

"Superman"

by
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&
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Based on, the character created by Jerry Siegel and Joel Shuster

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - DAY 1

Billions of stars caress our eyes. Several twinkling stars reminds us someone winking at us to get our attention...or signaling.

We TILT DOWN to see the

U.S.S. CONSTITUTION

The newest marvel in the space exploration world. In short: NASA's wet dream.

2 INT. U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS 2

LOIS LANE, twenties, is staring out at the vast emptiness of space. Truthfully, we could care less about space when we have her in our sights, a dark haired angel as she floats.

LOIS
Lieutenant Knight, can you give me
a hand?

LIEUTENANT KNIGHT, mid-to-late twenties, is looking at a clipboard. Without looking Knight lets go of his pen, letting it float in front of him as he pushes Lois higher up by her rear end. Lois looks back and smiles at Knight shaking her head. Knight looks at her with a devilish smile: *what?*

A VOICE is cleared. Lois and Knight look over at COLONEL HICKS, late thirties to mid-forties, at the controls. He's the soft spoken, badass type in the vein of Michael Biehn, and he's not happy with Knight and Lois' conduct.

Sitting next to Hicks is LIEUTENANT EDWARDS, barley younger than Knight and the muscle of the crew.

Knight quickly takes his hand from Lois' ass. Lois and Knight share a quick look like busted teenagers. Knight looks back over at Edwards who spots him with a thumbs up and a huge smile.

HICKS
(stern)
Edwards.

Edwards promptly turns back to his controls.

(CONTINUED)

HICKS (cont'd)
 Okay, we are about five minutes
 from entering our re-entry
 trajectory so go ahead and strap in
 and get your helmet on if you don't
 mind, Miss. Lane.

LOIS
 Yes, Colonel Hicks.

ANGLE ON - DIGITAL CAMCORDER, floating past a radar screen.
 We hold on the radar. A steady BEEPING is heard as we see
 several object heading towards the center of the monitor
 until -- BOOM!

The cabin comes alive as it violently shakes. Alarms BLARE.

3 I/E. U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS 3

ANGLE ON - PORT SIDE, as Constitution is being barraged by a
 tidal wave of meteors. Baseball size dents are forming.

Knight looks out the window.

KNIGHT
 We're screwed!

WHAM!

ANGLE ON - STARBOARD WING, as a meter SLAMS into the
 STARBOARD WING tearing a hole into it.

The Shuttle JOLTS.

ANGLE ON - PORT SIDE, as the meteors continue their attack on
 the port finally tearing their way into the dents.

LT. CASEY and LT. VASQUEZ inspect the damage out the
 starboard window.

CASEY
 We have an impact on the starboard
 wing!

HICKS
 Everybody strap in and put your
 helmets on now!
 (into the com)
 Houston! Houston! This is the USS
 Constitution! Mayday this is the
 Constitution.

(CONTINUED)

Lois watches Hicks and the crew intently. She's scared but at the same time slightly aroused with the danger.

CONTROL (O.S.)
(filtered)
Houston control, what is the
situation, Colonel?

HICKS
(over looking controls)
We've been hit! We are heavily
damaged! We're off our trajectory.

CONTROL (O.S.)
(filtered)
Can you regain control?

INSERT - NAVIGATION COORDINATES, trajectory slowly lines back up.

HICKS
Yeah Houston, we got it!

CONTROL (O.S.)
(filtered)
Great, Constitution. Now --

BOOM!

ANGLE ON - REAR FUSELAGE, as a meteor SLAMS into it! Fuel leaks out, freezing as it escapes.

More ALARMS BLARE, DEAFENING the crew. EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLOOD THE COCKPIT.

EDWARDS
Shit! Rear fuselage! It's leaking!

Casey and Vasquez both bolt for their seats as...

BOOM! A second meteor hits causing another explosion!

The impact throws Casey face first into a bulkhead. Blood flows freely into the air like a dream passing over the interior.

WHAM! Vasquez is thrown into the cabin wall and knocked unconscious.

The vessel begins to glow red hot and shakes violently as it slams into the

ATMOSPHERE.

(CONTINUED)

Hitting gravity, Casey and Vasquez bodies hit the ground. The blood drops onto the instruments and crew. Lois's face is splattered with blood. Her face frozen in horror.

Hicks fights the controls.

HICKS
Lieutenant Knight! Secure Vasquez
now!

Knight scrambles from his seat and dives for Vasquez, but as he does the ship rocks violently throwing him up into the wall, BREAKING his leg. Knight SCREAMS in agony, but fights through it.

Knight grabs Vasquez and starts to drag her on the floor. As he turns his head he looks up at the window as sees debris from the shuttle flying outside the window. He looks down and sees the ceramic tiles breaking apart under him.

Hicks takes a quick glance from his instruments and sees the carnage behind him and calmly turns back to his copilot.

HICKS (cont'd)
Edwards, get back there and help
them.

EDWARDS
Sir, you can't fly this thing by
yourself with it damaged like this!

Lois finally gathers her senses.

LOIS
I'll get them, you just fly this
thing!

HICKS
No! You stay where you are!

LOIS
If both of you don't fly this
shuttle then we are all going to
die!

HICKS
Okay but get with it!

Lois unbuckles her harness and grabs Knight by the shoulders and pulls him to the side of his seat.

KNIGHT
Go! I'll get in myself!

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

Alright!

Lois goes back for Vasquez.

ANGLE ON - LEFT RUDDER, as it's SHEARED off by the intense heat and turbulence.

Lois is flung towards a bulkhead, but at the last moment she is stopped. Lois quickly looks back. Knight has her by the leg. Knight lets go then painfully crawls back into his chair.

Lois crawls back along the deck to Vasquez. Pulling Vasquez behind her, she inches towards the seat as the vessel shakes even more violently.

Finally, and with all the strength in her body Lois hauls Vasquez into the seat and buckles her in and puts her helmet on, and then she gets in her seat and buckles her harness again.

EDWARDS

Sir we have lost one of our engines, the tail section is breaking up!

HICKS

She'll hold together, Lieutenant!
Just help me get us leveled off!

The ship eventually begins to slow and level off some, decreasing the heat and turbulence.

HICKS (cont'd)

Are we still on course?

EDWARDS

Yes Sir, we're on the eastern seaboard!

EDWARDS (cont'd)

We're going to have to land at Metropolis International!

HICKS

Houston, this is Colonel Hicks, we are going to land at Metropolis International! Clear the airspace and the airport for us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTROL (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Say again, Constitution.

HICKS
 Clear the airspace at Metropolis
 International! We're coming in!

CONTROL (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Constitution there's not a chance
 that Metropolis can be cleared in --

HICKS
 We're coming into Metropolis
 whether they like it or not! So
 save some lives and make the call!

Hicks looks back over at his injured crew and locks eyes with Lois. They both know they are not going to make it. Hicks turns his concentration back to the controls.

4 EXT. SKY - DAY 4

Constitution flies beautifully, yet tragically over the Eastern United States.

CUT TO:

5 INT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, HELP DESK - DAY 5

A young attractive southern bell in a bright blue and red Airline Uniform smiles brightly at us.

BARB
 Hello, I'm Barb. How may I help
 you?

CLARK KENT smiles back. Clark is the all American boy with good look and boyish charm. However, he has that look that he will never amount to anything other than what he is now but that's all about to change.

Clark is dressed in a brown leather jacket and blue jeans. The best he can afford.

CLARK
 Hi, Barb. May I have an application
 please?

(CONTINUED)

BARB
Well, you sure can, darlin'.

CLARK
Great.

Barb reaches under the help desk and pulls out an application form.

BARB
Here ya' go.

CLARK
Thanks.

BARB
You interested in working here at Metropolis Air?

CLARK
Well to be honest I want to be a journalist for the Daily Planet but they are not accepting any applications so I'm trying to get on wherever I can.

BARB
Yeah, things are tough. You like to fly?

CLARK
Not really. Thanks a lot, Barb. Take care.

BARB
You too, sweetie. Good luck.

6 EXT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Clark leaves the desk with a broad smile. Clark walks past a PHONE BOOTH.

MMMRARRAAHHHHH!!!!

AN UNHOLY STOMACH GROWL comes from within Clark's bowels RATTLING the receiver off the hook. Clark sheepishly looks around holding his stomach. Nobody heard. Clark looks at the phone booth. Thinks.

7 INT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, FOOD COURT - MOMENTS 7
LATER

Clark heads towards a table with a tray of hamburgers and fries. EMERGENCY TEAMS rush past Clark. He notices them but sits down at table, without a second thought or look at the teams.

Clark starts to take a bite from one of his hamburgers then stops. Listens.

8 EXT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, RUNWAY - THAT MOMENT 8

A grey shadow looms over the emergency crews as they get into position and prepare for the arrival of Constitution at the largest airport in the world.

Rain begins to FALL.

9 INT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, FOOD COURT - THAT 9
MOMENT

Clark slowly sets the hamburger down and turns his head towards the terminal on his left. Listens.

Hundreds of cancelled flights are ANNOUNCED, overlapping one another along with thousands of GROANS from unseen passengers.

Smoothly, a sultry voice begins to rise into clarity. As we see pissed off passengers walking out of the terminal with family.

GRANT (O.S.)

(filtered)

Good Morning Metropolis. This is Cat Grant with WGBY and the Noon Hour News. Heavy storms are expected today which means it's going to be a wet one and we'll have more on that in just a few minutes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRANT(cont'd)

Today's top story is the return of the space shuttle Constitution and its crew of five as they have completed their delivery run to the new space station, "Friendship." The crew is scheduled to land today at Coast Spaceport outside of Coast City where WGBY will be on hand to bring you live coverage of their return. Also on board is the famous and now first journalist in space, Lois Lane. Ms. Lane is a field reporter for the Daily Planet...

Clark's eyes turn to a monitor.

INSERT - TV, as the beautiful CAT GRANT anchors. As we watch the monitor her voice slowly drowns out the ambience sounds in the airport suppressing her voice to a whisper.

Cat is being handed a piece of paper. The sultry voice turns dead serious.

GRANT (cont'd)

This just in. It appears that the Constitution has been struck by meteors and has taken heavy damage. One astronaut is reported dead and another seriously injured. The Constitution was knocked off course and is making an emergency landing at Metropolis International. We are told that there is now danger--

Suddenly our ears are BLASTED with noise as the airport goes nuts! Clark watches the crowd as passengers are wasting no time to getting the hell out of Dodge. Babies cry. Kids scream. People tear through their own luggage only to pull out their cameras and make for the windows.

LIGHTNING STRIKES shatter our ears as the rain smashes against the windows. Clark continues to watch the crowd. Some deserve pity. Some deserve death. Cowards. Mothers. Babies.

Finally Clark sees a small child standing alone, crying. Hidden to everyone but Clark by a suitcase. Clark turns his head down the aisle.

A mob is running towards the child kicking objects out of their way.

Clark looks back to the child. He's too small to see, just too small. Damn it, Clark do something!

(CONTINUED)

QUICKLY THE CHILD IS SNATCHED UP into the arms of its father. Clark relaxes. WHOOSH! An EXIT door is opened up by the crowd. A gust of wind sweeps through the court. The father turns from the winds covering his son.

Clark looks at the man. Blue jeans, flannel shirt, streaks of grey hair. A perfect reminder of Jonathan Kent.

Clark's eyes tighten. His fists clench till his knuckles are white.

WHOOSH! Another gust of wind. The father turns back to the Exit door. People that were pushing through the door stop and turn to their neighbors: *What was that?*

The father looks over to Clark's table.

EMPTY.

10 EXT. METROPOLIS, SKY LINE - DAY 10

The Constitution is approaching fast towards Metropolis International with engines breaking apart and the tail section vibrating furiously.

11 I/E. U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, COCKPIT - DAY 11

Colonel Hicks, with his jaw clenched tight is visibly pale as a lightning bolt races across the rain soaked nose of the Constitution.

HICKS

Hold on everybody! It's about to get very bad!

EDWARDS

Well, that's an improvement!

HICKS

Stow it, Edwards! Knight! Lane! Get your heads down!

Lane and a very shaky Knight comply.

HICKS (cont'd)

(into com)

Metropolis International! This is the Constitution! I hope you have those emergency crews on hand!

(CONTINUED)

CONTROL TOWER (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 EVAC crews are on station and
 ready, Constitution. Good luck.

HICKS
 Thanks, Metropolis!
 (to Edwards)
 Deploy the landing gear!

Lieutenant Edwards reaches over to do so.

SKKSKRACCCKK!

A lightning bolt SLAMS into the nose of the Constitution
 RIPPING away a piece of the structure that SLAMS right into
 the cockpit glass. Metal flies towards Edwards' head.

Lightning WHITES OUT the FRAME.

The white fades only to see that Edwards neck is a BLOODY
 STUMP. Next to him Hicks holds his neck as blood SPRAYS in an
 arch from a large piece of glass that pierces his throat.

Gurgling with blood pouring from his neck wound and mouth,
 Hicks still valiantly tries to hold the vessel steady but
 eventually succumbs to the loss of blood and dies.

KNIGHT
 Shit!

Lois and Knight start to unbuckle and make for the controls.
 Inches from the control chairs all lights in the cockpit go
 out. Constitution has died.

Knight grabs Lois and pulls her down next to him and wraps
 his arms around her and the chair holding on for dear life.

Constitution bucks once then flips end over end and sails
 towards the concrete below as the tail section BREAKS OFF.

12 EXT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS 12
 ANGLE ON - THE RUNWAY, as EVAC crews look up into the sky.
 ANGLE ON - THE TAIL, as it SPEEDS TOWARDS the ground.
 ANGLE ON - THE RUNWAY, as the crew hauls ass!
 WHOOM! The tail SLAMS into an empty 747. The Left side BLOWS
 OUT sending debris into a

(CONTINUED)

TRANSFORMER.

BOOM! SPARKS FLY!

The airport and runway lights begin to flicker on and off.

13 I/E. U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, COCKPIT - THAT MOMENT 13

ANGLE ON - LOIS, as she looks out the cockpit, her face frozen in horror.

