

DOVE

Written by

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Based On

Superman

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EXT. KENT FARM - NIGHT

Night in Kansas is blue purple and full of stars over flat fields of corn pockmarked by the occasional silo or farm. When we are doesn't really matter; it's "then," not "now."

The night seems quiet and then

SPLASH TO:

**CLARK KENT**, age 11, in his pajamas *floating*, looking **terrified**, *hundreds of feet above the ground*. Dangling perilously, holding onto his leg, is-

**MARTHA KENT**, 35, in sweatpants and a baggy T-shirt, trying to control her own fear.

CLARK

*Don't let go! Don't let me go!*

MARTHA

Clark, stay calm, I'm here!

INT. KENT HOUSE - CLARK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

**JONATHAN KENT**, in an old beat up STANHOPE UNIVERSITY T shirt and boxers, gently pushes the door open.

JON

Hey, I heard some noise, you guys-

Jon notices a huge hole in the ceiling.

JON (CONT'D)

-okay?

EXT. KENT HOUSE - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

The night is as quiet as ever, when suddenly Jon bursts out the front door, still in his pajamas, clutching a high power flashlight.

JON

**MARTHA! CLARK! MARTHA! CLARK!**

He looks up, and sees *the two of them, hundreds of feet above him, framed against the Moon*.

JON (CONT'D)

*Oh my god.*

HIGH ABOVE HIM

Clark is panicking, his eyes full of tears.

CLARK

*Mom please don't let me go!*

MARTHA

Reach down! Grab my hand!

CLARK

*I can't stop it we're still going up, we're still going up-*

MARTHA

*I can't hold on much longer, Clark, but you can hold me, you're strong enough, reach down and-*

CLARK

*I can't stop we keep going up-*

MARTHA

*CLARK KENT, GRAB MY HAND RIGHT NOW.*

*Martha's hands slip, for a second she's falling-*

*On the ground, Jon's eyes open wide-*

*Clark contorts, floating upside-down, grabbing his mother's hand- they hang like that, face to face, like Cirque du Soleil.*

CLARK

*MOM! MOM DON'T FALL I'M SORRY-*

MARTHA

Clark, focus. Focus on going down.

CLARK

I can see dad!

MARTHA

Go down, go towards dad, okay?

CLARK

I'm trying but- oh no.

MARTHA

What's oh no?

*They go into freefall, plummeting towards the Earth and then-*

JON (O.S.)

How did you stop, Clark?

INT. KENT HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY AM

Clark is at the table, eating a steaming bowl of chicken soup. He's dirty, scuffed up. Nearby, Martha, covered in band-aids, also dirty, is tending to a wound on Jon's foot.

CLARK  
I don't know.

JON  
Martha, it was like somebody hit a pause button, you guys just *stopped*.

MARTHA  
Didn't do us much good, did it.  
Damn corn.

CLARK  
Dad, what happened to your foot?

MARTHA  
Your father cut his foot when he was out looking for us.

CLARK  
Why didn't he put shoes on?

JON  
I was too scared.

Clark processes this, then looks down.

CLARK  
I'm sorry. *I'm sorry I'm sorry-*  
He's sobbing. Martha goes to him, embracing him.

MARTHA  
It's okay, honey, it's okay.

Jon just looks at his family, holding his injured foot.

OUTSIDE SHOT...

Kent farm, framed against the night sky, the night passing.

BIG SPLASH:

Kent Farm, snowed out in winter, *a huge portion of the field ON FIRE, an impact streak ENDING IN A BURNING CRATER-*

-Jon stands at the huge crater, shielding himself against the flames, Martha pointing in terror into the inferno-

A baby is visible, *floating amongst the fire, wailing and crying, but **not burning***-

INT. KENT HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Jon Kent snaps awake. The sun is rising over Kansas.

INT. KENT HOUSE - CLARK'S ROOM - MORNING

Jon and Martha stand back as **DOCTOR POLLARD**, 60s, a small town doctor, checks on Clark. Blood pressure, heart rate, reflexes, the whole deal. As he checks various things, they talk.

