! You angry Clark?

CLARK KENT

Angry?

PERRY WHITE JR

Emotional? Angsty? Easily triggered. Cause anger sells Clark. When a reader finishes one of our articles I expect him to toss his lap top out the window, throw up his arms and scream from the top of his lungs "I'm angry and I just can't take it anymore."

CLARK KENT

Oh. Like Network?

PERRY WHITE JR

What? -- Look Kent, you're a character, plus you write like you're the second coming of the notorious Tupac. Bringing down the system one page at a time. I mean that Borada piece. "Living with the Lions." Classic! You're a wild man Kent and demo metrics tell us our female readership love wild men... And cats. ---

CLARK KENT

Thank you Perry.

PERRY WHITE JR

I want the Luthor article across my desk by close of business --

Starts pushing him out the door. --

PERRY WHITE JR (CONT'D)

Or I swear I'll bite a hole right where your pretty little cheek use to be and I swear, I will never ever speak to you again.

(Clark confused)

Remember, you're my go to guy Kent. Now get outta here you maniac. --

Clark is about to ask something but before he can get an answer Perry has already shut the door and is busying himself with something else.

INT. CLARK'S CUBICLE, DAILY PLANET OFFICES - DAY

CU of blank word document on Clark's laptop screen. INSERT COMPUTER TIME DISPLAY 10.00 am.

Clark, focused, studying screen. Types. --- Deletes. Types. Deletes.--- Small time lapse INSERT COMPUTER TIME DISPLAY, the time 10.05. --- Clark frustrated... Then eureka... He's getting in the groove. (*Clark's overlapping words typed into the blank document for us to see.*)

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 ---Coming from a small homely town
 in the Midwest, I come to
 Metropolis a stranger in a strange
 land.---

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- In an age of uncertainty...

Clark now types like a virtuoso pianist, like Chopin performing at an intimate salon ---

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- Where many feel at the edge of
 catastrophe.---

Time lapse INSERT COMPUTER TIME DISPLAY 10.14

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- I have hope. *The irascible
 enfant terrible of the Corporate
 establishment, tech billionaire Lex
 Luthor has hope too, proposing a
 bright vision of tomorrow --*

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- Driven by our desire ---

Time lapse 10.21

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
*Every floor dedicated to our
 finest achievements, and
 deepest aspirations ---*

CLARK KENT(V.O.)
 -- Funding a variety of
 projects, including electric
 powered self-driving cars,
 robotics, life-extension
 technology, and light speed
 space aviation. --

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- From picking up a bone to
 inventing the steam driven pump
 that pumped water out of the
 English coal mines --

Time Lapse 10.35

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- Where men have dared to
 dream, science has followed --
 --

CLARK KENT (V.O.)

-- may seem naive, but in an
 age of cynicism, I for one
 commend Luthor -

Time lapse 10.46

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- A vision of mankind's
 potential for betterment in
 the face of ecological and
 moral oblivion. --

CLARK KENT (V.O.)

-- Will the science tower
 live up to Lex's dream? A
 symbol of mankind's many
 sacrifices along the way as
 he paved his path toward the
 stars. This reporter
 certainly hopes so. ---

Time lapse 10.52

CLARK KENT (V.O.)
 --- Boosted by the efforts of
 human endeavour ---

CLARK KENT (V.O.)

--- While the challenges of
 the 21st century seem a tall
 order, with further research,
 our ability to scale them ---

Time lapse 11.00

CLARK KENT(V.O.)
 --- Stood 90 stories high,
 afraid of falling. This
 cowardly Reporter -

CLARK KENT(V.O.)

--- There's nothing to fear
 up there in the clouds, for
 it's where mankind's future
 lies and journey truly
 begins.

Clark has quick read through and seems happy with himself.

INT. LOIS DESK, NEWS ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Midday- The office is in full flow- Lois's at her desk
 (situated outside Perry's) writing. Her files and papers
 meticulously ordered and color coded, as if suffering some
 paralyzing OCD.

CU on word document in laptop, **title** "The flying man..."
Deletes. Writes. "The avenging angel..." deletes.