LOIS' P.O.V. as the concrete comes RUSHING up to meet us when a FLASH of brown flies by. Suddenly the concrete starts to slow down.

Amazingly, the Constitution begins to right itself. Knight and Lane exchange a brief disbelieving glance at each other. Knight promptly passes out from the pain and shock.

LOIS
Lieutenant?

14 EXT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, RUNWAY - THAT MOMENT 14

Rescue crews and airline customers look up in amazement as the shuttle slowly glides towards the ground.

They all become even more amazed when they see the silhouette of a man underneath the shuttle, his arms spread like Atlas bearing the weight of the world. Lightning streaks across the sky behind him as runway lights flicker more rapidly.

CLARK KENT neatly lands on the runway and sets the battered shuttle down on the ground. The rain and dim lighting is too much for the crowd to make out his face.

As the stunned crowd watches, the man rips the door from its mooring and tosses it aside like a piece of trash. He enters the shuttle as.

PHEWWWW!

All power at the airport is lost.

15 INT. U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS 15

A mystified Lois watches the hatch fly away and a tall, well built man stands before her.

(CONTINUED)

He reaches out to her as she tries to focus on his face, with the lightning bolts in the sky behind him but this is just too much for her and she passes out onto Knight.

16 EXT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, RUNWAY - THAT MOMENT 16

Finally emergency crews snap out of it and turn on their flashlights and rush to aid the injured astronauts.

Clark is carrying the body of Hicks out of the shuttle and gently lays it down on the tarmac. A nearby EMT rushes over to the man's prone body and checks his pulse.

EMT

Damn. He's gone.

CLARK

(stunned)

His hands were still wrapped around the controls.

EMT

Man, I don't know how you done that but you saved the other people in there. You're a hero. No, you're a superhero.

CLARK

Not enough.

With that Clark turns as a mob envelopes him and starts to claw at his clothes and face with add-libs: *Heal me! God bless you! I'll be your manager! Cure my cancer! Praise you, Jesus!*

The mob rips and tears at him like he is made of gold. Clark looks at the mob and back to the dead bodies.

CLARK (cont'd)

(to the mob)

People are hurt, what is wrong with you?

The crowd continues to praise Clark and try to touch him. Clark looks back at the dead bodies one last time then flies off.

Lois Lane awakes just long enough to watch him take flight again.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. KENT FARM - MOMENTS LATER

17

The Kent farm covered in a gloom of grey.

Once again, as if by design, Jonathan's 1963 International farm tractor has broken down. Jonathan lays under the tractor and swings his hammer.

Rust and dirt and other objects fall from the internal areas of the old tractor. Jonathan looks over at the fallen objects: *Great. That will take a week to repair.*

Jonathan strikes again. The hammer bounces back. Jonathan's knuckles are crushed against a beam. Jonathan mumbles and swears at the tractor.

ANGLE ON - MARTHA KENT, as she walks onto the back porch drying her hands on an apron. She nervously looks at the legs sticking out from the red and rust ridden tractor.

MARTHA

Jonathan, are you okay out there?

JONATHAN

Yeah honey, just banged my knuckles on this blasted old tractor!

MARTHA

Okay, Jonathan. Why don't you come inside for a bit and rest? Lunch is almost ready anyway and planting season is still two months away.

CLARK (O.S.)

Better make that lunch for three, Mom!

MARTHA

(looking to the sky)
Clark!

Martha full of joy meets her son as he lands in the back yard. She wraps him in a formidable hug that even he would have trouble resisting. The joy is short lived though.

MARTHA (cont'd)

Where have you been for the last two months? You promised you would visit.

Her playfulness ends as she finally notices the downcast look on her only son's face.

(CONTINUED)

Jonathan approaches behind Clark.

JONATHAN
What's wrong, Clark?

Clark quietly looks at his father then back at his mother:
Guide me.

18

INT. KENT FARM, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

18

The Kent kitchen is very typical of the Midwest. Counter space and cabinet space is taken up by cooking supplies, canned goods, and homemade items. Few appliances other than a toaster and a coffee maker are to be found. Here everything is wholesome and homemade.

It appears very warm and comfortable but today it is home to a broken young man. Jonathan and Martha listen and look at Clark with the love only a parent can show by a glance.

CLARK
...they died Mom. Only three of them survived. If I had acted sooner I could have saved two others. I was selfish and people are dead because of it. One of the astronauts bled to death at the controls. That man is the hero not me --

MARTHA
Clark you didn't kill those people. It was a horrible accident and there was nothing you could do to stop it and that reporter and the other two astronauts would be dead now if you hadn't saved them. Not to mention all the people on the ground that could have been hurt or killed.

CLARK
I know that Mom, but I should have gone and seen what was happening when those emergency teams came through the airport, but I just shrugged my shoulders and told myself they could deal with it.

JONATHAN
Clark that is something you are going to have to forget.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN(cont'd)

You are going to have to accept that it wasn't your fault and that even if you had acted then, they might still have died. Even you can't be everywhere at once, Clark.

Clark looks down at the kitchen table taking it in.

RADIO

(filtered)

...you'll believe a man can fly when you hear this story folks. During a storm that --

Jonathan quickly turns off the radio and gently smiles at Clark.

JONATHAN

Sorry about that, Son.

CLARK

I'll never hesitate again. I don't think I can go back to Metropolis right now. I don't know if I can handle it and if someone saw my face then I might never get any peace.

JONATHAN

Clark, do what you think is right. You need to relax and get your head together.

MARTHA

You always have a place to stay here, Clark.

CLARK

(grins)

And a tractor to fix?

Jonathan and Martha smile. Martha walks overs to the cupboard and starts making some supper.

MARTHA

Oh, Clark don't get your father started on that.

Too late.

JONATHAN

That blasted tractor.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
Get a new one, dad.

JONATHAN
Why? It still works.

CLARK
Dad.

JONATHAN
Well, after we fix it.

MARTHA
I think Clark would rather hear
about something else, Jonathan.

JONATHAN
And what would that be?

MARTHA
Lana.

Clark's ears perk up.

CLARK
Lana Lang? Why what's wrong?

MARTHA
Well, she's single and you're
single.

Martha turns and smiles at Clark.

MARTHA (cont'd)
That's what's wrong.

Clark smiles. Jonathan just shakes his head.

CUT TO:

19 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

19

An EMT is taking Lois' blood pressures as she awakes with a
jolt on a wheeled stretcher.

EMT
Easy, Ms. Lane. You're safe now.

JIMMY
You'll be okay, Ms. Lane.

(CONTINUED)

Lois looks out the ambulance and sees, JIMMY OLSEN, photographer for the Daily Planet waving at her.

LOIS

Jimmy. Who was that man who saved us?

JIMMY

I don't know, Ms. Lane. The crowd practically mobbed him and he took off.

(imitating with his hands)
Jumped right in the air and flew away. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, Ms. Lane. But I believe I got a picture of him.

LOIS

Have you called Perry yet?

JIMMY

No. I don't have a phone with me

LEX (O.S.)

I have one, Ms. Lane. You can use it.

Peering into the Ambulance is LEX LUTHOR. Considered by the world to be the richest man alive and one of the most brilliant businessman in history. Luthor is in his mid-thirties, bald, and well dressed, even if he is soaking wet.

Lex takes out his phone and hands it to her.

LOIS

Thank you, Mr. Luthor.

Lois accepts the phone with a smile and makes a call. Lex turns back around and looks at the mess behind him as the AIRPORT LIGHTS COME ON. Make no mistake about it, his interest remains on Lois' conversation behind him.

PERRY (O.S.)

(filtered)
Perry White.

LOIS

Perry, it's Lois.

PERRY (O.S.)

(filtered)
Lois, thank God you're alright.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERRY(cont'd)

I've been trying to get some answers for over an hour. What the hell happened out there?

LOIS

I don't know. The shuttle was hit by a meteor. The shuttle. I saw a blur. We were coming in really fast. I saw the ground heading towards us then we stopped. A minute later the door was ripped off the hinges.

PERRY (O.S.)

(filtered)

Lois, I've heard that bunch of malarkey for the last hour on TV.

LOIS

That's what I saw Perry. Jimmy thinks he has a picture too.

PERRY (O.S.)

(filtered)

Never mind Lois, I believe you. They are showing the airport security tape on the TV right now.

LOIS

What? You can believe the TV but not your best journalist?

PERRY (O.S.)

(filtered)

No Lois, that's a pretty far fetched thing to be reporting but I believe you.

LOIS

Okay, Perry.

PERRY (O.S.)

(filtered)

Oh, and, Lois?

LOIS

Yeah?

PERRY (O.S.)

(filtered)

Have that article on my desk before tomorrow's issue goes to print.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS
You know I will, boss.

Lois hangs up the cell phone.

LOIS (cont'd)
Mr. Luthor?

Lex turns back and takes the phone.

LEX
A flying man, Ms. Lane? Are you
sure?

LOIS
Well, I didn't quite see him fly
but he sure ripped that door off
its hinges. Thanks you for letting
me use your phone but if you want
any more information you're going
to have to pick up a copy of the
Planet tomorrow. I'm sorry, but I'm
too tired to talk about it right
now.

LEX
Of course, Miss. Lane. You rest up
now.

LOIS
Thank you, Mr. Luthor.

JIMMY
Goodbye, Mr. Luthor.

Lex forces a smile at Jimmy.

20 EXT. METROPOLIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS 20

Lex turns back around and sets out to the crash site and
begins to sift through some of the wreckage. He finds deep
gouges where the hatch used to be. Five gouges on each side
to be exact.

Lex places the back of his fingers to one set of the gouges.
His fingers fit into them... barley. Lex thinks.

21 INT. U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

21

Stepping inside he discovers a world of twisted metal,
hanging electronics, and broken glass.

(CONTINUED)

Rescue crews are still busy making sure that the shuttle doesn't erupt into flames, so Lex has a moment to look around, unobserved.

Poking around the wreckage, Lex locates the black box and tries to find a way to unlock it from its mount, but before he can find anything an FBI agent steps inside the shuttle.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
What the hell are you doing in here!?

Luthor calmly turns around as a dozen guns are cocked.

LEX
I'm Lex Luthor and I happen to own this vessel.

The FED's lower their weapons.

FBI AGENT
I'm sorry but I'm going to have to ask you to leave, Mr. Luthor. This is a federal investigation and even you are not allowed here.

LEX
Yes, agent. No problem. Just make sure you keep me posted on what is happening, as is part of the agreement between my company and the federal government. I'm sure you can find the number.

FBI AGENT
Yes, sir. We will do just that. Now this way if you please.

LEX
Certainly.

Lex exits the shuttle with a few agents escorting him.

CUT TO:

22

INT. KENT FARM, CLARK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

22

A dead tired Clark lays on his bed looking up at the ceiling.

CLARK
(under his breath)
Lana Lang.

(CONTINUED)

Seconds later Clark finally drifts off to sleep. We PUSH past Clark passing a digital clock that reads:

5:00 AM

We continue to PUSH as we reach the window as the Sun begins to rise over the Kansas fields.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. METROPOLIS, VARIOUS STREETS - MORNING 23

All across Metropolis the civilians are walking about in a buzz. Children run out of stores with their parents, arms spread out as if they are flying. Bus stops resemble miniature libraries as everyone is reading a newspaper.

We PUSH in on the Daily Planet Newspaper Headline:

FLYING MAN SAVES DAMAGED SHUTTLE

Accompanied by a grainy photo of the shuttle being held aloft by a man, whose features were indiscernible in the photo.

MATCH CUT TO:

24 INT. DAILY PLANET, PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - MORNING 24

Daily Planet front page in the hands of PERRY WHITE. Perry slams down the paper.

Lois and Jimmy, who loses his spine whenever Perry is around, jumps back.

PERRY

Wonderful article, Lois! Sold out all over the city! And Jimmy, those were some good pictures of that shuttle wreckage and the finger marks! And the cover shot is your best ever, even if you can't see his face!

JIMMY

Uh...thanks boss.

PERRY

Lois, that name you gave him is pure genius!

(spreading out his arms)

"Superman!"

(CONTINUED)

Lois, still a little banged up but looking good, cracks a smile.

LOIS
(somberly)
Thanks, Perry.

PERRY
Don't let what happened keep you down, Lois. You are a journalist first. It's a damned shame that three astronauts had to die for something like this to happen. I would gladly trade all our sales today to bring 'em back, but nothing can be done about it. You need to stay on track, Lois. Okay?

LOIS
Yeah Perry, I will. It's just hard to watch people die right in front of you like that. They were all really good people and easy to get along with. I keep wondering why I lived and they died.

PERRY
You can't dwell on that, Lois. You have to accept that it was their time and not yours. It was a horrible thing. You can take the rest of the day off if you want.

LOIS
No, Perry. I'm going to take an assignment. It will help me focus on something else.

PERRY
Okay, Lane. Your choice. I need you to interview the surviving astronauts. See if they saw anything. When you get that finished, I want you to get an interview with Superman by the end of the week. Understand?

LOIS
How am I supposed to interview him? We don't even know who he is.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY
I don't know. I don't care. Just do it. It's a challenge.

LOIS
Perry, it's impossible. What am I supposed to do, run an ad?

Perry stands up and walks over to Lois draping his arm around her escorting Lois to the door.

PERRY
(laughs)
Sure. If you pay a dollar fifty a word. Don't worry, Lane. I know you can do it. You're our star reporter. Take Jimmy with you and get some photos of this guy.

JIMMY
Don't worry Ms. Lane, you'll find him.

LOIS
Thanks, Jimmy.

CUT TO:

25 INT. KENT FARM, CLARK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

25

Clark is fast asleep in bed.

LANA (O.S.)
Good morning, Superman.

WHOOM! Clark sits up with a gust of wind raising his sheets, ripping them from under the bed. Clark turns to see

LANA LANG.

Once the girl next door and every teen's dream come true now grown into a beautiful woman.

CLARK
Lana! Oh, hey. Uh, what did you call me?

Lana sits on the bed next to Clark as he rubs the sleep out of his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

LANA
"Superman." The Daily Planet is
calling you, "Superman."

Clark yawns and runs his fingers through some horrible bed
head.

