

SUPERMAN THE MOVIE

Revised by

Tom Mankiewicz

Directed by

Richard Donner

Shooting script

1 FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a crumpled piece of rubbish lying in the gutter. It is flattened by the wheel of a pushcart. CAMERA PULLS BACK: we SEE a street in a city neighborhood still fighting its way out of The Depression. KIDS play stickball, PEOPLE stand about, out-of-work MEN recline on tenement stoops.

Over this SUPERIMPOSE: METROPOLIS 1938

CAMERA TRACKS UP past a boarded-up store window with a "For Rent" sign on it, PAST trash cans being investigated by foraging dogs, PAST the stoop of brownstone where some care has been taken to keep things clean, PAST the parlor floor where an undershirted MAN argues with a bathrobed WOMAN, PAST the second floor windows where a YOUNG COUPLE bend over a crib, shaking a rattle and cooing at a new-born BABY wrapped in a pink blanket, UP PAST the roof of the brownstone, higher and higher, PAST the distant skyscrapers: the Chrysler Building, the Fuller building, the great, neon globe symbol atop the Daily Planet Building.

2 EXT. SKY - NIGHT - ANGLE on DAILY PLANET

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN on the Daily Planet Globe. The only sound is the wind. CAMERA TILTS toward the star-filled sky and the full moon, then TAKES OFF.

3 EXT. SPACE

CAMERA SPEEDS through the heavens past the moon, through the Universe, traveling on, gathering speed, further and further through the limitless void until it bursts through into another Galaxy.

4 EXT. SPACE NEAR KRYPTON

A miniscule RED DOT appears, growing larger, spreading evenly into a BLAZING SUN, which fills the SCREEN. The fiery red SUN now grows smaller as we fall through space and see beyond it - the planet Krypton. As CAMERA CONTINUES toward Krypton, we see satellites, spacecraft, and Krypton's two distinct hemispheres. CAMERA HOLDS, PEERS DOWN at the city of Kryptonopolis.

5 EXT. KRYPTONOPOLIS - DAY

CAMERA PANS the white, prismatic crystalline mountains near the city. WE SEE a gleaming, quicksilver lake.

6 EXT. CITY OF KRYPTONOPOLIS - DAY

Kryptonopolis is a magical city, constructed of pure white crystalline matter that encloses and protects it from the blazing red sun. CAMERA TRACKS across futuristic glass buildings, glass skyways, tunnels, and enclosed gardens, finally CLOSING IN on a specific domed structure silhouetted against the sky. A MAN'S VOICE is heard, gathering in volume and intensity.

JOR-EL'S VOICE (V.O.)

This is no fantasy. No careless product of a wild imagination. We are not dealing here with idle supposition...

CAMERA CLOSES IN on the domed roof of the building, now DISSOLVES THROUGH:

7 INT. TRIAL CHAMBER - DAY

An electric white aura fills the screen. The dim outline of JOR-EL'S head can be seen almost floating above it, facing away from CAMERA as he continues.

JOR-EL

... no, gentlemen. The indictment I have brought you this day, the specific charges listed therein against these individuals, their acts of treason and ultimate aim of sedition...

(swivels to FACE
CAMERA)

These are matters of undeniable fact!

The face of JOR-EL fills the SCREEN as he points an accusing finger INTO CAMERA. A handsome, intelligent face with great intensity, bathed in the electric white aura which surrounds him, almost pulsating with energy.

8 WIDE ANGLE - TRIAL CHAMBER

JOR-EL stands on the dark edge of a circular white ring of light thrusting down from the ceiling of the chamber.

8

CONTINUED

The domed roof rises, cathedral-like above, imprinted with giant projections of the faces of the COUNCIL OF ELDERS (eleven, besides JOR-EL) who watch the proceedings in judgment, presumably from some other location. Each ELDER is bathed in a specific aura similar to that of JOR-EL. Trapped inside the central dazzling white ring of light are THREE FIGURES. JOR-EL circles the edge of the ring.

JOR-EL

I ask you now to pronounce your judgment
on those accused...

9

CLOSE ON NON

The monstrous face of NON peers through the light at JOR-EL. A man only to the extent that he is not an animal - a force of frightening destruction whose only sounds are terrifying guttural roars.

JOR-EL'S VOICE

On this mindless aberration whose only
means of expression are wanton violence
and destruction...

NON lunges at JOR-EL with a roar, bounces back off the edge of the ring of light, which imprisons him.

CAMERA PANS TO URSA: A tall woman with a strikingly beautiful and cruel face. Consumed by a total hatred. Consumed by a total hatred of the male sex, she stares back at JOR-EL with patronizing contempt.

JOR-EL'S VOICE

On the woman, URSA, whose perversions
and unreasoning hatred of men have
finally threatened even the male
children on our planet...

CAMERA PANS TO GENERAL ZOD: Glaring defiantly at JOR-EL through the dazzling light with a staggeringly vicious face. Even trapped in the prison of light he seems to generate an evil force of his own.

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9 CONTINUED

JOR-EL'S VOICE

And finally on General Zod - Once trusted by this Council, charged with maintaining the defenses of the planet Krypton itself - the chief architect of this insidious revolution, the author of this insidious plot to establish a new order among us - with himself as absolute ruler.

10 WIDE ANGLE - TRIAL CHAMBER

The huge faces of the COUNCIL OF ELDERS peer down from the domed ceiling as JOR-EL finishes.

JOR-EL

You have listened to the evidence. The decision of the Council will now be heard.

Silence. CAMERA PANS UP to the faces. The FIRST ELDER pauses momentarily.

FIRST ELDER

Guilty.

The FIRST ELDER'S face instantly disappears from the domed ceiling.

SECOND ELDER

Guilty.

The SECOND ELDER'S face disappears. One by one the remaining NINE ELDERS vote "guilty" in rapid succession until the ceiling has become a black void.

11 CLOSE ON JOR-EL AND VILLAINS

JOR-EL faces GENERAL ZOD, his aura glowing as a separate island of light outside the circle.

JOR-EL

Do you have anything to say before the decision of the Council is pronounced?

ZOD

(cold stare)

The vote must be unanimous, Jor-El. It has therefore now become your decision. You alone will condemn us if you wish. And you alone will be held responsible by me.

(JOR-EL stares blankly)

Join us. You have been known to disagree with the Council before. Yours could become an important voice in the New Order - second only to my own. I offer you a chance for greatness, Jor-El. Take it. Join us.

JOR-EL hesitates briefly, then suddenly disappears - his electric white aura extinguishing itself. ZOD's face twists with rage.

ZOD

One day you will bow down before me,
Jor-El!

12 EXT. TRIAL CHAMBER IN SPACE - DAY

The domed roof of the building cracks open, starts to swivel back. In the distance: a slate-gray atmospheric eminence (THE PHANTOM ZONE) travels rapidly through the sky, approaches the opening.

13 INT. TRIAL CHAMBER

The VILLAINS are alone in the trial chamber. ZOD rants:

ZOD

I swear it! No matter that it takes an eternity! You will bow down before me...

The gray mass of the Phantom Zone has entered through the open dome, closes down on the VILLAINS, erasing the ring of white light as it progresses.

ZOD

... Both you, and then one day, your heirs!

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13 CONTINUED

The Phantom Zone envelops the VILLAINS, wiping them up in a linear, one-dimensional fashion, then sweeping them out toward space. ZOD is silenced.

14 EXT. CITY AND SPACE

The Phantom Zone travels quickly across the city, bearing the imprints of the THREE VILLAINS, floats into space. CAMERA PANS OFF, DOWN at another specific building in the city, PUSHES IN, DISSOLVES THROUGH:

15 INT. COUNCIL - DAY

A pristinely immaculate chamber that overlooks the city of Kryptonopolis. Austere, dominated by concentric circles around which the TWELVE ELDERS sit or stand. In the center of the inner circle revolved an intelligence source on which various information may be presented. JOR-EL enters the chamber, appearing almost through motivational volition than through physical propulsion. The ELDERS turn, look at him. JOR-EL is deeply concerned.

FIRST ELDER

An unpleasant duty has been masterfully performed, Jor-El. They have received the fate they deserved - isolation in the Phantom Zone - an eternal living death.

JOR-EL

A... chance for life, nonetheless. As opposed to us.

Consternation from the ELDERS. A suddenly angry JOR-EL gestures at the revolving intelligence source in the center - various unfathomable equations appear.

JOR-EL

You can't ignore these facts! It's suicide! Worse! Genocide!

FIRST ELDER

Jor-El, be warned. The Council has already evaluated this... outlandish theory of yours.

JOR-EL

My friends, you know me to be neither rash nor impulsive. I am not given to wild, unsupported statements. I tell you we must evacuate this planet immediately!

FIRST ELDER

You are one of Krypton's greatest scientists, Jor-El...

SECOND ELDER

But so is Vond-Ah.

VOND-AH

(rising)

Thank you...

(to JOR-EL)

It isn't that I question your data. The facts are undeniable.

VOND-AH gestures at the intelligence source. JOR-EL'S equations disappear, are immediately replaced by a new series. VOND-AH smiles thinly.

VOND-AH

It's your conclusions I find unsupportable.

JOR-EL

This planet will explode within thirty days! Sooner perhaps!

VOND-AH

I tell you Krypton is simply shifting its orbit!

SECOND ELDER

Jor-El, be reasonable...

JOR-EL

I have never been otherwise. The madness is yours!

FIRST ELDER

(snaps firmly)

This discussion is terminated! The decision of the council is final.

(pause - to JOR-EL)

Any attempt by you to create a climate of fear and panic among the populace must be deemed by us an act of... insurrection.

JOR-EL

You would accuse me of insurrection? Has it now become a crime to cherish life?

FIRST ELDER

(with reluctance)

You... would be banished to endless imprisonment in the Phantom Zone - the eternal void which you yourself discovered.

Deadly silence. The FIRST ELDER locks eyes with JOR-EL.

FIRST ELDER

Will you abide by the Council's decision?

JOR-EL

(long pause)

I will remain silent. Neither my wife nor I will attempt to leave Krypton.

16 EXT. KRYPTONOPOLIS CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY/NIGHT

JOR-EL'S house stands bathed in the strange glow of Kryptonian twilight.

17 INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Massive brightly glowing energy columns encircle the lab. JOR-EL works in the center, passes his hands over portions of a gleaming, spiny, silvery object (rocket ship) as he places crystals inside it which respond to him with throbbing lights.

18 ANGLE ON LARA

LARA (JOR-EL'S wife) enters lab. Carried in her arms: A BABY, swaddled in three blankets of red, blue, and yellow. The sad look on LARA'S face deepens as she stops, watches JOR-EL who senses her presence, turns.

 LARA
Have you... finished?

 JOR-EL
Very nearly.

LARA turns away, shuts her eyes. JOR-EL crosses to her.

 JOR-EL
It's the only answer Lara. If he remains here he as will die as surely as...
 (she looks)
we will.

 LARA
 (pleading)
But why earth, Jor-El? They're primitives. Thousands of years behind us.

 JOR-EL
He will need that advantage to survive. Their atmosphere will sustain him...

 LARA
He will defy their gravity...

 JOR-EL
He will look like one of them.

 LARA
But he won't be one of them.

 JOR-EL
His dense molecular structure will make him strong...

18

CONTINUED

JOR-EL

Fast. Virtually invulnerable...

LARA

Isolated. Alone...

JOR-EL looks at her with compassion, but with the strength to cut her off.

JOR-EL

He will not be alone. He will never...
be alone.

19

INT. COUNCIL OF ELDERS - NIGHT

The COUNCIL OF ELDERS, still in session, listen attentively to a MILITARY OFFICER standing before them.

MILITARY OFFICER

The energy input to Jor-El's quarters is now in excess. Our Data indicates the loss is due to a mis-use of energy.

The FIRST ELDER exchanges a worried glance at the SECOND ELDER, then looks back at the OFFICER.

FIRST ELDER

Investigate.

SECOND ELDER

And if the Data proves correct?

FIRST ELDER

(pause)

He knew the penalty he faced. Even as a member of this Council. The law will be upheld.

20

INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSE ON JOR-EL, LARA, and the BABY, their glowing auras spilling across the SCREEN as the parents stare down at their offspring. A loving, almost beatific family portrait. LARA'S eyes flutter. Tears run down her cheek.

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20 CONTINUED

JOR-EL

(sad whisper)

You will travel far, my little Kal-El.
But I will never leave you. Even in the
face of my death the richness of my life
shall be yours. All that I have learned,
everything I feel, all of this and more
I have bequeathed to you my son. You
shall carry me inside you all your days.
You will make my strength your own, see
my life through your eyes, as your life
will be seen through mine. The son
becomes the father the father becomes
the son. This is all that I can send
with you, Kal-El. And not near so rich a
gift as that your mother sends along.
Her... love.

21 EXT. CITY - DAY/NIGHT

Three MILITARY MEN descend an enclosed glass walkway to
a frantically pulsating aura hovering above the ground.
They enter the aura, take off quickly through the
streets, past a tall structure. A tremor suddenly shakes
the ground - a thin fissure appears on the side of the
structure.

22 INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

The massive energy columns throb with white light. The
BABY has been fastened in a module, wrapped in his
blankets. LARA reluctantly steps back as JOR-EL places
the last crystals inside, including a green one, secures
and seals all openings. The BABY vanishes from sight.
The module automatically slides into a larger spacecraft
and is sealed in.

23 EXT. CITY

The military aura speeds along as giant crystal
formations suddenly begin to erupt, bend and crack.

24 INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY

A glass wall facing the capsule slides open. The
launcher is raised. The ceiling above retracts, exposing
the glow of Krypton night.

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25 INT. MILITARY AURA

Seen from within: the aura races through a glass tunnel.

26 INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY

The room shakes in a violent tremor as JOR-EL tries to get the engines fired. The energy columns glare at fever pitch.

26A EXT. KRYPTON

The proximity of Kryptonian sun has bathed the planet in a reddish glow. NOTE: All scenes on Krypton both interior and exterior will from now on reflect this color.

27 EXT. KRYPTON

The military aura nears JOR-EL'S house. Suddenly a huge tremor dislodges a mass of crystal which crashes down, obliterating the aura.

28 INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY

The tremor continues in the lab. Tons of crystal crash down into the room as JOR-EL frantically tries to fire the rocket. With a last desperate effort he lunges forward through the tumbling debris and hits the control which ignites it. With a deafening roar, the rocket starts to glide off into the night as the house begins to collapse, the energy columns shattering under the strain.

29 EXT. SPACE - CLOSE ON MODULE

The module races away from the disintegrating planet below toward the Phantom Zone.

30 INT. COUNCIL OF ELDERS

The Council room is destroyed collapsing on some of the ELDERS.

30A INT./EXT. KRYPTON

Various scenes of destruction, to include exterior shots and the trial chamber.

30B INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY

JOR-EL and LARA are buried beneath a cascading shower of debris, clinging together desperately in the moment of their death.

30C EXT. JOR-EL'S HOUSE

The house collapses in ruins.

31 EXT. PHANTOM ZONE

The THREE VILLAINS, pressed against the linear Phantom Zone, watch the module hurtle past.

31 CONTINUED

VILLAINS
(muffled echoes)
Take us with you...

The capsule heads out into the intergalactic void as the VILLAINS turn their attention to the planet Krypton, now in total eruption.

32 ANGLE ON KRYPTON - VILLAINS' POV

The red sun eats its way into the core of the planet Krypton which suddenly explodes and implodes - leaving a vast black void.

33 EXT. SPACE - CLOSE ON MODULE

The module speeds through space to the accompaniment of steady electronic pulsings.

34 INT. MODULE

Lights flash on the complex instrument panel. A computer memory bank repeats recorded data while machines registers other space functions on graphs. The BABY is completely wired and fitted with instruments and tubes for his survival in space. The computer spews forth information.

COMPUTER
(JOR-EL'S voice)
Early concepts of matter appear in ancient Greek philosophy. In the fifth century Democritus defined a small unit as an atom, then thought to be indivisible...

35 EXT. SPACE - CLOSE ON MODULE

The module voyages through space. A giant asteroid lost in the void, soars toward it at tremendous speed. The module and the asteroid nearly collide. The module sways on, away into the void.

36 INT. MODULE

The control panels continue to flash. The BABY has grown. The survival tubes, instruments and belts have adapted to his increase in size as the years have passed.

COMPUTER

(JOR-EL'S voice)

Index 19, Sonnet 101: "O truant muse,
what shall be thy amends for thy neglect
of truth in beauty dy'd?..."

37 EXT. SPACE - CLOSE ON MODULE

Traveling through space: A tiny yellow dot becomes larger as the module enters our Universe. The yellow dot grows rapidly into a flaming yellow sun.

38 INT. MODULE

The control panel lights flash rapidly. An electronic bleep quickens its squeal. The BABY has grown older.

COMPUTER

(JOR-EL'S voice)

...which Einstein called his Theory of
Relativity, mistakenly held to be
correct until the year...

39 EXT. MODULE - EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The module enters the earth's atmosphere. We SEE the familiar astronaut's POV of the revolving earth, growing larger and larger until we can make out the recognizable shapes of land masses on oceans. As the module gets closer, it seems as if it will surely land in the middle of the Soviet Union. But as the Earth continues to revolve, the rocket heads for the dead center of the United States.

NOTE: As the module speeds down through the atmosphere, the resistance gradually transforms its shape into a jewel-like geode form, burnished hot by the pressure.

40 EXT. KANSAS WHEAT FIELD - DAY

Miles and miles of golden wheat wave under a cloudless sky. CAMERA PANS: A dilapidated farm pick-up truck comes chugging down a long flat dirt road.

41 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Two PEOPLE are seated in the truck cab, dressed in their shiny, patched "Sunday best" clothes. The MAN is in his 50's, the WOMAN in her 40's. "Private" people who mind their business, Christian folk whose morals are as basic as the soil they till: JONATHAN AND MARTHA KENT. Suddenly an ominous black shadow quickly crosses the road. Simultaneously: a loud whooshing sound (the space module coming to Earth). JONATHAN is startled, darts a momentary look, in the direction of the noise.

JONATHAN

What in the...

42 EXT. WHEAT FIELD ROAD - DAY

The "bang" of a tire blowout is heard. JONATHAN slams on the brakes. The truck lurches violently to the right, the front tire having burst. The truck swerves, narrowly missing the embankment, stops.

43 CLOSE ON TRUCK

JONATHAN steps out of the truck cab, looks sadly at the punctured tire.

JONATHAN

(muttering)

If a man didn't know better, he'd think Detroit made those things to blowout on purpose.

Grumbling, he goes around the rear to unstrap the spare tire and haul out the jack. MARTHA gets out of the cab, stretches her legs, gazes across the wheat fields as JONATHAN in B.G. places the jack under the car, then wedges a stone under it to hold the jack in place. CAMERA SUDDENLY ZOOMS IN ON MARTHA: Her face is frozen in astonishment at something she's seen in the wheatfield.

MARTHA

Jonathan!

43 CONTINUED

JONATHAN turns, looks, eyes widening, equally amazed.

JONATHAN

Great God Almighty! What is it?

44 ANGLE ON MODULE - THEIR POV

The space module has landed in the fields. The engines are silenced.

45 EXT. FIELD - CLOSE ON MODULE

JONATHAN rushes to the strange, eerie metallic geode nesting in the charred wheat, MARTHA close behind him.

MARTHA

Careful, Jonathan.

Suddenly: a wall of the module opens. A capsule ejects a little BOY still fastened inside, cushioned by the three blankets.

JONATHAN

What in the Sam Hill...