LOIS LANE
(To self)
Horseshit. Sounds like you've gone
off your Xanax. -- Christ!

She leaves her desk and --

INT. CORRIDOR, DAILY PLANET OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

--- to the corridor. Bumps into LOMBARD, exiting the mens.
Lois turns the other way to avoid him as he pursues her ---

LOMBARD
There goes the daily!

LOIS LANE
Lombard not now!

LOMBARD
Got spare tickets to the ball game?
Metropolis coming in hot.

LOIS LANE
(Escaping)
What happened last time was a
nightmarish mistake.

LOMBARD
She digs me.

INT. LOIS DESK, NEWSROOM- SECONDS LATER

Lois walking by Perry's office to her desk.

To her surprise waiting on her desk for her is a BLACK CUP OF
COFFEE and next to it printouts of Clark's articles.

In PERRY'S office, Clark and Perry bond over his article.
Perry approving of what he's reading. Lois eyes fixed on
CLARK like a hawk through the glass partition. Intimidating.
Clark catches her staring and regards her with mischievous
wave. She gets his message. "There a new Sheriff in Town"

She reads the title of Clark's article "Lex Luthor and his
city of tomorrow." And "From Jack Merridew to Robin Hood, The
Solitary Redemption of Oliver J Queen On Lian Yu Island."

She takes a belligerent sip when out of nowhere she's joined
by CAT GRANT.

CAT GRANT

Getting ahead already, puh!
 Heteropatriarchy at its finest.
 (RE: Clark) Hmmm mmm! Too bad I'm
 on a men cleanse if you know what I
 mean. Well! Stay awake girl friend,
 fight the privilege!

LOIS LANE

Your parents bought you a condo for
 Christmas!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLARK'S BED, APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Clark Tossing and turning, he can't sleep. We hear the world
 from Clark's perspective. A thousand cries for help.

INT. CLARK'S WARDROBE, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clark opens his wardrobe. He shuffles his shirts out of the
 way to reveal, A black sweater, a bulletproof vest, and black
 trousers, BLACK ARMY BOOTS. (We will refer to this as FLYING
 MAN COSTUME) Clark closes his eyes, listens. Overlapping
 voices. Barely audible. Someone crying "Help! Help me
 please!"

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING, METROPOLIS - NIGHT

A four-storey brick residential building on fire. People
 gather around on the street below. As firemen battle the
 blaze with their hoses to no avail... TILT UP to show
 <FLAMES> coming out of various windows.

ON CLARK KENT (IN FLYING MAN COSTUME) Flying to -

ON BUILDING WINDOW into the ---

INT. SECOND FLOOR, BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

--- <FLAMES> and smoke are everywhere. FLYING the second
 floor main hallway. He's looking all around--- continues
 through the burning building, looking into one room, then
 another with X-RAY vision. *Avoids flames as heat visibly
 burning his clothes and flesh. Not quite the invulnerable
 SUPERMAN we know.*

FINALLY he locates THE BOY (6) and stops. THE BOY is PASSED OUT in a smoky room, clutching his TOY POLICEMAN TEDDY BEAR.

FLYING MAN hears a <HISSING> sound and looks over. **X-RAY POV** - a badly burnt kitchen, the <HISSING> sound is coming from an exposed pipe leaking gas. A flame strikes the gas.

BACK TO FLYING MAN - BOY CRADLED IN HIS ARMS, vanishes before our eyes, Instantaneously, as a thunderous <BOOM> rocks the building and engulfs it in flames.

EXT. BUILDING -

We see an <EXPLOSION> from the second floor. LOCAL RESIDENTS, PARAMEDICS and FIRE FIGHTERS watch in horror.

UNTIL a miracle. OUT of the sky descending like an ANGEL towards the paramedics, FLYING MAN, woozy BOY in arm, CLUTCHING his POLICEMAN TEDDY BEAR. He hands the boy to a PARAMEDIC to CONFUSED to SPEAK.

FLYING MAN

(Gasping)

His lungs are pretty full up with smoke sir, but he's breathing.

FLYING MAN now standing on the ground smoke billowing from fabrics and burning skin, a crowd of onlookers form. Some hysterical, some faint, some scream and recoil, while others rejoice.