CLARK
Really? It's catchy. I just wish it
would have came under different
circumstances.

Clark looks down at his sheets then to Lana.

CLARK (cont'd)
Uh, Lana, could you step outside so
I can get some clothes on.

LANA
Clark, it's not as if I haven't
seen you naked before.

Clark blushes madly.

CLARK
What? When?

LANA
When we went skinny dipping in the
lake.

Clark stares blankly.

LANA (cont'd)
I peeked.

Clark pulls the sheets up higher on his body Lana bursts out
in laughter at the look on Clark's face at this revelation.

LANA (cont'd)
Oh, don't act as if you didn't
peek.

CLARK
Lana! You know I wouldn't.

LANA
Uh-huh. What about that "super
vision?"

Uh-oh, busted.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
No comment.

26 INT. KENT FARM, STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER 26

Clark walks down the steps. The normally quiet Kent house is a buzz with noise. Clark looks over into the...

27 INT. KENT FARM, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 27

Jonathan is busy frying bacon, potatoes, and eggs. Martha is underneath him pulling out a pan of fresh biscuits, and Lana is busy setting the table.

Clark smiles in wonder at the scene and heads into the room.

JONATHAN
Morning, Clark. Sleep well?

CLARK
Yeah, I feel good.

Martha sets the biscuits down and walks over to Clark, giving him a motherly good morning kiss on the cheek.

MARTHA
Good morning.

CLARK
Mom.

Martha goes back to help Jonathan. Clark looks over at Lana. She looks up from setting the table, smiles. They share a look.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. KENT FARM, KITCHEN - LATER 28

The large breakfast is nearly complete with smiles all around as everyone is letting out a hearty laugh. Things are going great. Clark looks around at the eyes of those he loves. This is what he wants.

CLARK
I'm staying in Smallville.

"What" comes the reply from everyone seated at the table.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK (cont'd)
I'm staying here. This is my home
and the people I love are here.

Clark looks at Lana, who smiles with joy.

JONATHAN
(sighs)
Clark --

MARTHA
Jonathan. Clark is the only one who
can make that decision.

JONATHAN
Fine, I'm not saying anything, but
you know how I feel. Clark has
student loans to pay back, and he
doesn't even have a job.

CLARK
I'll find one, Dad.

JONATHAN
I hope so, Clark. Smallville is on
hard times right now. With LexCorp
pulling out it's hard to find
honest work.

CLARK
I know, but I'll find something.

29 INT. KENT FARM, CLARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 29

Lying in bed Clark tosses and turns nervously in his sleep.

CLARK
No...no.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 EXT. KRYPTON - DUSK 30

Clark is walking in the immense plains of Krypton. Ancient,
towering cities dot the horizons bending with the curvature
of Krypton. The air is still.

A man walks beside him. Tall, broad shouldered, dark haired
and with cold blue eyes that betray a vast intelligence.
Upon his body is a dark blue formfitting uniform that is
mostly covered by flowing red robes.

(CONTINUED)

In the middle of his chest, is a symbol that looks like a shield with an odd shaped "S" in the middle of it. The border and "S" are both red and are filled in with a bright yellow.

This man is Clark's biological father, JOR-EL.

JOR-EL

Kal-El. You must be ready. Your time on this world draws to its end. A great evil is brewing on your horizon. rutn it to VH!

CLARK

What evil?

JOR-EL

A force that no one has been able to defeat. You must be prepared. You must be prepared to sacrifice.

CLARK

I want no part of this, Father. I just want to stay in Smallville with my parents and Lana.

JOR-EL

I know, son. We do not always get what we wish in life. Do you think your mother and I wanted to be separated from you? We had no choice. We did what we had to do and we sacrificed ourselves for you my son. You must prepare yourself for the coming battles. It is your destiny. If you do not face him, then your Earth parents will die. So will Lana. The fate of Earth and the universe rests on your shoulders, Kal-El.

CLARK

Why me? Why did all of this have to happen to me? How am I supposed to save the universe when I couldn't even save those astronauts?

Jor-El stops walking, turns and grabs him by the shoulders. As he does the ground begins to TREMBLE AND ENORMOUS BOLTS OF LIGHTNING BEGAN TO RACE ACROSS THE SKIES.

JOR-EL

Kal-El, you must surrender yourself to your destiny.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOR-EL(cont'd)

It is the only way. It is a part of you. You must walk that path. You do not have to mold yourself to it, bend it to your will. Your destiny is to be a great warrior. Nothing else. How you accomplish that is up to you. You can conquer. Or you can defend. Do not let the memory of your Kryptonian brothers be wasted.

ANGLE ON - THE GROUND, SPLITTING OPEN several meters from where they stand.

Clark turns and peers into the crevasse only to see a true horror.

ANGLE ON - THE CREVASSE, lined with rock, dirt, and roots, all surrounded by a faint green haze, are the SOULS OF KRYPTON. A mass of emerald colored spirits all call out to Clark.

SPIRITS

Kal-El! Kal-El!

Clark turns back to Jor-El in a panic but he is gone.

ANGLE ON - THE HORIZON, as we see the great cities of Krypton FALL. THE GROUND HEAVES AND ROLLS LIKE THE OCEAN. KILOMETERS DEEP CREVASSES SPLIT THE GROUND SPEEDING TOWARDS CLARK THEN BREAK AWAY INCHES FROM HIM.

Clark turns back to the first crevasse. Two souls move to the front. Jor-El and a lovely, dark-haired beauty LARA, Clark's biological mother.

LARA

Kal-El, a similar fate awaits Earth. Those who are not fortunate enough to die will be enslaved for the rest of their lives. Do you really want that?

CLARK

No Mother, I do not.

LARA

Then you must accept where you came from. More importantly son, you need to remember who you are.

A tear runs down her cheek as she reaches out to caress her son's face.

(CONTINUED)

LARA (cont'd)
 What I would not do to hold you
 just once more, son.

Tears stream down Clark's face as her HAND PASSES THROUGH HIS
 FACE LIKE A GHOST.

JOR-EL
 Your mother is right, son. You are
 not Kal-El. Kal-El is a name that
 we gave you, but the man that
 stands before us is Clark Kent. You
 must not forget that or forget who
 raised you. We love you son, but we
 must move on now. Go to the vessel
 that brought you here and activate
 the computer.

ANGLE ON - THE GROUND, as LAVA SPEWS. Smoke rushes towards
 the sky as ash covers the cities in a slumber and rains down
 on Clark.

JOR-EL (cont'd)
 Hurry son, there is not much time.
 Go!

Jor-El ana Lara turn back to the spirits.

CLARK
 Father? Mother?

They both turn back to him.

CLARK (cont'd)
 I love you.

JOR-EL
 We know, son. We love you, too. Now
 you must hurry. Time is short for
 the Earth.

CLARK
 Will I see you again?

JOR-EL
 No, you will not. We must now join
 our brothers and sisters.

CLARK
 (breaking up)
 No! NO! I promise I will see you
 again!

(CONTINUED)

JOR-EL
 I hope it will be a long time from
 now, for Earth's Sake, my son.
 Goodbye, Clark.

WHOOM! The crevasse SLAMS shut hurling Clark into...

31 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS 31

Clark hovers in space fighting to regain control of his motion, then turns back to face Krypton as a RED SUN beats down on his back.

BOOM! Krypton EXPLODES! Clark throws his arms over his face covering the blast.

32 INT. KENT FARM, CLARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 32

Clark springs back on to his bed. The bed BREAKS sending Clark BUSTING through the FLOOR to the...

33 INT. KENT FARM, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 33

CRASHING on top the sofa, SHATTERING the desk lamps near by.

ANGLE ON - MARTHA AND JONATHAN, as they run to the top of the stairs.

MARTHA
 Oh my, God! Clark!

JONATHAN
 Son?!

Jonathan and Martha rush over to an uninjured but dazed Clark.

JONATHAN (cont'd)
 Clark! What's going on?

CLARK
 I don't know. I was having a
 nightmare...I think.

MARTHA
 That's some nightmare.

JONATHAN
 What was it about, son?

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

I don't remember all of it. But I have a really strong feeling I need to go back to Metropolis. The people there are afraid to even walk down the streets. Suicide Slum gets worse everyday. People are dying and here I am worried I can't save them when the problem is I won't save them.

MARTHA

Are you sure about this, Clark?

CLARK

Yeah, mom. I'm sure. I just don't know how but I have to figure out something, quick.

JONATHAN

Why son, what's going to happen?

Clark looks up at Jonathan: *Something bad.*

CUT TO:

34 EXT. APOKOLIPS - DAY 34

ANGLE ON, The planet Apokolips. Dante's Hell in massive form.

35 EXT. ARMAGETTO - DAY 35

The city is populated with edifices of DARKSEID, however we never see them completely due to their massive size and the heat waves rising from the lava.

Overwhelming power and brute force is life. Dictatorship unparalleled. Bondmen build to the slave masters as they ride upon ferocious dogs the size of elephants clad in armor called, DEMON DOGS.

Overlooking the city is a castle built for a god.

36 INT. DARKSEID'S CASTLE, THRONE ROOM - DAY 36

Apokolips is being viewed on a monitor. The loyal servant, DESAAD enters the throne room unceremoniously and excited.

DESAAD

Sire!

(CONTINUED)

ZAP! A PINK BLAST OF ENERGY NAILS Desaad in the chest sending him flying. Desaad painfully rises to his knees, a hole burnt in his tunic and the flesh still smoking, but he bows to his lord, speaking in a much calmer and quiet voice. (NOTE: Darkseid is not shown in this scene, only teases.)

DESAAD (cont'd)

Apologies, Lord Darkseid. Our spies on Earth have sent an update and the news may interest you my lord if I may dare suggest what will be worthy to you...

Desaad looks up in reverence as the deep resonating and calm voice of Darkseid speaks only as we only see Darkseid's finger tapping with mild annoyance.

DARKSEID

How so pitiful, Desaad?

DESAAD

Lord, I believe we may have found something of Kryptonian origin on Earth.

This catches Darkseid's attention.

DARKSEID'S P.O.V. as we rise from the throne towering over Desaad and we stride over to him.

DARKSEID

Rise lowly servant and report to me.

DESAAD

Fragments from a Kryptonian vessel have been discovered in a place called Kansas. We believe the rest of the vessel may be nearby master.

DARKSEID

Is that all?

DESAAD

No my lord, one of their primitive space faring vessels was involved in an accident yesterday my Lord...

DARKSEID

You presume to think this may interest me?

(CONTINUED)

DESAAD

Not the accident my lord, but how total disaster was avoided. As the vessel fell to Earth, it was rescued by what at first appeared to be a human.

DARKSEID

How so?

DESAAD

He could fly, sire. And he had great strength, though nowhere near as great as yours. He carried the vessel safely to the Earth, my lord.

DARKSEID

Was it not a member of the Green Lantern Corps?

DESAAD

No, master. It wasn't human either. One of our spies was able to scan the creature and preliminary results suggest that he is a Kryptonian, though I do not recall ever seeing a Kryptonian fly or possess great strength, my lord.

As Darkseid speaks the holographic map shows what he speaks.

DARKSEID

Over the ages I have encountered such Kryptonians, though I thought there were none left.

DESAAD

Thank you for gracing me with your infinite wisdom Lord Darkseid.

DARKSEID

Even ones as low as you deserve occasional enlightenment, Desaad.

Desaad is genuinely thankful for this.

DESAAD

Praise Darkseid.

Darkseid pays little notice.

(CONTINUED)

DARKSEID

Prepare my fleet. It's time we introduce the humans to their new god.

37 EXT. LANA'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - LATER

37

Clark pulls up in the old Dodge. Lana strolls out the front door and meets him on the porch with a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

CLARK

How are you doing?

LANA

Good. You?

CLARK

Good.

Clark looks like he's got the weight of the world on his shoulder. She gets worried when she sees the look in his eyes.

LANA

What? What's wrong, Clark.

CLARK

Lana... I'm going back to Metropolis.

LANA

What!? Why?!

CLARK

Because they need me.

LANA

Who needs you?

CLARK

The people.

LANA

The people? What about me, Clark. I need you. I've needed you for a long time.

CLARK

I know, Lana.

(CONTINUED)

LANA
You're so distant from me, why?

CLARK
I'm not distant.

LANA
Yes, you are.

CLARK
No, I'm not. I care about you,
Lana. I care about you more than
anything in the world.

LANA
Then why go, Clark? Why are you
leaving me?

CLARK
I'm not leaving you.

LANA
Yes, you are.

CLARK
Lana the world is tearing itself
apart. I can't let that happen.

LANA
Why? Why not? That didn't stop you
from saying anything to me or being
close to me before.

CLARK
I know and that was wrong. I
shouldn't have done that.

LANA
Then why are you doing that now?

CLARK
It's the right thing to do.

LANA
What to leave me?

CLARK
No. I don't want to leave you. I
never wanted to leave you. You're
everything to me.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Really? If you care about me you wouldn't do this.

CLARK

Lana you can't play that card on me. I'm trying to do the right thing because I care about you and if the world falls then you are going to be affect by it. I'm trying my best here to do the right thing.

LANA

Clark... No. Never mind. It doesn't matter, anyway.

CLARK

No. What is it?

LANA

Nothing.

CLARK

No, what?

LANA

No.

CLARK

Lana...please.

LANA

How can I be close to you when you're out there? How long am I suppose to wait on you to make up your mind that you want me and a family? You don't even know what you want.

CLARK

I do know what I want.

LANA

No, you don't. First you want to be with me then you want to be alone. You can't be with me one night then save the world the next and you know how people are: They are going to love you one moment then crucify you the next, Clark.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
Lana, I'm sorry. I wish that I
could do something --

LANA
You can by staying.

CLARK
I can't.

LANA
Then you don't care about me.

CLARK
Lana. I can't stay and you know
that. But a time comes when you
have to do what you believe is
right, even if no one else believes
you. I can't make you change your
mind about me. If you think that I
don't care about you then you're
wrong. I just wish you could see
that I do.

With this, Lana resigns herself to what is happening and
gives Clark a hug.

LANA
I know, Clark. You just be careful.