	CLARK	POLLARD
Am I sick?		No, Clark, I don't think so.

	CLARK	POLLARD
It mainly happens when I'm sleeping.		That's alright.

	CLARK	POLLARD
Does this ever happen to other people?		Nope.

Pollard turns to the Kents. Pollard is holding a standard old-style trifield meter for radiation/EMF.

POLLARD  
Vital signs are all normal.

JON  
(re: the trifield meter)  
What about that? That thing?

CLARK  
Yeah, what's that?

Pollard looks to Clark and then back to Jon.

INT. KENT HOUSE - KITCHEN - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Pollard talks to Jon and Martha in the kitchen.

POLLARD  
Well, it's the same as always, it's-it's weird as hell. He's got radiation coming off him like a microwave, all sorts of weird magnetic readings...

MARTHA

It's not dangerous though, is it?  
To him? Or to...to us?

POLLARD

No, not nearly high enough. Just  
enough to tweak the EMF meter. I  
tell ya, Jon, I've never questioned  
y'all about this before, but...I  
mean it's odd.

There's a pregnant pause.

POLLARD (CONT'D)

Haven't you considered taking him  
in to get looked at by some real  
scientists?

MARTHA

We'd never do that, Jack. Never.  
He's our son. Right Jon?

Jon has gone to the window.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

...Right...Jon?

Jon is looking out at Clark, getting on the school bus. He  
raises a hand, waving, smiling. Jon raises a hand back, not  
smiling. Clark looks down, then boards the bus.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Jon?

Off Jon's pensive face, we go to...

INT. SMALLVILLE ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM

The class is full of kids. The teacher is doing math  
problems on the board. Clark is staring down at his desk,  
looking forlorn.

PETE

(whispered)

*Psst! Hey Kent!*

Clark looks up to see **PETE ROSS**, 11, sitting next to him.

PETE (CONT'D)

*You okay? You look all- sad.*

CLARK

*I'm okay, I'm just tired.*

PETE  
*We're going into town to see a  
 movie tonight, wanna come?*

CLARK  
*Is Lana coming?*

PETE  
 UGH whyda always have to-

TEACHER  
 Ross! Kent! Quiet, **please**.

Pete and Clark are both quiet for a moment, then *immediately*  
*both make faces at each other.*

EXT. KENT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The sun beats down, sweltering hot. Jon Kent is out on the  
 roof of his house, nailing down a board to cover the hole.  
 He looks up at the sun.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE - NIGHT

We start on a wide, showing that the movie playing is E.T.:  
 THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL. The cars parked are all late 70s make,  
 but timeless.

Pete, Clark, **LANA LANG** (11, cute), **KENNY BRAVERMAN** (11, tough  
 looking), and **SCOTT HUBBARD** (11, pudgy), sit out on a blanket  
 in front of the cars, near the screen.

It's the scene where ET heals Elliot with his finger.

E.T.  
 Ouch, ouch.

KENNY  
 (whispered)  
 I don't get it, how'd he do that?

LANA  
 (whispered)  
*Shh Kenny, he's an alien he has  
 special alien powers.*

Clark looks down into his popcorn.

LATER WE SEE

We're at the part of the movie where E.T. Has been taken by  
 the government.

CLARK

Lana, do you think they really do that?

LANA

What?

CLARK

Do you think they'd really take an alien and lock him up like that?

Lana looks at Clark like "What?"

CLARK (CONT'D)

(big fake smile)

It's a cool movie.

LANA

(smiles)

Yeah.

After a moment of sitting in silence, Clark reaches over for his popcorn, and *ROCKETS INTO THE AIR*.

***For a moment, he's framed against the screen, silhouetted against the Government Haz-Mat guys-***

Then he goes plummeting down into the dirt head first, WHAM!

People immediately turn on their headlights, running to Clark, surrounding him.

PEOPLE

Are you okay? What happened? He shot right up in the air! Isn't that the Kent boy? Must've been a gas pocket or something! Is he hurt? Never seen anything like that before in my life!