VARIOUS VOICES

"Watch out for him!"... "He's evil"... "But he saved us"... "So what? Get a picture!"... "You take it, if you wanna be the one to tick him off?"... "What does he want, anyway?"

ONLOOKER#1

Offer him money. Maybe he wants money.

Clark flies off in dismay.

INT. LAWYERS OFFICE, METROPOLIS - DAY

Lois interviews ONLOOKER#1 in his downtown office.

ONLOOKER#1

Cheap bastard. Hear he made off with 50 bucks from the poor boys mother.

LOIS LANE
 (Incredulous)
 But you say he flew in?

ONLOOKER#1
 We agreed on a 100 bucks, right?

EXT. SHOP - DAY

SEVERAL Cops in a SHOW DOWN with TWO MASKED ROBBERS. The cops begin shooting.

SWOOSH! The MASKED ROBBERS dematerialize from sight.

EXT. POLICE STATION, METROPOLIS - DAY

FLYING MAN deposits the two petrified MASKED ROBBERS, outside the entrance of the station. Takes their guns as they gape at FLYING MAN.

FLYING MAN
 Fakes!

Crushes the FAKE GUNS to dust. Takes off the robbers masks.

FLYING MAN (CONT'D)
 Turn yourself in and no more
 crime... or... I'll fly from the
 sky... and... and... Getcha...
 Wham!

Slams fist into palm. They look at him dumfounded and uncomprehending a beat. If this mysterious guy wasn't floating all ghoulish-like, this would be the least intimidating threat of all time.

FLYING MAN (CONT'D)
 You heard me, I said get!

Fake lunges towards them and they proceed as fast as their feet will carry them into the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION, METROPOLIS - DAY

Lois interviews DESK SERGEANT at front desk.

DESK SERGEANT

Yeah, exactly. They turned themselves in, full confession and all, afraid some Flying Guy was after'em. In my forty years on the force, never seen anything like it.

LOIS LANE

What did you do?

DESK SERGEANT

Collared and booked'em.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, METROPOLIS - NIGHT

A LITTLE GIRL looks up plaintively through the rain at a tree in her back yard. We hear a miserable "meow." CAMERA PANS UP: A wet cat sits stranded in the top branches of the tree.

Suddenly - FLYING MAN soars into frame, scoops CAT out of the tree, glides down, gently deposits the cat in the LITTLE GIRL'S arms. A bolt of lightning slashes through the night sky. The LITTLE GIRL startled FREAKS and SCREAMS looking at this black MASKED MAN hovering over her. THE ALL BLACK ATTIRE OFFERS no reassurance for the LITTLE GIRL.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy! Mommy! The boogey man!

FLYING MAN flies off. CAMERA PANS with the LITTLE GIRL as she runs up her house steps and inside.

INT. LITTLE GIRLS FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois interviews the LITTLE GIRL and her 20 Marlboro a day MOTHER.

LOIS LANE

So the scary man gave you the cat?
You think you can draw him?

LITTLE GIRL

The boogey man?

MOM

Watchu listening to the kid for?
Born liar just like her father.

LAP DISSOLVE:

- THE DAILY PLANET ONLINE -

Next to the headline: VIDEO of Blur flying into a blaze.

"MYSTERIOUS FLYING MAN RESCUES TENANTS FROM UNSTOPPABLE FIRE" by Lois Lane

LAP DISSOLVE:

- THE DAILY PLANET ONLINE: PLAYING VIDEO FOOTAGE of CHASE (P.50 - 56), over the headline -

"Flying Man Foils The Cities Deadliest Bank Heist." by Lois Lane

- THE DAILY PLANET ONLINE -

Headline: "Criminals Turn Themselves In To Avoid Run-In with Metropolis Vigilante." By Lois Lane

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. LUTHOR'S PENT HOUSE OFFICE/ MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lex sits in front of the fireplace in palatial PENT HOUSE OFFICE, reading the DAILY PLANET. Lois Lane's article on the flying man catching his eye. Bothers him. Turns to front page

--

INSERT Front Page, Over Headline, picture of Oliver Queen, Lex Luthor and Veronica Cale smiling at conference.