CLARK
Come with me, Lana.

She wants to go, but won't say it.

LANA
I can't, Clark. I have a job here
and a home.

CLARK
Yes, you can. I'm going to do an
interview with myself and turn it
in. I'm guaranteed a job with that.
You can stay with me in my
apartment.

LANA
(struggles a laugh)
Oh, that's slick, Clark.

CLARK
(smiles)
Well, are you coming or not?

(CONTINUED)

LANA
I can't, Clark. I already told you.

CLARK
Lana, please. I can't do this
without you.

This affects Lana deeply as she finally burst into tears.
Clark hugs her again and holds her tight to his body.

LANA
Are you sure this is what you want,
Clark?

CLARK
Yes. More than anything.
(hesitates)
I love you.

LANA
I love you, too.

CLARK
I promise this is going to work.
Just trust me.

LANA
I want to, Clark. I want this.

CLARK
More than anything?

Lana looks up at Clark.

LANA
More than anything.

Clark leans in and softly kisses Lana's lips.

38 EXT. KENT FARM - DAY

38

Clark stands out on the open field alone. Looking out into
the distance. Behind him Jonathan and Martha approach him.

CLARK
Do you think I'm ready, dad?

JONATHAN
It doesn't matter what I think,
Clark. This is your decision.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Is this what you want, Clark?

Clark thinks for a moment.

CLARK

Yes. It's what I was born to do.
Those people out there need me.

JONATHAN

Then you have your answer, son.

MARTHA

Clark. I've always known this day
would come and I've been working on
something for you. It's taken me
years to make it.

CLARK

Mom, you don't have to make me
anything.

MARTHA

No, Clark. This is something that
you'll need.

Martha hands Clark a LARGE BOX. Clark takes the gift box and
lifts off the top. As he looks inside he smiles.

39 EXT. KENT FARM - MOMENTS LATER 39

LOW ANGLE - GROUND, as a pair of RED BOOTS walk into FRAME.
We continue to PULL BACK as we see the classic image of
SUPERMAN walking across the field.

OVERHEAD SHOT - as SUPERMAN FILES TOWARDS US.

SMASH CUT TO:

40 EXT. METROPOLIS, VARIOUS STREETS - DAY 40

The streets of Metropolis are busy with the typical traffic
jams and occasional accidents. People march up and down both
sides of the street.

41 EXT. METROPOLIS, NEWSTAND - DAY 41

The Daily Planet covers a typical Newsstand crowded with
business people buying every copy they can get their hands
on.

(CONTINUED)

On the front page is another blurry picture of the flying man rescuing the shuttle. The headline reads:

WHERE IS SUPERMAN?

A BUSINESSMAN engrossed in the article and not paying attention to where he is going steps out into the street. A beat up taxi LOCKS UP ITS BRAKES to avoid hitting him.

Out of nowhere a FLASH OF RED AND BLUE scoops him up into the air and out of the way of the oncoming cab.

An instant later the man is standing on the opposite side of the street. He and the other pedestrians look to the sky confused.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. SUICIDE SLUM, STREET - NIGHT 42

People dive for cover as an old beat up black sedan drives by and a MULTITUDE OF AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE RINGS out RIPPING INTO a dilapidated apartment building. SCREAMS echo from inside.

The thugs round the corner. Suddenly a blue and red streak SLAMS into the side of the vehicle and SCOOPS IT UP INTO THE AIR.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. METROPOLIS, POLICE PRECINCT 23 - NIGHT 43

WHOOM! The Sedan DROPS from the sky into the Parking Lot. Immediately they are surrounded by ARMED OFFICERS. The thugs pay little attention to the cops as they unbelievably scan the skies.

CUT TO:

44 INT. CITY HALL, SILVA'S OFFICE - MORNING 44

MAYOR JOEL SILVA, a man in his sixties and showing every bit of it, puts the latest edition of the Daily Planet down as he takes a long drag from his freshly lit cigar. He sits back in his chair contemplating the headlines, the chair groans under his weight.

His aide, BRIMLEY, shields his eyes from the morning rays shining into the window.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR SILVA

Unbelievable! A man who can fly, lift cars and stops crime! We could only be so lucky in this city. Right now I would be willing to do almost anything just to make the crime rate level off. The police are overworked as it is. Without LexCorp bailing us out we would have to lay those men off, Brimley.

Brimley looks down at his RED TIE and straightens it.

BRIMLEY

It is intriguing though sir, and would be most welcome considering the state of affairs in the city.

MAYOR SILVA

Here, listen to what Lois Lane wrote.

(reading)

"Multiple reports of the flying vigilante continue to be reported. Eyewitnesses report a blue and red streak can be seen before crimes in progress are inexplicably halted by this super man."

BRIMLEY

Yes sir, very intriguing, but we have an appointment with your doctor to attend.

MAYOR SILVA

Yes, yes, just don't tell him I was smoking again.

Silva removes a bottle of cologne from a desk drawer and sprays it on his grey suit.

BRIMLEY

No sir, I won't this time, but you must really give those smelly things up. They are going to be the death of you.

MAYOR SILVA

Ha! Not in this city, Brimley. Get my bodyguards ready and let's get going.

45 INT. SEDAN - DAY

45

Across the street from city hall sits two black sedans. Inside the first car, several men, all wearing black leather gloves, load magazines into their automatic rifles and cock them.

Each one rechecks their weapon, slide on bulletproof vests over their T-shirts, and zipped them up. The driver turns around to address the men when they finished.

DRIVER

We make this one count. Remember, Silva has at least eight bodyguards and his limo is armored. If he makes it into the limo we use the new hardware we lifted from LexCorp. Got it?

THUG 1

This'll be the last doctor visit he ever makes.

The Thug pats an odd weapon slung over his shoulder. The rest nod in agreement.

DRIVER

Okay, get your masks on and let's do this.

46 EXT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

46

EIGHT LARGE AND ARMED BODY GUARDS step out onto the sidewalk and survey the streets. Each one dressed in a black suit and wearing sunglasses. They scan the immediate rooftops. No immediate danger. The Lead Body Guard motions for the Mayor and his aide to walk out the front doors of City Hall.

As the Mayor and his aide step out onto the street, six men quickly exit from two sedans parked down the opposite street. Without hesitation, Silva and Brimley BOLT for the limo as the BODYGUARDS SPIN AND BEGIN TO DRAW THEIR PISTOLS.

Too slow. A hail of GUNFIRE ERUPTS from the assassin's M-16. The back of a guard's head EXPLODES as a round scores, sending his lifeless body toppling to the street.

Brimley gets behind the car and starts crawling down the street, blood streaming from his leg.

(CONTINUED)

Another bodyguard is KNOCKED TO THE GROUND. He tries to stand back up, clutching his thigh, but ANOTHER ROUND of fire tares into his body armor JERKING BACK ONTO THE STREET holding his chest.

Another bodyguards managed to HIT one of the mafia goons in the arm, sending him reeling back into one of the other men.

The Mayor makes it into the limo unharmed and motions for the driver to get out of there. The Mayor looks out the front windshield to see a man drop his M-16 and raise what appeared to be a TEAR GAS LAUNCHER. The Mayor ducks for cover.

The man across the street pulls the trigger and the round SLAMS into the grill of the bulletproof limousine. The vehicle LEAPS STRAIGHT INTO THE AIR, FIRE ERUPTING AS THE GAS TANKS RUPTURED.

The driver inside is RIPPED TO SHREDS AND THE BODYGUARDS ARE BLOWN TO PIECES by the round. THE FRONT WINDOWS AND DOORS OF CITY HALL SHATTER AS SHRAPNEL RIPS INTO THE BUILDING.

Brimley just manages to dive around the corner as the vehicle FLIPS OVER LANDING UPSIDE DOWN.

IN THE LIMO

The Mayor is injured; burned and shrapnel stuck in his shoulder. He tries to open the door, but the body of the vehicle is bent and the doors are jammed. The Mayor looks at the roof: caved in and crawling out of the shattered windows is futile.

Desperately the Mayor kicks at the door but to no avail. Smoke begins choking him and fire begins creeping towards him.

ON THE STREET

the mafia members celebrate and climb back into their cars.

IN THE SEDAN

The Driver turns around and high fives the man with the high caliber weapon.

DRIVER

Okay, let's get out of he --

The driver breaks off in mid sentence as he gazes out the back window of the car.

(CONTINUED)

THUG 1

What is it?

IN THE LIMO

The Mayor's eyes and lungs burn as he continues kicking on the door. The FIRE has reached his legs. The Mayor start to huddle away from it. SUDDENLY A COLD WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE VEHICLE, EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES AND BLOWING THE SMOKE OUT.

The Mayor's eyes widen as he wraps his arms around himself in the sudden freezing cold. His breath can be seen as he pants heavily.

Suddenly, the floorboard of the limo RIPS open and two strong hands reach in and gently hoist the injured Mayor from the wreckage and laid him on the ground.

SUPERMAN (O.S.)

Are you okay?!

The Mayor tries to answer, but continues to cough as he looks up. Superman towers over him. Superman bends over to check on the mayor, turning his back to the men in the vans.

IN THE VAN

Jaws are dropped in disbelief.

THUG 1

How the hell did he do that!?

DRIVER

I don't know but the mayor is still kicking and we got to take him down now!

The men jump out the Sedan and began firing at Superman.

ANGLE ON - SUPERMAN, with a look of disappointment on his face. GUNFIRE RIPS INTO HIS BACK, TEARING HOLES IN HIS CAPE, BUT NOT EVEN SCRATCHING HIS UNIFORM OR HIS BODY. He quickly shields the mayor with his body and lays him safely behind the still frozen wreckage of the limo.

Superman then leaps into the air and flies towards the thugs, GUNFIRE RICOCHETING OFF OF HIS BODY. He lands and grabs the first thug by the neck and SMASHES HIM THROUGH A GLASS WINDOW as if he were tossing trash into a dumpster.

Another OPENS up FULL AUTO as SUPERMAN'S HAND SHOOTS OUT, FASTER THAN WE CAN SEE, AND CRUSHES THE WEAPON'S MAGAZINE.

(CONTINUED)

The pressure cooks off the rounds in the magazine, but they fire harmlessly inside his hand. With a FLICK OF HIS FINGER to his forehead, the man is rendered UNCONSCIOUS and collapses in a heap.

Another tries to change tactics and swings his rifle like a ball bat and HITS Superman across the back of the head SHATTERING THE STOCK INTO A MILLION PIECES. As if lazily waving off an annoying insect Superman BACKHAND the man sending him FLYING SEVERAL FEET THROUGH THE AIR LANDING ON THE HOOD OF THE LEAD CAR.

At this point the remaining men drop their weapons and get on their knees and place their hands behind their heads.

Unfortunately, Superman has lost track of the man with the artillery weapon, who is calmly lining up a shot from behind. The mafia men scatter. Superman spins around just as the HIGH POWERED SHELL SLAMS INTO HIS CHEST AND EXPLODES.

SUPERMAN IS KNOCKED THROUGH THE WALL OF A JEWELRY STORE CRASHING INTO A DISPLAY CASE. A HAIL OF SHRAPNEL SCATTERS OVER THE AREA KILLING THE MAN WITH THE ARTILLERY PIECE AND INJURING SEVERAL MORE OF THE WOULD BE ASSASSINS.

47

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

47

Terrified customers and employees have scattered and ran for the doors. Slightly dazed, Superman sits up and brushes the dust from his body. The uniform shows not even one hole or burn mark.

An ELDERLY MAN walks over and offers a hand to the once overconfident hero.

ELDERLY MAN

Are you okay, son?

SUPERMAN

Yeah, I'm alright, wasn't quite ready for that one.

Superman takes the offered hand and stands up. The Elderly Man and Superman stare at the hole in the wall and watch the mafia members still capable of moving get into a sedan and drive off.

ELDERLY MAN

Well, I guess not.

SUPERMAN

Yeah, thanks for the help.

(CONTINUED)

Superman flies through the hole.

48 I/E. SEDAN - DAY

48

The mafia are scared shitless as they haul ass down the road. Seconds later Superman SLAMS his fists into the hood of the car from above. The front of the car collapses under the force, and the tires and windshield EXPLODE as the car starts to jackknife forward.

Superman casually rises up in the air a few more feet and steadies the vehicle with one hand, and lets it FALL back to the ground upright.

The men inside start to get out and make a run for it, but stop as Superman RIPS the door off of the sedan. They all stare up at him in amazement and fear as he raises his index finger and shakes it at them: "No, no, no."

49 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

49

Superman flies the sedan back to City Hall and sets it down.

TURPIN

Hey, blueboy! Hands up!

Turpin demands, drawing his weapon and training it on Superman and the assassins, as he quickly exits the police cruiser, and ducks behind the door for cover.

Superman casually obliges as do the assassins, who start to slowly get out of the car. Other cruisers arrived and soon the entire block is under police supervision, and EMT's are attending to the wounded.

The mayor is on a stretcher, slightly burned and breathing oxygen, but speaks to Turpin.

MAYOR SILVA

Superman is not to be arrested.

TURPIN

Sir?

MAYOR SILVA

He saved me and my aide from those assassins. I want him deputized this instant. He is to be given every bit of cooperation that he needs.

(CONTINUED)

TURPIN

With all due respect, Mr. Mayor I think you should wait until we know who this guy really is.

MAYOR SILVA

I gave you an order Inspector Turpin. If you want to discuss this further, see me in the hospital.

(to Superman)

Thank you, Superman. I hope you can help Turpin catch those who are responsible for this.

SUPERMAN

I will do my best, sir.

The mayor is loaded into an Ambulance.

MAYOR SILVA

You do that son and thank you again.

Turpin did not look particularly pleased at this situation, but made an effort nonetheless and stick out his hand.

TURPIN

Inspector Dan Turpin, MPD.

SUPERMAN

(shaking hands)

Uh...Superman.

TURPIN

Is that a code name or can I get your real name?

SUPERMAN

It's Superman.

TURPIN

(sighs)

Come on rookie. Let's show you how real cops handle a crime scene.

Turpin shakes his head incredulously at the prospect of having to work with an untrained man, who was anything but normal.