He looks inside the module, leans over, touches the capsule burning his hand.

MARTHA

Jonathan!

The little BOY, aged 3, suddenly springs out of the electronically controlled belts, half naked.

MARTHA

(stunned)

It's a... baby.

JONATHAN stares, dumbfounded. MARTHA smiles softly at the baby, wraps him in the three blankets, picks him up.

46 CLOSE ON JONATHAN AND MARTHA - TRACKING SHOT

MARTHA carries the BABY back to the truck, looks at him with wonder. JONATHAN walks in front, shakes his head.

JONATHAN

Well - better change that tire if we're gonna get home and see about contactin' that boy's proper kin.

MARTHA

(defensively)

He hasn't got any - not for sure. Not around here anyways. You saw that magic contraption he came in, same as me.

JONATHAN has arrived at the truck, starts jacking up the front end...

JONATHAN

I did. But I ain't gettin' hauled off to no booby hatch by tellin' other people I did - and neither is you.

JONATHAN removes the lugs and the punctured tire.

MARTHA

You take things easy now, Jonathan. You mind what Doc Frye said about that heart of yours...

47 INSERT SHOT - JACK

The jack begins to shimmy. The truck shakes.

48 CLOSE ON JONATHAN

JONATHAN struggles with the spare tire under the truck, wondering why it won't fit in.

49 INSERT SHOT - JACK

The jack continues to shimmy. Suddenly, the stone beneath it slips away.

50 CLOSE ON MARTHA

MARTHA screams, horrified.

51 BACK TO JONATHAN

JONATHAN under the truck, shoots a quick look at his wife, then - as her scream stops in a gasp - he looks behind him as CAMERA PANS: The BABY is holding up the truck, two wheels off the ground. JONATHAN and MARTHA are poleaxed with disbelief.

52 INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

The BABY sits happily in MARTHA'S lap. The COUPLE look ahead, lost in thought, MARTHA in particular.

MARTHA
(carefully)

All these years, happy as we've been,
how I prayed and prayed the Good Lord
would see fit to give us a child.

JONATHAN
(looks - alarmed)

Martha, there is something downright
strange about that boy. Where he come
from, what he just did back there. Now
surely you don't mean to...

MARTHA
(firmly)

No one must ever know.

JONATHAN
But folks'll ask questions...

MARTHA
We'll say he's child to my cousin in
North Dakota, and just now orphaned.
Jonathan, he's a baby...
(cuddles baby)
Poor thing.

JONATHAN
Well...
(sigh)
Maybe we could give it a try for the
time bein'. I'd better hitch the rig and
come back to Get that ... that thing he
was settin' in. What do you make of that
thing? Martha? Martha Kent, you
listenin' to me?

52 CONTINUED

MARTHA

I was thinkin' what to call him. I was thinkin' I had an uncle who was a fine man, you recall him? The church sexton?

JONATHAN

Who? Clark? I never cared two hoots for that fella.

53 EXT. SMALLVILLE HIGH FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN on a typical Midwestern small town high school football field in the 1950's. A coach's whistle signals the end of the team's practice session. A group of GIRL CHEERLEADERS run through their routines nearby. Several PLAYERS practice "extra points" by kicking the ball through the goalposts from the 2 1/2-yard line, now stop, congregate around the bench with the other PLAYERS as they turn in their equipment, prepare to go home.

54 CLOSE ON BENCH - TRACKING SHOT

CAMERA TRACKS along the bench as the PLAYERS drop their pads, towels, kicking tees, footballs, etc. on the bench. Picking them up, stacking them neatly and methodically is a bookish-looking TEENAGER of 15. With dark, unstylish hair, heavy-rimmed glasses, and an air of social unease, he is the perfect candidate for team manager - the young CLARK KENT. CLARK nears the end of the bench, looks off at the CHEERLEADERS: five or six wholesomely cute teenagers in their uniforms of sweater, tiny skirt, sneakers, and white socks. They have finished rehearsing their final routine now laugh, applaud themselves, drop their megaphones and run off to join several of the departing PLAYERS. One CHEERLEADER (SUSIE) with an attractive, sensitive face - pauses, sees the megaphones strewn around the ground, begins to collect them.

55 CLOSE ON SUSIE

SUSIE gathers up the megaphones. CLARK crosses to her.

CLARK

You don't have to bother with those, Susie. I'll take them in for you with the other equipment.

SUSIE

Why, thank you, Clark.

(rises - smiles)

You know something, Clark? I think you're just about the nicest boy in the whole school.

CLARK blinks shyly, practically blushing.

CLARK

Well... ah... ah... it's sort of my job as team manager, anyway, and...

SUSIE

No, I mean it. I really do. Listen. A whole bunch of us are going over to Mary Ellen's and play some records. Would you like to come?

CLARK

Well, gee... I'd... why, yes, Susie, I'd like that very...

FOOTBALL PLAYER (O.S.)

Kent won't be able to make it.

A large FOOTBALL PLAYER comes into frame, looks at SUSIE with what passes for "macho" at 15.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Kent's still got a lot of work to do.

CLARK

(innocent - turning)

What do you mean? I've stacked all the...

CAMERA PANS as CLARK turns: the mass of equipment he had neatly piled on the bench has been tossed all over the field. Water buckets overturned, etc. In B.G. several other PLAYERS and CHEERLEADERS are crammed into an open, convertible car, snigger to themselves, pretend not to look.

56 BACK TO SCENE

CLARK'S face falls. He stares at the grinning FOOTBALL PLAYER as we see a momentary flash of anger pass through his eyes. Will he...? No. Regaining his former composure, CLARK smiles faintly.

CLARK

I'm... sorry, Susie. I guess I'd better clean it up.

The FOOTBALL PLAYER puts a victorious arm around the reluctant SUSIE, prods her off toward the open convertible. They get in. The car roars off.

57 CLOSE ON CLARK

CLARK is left totally alone on the football field, his face downcast with anger and hurt born of humiliation. He approaches a football sitting on the extra-point tee at the 2 1/2 yard line, is about to pick it up, suddenly gives it a frustrated kick. The ball takes off like a tiny rocket.

58 ANGLE THROUGH OPPOSITE GOALPOSTS

The ball whistles perfectly through the far goalposts. CLARK has kicked it over 100 yards.

59 BACK TO CLARK

CLARK turns, looks at the mess left by the players. He reaches down for the first towel, suddenly grits his teeth, accelerates into SUPER SPEED. His image is only a blur on the screen as towels, pads, buckets, etc. disappear from the field and miraculously reappear on the bench.

60 EXT. KANSAS ROAD - DAY

CLARK trudges along a country road, heading for home. In B.G. the open convertible appears, closing fast. He turns. It slows down, seems to be intending to pick him up. Then, at the last minute, the FOOTBALL PLAYER who is driving honks the horn loudly, roars past him, laughing, leaving CLARK in a swirl or dust.

61 CLOSE ON CLARK

CLARK stares angrily, his rage growing. He takes off his glasses, puts them in his pocket. Turning, he suddenly takes off, running cross-country.

62 EXT. KANSAS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The blur which is the running CLARK zooms through a cornfield, makes a hair-pin turn across a meadow and up over a rise.

63 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY - TRAVELING SHOT

Clark runs parallel to some train tracks on the other side of the rise. A train looms up rapidly behind him, overtakes him by one or two cars. For a moment CLARK is content to keep pace with the train, then looks up at its windows.

64 ANGLE ON TRAIN WINDOWS - CLARK'S POV

A LITTLE GIRL of six looks out one window, her nose pressed to the glass, her chin dropping in surprise.

65 BACK TO CLARK

He notices. Embarrassed, he runs faster, pulling on ahead and passing the train.

66 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

The GIRL'S PARENTS are the couple we saw in the opening shot of the movie, cooing over their baby. They are six years older now, as is she: LOIS LANE.

LOIS

(turns - amazed)

Golly! I saw a boy out there, running fast as the train! Faster, even!

MOTHER

(affectionate sigh)

Lois Lane, you do have a writer's gift for invention. I'll say that for you.

LOIS

But...

FATHER

Read your book, dear.

A small farm on a dirt road facing a wheatfield. A barn stands at one end of the front yard area. CLARK, running in a blur suddenly appears by the tree growing next to the front gate, stops. CAMERA PANS: coming down the road: the convertible with the FOOTBALL PLAYERS and CHEERLEADERS. CLARK leans nonchalantly against the tree as the car and its amazed occupants roll to a stop, stare with wonder.

SUSIE

Clark...?

FOOTBALL PLAYER

How the hell did you...?

CLARK

(deadpan)

I ran.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

(pause - to others)

Told you he was a weirdo. Let's get out of here...

He guns the car, irritated, roars off. CLARK breaks into a thin, self-satisfied smile.

JONATHAN'S VOICE

Been showin' off a bit, have you, son?

JONATHAN KENT, much older now, stands with stooped shoulders, a scythe in one hand. He looks care-worn, but deeply concerned as CLARK joins him in the yard.

CLARK

I don't mean... to show off, Dad. It's just that...

JONATHAN

(total understanding)

You got all these amazin' things you can do and sometimes you think you'll go bust if you don't let other people know.

CLARK

(misty-eyed
frustration)

I could score a touchdown every time I had the ball. Every time, Dad. Is it showing off for a person to do what he's capable of? Is a bird showing off when it flies?

(no reply)

I'm sorry, Dad. I know I made a promise, but I just don't think I can handle it anymore.

CLARK turns away. JONATHAN watches with compassion.

JONATHAN

Look, son. You've been nothin' but a blessing to your mother and me. In the beginning - when you first came - we thought they'd take you away from us if people found out about... the things you could do. But a man thinks different as he gets older, thinks... better. Wiser. Starts to see things clear. And I know now that as sure as we're gonna see the moon tonight there's a reason why you're here. Don't ask me what reason, don't ask me whose reason. But whoever, and whatever, there's one thing I do know...

(soft smile)

It ain't to score touchdowns.

CLARK turns, nods, understanding. JONATHAN puts his arm around him.

JONATHAN

Now why don't you see if you can finish up your chores before I finish up all that apple pie I smell comin' from your mother's kitchen window...

CLARK smiles, heads off toward the barn, CAMERA TRACKS with him. Suddenly: a choked scream is heard O.S. CAMERA WHIP PANS: JONATHAN, his hand clutching his heart, staggers on the front step of the farmhouse.

CLARK (O.S.)

Dad!...

66 CONTINUED

MARTHA'S VOICE
(from inside)
Jonathan...?

JONATHAN collapses, falling backwards as MARTHA opens the front door.

MARTHA
Jonathan!

69 EXT. KANSAS CEMETERY - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE on a tombstone reading: JONATHAN KENT, 1887-1943 R.I.P., PULLS BACK: CLARK stands by a freshly filled grave, holds the hand of the weeping MARTHA. Both are dressed in mourning.

CLARK
(quiet anguish)
All those things I can do, all those powers... and I still couldn't save him.

70 EXT. KENT FARM - NIGHT

The barn stands silhouetted against the night sky. SLOWLY TRACKS TOWARD IT, passes through the door.

71 INT. BARN - NIGHT

Pitch dark inside. A green light emanates somewhere from beneath a mound of hay the light seems to throb as it glows, as if calling out for something - or someone.

72 INT. CLARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLARK KENT, now 18 years old, is asleep, suddenly his eyes open. He sits up, looks around.

73 EXT. FARM - NIGHT

The back door opens. CLARK, fully dressed, emerges from the house, crosses to the barn.

74 INT. BARN - NIGHT

CLARK enters, crosses to the mound of hay which throbs with the green light. Digging and pushing the hay aside, he uncovers the geode-like module which brought him to earth. The module glows brightly, lit by something from within. CLARK stares hard at it - his eyes changing in color and consistency.

75 ANGLE ON GEODE - CLARK'S X-RAY POV

Seen through CLARK'S X-RAY vision which cuts through the solid surface of the module: a green crystal throbs inside, resting on the red, yellow, and blue blankets.

76 BACK TO SCENE

CLARK kneels, opens the module, picks up the crystal, stares into it deeply, eyes widening in the eerie, pulsating light.

77 INT. KENT KITCHEN

MARTHA stands over the kitchen stove in the early morning, bacon sizzling in the pan, a pot of hot coffee steaming nearby. She turns her head slightly, calls out.

MARTHA

Clark? Are you going to sleep all day?
I've got...

She stops, has noticed something out the kitchen window. CAMERA PANS, pushes in through window: In the distant wheatfield across the road stands the motionless figure of CLARK.

78 EXT. WHEATFIELD - DAY

CLARK stands quietly, immobile, staring north as the late morning sun hits the side of his face. The look is trance-like as if some force were pulling at him. There is a rustle in the wheat behind him. He does not turn...

CLARK

I... have to leave.

MARTHA enters frame, stops, looks at him thoughtfully, full of emotion.

MARTHA

I... knew this time would come. I knew
it from the day I found you.

CLARK turns now, faces her. He speaks flatly, trying to
avoid breaking down.

CLARK

I'll bring in the crop before I leave.
I... talked to Ben Hubbard yesterday.
He'll be happy to help out from now on.

MARTHA

He's a good man, Ben is. Your father
always said so.

CLARK

(emotionally)

Mother...

MARTHA

(helpless smile)

I know, son. I know...

EXT. WHEATFIELD - DAY

The sun starts to set in the distance. CLARK approaches
the vast wheatfield, his father's scythe in his hand. He
hesitates a moment, unobtrusively looks around, then
bursts toward the wheat at SUPER SPEED, cutting an
instant four-foot wide swath across the field.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - ANGLE ON WHEATFIELD

CAMERA looks through the kitchen window as the
wheatfield practically disintegrates in neat rows before
us, then PULLS BACK: MARTHA watches, her eyes filled
with tears.

EXT. KENT FARM - DAY

The wind is blowing. Tall, neat stacks of baled wheat
rise up near the barn. CAMERA PANS: CLARK stands at the
gate to the road in a windbreaker and slacks, has a
rucksack at his side. MARTHA holds out a brown paper
bag.

81 CONTINUED

MARTHA

I made you...
(fighting back tears)
...some sandwiches.

CLARK smiles silently, closes his hand around the bag. He turns, opens the rucksack to place the bag inside.

82 INSERT SHOT - RUCKSACK

The rucksack interior glows with a green light, tucked inside the red, yellow, and blue blankets is the same one seen earlier, in the barn. CLARK closes it.

83 BACK TO SCENE

They face each other for the final time, all emotion, both at a sudden loss for words.

MARTHA

Do you... know where you're headed?

CLARK

North.

MARTHA'S eyes glaze over. She manages a brave smile.

MARTHA

Remember us. Always remember us.

Unable to restrain themselves any longer, they reach out, collapse into a tight hug.

84 EXT. ALASKA HIGHWAY - DAY

CLARK, in his light windbreaker, his rucksack on his back, walks by the side of the road. The wind howls, ruffling his hair, but he doesn't seem to mind the cold. CAMERA PANS: from a distance, a truck appears. It pulls up next to him, stops. The DRIVER opens the door.

TRUCK DRIVER

Get in kid! Quick, before you freeze to death!

CLARK

(nice smile)

I'm okay, thanks. It was nice of you to stop, though.

The DRIVER stares, amazed. CLARK really means it.

DRIVER

What the hell. You wanna make a Popsicle outa yourself, none of my business...

THE DRIVER slams the door. The truck roars off. CLARK watches it leave, then turns, walks off the side of the road cross-country, heading north.

EXT. ALASKA - DAY

CAMERA PANS a vast snow-covered plain and an arctic lake with icebergs floating in it in the distance. A polar bear trudges through the snow, stops, looks at something which has attracted his attention. CAMERA CONTINUES PAN: the tiny, dark figure of CLARK contrasts sharply with the dazzling white landscape as he makes his way still north, dressed only in his light windbreaker.

EXT. NEAR NORTH POLE - DAY

A flat, desolate plain, off to one side is a huge out-cropping of rock jutting out of the barren, snow-covered landscape. A blizzard rages. CAMERA PANS to reveal CLARK, the rucksack on the ground beside him. The wind rips across the plain. CLARK looks around, seems to be in the process of selecting a specific area. He marks its perimeters with heat vision, burning deep lines into the snow and ice. Once the boundaries are drawn, CLARK concentrates on the area within. The entire mass of snow begins to melt away as huge flames shoot around the gigantic excavation.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME AREA - LATER

An enormous crater has been carved out of the rock and ice. CLARK stands in the center, reaches into his rucksack, places the green stone on the ground. Climbing back quickly to the edge, he focuses into the crater. As his heat vision hits the stone a crystalline foundation begins to solidify and expand. Green radiation glows all around the excavation site - a wall is formed.

87 CONTINUED

Another burst of energy intensifies and constructs a second side joined at a right angle. In the bright cone of green light, multi-colored molecules explode and expand into a third impregnable wall. Through the blaze of sparkling light this wall increases in size, spreads out to cover the fourth remaining side.

88 CLOSE ON CLARK

CLARK steps back to look with awe: The Fortress of Solitude is complete. It rises up in the northern landscape, its materials completely harmonious, the white opaque crystalline blending ingeniously into the surrounding countryside.

89 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

The tiny figure of CLARK enters the Fortress, looks up at a multi-leveled white fantasy. Stabbing spurs of crystal cut across the levels at a severe angle. The decor is spartan, minimal. The central area with its complicated memory crystal energy banks where SUPERMAN will communicate with his dead father is overlooked by a series of different levels which lead off to hidden corridors, rooms, etc. The entire dazzling interior is strongly reminiscent of what we have seen earlier on Krypton.

90 CLOSE ON ENERGY BANK SECTION

A crystal bench sits next to the energy bank which is lined with rows of smaller glowing crystals. CLARK approaches mesmerized, knowing what he must do but unsure of how and why. He reaches out for the first crystal, places it inside a mechanism in the energy bank, takes his seat on the bench, waits, suddenly:

91 WIDE ANGLE

The light in the Fortress changes dramatically. The walls and jagged planes of the structure seem to come alive with energy. The wall directly opposite vibrates with a special intensity: A giant face appears: It is JOR-EL. His head rises massively up and across the wall, burning with light, looking down, dwarfing the tiny figure of CLARK on the bench. JOR-EL'S eyes flash, focus on him. JOR-EL speaks.

25/3/77

91 CONTINUED

JOR-EL

My son, you do not remember me. I am Jor-El. I am... your father. By now you will have reached your eighteenth year of time as it is measured on earth. By that same reckoning I will have been dead for many thousands of your years. The knowledge that I have of, matters physical and historic I have given to you fully on your voyage to your new home. These are important matters, to be sure, but still matters of mere fact. There are questions to be asked and it is time for you to do so. Here in this Fortress of Solitude we shall try to find the answers together. How does a good man live? What is virtue? When does a man's obligation to those around him exceed his obligation to himself? These are not simple questions - even on Krypton there is no precise science which provides us with the answers. I can only tell you what I myself believe. To this end, I have tried to anticipate your questions, and in the order of their importance to you.

(pause)

Speak.

CLARK

Who... am I?

JOR-EL

Your name is Kal-El. You are the only survivor of the planet Krypton. Even though you have been raised as a human being, you are not one of them. You have great powers, only some of which you have, as yet, discovered...

CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW 360-DEGREE PAN. The face and features of JOR-EL will appear and fade away in many dimensions and on virtually every area of the fortress in an intricate and continuous SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

JOR-EL

Your mother, Lara, has sent along three blankets of red, yellow, and blue. United in a single garment, their

[last sentence missing from script]

At times there will be simultaneous representations JOR-EL: some merely features of the face in huge magnifications - eyes, mouth, profile, etc. The DISSOLVES will indicate the passage of a long period of time. Never, until the final culmination of the 360 PAN do we see or hear anything but the face and thought of JOR-EL.