"America's youngest billionaire's mean business." By Clark Kent...

--- relieved to see his picture and Clark Kent's article.

MISS TESCHMACHER joins him with a pot of boiling hot ASIAN TEA on a tray. Lays next to him.

LEX LUTHOR

(RE: Flying man article)

Flying man? Keep an eye on this for me.

MISS TESCHMACHER

Fake news. Cities clearly gone to pot, honey. How about Winslow?

LEX LUTHOR

Move ahead. Get him to come out and play.

EXT. PUBLIC PLAYGROUND, METROPOLIS - 2 AM

Man (late 30s) gently sways on swings in the eerie dead of night in an empty park. The man has a camera on his lap, clicking through the pictures we can't see. A shadow forms behind him.

SHADOW

(Womans voice)

Crime doesn't pay, Mr. Schott.

He turns tracing a gun on --- MISS TESCHMACHER. Our first proper look at his profile. Pale, unfit, greasy hair. Robotic, eye, implants. In 0.3 seconds she disarms him.

MISS TESCHMACHER

Your probation officer know you're hanging out in children's parks?

WINSLOW SCHOTT

I have medicine for that now. Besides the parks empty and last I heard this is still a free country.

MISS TESCHMACHER

And the gun?

WINSLOW SCHOTT

It's not safe for me out here.

MISS TESCHMACHER sits on the swings.

MISS TESCHMACHER

Take a look.

Hands him a file.

Winslow leafs through.

WINSLOW SCHOTT

Do-able. (A beat) Anyone ever tell you, you dress like a porn s...? -

MISS TESCHMACHER

- Not while clothed. Concentrate.

FADE TO BLACK

Up title: One Week Later

EXT. DAILY PLANET, MORNING - DAY

Clark walks toward the entrance of the daily planet building while speaking on the phone...

CLARK KENT (ON PHONE)
Blend in? I don't exactly have a social life to hurt... Only one good deed a day... Police Radio, then I just do what I can to help.

Clark doesn't realize, but Lois sneaks up behind him. Listening to his call amused.

CLARK KENT (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
Interning is great, everyone's super nice, my wages are ... liveable. Yes, three meals a day dad. Jeeze, you sound like, mom.

Clark enters the -

INT. LOBBY, DAILY PLANET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Makes his way to the elevator -

CLARK KENT (ON PHONE)
Yes, I'm careful dad. N-O-B-O-D-Y suspects me.

Lois's journalistic curiosity kicks in -

LOIS LANE
Suspects you of what, Hopesville?

CLARK KENT
Excuse me dad, I gotta go. (Hangs up) How long have you been listening?

In the elevator.

LOIS LANE
Long enough.

CLARK KENT
I can explain -

LOIS LANE
No need. You should hear my mom! "Are you seeing anyone?" "Is he married?" "Do you wanna die alone?" The usual.

CLARK KENT

Do you always listen in to your
colleagues private phone calls?

Lois starts jotting something down in her notebook.

LOIS LANE

Maybe. Maybe not. So what don't
people suspect you of?

CLARK KENT

Being an intern. My landlady would
flip.

Lois suspicious. Thinks a beat.

LOIS LANE

Hey farm boy, how many I's in
verisimilitude?

Clark thinks.

CLARK KENT

Four.

Lois spells it out on her notebook.

LOIS LANE

Yep. That's it.

Elevator opens and Lois just walks off... Clark shakes his
head. She's intrusive, rude, unfriendly, challenging but damn
if she isn't also the most charming woman in the world.

INT. NEWSROOM, DAILY PLANET - MORNING.

Clark bumps into Perry while walking to his desk.

PERRY WHITE

Hi Clark.

CLARK KENT

Morning Mr. White.

Lois sits back to back with Jimmy Olsen, compulsively
watching Clark's interactions with the Boss.

PERRY WHITE

Hope you're settling in?

CLARK KENT

Settling in nice Perry.

PERRY WHITE

Good. I wanna show you something
Kent.

Takes Clark and starts showing him the framed pictures on the wall.

