

SMALLVILLE

"Fade"

Final Shooting Draft

COPYRIGHT© 2006 SMALLVILLE STUDIOS, INC.
This script is the property of Smallville Studios, Inc. No portion of this script may be performed,
reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the
prior written consent of Smallville Studios, Inc.

"Fade"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - COURTHOUSE - DAY 1

The city's vibrant boulevards buzz with activity as rush hour COMMUTERS dash to their jobs. The pillars of the municipal courthouse tower majestically above the pedestrians.

CLARK AND CHLOE

walk across the street amid the crowded sidewalk. Chloe eyes her watch, as they quickly walk toward the busy intersection across from the courthouse.

CHLOE

We better pick up the pace, somewhere between a brisk walk and superspeed. The star witness testifies in fifteen minutes.

CLARK

Chloe, not that I mind being your Boy Friday, but I still don't understand why you need an escort.

CHLOE

I don't. I just thought a little courthouse field trip might help reignite your journalism spark.

She hands Clark a laminated press pass with his name on it. As Clark reluctantly puts it on...

CLARK

I hate to break it to you, but my days of being an ace reporter ended when I left the Torch.

CHLOE

Then consider this a much-needed get off the farm pass.

(off Clark's look)

Look, Clark, I know this has been the year from hell, and that was before you broke up with Lana.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

CHLOE (CONT'D)

But there's only so many days you can hole up in your loft before I pull an intervention.

CLARK

I'm not holed up. It's just, ever since I found out Lionel knows my secret, I feel like I'm waiting for a bomb to go off.

CHLOE

Yeah, but you don't have to duck and cover yet. For all you know, Lionel may never even light the fuse.

CLARK

I'd file that in the wishful thinking folder. This is Lionel Luthor we're talking about.

CHLOE

But you can't worry forever --

*
*

A YELLOW CAB suddenly SCREECHES to a stop at the curb beside them. Out jumps

GRAHAM GARRETT, 23,

in a rush. Handsome, wearing an expensive black trench coat, Graham runs into the street just as

A SPEEDING FLORIST VAN

barrels toward the intersection. Clark sees the impending collision just as Graham does. As Graham reacts in horror,

IN CLARK-TIME:

Clark starts toward the doomed pedestrian, pigeons frozen in flight, a bicycle messenger in mid-pedal. Clark hurdles over a parked car to cross the street. As he lunges for Graham,

SLAM INTO REAL-TIME.

Clark pulls the man out of danger, as the van ROARS past, horn BLARING. Graham stares at Clark in awe.

CLARK

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

You... you saved my life. I don't know how to thank you.

CLARK

You don't have to. I did what anyone would do.

Graham nods in appreciation, quickly looks at his watch.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry, I have to go. Thank you... really.

Before Clark can respond, Graham turns and hurries into the crowd. Chloe catches up with Clark, impressed.

CHLOE

Couldn't have done *that* if you'd stayed on the farm. Thanks to you, the guy's got a new lease on life.

As Clark and Chloe watch Graham disappear into the crowd towards the courthouse,

CAMERA TRACKS GRAHAM

as he walks down the street, past pedestrians, his gait brisk as he heads toward the courthouse. He stops, watching

THREE BLACK, METROPOLITAN POLICE SUVS

pull up at the steps. FOUR POLICEMEN climb out, escorting a bespectacled WITNESS, who wears a Kevlar vest. OFF Graham, coldly observing...

1A

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - DAY

1A

Two COPS lead the jittery Witness down the hall, toward a door guarded by a pair of burly OFFICERS. An Officer opens the door and ushers them into...

2

INT. WITNESS HOLDING ROOM - METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - DAY

2

The Witness is led into a small, windowless room. A Cop speaks into his walkie-talkie.

COP

(into walkie)

Witness has arrived.

*

(CONTINUED)

The Cop removes the Kevlar vest as a Second Cop places a blazer and a bright tie over the back of a chair.

COP

Trial starts in five minutes.
Don't worry, there's only one way
in, and we'll be guarding it.