CAMERA BEGINS FIRST SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

JOR-EL

You are superior to others. You can only become inferior by setting yourself above them. Lead by inspiration. Let your actions and ideals become a touchstone against which mankind may learn how to serve the common good. While it is forbidden for you to interfere with human history itself, your leadership can stir others to their own capacity for moral betterment...

CAMERA BEGINS SECOND SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

JOR-EL

The virtuous spirit has no need for thanks or approval. Only the certain conviction that what has been done is right. Develop such conviction in yourself, Kal-El. The human heart on your planet is still subject to small jealousies, lies, and monstrous deceptions. Resist these temptations as you inevitably find them - and your ethical power will then properly outweigh your physical advantage over others...

CAMERA BEGINS THIRD SERIES OF DISSOLVES, has almost completed its 360 PAN, now starts to RISE behind a giant representation of JOR-EL'S face. LOOKING DOWN from behind through the eyes we see a tiny blue, red, and yellow figure in the distance. CAMERA PUSHES IN SLOWLY through the eyes.

JOR-EL

Your education nears a kind of completion now, Kal-El, although no limit to understanding or knowledge has ever truly existed. Over the years you have asked important questions and I think together we have almost always found the answer to them. Now it is time for you to return to the world which I have chosen for you. When new questions arise, come back to me and I will try to be of help...

The FIGURE is discernible now as CAMERA PUSHES IN with increasing speed. FOR THE FIRST TIME:

SUPERMAN stands in his classic outfit, arms folded, gazing intently back up at the CAMERA which represents JOR-EL. He is older now. A handsome, strong man, his intelligence, warmth, and compassion shining through his clear eyes as the final words of JOR-EL flow through him.

JOR-EL

Live as one of them, Kal-El, to discover where your strength and power are needed - but always hold in your heart the pride of your special heritage. Your being is both separate and your own, but I have caused your earthly presence and must share responsibility for your actions. They can be a great people, Kal-El. They wish to be. They only lack the light to show the way. For this reason above all - their capacity for good - I have sent them you. My only son.

[There is a handwritten notation to "cut to scene 96"]

92 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - DAY

[There is a handwritten notation "26/6/77 amended to page 56"]

CLARK KENT walks a crowded street in Metropolis, attaché case in hand, conservative suit, heavy-rimmed glasses, etc. A brisk breeze blows. CLARK reaches the street corner, looks around, admires the skyline, fascinated by the big city. He starts across the street to a building marked DAILY PLANET, oblivious to the red light turning green and the oncoming traffic. A taxi hurtles across the intersection.

93 ANOTHER ANGLE

The taxi smashes into CLARK with a sickening crunch. The DRIVER, horrified, jumps out.

DRIVER

Oh, my god, I couldn't help...

CLARK, still standing, simply turns, smiles nicely.

CLARK

Sorry. It's my fault. I shouldn't have crossed against the light.

The DRIVER stops, dumbfounded, stares at the hood of his cab.

94 INSERT SHOT - HOOD OF CAB

The front of the cab has CLARK'S impression cut deeply into the hood, through the engine block to the windshield.

95 BACK TO SCENE

CLARK waves a cheery farewell to the non-plussed DRIVER, mouths another friendly "sorry", crosses the street, walks through the doors of The Daily Planet. CAMERA PANS UP the skyscraper to its tower (not the same building in the OPENING, but new, more modern quarters) where WE SEE the globe and the enormous electric sign: THE DAILY PLANET - Metropolis' Greatest Newspaper.

96 INT. PLANET CITY ROOM - DAY

The city room of a large newspaper. Rows of desks. REPORTERS, EDITORS, COPY BOYS scurry back and forth. CAMERA PUSHES IN on a corner of the City Room where a few star reporter desks look a bit larger and widely spaced than the others. Behind them is a frosted glass door on which is painted: "PERRY WHITE, MANAGING-DIRECTOR."

97 ANGLE ON DESKS

Seated at the typewriter, working with intense concentration punctuated by occasional smiles, is a YOUNG WOMAN. Physically she is a knockout: long brunette hair, smart clothes on a smart figure. Mentally, she's just as good: bright, talented, ambitious.

97

CONTINUED

A girl with a wry sense of humor, a snappy reporter with an instinct for a big story, the grown-up version of that little girl last seen at the train window as it sped through Smallville: This is LOIS LANE.

LOIS

(to anybody)

How do you spell "massacre?"

98

ANGLE ON LOIS THROUGH REFLEX FINDER

LOIS turns, looks into the crosshairs of a reflex camera viewfinder. She is perfectly centered.

JIMMY'S VOICE

R-E.

The shutter clicks.

99

BACK TO SCENE

A few feet away, a fresh-faced young CUB REPORTER lowers his press reflex camera. A teen-age eager beaver who idolizes LOIS, this is JIMMY OLSEN. He grins, crosses to LOIS, tries to see what's in her typewriter.

JIMMY

What're you writing, Lois?

LOIS

(continues typing)

An Ode to Spring. One or two "T's" in bloodletting?

JIMMY

Two.

LOIS types the finish, rips the page from her typewriter, reads with gusto.

LOIS

"And the people on the street, the little man who runs the corner newsstand, the old lady sunning herself on the stoop, the kids playing stickball in the alley - none of them will ever forget that night of senseless bloodletting which turned a friendly block party into a cruel and unspeakable massacre."

(triumphant)

LOIS rises, starts toward Perry White's office. JIMMY tags along at her heels as CAMERA TRACKS with them.

JIMMY

(lost in admiration)

Boy! How come you get all the great stories, Lois?

LOIS

A good reporter doesn't get the great stories, Jimmy. A good reporter makes them great.

JIMMY

Oh, wow...

LOIS flashes him a knowing grin, knocks on PERRY WHITE'S door, enters without waiting for a response.

INT. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

The office of a working editor. Copy pinned up on bulletin boards, photos piled on the desk, wire service tear sheets, plaques, awards, signed photos on the walls, etc. Behind the desk, rolled-up shirt sleeves, tie loosened, is PERRY WHITE, the no-nonsense, hard-working 50'ish editor of the paper. Beneath his gruffness is a nice guy who loves his grandchildren. PERRY struggles vainly with the screw-on top of a pop bottle as LOIS marches in, lays her story on his desk.

LOIS

(cocky)

Here's the story on that East 19th Street murder spree. Page one with a banner headline seems about right to me.

PERRY

So why should today be different...

(gestures O.S.)

Clark Kent, say hello to Lois Lane.

LOIS turns, not realizing there was someone else in the room. CAMERA PANS: Seated against the wall by the entrance is CLARK KENT. He rises, polite and friendly, extends his hand.

CLARK

Hello, Lois...

LOIS

Hi there...

LOIS looks back at PERRY as CLARK slowly lowers his hand. PERRY crosses, still struggling with the bottle top.

LOIS

Believe me, Chief, it's got everything.
Sex, violence, the ethnic angle...

PERRY

So does a lady wrestler with a foreign
accent.

(turns)

Here, Kent. Open this, will you?

PERRY hands CLARK the pop bottle as LOIS continues. CLARK struggles with it mightily, but to no avail.

LOIS

Chief, this could be the basis for a
whole series of articles - "Making sense
of senseless killings", you know? We get
psychiatrists...

LOIS takes the bottle away from the straining CLARK, raps it sharply twice on the arm of his chair hands it back to him.

LOIS

...sociologists, interviews with the
families...

PERRY

Lois, you're pushing a pile of rinky-
dink tabloid crap. The Daily Planet has
a tradition to...

CLARK tries the bottle cap. It opens, suddenly fizzes out in a squirt from the agitation by LOIS. PERRY and LOIS turn, stare. CLARK winces shyly as the liquid dribbles down his pants leg. LOIS can't resist a smile, but sympathizes.

LOIS

I'm sorry. I didn't shake it up on purpose.

CLARK

(nicely)

Of course you didn't, Lois. Why would anyone want a total stranger look like a fool?

CLARK smiles. LOIS looks back, unsure of how he meant that, as PERRY takes the bottle, from CLARK.

PERRY

Lois, take Kent out there and introduce him around. He's coming to work for the paper. I'm putting him on the city beat.

LOIS

(not happy)

My... beat?

PERRY

The competition'll do wonders for you. Listen. Not only does this guy show proper respect for his editor-in-chief...

(baiting her)

not only does he have a snappy, punchy prose style, but I swear to you that after forty years in the business he is the fastest typist I have ever seen.

LOIS stares warily at CLARK. His sincere expression never changes.

CLARK

I'm sure I can learn a lot from you, Lois...

(turns)

Oh, Mister White, could you arrange for half my salary to be sent on a weekly basis to this address?

CLARK hands PERRY a piece of paper from his pocket.

LOIS
Your bookie?

CLARK
My what?

LOIS
(archly)
Don't tell me. He sends a check every
week to his dear gray-haired old mother.

CLARK
(total sincerity)
Actually, she's silver-haired.

LOIS stares at him, stunned. He actually does send his
mother money. CLARK manages a pleasant smile.

LOIS
Are there any more at home like you?

CLARK
Not really, no.

101 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - NIGHT - TRACKING SHOT

[note - scenes 101-129 have had "NIGHT" marked out and "DAY" has been
handwritten in.]

It is late at night. The street is semi-deserted as
CLARK and LOIS walk along on their way back from work.

LOIS
Well, Clark? So how did you enjoy your
first day on the job?

CLARK
(checking his watch)
Frankly the hours were somewhat longer
than I expected, Lois, but then...
meeting you and Jimmy and Mr. White - on
the whole I think it's swell.

LOIS

Swell.

(pause)

You know, Clark, there are very few people left in the world these days who sound comfortable saying that word... "swell".

CLARK

Really? It just sort of comes naturally to me.

As they pass an alleyway a VOICE is heard.

VOICE

All right. Freeze. The both of you.

CAMERA STOPS, PANS: a rough-looking MUGGER stands just inside the darkened alleyway, a pistol leveled at them.

MUGGER

Get in here.

CLARK and LOIS look around nervously for help. The street is deserted.

CLARK

Better do as he says, Lois.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT (DAY)

CLARK and LOIS are forced up against the wall. CLARK seems nervous, LOIS grimly determined.

CLARK

Listen, mister. I realize times are tough for some these days, but...

(total sincerity)

This isn't the answer. You can't solve society's problems with a gun.

The MUGGER blinks. LOIS looks at CLARK unbelievably.

MUGGER

You know something, buddy? You're right. I'm turning over a new leaf.

102

CONTINUED

CLARK

That's the spirit.

MUGGER

Right after I rip off this lady's purse.

(to LOIS)

Now hand it over.

LOIS stares hard at him. Disgusted, she lets the purse drop. The MUGGER reaches down to pick it up. LOIS suddenly kicks him viciously in the neck, sending him reeling backwards: The MUGGER hits the pavement bringing up his gun with a deadly glare.

CLARK

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

CLARK rushes forward with his arms outstretched pleadingly as the MUGGER fires.

103

INSERT SHOT - CLARK'S HAND

AT SUPER SPEED: The bullet hits CLARK harmlessly in the palm of his hand. He closes his fist around it.

104

BACK TO SCENE

CLARK'S eyes bulge. He drops to the ground with a look of agonized astonishment as LOIS screams.

LOIS

Clark!

The frightened MUGGER scrambles to his feet, runs off down the alley as LOIS bends over CLARK.

LOIS

Clark... oh, Clark... are you...

CLARK'S eyelids flutter, then open with a sheepish smile. He looks up at LOIS.

CLARK

Wow... I guess I must have fainted or something...

LOIS
(rising - disgusted)

Swell.

CLARK gets to his feet, dusts himself off.

CLARK
Really, Lois. Supposing that man had shot you? Is it worth risking your life over ten dollars, two credit cards, a hairbrush, and a lipstick? I mean...

LOIS
(strange expression)
How did you know that?

CLARK
(suddenly nervous)
Know what?

LOIS
You just described the exact contents of my purse.

CLARK
(pause - smile)
Wild guess.

CLARK turns self-consciously, strides out of the alley as LOIS watches him curiously.

CLARK
Taxi!

105 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - NIGHT (DAY)

CLARK and LOIS enter a cab, take off, CAMERA PANS to a newsstand on the corner.

106 CLOSE ON NEWSSTAND - NIGHT (DAY)

A large MAN (OTIS) in a slightly disheveled one-color outfit which could pass for a uniform buys a newspaper. He checks the headlines and front page picture before paying, then starts off. CAMERA PANS: a police car is parked at a nearby corner directly in his path.

107 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT (DAY)

TWO OFFICERS watch as OTIS approaches, passing under a streetlight. Their eyes narrow suspiciously.

OFFICER #1
That's him, all right. Lex Luthor's
right-hand man. Let's get him.

OFFICER #2
Wait. Maybe he'll lead us to the man
himself.

OFFICER #1
(too good to be true)
Lex Luthor...

OFFICER #2
You got it, Charlie. We both make
Captain by midnight.

They look through the windshield. OTIS has spotted their car, now hesitates.

108 EXT. STREET - CLOSE ON OTIS (DAY)

OTIS suddenly doubles back, rounds a corner. The police car pulls away from the curb, rolls after him.

109 EXT. STREET NEAR TRAIN STATION - NIGHT (DAY)

OTIS has broken into a run. Still holding on to his newspaper, he heads for the entrance to a train station farther down the block. CAMERA PANS: the police car has picked up speed, continues to follow.

110 EXT. METROPOLIS STATION (GRAND CENTRAL) - NIGHT (DAY)

OTIS, now at a dead run, threads his way through arriving PASSENGERS and taxis, enters the station. In F.G. the police car pulls up. OFFICER #2 jumps out, turns to OFFICER #1.

OFFICER #2
Call for a back-up. I'm going after him.
(slaps walkie-talkie
on belt)
I'll keep you posted.

111 INT. METROPOLIS STATION (GRAND CENTRAL) - NIGHT (DAY)

OFFICER #2 arrives at the top of the main staircase leading down into the busy central hall of the station, scans the CROWD.

112 ANGLE ON OTIS - OFFICER #2'S POV

OTIS hustles through a group of PASSENGERS, heads down a ramp marked: LOWER LEVEL.

113 BACK TO OFFICER #2

OFFICER #2 has seen, speaks into his walkie-talkie, as he runs down the stairs.

OFFICER #2
Lower level, Charlie. I'm right on his
ass...

114 INT. STATION LOWER LEVEL

OTIS hurries through the lower level, disappears into an entrance marked: TRACK 22. CAMERA PANS: OFFICER #2 has seen, follows quickly.

OFFICER #2
(into walkie-talkie)
Track 22, Charlie...

OFFICER #1'S VOICE
(through walkie-
talkie)
Back-up's here. We're right behind you.

115 INT. TRACK 22 - NIGHT (DAY)

OTIS runs down the platform. On one side is a waiting train, steam belching from beneath the cars as the final PASSENGERS set on board. OTIS joins them.

116 ANGLE ON OFFICER #2 (DAY)

OFFICER #2 at the top of the platform starts after him, suddenly stops as he sees:

117 ANGLE ON OTIS - OFFICER #2'S POV

OTIS emerges through the steam on the other side of the train. He looks down the opposite side of the platform along an empty track. A train approaches in the distance, its lights now visible, the noise of its wheels increasing rapidly in volume. OTIS looks: against the far tunnel wall are a series of concave man-sized indentations, meant for track workers to step back into in case of an oncoming train. Waiting until the last moment, OTIS suddenly, jumps down onto the track, crosses it, steps back into an indentation as the train roars past in F.G.

118 CLOSE ON OFFICER #2 (DAY)

OFFICER #2 watches, mystified.

119 ANGLE ON TRAIN (DAY)

The train rattles by quickly, its flashing windows obscuring OTIS from view. As the last car whistles by: OTIS has disappeared - the indentation is empty.

120 BACK TO OFFICER #2 (DAY)

OFFICER #2 grins confidently, speaks into his walkie-talkie.

OFFICER #2
Make it Track 23, Charlie. I see how he
does it...

121 INT. TRACK 23 - NIGHT (DAY)

OFFICER #2 runs down the platform, stops opposite the indentation OTIS used. He is about to jump onto the track, hesitates as he looks off: Another train is coming down the track, its lights now visible in the distance. OFFICER #2 grits his teeth, jumps off onto the track.

122 INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR - NIGHT (DAY)

CAMERA CLOSE on a TV monitor screen. OFFICER #2 is seen on it, crossing the track. A disapproving, clucking sound is heard. A hand comes into frame holding a remote control device. A button on it is pushed. The TV image changes: We now see OTIS

122 CONTINUED

walking nonchalantly down a narrow underground passageway lined with enormous steam pipes, still holding on to his newspaper.

LUTHOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's a miracle that brain can generate enough power to keep his legs moving...

The remote control device switches back again: Seen on the monitor: OFFICER #2 has crossed the track, looms large in monitor F.G. as he takes his place inside the indentation.

123 INT. TRACK 23 - CLOSE ON INDENTATION (DAY)

OFFICER #2 has stepped inside the indentation, now waits. The train roars down the track towards him. Suddenly - the rear wall of the indentation pushes forward, shoving him out in the direction of the track. He fights vainly for a moment, then catapults onto the track with a scream as the train rushes past.

124 ANGLE ON TOP OF TRACK 23 PLATFORM (DAY)

OFFICER #1 has arrived with two other POLICEMEN. They scan the platform area as the train roars by. CAMERA PANS:

125 ANGLE ON TRACK 23 - THEIR POV (DAY)

The train has passed. All that remains on the track is a chewed-up policeman's hat and a dented walkie-talkie which squawks pure static.

126 INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR - NIGHT - CLOSE ON TV MONITOR (DAY)

Seen on the TV monitor: the POLICEMEN scratching their heads, puzzled, walking along the empty platform. The hand with the remote control device comes back into frame. A button is pushed. The screen goes dark.

127 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT (DAY)

OTIS proceeds down an even narrow tunnel. Water drips from the rock ceiling above. A couple of rats scamper past and through some rusted heating and electrical ducts which line the sides. CAMERA PANS with OTIS. He heads for a rusty, bolted metal door marked: DANGER - NO ENTRY - CONDEMNED.

CAMERA FOLLOWS another train (this one a model) as it snakes its way around mountains and through deserts in a made-to-scale U.S. western-type landscape. Emerging from a tunnel it heads out onto a bridge which is only half-completed, suddenly tumbles off, the falling cars demolishing a papier-mâché model of a hospital directly below. A low chuckle is heard O.S. CAMERA PANS UP: A few feet away, a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN (EVE TESCHMACHER) reclines with her feet up in a deep, luxurious sofa, working on a needlepoint pillow. A projected blue-sky backdrop shimmers on the wall behind her, looking quite real from this angle and distance. EVE is open, straightforward if slightly dim, with an unmistakable honest sexiness about her which matches her personality. She looks up INTO CAMERA, wide-eyed, disapproving.

EVE

That's sick, Lex. Really.

LEX LUTHOR sits behind a massive desk in his palatial underground lair, now seen for the first time as CAMERA PANS: At first glance - breathtaking, with its multi-leveled areas, only some of which are immediately visible. The entire wall behind him which rises to a high ceiling is completely covered with full bookcases bulging with periodicals, papers, etc. Another separate area has a complicated laboratory with viewing theater, banks of electronic gadgets which have been connected to underground electrical lines exposed in portions of the rock-faced walls. In the same manner we will discover exposed heating ducts and water mains. One higher level near the ceiling is completely blocked from view. Off to another side - a large and colorful aviary, stocked with live birds of prey: eagles, falcons, hawks, etc. The walls and ceilings, as we will discover, are almost all canvas on which projections can and will be made, different ones servicing different specific parts of the lair.