CLARK

*Leave me alone!*

Clark pushes through the crowd, running to the bathroom.

INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clark slams the door so hard the frame of the door cracks, and locks it. He slumps against the door, crying.

OUTSIDE...

PEOPLE

He locked the door! Is he hurt?  
Looked fine to me! Someone call  
his pa!

Pete looks to Lana, and shrugs.

IN THE  
BATHROOM...

Clark stares at his reflection in the mirror.

After a moment, the little boy is replaced: it's ET, wearing his shirt. Clark stares at it, and then *punches the mirror*, shattering it.

EXT/INT. PA KENT'S TRUCK - FIELDS IN KANSAS - NIGHT

Pa Kent is driving Clark home; Clark looks totally lost and miserable, head leaned against the window.

CLARK

Am I in trouble?

There's a long beat.

JON

Yep.

CLARK

*I couldn't control it, it just  
happened, I just-*

JON

That's not why you're in trouble.

(beat)

That wasn't your mirror, you can't  
break things whenever you want,  
that's something a jerk does.

CLARK

I was mad, I didn't-

JON

Well here's a tip, Clark, *when  
you're mad, don't act like a jerk.*

There's a long beat. They're stopped at a red light. Clark stares out the window at the sky outside.

CLARK

Dad...I'm so unhappy.

He starts crying. They sit there in silence at the red light. Clark starts sobbing, hiding his face. Jon just looks at him, not reacting.

CLARK (CONT'D)

I want to be myself. I don't want to worry that I'm something else. I'm scared, I don't want to be something- else- I just want to be normal.

(beat)

I'm not normal.

Jon thinks, looking at his son. We see a single-panel flash of the baby in the fire.

John narrows his eyes, looking at the red light at the intersection in fields in the middle of nowhere.

JON

...Maybe that's good. You know, what, yeah. That's right.

(beat)

Who needs normal?

(smiles)

Maybe weird is better.

Clark perks up: "What's dad thinking?"

EXT. KENT FARM - MORNING

The sun is rising over Kent Farm.

INT. KENT HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martha wakes up, groggy, and then sits straight up, surprised to find the space in bed next to her empty.

EXT. KENT HOUSE - MORNING

Martha comes out onto the porch, bleary-eyed, and then sees Clark, arms extended, whizzing by just above the cornfields.

MARTHA

(eyes wide)

!?

WE SEE

That Clark is being held up by Jon Kent, who's *running full on between the rows of corn, lifting his son high in the air!*

JON  
*Are you feeling it? Is it gonna-*

CLARK  
*Hahaha no I don't know ahhh-*

A series of wide panels show Jon running back, forth, back, forth, back, forth- **crashes to the ground.**

The two Kent boys sit up, dirty and bedraggled, Clark laughing uncontrollably. Jon, dusting himself off, looks up to see Martha laughing too.

JON  
 Okay. New approach.

SLAM TO:

EXT. KENT FARM - ISOLATED FIELD - LATER THAT DAY

Silence, and then-

**The Kent family truck is GUNNING IT THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD,** Clark standing in the bed of the truck, trying to keep balance, with Jon behind the wheel.

"Centerfold" by J. Geils Band blasts on the radio, underscoring everything we see.

JON  
*Try lettin' the wind pick you up!*

CLARK  
*I'm tryin!*

On a

PORCH NEARBY

An old farmer sits watching from a distance.

FARMER  
 Goddamn hippies.

IN THE FIELD

Clark stares up at the Sun above him, shining down. He smiles, warm, happy and then-

They hit a bump and Clark goes *flying out*, landing brutally on his face in muddy dirt- *an impact that would kill anyone-*

EXT. KENT HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

Jon and Clark sit on the porch while the dogs play out in front of them. Jon's still dirty from earlier, and Clark is covered in mud.

They're eating sandwiches. Jon looks at Clark, who seems mentally a little far away.

JON

What're you thinking about?

CLARK

The mirror.

JON

(beat)

Oh yeah? What about it?

CLARK

I was thinking...