TURPIN (cont'd)

Okay, let's check out that gun that took out the limo.

(CONTINUED)

Turpin bent down, and with a handkerchief, gingerly picked up the artillery weapon. He studied it for a few moments, and figures out how to break it down, and examines the remaining shell. Turpin lets out a long whistle.

TURPIN (cont'd)

This is new. I haven't seen anything like this before, must a military weapon.

SUPERMAN

It's a pretty powerful shell. It even knocked me through that building. My chest feels a little tight now.

TURPIN

You took one of these in the chest?

SUPERMAN

Yes, it caught me off guard and knocked me through that jewelry store.

TURPIN

You're serious? Man if you're telling the truth I really hope you are on our side.

SUPERMAN

Trust me.

TURPIN

Don't worry; I'll give you a fair shake.

Turpin starts to hand the weapon over but Superman doesn't accept it and just stares at it.

TURPIN (cont'd)

Well, are you going to look at it or not?

SUPERMAN

It's a LexCorp design.

TURPIN

How do you know that?

SUPERMAN

It's a LexCorp Design.

(CONTINUED)

TURPIN
How the hell do you know that?

SUPERMAN
(points)
Because it's written on the side of
gun.

TURPIN
Oh, for a minute I thought you
could see through things.

SUPERMAN
Uh, I can see through things, too.

TURPIN
(not believing)
What? Like an X-ray?

SUPERMAN
Yes, I'm serious.

TURPIN
Prove it.

SUPERMAN
You have a pacemaker.

TURPIN
Oh, shit! You weren't kidding?

SUPERMAN
No, I wasn't.

TURPIN
That's impressive but just remember
they're are other people with
abilities on this planet.

SUPERMAN
What do you mean?

Turpin looks over at a parked cruiser with Driver handcuffed
next to an officer.

TURPIN
I'll tell you later. Let's talk to
this guy.

Turpin and Superman walk over to a police cruiser as an
officer yanks the getaway driver from the lead car out.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Hey, watch it, man. I don't approve
of police brutality.

SUPERMAN

How did you get LexCorp weapons?

The Driver looks over Superman then SPITS at his feet. Superman steps back, surprised. Turpin grabs the man by the throat and slams him into the cruiser, knocking the breath from the assassin.

Superman looks disgusted at the display.

TURPIN

Listen pal, this guy here ain't no
regular cop. You know he can mash
you to pulp and make it real
painful. So I suggest you spill it,
or he is going to spill you all
over the street!

The arrogant man smiles at Turpin, not affected at all by the threat. Superman catches the assassin's eyes, and for a little emphasis, he flashes his heat vision briefly, causing his eyes to GLOW.

The driver looks down then starts to starts to shrink back against the cruiser. Superman and Turpin both follow his gaze and see an ever increasing wet spot forming on the man's pants. Superman and Turpin both look back up at the man and shake their heads.

TURPIN (cont'd)

Now talk, before he gets irritated.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. LEXCORP - DAY 50

LexCorp towers like an ancient god over the city.

51 INT. LEXCORP, LEX'S OFFICE - DAY 51

Lex Luthor SLAMS his hand down hard on his expensive desk. The interior alone would run in the millions. Across from Luthor sits some bad men in suits and ties. A slight smile across their faces.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

I have told you for the last time to stay out of my warehouses! The CDR project is a military contract and I do not deal in arming criminals!

FRANK

Look who's talkin'.

LEX

Listen to me. I let you operate in Metropolis on a very conditional agreement with your boss that you would curtail some of your violence in exchange for your services. Stealing LexCorp property is not part of the agreement, and neither is killing people, especially with LexCorp designed weapons.

ALEX

Listen man, you promised us you could get the Mayor to let up on us. You didn't come through and the boss decided to take care of Silva himself.

LEX

I am not going to debate this. I have my fingers deep into the infrastructure of Metropolis, and unlike you, I'm doing it for the good of the city, not just personal gain.

ALEX

Hell, you profit from this more than we do.

LEX

Well, I can't pour money into this bankrupt city and not get something back.

Lex pauses for a moment, clearly becoming more agitated, before exploding into a barely controlled rage which takes the suits by surprise.

LEX (cont'd)

I am through talking about this!
Our deal is off!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEX(cont'd)

You tell your boss that I will no longer allow him to do business in Metropolis! I own Metropolis, and no one is going to ruin this city while I live!

FRANK

Are you sure about that, Luthor?

LEX

Yes. No get out and never return to my office again.

FRANK

Well, if that's the way you want it.

Simultaneously, the five men reach for concealed pistols. Lex dives behind his bullet proof desk and draws an H&K MP5 sub machine-gun from a hidden drawer.

Pistol rounds RICOCHET off the desk and bulletproof glass windows and SMASHING into the walls and ceiling sending clouds of dust and debris everywhere.

Using the desk for cover Lex holds his arm over the desk and pulls the trigger. The SAFETY is on.

LEX

Damn!

The men fire several more rounds then stop firing and began to move around the desk, each one covering it with their pistol.

ANGLE ON - LEX, as the safety is jammed.

Frank starts to step around the desk and stops. His eyes widen.

ANGLE ON - SUPERMAN, hovering outside the window.

ALEX

Who the hell is that?

FRANK

I don't know, but he ain't getting in here. That glass is bulletproof just like everything else in here.

Superman's eyes begin to GLOW an intense ruby red color and similar colored beams STRIKE the glass, causing it to MELT away in just seconds. Superman glides through the new hole.

(CONTINUED)

SUPERMAN
 Stop now and drop your weapons and
 I will do you no harm.

ALEX
 (raising his gun)
 Screw you!

Superman steps forward as several shells BOUNCE harmlessly off of his chest. Frank loses his nerve and throws down his gun, surrendering. The other thugs quickly do the same.

ON LEX

As he finally turns off the safety.

LEX
 Ha!

Lex leaps up on his desk and with a BATTLE CRY SPRAYS BULLETS around the room...

and misses EVERYONE but Superman.

Lex stares dumbfounded at Superman for a LONG BEAT as the reaming vases and pictures fall to the ground. Finally --

SUPERMAN
 Lex Luthor my name is --

BAM! Luthor SHOOTS at round at Superman's chest. Superman looks down at his chest in disbelief then back at Luthor.

SUPERMAN (cont'd)
 What are you doing?

LEX
 (with a smile)
 Sorry, I had to make sure. Who are you?

Superman shakes his head.

SUPERMAN
 My name is Superman.

LEX
 And your reason for being here?

SUPERMAN
 I'm here to bring in you for questioning.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

I thought you were here to save me,
now you want to arrest me. On what
charge?

SUPERMAN

Aiding and abetting known
criminals, and the illegal
distribution of weapons without the
proper permits.

Luthor bursts out into a brief moment of laughter. Superman
smiles. Luthor's signals Superman to give him one minute.
Superman looks down at the suits who return the look.

Luthor reaches inside his jacket pocket for a cell phone and
flips it open.

LEX

How much and where?

SUPERMAN

Excuse me?

LEX

How much money do you want and
where do you want it? A briefcase?
A Swiss bank account? Can't do a
French bank account. Saddam ruined
it for everyone.

SUPERMAN

I'm sorry but I can't do that.

LEX

Sure you can, everyone has their
price, and it looks like you are in
serious need of a fashion
consultant. To be honest it looks
like your mother made that outfit
for you.

Police SIRENS begin wailing as Superman turns red in the face
but holds his temper and steps forward to seize Luthor.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. METROPOLIS, POLICE PRECINCT 23 - MOMENTS LATER

52

Superman lands gracefully in front of the Metropolis Police
Precinct as the Police pull up with Luthor in the squad car.

(CONTINUED)

Superman opens the door for Luthor then gives Lex a slight nudge towards the door as dozens of officers gather around and follow the two men inside.

53

INT. METROPOLIS, POLICE PRECINCT 23 - DAY

53

Inside, the building is in worse shape than it on the outside. The central Precinct in Metropolis looks like it belongs in Suicide Slum.

Dan Turpin and POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON JAMES, African American and the best dressed man in the precinct, are arguing with Lois at the front desk.

GORDON

I am sorry Miss Lane, but you cannot be present during the questioning process.

LOIS

Well, can I at least get an interview with you afterwards? I have known for quite some time that Luthor was involved in some shady business, but never could find adequate proof.

GORDON

Miss Lane, I'm a busy man and right now I don't have time for this. You can ask me questions during the press conference scheduled for this afternoon but I am not going to give any exclusives on the assassination attempt or answer any questions on why we are questioning Lex Luthor.

LOIS

So Luthor is connected. How so?

GORDON

How I wish your police scanner would break. No further comment, Miss. Lane.

LOIS

If it ever does, I got two more as backup.

At that moment the trio finally notice the gathered crowd and the two men in the center of the hallway, Superman and Luthor.

(CONTINUED)

Turpin nods at Superman then grins smugly at Luthor.

TURPIN
Well, well, look what we got here.
Looks like ol' Lex finally got
busted.

LEX
It's nice to see you again too,
Inspector Turpin.

Gordon steps forward and grasps Superman's hand and shakes it enthusiastically, grinning a broad, almost blinding white smile.

James glares over at Lois.

GORDON
(to Superman)
This way please.

James leads Superman, Turpin and Luthor down the hall. Lois tries once more to get in but gets the door closed on in her face.

54 INT. INTERRAGATION ROOM - DAY

54

Lex is lead around the table and sat at the head of it while James continues the ass kissing.

GORDON
It's a pleasure to finally meet
you, Superman. My name is Gordon
James and I'm the Commissioner of
the Metropolis Police Department.

SUPERMAN
It's a pleasure to meet you too,
Commissioner.

James walks over instinctively to the window blinds and closes them the very second Lois' face pops into frame. The wall is KICKED IMMEDIATELY.

GORDON
You have really been giving the
criminals of this city something to
be afraid of for once.

SUPERMAN
I'm not here to terrorize anyone
sir, just to do what is right.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Excellent answer. Ever think of running for a political office?

SUPERMAN

I'm not a politician. I'm just here to help with the investigation.

TURPIN

Oh, after what those mafia guys told us after the hit on the mayor, I'm afraid we have plenty of questions for old baldly over here.

LEX

(nodding to Turpin's gut)
Yes, I'm sure you do Inspector Turpin. In fact, I am fully prepared to answer any and all diet and fitness questions you in particular may have.

TURPIN

Oh, it's going to one of those nights isn't it?

LEX

Well, that would be fun and all Inspector, but my lawyer will be present before I answer any questions or engage in any extracurricular activities. Understand?

TURPIN

Why of course your majesty. How improper of me to suggest otherwise.

Turpin mock bows. Gordon shakes his head and turn to Superman.

GORDON

Before you go out there a quick word about, Miss. Lane.

SUPERMAN

Yes?

GORDON

Don't mind her. She has been on our heels ever since she was hired at the Daily Planet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON(cont'd)

She's a great reporter, that's why I put up with her. I respect her integrity and dedication. We need more people like that in this city. What you did for the Mayor today was spectacular and another example of what I am talking about. Speaking of the Mayor, he wants to have a celebration in your honor as soon as he is out of the hospital. What do you say to that?

SUPERMAN

I'm sorry but I don't think that would be fair. People don't pay taxes so one man can be celebrated for doing something that was absolutely no danger to himself.

GORDON

Ahhh...a working class hero. The people of this city will eat that up. You don't mind if I reiterate what you have said here to the press do you?

SUPERMAN

You can, but only if you do it for a friend of mine.

GORDON

Who would that be?

SUPERMAN

Clark Kent.

GORDON

Kent? Does he work for the Planet?

SUPERMAN

No, but I have it on good authority that he will be very soon.

GORDON

I'll make sure to make some time for him if he stops by. Once again, it was a pleasure meeting you, but I have some business to attend to. Good day.

SUPERMAN

You too.

Gordon opens the door.

55 INT. POLICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

55

Superman steps through the door as James closes it trapping him with Lois.

LOIS

Hello Superman, I'm Lois Lane, reporter for the Daily Planet. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

SUPERMAN

I'm sorry, Miss. Lane. I don't really have time. I need to get back out in the city.

LOIS

Yes I understand, but this will only take a moment.

SUPERMAN

I'm sorry Miss. Lane, but I have already given an interview to a reporter this morning and I don't have time to do another one.

LOIS

What? Who? It wasn't that bimbo Cat Grant was it? I swear, all you need is blonde hair and a big set of --

SUPERMAN

No, Miss. Lane. I haven't spoken to Ms. Grant. A reporter I saved from a near car accident today. In the interest of full disclosure he's also a close friend.

LOIS

What? What's his name?

SUPERMAN

His name is Clark Kent. Now if you will excuse me I have work to do.

He turns and leaves with out another word, leaving Lois Lane fuming.

CUT TO:

56

INT. DAILY PLANET, HALLWAY - EVENING

56

The CLASSIC IMAGE OF Clark Kent stares at us while he straightens his tie and steps out of the elevator into the hallway. Clark looks to his left and approaches the SECRETARY.

He stops at her desk and waits for a moment. She didn't appear to notice him as she twirls an ink pen and stares out a nearby window. After another moment Clark finally clears his throat, catching her attention.

CLARK

Excuse me miss? Hi, my name is Clark Kent and I have a six o'clock interview with Mr. White.

The secretary gives him a doubtful look before paging Perry.

PLANET SECRETARY

Mr. White, there is a Clark Kent here for a job interview.

PERRY

(filtered)

Have him wait outside my office, I'm busy. I'll call for him when I'm ready.

PLANET SECRETARY

Yes, Mr. White.

(to Clark)

Well you heard the man, have a seat.

The Secretary gestures towards the row of chairs on the wall opposite of her desk.

Clark turns to sit down, but manages to knock over a potted tree, spilling dirt all over the floor. He quickly kneels down and begins scooping up the dirt into his hand and putting it back in the pot.

CLARK

I'm sorry Miss, I didn't see it behind me.

The Secretary opens the desk drawer and pulls out dust buster.

(CONTINUED)

PLANET SECRETARY
 (giggling)
 How could you miss it, Mr. Kent?