ON LOIS and Jimmy-

LOIS LANE

How much do you know about Clark?

JIMMY OLSEN

Oh no no no! You still don't get to
address me --

LOIS LANE

Oh come on, quit whining! I got you
a feature didn't I? Perry might
finally even know you're not the
copy boy -

ON CLARK AND PERRY - Clark Kent smiles proudly at framed
picture of his Lex article.

PERRY WHITE

You know why that's on the wall
don't you?

CLARK KENT

Uh, on the floor it would smear the
ink?!

PERRY WHITE

(Smiles)

Good one. The "smear the ink." gag.
But really?

Clark shrugs.

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)

Cause it's old news Clark.

ON LOIS AND JIMMY-

LOIS LANE

I'm serious. How much do you really
know about him?

JIMMY OLSEN

Apart from him being my cousin.

LOIS LANE
That was the first thing that
raised my suspicion... You didn't
really grow up close?

JIMMY OLSEN
Lets just say our moms kinda
drifted apart. Why? -

ON CLARK AND PERRY -

PERRY WHITE
Stories, frozen in time. Old news.
Useless to me -

CLARK KENT
This weeks been a slow news cycle.

PERRY WHITE
You go out there. You dig up the
dirt. Bring it back to me, stay
alive another day.

ON LOIS AND JIMMY -

OLSEN
Anyway Aunty was diagnosed terminal
a few years back -

LOIS LANE
Bummer.

JIMMY OLSEN
- Way I hear it Clark was pretty
cut up. Bolted soon as she passed -

LOIS LANE
Where?

Jimmy shrugs his shoulder.

ON PERRY AND CLARK -

PERRY WHITE
The name of the game is find out
what the glamorous, rich, and
famous don't want us to know. Do
your damndest to prove it, and
don't get us sued. Print it in the
paper you'll survive on my Planet.

LOIS P.O.V. PERRY AND CLARK

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)
 --- You don't, you'll be like
 yesterdays news, forgotten by
 tomorrow afternoon.

Clark just stands there cowed and nervous by Perry's speech.

LOIS LANE
 Poor guy.

Lois shows some sympathy.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)
 But there's still something off
 about him. I did a background
 check. You know your cousin has
 never so much as got a ticket?

JIMMY OLSEN
 So no criminal record. Must be up
 to something. Unabomber alert.

LOIS LANE
 Can you help me?

JIMMY OLSEN
 Yes, Lo, I can. You need an
 intervention. Do yourself a favor.
 Leave Clark alone.

Not likely -

We time lapse and see the employees start to leave. Office
 nearly empty as room darkens. Clark gets up from his desk
 ready to leave. Lois follows after him.

INT. ELEVATOR - MINUTES LATER

Clark in elevator. Door about to close, when a hand comes
 between to stop it. Door opens, REVEAL LOIS. While going
 down, Lois breaks awkward silence.

LOIS LANE
 Got the speech huh?
 (Clark not sure)
 Perry. This morning.

CLARK KENT
 Oh. Yeah.

LOIS LANE
 Don't worry you'll be fine.

Awkward silence.

CLARK KENT
You know I'm gonna grab a bite to
eat. (Awkward) Never mind.

LOIS LANE
I'd love to.

Clark contemplates.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM, TRASK INDUSTRY LABS - NIGHT

OTTIS stands over COMPUTER HACKER (20s) who types at one of
many banks of computers. --- Rudy armed stands as lookout.

OTTIS
You got 50 seconds.

RUDY JONES
What are we looking for?

OTTIS
Insurance. 30 seconds.

COMPUTER HACKER
It's downloading. Just a few
seconds more.

O.S. We hear quiet foot steps trying to be stealth.

RUDY JONES
Someone's coming.

COMPUTER HACKER
Done.

OTTIS
All right get into position.

They hide at the entrance to the computer room. Security
Guard walks in. Sees the computer on and draws his fire arm.

Rudy grabs him security guard who yells as Rudy makes quick
work of him. OTTIS, RUDY and COMPUTER HACKER put masks on.

They try to exit into

INT. CORRIDOR

Shots fire at them. As soon as they get an opportunity they
return fire.