(thinks)

Somebody had to make it, like somebody took time to make it, at the factory. Then somebody had to sell it to the movie theater and then people had to fit it in the bathroom...

(thinks)

When you break something, you're not just breaking the thing, you're like...hurting everyone who made it the way it was?

(beat)

I don't know. I feel like a jerk.

Jon stares at his son, then puts his hand on his shoulder.

JON

No. You're not a jerk.

The station wagon comes rumbling up the road, with a trampoline strapped to the top of it.

JON (CONT'D)

Here comes your ma.

She pulls up. Gets out.

MARTHA

...Got a trampoline.

There's a beat. Clark and Jon look at each other.

EXT. KENT FARM - FIELD - LATER

Clark is bouncing up and down on the trampoline, in and out of frame. After a moment, we see Jon and Martha sitting by, drinking beer, listening to a boombox, which plays "Don't You Want Me" by Human League.

MARTHA  
Is it working?

CLARK  
I don't think so.

Clark's gone from frame. He's back!

CLARK (CONT'D)  
You should try it though, it's fun!

MOMENTS LATER

Now all three Kents are bouncing in and out of frame, dancing; "**Don't you want me baby, don't you want me ohhhh-**"

Two bounces and then- *Clark floats up out of frame-*

CLARK (CONT'D)  
*MOM! DAD!*

Clark is **already twenty feet in the air-** Jon tries to bounce to reach him- *can't quite get there-*

JON  
*Damn it.*

EXT. KENT FARM - FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The Kents *run alongside the field as their son drifts past, thirty feet in the air.*

MARTHA  
*Try to control it! Don't let yourself drift!*

CLARK  
*It feels like- like the wind is pushing me- like I'm underwater-*

JON  
*Push with it then! Keep your body straight, arms out!*

CLARK  
*WHY WOULD THAT HELP!?*

JON  
 (running, beat)  
 ...I don't know!

Clark closes his eyes, shutting them tightly, focusing. And stops. He hangs there, motionless.

Martha and John both collapse, sweating and out of breath.

MARTHA  
 Clark? Did you do that? Did you  
 make yourself stop?

CLARK  
 I...I think so.

Clark looks down, realizing how high he is and shuts his eyes tightly, freaking out.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Ahh! How am I going to get down!?

Jon starts to speak, then stops, realizing he has no idea.

INT. BEN POLLARD'S BARN

Jon is standing alongside **BEN POLLARD**, an older farmer, and his crop duster bi-plane; he's affixing a long rod with a hook at the end, as Pollard fuels the plane.

BEN  
 At first you said he was just  
 strong. Then it was "his eyes glow  
 red at night." Now this?

JON  
 I told you Ben, this is new.

BEN  
 "New," you say "new" like his voice  
 is cracking, you say "new" like you  
 found a girie-mag under his bed-

JON  
 It's new. We'll figure it out.

Ben eyes the hook.

BEN  
 We'll get up to eighty, ninety  
 miles an hour, Jon. Going that  
 fast the hook will cut him clean in  
 half, we can't-

JON  
It won't.

BEN  
What? He's just a-

JON  
His skin won't break.  
(beat)  
His skin doesn't...we won't injure  
him, it might sting him plenty, but  
he can't be hurt.

BEN  
Are you...Jon, what are you sayin'  
here, what do you mean "he can't be  
hurt," that's-

JON  
*Please Ben.* He's scared up there.  
That's my son. Please.

Ben just stares at Jon, trying to decide how crazy this is.

EXT. KENT FARM - FIELD - HIGH ABOVE

Clark hangs motionless in the air. The wind blows, and he  
huddles tightly in his red sweater. He stares up at the Sun.  
He closes his eyes, squinting.

CLARK  
*I hate you.*

Down on the ground, Martha perks up.

MARTHA  
CLARK! LOOK!

The crop duster is approaching, a speck in the distance.

CLARK  
Dad? No...

Faster. Faster. Closer. The pole with the hook sticks out  
over the back fin.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Dad, no! Wait! This is a bad  
idea!

Clark begins frantically pinwheeling his arms and legs.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 WAIT! DON'T! DAD! IT'S TOO FAST!