*
*
*

The Officers exit, leaving the man alone.

MYSTERIOUS POV: The Witness reaches for the tie, puts it around his collar, and is about to start tying, when...

GRAHAM (O.S.)

Can I help you with that?

As the Witness reacts, shocked,

REVEAL GRAHAM

towering behind him. In a flash, Graham YANKS the tie around the man's neck. The Witness struggles, but quickly loses strength and

FALLS DEAD

to the ground with a loud THUD. The door swings open and Cops burst into the room and see the dead man lying on the floor, the killer nowhere to be seen.

GRAHAM'S POV: The Cop grabs his radio.

COP

How the hell -- ?!
(into walkie)
MAN DOWN!

*
*
*

As GRAHAM'S POV moves toward the open door, past Cops urgently rushing in...

2A

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - METROPOLIS COURTHOUSE - DAY

2A

Cops run down the hall toward the room. OFF Graham, "an innocent bystander", heading toward the EXIT DOOR...

*
*
*
*

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. KITCHEN - KENT FARM - DAY 3

The door opens and MARTHA and Clark walk in, Clark carrying his mom's small suitcase, as LOUD CRASHING SOUNDS blast from the living room.

MARTHA

Clark, what is that?

Bewildered, they head into...

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - KENT FARM - DAY 4

ON A 50-INCH PLASMA, a video game of Samurais clanging their swords in battle. REVEAL LOIS on the edge of her seat, nimbly working the joystick. Surround sound speakers BOOM, as Clark and Martha approach. Clark eyes the equipment suspiciously, as Lois talks to the video game. *

LOIS

Die! Samurai! Die! You want a piece of this...? Hi-yaaa! *

CLARK

Lois.

LOIS

Eat my sword, Yojimbo. You don't stand a chance. *

CLARK

LOIS!

Distracted, Lois loses her man. She turns to Clark, exasperated.

LOIS

Smallville, you just got me decapitated -- *

Lois suddenly stops when she spots Martha, her demeanor changing into business mode. She drops the controller. *

LOIS

Senator.
(grabs file)
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

LOIS (CONT'D)

You'll be happy to hear, we're now
only three votes away from passing
your education bill.

*
*
*

MARTHA

Where did all of this come from?

*
*

CLARK

That's a really good question.

*
*

LOIS

There's a card here somewhere.
(looks around couch)
Looks like Christmas came early...
in high def surround sound no less.
The delivery guys were unloading
when I got here.
(to Clark)
You win a raffle or something?

*
*
*

Clark reacts, confused, as Lois searches the couch.

CLARK

Not that I know of.

MARTHA

Lois, weren't we supposed to meet
this afternoon?

*

LOIS

That was before I woke up to the
melodic sound of jackhammers coming
from the Talon alley. If I'm going
to be phoning senators later, I
don't want them thinking I'm
calling from a war zone.
(finds envelope)
Here you go.

*
*
*

Lois hands him the envelope, "Clark" handwritten on it. As
she goes back to the video game, playing, Clark opens it to
reveal a card with only one word... "ENJOY".

MARTHA

Who's it from?

Eyeing the equipment uneasily, he hands it to Martha.

MARTHA

There's no name.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

I don't need a signature to know
it's from Lionel.

MARTHA

Clark, you shouldn't jump to
conclusions.

CLARK

It couldn't be more obvious. I
told him to stay out of our lives,
and now he's trying to buy his way
into our family.

MARTHA

I highly doubt Lionel would do
this. Let me call and find out.

*
*
*

As she crosses to the phone, Clark eyes the gift askance.
OFF Clark, unsettled...

5 INT. DAILY PLANET - DAY

5

Chloe marches from the fax machine to the bullpen, as Clark
descends the stairs. Chloe's wound up, her mind on work.

CHLOE

Clark, that trial that was canceled
due to unforeseen circumstances?
Turns out the star witness was
murdered in the basement of the
courthouse.

*

Clark reacts, concerned, as Chloe hands Clark the early
edition, a PHOTO OF THE WITNESS featured on the front page.