Clark takes the dust buster and quickly cleans up the spill and hands it back to her.

CLARK
 Sorry.

PLANET SECRETARY
 No problem, Mr. Kent.

Clark turns back to the chair and for a brief glimpse we see the real Clark smile.

57 INT. SUBWAY, FOURTH CAR - DAY

57

Lois Lane sitting alone, and pissed off, takes out her cell phone from her purse and calls Perry through a direct line.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

PERRY
 Yes, Lois.

LOIS
 Perry I tried to get an interview with Superman.

PERRY
 What do you mean tried? Why didn't you get it?

LOIS
 He said he already gave an exclusive to a reporter named Clark Kent. Have you ever heard of him?

PERRY
 Kent?

LOIS
 Yes.

PERRY
 Clark Kent?

LOIS
 Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

Perry leans out and looks at Clark sitting on the bench like a schoolboy.

PERRY
Yeah, we just hired him.

LOIS
What?

PERRY
Gotta go, Lois. Stay on Luthor.

LOIS
Perry --

CLICK!

Lois lets out and closed mouth SCREAM in frustration and throws her cell phone against the wall. Her fellow riders look at her like a mad woman.

58 INT. DAILY PLANET, PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT 58

Perry leans out door.

PERRY
Kent?

CLARK
Yes?

Perry smiles widely.

59 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 59

Lex has a huge smile on his face as his Lawyer, MR. CAMPBELL, sits next to him. Turpin has been chain smoking for a good two hours and isn't about to stop as the smoke billows under the lights.

The Commissioner stares in disdain at Luthor. Turpin and the Commissioner stare directly at Campbell's and Luthor's eyes when they talk. Lex's and Campbell's eyes stay straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

MR. CAMPBELL

We need to go no further than the Fourteenth Amendment gentleman and I use that term loosely when referring to an ape like you, Mr. Turpin. Mr. Luthor was arrested without warrant.

TURPIN

Is that so?

MR. CAMPBELL

Yes. Who was the officer who brought Mr. Luthor in?

TURPIN

Superman. He was deputized by the mayor this morning.

MR. CAMPBELL

Do you have any papers to verify that? Is Superman on the payroll? Does he get benefits? Does he have a social security number?

TURPIN

Well, no --

MR. CAMPBELL

Well then we have a problem Grandpa. Unless we see some legal and binding documentation that Superman is an employee of the Metropolis Police Department, and furthermore, that he can legally work in the United States, then you either release Mr. Luthor, or I am going to tie up Metropolis in legal action that will be so long and expensive, that it will bust your balls back to the stone age gentleman.

TURPIN

(raising from his seat)
I think I have heard just about enough of your crap, Campbell!

MR. CAMPBELL

Don't touch me, Turpin!

(CONTINUED)

Turpin jumps out of his chair and starts after Campbell. Campbell almost begins to run circles around the table. They quickly stop.

MR. CAMPBELL (cont'd)
I'll sue you and take everything
you have!

TURPIN
Well, you can have her: everyone
else has!

Lex smiles and leans toward Gordon.

LEX
It seems you are stuck between a
rock and a hard place, Gordon.
Listen, I'm not going to sit here
and try to convince you I had
nothing to do with the
assassination. I have had some
dealings with Desaad's men before
but I didn't sell those weapons to
them. You know that is not my
style. Your men jumped the gun and
you put too much trust into
Superman. You have no idea where he
is, who he is, or if he can be
trusted. The evidence that he and
Turpin presented is, at best,
flimsy and will never hold up in
any Metropolis court. Is that
your design? Yes, but you
have no proof that we sold those
guns. If you check your files, you
will see that we reported a break
in and stolen property on the
fifteenth of last month. If I was
selling weapons to them, why would
they want to kill me? Think about
it, Gordon. I know you want me
busted, but until you get some
solid evidence, you may want to
back off before you find yourself
unemployed. Seriously, I wasn't
even read my rights.

GORDON
You only need that if you're being
placed under police custody then
you would be interrogated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON(cont'd)

This isn't an interrogation: this is a questioning. You're free to go whenever you please.

LEX

If this isn't an interrogation then why is my lawyer Mr. Campbell here?

GORDON

You called your lawyer, Mr. Luthor. Not us.

Gordon and Turpin smile at beating Luthor at his own game.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. METROPOLIS, VARIOUS STREETS - MORNING 60

The Daily Planet issue covering the attempted assassination of Mayor Silva, and the first and only interview with Superman, is sold out across the city.

61 INT. DAILY PLANET, PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - MORNING 61

Clark sits in Perry's office looking out the window as Perry, celebrating, offers him a cigar. Lois sits next to Clark feeling very unappreciated.

CLARK

No thanks, Mr. Perry, I don't smoke.

PERRY

Good for you, Kent. That interview has blown every paper and news channel out of the water. You're a celebrity!

CLARK

Wow, Mr. Perry. I don't know what to think of that.

LOIS

Oh, please it's just one story.

PERRY

(to Lois)

Don't forget his exclusive with the Police Commissioner Lois.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY (cont'd)
(turning back to Clark)
She's right, though Kent. They won't know your name next week. I made some calls and it appears that Lex Luthor was released last night, apparently he was never under arrest as the rumors went. So I want you to go to LexCorp and interview Luthor.

CLARK
Yes, Mr. Perry.

LOIS
What? Wait a minute Perry you're sending this guy to interview Luthor?

PERRY
Of course. He got the interview with Superman that my top reporter didn't and since Luthor got taken in by Superman it's only natural that the man who interviewed Superman should interview Luthor as well.

LOIS
I read his interview with Superman. It was far from a first class interview and they were all softball questions.

CLARK
Lois I think --

LOIS
Shut up, Kansas.

CLARK
Smallville.

LOIS
What?!

CLARK
Nothing.

PERRY
Okay, maybe Clark's interview was a little weak but my god Lois he got the numbers that you never did.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
My questions were not --

PERRY
Quiet, Kent!

LOIS
Maybe I didn't get the interview with Superman, Perry but I kept this paper alive when it was going downhill and you know it.

PERRY
That was three years ago, Lois. *Three years.* And the last article you wrote before the space shuttle was so horrible that before I deleted it from my computer I printed it out and wiped my ass with it!

LOIS
You know what. I'm not going to let this country hick or anyone else take my place at this newspaper. I'm the best here and you and everyone else in that newsroom knows it. I'll get you a story, Perry.

(to Clark)
Have fun with the Luthor interview, *Smallville.*

Lois storms out of the office and SLAMS the door shut. Clark sits silently in the chair.

PERRY
Kent.

CLARK
Yes, Mr. White?

PERRY
What are you sitting around here for?! Go get the interview!

CLARK
(jumping to his feet)
Yes, Mr. White.

Clark runs towards the door -- BOOM -- runs face first into it.

(CONTINUED)

PERRY
Open the damn door, Kent!

Clark holds his nose and opens the door and leaves the office.

CUT TO:

62 INT. LEXCORP, HALLWAY - MORNING

62

Clark approaches the RECEPTIONIST, MS. VALE. He decides to try and drop the goofy Clark Kent act and try to make an impression on the woman.

CLARK
Hello, I'm Clark Kent. I'm here to see Lex.

MISS. VALE
Who?

Clark leans his elbow on the desk and flashes a smile.

CLARK
Clark Kent, reporter for the Daily Planet.

She not impressed and begins to check Lex's appointments.

MISS. VALE
I'm sorry Mr. Kent but Mr. Luthor isn't expecting you. You will have to make an appointment.

Clark starts to object when an intercom buzzes at her desk.

LEX
(filtered)
Send Clark up, Miss. Vale.

MISS. VALE
Yes, Mr. Luthor.

63 INT. LEXCORP, LEX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

63

Lex's office is as pristine as ever. Not a single trace of a bullet hole or broken glass or dust can be found.

Lex is seated at his desk reading a copy of the latest edition of the Daily Planet when there is a KNOCK on the door.

(CONTINUED)

LEX
Come in, Clark!

Lex lays the paper on his desk as Clark steps forward.

LEX (cont'd)
Good morning, Clark. The last time we talked you were a sophomore at Met U. How long ago was that? Five, six years?

Lex stands up and shakes Clark's hand.

CLARK
Something like that, Lex. How have you been?

LEX
Well other than having my life almost extinguished for the second time this year, I'm doing pretty well. I just finished reading your article on Superman. There's a lot of interesting facts in that article.

CLARK
Yes it was a very interesting interview. Speaking of interviews that's why I am here. I was wondering if I could get a one on one with you?

LEX
Tell you what, Kent. In the interest of old friendships, I'll give you an exclusive interview on one condition.

CLARK
What is that?

LEX
That you answer two questions for me.

CLARK
Okay, shoot.

LEX
First off, where does Superman live?

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
I don't know that.

LEX
Are you sure you don't Clark?

CLARK
Yes, I'm sure. Was that your second question?

LEX
I never mentioned anything about how many follow up questions there would be now did I? My second question is: where did you go after you graduated from Metropolis University?

CLARK
I traveled.

LEX
Really? Where? And most importantly, where did you get the money to do so?

Clark's mind races, think of something Clark.

CLARK
I backpacked Europe for about three years and was really fortunate that I met a lot of good honest people.

LEX
So you mean to tell me that you spent three years in Europe and went no where else?

CLARK
Yes, Lex. I could barely afford to get to Europe and almost didn't make it back to the U.S.

LEX
Are you sure?

CLARK
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

Then you were never in the area during the Yangtze floods two years ago when the river's course was somehow diverted? What about the survivors stories from the earthquakes in Tokyo.

CLARK

No, Lex, I wasn't. I don't know what you're getting at.

LEX

I'm getting at this --

Lex tosses a folder onto the desk. Clark picks the folder up and opens.

INSERT: Black and white photos of Clark in various places around the world. Clark's hair is a little longer and has a serious five day shadow working for him in some pictures.

Clark's body tenses as he understands were this is leading to. Lex picked up two photos and studied them.

INSERT: One picture of Clark and one of Superman taken over the last week.

LEX (cont'd)

I'm talking about who you are, Clark.

CLARK

Lex, I don't know what you are talking about.

LEX

Clark you can stop it now. I'm not like these Metropolis morons.

(swapping the photos)

Glasses on, glasses off. Glasses on glasses off, it's the same damn guy.

Clark is speechless then quickly puts on a smile.

CLARK

What do you want, Lex? This is getting old. I am not Superman. I can't fly or run fast and I don't have superhuman strength. You have seen me hurt before.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

Yes I have but you were much younger then. As for what I want. I need an apology first off for bringing me in.

CLARK

For what? Lex, I am not Superman. I just came here for an interview and if I'm not going to get that then I have other things to do.

LEX

Fine, Clark. If you won't work for me then you are against me.

CLARK

Lex! Listen to me! I am not Superman. Do I get the interview or not?

Lex looks deep into Clark's eyes, Lex wants to believe.

LEX

No, Clark. I am not doing an interview with you. I believe Miss. Lane will be getting that interview instead. Now get out of my office, Clark.

CLARK

Fine Lex, but you're wrong.

As Clark reaches the front door it opens. A large brute of a man stands before us... KALIBAK. He is easily seven feet tall and has to weigh near five hundred pounds.

KALIBAK

Good day, sir.

CLARK

Good day to you, too.
(extending his hand)
Clark Kent.

Kalibak takes Clark's hand which now looks like a child's hand in Kalibak's and shakes it.

KALIBAK

Ah. The man who wrote that wonderful Superman article. It's a pleasure to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
You too, Mr...

KALIBAK
Kalibak.

Lex clears his throat in the background as Campbell squirms out from behind Kalibak and nods briefly at Clark.

KALIBAK (cont'd)
I hate to rush off but I have an important meeting with Mr. Luthor.

CLARK
I understand.

Clark steps aside and allows Kalibak to enter the room.

KALIBAK
You have a good day, Mr. Kent.

CLARK
Thank you. You too, sir.

Clark heads out of the office and shuts the door. Kalibak walks towards Lex with purpose and a complete change in demeanor.

LEX
Greetings, Kalibak.

KALIBAK
Dispense with the pleasantries dog.
What is the meaning of this meeting?

LEX
Superman.

KALIBAK
Ahhhhh. The Kryptonian. I have much interest in this man.

LEX
Excuse me, what did you call him?

KALIBAK
Kryptonian. I will not repeat myself again. What is it that you want, Luthor?

(CONTINUED)

LEX

He's a hero. The people of this city love him and so does most of the rest of the world. They believe he's the most powerful man in Metropolis. I'm the powerful man in Metropolis but Superman arrested me and has tarnished my good name and image and I want him dead. I want all of those responsible for ruining my name taken care of. I want Commissioner James eliminated. He's intent on bringing me down. Inspector Turpin has been a thorn in my side for years, start with him. Lois Lane has been trying to expose me for years and I allowed her to continue. No more. I want them all dead within a week. Do you understand, Kalibak?

KALIBAK

Yes, Luthor. I'm glad to see that you have finally grown a back bone. Opponents should always be eliminated. You have wasted too much time with these fools. My standard fee is one million dollars per head, but with the time frame you requested, it is double. Also it will require resources to prepare my assassins this quickly. I want access to all of your agents. I need intelligence. The ones who were working for me before were...disappointing.

LEX

I'll make it three. Just get it done.

KALIBAK

Including the Agents?

LEX

Full access, though, I am intrigued as to why.

KALIBAK

Something bigger than you Luthor. I assume you will divulge the information from your agents soon enough.

(CONTINUED)

LEX
(smiling)
Of course.

CUT TO:

64

INT. COMMISSIONER JAMES' OFFICE - NIGHT

64

Commissioner James switches off his computer and leans back in his worn out office chair and lets out a big sigh. He stands up and cracks his neck. James walks over and grabs his jacket and puts it on, then switches the light off and reaches for the door knob.

He pauses at an odd clicking sound coming from the window. James smiles and walks over and pulled the blinds up. As the blinds come up he jumps back with a frightened expression.

THE WINDOW EXPLODES! A SHOWER OF GLASS AND BRICK SMASH INTO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, SENDING JAMES AND HIS DESK FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM.