His face is terrified as he wildly spasms in the air, unable to move himself at all-

MARTHA  
 Clark just stay calm, stay still  
 honey, just-

CLARK  
 NO! MOM IT'S TOO FAST! PLEASE  
 DON'T I DON'T WANT TO-

*The hook CATCHES HIM RIGHT IN THE STOMACH, sliding painlessly up his body, ripping his red sweater in half up the middle until it-*

*Catches on his collar, YANKING HIM FORWARD, THE TORN SWEATSHIRT STILL ON HIS ARMS AND SHOULDERS FLAPPING BEHIND HIM LIKE A CAPE-*

Ben looks in a rearview mirror from his pilot's seat at the kid he's sky-towing.

BEN  
 HOLY HELL!

Jon, in the passenger seat, tries to pull Clark in, reeling in the pole.

JON  
 Hang on Clark, I've got you! I've-

The collar of the sweatshirt *snaps*, and it goes flying away- and then- Clark is **soaring**, above and alongside the plane.

BEN  
 My god.

JON  
 ...Clark...

Clark is *flying, zooming around the plane, loops, and then straight up-*

CLARK  
 DAD! MOM! DAD!

JON  
 I see Clark, I see!

On the ground, Martha is watching, crying, her hand over her mouth, staring up at them.

MARTHA  
*...My baby can fly.*

FULL PAGE  
 SPLASH:

Clark **soars high over the corn fields, framed against the Sun, eyes closed- he's free.**

We then see a super wide. The plane in the air. Martha's little figure on the ground. Clark whizzing through the sky and then-

**BAMCRASHBOOM HE GOES BRUTALLY SLAMMING INTO A GRAIN SILO, BOUNCES OFF AND SLAMS INTO THE GROUND.**

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SUNSET

Clark is sitting in the back of the Kent truck. His mom is putting a band-aid on his knee. He's got an icepack on his head and a juicebox in his hand.

Jon is over talking to the owners of the silo, who look mad and confused. He walks back over, just as Martha finishes bandaging up Clark, and they sit down on either side of their son.

Clark sips from the jukebox as the three Kents watch the sun set, and then smiles. He hugs them both tightly.

The Kents exchange a hesitant look, then smile warmly.

EXT. THE KENT FARM - NIGHT

We see a wide of the Kent house and farm, and can hear Clark talking animatedly off screen.

CLARK (O.S.)  
 Did you see how high I got? And went so fast but I bet I could go faster, WAY faster. Like thirty miles an hour- no, MORE!

PANEL OF:

The patched roof.

CLARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Do you think I could use it to get to school?  
 (MORE)

CLARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 No, duh, people would see me! I'm  
 just kidding. But maybe I could  
 later when I'm older?

PANEL OF:

The discarded red sweater, torn, in a cornfield.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Just something to think about.  
 Cause I could go really high and  
 then no one could see me! And then  
 land fast like- *whoosh!*

INT. KENT HOUSE - KITCHEN

Clark, in pajamas, Jon and Martha sit around the table for  
 dinner. Clark is excited, smiling, talking animatedly in one  
 long run on, the way kids do.

CLARK  
 Maybe I could use it to go on  
 trips! Like if I keep getting  
 stronger we could all go on trips!  
 Like you could get in the car and I  
 could just carry it! Right?  
 Awesome, that would be awesome!  
 Free vacations! You always wanted  
 to go to France to see cousin  
 Amanda, right mom? Well we could  
 go there, easy! We could go  
 anywhere! And you wouldn't have to  
 pay for it! It's just an idea, you  
 don't have to say yes right now.

EXT. KENT FARM - CONTINUOUS

We go out to a sky view of the farm, higher and higher.

CLARK (O.S.)  
 But like what if we went all the  
 way to Coast City? Or even like-  
 Hawaii, or like, Italy, or  
 Timbuktu! I could go farther and higher  
 I know it! I just know it! Mom, Dad: We could  
 go anywhere! Cause I bet I could go faster! Way  
 faster!

THE END