CLARK

Do the police have any leads?

CHLOE

Nothing, and now the prosecution
has no case. Looks like the
story's gone from legal to lethal.

As they walk through the bustle toward her desk...

CLARK

Then maybe now's not a good time to
ask for a favor.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Clark, you've saved my butt how many times? You can take a coin from the favor bank whenever you need it. What's up?

CLARK

I have a problem. Somebody sent me a fifty-inch plasma with all the bells and whistles and forgot to sign the gift card.

CHLOE

That's not a problem, Clark. That's winning the trifecta. When's Movie Night?

CLARK

I sent it all back.

CHLOE

No you didn't.

CLARK

I'm not accepting that kind of gift. I tried calling the store, Metro Plasma, but they wouldn't give me any info. Can you access their sales records?

Chloe arrives at her desktop and starts quickly typing.

CHLOE

Sounds to me like a move straight out of the Lionel Luthor playbook.

CLARK

That's the first thing I thought. But my mom talked to him. Lionel claims he had nothing to do with it.

Chloe scrolls through the sales records.

CHLOE

Well, whoever your Secret Santa is, he remains anonymous. They paid cash.

Clark is noticeably frustrated by the dead end.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

If it wasn't Lionel, how about
Luthor junior?

CLARK

Lex? Why would he suddenly send me
a home theater system? *

CHLOE

Maybe he feels guilty.

CLARK

About what?

Chloe realizes she's put her foot in her mouth. She covers.

CHLOE

I don't know, because he hasn't
been much of a friend lately? It
wouldn't be the first time Lex has
tried to win you over with
expensive toys.

Clark thinks about it, reflective.

CLARK

He said he wanted to find some
common ground between us. *

(beat) *

I'm going to go talk to him. *

OFF Chloe, uneasy about Clark's decision...

5A

INT. LIVING ROOM - KENT FARM - DAY

5A

Dressed in a sports bra and shorts, Lois does ab crunches,
dripping with perspiration as she talks on her headset.

LOIS

(into phone)

What's the deal, Senator, do you
not like kids? Cause a no vote on
Senator Kent's bill is like taking
textbooks right out of their sticky
little fingers... bye now.

She continues to crunch, when in a shock moment, she sees

GRAHAM LOOMING OVER HER,

(CONTINUED)

dressed in his trench coat, taking in the attractive woman. Lois quickly leaps to her feet into combat mode, prepared for the worse.

LOIS
Official warning, I'm a third-degree black belt. That means I can't be held liable for any funeral costs --

GRAHAM
(smiles)
Go easy on me. I'm a friend of Clark's. You his girlfriend?

LOIS
Not in this lifetime. I'm Lois. Lois Lane.

GRAHAM
Pleasure to meet you, Lois. I'm Graham.

Graham's suddenly distracted as he takes in the living room.

GRAHAM
Wait a second. Where's the plasma?

LOIS
(puts it together)
So you're the one who sent all the high-tech booty?
(off his nod)
I would've kept it, but Mr. "I can't take candy from strangers" returned everything this morning.

GRAHAM
That's odd.

LOIS
That's Clark Kent. Can I ask why you're playing Daddy Warbucks with the guy? Cause in my world, friends don't give friends twenty-thousand-dollar toys.

GRAHAM
In my world, they do.
(beat)
Is Clark around?

(CONTINUED)

Lois looks at the guy, clearly attracted, but unsure what to make of him.

LOIS

No, not at the moment. Of course he never seems to be gone for too long. So if you want to wait, you're more than welcome.

GRAHAM

I think I will. Just promise not to use any of your fancy martial arts moves on me, huh?

LOIS

Don't give me a reason to.

OFF Lois, trying to hide her smile...

6 INT. LIBRARY - LUTHOR MANSION - DAY

6

Arriving home from a business trip, valise in hand, Lex walks through the doors, surprised to find

A WOMAN'S PURSE

resting on the coffee table. Intrigued, Lex sets down the valise.

*
*

REVEAL LANA

walking from the balcony, eager as she heads toward him. Lex doesn't want her to know how happy he is.