One other aspect of this underground kingdom will soon become apparent: whether through the architecture which strangely resembles that of Metropolis Station, or the row of bookcases which curiously look like old ticket windows, or the odd, faded track marker which signals the way off into one or another of the hidden corridors of the lair - it is clear we are in an abandoned railroad station, drastically remodeled, but nonetheless a fact.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON LEX LUTHOR: His face is a task of elegant demonic Genius, for this is a man with an infinite capacity for sadistic evil. Cutting, given to rapidly changing moods, but always thinking - the master criminal incarnate. He stares at EVE, the only person he allows to "nag" him, loving her in spite of all. LUTHOR shakes his head sadly disappointed.

LUTHOR

Sick.

(pause)

Here we sit, Miss Teschmacher, mere days away from executing The Crime of the Century, and how do you choose to congratulate the greatest criminal mind of our age? Do you call me brilliant? A bit obvious, that, I grant you. Charismatic, then?

(hopefully)

Fiendishly gifted?

EVE

Try twisted.

EVE goes back to her needlepoint as LUTHOR glares. There is a metallic "clank." O.S. OTIS has entered from a lower level, dutifully approaches the desk holding his newspaper, smiles, cheery.

OTIS

I'm back, Mr. Luthor...

LUTHOR

You were followed again, Otis...

OTIS looks over his shoulder, deeply concerned.

LUTHOR

Yes. In spite of those cat-like reflexes.

EVE

(new thought)

See if you can just explain to

EVE (CONT'D)

me one thing. Why do millions of people have to die for this... Crime of the Century? Tell me that, Lex. Why do they all have to die?

LUTHOR

Why.

(rising -
philosophical)

Why does the phone always ring when you're sitting in the tub? Why do restaurants call animal intestines sweetbreads? Why would the most brilliantly diabolical leader of all time surround himself with total incompetents?

(to Otis)

Why, in fact, does the chicken cross the road?

OTIS

(proudly)

To get to the other side.

LUTHOR stares at him, OTIS hangs his head.

OTIS

I'm wrong again, aren't I, Mr. Luthor?

LUTHOR

No, Otis. As a matter of fact, I stuck that last one in especially for you.

(pause)

Is that the newspaper I asked you to get me?

OTIS

Yes, sir.

LUTHOR

Then why am I not reading it?

OTIS

(knows when he's
wrong)

Because I... haven't given it to you, Mr. Luthor.

LUTHOR rips the paper from OTIS' hands, swats him viciously in the side of the head with it.

OTIS

Thank you, Mr. Luthor.

129 CONTINUED

LUTHOR drops the paper on the desk, sits.

130 INSERT SHOT - FRONT PACE

The paper is The Daily Planet. Clearly visible on the front page: a large photo of two nuclear missiles on their launching pads and the headline: TWIN I.C.B.M. TEST CONFIRMED - LIVE WARHEADS TO BE USED.

131 BACK TO SCENE (DAY)

LUTHOR beams, drops the paper, rises, ecstatic.

LUTHOR

At last it's official! Thanks to the generous help of our own government, we are finally going to realize the greatest real swindle in history!

EVE

You and your real estate. Why does it mean so much to you? All the time, "land, land, land."

LUTHOR

When I was a mere prodigy, Miss Teschmacher, having passed through vandalism with flying colors at the age of six, my father said to me: "Son, stocks will rise and fall...

(gesturing around him)

Utilities and transportation systems may even collapse, and people are no damn good - but they'll always need land, and for that they'll pay, through the nose. Remember that," my father said. "Land."

LUTHOR presses a button. A brilliant desert vista appears on one wall.

LUTHOR

"Land!"

Another button. Another vista. This one of the snow-capped Rockies.

EVE

(not looking up)

Then your father must have been sick too.

LUTHOR

(sad nod)

Arnold "Buster" Luthor. The most inept check forger of his day. A pity he didn't see how, from such humble beginnings, I created an empire.

EVE

An empire? This?

LUTHOR

Tell me, Miss Teschmacher. How many other girls are lucky enough to have a Park Avenue address?

EVE

It isn't a Park Avenue address, really. Two hundred feet below.

LUTHOR

Do you know what they're all paying per square foot up there? For a few miserable rooms of a common elevator? What more could anyone ask for?

EVE

Sunlight. Something that overlooks a window.

LUTHOR, angry, turns to OTIS who shifts his feet.

LUTHOR

Otis, you want something. What can I throw at you?

OTIS

The... ah... paper, if you're through with it, sir...

LUTHOR

(incredulous)

A newspaper? Otis? You want to read the newspaper? Is there really life after death? Is water finally running uphill?

OTIS

I thought maybe... the funnies...

LUTHOR hands him the paper, sighs.

LUTHOR

Here. Don't forget to flush this time.

EVE continues to needlepoint, but feels his gaze on her.

EVE

You know something, Lex? You're perverted. You're the most cruel and vicious human being I know...

LUTHOR approaches her, glaring with genuine malice.

EVE

You'd cut a baby's throat with its own diaper pin. Steal the wafer from a nun's handbag...

LUTHOR stands over menacingly, looks down. She glances up, smiles helplessly.

EVE

What's wrong with me, anyway? Why do I love you so much?

LUTHOR grins, lies down on the sofa next to her, puts his arms around her, looks deeply into her eyes.

LUTHOR

Life is never boring with me. Admit it.

EVE snuggles in, hopelessly cozy.

EVE

Never, Lex. You're the absolute pits.

They kiss passionately. LUTHOR reaches into his pocket, pulls out a remote control device, presses a button.

INSERT SHOT - LANDSCAPE MODEL

CAMERA CLOSE on a high dam set into the landscape of the previously seen model. It cracks, then collapses: sending a rush of water down onto a schoolyard below, knocking over a toy school bus, sweeping away little figures of children standing in the playground.

INT. PLANET CITY ROOM - NIGHT

Frantic activity: The wall clock indicates 8:00 P.M. CAMERA TRACKS through the chaos as PERRY WHITE exits his office, a sheaf of galleys in his hand.

PERRY

Olsen, take this Loch Ness update down to composing - tell them to use it as fill unless something comes in on that jewel robbery.

JIMMY

Right, Chief.

PERRY

And don't call me Chief.

JIMMY OLSEN disappears quickly with the galleys. PERRY crosses to a desk, picks up the phone.

PERRY

Harry? That's it. Put 'er to bed.

PERRY hangs up, crosses to LOIS' desk.

PERRY

Lois, about that sex maniac profile...

LOIS

I know. Nine to five it's a Pulitzer Prize.

PERRY

I was going to say there's only one p in rapist.

(turns to CLARK)

Nice job on the Teamster scandal, Kent.

CLARK

Thanks, Mr. White.

PERRY leaves. CLARK rises, crosses to LOIS who rereads her article delightedly, puffs on a cigarette. CLARK clears his throat nervously.

LOIS

(looking up)

What...? Oh, goodnight, Clark.

CLARK

Actually, Lois, I... ah, well...

LOIS

Yes?

CLARK

Would you, ah... be interested in a little dinner tonight?

LOIS

(nice smile)

Sorry, Clark. I'm booked.

CLARK

Oh.

LOIS rises, grabs her notebook, starts off for the elevators. CLARK follows, CAMERA TRACKING.

LOIS

Air Force One is landing at the airport tonight and this kid's going to be there to make sure you-know-who answers a few questions he'd rather duck.

CLARK

(admiration)

Don't you ever let up?

LOIS

For what? Oh, I've seen how the other half lives. My sister, for instance... three kids, two cats, one mortgage... I'd go bananas after a week.

(chain smokes)

I already am bananas, right? That's what you're thinking.

CLARK

No. I'm just thinking that you smoke too much, if you don't mind my saying so.

(she stares)

Lois, you should see what the inside of your lungs look like.

LOIS

I appreciate the advice, okay? I've got a story to do.

CLARK

Can I take you to the airport?

LOIS

Not unless you can fly...

133 CONTINUED

They have reached the elevators. The door opens. LOIS enters, turns to CLARK, smiles.

LOIS
Good night, Clark.

The elevator doors shut. A moment later another empty elevator stops, opens its doors. CLARK enters.

CLARK
Going Down?

134 EXT. ROOF OF DAILY PLANET - NIGHT

LOIS emerges through a rooftop exit, looks off past an illuminated helicopter pad with a small waiting room building on the far side. A fierce wind is howling. LOIS turns her face as she sees:

135 ANGLE ON HELICOPTER - LOIS' POV

A helicopter heads in for the roof, swaying slightly, fighting the tricky winds. It lands uncertainly on the edge of the pad. LOIS ducks her head, runs for the open door.

136 INSERT SHOT - FLOODLIGHT CABLES

The rubber-encased cables connecting the helicopter pad floodlights dance wildly in the wind like black snakes. The helicopter struts are precariously near to them, too precariously, as one cable inadvertently hooks itself around a strut.

137 BACK TO SCENE

LOIS has entered the helicopter. The PILOT takes off. The helicopter starts to rise through the strong winds, suddenly jerks back as the hooked cable takes hold, yanking out one of the floodlights. The helicopter lurches down violently to the PILOT'S side, its spinning blades knifing through the waiting room window, spraying showers of glass. The helicopter, still hooked to the edge, one strut hanging over the side.

138 INSERT SHOT - CABLE

The cable holding the helicopter has split, short-circuits, spitting electric sparks.

139 INT. HELICOPTER

The PILOT, on the roof side, has been knocked unconscious by the impact of hitting the waiting room. LOIS, on the street side, looks over at him, paralyzed with fear. Held In by her seatbelt, she looks down her side to the street, terrified.

140 ANGLE ON STREET - LOIS' POV

A shear drop to the street. A small CROWD has already started to form.

141 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET

The CROWD grows rapidly in size, staring up, pointing excitedly. CLARK arrives on the scene, looks up as well, eyes widening in horror.

142 ANGLE ON LOIS - CLARK'S POV

The helicopter dangles half over the edge of the roof.

143 BACK TO CROWD

Determined, CLARK pushes his way through the crowd, looking for something.

144 ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH - CLARK'S POV

A phone booth stands on the corner - but this is a modern booth -- it covers only the top half of the body.

145 BACK TO CLARK - WIDER ANGLE

[amended from page #33 - 145A/B/C Sc. 92,93,94,95]

CLARK starts to cross an empty street to an alley, oblivious to the red light turning green and the oncoming traffic. A taxi hurtles across the intersection.

145A ANOTHER ANGLE

The taxi smashes into CLARK with a sickening crunch. The DRIVER, horrified, jumps out.

DRIVER

Oh, my god, I couldn't help...

CLARK, still standing, simply turns, smiles nicely.

CLARK

Sorry, I didn't notice the light.

The DRIVER stops, dumbfounded, stares at the hood of his cab.

145B INSERT SHOT - HOOD OF CAB

The front of the cab has CLARK'S impression cut deeply into the hood, through to the engine block to the windshield.

145C BACK TO CLARK

CLARK crosses to alley.

146 INT. HELICOPTER

LOIS looks up past the unconscious PILOT to the edge of the roof. She has only one chance. She unbuckles her safety belt, tries to crawl over him. As she moves, the helicopter shifts position, swings out farther over the roof.

147 INSERT SHOT - CABLE

The cable jerks with the weight. Sparks fly. It holds together by a thread.

148 BACK TO LOIS

LOIS tumbles back with the movement, falls out the door grabbing her unbuckled seatbelt at the last minute on the way out.

149 EXT. STREET ANGLE ON LOIS - CROWD'S POV

The CROWD scream. LOIS dangles from the roof, holding on to her seatbelt for dear life.

TO PAGE 57

150

EXT. ALLEYWAY

An incredibly garish BLACK PIMP exits an alley doorway, stoned, stops in awe as he, sees: SUPERMAN in full costume heading towards him, determined.

PIMP

Say, Jim! That is a bad outfit...

SUPERMAN

Excuse me...

With a burst of energy SUPERMAN rises from the ground, flies up into the night sky. The PIMP watches in wonder.

PIMP

Wait a minute, Jim! Who's your tailor, baby? Who cuts your threads?

151

EXT. STREET - ANGLE ON LOIS - CROWD'S POV

The hushed CROWD watches LOIS hanging from the roof as SUPERMAN appears, flying quickly towards her.

FIRST VOICE

Look!

SECOND VOICE

It's a bird!

THIRD VOICE (woman)

No, it's some kind of plane! What the hell is it, Harvey?

FOURTH VOICE

Goddamned if I know, Margaret.

152

EXT. ROOF - ANGLE ON LOIS

LOIS dangles from the helicopter, eyes closed, her mouth moving in some sort of silent prayer. The helicopter suddenly lurches.

153

INSERT SHOT - CABLE

The cable snaps.

154 BACK to LOIS

The helicopter falls. LOIS screams, eyes welded shut. Suddenly SUPERMAN'S mighty arm reaches out, grabs her around the waist. With his other hand, he takes the bottom strut of the helicopter.

SUPERMAN

Easy now, Miss. I've got you.

LOIS' eyes open tentatively, then flutter unbelievably.

LOIS

You've got me? Who's got you?

SUPERMAN smiles warmly as he lifts both LOIS and the helicopter back onto the roof.

155 EXT. ROOF

SUPERMAN gently deposits the awestruck LOIS on the roof, then lowers the helicopter.

SUPERMAN

(smile - to LOIS)

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

LOIS

I...

LOIS opens her mouth to speak, but SUPERMAN takes off again. She stares after him, gaping.

156 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

SUPERMAN is in mid-air, exhilarated - literally high. He executes a cocky "loop," feeling a kind of release, a genuine physical joy in flying.

157 EXT. STREET

The CROWD has grown in size. A TV mobile unit has arrived. The PEOPLE "ooh" and "aah" in wonder. A TV CAMERAMAN points, looks over at his CREW.

TV CAMERAMAN

There he is!

He tilts his camera up. CAMERA PANS with him to the sky.

158 EXT. SKY - NIGHT - CLOSE ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN notices the attention, suddenly stops his aerobatics, embarrassedly self-conscious. He looks off:

159 EXT. SIDE OF APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A BURGLAR emerges from a high apartment house window, steps out onto a ledge. He drops a fistful of jewels into a bag tied to his waist, then positions suction cups attached to his hands and knees. Slowly, laboriously he ascends the side of the building.

160 CLOSE ON BURGLAR

Breathing hard, he continues. Looking up, his face suddenly registers shock.

161 ANGLE ON SUPERMAN - BURGLAR'S POV

SUPERMAN strolls down the side of the building towards him, defying all laws of gravity. He smiles at the BURGLAR...

SUPERMAN
Hi there. Something wrong with the
elevator?

162 BACK TO BURGLAR

The terrified BURGLAR frantically tries to get away, his suction cups coming loose. He falls - SUPERMAN swoops down, catches him firmly.

163 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - NIGHT

PATROLMAN MOONEY quietly walks his beat on a deserted city street, looks up as he hears a "whoosh!" SUPERMAN lands next to him, deposits the terrified BURGLAR.

SUPERMAN
They say confession is Good for the
soul, Officer. I'd listen to this man.

The thunderstruck MOONEY gapes as SUPERMAN takes off again. The BURGLAR shrubs, extends his wrists to MOONEY for the handcuffs.

BURGLAR
What the hell. It's only a dream,
anyway.

164 EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS NEAR RIVER - NIGHT

A police car, light flashing, sirens blaring, chases a sleek black Cadillac as they crisscross, screeching through the pillars of a river highway underpass. Both cars blaze away at each other with firearms. The Cadillac squeals into a 180-turn, heads down a short pier to a waiting cabin cruiser. The police car tries to imitate the turn, smashes head-on into a stone pillar, one POLICEMAN catapulting through the windshield onto the hood. TWO OTHER POLICEMEN pile out, guns drawn, open fire down the pier.

165 ANGLE ON POLICE FROM PIER

THREE HOODS empty out of the Cadillac near the cabin cruiser, the police bullets slamming into their car. They wheel, holding automatic weapons, cut down the TWO POLICEMEN, jump onto the cruiser, take off.

166 EXT. SKY - NIGHT - ANGLE ON CABIN CRUISER

The cabin cruiser plows down the river at top speed. CAMERA ZOOM BACK, PANS: SUPERMAN watches from mid-air.

167 INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

TWO of the HOODS are in the main cabin. ONE drives the boat while the OTHER makes three neat piles of money on a table, pulling it out of a black satchel. The FIRST HOOD grins at his PARTNER, then looks back through the windshield of the cabin, his jaw suddenly dropping.

FIRST HOOD

Holy sh...

168 ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD - HOOD'S POV

SUPERMAN stands on the front deck, arms folded, staring sternly inside at them.

169 EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

The THIRD HOOD sneaks up behind SUPERMAN, a heavy barbed steel boat gaff in his hands. As SUPERMAN stares in through the windshield, the HOOD swings it down viciously straight into his head. The gaff recoils as if it had hit solid steel - the HOOD stands unbelievably, his entire body shaking in spasms from the impact. SUPERMAN turns with a smile.

SUPERMAN

Bad vibrations?

170 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A flustered MOONEY stands before his amused DESK SERGEANT.

MOONEY

Sergeant, I swear! Flying! With a big red cape! And bright red boots as well! Then, quick as a wink - he was gone! Flew up in the air again, he did. Like a big blue bird.

SERGEANT

(smile)

Like a big blue bird... with bright red boots.

The SERGEANT gets down from behind his desk, walks MOONEY to the station door. CAMERA FOLLOWING

SERGEANT

Why don't you take the rest of the night off now, Mooney. Go back to Murphy's bar and finish what you plainly started. I'll be off myself in a bit and join ya there...

They have reached the door, start out, suddenly stop, rooted to the spot.

171 EXT. STREET - ANGLE ON CRUISER - THEIR POV

The cabin cruiser sits in the street, balanced on its keel. The THREE HOODS are wrapped in the anchor chain, the satchel of money hanging from one of their necks.

172 BACK TO MOONEY AND SERGEANT

SERGEANT

Off we go, then, Mooney. The first bottle's on me...

173 EXT. SKY - NIGHT - ANGLE ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN continues through the air as a bolt of lightning slashes by next to him. Then a clap of thunder. It starts to rain. He hears something, cocks his head.

174

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

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

LITTLE GIRL

(despair)

Frisky! Oh, Frisky, please come down...

Suddenly - SUPERMAN soars into frame, scoops FRISKY out of the tree, glides down, gently deposits the cat in the LITTLE GIRL'S arms.

LITTLE GIRL

Gee, thanks Mister.

(to cat)

You naughty thing...

SUPERMAN

Don't be too hard on Frisky. We all get a little scared of heights now and then.

SUPERMAN flies off. CAMERA PANS with the LITTLE GIRL as she runs up here house steps and inside. CAMERA HOLDS a moment. Suddenly - the sound of a "smack."

MOTHER'S VOICE

Haven't I told you to stop telling lies?

Another bolt of lightening slashes through the night sky. The rain becomes noticeably heavier.

175

EXT. SKY - NIGHT - ANGLE ON AIR FORCE ONE

Air Force One fights its way through the pounding storm; heading for Metropolis airport. Suddenly a bolt of lightning cracks into the wing. Flames shoot up as the outboard engine on the PILOT'S side splits in two, drops off the wing. The plane starts into a dive.