A chase ensues through vast Hallways, each lined with warning signs for "Hazardous Materials" and other such cautions. Chased through a maze of small interconnected labs and hallways, they arrive at a cavern, warning "don't enter". THE NEUTRINO CHAMBER. While OTTIS/COMPUTER HACKER manage to shoot their way out to the far end of the hallway, the SECURITY GUARDS on the opposite side flank Rudy, trapping him in the middle of the shoot out. He takes half cover in THE NEUTRINO CHAMBER, just outside the SLIDING DOORS. He tries to make his way to OTTIS. OTTIS, thinks quick, and starts firing at Rudy leaving him pinned so he rushes into -

INT. NEUTRINO CHAMBER

CLOSE ON RUDY. Angry. He knows he's being left to take the fall.

RUDY JONES
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING MAN?

INT. OTTIS, CORRIDOR

OTTIS fires a few more times at the NEUTRINO CHAMBER and SECURITY GUARDS --

OTTIS
(RE: Hacker)
Come on.

-- before disappearing with the COMPUTER HACKER down an adjacent hallway -

The SECURITY GUARDS draw closer to the CHAMBER.

SECURITY GUARD
Come out. You have nowhere left to go.

INT. RUDY, NEUTRINO CHAMBER

Rudy fires stray shots into the hallway, hoping he'll get a lucky hit. Clips one of the security guards who goes down. But it's too late. Security have moved on his position, surrounding him in the metal womb.

In an act of desperation, RUDY slams hard on the console. Sliding doors shut -

COMPUTER VOICE
NEUTRINO LOCK INITIATED!

SECURITY GUARD#1
Get him out of there!

MACHINE
Initiating high impact
neutrino organic fusion event
in 3...

They try to pry open the door, but it's no-use. Security passes won't override the time lock either.

Sparks in the chamber.

SECURITY GUARD#2
Too late. He's toast. Trust ...2
me, we
gotta go.

MACHINE

RUDY JONES
What are you doing? Don't ...1
leave me in here.

MACHINE

RUDY panicking, a vile hum of the REACTOR INITIATING. Inside, the chamber starts to GLOW. ULTRA VIOLET consumes the room, as rays work their way through Rudy's body as he begins floating as if in 0 Gravity.

PUSH IN ON: RUDY'S terrified EYES

INSERT QUICK, FLASH BACK: RUDY'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM. 12 YEAR OLD RUDY IN BED. YOUNGER ROY (dad) staggers into RUDY'S ROOM DRUNK AND UNDOES HIS BELT -

BACK TO SCENE:

Sparks illuminate his body from within, turning his skin to a clear near translucent, gel-like substance.

INSERT QUICK, FLASH BACK: YOUNG RUDY (17) at THE DINNER TABLE. ROY AND MOM shouting at him.

MOM
Drugs? What kind of example is this
for your kid sister?

DAD
You just feed off this family.
Contribute nothing. You're nothing
but a stoner parasite.

BACK TO SCENE:

He collapses wailing loud enough to shatter glass -

INSERT QUICK, FLASH BACK: HALLOWEEN at the JONES RESIDENCE. On opposite sides of window, Rudy's sister BABY-BEAR (7), dressed up as a monster.

In the cold outside, RUDY (17) smiles at her and they press hands together against the window. Rudy runs away.

BACK TO SCENE:

-- as a BLINDING FLASH,

SMASH CUT TO:

-- Shorts the ELECTRICITY OF THE WHOLE BUILDING.

INT/EXT. OTTIS'S VAN, ON THE MOVE IN METROPOLIS -SHORT TIME AFTER

Ottis drives. Talking on what appears to be a police walkie.

OTTIS

Sully, get on to dispatch, make sure I get a wide-birth.

WALKIE

You got it detective.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Lois is chomping down on a tuna melt with a side of fries, talking all the time. Clark is deep into his roast beef and bowl of country mash at this classical American diner with all the typical trimmings.

LOIS LANE

No you're right. Wrong MO. Maybe a Military cover up? Maybe he's not from round here.

CLARK KENT

What? Like from Sweden?