*

LANA

I see you've stepped up your security. I had to make a pretty strong case before they'd let me in.

LEX

You're not an easy person to say no to.

LANA

I couldn't wait any longer. I've been sitting by the phone.

(off his look)

What did you find out in D.C.?

Lex realizes this is business, hides his disappointment.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

A lot of plausible deniability.
From the Pentagon to the White
House, no one can verify the
existence of Milton Fine.

LANA

He says he works in a covert branch
of the government, maybe it's a lot
more covert than we think.

LEX

Or he doesn't work for them at all.

Lana takes that in, confused.

LANA

So all those classified documents
he gave you, they were forgeries?

LEX

No, I had them authenticated, but
that doesn't mean anything.

LANA

We have no idea who he really is.

LEX

Don't worry, I'll find out.

Lex heads to the bar.

LEX

You know, even though I was only
gone for a week, I actually got a
little homesick.

Lana tries to hide her smile.

LANA

Why? What's so special about
Smallville?

LEX

Oh you know, the cows, cornfields,
the wide open spaces...

Lana looks him deep in the eye, cutting right to it.

LANA

I missed you too.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Lex reacts, moved, not expecting her head-on approach.

LEX

You have no idea.

Drawn together, they kiss, with passion. As they lose themselves in the rapturous moment, CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLES them 180 degrees to

REVEAL CLARK

standing in the doorway. He watches in stunned silence as one of his darkest fears materializes before his eyes. Lana and Lex continue to kiss. When they part, the doorway is empty. Clark is gone.

7

INT. HALLWAY - LUTHOR MANSION - DAY

7

Clark staggers back against the wall, the air knocked out of him. As the wrenching pain of a shattered heart overwhelms him, OFF the cataclysmic moment...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 OMITTED 8

9 INT. COPY ROOM - DAILY PLANET - DAY 9

Chloe makes copies when Clark walks in, hurt and betrayed. She's too caught up in her own excitement to notice.

CHLOE
Riddle me this, Clark. How does an
assassin get in and out of a
windowless room unseen --

*

Clark isn't listening.

CLARK
You knew, didn't you?

CHLOE
(perplexed)
No -- that's why it's a riddle.

Clark closes the door and confronts Chloe, fire in his eyes.

CLARK
All those times I asked you how
Lana was doing, and you avoided the
topic like the plague...
(stung)
You knew what was going on with
Lex.

Busted, Chloe feels terrible.

CHLOE
Clark, I'm sorry, but I didn't
think it was my place to --

CLARK
You're supposed to be my friend.

CHLOE
I am your friend.

CLARK
Then why didn't you say anything?

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Because I'm Lana's friend too. And she asked me to keep it a secret.

(off his look)

If anyone can respect that, I think it would be you.

CLARK

But you know how dangerous Lex is. Any friend of Lana's would never let her get involved with him.

CHLOE

Look, I'm not exactly jumping for joy either, but Lana's a big girl.

Clark starts toward the door.

*

CHLOE

Where are you going?

*

*

CLARK

She has no idea what she's getting into. I'm going to go talk to her and put an end to it.

*

*

*

*

CHLOE

What are you gonna do, tie her to a tree?

*

(off his look)

Remember, you broke up with her. That means Lana can date whoever she wants, with or without your written permission.

Even though Clark knows she's right, he can't let go.

CLARK

I still care about her, Chloe. I can't just stand by and watch her get hurt.

CHLOE

I hate to be the one to say it, but you don't really have a choice.

OFF Clark, gut-punched...

10 INT. LOFT - KENT FARM - DAY

10

CLOSE ON: THE FRAMED PHOTO OF LANA. REVEAL Clark, devastated as he looks down at the picture clutched in his hand. Unable to look at it anymore, he

FLINGS THE PHOTO ACROSS THE LOFT,

the frame SHATTERING when it hits the wood post. He drops to the couch, drained, when Graham crests the stairs, picking up the shattered photo.

GRAHAM

Let me guess, bad breakup?

Clark looks up, slowly recognizing him.