176

INT. AIR FORCE ONE COCKPIT - NIGHT

The PILOT and CO-PILOT fight the controls, try to level off. Suddenly: the plane's nose comes up. The aircraft seems to right itself to the astonishment of the PILOT who looks out the window, eyes now widening.

177 ANGLE ON WING - PILOT'S POV

SUPERMAN has grabbed hold of the wing in the cavity created by the fallen engine, now flies, stretched out in its place. He turns his head, smiles at the PILOT.

178 INT. AIR FORCE ONE COCKPIT - NIGHT

The dumbfounded PILOT looks back as the CO-PILOT strains to look past him out the side.

CO-PILOT

What happened? We get our engine back?

PILOT

Fly. Don't look. We... got something...

(weak smile)

Trust me. Just... fly.

179 EXT. METROPOLIS AIRPORT - NIGHT - ANGLE ON LOIS

LOIS waits in the storm with a mob of excited REPORTERS. Emergency equipment stands by, lights flashing. Everyone turns, flabbergasted, as they see:

180 ANGLE ON RUNWAY - THEIR POV

Air Force One glides safely to a landing, taxis up in front of them. SUPERMAN does a backflip, stands on the wing, looks in at the pilot, gives him the 'high sign' then looks off at the PRESS.

181 ANGLE ON PRESS

The REPORTERS watch in stunned silence. LOIS elbows her way to the front, waving.

LOIS

Hey! It's me! Remember? Lois Lane! The girl from the roof?

SUPERMAN spots her, grins, waves, then takes off again, disappearing into the night sky. The amazed REPORTERS crowd around LOIS.

REPORTER

Hey, Lois. You know that guy?

LOIS

(sly puss)

Oh, nothing... intimate.

181

CONTINUED

LOIS smiles privately, heads off, the mob of REPORTERS trailing behind her, yelling "who is he?", "C'mon, Lois, what's the story?", etc. CAMERA PANS to the doorway of Air Force One: the PRESIDENT'S ENTOURAGE appears to clear the way. No one notices - there is no longer a way to clear.

181A

INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

The SCREEN is filled by the giant head of JOR-EL. He looks down INTO CAMERA, his expression a blend of slight displeasure and parental understanding.

JOR-EL

You... enjoyed it.

SUPERMAN

I don't know what to say.

(awkwardly)

I guess I just got... carried away.

JOR-EL

I anticipated this, my son. I...

SUPERMAN

You couldn't have! You couldn't have imagined...

JOR-EL

(gently)

How good it felt!

SUPERMAN

How good it felt...

SUPERMAN falls silent again, ashamed. JOR-EL can't resist a small smile.

JOR-EL

You are revealed to the world. Very well. So be it. But still you must keep your secret identity.

SUPERMAN

Why?

JOR-EL

The reasons are two: First, even you cannot serve humanity twenty-eight hours a day...

SUPERMAN

Twenty-four.

JOR-EL

Or twenty-four as it is in Earth time. Your help would be called for endlessly, even for those tasks which human beings could solve for themselves. It is their habit to abuse their resources in such a way.

SUPERMAN

And secondly?

JOR-EL

Second: Your enemies will discover their only way to hurt you - by hurting the people you care for.

SUPERMAN

Thank you, Father...

JOR-EL

Lastly - do not punish yourself for your feelings of vanity. Simply learn to control them. It is an affliction common to all, even here on Krypton...

(expression changes)

our destruction could have been avoided but for the vanity of some who considered us indestructible. Were it not for vanity... why... at this very moment... I could embrace you in my arms

(barely audible)

... my son...

EXT. METROPOLIS STREET- NIGHT - CLOSE ON STORE WINDOW

The face of a TV NEWSCASTER looks INTO CAMERA through the window of a store which sells television sets.

NEWSCASTER

Good evening. And what sort of night has it been so far? A night that has seen what many believe to be the most extraordinary phenomenon of our times...

CAMERA PULLS BACK: the store window is filled with a myriad of TV sets, all three networks simultaneously broadcasting the same story, although only one NEWSCASTER'S voice is audible. A CROWD has formed in front of the window, hanging on to every word with a bemused expression on his face - CLARK KENT.

NEWSCASTER

Our newsfilm confirm eyewitness's reports of a caped figure, resembling a man, who appeared flying in the sky over Metropolis. Yes, I said flying...

A CROWD MEMBER turns to CLARK.

CROWD MEMBER

That'll be the day, huh?

CLARK

You said it.

NEWSCASTER

White House comments are guarded at present, although the F.B.I. is said to be investigating the matter. As further accounts pour in, speculation has arisen that this whole thing may be some sort of fantastic hoax...

CLARK frowns. He hadn't counted on this reaction.

182

CONTINUED

NEWSCASTER

The Mayor of Chicago commented that it all seemed to be a publicity stunt designed to draw attention to Metropolis...

CLARK turns, walks off CAMERA PANNING with him.

NEWSCASTER

... a city that has been having its share of financial problems of late.

183

INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR - NIGHT

The highest level of the underground complex is an improvised swimming pool area. The domed ceiling hangs low over what once was a massive staircase down into the station and now serves as the entrance steps to the pool. A projection of an idyllic Caribbean island setting and seascene shimmers against one wall. LUTHOR sits in the shallow end of the pool in a roped-off, bubbling Jacuzzi bath section. EVE, looking fetching in a bikini, lies on a mat nearby, black goggles over her eyes, absorbing rays from a sunlamp. OTIS sits in an armchair, watches the NEWSCASTER on a television in front of him.

NEWSCASTER

... His question is everybody's: True or false? Miracle or fraud?

184

CLOSE ON LUTHOR

LUTHOR is deeply troubled. He glowers pensively as the NEWSCASTER finishes.

LUTHOR

Turn it off...

NEWSCASTER

The answer is up to you. Man or myth?

OTIS switches off the set, turns.

OTIS

What's a myth?

LUTHOR

(mind elsewhere)

Something unreal... something... not quite human. Something like you, Otis.

OTIS beams, settles back in his chair.

OTIS

I'm a myth...

LUTHOR frowns, his mind working double-time. EVE stares up at the sunlamp, her eyes still covered by goggles.

EVE

So what's the story, Lex? You think this guy's the genuine article?

LUTHOR

If he is - he's from another world...

EVE

Why?

LUTHOR

Because if any human being could have perpetrated such a fantastic hoax, it would have been for me and I would have thought of it by now.

EVE

Oh.

LUTHOR snaps his fingers. OTIS rises, crosses to him with an elegant bathrobe.

LUTHOR

(musing- resigned)

It all fits somehow His coming here to Metropolis - and at this particular time. There's a kind of... cruel justice about it. I mean, to commit the Crime of the Century, a man would just naturally have to face - the Challenge of the Century.

CAMERA PUSHES IN as LUTHOR rises, lost in the philosophical justification of it all. OTIS starts to wrap the bathrobe around him.

EVE (O.S.)

Maybe he'll leave you alone, Lex. Maybe he's just passing through.

LUTHOR

(bitter smile)

LUTHOR (CONT'D)

Just... passing through, Miss
Teschmacher? Not on your life...
something I would gladly sacrifice by
the way - for the one chance to destroy
everything he represents.

(pause - blinks)

Oh, and Otis...

OTIS

Yes, Mr. Luthor?

LUTHOR

Next time, put the robe on after I get
out of the pool.

CAMERA PULLS BACK: the bottom section of LUTHOR'S robe
is submerged below the waterline.

OTIS

I'm sorry, Mr. Luthor.

LUTHOR

I know that, Otis.

INT. LOIS LANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A lovely apartment in a high-rise building with a
balcony-terrace off the living room. Books, modern art
posters, desk with typewriter, etc. CLARK sits at one
end of the sofa. LOIS paces next to him.

LOIS

(outraged)

It wasn't a trick!

CLARK

Oh sure. A man flies in the sky like a
pigeon and it wasn't a trick. It was
probably done with wires. They must have
rigged him up like Peter Pan.

LOIS

There weren't any wires. I looked.

CLARK

Mirrors, then.

LOIS

He grabbed me! He held me! How could
that be done with mirrors?

CLARK

I don't know, Lois, but I do know a fraud when I hear one. This thing goes against all natural laws.

LOIS

(pause)

You're just jealous.

CLARK

Jealous! Of what?

LOIS

Of this... Superman.

CLARK frowns as he hears the name for the first time, then stifles a smile.

CLARK

(musing)

Super... man. Hmmm...

LOIS

I'm going to make some coffee. Want some?

CLARK

No thanks.

LOIS crosses to open the kitchen door.

LOIS

You know something? I've only said three words to the man... but for the first time in a long time - I think I'm kind of... stuck on someone.

SHE enters the kitchen. The door swings shut behind her. CLARK rises, listens, interested.

LOIS (O.S.)

Just... three little words, as they say. "Help" and "Thank you." Not exactly the basis for a meaningful relationship, is it? I mean, for all I know, he's got a wife and kids on some other planet. But somehow I just can't stop... fantasizing about him, you know?

CLARK has heard something. He cocks his head, looks off at the terrace.

LOIS (CONT'D)

So I called a guy who's married to this girl I went to college with. He's a shrink. I made an appointment and went to see him...

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

CLARK comes out, listening intently. CAMERA ZOOMS to a rooftop across the street covered with TV aerials. CLARK'S super hearing picks up an announcement coming over the air waves.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

... tape recording left at station W.M.E.T. Police chief James Vitucci listened to it immediately, put the police on emergency alert, and warned citizens to remain in their homes in the downtown area. Here is the recording:

EXT. METROPOLIS SCHOOL - DAY

Lines of SCHOOL CHILDREN file out the front doors and down the steps of a public school. being monitored by TEACHERS and POLICE who load them into busses.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

(over air waves)

This is the voice of Lex Luthor. I have a challenge for this... unidentified flying object. This bogus blue buffoon. There is an abandoned warehouse at the corner of Fifth and Main...

188 EXT. LOIS' TERRACE - DAY

CLARK listens, eyes widening.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

Somewhere inside that warehouse is a pellet filled with a propane lithium compound. At precisely twelve noon it will drop into a beaker of acid.

CLARK checks his watch.

189 INSERT SHOT - CLARK'S WATCH

The time is 11:50

LUTHOR'S VOICE

Within a matter of seconds a poison gas will be released that will annihilate everyone within a forty block radius...

190 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - DAY - ANGLE OF TERRACE

Looking up from the street: CLARK jumps off Lois' terrace. CAMERA PUSHES IN: as he falls, a gradual transformation to Superman takes place in blurred, overlapping stages.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

I would remind the tin-plated minions of law that this warehouse has been fitted with anti-personnel devices, which will render any police action totally ineffective...

SUPERMAN hits the street, the transformation having completed. He shoots off into the sky.

191 EXT. METROPOLIS HOSPITAL - DAY

Bed-ridden PATIENTS are being wheeled out of the Emergency Exit of a hospital by NURSES and ATTENDANTS, and loaded into waiting ambulances under POLICE supervision.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

Is this cape-flapping freak all that he seems or are we merely victims of mass hysteria? Thousands of innocent lives hang in the balance. I make this gesture as a public service, by the way - and without thanks. Thanks.

192 INT. LOIS' APARTMENT - DAY

LOIS can still be heard talking from the kitchen.

LOIS (O.S.)

... and then he said, "maybe the guy's a father figure." So I said, "look. My Pop's a terrific guy, but he doesn't go flying around town in a red cape..."

LOIS enters the living room, looks around.

LOIS

Clark... Clark?

(pause)

Nuts. Now I've gone and hurt his feelings.

193 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - WIDE SHOT

The warehouse is cordoned off. Fire trucks and police cars are drawn up. BOMB SQUAD PERSONNEL stand nearby strapping on their protective gear; now look up as they suddenly hear a "whooshing" sound O.S.

194 CLOSE ON WAREHOUSE DOOR

SUPERMAN lands directly in front of the warehouse door, waves the POLICE back. He turns to face the warehouse. The massive metal doors are linked with a giant padlock.

195 INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR VIEWING THEATER - DAY

LUTHOR, EVE and OTIS sit in comfortable seats in an elegant viewing theater somewhere inside the underground complex. A bank of large TV screens faces them. One screen projects the live image of SUPERMAN. (NOTE: As the action progresses through the warehouse, different screens will be activated presumably from different cameras). LUTHOR sips a tall drink, smugly adjusts several knobs on a large console next to him. EVE chews gum, stares curiously at SUPERMAN. OTIS munches a large candy bar, excited.

LUTHOR

Look at that overgrown Boy Scout, Miss Teschmacher, Tell me what you see.

EVE

(chewing)

Cuteness. Dimples.

LUTHOR'S eyes flash. EVE smiles nervously.

EVE

Did I miss something, Lex?

LUTHOR glowers at SUPERMAN ominously.

LUTHOR

Confidence.

196 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SUPERMAN jerks the padlock backwards off the doors. They open with a huge explosion - the SCREEN is filled with smoke and flame. As the smoke clears: SUPERMAN stands in the doorway, unharmed. He tears apart what's left of the doors like tinfoil, steps inside. A bright row of arrows painted on the warehouse floor points the way for him.

197 INT. LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DAY

LUTHOR scowls, a bit unnerved.

OTIS

This guy handles himself pretty good,
Mr. Luthor.

LUTHOR

All right, all right, so he's tough! We
knew that.

(to EVE)

So you like dimples, eh, Miss
Teschmacher? I'll give him dimples...

198 INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM #1 - DAY

SUPERMAN follows the painted arrows into a bare room.
The door suddenly slams shut behind him. Instantly: wall
panels slide open on all sides filled with machine gun
barrels. They all open fire at once in a withering
deafening, blinding barrage. SUPERMAN stands erect, arms
folded, as thousands of bullets ricochet off him. The
barrage finally ends. The floor of the room is totally
covered with spent shells. Brushing them aside with his
boot to find the painted arrows, SUPERMAN calmly
proceeds on his way.

199 LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DAY

LUTHOR looks nervous, flustered even, as he fumbles with
the controls on his panels.

EVE

Dimples. Would you settle for acne?

LUTHOR

Don't worry, don't worry, we'll find his
weakness...

OTIS

Hey. Maybe he's got a glass jaw.

(LUTHOR glares)

Then, on the other hand...

200 INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM #2 - DAY

SUPERMAN enters the second room, has reached the center when: the walls and ceiling suddenly come alive with flaming gas jets. The room becomes a blinding inferno. SUPERMAN stands in the center serenely, waits until the holocaust dies down. Then, adjusting his cape, he nonchalantly starts off for the third room.

201 INT. LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DAY

LUTHOR holds his head in his hands. EVE and OTIS watch.

LUTHOR

But how can it be? That creep should have melted in there!

EVE

He doesn't even look soft around the edges, Lex.

202 INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM #3 - DAY

SUPERMAN enters room, suddenly disappears from view into the middle of an incredibly thick blizzard. The blinding snowstorm fills the SCREEN.

203 INT. LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DAY

LUTHOR watches the smog-filled monitor.

LUTHOR

What's the temperature?

EVE

(checking a gauge)

Fifty below and falling.

LUTHOR

When it gets to a hundred - stabilize it.

204 INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM #3 - DAY

The blizzard stops. The air slowly clears. In the middle of the room: a large cone of ice-has formed. Suddenly, a thin crack appears, running down the center. The crack breaks open. SUPERMAN steps out, rubs his hands together briskly, then starts off.

205 INT. LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DAY

LUTHOR watches, his face twisted with rage.

OTIS

The guy probably never owned a sweater
in his life...

LUTHOR swivels, hurls his drink at OTIS, who ducks: it
smashes into the wall behind him.

OTIS

He did?

206 INT. WAREHOUSE CIRCULAR ALCOVE - DAY

SUPERMAN has exited the third room into a circular
alcove with four lead doors leading off from it. Each is
sealed by a huge tumbler lock similar to those on bank
vaults. The painted arrows lead off to all four doors.
SUPERMAN stops, stares hard at the doors, momentarily
mystified.

207 INT. LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DAY

LUTHOR leans in toward the screen, fascinated for once
by what he sees.

EVE

Don't tell me he's suddenly got a
problem...

LUTHOR

(eyes glued)

Ssshhh...

208 INT. WAREHOUSE ALCOVE - DAY

If SUPERMAN did have a problem, he solves it quickly. He rips off all four lend doors in super-speed. They crash to the ground, twisted. Finding the doorway he wants, SUPERMAN enters.

209 INT. WAREHOUSE ACID ROOM - DAY

The central area of the room has been blocked off by a ceiling-high thick wire mesh fence. Behind it: the propane lithium pellet hangs suspended by a thin cord over a beaker of acid. SUPERMAN glances O.S.

210 INSERT SHOT - WALL CLOCK

A timer clock on the wall indicates eight seconds left.

211 BACK TO SCENE

SUPERMAN approaches the fence. It starts to hum. His hands reach out, grab hold of the wire: fierce electric sparks shoot out like lightening bolts, the current passing through him harmlessly. He rips through the fence as: the pellet suddenly drops. SUPERMAN dives at it with super-speed, catches it at the last second. Staring at it curiously he shrugs, pops it in his mouth, swallows it. He looks down at the beaker of acid, lifts it, swallows it. He looks down at the beaker of acid, lifts it, then quaffs it down as a chaser. Tapping his chest lightly with his fist, he lets out a discreet "burp."

212 INT. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE on PERRY'S desk where lies an edition of The Daily Planet with the screaming headline: SUPERMAN SAVES THOUSANDS.

A dozen REPORTERS, including LOIS and CLARK, stand at attention as PERRY paces back and forth behind his desk, ranting.

PERRY

Now look! We're sitting on top of the story of the century here! Our only problem is how to get it - exclusively!

(waves paper)

I want the name Superman and the Daily Planet to go together like bacon and eggs!

CLARK

(pause)

Well, I shouldn't think he'd lend himself to any cheap promotion schemes...

PERRY

Who's talking cheap? I'll make him a goddamn partner if I have to! I want the inside dope on the real Superman! Who is he? Where's he from? What's his favorite ball team?

(leans in)

And I'll tell you one thing, boys and girls - whichever one of you gets it out of him will have the single most important interview since Moses talked to God.

The REPORTERS file out. LOIS has a look of grim determination on her face. CLARK notices, comes up.

LOIS

(totally preoccupied)

There must be a way. Maybe if I hung myself, off another building... lay down on some train tracks, or something...

CLARK

Ah, Lois... about tonight...

LOIS

(snaps to)

Mmm? What about tonight, Clark?

CLARK

Our date.

(Shy smile)

Well, our... dinner... Don't you remember?

LOIS

Sorry, Clark... I must have forgot.

CLARK

Gee. I planned on it all week...

LOIS

(sigh)

All right, Clark. I'll go out with you.
Might as well get it over with.

CLARK

You're wonderful, Lois. Where would you
like to go?

LOIS

Oh, I don't know...

(in jest)

How about the Gold Room at the Park
Towers?

CLARK

The Gold Room? But that's the most
expensive place in town.

JIMMY walks by, has heard, interrupts, full of
admiration for CLARK.

JIMMY

The Gold Room? Golly, Mr. Kent, are you
really going to take Miss Lane to the
Gold Room?

CLARK is trapped. He shrugs, decides to play along with
the image, gets very "Mr. Terrific."

CLARK

Oh. I don't know, Jimmy. Maybe... if
she's a...

(cocky wink)

good girl, that is...

LOIS

And if I'm not a good girl...

(cocky wink)

Let's let Jimmy take the pictures: okay?

214 CONTINUED

CLARK blushes. LOIS leaves with a smirk.

JIMMY

Boy. What do you suppose she meant by that, Mr. Kent?