James rolls over, in a daze. A loud THUMP of feet echo. James scrambles for what was left of his desk and pulls his pistol from a hidden drawer. James stumbles to his feet and aims the pistol at the oncoming silhouette.

A gigantic feature approaches, the city lights pouring into the hole and giving the shape a demonic appearance. It stops a few feet in front of him and GROWLS. For a split-second James hesitates.

The creature GROWLS again and starts to take a step forward, as it does a squad of POLICE OFFICERS STORM into the shattered office.

The beast whirls at the new threat, its features briefly lit up by the flashlights attached to the officer's weapons. It doesn't make a sound as it leaps towards the men. GUNFIRE breaks the silence as the squad is broken apart like bowling pins.

SCREAMS are cut short in an instant. Weapons are rendered useless but they never stop FIRING. Gordon FIRES several rounds into the creature's back as it BREAKS the spine of the last officer.

The creature lets the limp body drop to the floor before it spins around lightning fast and grabs James by the neck, lifting him from the floor. James struggles to free himself but can't even pull a finger from his neck.

(CONTINUED)

He raises his weapon to the creatures face and FIRES his last round to no effect.

The creature pulls him close before uttering a single word.

KALIBAK

Kalibak.

Kalibak SNAPS his neck like a twig.

65 EXT. METROPOLIS, SKY LINE - LATER 65

Superman flies high above the city and spots the damaged Office wall. Superman quickly swoops down.

66 INT. COMMISSIONER JAMES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 66

Superman drifts into the hole on the side of the Metropolis City Building. He takes in the crime scene with a gasp. He scans the edges of the hole with his supervision.

He scans the bodies of the men one at a time looking for signs of life. Each one is mangled. Superman gasps as he finds Commissioner James lying behind his ruined desk, his neck broken.

Superman goes back to scanning the remaining bodies. He stops at one man whose spine was broken, but was relatively intact compared to most of the other bodies.

INSERT: X-RAY VISION of the officer's heart still beating.

SWAT LEADER (O.S.)

FREEZE!

Superman looks up to sees a SWAT TEAM ready and willing to shoot, more dangerous to themselves at this close range.

SUPERMAN

(pointing)

This man is still alive. He needs help.

SWAT LEADER

I SAID FREEZE AND ON YOUR KNEES!
NOW!

SUPERMAN

I'm telling you, you need to get an ambulance here immediately.

(CONTINUED)

Superman put his hands behind his head, and drops to his knees.

Turpin runs into James office. He steps back out, his face pale. Turpin peers back into the room and sees the officer that Superman is pointing to breathing.

TURPIN

Get on the radio and get an ambulance here. Mezger is still alive.

(to Superman)

Is it going to do me any good to tell you that you're under arrest?

SUPERMAN

I didn't do this. Something else was here, but it got away before I got here.

TURPIN

Are you sure? Because I don't know of anybody else who can do the kind of damage that's done in there.

SUPERMAN

You said it yourself that there are other people on this planet with abilities.

Turpin thought it over for a moment and then looks Superman in the eye.

TURPIN

You go find whoever it was you think did this but we are going to do a full investigation and if we don't find any evidence of someone else being here...

Superman nods once before flying through the damaged office and out into the city.

CUT TO:

67

INT. LANA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

67

Lana uncaps a magic marker and writes on something in front of her. She recaps it and leans back and wipes her brow.

(CONTINUED)

WIDE SHOT

Everything in the room is boxed up and labeled. O.S. A dog is HEARD barking. Lana gets up and heads out the front door.

68

EXT. LANA'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

68

Lana's walks onto the porch and sees Superman in her front lawn kneeling in front of her dog petting it.

SUPERMAN

Hey, boy. How are you doing?

LANA

Clark?

Clark looks up at Lana.

SUPERMAN

Hi, Lana.

Superman stands up and walks toward Lana. Lana stares blankly at Superman for a moment, not seeing him as Clark for the first time. Superman holds Lana tightly. Lana then steps back and looks into Superman's eyes.

LANA

What's wrong?

SUPERMAN

There is someone else like me.

LANA

Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

SUPERMAN

He's a murderer.

LANA

Oh, god. What you going to do?

Superman leads Lana over to the porch and sits down with her on the steps.

SUPERMAN

I don't know. I don't know about anything any more. Everything is a mess. The police are looking at me as a suspect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUPERMAN(cont'd)

I've looked everywhere for the guy who did this Lana and I couldn't find anything. And tonight I have to write an article about these murders and no matter what I'm going to come out looking like the bad guy.

LANA

Well, don't write the article.

SUPERMAN

It's my job.

LANA

Well, don't write it to where you look guilty.

SUPERMAN

I have to, Lana. All the evidence points towards me.

LANA

You're just gonna have to write that article then find out who did it so you can clear your name.

SUPERMAN

I wish it was that easy Lana but it's not. There's only one person I can think of who could help me.

LANA

Who's that?

SUPERMAN

Lois.

LANA

Lois? Lane?

SUPERMAN

Yeah.

LANA

(a little hurt)

Oh, her. That big city reporter.

After a beat of silence Lana stands up and takes Superman's hand. As Superman stands up Lana wraps her arms around him.

(CONTINUED)

LANA (cont'd)
Well, just remember, Clark. No matter what. I love you and I believe in you.

SUPERMAN
I love you, too.

Superman kisses Lana then takes flight.

CUT TO:

69

INT. DAILY PLANET, LOIS' DESK - NIGHT

69

Piles of folders are stacked on the desk. Lois types away on her keyboard like a woman possessed. The Daily Planet MAIL CLERK interrupts Lois.

MAIL CLERK
Miss. Lane.

LOIS
Yes?

MAIL CLERK
This just arrived for you.

She hands Lois a small package big enough for a CD.

LOIS
Thanks.

Lois waits until the Mail Clerk is out of viewing range before she inspects the package. No return address on the box. Lois opens it up and takes out the CD and places it into her computer.

Lois reads the screen and beams with pride.

LOIS (cont'd)
(under her breath)
Try getting LexCorp informants, Clark. Then you might be a challenge.

Lois take out the CD and puts in her purse and leaves her desk.

70 INT. DAILY PLANET, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 70

Lois walks past Jimmy, who has a box of ink cartridges in his hand.

LOIS
Good night, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Good night, Miss. Lane.

71 EXT. METROPOLIS, NEWSTAND - NIGHT 71

In a run down section of Metropolis Turpin is at a newstand. An old gnarly vendor, AL sees Turpin walking up to him.

AL
Hey, Dan.

TURPIN
Hey, Al.

AL
Working late tonight?

TURPIN
Yup.

AL
Usual?

TURPIN
You go it.

AL
(as he hands them over)
Coffee, extra sugar. Jelly filled
doughnut. Daily Planet.

TURPIN
Thanks, Al.

AL
You got it, Dan? Rough night.

TURPIN
Yup.

Dan hands over a pocket full of change.

(CONTINUED)

TURPIN (cont'd)
Catch ya' tomorrow, Al.

AL
See you tomorrow, Dan.

Dan heads back to his rusted out Oldsmobile and gets inside.

72 INT. DAILY PLANET, HALLWAY - NIGHT

72

Clark walks down the hallway searching for Lois. Jimmy is reloading the ink in a copier.

CLARK
Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Hello, Mr. Kent. Say you wouldn't know how to refill this copier would you?

CLARK
Sorry, Jimmy I don't.

JIMMY
That's okay.

CLARK
Hey, Jimmy. Have you seen Lois?

JIMMY
Uh...she left a couple of minutes ago. You should try calling her cell.

CLARK
Okay, thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY
You got it, Mr. Kent.

Clark walks over to his desks and picks up the phone.

CUT TO:

73 I/E. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

73

Lois Lane sits in the back of the cab as it travels down the busy streets of Metropolis. Her cell phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS
(into cell)
Lois?

INTERCUT AS NEED:

CLARK
Hey, Lois.

LOIS
What is it, Smallville?

CLARK
Lois I have a favor to ask.

LOIS
What do you need?

CLARK
I need access to your contacts.

LOIS
No way, Clark.

CLARK
Look, Lois. I have to write the
article on Superman tonight and
right now all the evidence points
towards him.

LOIS
How do you know that Superman
didn't do it?

CLARK
Would the man who saved you life
kill another man?

Suddenly Lois becomes quiet. He's got her.

LOIS
I can't give you my contacts,
Clark. Unless you give me something
in return.

CLARK
What do you want?

LOIS
Superman.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
 Superman? Lois I can't give you
 Superman.

LOIS
 Bullshit, Clark. You know the guy
 and he mentioned your name to me
 personally.

CLARK
 Look, Lois, I'll see what I can do.

LOIS
 No, Clark you'll give me Superman
 or I'll --

THUMP! The roof of the cab indents.

CABBIE
 What the hell!

The roof is being pounded upon by something on the taxi.

CLARK
 Lois what is going on?

LOIS
 I don't know, Clark. Something is
 on the roof and --

CLARK
 Lois? Lois?!

Clark hangs up the phone then looks around and sees the door open to the corner office. Clark quickly scans it with his x-ray vision, nobody inside. Clark heads to the office then generally steps out the window.

74 EXT. DAILY PLANET - CONTINUOUS 74

Clark free falls stripping off his suit with this costume underneath. His suit lands on one of the window sills with his shoes on top.

75 EXT. METROPOLIS, SKY - CONTINUOUS 75

Superman flies over Metropolis, scanning the streets and spots a taxi cab with a LARGE CREATURE the size of two men with lightning quick reflexes and razor sharp claws, on top of the cab.

(CONTINUED)

BAM!

Superman stops and hovers in mid-air and turns to his left and sees

TURPIN'S OLDSMOBILE

with ANOTHER CREATURE ON it. Turpin fires another shot which hits it sending it reeling back.

LOIS screams again. Superman turns back and looks at

LOIS' CAB.

The creature has ripped open half of the roof.

BAM! Superman turns his head back to

TURPIN'S OLDSMOBILE

As another gunshot rings out. This time the Creature is stunned and ready to fall off the car.

Superman BOLTS towards...

LOIS.

The Cabbie LOCKS on the breaks as the cab comes to a screeching halt. The second the taxi stops, BOOM! Superman slams into the creature with both fists sending it flying 50 feet across the street into a building.

Superman looks down into the taxi. Lois looks up at him.

SUPERMAN
Are you okay, Lois?

WHAM! The creature ATTACKS Superman knocking him off of the taxi. Superman fights with it as it bites into his neck.

ANGLE ON - THE CREATURE'S TEETH, as they start to BREAK.

The beast stops biting and Superman seizes his chance and KNOCKS the hell out of the creature sending it FLYING back against the taxi. The creature SPRINGS BOARDS off of the trunk and back onto Superman.

(CONTINUED)

Lois sticks her head out of the torn roof of the taxi and watches the fight as the traffic begins to STOP and watch as well.

Superman rolls the creature onto its back and begins to SMASH ITS FACE IN. The creature roars and backhands Superman sending him flying into a NEWSPAPER STAND.

The creature heads towards Superman but Superman stands up and BLASTS the creature with his HEAT VISION. No good. He just pissed it off worse. Superman hits the creature with his ICE BREATH. The creature SCREAMS in pain and takes a step back.

The creature LURCHES forward trying to move against the oncoming gale, but slowly begins to FREEZE OVER.

ANGLE ON - SURROUNDING AREAS, as vehicles and lamp posts nearby begin to FROST OVER.

The creature takes a final step and FREEZES. Frozen in mid step, the beast topples over and SHATTERS loudly upon the street.

Superman calls over to Lois.

SUPERMAN (cont'd)

Lois?!

LOIS

I'm okay. Look I know who set you up. It was Luthor.

SUPERMAN

Luthor?

LOIS

Luthor hired Kalibak as an assassin.

Superman FLIES OFF.

76

EXT. METROPOLIS, STREET - MOMENTS LATER

76

ANGLE ON - A TIRE SPINNING, as the car is flipped up on its top.

Crawling out of the car is a banged up Turpin. He crawls over to the side walk and rests.

WHOOM! THE CAR IS FLIPPED INTO THE AIR CRASHING INTO A DEPARTMENT STORE.

(CONTINUED)

The Creature LUNGES towards Turpin's.

ANGLE ON - THE CREATURES FACE, inches from Turpin's face. WHAM! Superman's boots land on the back of the creature's neck sending its face CRASHING into the pavement.

SUPERMAN
Sorry, I'm late.

TURPIN
Better late than never, blue boy.

SUPERMAN
This will only take a moment.

Superman turns to face the creature as it shakes its head and loosens the broken concrete from its teeth. With a PRIMAL SCREAM the beast LEAPS at Superman with its claws reaching for his throat.

Superman meets it with a VICIOUS UPPERCUT, catching it under the jaw and KNOCKING IT SKYWARD. The creature lands on top of a Hummer shattering it.

The creature shakes its head clear again as it crawls out of the mess and approaches Superman cautiously.

They circle for a moment and this time Superman is the aggressor as he moves in for another swift punch but the creature SIDESTEPS SUPERMAN AND CLAWS AT HIS NECK, OPENING A SMALL WOUND.

Superman grimaces in pain but spins around and with a VICIOUS BACKHAND sending the beast CRASHING to the ground.

With a single minded purpose the creature drags itself towards Superman before finally succumbing to its injuries with a final ragged breath.

Superman is visibly distressed at killing but pulls himself together as Turpin walks up to his side.

TURPIN
You okay?

Superman reaches up to the wound and rubs it gingerly with his hand. When he pulls it down and looks at it, he finds it is covered in blood.

SUPERMAN
Yeah, I'm alright.

(CONTINUED)

TURPIN

Was that thing as strong as you?

SUPERMAN

No. Not really. Just unpredictable. Look, Luthor is behind this. He's paid someone named Kalibak to be his hitman. Lois can fill you in on the details. She's a few blocks away from us but knowing her she'll be her shortly.

TURPIN

Are you going after Kalibak?

SUPERMAN

Yes.

Superman flies off as Lois Lane comes running down the street.

LOIS

Superman wait!
(he's gone)
Damn it.

TURPIN

What is it?

LOIS

Kalibak.