LOIS LANE

No smart ass. Like from -
(Looks up)

CLARK KENT

Like little Green Men? Aliens?

LOIS LANE

Don't give me that look Clark. They said the bullets bounced off him.

CLARK KENT

B-B Bounced. Don't you think you're letting your imagination runaway with you a little there Lois.

(MORE)

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)
I mean one witness claimed he was
wearing a bullet proof vest.

LOIS LANE
A-ha. So you do think it's
plausible?

Throws a fry at him.

CLARK KENT
Proof Lois. Proof. We're
Journalists remember and we require
evidence. I'm just sayin', you
don't think maybe it's a slight
possibility you didn't see what you
think you saw. -

LOIS LANE
Yes... But he's gotta be the real
deal.

CLARK KENT
Maybe we should talk about
something else -

LOIS LANE
Like that puff piece you wrote on
Lex Luthor. Yeah I read it -

CLARK KENT
You're clearly getting agitated -

LOIS LANE
Hey, Mister Truth I'm just saying
you ever wanna hear the uncensored,
unexpurgated --

Clark starts shaping his mash into a cone shape.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)
-- version of your benevolent
billionaire, I got a very credible
source - what are you doing?

CLARK KENT
Wait Lois, this means something.
This is important.

Lois puzzled. Then the penny drops. The scene from Close
Encounters Of The Third Kind.

LOIS LANE
(Lois takes the burn)
You're a total jerk farm boy!

CLARK KENT

I just figured you didn't bring me out here to talk shop all night... Maybe we could get to know each other.

LOIS LANE

Okay. I'll play along. What then?

CLARK KENT

Take me to your favorite spot in the city.

Cut to scene of Toyman

INT. KENNEDY MUSEUM, METROPOLIS - LATER THAT NIGHT.

Lois and Clark stand looking at a portrait of the young Rose Kennedy.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)

Rose was one helluva a woman.

LOIS LANE

The cursed womb of a magnificent matriarch.

They move on to a photo of JFK and Marlyn Monroe.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)

But not the most significant woman in cold war geopolitics. No that honor belonged to missy over here... You know it's rumored their pillow talk encouraged him to pull out of Berlin, and sign the nuclear peace treaty. Imagine having the ear of the most powerful man in the world? What an aphrodisiac that would have been.

CLARK KENT

Y'know that's all unsubstantiated rumor, right? There's no real evidence Lois.

LOIS LANE

Well I like to think so.

CLARK KENT

So this is your favorite place in the city huh?

LOIS LANE

One of 'em.

CLARK KENT

Doesn't scream you.

LOIS LANE

My dad used to take me here.

They stroll on to INSERT: a film of the Zapruder film.
Followed by a documentary of the events that followed.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)

... he always used to say America was never the same after that fateful day. When I was a little girl I studied the whole conspiracy theory. I was obsessed. Used to dream if I could only crack the case, maybe I could fix America again. Races would finally embrace, love would conquer war, divorce rates would plummet, maybe even my parents woulda stuck it out. Probably why I became a journalist. But never figured it out though.

CLARK KENT

You really think America is that broken?

LOIS LANE

You don't?

CLARK KENT

There's still good folks.

LOIS LANE

Does that half baked nice guy, fading mid-west droll really work for you?

CLARK KENT

So far.

LOIS LANE

You're gonna end up confusing a girl one day but it's not gonna be me. Understand? I'm on to you -

CLARK'S SUPER HEARING - Clark hears a commotion O.S. Sounds like an explosion, screams and bullets firing.

CLARK KENT

Lois I go -

Lois gets a text on phone.

LOIS LANE

Wait Smallville.

Checks her phone. INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE "New info. In trouble. Meet me in 20 minutes at our spot." Joshua.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)

Sorry Clark. Forgot an appointment.
I gotta bounce.

She hurries off without so much as a goodbye...

CLARK KENT

Okay, Lois!

LOIS LANE

Sorry!

CLARK KENT

See you... Tomorrow then.

She leaves. Clark races the other way.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE KENNEDY MUSEUM - SECONDS LATER

Clark checks alley is empty, then tears open his shirt, revealing the flying man costume.