215 INT. LOIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

LOIS, looking absolutely gorgeous in her best evening gown, puts the finishing touches to her hair in front of a mirror near the open door to her terrace. She stares at herself critically for a moment, then smiles, nods.

LOIS

Not too bad, kid. As a matter of fact - just this side of sensational.

(checks her watch)

Hmm. Clark is late...

She smiles, crosses to a small bar, pours a glass of wine.

LOIS

Probably out in the hall getting up enough nerve to knock.

LOIS takes her glass, wanders out onto the terrace.

216 EXT. LOIS' TERRACE - NIGHT

A beautiful night. The lights of the city are visible in the distance. LOIS sips her wine, stares wistfully up into the sky.

LOIS

(to herself)

You know something, Lois? You're too hard on Clark sometimes. He's a decent kind of guy and he has got this terrific crush on you... I mean it's not his fault he'll never be a...

There is a loud "whoosh." SUPERMAN lands on the top corner of her terrace ledge, looks down at the stunned LOIS.

LOIS

... Superman.

SUPERMAN

Good evening. Miss Lane...

(notices her gown)

I'm sorry. Were you just about to go out?

LOIS

Ah... no... no! Why ever would you...

(looks at gown)

Oh. This old thing...

SUPERMAN

It's no trouble for me to come back later. I mean I don't have to park or anything.

LOIS

You just stay right where you are! Please! Don't move! Or move, if you want, but don't fly away.

LOIS rushes inside. SUPERMAN smiles to himself, hops down onto the terrace, speaks in the direction of the open doorway.

SUPERMAN

Sorry to just... drop in on you like this, Miss Lane, but I realize there must be many questions about me the world would like the answers to...

LOIS emerges with reporter's pad and pencil, takes a seat at the terrace table.

SUPERMAN

So it's become important for me to have very close relations with the press.

LOIS smiles, hiding her nervousness, lights a cigarette from a box on the table.

SUPERMAN

You really shouldn't smoke, you know.

LOIS

Don't tell me. Lung cancer, right?

217 INSERT SHOT - LOIS' LUNGS

Seen through SUPERMAN'S X-RAY vision: A flashing medical X-Ray type shot of LOIS' lungs.

218 BACK TO SCENE

SUPERMAN

Not yet, thank goodness.

LOIS blinks, puts out her cigarette, picks up her pad.

LOIS

Let's... ah... start with your vital statistics, okay? Age?

SUPERMAN.

Thirty.

LOIS

Height?

SUPERMAN

Six-four.

LOIS

Weight?

SUPERMAN

One ninety-five.

LOIS

And I take it the rest of your bodily functions are what we'd consider... normal?

SUPERMAN

I beg your pardon?

LOIS

Well - putting it delicately - do you eat?

SUPERMAN

When I'm hungry.

LOIS

Would you like a cookie?

SUPERMAN

What kind?

LOIS

Macaroons.

SUPERMAN

Thanks anyway.

LOIS

A glass of wine?

SUPERMAN

I never drink when I fly.

LOIS blinks, realizes he's serious, returns to her pad.

LOIS

Is it true you can see through anything?

SUPERMAN

Pretty much.

LOIS

And you're totally impervious to pain?

SUPERMAN

So far.

LOIS

(not looking up)

What color underwear am I wearing?

219 ANGLE ON LOIS - SUPERMAN'S POV

A quick flash of LOIS sitting in the chair, dressed only in her bra and panties.

220 BACK TO SCENE

SUPERMAN

Pink.

LOIS writes it down, all business in spite of her blush.

LOIS

Ah... do you have a first name?

SUPERMAN

You mean like Ralph, or something?

LOIS

I mean what's your background? Where do you hail from?

SUPERMAN

I was born on a planet in the Xeno
Galaxy. A place called Krypton.

LOIS

(writing)

Uh-huh. And do you...

(looks up)

Like pink?

SUPERMAN

(nice smile)

I like pink very much, Lois.

LOIS puts down her pad, flustered in spite of herself.

LOIS

Look. Just why are you in the in first
place? I mean, why are you here? There
must be a reason.

SUPERMAN

I'm here to fight for truth justice, and
the American way.

LOIS

You'll wind up fighting almost every
elected official in this country.

SUPERMAN

I'm sure you don't really mean that,
Lois.

LOIS

Listen. With all these strange powers of
yours...

SUPERMAN

(slightly hurt)

You find them... strange?

LOIS

Let's just say your average Joe can't
deliver an airmail letter without
putting a stamp on it.

SUPERMAN

I wouldn't do that. It's against the law.

LOIS

(to herself)

I don't believe this...

SUPERMAN

I never lie.

LOIS

(blinks)

Ah... just how fast do you fly, by the way?

SUPERMAN

I don't know really. I've never actually timed myself. Let's find together, okay?

LOIS

And just how would you propose we do that?

SUPERMAN

Take a ride with me. Now.

(hopefully)

Would you like to?

LOIS

(unbelieving)

A ride? You mean would I like to fly?

SUPERMAN

(modestly)

Well. I'll be handling the flying of course.

LOIS

This is utterly fantastic! If only Clark could see me now...

SUPERMAN

Clark? Is he your... boyfriend?

LOIS

Clark? Oh, he's sort of... nothing at all, really. Dull, mild-mannered, you know the type.

SUPERMAN

(a bit offended)

I'm sure he's actually very nice.

LOIS heads quickly back inside.

SUPERMAN

Where are you going?

LOIS

To get a coat. Isn't it kind of cold up there?

SUPERMAN

You'll be warm enough. I'll wrap you in my cape.

SUPERMAN crosses, smiles, covers her with his cape, his arm encircling her. He looks deeply into her eyes. LOIS looks back, trembling slightly, her hand inadvertently grazing his bicep.

SUPERMAN

Ready?

LOIS

Clark said you were only rigged with wires. Like Peter Pan.

SUPERMAN

Peter Pan flew with children, Lois. In a fairy tale.

He tightens his grip, sweeps her off her feet. They shoot up into the night sky.

SUPERMAN flies through the night sky holding LOIS, his swirling cape covering them. They look off as CAMERA PANS DOWN: the gleaming lights of Metropolis grow smaller in the distance.

222

FLYING MONTAGE

A series of aerial POVS INTERCUT with flying reaction shots of SUPERMAN and LOIS as the circle the world, passing through different time zones.

A. EXT. PARIS - NIGHT

The illuminated Place D'Etoile at night.

B. EXT. VATICAN - NIGHT

The illuminated St. Peter's Square and Cathedral.

C. EXT. GIZA - EGYPT - DAY

The sun rises behind the Great pyramids

D. EXT. AGRA - INDIA - DAY

A day view of the Taj Mahal in Agra, India.

E. EXT. CHINA - DUSK

The sun sets behind the Great Wall of China.

F. EXT. METROPOLIS (NEW YORK) - NIGHT

The glittering lights of Metropolis loom up again.

G. EXT. SKY - ANGLE DOWN ON LOIS' TERRACE - NIGHT

CAMERA ZOOMS DOWN on LOIS' terrace from the sky.

223 EXT. LOIS' TERRACE - NIGHT

SUPERMAN deposits LOIS gently on the terrace once again. She is absolutely struck dumb with wonder, stares at him.

SUPERMAN

I figure it took about ninety seconds.
How about you?

LOIS

Mmm?

SUPERMAN

Are you feeling all right?

LOIS

Mmm? Mmm.

SUPERMAN

Well, So long, then...

SUPERMAN hops on the terrace ledge, shoots off into the night sky. CAMERA PUSHES IN on LOIS' face, almost drugged with contentment.

LOIS

I... wonderful... you...

Suddenly - the doorbell rings from inside. Then, loud knocks on the apartment door. CLARK enters B.G., crosses quickly out onto the terrace, fussily angry.

CLARK

Lois, for goodness sake. Didn't you hear me knock?

LOIS turns, smiles vapidly.

LOIS

Hi...

CLARK looks at LOIS curiously, then spots the wine glass on the table, lifts it suspiciously.

CLARK

Lois, you're not...

LOIS smiles, shakes her head.

CLARK

Well I should hope not. Let's push off then, okay?

LOIS

(secret smile)

Okay...

CLARK

You know something, Lois? I'll admit I was nervous at first, about but then, well, darn it - I decided I was going to show you the time of your life.

LOIS

(pause)

That's Clark, nice...

6/4/77 TM

224 INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE on the front of a newspaper held by EVE who reads it intently, OTIS peering over her shoulder. The banner headline is clearly visible: I SPENT THE NIGHT WITH SUPERMAN - an exclusive interview by Lois Lane. CAMERA PANS to the desk. LUTHOR sits behind a massive pile of books, notations, calculators, etc. He works feverishly with a slide rule, his face aglow with demonic inspiration.

LUTHOR

Now then... given the location of the galaxy he mentions...

(more slide rule)

And its proximity to our own solar system... amazing...

(eyes lighting up)

Too good to be true!...

EVE

(reading)

You said it... six-four, blue eyes, doesn't drink, tells the truth...

LUTHOR suddenly slams the slide rule down on the desk in a rage. It breaks in two, part of it whizzing across the room. EVE looks up, terrified. LUTHOR manages a patient smile, rises.

LUTHOR

Some people can read War and Peace and come away thinking it was a simple adventure story. Others can read the ingredients on a chewing gum wrapper and unlock the secret of the universe.

EVE

(insulted)

I read the article, Lex.

LUTHOR

Exactly, Miss Teschmacher.

LUTHOR crosses to the massive wall of books behind him, climbs a large rolling wooden ladder attached to the shelves. He turns to OTIS.

6/4/77 TM

224 CONTINUED

LUTHOR

Onward to the letter N. Otis. Let's
roll!

OTIS crosses to the ladder.

OTIS

Was that "M", Mr. Luthor?

LUTHOR

As in "moron"? No, Otis, N, as in
nitwit, nincompoop, Neanderthal...

OTIS begins to push the rolling ladder along the wall.

LUTHOR

(rolling)

Now then. According to that interview
the planet Krypton blew up on May 23,
1948. The rocket carrying the revolting
little freak took three years to reach
Earth. Ergo?

OTIS

He is thirty years old?

The staircase stops. LUTHOR looks down.

LUTHOR

Do you know why the number 200 is so
vitally descriptive of both of us, Otis?
It represents your weight - and my I.Q.
(turns)

Think, people, think! Deductive
reasoning, that's the name of the game!

LUTHOR turns dramatically, pulls out a specific
periodical, starts to leaf through it.

6/4/77 TM

224 CONTINUED

LUTHOR

Since fragments of Krypton must have been shot out into space by the explosion, it's reasonable to assume some of the debris would have landed here on Earth.

EVE

You mean meteorites?

LUTHOR

Jawohl.

He finds the page he was looking for, his face lighting up. EVE and OTIS pick it up eagerly, look.

LUTHOR

Et... voila!

LUTHOR lets the periodical sail down to the floor. EVE and OTIS pick it-up eagerly, looks.

225 INSERT SHOT - PERIODICAL PHOTO

The photo shows an ETHIOPIAN FARMER holding a wedge-shaped green rock about a foot long and five inches high. The FARMER grins at the camera. The caption beneath reads: Meteorite Lands near Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, June, 1951.

226 BACK TO SCENE

EVE and OTIS stare at the picture, mystified.

EVE

I know I'm going to get rapped in the mouth for saying this, but - so what?

LUTHOR

So what? You mean to us it's just a meteorite? Fair enough...

LUTHOR

But because of its high level of specific radioactivity - to someone from the planet Krypton - this substance would be lethal!

OTIS

You mean bullets and fire can't hurt him, but this kind of rock...

LUTHOR

Will kill him!

LUTHOR steps off the ladder, beams proudly at EVE.

LUTHOR

At times like these you must experience a certain shudder of ecstasy just being in the same room with me.

EVE

Not like the kind of shudder you're going to feel when you try and lay that rock on him. He can spot you coming miles away with those super-peepers of his.

LUTHOR stares up at the ceiling dramatically.

LUTHOR

Lord, you gave them eyes, but they see not!

(quickly)

And neither can Superman - through lead. Four doors, Miss Teschmacher, lead doors, and he had to rip them all down to find that poisoned pellet. This bilious bluebird has two Achilles' heels!

EVE

(dawning on her)

You mean lead can hide things from him...

6/4/77 TM

226 CONTINUED

LUTHOR

And the Kryptonite - will destroy him!

(quick smile)

Any more questions?

EVE

(thoughtful pause)

I wonder what they're wearing in Addis Ababa.

227 EXT. SKY - DAY

SUPERMAN flies easily over the ocean, scans the horizon for trouble. He looks down.

227A ANGLE ON CONCORDE - SUPERMAN'S POV

The super-sonic Concorde airliner streaks through the sky below and just ahead of him.

227B CLOSER ON CONCORDE

The PILOT is visible in the cockpit. He glances out the side, momentarily blinks in disbelief as SUPERMAN pulls up parallel to him. Suddenly realizing who it is, the PILOT grins, gives SUPERMAN a friendly salute which the Man of Steel returns. Then, accelerating, SUPERMAN passes the plane.

228 EXT. SKY NEAR U.S. COASTLINE - DAY

SUPERMAN nears the eastern coast of America, looks down, suddenly concerned.

228A ANGLE ON OIL RIG - SUPERMAN'S POV

An offshore oil rig, seen from the air. WORKERS scramble about quickly in all directions as a black oil spill begins to appear around the rig, spreading rapidly.

228B EXT. OIL RIG - DAY

The WORKERS run back and forth across the deck of the rig, looking over the side desperately. A loud alarm blares ominously. One WORKER yells up at another in the cab of the drilling rig.

WORKER #1
Shut it down! Shut it down!

WORKER #2
Too late! Pipe's jumped the bit! Can't control it...!

WORKER #3
(pointing off)
Hey, look!

228C ANGLE ON SUPERMAN - THEIR POV

A blue streak knifes into the water next to them.

228D UNDERWATER SHOT - CLOSE ON SUPERMAN AND DRILLING PIPE

SUPERMAN shoots through the water with the same ease as he does though the air. He reaches the disconnected drilling pipe, which dances wildly around the open bit to the drilling hole from which oil now spews forth. Grabbing the pipe, he straightens it, then forces it back into the bit hole, securing it. SUPERMAN checks his work, heads up quickly for the surface.

228E EXT. SKY NEAR RIG - LOOKING DOWN

SUPERMAN breaks the waterline, wheels in mid-air, blows hard across the surface with his super-breath. He forces the mass of heavy oil across the water and away from the rig, circling it as he goes, compressing it. Rising higher into the air, he trains his x-ray vision on the gooey oil clot. It turns white-hot, explodes, then completely disappears. A cheer is heard O.S. from the WORKERS on the rig.

229 CLOSE ON SUPERMAN

He is about to start off again, then notices something wrong near the base of the rig.

229A EXT. BASE OF OIL RIG - DAY

A sea eagle is perched forlornly on one of the lower cross-struts of the rig. Its feathers are heavily matted with oil. Its body trembles, unable to fly. SUPERMAN lands next to it, slowly reaches out, meticulously starts to clean the feathers by blowing warmth into his hands and melting the coated-on oil with them. The process completed, SUPERMAN takes the bird in his hands, tosses it gently upwards. The sea eagle takes off, heading higher into the sky.

229B EXT. SKY - TOP OF CLOUD BANK - DAY

The eagle bursts through a white cloud bank up once more into the clean blue air. After a short moment SUPERMAN does likewise, trailing the bird. For a few moments we are privileged to witness this real beauty and poetry of flying as the eagle and SUPERMAN chase each other through the air doing banks, loops, and dives, swooping closely together like two beautiful fighter planes in tight formation. The unspoken ceremony over, they silently acknowledge each other, then head off in different directions.

14/4/77 TM

230 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A country landscape with a winding, undulating road. CAMERA PANS OFF a sign marked: DANFORTH MISSILE PROVING GROUNDS - 12 MILES to a rise in the road. Heading for it is a military convoy. Two jeeps of MP's are in front and one is behind - a huge bulldozer towing a flatbed truck bearing the enormous XK101 rocket. The large missile is covered by a thick, tied-down tarpaulin. The convoy rolls on, crossing the SCREEN from right to left.

230A EXT. OTHER PART OF ROAD - DAY

A sleek car speeds quickly down another part of the road, heading across the SCREEN from left to right.

230B INT. SPEEDING CAR - DAY

CAMERA LOOKS OUT the windshield of the speeding car from the rear. To our amazement there is no DRIVER in the vehicle - no one at all, in fact. The riderless car continues to roar down the road.

230C EXT. BOTTOM RISE IN ROAD - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE on an electronic guidance box being held by OTIS who tries to manipulate the speeding car, which is presently out of sight. A complicated tool belt is strapped around his waist. LUTHOR stands next to him, curiously dressed in an all-white outfit, looks at the box, alarmed at the signals it is giving off.

LUTHOR

Do you live in England, Otis?

OTIS

I don' t think so, Mr. Luthor...

LUTHOR

Then why are you driving on the left!

LUTHOR snatches the box away angrily, adjusts it.

14/4/77 TM

230D ANGLE ON SPEEDING CAR

The drone car shifts over to the right of the road.

230E BACK TO LUTHOR - ANOTHER ANGLE

LUTHOR waits expectantly. From this ANGLE we can see EVE in the trees behind him. She is dressed in a hopelessly slinky and revealing outfit, adjust her makeup in a hand mirror. LUTHOR turns to OTIS.

LUTHOR

Now, Otis! Go!

OTIS runs off through the brush and trees to the right. LUTHOR checks the box, looks over his shoulder at EVE.

LUTHOR

Ten seconds, Miss Teschmacher...

EVE

(from trees)

Did you ever try to run in high heels?

(no reply)

You probably did.

LUTHOR looks up as the drone car speeds at him around a corner. He presses a button on the box.

230F CLOSE ON DRONE CAR

The drone car suddenly flips all by itself, rolls over and over, bursting into flames.

230G EXT. OTHER SIDE OF RISE - DAY

The first jeep in the military convoy stops as the sound of the explosion echoes over the top of the rise. The alarmed OFFICER inside gestures the vehicle forward again. It reaches the top. The MP's look down.

230H - 230L missing from script.

230M INSERT SHOT - COMPASS DIAL

OTIS puts back his screwdriver, takes out a small wrench, starts to adjust various needles from one set position to another training a flashlight on his arm from time to time where a set of numbers is printed.

230N EXT. BOTTOM OF RISE

The MP's now surround the fallen EVE who is completely obscured from view. Only her legs stick out, twitching as a result of the over-attention being paid her.

EVE'S VOICE

Thanks a lot... fine now... Hey! What did you have for lunch, Ace!

Suddenly - a siren is heard. An ambulance roars around the corner, screeches to a stop. LUTHOR jumps out, crosses, begins peeling the MP's off EVE.

MAJOR

That was fast. Damn it...

LUTHOR

(outraged)

Fast? When a woman's life is at stake?

EVE'S VOICE

(mumbling - surly)

And that's about all I got left to lose, believe me.

230P EXT. LOWER ROAD

The ambulance with LUTHOR and EVE screams around a corner, turns off its siren, stops near the side of a hill. OTIS scrambles down through the brush, jumps into the back.

230Q INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

LUTHOR drives, EVE next to him. OTIS leans in from the rear section, excited.

OTIS

I did it, Mr. Luthor! Just like you told me to!

5/5/77 TM

230Q CONTINUED

LUTHOR

It's not that I don't trust you, Otis...

(thinks about it)

Yes, it is. Tell me what you did.

OTIS roll up his sleeve, reads the numbers off his arm.