TURPIN

What about him?

Lois looks down at Turpin with a worried look.

CUT TO:

77

EXT. METROPOLIS, SKY LINE - NIGHT

77

Superman flies high above the city scanning for Kalibak.

ANGLE ON - A WHITE LIMO, as it heads down the street.

Superman looks up ahead and sees,

LEXCORP.

Superman smiles and SHOOTs off towards the roof.

78 EXT. LEXCORP - MOMENTS LATER 78

The limo pulls up outside of LexCorp.

79 INT. LEXCORP, LEX'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT 79

Lex Luthor is sitting at his desk studying his PC.

80 EXT. LEXCORP, ROOF - THAT MOMENT 80

Superman lands silently.

INSERT - X-RAY VISION

As we peer through the concrete and steel to spy on Luthor.

81 EXT. LEXCORP - THAT MOMENT 81

The limo pulls up to the front entrance.

82 EXT. LEXCORP, ROOF - THAT MOMENT 82

Superman turns his head towards the limo.

INSERT:

TELESCOPIC VISION

as the chauffeur gets out and opens the back door for Kalibak. The limo relaxes as the huge weight is lifted off its shocks.

CUT TO:

83 INT. LEXCORP, LEX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 83

Kalibak steps into the office and is greeted by Lex with a satisfied smile.

LEX

I take it you had a satisfactory meeting.

(CONTINUED)

KALIBAK

Most satisfying. It has been a long time since I have felt the bones of another warrior crushed between my fingers.

84 EXT. LEXCORP, ROOF - THAT MOMENT 84

Superman clenches his teeth, his fingers DIG INTO THE CONCRETE. He is one seriously pissed off dude.

85 INT. LEXCORP, LEX'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT 85

LEX

A warrior huh? James was a politician and nothing more.

Kalibak takes a threatening step towards Lex, anger flashing across his face.

KALIBAK

James died with honor. Do not cheapen my victory again.

BOOM! The CEILING CRASHES in as Superman lands on top of Lex's desk CRUSHING it.

LEX

You're paying for that.

Kalibak SWINGS A RIGHT while releasing a thunderous inhuman roar -- POOW! The punch lands squarely on Superman's chin sending him SAILING ACROSS THE ROOM AND THROUGH THE CONCRETE WALL.

86 EXT. METROPOLIS, STREET - CONTINUOUS 86

The citizens of Metropolis stop and stare forty stories above them at the man of steel as he comes CRASHING DOWN ONTO THE PAVEMENT.

Citizens scatter as the DEBRIS FROM THE WALL SHATTERS THE BACK OF PARKED TAXI CABS AND A LONE HOTDOG STAND.

Dazed, but unhurt, Superman begins to get to his feet, rubbing his jaw. Women SCREAM O.S. Superman looks up just as Kalibak comes CRASHING down onto Superman's head, feet first, SMASHING Superman THROUGH the street and into the sewers below.

87 INT. SEWERS - NIGHT

87

Superman lays on his back in six inches of water as moonlight cascades across his face and chest. Concrete, electrical conduit and water pipes are strewn around the tunnel.

Kalibak towers over Superman, GROWLING like an animal. Groggily, Superman begins to stand. As he does he reaches over and weakly grabs a conduit. Kalibak reaches down, grips him by the throat and hauls him to his feet bringing Superman eye to eye with the powerful man.

KALIBAK

My father will be most pleased that
I could conquer one as powerful as
you, Kal-El.

BOOM! Kalibak UNLEASHES A WILD UPPERCUT SHOOTING Superman through the street with conduit in hand.

88 INT. METROPOLIS, STREET - CONTINUOUS

88

Kalibak leaps through the new hole and pulls the prone Superman back to his feet and grips him in a rear choke. Superman holds the conduit by his side.

KALIBAK

Now your blood is mine, Kal-El.

Kalibak cups Superman's chin, preparing to snap his neck. At that instant, Superman jams the end of the electrical conduit directly into Kalibak's eye. SPARKS AND BLUE FIRE COURSE ACROSS BOTH MEN.

Kalibak releases his grip, stumbles back, and starts to BEND AND MORPH into an odd shape. He FLICKERS a few times before finally, Kalibak the man is no more and only Kalibak the Cruel remains.

Superman shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs as he take in the new Kalibak. Kalibak is still the same height, but is significantly wider, and very different in appearance from the Kalibak that Superman had met earlier.

This Kalibak has an even more muscular body, a square jaw, a snub nose, black eyes, long white fangs, claws on the ends of his fingers and a mane of brown hair.

Kalibak unclips a small device from his shirt and CRUSHES it in his hand as he glares at Superman.

(CONTINUED)

Sparks leap from his hand. The device dims down then blinks out. Kalibak lets the debris fall from his hand.

Superman looks at the building crowd around him.

SUPERMAN
Stand down Kalibak. People are
going to be hurt if we continue.

KALIBAK
(growling)
Slaves for my father.

Kalibak begins to circle Superman, who is now clear headed and ready for battle. Kalibak LUNGES forward, throwing a looping left hand, Superman DUCKS and counters with a POWERFUL LEFT SHOT to Kalibak's ribs, followed by a LIGHTNING QUICK RIGHT HAND to the jaw, and another left hand that SMASHES into Kalibak's eye, sending him reeling.

Superman SHOOTs forward, BOTH FIST FIRST and RAMS into Kalibak's sternum with the sound of a THUNDERCLAP. The impact sends Kalibak FLYING THROUGH STEEL GIRDERS AND BULLDOZERS until he reaches...

89

EXT. METROPOLIS, CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

89

A PARTIAL CONSTRUCTED BUILDING. The building COLLAPSE on top of Kalibak.

Superman hovers over the SMOKE FILLED site, scanning with his X-RAY VISION, but quickly ducks as something shoots by. Superman turns to follow the object with his eyes.

A CONCRETE BLOCK HURLED BY KALIBAK.

Superman uses his HEAT VISION TO MELT THE BLOCK IN AIR. Superman turns back as another flies towards him. Superman SMASHES it with his fist, turning it to DUST. The Man of Tomorrow slowly pushes forward, DESTROYING each block with his fist.

Kalibak LEAPS FORWARD immediately after the last block is released from his hand. Superman SHATTERS the block with his left then goes for a right hand to Kalibak's face but is wrapped up in the strong alien's arms and DRIVEN AGAINST THE PARTIALLY CONSTRUCTED BUILDING.

Kalibak LOCKS SUPERMAN SECURELY IN BEAR HUG and pins him against a steel beam that is still standing. Kalibak rears back and HEAD-BUTTS Superman viciously in the face. BLOOD SHOOTs FROM SUPERMAN'S NOSE, AS KALIBAK'S EYES CROSSED SLIGHTLY FROM THE IMPACT.

(CONTINUED)

Using the moment to his advantage, SUPERMAN BRINGS HIS RIGHT KNEE UP HARD INTO KALIBAK'S STOMACH, doubling him over and breaking the grip. SUPERMAN DRIVES HIS FIST DOWN INTO KALIBAK'S KIDNEYS. Superman KICKS KALIBAK IN THE GUT sending him SHOOTING towards the concrete block pile.

Superman QUICKLY FLIES after him and catches Kalibak and DRIVES HIM HARD INTO THE GROUND.

Superman reaches down to grab his foe, KALIBAK CLAPS BOTH HANDS TOGETHER, WITH CONCRETE BLOCKS IN EACH ONE, AND CRUSHES SUPERMAN'S HEAD BETWEEN THEM.

Superman staggers backwards, holding his ears as Kalibak got up and LANDS a devastating right hand on his temple, bringing Superman to his knees. Kalibak grabs Superman by the head, picks him up, and mercilessly SLAMS him face first into a steel I-beam, denting the beam. He goes for a second round but Superman counters with a BACK ELBOW to Kalibak's mouth, BREAKING ONE OF HIS FANGS.

Kalibak HOWLS WITH RAGE and meets Superman's RIGHT HAND WITH A RIGHT OF HIS OWN. KALIBAK AND SUPERMAN STAND TOE TO TOE, LANDING BLOW AFTER BLOW, NEITHER ONE GIVING AN INCH. WITH EACH BLOW, THE GROUND SHAKES SLIGHTLY. SUPERMAN LANDS A SOLID PUNCH ON KALIBAK AGAIN. KALIBAK COUNTERS WITH HIS CLAWS, TEARING FOUR LONG CUTS ON SUPERMAN'S CHEEK.

Superman steps back, bloodied, and holds his face. Superman looks at the blood then back at the smiling Kalibak. Anger sweeps over him like a storm and his eyes began to GLOW BRIGHT RED.

KALIBAK THROWS HIS ARMS UP TO BLOCK THE BLAST, BUT IT DOES LITTLE GOOD AS THE BEAMS HAMMER HIM, SUPERHEATING THE AIR AROUND HIM AND BLOWING HIM AGAINST THE BLADE OF A BULLDOZER. KALIBAK SLUMPS TO HIS KNEES, HIS CLOTHING AND HAIR BURNT COMPLETELY OFF OF HIS BODY.

Superman grabs an I-beam.

SUPERMAN
Surrender, Kalibak.

KALIBAK
Never, Kal-El. It is not my
father's way to surrender and nor
shall it be mine. I will meet my
death head on and revel in the
glory of our battle!

Kalibak lunges at Superman again. Superman SWINGS the I-beam hard, and CONNECTS with Kalibak's head. The beam SHATTERS.

(CONTINUED)

Kalibak SOARS through the air and SMASHES through another bulldozer. Kalibak lifts his head up once, then slumps back, falling into unconsciousness.

SUPERMAN

It's not my way.

90 EXT. LEXCORP, LEX'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT 90

Luthor is standing in front of a window looking over the battle zone. O.S. Turpin CLEARS his throat.

Luthor turns around to see Turpin with several Officers, Lois and Jimmy. Turpin lifts up his arms. In one hand Turpin holds a WARRANT. A pair of HANDCUFFS drop from the other hand. Luthor smiles as Jimmy takes a picture. Lex knows something we don't.

CUT TO:

91 INT. KENT FARM, LIVING ROOM - DAY 91

A bruised Clark sits on the new couch with his arm wrapped around Lana. Clark looks up at the hole in the ceiling leading to his bedroom.

CLARK

We'll have to fix that before I leave.

Martha walks into the room with some coffee and places it on the coffee table.

MARTHA

Jonathan was mentioning that this morning. So Lana, is everything packed?

LANA

Yes, Mrs. Kent. I'm ready to move as soon as Clark lets me.

MARTHA

I can't believe that both of you are going away together. It's about time. Though I really wish you were married before moving in together.

CLARK

Mom.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA
I'm not saying anything, Clark.
Your father might.

CLARK
Where is dad?

MARTHA
He's out on the porch.

CLARK
I'm going to go and talk to him.

Clark places his finger on Lana's chin and gingerly turns her face towards him as he softly kisses her on the lips.

CLARK (cont'd)
I'll be right back.

Lana gives Clark an extra kiss on the lips.

LANA
Okay.

Clark walks towards the front door.

MARTHA
Tell your father the coffee is done.

CLARK (O.S.)
I will.

92 EXT. KENT FARM, FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

92

Jonathan stands on the edge of the porch resting on the rail. Jonathan eyes are closed as he is feeling the warm sun on his face and rests in the stillness of the countryside.

Clark walks out the front door and stands next to his father and looks out at the field.

CLARK
Coffee's ready.

JONATHAN
Thanks, Clark.

Jonathan and Clark both grow silent. They both have something to say. Jonathan speaks up first.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN (cont'd)
 I'm proud of you, Clark. I always knew you would do the right thing and you did. I know it's not easy and that, at times, we may have seemed more like your enemies instead of your parents --

CLARK
 I know, Dad. There were times in my life when I just wished that you and mom would have stayed out but you keep putting yourself in it, even when I didn't want you to. Back then I believed it was the worst thing you could have done. Now I know why you did what you did and I love you and mom more then ever.

Jonathan smiles at Clark then looks back at the field.

CLARK (cont'd)
 Over the last couple of days I've been remembering more of that dream I had.

JONATHAN
 What have you remembered, son?

CLARK
 There was a planet and a red sun.

JONATHAN
 (hesitant)
 Was there anything else?

CLARK
 Dad...two people were talking to me. They said they were my parents.

Jonathan SIGHS deeply.

JONATHAN
 Son. Your mother and I love you.

CLARK
 Dad?

JONATHAN
 Clark listen to me.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

Dad what is --

JONATHAN

Clark. Noting will ever change that. You understand?

CLARK

Yes, but what are you saying?

JONATHAN

Clark, buried in that field is the answer to your questions. Go find your answers, Clark. You have to do it alone.

With a tear in his eye Jonathan hugs Clark tightly, then releases him and goes into the house. Clark walks over to the porch steps then looks over at the field, not wanting to go. Finally he forces himself to take the first step off of the porch.

93

EXT. KENT FARM - CONTINUOUS

93

Clark walks along a worn down patch in the yard until he stops at the exact same spot he first took flight as Superman.

INSERT:

X-RAY VISION - as Clark looks around the field. Nothing unexpected is seen. A faint BEEPING is heard.

Clark looks down.

INSERT:

X-RAY VISION - as we see a SPACE SHIP large enough to carry a small child. A computer screen is running SCANS with a read out in KRYPTONIAN.

Quickly a RADAR screen appears with a RED DOT in the center and several objects POPPING UP on the radar screen heading towards the center.

OVERHEAD ANGLE - ON CLARK, as he looks up to the sky. Confused and scared.

We swiftly PULL BACK leaving Clark on the Earth. We TILT UP as we reach the --

94 EXT. EARTH, ATMOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS 94

And PUSH THROUGH IT and see STARS and the darkness of space coming into view until we reach --

95 EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS 95

As we continue forward we see gigantic RED and GREEN FLASHES on the corner of the frame as HUGE SPACESHIPS are coming into the Milky Way via a BOOM TUBE. In the center of the screen the MOTHER SHIP appears.

We PUSH FORWARD to the BRIDGE and see a giant being before us, DARKSEID. We continue to push in until we reach one of his glowing RED EYES.

THE END