GRAHAM

I've had a few of those.

CLARK

You're the guy from the courthouse.

GRAHAM

And you're a tough man to please. What's the problem, you don't watch TV?

CLARK

(realizing)

You were the one who sent it.

GRAHAM

You saved my life. If it wasn't for Clark Kent, I'd be in a morgue right now, with tire tracks across my forehead. It's the least I can do.

CLARK

(confused, suspicious)

How did you find me? I never told you my name.

GRAHAM

But that press pass around your neck did. And the fact that I'm familiar with the area led me straight here.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
You're from Smallville?

GRAHAM
(shakes head)
Drove through last year on
business. Clark, if the big
screen's not your thing, what is?
Help me out here. There must be
something I can do for you.

CLARK
A "thank you" was fine. Look, I
appreciate the gesture, but you
don't need to repay me.

GRAHAM
This isn't about you, Clark. It's
about me. I don't ever like to be
in debt, and the fact is, I owe you
my life.
(off Clark's look)
Let me at least buy you dinner.
I'm staying in Metropolis, I'll
take you out on the town.

CLARK
Thanks, really, but I'm okay.

GRAHAM
Are you? You're hanging out in a
barn, alone, in the middle of
nowhere. That doesn't seem too
okay to me.

OFF Clark, the words hitting home...

*

11 INT. HOTEL SUITE - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

11

LOUD, THUMPING DANCE MUSIC blares, as the door opens and
Clark enters, dressed in khakis and a dark blue Oxford,
surprised to see the suite

PACKED WITH BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

mingling and dancing against the expansive view of the
glittering skyline. Wide-eyed and out of place, Clark looks
around the room, when Graham approaches, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Looks like the chicken finally flew
the coop. I was getting worried
about you, man.

CLARK

You said we were going to dinner.
What's the party all about?

GRAHAM

Made a killing the other day... and
it's all thanks to Clark Kent. You
thirsty? How about a mojito?

CLARK

No thanks.
(uneasy)
What exactly do you do?

GRAHAM

I'm a headhunter. I travel the
world tracking people down. You
know, for jobs.

Clark nods, as they arrive at the bar, where a Female
Bartender shakes martinis.

GRAHAM

I'd like you to meet my date.

Graham gently takes a woman's arm from a crowd of people.

REVEAL IT'S LOIS,

sipping from a tumbler with a lime and swizzle stick. She
nearly spits her drink out when she sees Clark.

LOIS

Smallville?! --

CLARK

Lois!? --

GRAHAM

We met out at your house this
morning. I couldn't disappear
without seeing her again.

As Graham kisses her on the cheek, Clark shifts, suddenly
even more uncomfortable. He forces a smile.

CLARK

Lois, can I talk to you for a
minute?

(CONTINUED)

LOIS
How 'bout later.

GRAHAM
It's fine, I'll be right back.

When Graham wanders off, Clark pulls Lois aside, concerned.
Lois glares at Clark like he's an annoying little brother.

LOIS
What do you think you're doing?

CLARK
I was about to ask you the same
thing. Are you drinking?

Lois sighs, lowers her voice.

LOIS
It's club soda, but as far as
anyone else is concerned, it's a
vodka tonic, got it?

CLARK
So you're pretending to be someone
you're not?

LOIS
Look Clark, I actually happen to
like this guy, so please, do me
this one favor and pretend you
don't know me.

Lois takes a drink, and disappears into the crowd, leaving
Clark by himself, awkward. Graham returns.

GRAHAM
Hey pal, you gotta check out the
view from the balcony.

CLARK
Actually, I'm not too crazy about
heights.

GRAHAM
Trust me, it's worth it.

As Clark considers...

12

EXT. BALCONY - HOTEL SUITE - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

12

Clark walks out into the cool night air, the balcony empty, the lights of Metropolis glittering in the distance.

GIA (O.S.)
Beautiful night, huh?

Clark turns to see GIA, 21, sensuous and well-dressed, walking out onto the balcony. Instantly attracted but innocently awkward, Clark nods as she approaches.