OTIS

I reset the first vector heading to 38,
the second one to 67, and the third one
to 117.

LUTHOR

(smiling - nods)

And the fourth one?

OTIS

What fourth one?

LUTHOR

(overlapping)

The third to 117?

OTIS

(holds out arm)

See? I wrote it down...

LUTHOR stares at the arm, in total disbelief.

LUTHOR

The third one goes to 11, Otis. And the
Fourth one to 7.

OTIS

(sadly)

Gee. I guess my arm wasn't long enough
to make a big space.

LUTHOR

(rage mounting)

Would you like to see an arm long enough
to make a big space, Otis?

(screams)

Do you want to see an arm long enough to
make a big space?

5/5/77 TM

230R EXT. ROAD - HIGH SPOT

LUTHOR'S legs stick out of the inner rear section of the ambulance where he is pummeling OTIS as the ambulance careens back and forth wildly across the road. EVE frantically tries to control the vehicle from the passenger seat as it disappears around the bend.

231 EXT. ANOTHER COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Another missile convoy identical to the first one heads down another country road. The same arrangement: two jeeps of MP's in front of the rocket, one in back.

231A INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

CAMERA LOOKS THROUGH the front side window as LUTHOR and OTIS ride together in what seems to be the cab of a small truck. OTIS looks over apologetically at LUTHOR who drives, eyes forward. CAMERA PULLS BACK, PANS: the small cab vehicle is towing an entire house on a double-width flatbed truck. The huge structure takes up the full breadth of the narrow road.

231B EXT. BRIDGE CORNER - DAY

The missile convoy rounds the corner of a small hill, starts to proceed onto a two-lane bridge, suddenly stops, the rocket itself only halfway on.

231C ANGLE ON HOUSE TRAILER - CONVOY'S POV

LUTHOR drives the house trailer across the other side of the bridge, rolls to a stop, blocking the passageway completely.

231D WIDE ANGLE - BRIDGE

The house trailer faces the convoy. The two lead jeeps full of angry MP's drive forward.

231E INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

The MP's pile out of their jeeps, approach the trailer cab, yelling. LUTHOR smiles thinly, reaches down, presses in the cigarette lighter on the dashboard.

231F INSERT SHOT - REAR TRAILER TIRES

Two of the rear tires on the trailer suddenly puncture.

231G WIDE ANGLE

The rear end of the house sags helplessly on the bridge.

16/4/77 TM

231H EXT. CORNER OF HILL BEFORE BRIDGE

The one remaining jeep behind the missile has been screened by the corner of the hill. The frustrated MP OFFICER waves the DRIVER forward to see what's happened. CAMERA PANS to hillside: EVE scrambles down wearing the same tool belt OTIS had on earlier, heads for the tarpaulin-covered rocket.

232 INT. PLANET CITY ROOM (DUSK)

Several REPORTERS cluster around a portable TV on a desk in the corner. An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE can be heard.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

... here at Danforth Proving Grounds for the launching of two XK101 rockets, the very latest weapon in our arsenal of defense...

CAMERA PANS: CLARK enters, looks around, notices that LOIS' desk is empty, heads for the REPORTERS.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE.

It is claimed that the XK101 can hit any target completely undetected since it flies well below all radar systems yet designed...

ONE REPORTER turns to CLARK.

REPORTER

Hey, Clark. Chief wants to see you...

CLARK

Thanks, Eddie.

CLARK crosses back to PERRY'S office.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

The ultra-modern, built-in sensory devices can detect any object in its path and automatically avoid it, either going over, under, or around...

5/5/77 TM

232A INT. PERRY'S OFFICE - DUSK

CLARK knocks. PERRY looks up from behind a stack of news dispatches.

PERRY

Come in, Kent.

CLARK

Hi, Mr. White...

(gestures)

Is Lois is around today?

PERRY

She's out west looking into a land fraud deal. I sent young Olsen with her on his first photo assignment. Some unidentified joker's been buying up thousands of acres of worthless desert at incredible prices.

CLARK

Hmm. Doesn't seem to make sense...

PERRY

The world doesn't make sense, Kent. You should know that by now.

(tosses dispatch)

Look at this dispatch from Addis Ababa. People break into a museum in the dead of night - kill two guards - and what do they take? Some worthless hunk of meteorite. How do you figure it?

CLARK

I've never been able to understand violence in any form, Mr. White.

PERRY

(sadly)

I know that, Kent. That's part of the reason I wanted to see you.

PERRY rises ponderously, hands in pockets, strolls pensively toward his half-opened window, looks out.

16/4/77 TM

232A CONTINUED

PERRY

I've been in the news business, man and boy, for forty years. I got where I am with guts, compassion, and elbow grease - but most of all with one thing you sadly lack, my boy - aggression. Take charge, Kent: Confidence, that's the ticket! Why, when was...

As CLARK listens, PERRY'S VOICE seems to fade away, is replaced by a high-pitched whine like that given off by a high frequency transmitter. CLARK winces, hearing it, his hand rising involuntarily to his ear. PERRY drones on at the window, apparently oblivious to it.

232B EXT. METROPOLIS ALLEY - DAY (DUSK)

Several stray dogs rummage through turned-over garbage cans, suddenly stop as they hear the whine, begin to howl and bay excitedly.

232C BACK TO PERRY'S OFFICE

CLARK tries to focus his super-hearing on the sound as it weakens momentarily and PERRY'S VOICE fades back in again at the window.

PERRY

... get Lois to introduce you to Superman. Start to hang out with the guy. Give me the man-to-man angle...

More dog howling is heard from the streets through the partially opened window.

232D CLOSE ON CLARK'S EAR

PERRY'S VOICE and the dog howls fade away as CLARK'S super-hearing picks up the high-frequency message.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

This is Lex Luthor. Only one thing alive with less than four legs can hear this frequency, Superman, and that's you.

16/4/77 TM

232E ANGLE ON CLARK

CLARK listens, eyes widening as PERRY drones on silently out the window.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

In approximately five minutes a poisoned gas pellet containing a propane lithium compound will be released through thousands of air ducts in this city...

232F INT. CITY ROOM

CLARK slips out of PERRY'S office, quickly crosses the city room where the REPORTERS cluster around the TV.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

(happy chuckle)

Effectively annihilating half the population of Metropolis.

232G EXT. SIDE OF DAILY PLANET - DAY (DUSK)

Looking up from the street: CLARK jumps out a window high up on the Daily Planet building. As he falls, a gradual transformation to SUPERMAN takes place in blurred, overlapping stages.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

I know it all seems a bit much, but how else was I going to get to meet you, Superman? I knew you'd never accept an invitation to tea.

SUPERMAN hits the street, the transformation having taken place. He stares up into the sky.

232H ANGLE ON METROPOLIS SKYLINE - SUPERMAN'S POV

Seen by SUPERMAN'S X-Ray vision: The pulsating, high frequency sound waves originating from somewhere behind the skyline.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

But a disaster - with people in danger - People who need help...

232I BACK TO SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN takes off in the direction of the sound waves, following them.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

I just knew you couldn't resist the chance of sort of... pitch in. Know what I mean?

232J EXT. OVER METROPOLIS - LOOKING DOWN - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN looks down at a crowded city street from mid-air. The sound waves seems to emanate through a particular section of the sidewalk.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

There's a strong streak of good in you, Superman. But then, nobody's perfect. Almost nobody.

232K EXT. METROPOLIS SIDEWALK - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN lands on the sidewalk. Happy PEDESTRIANS start forward with "Hey, it's Superman," etc. He waves them away.

SUPERMAN

Everybody back, please! Thank you...

Arms folded, SUPERMAN suddenly begins to spin in place like a figure skater, around and around at a dizzying speed, boring a circular hole in the pavement as the startled PEDESTRIANS hold on to their hats.

232L EXT. BELOW METROPOLIS STREET - DAY (DUSK)

A CUTAWAY SHOT showing SUPERMAN boring through the ground with his spinning motion, heading down through layers of rock, underground city cables etc.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

Unfortunately I'm not in the book, but a bright boy like you should be able to find the address...

16/4/77 TM

232M INT. TUNNEL - DAY (DUSK)

The same tunnel we saw OTIS walk down in an earlier sequence. SUPERMAN bores through the ceiling, hits the floor directly opposite a high-powered radio transmitter. He looks down the length of the tunnel at the heavy metal door marked: DANGER - NO ENTRY - CONDEMNED.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

(now in tunnel)

See what I mean? And not a moment too soon.

232N INT. LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DAY (DUSK)

LUTHOR, EVE and OTIS sit in comfortable seats in an elegant viewing theater inside the underground complex. A bank of large TV screens faces them. TWO of the screens show the two Danforth missile silos. A third has the image of SUPERMAN staring directly INTO CAMERA from the tunnel. LUTHOR sips a tall drink, smugly adjusts several knobs on a large console next to him. EVE chews gum, stares curiously at SUPERMAN. OTIS munches on a large candy bar, excited.

LUTHOR

Look at that overgrown Boy Scout, Miss Teschmacher. Tell me what you see.

EVE

(chewing)

Cuteness. Dimples.

LUTHOR'S eyes flash. EVE smiles nervously.

6/4/77 TM

2320 CONTINUED

LUTHOR

You like dimples? I'll give him dimples.

LUTHOR reaches for a button on the console.

232P INT. TUNNEL - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN starts down the tunnel for the door. Suddenly panels open on both sides filled with machine gun barrels. They open fire simultaneously in a withering, deafening barrage. SUPERMAN walks forward calmly as thousands of bullets ricochet off him.

232Q EXT. DANFORTH MISSILE BASE - DAY (DUSK)

The great steel lids of the two missile silos slowly begin to open.

232R INT. TUNNEL - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN continues. The walls and ceiling of the tunnel suddenly come alive with flaming gas jets. The tunnel becomes a blinding inferno, as SUPERMAN proceeds serenely through the holocaust.

232S EXT. DANFORTH MISSILE SILOS - DAY (DUSK)

The launching rockets start to activate. Fire and exhaust surround the bottom of the missile.

232T INT. TUNNEL - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN continues, then disappears from view into the middle of an incredibly thick blizzard. A large cone of ice is instantly formed. The blizzard stops. Suddenly a thin crack appears, running down the center. SUPERMAN steps out, rubs his hands together briskly, approaches the door.

18/4/77 TM

233 INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR - DAY (DUSK)

LUTHOR sits behind his desk, a model of smug composure, calmly reading the newspaper with the headlines and picture announcing the dual missile test. A large, blank screen has been lowered on one wall next to him. In front of the screen, a black lead trunk forms the base or something which has been converted into a bench, covered with cushions. Some distance away, OTIS finishes setting up a slide projector. EVE watches nervously from the open entrance to the viewing theater. The heavy metal main door to the complex suddenly starts to tremble under SUPERMAN'S strength. LUTHOR looks up from his paper, calls out.

LUTHOR

It's open...

SUPERMAN bashes the thick metal door to the ground like a stick of balsa wood, enters. LUTHOR winces, then rises pleasantly.

LUTHOR

Come in, Superman. My attorney will be in touch about the door. Otis, don't just stand there, take the man's cape...

OTIS starts forward with a tentative half-smile, is suddenly rooted to the spot by SUPERMAN'S stare.

OTIS

I... don't think he wants me to, Mr. Luthor.

SUPERMAN

All right, Luthor, where's the gas pellet?

LUTHOR

(smiles)

Somewhere... in the back of my mind, actually. It's just a fun little project I've been toying with.

SUPERMAN

Is that how a warped brain like yours gets its kicks? By planning the death of innocent people?

18/4/77 TM

233 CONTINUED

LUTHOR
(quick smile)
No. By causing the death of innocent
people.

234 EXT. DANFORTH MISSILE BASE - DAY (DUSK)

The two XK101 rockets are launched simultaneously with a
rush of flames and a mighty roar.

234A EXT. SKY - DAY - CLOSE ON MISSILE (DUSK)

The two missiles quickly rise to less than a hundred
feet, then suddenly stop, split, head off in different
directions, skimming rapidly over the ground.

234B EXT. MISSILE CONTROL CENTER - DAY (DUSK)

TWO MISSILE CONTROLLERS sit in front of the complex bank
of TV screens, computers, and control panels. Red lights
flash everywhere. Alarms ring out.

MISSILE CONTROLLER #1
Jesus Christ, they've gone berserk!

CONTROLLER #2
(madly flipping
switches)
I can't control them! Red Alert! Red
Alert! Get the Pentagon!

234C INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY (DUSK)

The CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF sits behind
his desk on the phone, red-faced, astonished, wild.

CJCS
That's impossible! It can't happen,
damnit!... It...

He grabs his red phone, picks it up.

CJCS
Get me the President!

234D EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (DUSK)

A group of suit-clad SECRET SERVICE AGENTS stand around a golf-cart near a bunker trap. A red phone inside the cart rings wildly. An AGENT picks it up, listens, thunderstruck, turns.

AGENT

Mr. President! Mr. President!

A chunk of turf goes flying up over the top of the bunker from B.G.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE

Goddamnit! What now!

234E EXT. SKY LOOKING DOWN - DAY - CLOSE ON ROCKET #1 (DUSK)

The first stage of a lightning fast trip across American from the POV of the rockets at an altitude of less than twenty feet. The images whiz by like magic. ROCKET #1 heads eastward, passing over the yellow wheat fields of Kansas.

234F EXT. SKY LOOKING DOWN - DAY - CLOSE ON ROCKET #2 (DUSK)

Employing the same photographic process, ROCKET #2 heads westward, passing barns and cattle ranches.

235 INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN has tolerantly taken a seat on the cushioned bench of lead. LUTHOR holds a professor's pointer in his hands, approaches the rolled-down blank screen. OTIS mans the slide projector. LUTHOR stops, turns dramatically to SUPERMAN.

LUTHOR

You see, Superman...

(passionately)

I had a dream!...

SUPERMAN

In your case it must have been a nightmare, Luthor. Get on with it!

LUTHOR

Right. Well... as you may or may not know, Superman, I am, as they say, very heavy into real estate. In order to make money in that game you have to buy in for a little and sell for a lot. Right? Right. So. Problem: how to make that property valuable between the time you buy and the time you sell. Now then...

LUTHOR snaps his fingers. OTIS flips on the slide projector. A brightly illuminated map hits the rolled-down screen. LUTHOR starts to speak, then looks at it curiously.

LUTHOR

Otis. This is France.

OTIS

Sorry, Mr. Luthor.

OTIS flips up another slide. This time it is recognizable as the western half of America. LUTHOR points.

LUTHOR

And this - is California. The richest, most populous state in America.

SUPERMAN

I don't need a geography lesson from you, Luthor.

LUTHOR

Sorry. You do get around, don't you?
(turns back)
Now then. Where was I? Ah, yes...

CAMERA CLOSES on map. LUTHOR begins tracking the San Andreas Fault with the pointer.

8/4/77 TM

235A CONTINUED

LUTHOR

At the San Andreas Fault. Maybe you've heard of it.

SUPERMAN

Sure. It's the joining together of two land masses. The fault line is unstable and shifting which is why you get earthquakes in California from time to time.

LUTHOR

Couldn't have said it better myself.

(back to map)

Now all this...

(indicates)

... west of the Fault is the most expensive real estate in the world. Los Angeles. San Diego. San Francisco. And on the other side...

(indicates)

is just hundreds of miles of cheap desert land. Land that happens to be owned by Lex Luthor Enterprises. Well...

(wistful smile)

call me a fool, but it did occur to me that if a 500 megaton bomb were to explode at exactly the proper stress point...

SUPERMAN

(horrified)

Most of California would be destroyed! Millions of people would be killed! The West Coast as we know it would...

LUTHOR

... drop into the Sea! Bye-bye California! Hello new West Coast! My... West Coast.

SUPERMAN

You are a dreamer, Luthor. A sick-twisted dreamer. It couldn't possibly work.

18/4/77 TM

235A CONTINUED

LUTHOR

Oh, I'll admit there were problems.
Adjusting the missile trajectory,
finding the precise point of optimum
stress on the Fault...

LUTHOR smiles broadly, snaps his finger.

235B CLOSE ON SCREEN

A new, close section of the map is suddenly magnified
hundreds of times. It is recognizable as desert land.
Literally dozens or superimposed grid lines converge on
a single point in the middle of the desolate wasteland.
LUTHOR'S pointer rises to it.

LUTHOR'S VOICE

(tone chancing)

Which is... right here, by the way...
(touches it).

Target Zero.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the map, then DISSOLVES THROUGH to
the actual piece of land.

236 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY (DUSK)

A car speeds quickly down the dusty desert road.

236A INT. LOIS' CAR - DAY (DUSK)

LOIS drives the car, looks out across the bleak
landscape. Sitting in the passengers seat: AN ELDERLY
AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEF with classic features, nicely
dressed. A tape recorder lies between them as LOIS is
doing an interview.

CHIEF

... no oil, no uranium, no coal, no
precious minerals... hell, no water
anymore...

(gestures)

Not since the government dammed it all
up...

18/4/77 TM

236 CONTINUED

LOIS

My associate, Mr. Olsen, is taking pictures of that Dam right now, Chief.

(pause)

But why sell out to some faceless person you've never met? You don't even know his name.

CHIEF

At the stupid high price he offered for this worthless piece of desert...

(smile)

I only hope it's Custer.

237 EXT. SKY LOOKING DOWN - DAY - CLOSE ON ROCKET #1 (DUSK)

ROCKET #1 now whizzes by over the green fields of Ohio and Indiana, heading east.

237A EXT. SKY LOOKING DOWN - DAY - CLOSE ON ROCKET #2 (DUSK)

ROCKET #2 speeds quickly across the painted desert of Arizona, heading for the Grand Canyon.

237B EXT. DESERT - DAY - AERIAL VIEW (DUSK)

The car with LOIS and the Chief disappears across the arid land as CAMERA HOLDS, DISSOLVES BACK THROUGH to the map on the screen in LUTHOR'S lair.

238 INT. LUTHOR'S LAIR - DAY (DUSK)

The screen becomes blank again. LUTHOR turns.

LUTHOR

Check the viewing room, Otis...

(turns back)

Well, Superman? What do you think?
Interesting?

SUPERMAN

Your theory's quite impressive, Luthor.
But as for the rest - it's nothing but a
sick fantasy.

LUTHOR

(thin smile)

Fantasy?...

(exploding)

History!! It's happened, Superman!

SUPERMAN rises quickly, eyes widening, as LUTHOR wheels maniacally to EVE standing in the doorway to the viewing room.

LUTHOR

Where's that rocket now?

EVE

(glances back)

Passing the Grand Canyon, Lex. Going
like a bat. So's the other one.

SUPERMAN

(in disbelief)

The other one! There's two of them?

LUTHOR

That's right, Superman. Double jeopardy!
And even you can't fly fast enough to
stop both of them!

(sly grin)

While I, on the other hand would merely
have to press my detonating device and...

SUPERMAN leaps at LUTHOR, grabs him by the neck.

SUPERMAN

Where is it, Luthor! Where's that
detonator?

SUPERMAN scans the room with his X-Ray vision, suddenly stops as he sees the lead trunk he's been sitting on.

SUPERMAN

You diseased maniac! Did you really think you could hide it from me by encasing it in lead?

SUPERMAN drops LUTHOR in a pile on the floor. He crosses quickly to the trunk, tosses the cushions aside.

SUPERMAN

(ripping it open)
I'll mold this box into your prison bars, you...

SUPERMAN stops suddenly, recoils, stunned, a dim green light reflecting of his face.

238A INSERT SHOT - KRYPTONITE

The green Kryptonite rock glows inside the box. It is linked on both sides by a chain.

238B BACK TO SCENE

SUPERMAN is instantly immobilized, his strength waning, his knees getting wobbly.

SUPERMAN

That rock... I can't... my strength...

LUTHOR advances, bursting with glee.

LUTHOR

It's Kryptonite Superman! A little souvenir from your home town! You see I've spared no expense in making you feel right at home here!

LUTHOR pulls the rock out of the box by the chain, dangles it in front of him. SUPERMAN desperately tries to raise his arm to shield himself from the rays.

SUPERMAN

Away... please... take it...

18/4/77 TM

238B CONTINUED

LUTHOR loops the chain around SUPERMAN'S neck, pulls the staggering, helpless Man of Steel after him like a dog on a leash.

LUTHOR

You were great in your day, Superman.
But when the time came to cash in your
chips, Lex Luthor was just naturally
your banker! Mind...

LUTHOR stops, puts his two little fingers on each of
SUPERMAN'S shoulders, pushes him down to his knees.

LUTHOR

... over muscle...

LUTHOR checks his watch, looks down at the pitiful hulk
below him, the life ebbing from SUPERMAN.

LUTHOR

I'm afraid I have to leave you now.
Nothing personal, you understand. We all
have our faults. It's just that mine is
in California.

LUTHOR turns toward the viewing theater. SUPERMAN looks
up at him, gasping for breath.

SUPERMAN

You don't... even care... where the
other missile... is headed, do you...?

LUTHOR

On the contrary. I figured it out
instantly. Hackensack, New Jersey.

LUTHOR kicks out contemptuously with his foot, pushes
SUPERMAN over the crumbled railing bordering the office
portion of his complex.

18/4/77 TM

238C ANGLE FROM POOL

SUPERMAN'S lifeless body splashes helplessly down into the pool below.

238D BACK TO SCENE

LUTHOR crosses to the viewing theater where EVE stands at the entrance, stunned.

LUTHOR
(entering)
Hurry, Miss Teschmacher...

EVE
(stopping him)
But Lex...

LUTHOR
(impatient)
What?

EVE
My... mother lives in Hackensack.

LUTHOR
(pause)
Your mother used to live in Hackensack.

LUTHOR enters the viewing theater. EVE stands at the doorway, glances at the pool, unsure. LUTHOR'S hand suddenly appears, yanks her back inside.

238E EXT. SKY LOOKING DOWN - DAY - CLOSE ON ROCKET (DUSK)

ROCKET #1 whizzes eastward. Larger, more populous communities loom up ahead.

238F INDIAN COMMUNITY - DAY (DUSK)

LOIS has dropped off the CHIEF by a cluster of makeshift houses where other INDIANS can be seen loading their belongings onto pickup trucks, etc. LOIS waves goodbye, drives off.

5/5/77 TM

238G EXT. SKY LOOKING DOWN - DUSK - CLOSE ON ROCKET #2
ROCKET #2 speeds across desert land matching the kind where we just saw LOIS.

238H EXT. TOP OF DAM - DUSK
JIMMY OLSEN walks along the top of the giant dam, taking pictures of the surrounding towns and areas in the distance as well as the dam itself.

238I INT. LUTHOR'S VIEWING THEATER - DUSK - CLOSE ON EVE
CAMERA CLOSE on two TV screens monitoring the progress of both rockets NOW PULLS BACK: OTIS mans the console as LUTHOR'S face twitches nervously in the excited anticipation, glued to the screen. Curiously enough, EVE is missing.

239 INT. LUTHOR'S COMPLEX ABOVE POOL - DUSK
EVE walks quietly to the top of the crumbled railing, looks down, deeply troubled.

239A ANGLE ON SUPERMAN IN POOL - EVE'S POV
SUPERMAN is dying, barely able to keep afloat. He makes one final, feeble gesture at trying to unhook the chain from his neck, then looks up, spots EVE.

239B WIDER ANGLE - BOTH OF THEM

SUPERMAN
(gasping)
Miss... Teschmacher... please... you
can't... stand by... and let millions of
people... innocent people... die...

EVE
(hating herself)
Maybe...
(pause)
If it wasn't for... my mother...

SUPERMAN
(desperate)
Please... help me to save them...
Please...

5/5/77 TM

239B CONTINUED

EVE

(wary)

If I help you... Will you save my mother first?

SUPERMAN

But Lois... and Jimmy... are...

EVE

My mother comes first, promise me. I know you wouldn't break a promise.

SUPERMAN

(he has no choice)

Pro... promise...

EVE looks around, quickly makes up her mind, dives off the crumbling railing into the pool.

239C ANGLE ON POOL

EVE swims over to SUPERMAN who is just about to go under. She reaches out to unhook his chain from his neck, grabs hold of it, suddenly stops, looks deeply into SUPERMAN'S eyes.

SUPERMAN

What...

EVE suddenly kisses him hard, breaks, then unhooks the chain. The Kryptonite sinks to the bottom of the pool. SUPERMAN actually seems to enlarge in the water, all his super-strength returning in a rush. He looks at EVE curiously, his power recharging itself.

239C CONTINUED

SUPERMAN

Why did you kiss me first?

EVE

Cause you wouldn't have let me later.

SUPERMAN

(now at full
strength)

Thank you, Miss Teschmacher...

EVE

You too.

(almost misty eyed)

I... just can't get it on for the good
guys, you know?

SUPERMAN roars up out of the pool, heading for the roof
of the complex like a supersonic blue dart.

240 METROPOLIS STREET - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN bursts through the pavement on a busy midtown
street, streaks up into the sky at top speed.

240A SKY - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN flies for speed, straining himself to reach the
maximum. He looks off and down.

240B ANGLE ON MISSILE - SUPERMAN'S POV

Far below - the missile. In the distance looms the city
of Hackensack.

240C BACK TO SUPERMAN

He dives for the missile.

240D EXT. SKY - ANOTHER ANGLE

SUPERMAN plants himself firmly in mid-air directly in
the path of the oncoming missile, braces himself to grab
it. As the missile flies straight at him, it suddenly
changes course.

18/4/77 TM

240D CONTINUED

SUPERMAN lunges for it but it veers off out of reach, then whizzes away into the distance. SUPERMAN flies off after the rocket, a look of grim determination on his face.

240F EXT. HACKENSACK - DAY - AERIAL VIEW (DUSK)

The missile zooms on toward Hackensack.

240G EXT. SKY - ANOTHER ANGLE

SUPERMAN catches up, now comes at the missile from the side. But the sensory device picks him up again - the missile dodges out of range, leaving him behind.

240H CLOSE ON MISSILE

The missile speeds on. SUPERMAN comes back into frame, catching up. He grabs it from behind, gripping it tightly. With a mighty effort, he wrenches the rocket off its course. Steering it from behind he accelerates quickly, flying straight up into sky.

241 EXT. STRATOSPHERE

SUPERMAN climbs higher and higher over the United States, gaining speed, suddenly flings the missile up into space like a javelin. It whistles off into the blackness as SUPERMAN wheels in mid-air, looks back down at the United States, freezes in horror.

241A ANGLE ON WESTERN U.S.A. - SUPERMAN'S POV

ROCKET #2 hits the San Andreas Fault and explodes! A white-hot mushroom cloud starts to form.

241B BACK TO SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN streaks back down to Earth.

18/4/77 TM

241B EXT. SKY - MUSHROOM CLOUD

SUPERMAN circles the mushroom cloud at top speed, going faster and faster, not only stopping its expansion but actually compressing it. He then dives straight into the center of the holocaust.

241C INT./EXT. MUSHROOM CLOUD

SUPERMAN swoops to the base of the cloud, blows up with his super-breath.

241D ANGLE ON MUSHROOM CLOUD

The entire cloud with its fallout and pollution is blown high up into the stratosphere, away from Earth.

242 CLOSE ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN stops in mid-air, looks, listens. A loud rumble begins, gathering in intensity. The earthquake has arrived.

242A EXT. CALIFORNIA COAST - DAY (DUSK)

The land shakes on the Pacific Coast. Huge chunks of cliff begin to fall into the sea.

242B ANGLE ON LANDSCAPE - SUPERMAN'S POV

Great yawning cracks rip open across the land in all directions.

242C ANGLE ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN quickly dives down, disappears into a crack in the earth.

243 ANGLE - UNDERGROUND EARTH

SUPERMAN bores through the underground, desperately trying to repair the crack. He pushes plates of land back together, dams up a flow of onrushing lava, redirecting it, suddenly looks off and up through the earth with his X-Ray vision.

18/4/77 TM

244 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS AND TRAIN - DAY (DUSK)

A long, sleek passenger train hurtles down the tracks, shuddering under the impact of the earthquake.

244A INSERT SHOT - TRAIN TRACKS

A crack in the earth shoots across the tracks ahead, splitting the rail ties.

244B BACK TO TRAIN

The train rushes on, unable to stop.

244C BACK TO CRACK

SUPERMAN suddenly appears in the crack, coming up from underneath, now physically spans it with his body.

244D WIDER ANGLE

The long train rolls over SUPERMAN, continues on safely down the tracks.

245 EXT. HIGHWAY AND POWER CABLES - DAY (DUSK)

A complex of enormous electric power cables stretches across a highway jammed with shaking automobiles and panicked MOTORISTS. Suddenly - one cable snaps: showers of sparks fly high into the air as the live cables drop down toward the metal cars below.

245A CLOSER ANGLE

SUPERMAN swoops down, grabs a cable end in either hand. For a moment he almost resembles a bright blue light bulb as the powerful current runs through him. Pressing the cables together with his super-strength he literally solders them, then once more safely strings them tight across the highway.

18/4/77 TM

246 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY (DUSK)

The famous Hollywood Sign perched on the hill in Los Angeles trembles, then cracks apart in the center. It starts to fall.

246A ANGLE ON GIRL SCOUT TROOP

SUPERMAN lands in the middle of the broken sign, pulls on the two halves with either hand, pushing it back together to spell HOLLYWOOD again, solid once more.

247 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY (DUSK)

The famous Golden Gate Bridge sways precariously, then sags, starts to break in the center.

247A CLOSE ON BRIDGE

Several cars and a school bus begin to topple off, their OCCUPANTS frozen, screaming in terror.

247B WIDER ANGLE ON BRIDGE

SUPERMAN flies under the bridge, pushes up, saving the vehicles and straightening the bridge.

247C CLOSE ON SUPERMAN AND BRIDGE

SUPERMAN holds the bridge up, quickly welds the cracks shut again using his X-Ray vision.

248 EXT. DESERT - DAY - CLOSE ON LOIS (DUSK)

LOIS speeds across the desert in her car which shakes from the impact of the quake.

248A EXT. SKY CLOSE ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN, flying at top speed, looks down, spots LOIS. A crack in the earth erupts behind the car, almost seems to chase it, overtaking the car from behind.

248B CLOSER ANGLE

LOIS' car topples into the crack in the earth, falling down some fifteen feet.

248C CLOSE ON LOIS

LOIS is pinned inside her car by the double walls of earth. The crack now starts to close again, squashing the vehicle as the metal groans and LOIS screams.

248D ANGLE FROM BELOW

SUPERMAN shoots up from the earth below, pushes the car up and out, lifts it into the air. He looks down.

248E ANGLE ON CRACK - SUPERMAN'S POV

The crack slams shut with a sickening sound.

248F EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP

SUPERMAN deposits the squashed car with LOIS inside on a mountain top, rips the door off, helps her out.

SUPERMAN
Sorry about the car...

LOIS
Forget it, it's a Hertz.

249 EXT. DAM - DAY (DUSK)

JIMMY holds on to the top railing of the huge dam which shakes and strains under the force of the quake. He bravely tries to take pictures with his camera which dangles from his neck, suddenly hears something, looks down in horror.

249A ANGLE ON DAM - JIMMY'S POV

The dam begins to crack - little cracks at first, then growing larger and more numerous.

250 WIDER ANGLE

SUPERMAN suddenly appears - a tiny blue dot as compared to the size of the mighty dam. He pushes back against it.

251 CLOSE ON SUPERMAN

The cracks start to run in all directions, now grow wider. It's hopeless. SUPERMAN looks up in desperation as JIMMY yells down at him.

JIMMY

Superman! I'm up here, Superman! I'm ...

252 CLOSE ON JIMMY

Before Jimmy can finish his sentence he is scooped up into air by SUPERMAN.

253 ANGLE IN MID-AIR

SUPERMAN wheels in mid-air holding JIMMY, looks down at the dam, then back at JIMMY again.

SUPERMAN

Want a picture on page one of every newspaper in the world?

JIMMY

(grinning)

You know it.

SUPERMAN

Ready...?

(looking down)

Now!

253A ANGLE DOWN ON DAM - THEIR POV

The enormous dam suddenly bursts. Huge jets of water spit through the crumbling structure on all sides.

254 EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP

FLASH CUT: LOIS stands by her squashed car on the mountain top. A blur seems to cross the SCREEN, then instantaneously leave. JIMMY is standing next to her.

18/4/77 TM

255 EXT. DAM

The structure collapses. A gigantic wall of water cascades down toward the valley town below.

256 EXT. VALLEY TOWN STREET - DAY (DUSK)

Screaming, panicked citizens react in terror as the raging torrent heads down directly at them.

257 ANGLE LOOKING DOWN FROM SKY

SUPERMAN dives to earth, carves a wide new river bed like a human bulldozer, channeling the water so it bypasses the town. The current rushes off down its new course into the desert lands beyond.

258 EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY (DUSK)

The assembled INDIANS watch, thunderstruck, as the new river bed is carved through their land, irrigating it. They cheer wildly. SUPERMAN waves happily back at them, then flies off.

259 EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY (DUSK)

SUPERMAN lands on the mountain top, joining LOIS and JIMMY. The rumbling has stopped. JIMMY notices.

JIMMY

It's over! You did it, Superman!

SUPERMAN smiles modestly, turns to LOIS.

SUPERMAN

Sorry I left you waiting all the way up here, Lois, but I was kind of busy down there for a while.

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259 CONTINUED

LOIS
(totally in love)
Oh, I understand...
(beaming)
Your work comes first.

SUPERMAN
(nodding grimly)
And there's one last piece of unfinished
business left...
(to JIMMY)
Take care of her, Jimmy. I'll be back in
a minute.

SUPERMAN zooms off into the air. LOIS watches him go, a
hopefully wistful smile on her face.

JIMMY
Boy. Superman sure seems to care about
you, Miss Lane.

LOIS
Superman cares about everyone, Jimmy...
(a new thought -
eyes narrowing)
But who knows?... Maybe one day...
(cocky smile)
If he's lucky...

260 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY (NIGHT)

The recreation yard of a large prison. CONVICTS mill
about under the supervision of watch towers. Off to one
side of the yard the WARDEN confers with two of his
GUARDS.

261 CLOSE ON WARDEN AND GUARDS

The WARDEN looks up in astonishment as SUPERMAN whizzes
down through the air holding LUTHOR and OTIS with either
arm, lands directly in front of them.

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261 CONTINUED

SUPERMAN

Hello, Warden. I think these men should be safe here with you until they can get a fair trial.

WARDEN

Thanks, Superman.
(sternly - to GUARDS)
Take 'em away, boys...

LUTHOR and OTIS are led away. The WARDEN turns admiringly to SUPERMAN.

WARDEN

This country is safe again, Superman - thanks to you.

SUPERMAN

(and he means it)
And you, Warden. And the fireman, the doctor, the teacher, the clergyman - the cop on the beat...
(nice smile)
We're all on the same team.

SUPERMAN flies higher into the NIGHT sky.

261A EXT. SKY - NIGHT to DAY

As SUPERMAN flies higher into the atmosphere we SEE the other side of the EARTH as he FLIES into DAYLIGHT.

262 EXT. SKY - DAY

SUPERMAN flies majestically through the sky, gaining altitude. He's done his job well. OR HAS HE? CAMERA PANS OFF HIM, ZOOMS UP INTO SPACE.

263 EXT. SPACE

ROCKET #1 which SUPERMAN hurled upward from earth continues traveling through space, unchecked by gravitational pull. It speeds through other solar systems, gradually approaching something which - to our horror - we recognize from earlier: The Phantom Zone containing the THREE GREAT VILLAINS: ZOD, URSA, and NON.

18/4/77 TM

264 CLOSE ON ROCKET

The ROCKET nears the Phantom Zone, then suddenly explodes. The massive shock waves ripple furiously through space.

265 CLOSE ON PHANTOM ZONE

The intense waves caused by the nuclear explosion collide with the Phantom Zone. It cracks, releasing the VILLAINS. They rush to the opened section and their unexpected freedom. NON lets out the horrible roar of an animal suddenly uncaged.

ZOD

Free!

URSA

Free!

Their grotesque faces fill the SCREEN with howls of glee as they drift off into space.

IMMEDIATE CUT TO:

SELECTED SCENES FROM SUPERMAN II

Selected film clips from SUPERMAN II with the exact content to be determined, but certainly establishing:

- A. LOIS and SUPERMAN making love.
- B. JOR-EL physically appearing before SUPERMAN to give him new life.
- C. CLARK KENT being beaten up and bloodied.
- D. ZOD, URSA and, NON destroying and conquering the world.

INSERT SHOT - COMIC BOOK

The tiny CHILD'S hand seen in the opening shot of the film comes back into frame, quietly turns over the final page of the SUPERMAN comic book. On the back cover is the enticing message:

DON'T MISS THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN!
COMING SOON!

FADE OUT:

THE END OF
PART I

26/6/77

SCRIPT NOTES

&

AMENDMENTS

SUPERMAN I

1. See Page 33 - Scenes 92/93/94/95 are transposed to page 56 to follow Scene 145 becoming Scs. 145A/B/C with some minor alterations and are played at NIGHT.

P. 33. SC. 91 cuts directly to Sc. 96 INT. DAILY PLANET - DAY
2. Scenes 100B, 101, 102, 103,104, 105 - 131 inclusive - PLEASE READ DAY and amend script accordingly.
3. Pages 101 - 128 inclusive - Scs. 232- 259 inclusive should read DUSK.
- 3A. Page 128 - Sc. 260 READ 'NIGHT' and see new pages for amendment.

SUPERMAN II

4. Page 239A Sc. 267 - PLEASE NOTE THAT CLARK KENT DOES NOT change to SUPERMAN - the 'blue blur' will be a gray blur or whatever the color of suit he is wearing for previous scene.
 5. Pages 241 - Scs. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306 - sequence following LOIS' falling into the fruitcart - OMITTED From Sc. 301 CUT DIRECT TO 307 INT. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE.
 6. Pages 283. 283A. 284 - Escape from prison in balloon.
- 144

*NOTE: screenplay reformatted, 6/24/01 by G.R. This document is based on the T. Mankiewicz shooting script now widely circulated on the Internet. The purpose of this revision is to increase legibility by standardizing the formatting throughout the document. The alterations made are primarily ones involving indentation, page breaks, capitalization, and punctuation. Spelling has been preserved to match the previous text source except in cases where obvious mistakes were made, many of which seemed to be caused by the limitations of OCR software. One additional exception is that British spellings have been Americanized, although a future revision may reverse those changes. No attempt has been made to reconceive the screenplay's original pagination that is referred to occasionally within the document. None of the notes (excepting this one) within the text are mine, but rather that of the original screenwriters or those first responsible for bringing the text to a digital format. While I attempted to emulate the formatting of other professionally drafted screenplays, I am not a professional and do not have access to the film's original screenplay sources. Therefore, this is not to be understood as a definitive shooting script for Superman The Movie, but hopefully an improvement upon what has been available.