CLARK
Yeah, it's amazing out here.

GIA
(smiles, extends hand)
I'm Gia.

CLARK
Hi... Gia.
(shakes hand)
I'm Clark.

GIA
A guy like you, you must have a girlfriend, huh?

CLARK
Actually, um, no. I don't.

GIA
You want to take a tour? I hear the view from the bedroom is even better than the balcony.

Clark reacts, stunned, when Gia leans up and kisses him on the lips. Clark instinctively kisses back, then breaks apart.

GIA
What's wrong?

CLARK
I don't even know you.

GIA
It's okay. Graham warned me you might be shy.

Clark stares at her, putting it together.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
Graham?

GIA
He wants you to have a good time.

CLARK
(turned off)
I'm sorry, I think there's been a
misunderstanding.

As Clark quickly turns and leaves...

13 INT. HOTEL SUITE - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

13

Determined to get out of there, Clark squeezes through the crowd of GUESTS. Graham approaches, cutting him off.

GRAHAM
Whoa. What happened? Where you
going?

CLARK
If you want to do me a favor,
consider us even. I have to go.

Graham follows Clark to the door, catching up.

GRAHAM
Look, Clark, I apologize, I thought
Gia was just what the doctor
ordered, but I was wrong. You're a
lot deeper than I gave you credit
for.
(beat)
You must have really loved your ex.

Clark looks at him. Graham reads his expression.

*

GRAHAM
Then what's the problem? Let's get
you two back together.

*

*

CLARK
It's a little late for that.

GRAHAM
It's never too late.

CLARK
It is when she's dating someone else.

(CONTINUED)

Graham's eyes narrow as he considers that.

GRAHAM
That might make it more difficult,
but not impossible. Who's the
lucky bastard?

CLARK
A guy I used to call my friend.

Graham's face clouds over with disdain.

GRAHAM
That's not crossing the line...
that's just plain wrong.

*
*
*

CLARK
If you ever knew Lex Luthor, it
wouldn't surprise you.

Clark opens the door as Graham takes it in, mind clicking.

GRAHAM
That billionaire might be with her
now, but don't lose faith, Clark.
If it's meant to be, things have a
way of working themselves out.

CLARK
I hope you're right.

GRAHAM
I know I am.

OFF Graham, full of conviction...

14 EXT. LUTHOR MANSION - NIGHT 14

The stone edifice stands silently under a starry night.

15 INT. HALLWAY - LUTHOR MANSION - NIGHT 15

Lex turns a corner, striding toward the library, talking on
the cell phone.

LEX
(into phone)
... rest assured, Fine, we're
close. The viruses are being
genetically spliced as we speak.

(CONTINUED)

As Lex hangs up, he walks past A TAPESTRY THAT MYSTERIOUSLY BILLOWS, as if a light breeze blew through it. Lex stops, turns back around, and walks toward

TWO TAPESTRIES

displayed on the wall, the tassel missing from the one on the left. As Lex reacts, curious,

GRAHAM

appears from behind him and WHIPS the missing tassel around Lex's throat, pulling tight. Lex violently fights back, stronger and more determined than Graham's used to.

LEX'S LEGS

kick at a side table, a vase SHATTERING to the floor. His elbows jab at the attacker, as their struggle carries into...

15A INT. LIBRARY - LUTHOR MANSION - NIGHT

15A

Graham tightens the garrote, as Lex GASPS for breath, his eyes bulging, lips turning blue. Just as Lex loses consciousness,

LANA

walks through the doors, SCREAMING at the sight. As her terrified gaze meets Graham's piercing eyes, he drops Lex to the floor. When Lana comes running over,

GRAHAM IS GONE.

Horrified, Lana kneels down, and quickly removes the rope from Lex's neck. He looks dead.

LANA

Lex? Lex! No!

Thunderous footsteps announce the arrival of Lex's SECURITY GUARDS, weapons drawn. Lana feels for a pulse, in a panic.

LANA

Call an ambulance! Hurry!

OFF the unconscious Lex, cradled in Lana's arms...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO