

S U P E R M A N

I & II

Original Screenplay By:

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Final Screenplay By:

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and
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PRODUCERS:
Alexander and Ilya Salkind

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DIRECTOR:
Guy Hamilton

FADE IN:

1 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a crumpled piece of rubbish lying in the gutter. HOLD for a beat as it is flattened by the wheel of a pushcart. The CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW PULL BACK and we SEE a street in a city neighborhood still fighting its way out of the grips of the depression. Kids play stick ball, people stand about, out-of-work men recline on tenement stoops.

OVER this SUPERIMPOSE: METROPOLIS 1938

- 2 The CAMERA TRACKS UP PAST a boarded-up store window with a "For Rent" sign painted on it. PAST some trash cans being investigated by foraging dogs, PAST the stoop of a brownstone where some care has been taken to keep things neat and clean, PAST the parlour floor where we SEE a young couple bending over a crib, shaking a rattle and cooing at a new-born baby wrapped in a pink blanket. The CAMERA CONTINUES TRACKING UPWARDS PAST the roof of the brownstone.

The SOUND: CAR HORNS, RADIOS, POLICE SIRENS, recede below as the CAMERA CONTINUES its CLIMB. HIGHER AND HIGHER, PAST the skyscrapers in the distance: the Chrysler Building, the Fuller Building, the great neon globe symbol atop the Daily Planet building.

- 3 NEW ANGLE - HIGH LOOKING DOWN on the Daily Planet globe from up ABOVE. The only SOUND now is the WIND.

- 4 The CAMERA TILTS TOWARD the star-filled sky and the full moon, then takes off.

The CAMERA SPEEDS THROUGH the heavens PAST the moon, THROUGH the universe, TRAVELLING ON, GATHERING SPEED, FURTHER and FURTHER THROUGH the limitless void, then it BURSTS THROUGH into another galaxy.

- 5 A minuscule red dot appears, growing larger, spreading evenly into a blazing red sun which FILLS THE SCREEN. The fiery red sun grows smaller as we FALL THROUGH space and SEE, beyond it, the planet Krypton.

CUT TO:

- 6 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF KRYPTON - DAY

As we APPROACH the white, prismatic crystalline mountains of the planet, suddenly there is an ominous RUMBLING NOISE and before our eyes, the crystals crack. Fissures appear.

We SEE a gleaming, quicksilver lake. Abruptly: more RUMBLING NOISE and large, jagged crystals rend the placid surface, surging up violently.

CUT TO:

- 7 EXT. CITY OF KRYPTON - DAY

Krypton is a magical city, constructed entirely of pure white crystalline matter that encloses and protects everything from the blazing red sun. As we TRACK BACK, the futuristic glass buildings, glass skyways, tunnels and enclosed gardens, evidence of a far-advanced civilization, sudden small cracks appear in various structures. As we SEE this, we HEAR, VOICE OVER: the somber VOICES of different MEN, each saying, "No," in a firm VOICE. CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK until we suddenly realize we have been seeing all this from a large picture window in:

8 INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

A futuristically designed room that overlooks the City of Krypton. The room is austere, dominated by an enormous angled, black table. From somewhere inside the table itself, a series of very complicated equations appear. Seated around the table are the twelve members of the Council of Elders.

9 But the first glimpse of the room ENDS THE PULLBACK, as we SEE the Chief FIRST ELDER who has been looking out of this picture window. As the last "No" is spoken, he turns TOWARD CAMERA, which has PULLED BACK PAST him at the window, and speaks:

FIRST ELDER

No. I'm sorry, Jor-El, but the decision of the Elders is unanimous.

ON JOR-EL, handsome, intelligent man; great intensity about him.

JOR-EL

(leaning forward, passionately)

But you can't ignore these facts! (gesturing toward the equations inside the black table)

It's suicide! Worse than that, it's genocide.

FIRST ELDER

Jor-El, be warned. This tone of yours approaches insolence.

JOR-EL

(a more reasonable tone)

My friends, I am not a rash, impulsive person. I'm not given to wild, unsupported statements. We must evacuate this planet. Immediately!

FIRST ELDER

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

JOR-EL

Then --

FIRST ELDER

But so is Vond-El.

VOND-EL

Thank you...

(to Jor-El)

And it isn't that we question your data. The facts are undeniable.

(gesturing towards the figures inside the table)

It's your conclusions we find unsupportable.

JOR-EL

(excited)

I tell you this planet will explode in thirty days!

WOND-EL

And I tell you that Krypton is simply shifting its orbit.

JOR-EL

You ask me to stand by while every man, woman and child are destroyed.

SECOND ELDER

We warn you, Jor-El. This is insubordination.

FIRST ELDER

(firmly)

The matter is closed.

(pause)

Do you agree?

ON Jor-El. There is a long beat of silence.

FIRST ELDER

Do you defy the Council?

JOR-EL

(bitterly)

I have sworn to uphold the laws of Krypton.

FIRST ELDER

This discussion is terminated. The decision of the Council is final.

(to Jor-El)

You will cease pursuing this matter. Any attempt by you to continue, to create a climate of fear and panic among the populace, will be deemed an act of insurrection!

JOR-EL

And if I don't obey?

SECOND ELDER

(sadly)

Jor-El, be reasonable.

JOR-EL

(determined)

And if I don't.

FIRST ELDER

You will be banished to endless imprisonment in the Phantom Zone -- the eternal prison you yourself created.

PAN TO the table top where a large video-type screen appears, illuminated. At first, what looks like an abstract grid pattern manifests itself, but by degrees, it sharpens into a clear image of: The Phantom Zone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHANTOM ZONE - SPACE

Imprisoned in a crystalline structure that swirls through the interstellar space void are the four huge horrifying faces of the Phantom Zone villains: the monstrous Non, the cruel General Zod, the masked visage of the beautiful, raven-haired Ursa, the twisted, mocking grin of Jax-El.

10 CONTINUED:

(Fuller descriptions follow later) Surrounded by massive tentacles which both secure and monitor them, they writhe in anguish in their prison, fighting against the glass cage that pens them in eternal banishment. The impression we get is truly terrifying. Strange, MUFFLED VOICES: CRIES and HOWLS penetrate the stillness of the space void.

Now the image begins to metamorphose once again into the video grid pattern as we --

CUT TO:

11 INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

The image disappears from the black table top. PAN UP TO Jor-El, glaring at the Elders.

JOR-EL

As an irredeemable criminal? You compare me to them?

FIRST ELDER

If you persist, you leave us no choice.

SECOND ELDER

Will you abide by the Council's opinion?

JOR-EL

(very quietly)

I have heard your decision.

FIRST ELDER

(forcefully)

Will you abide by the Council's opinion?

JOR-EL

(firmly)

Neither my wife nor I will attempt to leave Krypton.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CITY OF KRYPTON - DAY/NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- Jor-El's house stands bathed in the strange glow of Kryptonian night.

CUT TO:

13 INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY - KRYPTON NIGHT

A large room with complicated equipment scattered everywhere. Jor-El is working on something that looks like a computer in the centre of the room. LARA, Jor-El's wife, enters and watches him as he places glowing crystals into the heart of the machine.

JOR-EL

I have programmed the memory cells with answers to the problems he will face.

Lara does not seem impressed.

JOR-EL

(firmly)

It's the only logical conclusion.

13 CONTINUED:

JOR-EL (CONT'D)

If he remains here, he'll be as dead as...

LARA

-- as we will be.

JOR-EL

Lara, please...

LARA

But why Earth, Jor-El. They're practically animals.

JOR-EL

(patiently)

They are primitive, Lara, but they are not animals.

LARA

A million years behind us.

(pleading)

Jor-El, he's only a baby.

JOR-EL

(comforting)

Their atmosphere will sustain him. He will look like one of them.

LARA

He'll be weightless.

JOR-EL

Yes, true. But on other worlds there would be other problems -- heat, cold, no life, no life support systems... No, Lara, believe me; Earth is the least of evils. On Earth, his lighter gravity will render him almost weightless -- that can't be helped. But with his denser molecular structure, he will also be strong.

(trying to see the good)

He will be fast. He will be virtually invulnerable.

LARA

(despair)

He will be odd, different.

JOR-EL

(conceding)

Well, physiologically, he... won't quite fit.

CUT TO:

14 CLOSE SHOT - CONCRETE DOME - NIGHT

A sudden fissure cracks as the CAMERA TRAVELS THROUGH the window into the Council of Elders, still in session. They listen attentively to a uniformed OFFICER standing before them.

MILITARY OFFICER

Energy input to Jor-El's personal

FIRST ELDER
Are you absolutely certain?

MILITARY OFFICER
We were inspecting an energy shortage in his sector. Data received indicates that the loss is due to a mis-use of energy.

FIRST ELDER
(reluctantly)
Then you must investigate...

SECOND ELDER
And if the investigation proves positive?

A massive jagged crack suddenly runs down the length of the huge crystal window. For a second the Elders turn, regarding it, and then turn back again to business.

FIRST ELDER
(sadly, to Officer)
Then we will have to banish Jor-El to the Phantom Zone...

CUT TO:

15 INT. JOR-EL'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jor-El is closing panels around the machines in the centre of the room. It has taken a deltoid shape.

JOR-EL
(urgent)
Lara, there isn't much time.

She turns away from him.

JOR-EL
(patiently reasoning with her)
You see...
(warmly)
You still have some vestiges of primitive... what is the word they used to say?

LARA
'Feelings.'

JOR-EL
You've been doing some research in the archives.

LARA
I want to know what my child is going to face.

JOR-EL
(smiles)
Then you have one of those 'feelings.' It was called: 'love.'

A sudden tremor produces an ominous CREAKING SOUND, growing LOUDER. Now a large crack appears in the wall. Instinctively, Lara runs to her husband's arms for safety. Then, at the last second, she overcomes this "weakness" and steps back from him.

15 CONTINUED:

LARA

And you? Don't you feel something?

ON Jor-El -- as he turns away, unable to admit the emotion he feels.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. CITY OF KRYPTON - KRYPTON DAY/KRYPTON NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- Three Military Men descend a long glass-enclosed walkway to an awaiting land vehicle hovering above the ground. As they take their seats, the vehicle moves quickly along the glass street approaching a tall structure with crowds of people busily rushing by. A tremor shakes the ground and a thin fissure appears on the side of a building, visible to all. No one pays any attention to this as the land vehicle continues on.

CUT TO:

17 INT. NURSERY

Lara gently picks up a small baby from its cot. She carries it across the room, enters a glass elevator and descends.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CITY OF KRYPTON - NIGHT

The police vehicle races along.

CUT TO:

19 INT. LABORATORY

The baby has been fastened in the module.

Lara reluctantly steps back as Jor-El secures and seals all openings. The baby vanishes from sight.

Pressing a series of control buttons, the module automatically slides into a larger deltoid space craft and is sealed in.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. KRYPTON

The police car races along its track -- as giant crystal formations, erupt, bend, crack.

CUT TO:

21 INT. LABORATORY

A glass wall facing the capsule slides open as the capsule runs up a ramp into the launcher raised at 50 degrees. The ceiling above retracts exposing the entire room to the glow of Krypton night.

22 INT. POLICE CAR

The helmeted figures of the police as the vehicle races through the glass tunnel.

CUT TO:

23 INT. LABORATORY

The glass wall closes. The whole room shakes in a violent tremor as Jor-El tries to get the engines fired.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. KRYPTON

The police vehicle approaches Jor-El's house, but never reaches it. A huge tremor dislodges a mass of crystal which crashes down onto the track and crushes the vehicle.

CUT TO:

25 INT. LABORATORY

The tremor continues in the lab, tons of crystal begin to crash down into the room, as Jor-El frantically tries to fire the rocket.

With a last desperate effort, he lunges forward amid the tumbling debris and hits the button that IGNITES the ENGINE for take off.

CUT TO:

26 INT. LAUNCH ROOM

The ROCKET glides off into the night as the whole house begins to collapse.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. JOR-EL'S HOUSE

The house collapses in ruins.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. MODULE - SPACE

The space module races away from the disintegrating planet below toward the Zone of Silence.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. ZONE OF SILENCE AND MODULE - SPACE

The four great villains, pressed against the window of their crystalline glass cage, watch the module hurtle past.

VILLAINS
(echoing)
Take us with you...

CUT TO:

30 INT. ZONE OF SILENCE CAPSULE - SPACE

Over the shoulder of the Villains, the capsule heads off into the inter-galactic void.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. ZONE OF SILENCE

The Villains turn their attention to the planet Krypton, now in total ERUPTION.

The red sun eats its way into the core of the planet Krypton which suddenly EXPLODES and IMPLODES -- leaving a vast black void and the Villains forever in space.

32 EXT. MODULE - SPACE

The module drives through space to the accompaniment of a steady electronic BLEEP.

CUT TO:

33 INT. MODULE

Several lights on the complex instrument panel flash simultaneously with the SOUND of the electronic BLEEP. A computer memory bank is repeating recorded data while machines register other space functions on graphs.

COMPUTER
(Jor-El's voice)

In the metallic capsule is the tiny baby completely wired and fitted with instruments and tubes for his survival in space. The COMPUTER continues REPEATING 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, indivisible...

CUT TO:

34 EXT. MODULE - SPACE

The module voyages through space. A giant asteroid lost in the void is soaring toward the module at a tremendous speed. The module and the giant asteroid nearly collide. The module sways in the wake of the huge mass of matter spinning on and away in the void.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. MODULE

The control panels continue to flash and all gauges are stable as the COMPUTER REPEATS recorded tapes. The baby has grown in his metallic capsule with the survival tubes, instruments and foam belts adapting to his increase in size as the years pass.

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...?'

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MODULE IN SPACE

Travelling through space, we SEE a tiny yellow dot that becomes larger as the module enters our universe. The yellow dot grows rapidly into a flaming yellow sun.

CUT TO:

37 INT. MODULE

The control panel lights are flashing rapidly. The electronic BEEP quickens its squeal. The baby has grown.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

COMPUTER
 (Jor-El's voice)
 Index 44. Language Syntax 5
 Oriental dialects. Ching na
 Kai vo...

END OF CREDITS.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. MODULE - EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The module enters Earth's atmosphere and we SEE the familiar astronaut's POV of the revolving globe of Earth, growing larger and larger until we can make out the recognizable shapes of land masses and oceans.

SHOTS: As the module gets closer, it seems as if it will surely land in the heart of the Soviet Union (raising the question in the audience's collective mind for the first time: what would have happened if Superman had been a Russian?) but just at the last minute, the old Earth takes another spin and the rocket heads for the dead center of the United States.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. KANSAS WHEAT FIELD - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: Miles and miles of wheat waving under a cloudless sky: a feeling of broiling desolation.

ON A ROAD: A somewhat dilapidated farm pick-up truck comes chugging down the long, flat dirt road. A flat-bed truck.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CAB OF FLAT-BED TRUCK - DAY

Two people who look like they posed for Grant Wood's "American Gothic" seated in the cab of the truck. They are dressed in shiny, patched "Sunday best" clothes, and obviously they have done their best to make the clothing presentable in spite of the odds. The man is in his late 40's, the woman in her mid-40's -- their weathered faces bespeak a hard life of working the land. "Private" people who mind their business, Christian folk whose morals are as basic as the soil they till, they are JONATHAN and MARTHA KENT.

As the SCENE BEGINS, an ominous black shadow crosses the road, swiftly. At the same time:

SOUND: The WHOOSH of the SPACE MODULE coming to Earth.

Jonathan Kent reacts, startled, darting a momentary look in the direction of the NOISE, when:

SOUND: The BANG of a BLOW-OUT.

41 Jonathan Kent slams on the brakes. The truck lurches violently to the right; the front tire has burst. The truck swerves, narrowly missing the embankment, and stops.

MARTHA
 (shaken up)
 Oh, my!

CUT TO:

42 EXT. WHEAT FIELD, ROAD - DAY

Leaving the truck standing in the road, Jonathan steps out of the cab and looks at the punctured tire.

JONATHAN

(muttering)
Blamed cheap rubber them Detroit
wise-acres are puttin' out.

Bitching, he goes around to the rear and unstraps the spare tire and hauls the jack out.

NEW ANGLE - Martha gets out of the cab, stretches her legs and smooths her wrinkled dress, gazing across the wheat fields as her husband, in b.g., places the jack under the car, then wedges a stone under the jack to hold it in place.

ZOOM IN TO TIGHT CLOSEUP of Martha -- Her face freezes in astonishment and disbelief as she sees something in the wheat field.

MARTHA

Jonathan!

ON JONATHAN -- who turns and looks, amazed.

JONATHAN

Great God almighty! What is it?

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

43 NEW ANGLE - Leaving the truck, they race into the midst of the field. CLOSE IN ON them as they run. Jonathan rushes to the strange, eerie metal craft nesting in the charred wheat.

MARTHA

Be careful, Jonathan!

NEW ANGLE: Suddenly a wall of the module opens and a metallic capsule ejects with a little boy still fastened inside.

JONATHAN

What the heck -- ?

CLOSER IN: He looks inside the module, then leans over and touches the capsule, burning his hand.

MARTHA

Jonathan!

NEW ANGLE: The little BOY, aged 3, springs out of the electronically controlled belts, half-naked.

MARTHA

(stunned)
It's a... baby.

JONATHAN

What's your name, boy?

MARTHA

Don't just stand there gapin',
Jonathan. Can't you see he's
cold?

Jonathan takes off his jacket, drapes it around the little boy. Now he looks again at the module.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

JONATHAN
(can't get over it)
Ho-leeeeeeee.

TRACKING JUST AHEAD OF THEM -- As she lifts the boy with much difficulty and walks back to the truck, regarding the child with wonder. Her husband walks ahead, shaking his head, looking back.

MEDIUM SHOT -- as they reach the truck.

JONATHAN
Well -- gotta change that tire
if we're gonna get home.

MARTHA
(pointedly)
All of us.

As she snuggles the boy to her, Jonathan starts to jack up the front end. He removes the lugs and the punctured tire.

INSERT: The jack beginning to shimmy as the truck shakes.

CLOSEUP JONATHAN: Struggling with the spare tire cranks under the truck, wondering why the tire won't slide in.

INSERT: The jack continues to shimmy. Then suddenly, the stone beneath it slips away.

CLOSEUP MARTHA: She screams, wide-eyed, horrified.

ON JONATHAN: Under the truck, he darts a quick look at his wife, then -- as he scream suddenly stops in a gasp -- behind him.

HIS POV: The baby boy holding up the truck, two wheels off the ground.

As he looks in wonder toward his wife:

CUT TO:

44 INT. TRUCK CAB - MED. TWO SHOT - DRIVING DOWN THE ROAD - DAY

The baby sits happily in Martha's lap. The couple look ahead, lost in thought, serious.

MARTHA
The good Lord works in mysterious ways.

JONATHAN
He sure as heck does that.

MARTHA
All these years, happy as we've been, how I prayed and prayed He'd see fit to give us a child. And just when I finally accepted my bitter lot...
(firmly)
No one must ever know.

JONATHAN
Folks'll ask questions.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

(determinedly)

We'll say he's child to my cousin
in North Dakota, and just now
orphaned.

(cuddling the baby)

Poor thing.

JONATHAN

Guess I'd better hitch up the rig
and come back to get that... that
thing he was settin' in. What
do you make of that thing?
Martha? You listenin'?

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.

(pause)

Jonathan Jr. That's got a ring to
it.

MARTHA

(gives him a look)

We don't want to be called
'Junior,' ain't that so, Clark?
Why, sure it is.

He scowls a bit, then looks outside the window as he drives.

JONATHAN

Yup, better get that thing 'fore
somebody finds it who shouldn't.

CUT TO:

45

EXT. KENT FARMHOUSE - DAY

The farmhouse and barn -- classic American -- of the Kents.
As SCENE BEGINS, a Sheriff's car is parked in the driveway,
the dust still rising from beneath its wheels. The SHERIFF,
a hard, tough-looking man, is leaning on the door of his
car. Standing across from him is Jonathan, and Martha
stands just behind him. We have the feeling that this,
because of the cut from last Scene, is taking place imme-
diately afterwards, and, further, that trouble is up. (It
is, however, about five years later, as we shall shortly
see.)

SHERIFF

There she was, right out in the
wheat field, near to the road.

REVERSE TWO SHOT -- on the Kents, looking very Grant Wood.

JONATHAN

You're sure of that, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Sure as shootin', Mr. Kent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

Hi, Sheriff. Was she over to
the Harris North 40?

Sheriff Grizzard pulls a fountain pen from his shirt pocket,
begins writing on a form attached to a clipboard he carries.

SHERIFF

Why, that's right, son. How'd
you know that?

CLARK

(grinning)

There's a bull there she's kinda
sweet on.

MARTHA

(shocked)

Clark!

SHERIFF

(with a wink to
Jonathan)

He is smart, ain't he? Mebbe too
smart for his size.

(writes some more)

Danged paperwork. Got to note down
every piece of livestock rounded
up in the country.

Finished, he lays his pen down on a nearby tool shelf,
absently. Then tears off the sheet of paper, folds it,
puts it in his pocket.

INSERT: On the shelf as the fountain pen rolls off, falling
behind it, between the shelf and the wall.

NEW ANGLE -- The Kents start out of the barn.

JONATHAN

Back to work now, son.

CLARK

Yessir. Nice to see you again,
Sheriff.

HOLD on Clark as the others leave the barn. Now, satisfied
that they are gone, he begins pitching forkfuls of hay at
super-speed: a dazzling display with hay flying faster than
the eye can see.

CLOSEUP CLARK as he suddenly spots something. ZOOM IN TO
his eyes.

SPECIAL EFFECTS: His eyes widen and glow in a weird,
special way. This is the visual clue to the fact that he is
using X-Ray Vision.

CLARK'S POV: A demonstration of X-Ray Vision for the
audience. He is looking at the shelf where the Sheriff's
pen rolled off. Suddenly, before our eyes, the tool shelf
sort of dissolves (EFFECTS) and we SEE the wall behind it.
ZOOM IN FURTHER: The fountain pen on the floor against the
wall.

NEW ANGLE -- Clark runs to the wall, pushes the heavy tool
shelf aside with barely a touch, grabs up the fountain pen
and races outside.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Too late. The Sheriff's car is already gone. When Clark appears, his parents turn to him.

CLARK
Sheriff Grizzard, wait! You
forgot --

Before Martha can speak, young Clark whizzes off down the road at super-speed, moving like greased lightning.

ON THE KENTS -- She looks distressed, but he is beaming.

JONATHAN
That's my boy!
(he casts his eyes
up to heaven)
Kind of.

She looks down the road.

POV: A cloud of dust raised by Clark, all the way down to the horizon.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

IN QUICK CUTS, the landscape constantly shifting, Clark runs like Andy Clyde in "Million Dollar Legs":

- A) He dashes across a corn field, incredibly fast.
- B) He approaches a meadow with a long stretch of railroad tracks.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

TRACKING: Racing alongside Clark, who runs alongside the tracks.

SOUND: APPROACHING RAILROAD TRAIN.

LONG SHOT: Steam engine in the distance catches up, pulling a long passenger train. It pulls alongside the running boy.

CLOSER ON THE TRAIN: We can MAKE OUT a family in one of the compartments. A little girl is looking out the window, her nose pressed to the glass.

CUT TO:

50 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

The parents of the little girl are the same couple we saw in the opening Pan Shot of the movie, coddling over their baby. They are six years older now, as is the little girl. She is LOIS LANE.

LOIS
(turning to her
folks; amazed)
Golly!

FATHER
Did you say something, Lois?

(CONTINUED)

LOIS
(excited)
I saw a boy running as fast as
the train! Faster, even!

MOTHER
(affectionate sigh)
Lois Lane, you do have a gift for
invention, I'll say that for you.

LOIS
But --

FATHER
Read your book, dear.

Resigned to not being believed, she goes back to a "Bobbsey
Twins" book.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. SMALLVILLE STREET - DAY

A typical small-town street. Clark Kent, holding the
fountain pen, leans against the door to the Sheriff's
office as the Sheriff's car pulls up and stops.

SHERIFF
(getting out of car,
astonished to see
Clark)
Clark Kent??? How... what...

CLARK
(holding the pen
out)
You forgot your pen, Sheriff.

The Sheriff's eyes open wide in amazement.

CUT TO:

52 INT. KENT FRONT PARLOUR - NIGHT

FULL SHOT, WIDE: It looks like a Norman Rockwell cover of
the typical American farm family, circa 1943. Pa Kent sits
in an overstuffed chair reading his paper. It is later in
the same day. Clark sits at the dining table engrossed in
gluing together a model plane. In b.g., Ma Kent comes in
from the kitchen in her apron, wiping her hands on a towel,
a troubled look on her face.

MARTHA
(this is difficult
for her to say)
Clark... Son... that... thing you
did with the Sheriff today...
those... stunts... you don't do
those... things at school, do
you?

CLARK
(uncomfortable about
this subject)
No, Mom. You know I wouldn't
break my promise.

MARTHA
I know you're a good boy, Clark.
No mother could ask for better.
It's just that...

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP CLARK -- He looks away from her; unhappily:

CLARK

I know. I'm different.

TWO SHOT -- She comes to him; her heart goes out to him.

MARTHA

Oh, dear. That isn't what I --

JONATHAN

What your mother means, Clark, is that she don't want folks to think you're special.

MARTHA

I bless the day you came to us, son. You know that. But some people wouldn't understand.

CLARK

(pats her hand
comfortingly)

Don't worry, Mom. I know.

MARTHA

(brave smile)

Anyway, we Kents don't like showoffs, ain't that so? A body's got to be humble even if he knows that he's better'n his neighbors.

ON PA KENT, raising his paper again.

JONATHAN

That's right, son. Mind your mother. She knows what's best.

ON CLARK -- feeling a bit self-conscious, he gets up and walks out of the room. FOLLOW him out.

CLARK

Going to get a drink of water.

CUT TO:

53 INT. CORRIDOR OF KENT FARM - NIGHT

FOLLOWING Clark as he walks from the parlor, walking toward the kitchen. O.S. in the parlor, we HEAR Jonathan Kent chuckling. Suddenly, the laugh abruptly stops, followed by an audible gasp. Clark freezes. A moment later, a crash, as if someone has fallen to the floor.

MARTHA (O.S.)

(screaming)

Jonathan! What's wrong! What is it! Jonathan!

Clark races back toward the parlor.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 EXT. COUNTRY CEMETERY - DAY

FULL SHOT -- Young Clark stands by a freshly filled grave, holding the hand of his weeping mother. Both are dressed in mourning.

CLOSER -- The forgotten grave

61 INT. HALLWAY, UPPER LANDING - DAY

She crosses to the door to Clark's bedroom.

MARTHA

Clark?

No answer. She opens the door, peers in.

HER POV: The room is empty.

ON MARTHA -- who enters. FOLLOW.

CUT TO:

62 INT. CLARK'S ROOM - DAY

She crosses to the window and looks out. CAMERA POSITIONED JUST BEHIND HER, OVER HER SHOULDER, ANGLE DOWN. ZOOM SLOWLY PAST HER TO the solitary figure of Clark. He stands alone, out in the field, staring off toward the north.

CLOSEUP MARTHA -- watching him thoughtfully.

CUT TO:

63 INT. KENT KITCHEN - DAY

MED. SHOT: Martha Kent is sitting at the kitchen table, facing TOWARDS CAMERA, looking at photographs in the family album. Behind her, Clark enters the kitchen. Her eyes raise from the photographs; we know she senses he has entered, but she does not turn around.

CLARK

(awkward, odd)

Mom...

MARTHA

(eyes front, voice flat)

I know.

There is a palpable tension in the room: both people know what is happening and it is terribly hard for them. Both are trying desperately to keep it non-emotional and flat, for fear of breaking down.

CLARK

I have to leave.

She still does not turn and face him; trying to keep control of herself.

MARTHA

I knew there'd be this day. I guess I know it from the minute you came to us.

He comes around to her side and touches her hair, thereby making her look up at him. Her eyes fill with tears.

CLARK

I talked to Ben Hubbard this morning. He'll be more than glad to bring in the crops on shares.

MARTHA

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

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

A long pause. It is difficult to say anything.

CLARK
(emotionally)
Mother...

MARTHA
(she pats his hand)
I know, son. I know...

64 EXT. KENT FARM - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT at the gate to the road. Clark, in windbreaker and slacks, has a rucksack at his side. Mrs. Kent holds out a brown paper bag, the same kind she used to give him his school lunch in. The wind is blowing.

MARTHA
I made you...
(fighting back tears)
... some sandwiches.
(she hands them to
him, then takes
something from her
apron pocket)
And this... this is your father's.

INSERT: Jonathan Kent's old-fashioned pocket watch. She places it in Clark's hand.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

Martha
You remember this?

Clark, deeply moved, can only nod.

MARTHA
He always wanted you to have it.

Silently, Clark closes his hand around it. Then, stiffly, he turns away, opens the rucksack and puts the watch and the lunch bag inside.

INSERT: ON THE INTERIOR OF THE RUCKSACK: It glows with green light; inside are all the components and glowing stones and chips and discs seen earlier. He closes the bag. As we SEE this:

MARTHA (O.S.)
Do you know where you're headed?

CLARK (O.S.)
North. It's north.

TWO SHOT: Unable to restrain it anymore, they reach out to each other and move into a tight hug.

MARTHA
Keep warm now.

CLARK
I will.

They pull back from the embrace.

CLOSEUP MARTHA

MARTHA
And remember us. As we

65 EXT. ALASKA HIGHWAY - DAY

MED. WIDE SHOT -- Clark Kent, clad in his light windbreaker, his rucksack behind him, stands on the side of the road, thumb out, hitch-hiking. The wind blows around him mightily, ruffling his hair, but he doesn't seem to mind the cold. His face shows calm determination.

From the distance, a truck appears, pulls up, stops. The DRIVER throws the door open.

TRUCK DRIVER

Get in, quick! My God, a body could freeze to death just leavin' the door open.

As Clark climbs in the cab of the truck:

TRUCK DRIVER

Where you headed?

CLARK

North.

The truck drives off.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. ALASKA - DAY

FULL SHOT -- a narrow, snow-covered road which runs alongside a vast arctic lake. In the middle of the lake, great icebergs float.

The truck comes to a stop, lets Clark out. The Driver looks at him quizzically a moment, then drives on.

NEW ANGLE -- Clark stands at the edge of the ice-filled lake, looking due north.

67 EXT. ALASKA - DAY

FULL SHOT -- A narrow, snow-covered road ends in the Arctic North. In b.g., Eskimo igloos can be SEEN. Clark stands on the roadside, thumb out. DOLLY IN TIGHT to him.

CUT TO:

68 INT. ESKIMO IGLOO - DAY

An Eskimo man stands at the opening of his igloo. CAMERA POSITIONED BEHIND him so that we SEE over his shoulder. There, far away, is Clark as we left him at roadside, wearing only his thin jacket.

The Eskimo bursts out laughing and ducks back in. PAN OVER TO a fur rug where his wife is seated, preparing food. Chattering in Eskimo talk, he points outside, laughing. The woman rises and rushes to the opening of the igloo, peering out.

HER POV: Nothing to be seen. Clark is gone. VERY WIDE SHOT.

ON HER: She turns and mutters, annoyed, to her husband.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR THE NORTH POLE - DAY

WIDE SHOT -- A flat, desolate plain; off to one side is an enormous outcrop of ice jutting out of the barren snow-covered ground.

69 CONTINUED:

At the moment, there is a terrible blizzard going on. The CAMERA PANS ACROSS the frozen waste TO REVEAL Clark Kent standing there, wearing only his lightweight jacket, the rucksack on the ground beside him.

WIDE SHOT -- as the wind continues to rip across the barren plain, Clark looks around, then selects an area. He marks its perimeter with heat vision, burning deep lines into the snow and ice.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 THE SAME AREA - LATER

WIDE SHOT -- Once the boundaries are drawn, Clark concentrates on the area within the perimeter, and we SEE the entire mass of snow begin to melt away as huge flames shoot around the gigantic excavation.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 THE SAME AREA - STILL LATER

WIDE SHOT -- Now an enormous crater has been carved out of the rock and ice. Clark stands on the edge, focuses into the crater. We SEE a crystalline foundation solidify and expand with ultra-violet radiation glowing around the excavation site -- a wall is formed. Another burst of energy intensifies and constructs a second solid side joined at right angles.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. SAME AREA - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- Clark is now on the opposite side of the excavation. We SEE a bright cone of light, then gases rising and solidifying into multi-colored molecules that expand into a third impregnable wall. Through a blaze of sparkling light, the third wall increases in size and spreads out to cover the fourth remaining side, soon transformed into white crystalline matter.

DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. SAME AREA - DAY

WIDE SHOT -- The Fortress of Solitude is now complete. It rises up in the northern landscape, but its materials are harmonious. The walls of the fortress are of white opaque crystalline.

CUT TO:

74 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

Note: Inside it is multi-leveled, but there are no staircases, as Superman flies from level to level. The interior is spacious, though the decor is Spartan, minimal. There is a large circular control room, futuristically designed. It is highlighted by computers, transmitters, receivers, rows of buttons, moving graphs, in gleaming metals and colored plastics unknown on Earth.

The central area, where the Memory Crystals are stored and activated and where Superman communicates with his dead father, is overlooked by a series of "floating" balconies which lead to hidden bedrooms, corridors, etc. In another part of the area is a self-contained, windowed chamber which will be the Molecular Restructuring Machine.

74

CONTINUED:

In the kitchen-dining area, the decor is so futuristic as to be barely recognizable (there is no stove, for example). The dining set contains no chairs, but is built in platforms that seem to float. There are no closets in the structure because one has only to touch the wall and it opens on storage space. On higher levels there is an area that opens out onto a balcony -- the only window in the Fortress.

Everything is transparent, crystalline, reminding us of Krypton (because Jor-El designed it and perhaps it reminds Superman of his ancestral home).

CUT TO:

75

INT. MEMORY CRYSTAL AREA - DAY

It is barren except for a large bench with a strange box in front of it. To the left are two walls with a glowing row of shelf of crystals on each. Clark takes the first crystal from the first shelf and places it in an appropriate "play-back" mechanism in the box in front of the bench. As soon as he does:

76

EFFECTS:

The light in the Fortress begins to change very dramatically. There is something magical and awe-inspiring about these effects, which will continue to happen each time this process is repeated: the process of "materializing" Jor-El.

For it is he, Jor-El, looking as he did when last seen on Krypton, who suddenly seems to materialize out of thin air; he appears simultaneously in different areas of the room, and in different sizes and dimensions as well.

JOR-EL

My son, you do not remember me.
I am Jor-El. I am your father.
By this time, you will have
reached your eighteenth year in
earth time and I will have been
dead for many, many years in
Krypton time measure. Although
there are certain things you
already know of human ways and
wisdoms, there are many questions
that have puzzled and confused
you as you search for the answers
to your life. Although I am
speaking from the past, I have
tried to anticipate them.

ON CLARK -- unsure.

CLARK

Can I ask direct questions,
father?

JOR-EL

Speak.

CLARK

Who am I?

CAMERA begins, in effect, a SLOW 360 DEGREE PAN FROM young Clark, MOVING AROUND the interior of the Fortress as we SEE many of the features described above.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

FULL SHOT -- As Clark reaches the street corner, looking around and admiring the skyline, fascinated by the big city, he starts across the street, toward the building marked DAILY PLANET, oblivious to the red light turning green and the oncoming traffic. A taxi comes hurtling on.

79 NEW ANGLE

The cab smashes into Clark. The driver, horrified, jumps out and looks to see what he expects will be a victim. But Clark Kent just walks away.

CLARK

Excuse me.

NEW ANGLE -- A second CAB DRIVER, who plowed into the rear of the first cab, jumps out, rushing forward angrily.

SECOND CABBIE

You moron! Whaddya stop short for in the middle of --

The first driver, staring at his cab's front end, looks up in dumb-founded amazement at the second driver. Both look in wonder now at the front end of the cab that hit Clark.

INSERT -- The front end of the cab has Clark's impression cut deeply into the hood, through the engine block to the windshield.

NEW ANGLE -- Clark waves a cheery farewell to the two non-plussed cabbies, mouthing a friendly little "Sorry!" to them, and -- having crossed the street by now -- almost backs right into the lobby doors of The Daily Planet where he was headed. As he enters, PAN UP the skyscraper to its tower (this is not the same newspaper building we saw in the opening shot, but new, more modern quarters) where we SEE the great symbol that tops it: the globe and the enormous electric sign, "THE DAILY PLANET -- Metropolis' Greatest Newspaper."

80 INT. CITY ROOM - DAILY PLANET - DAY

WIDE SHOT: The city room of a large city newspaper. This is where it all happens: rows and rows of desks, thirty or forty REPORTERS, EDITORS, COPY BOYS and OTHER EMPLOYEES scurrying back and forth, typing, running with copy and galleys. HOLD long enough TO ESTABLISH the atmosphere.

Then BEGIN DOLLY BACK to 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 Editor."

On one of the desks: Seated at the typewriter, working away with intense concentration punctuated by occasional smiles, approving nods and triumphant "Hah!'s" is a young woman who seems, even at first glance, to really "have her act together."

Physically, she's a knockout: long brunette hair, smart clothes on a smart figure, a kind of ease with herself and her looks that adds up to sexy. Mentally, she's just as good: bright, talented, ambitious. A girl with a wry sense of humor that she can turn on herself as well as on any adversary, and withal a woman who never forgets that she is a woman, this is the grown-up version of that little girl we last saw with her nose pressed against the glass of a train window as it sped through Smallville -- this is Lois Lane.

80 CONTINUED:

LOIS
 (calling out to
 anybody within
 earshot)
 How do you spell "massacre"?

A REPORTER at a nearby desk looks up from his work:

REPORTER
 E, R.

A few feet away, a fresh-faced young cub reporter stands aiming a dart at a dartboard target nailed up on a nearby wall. A teen-age eager beaver, this is JIMMY OLSEN.

JIMMY
 No, it's R, E.

He throws his dart; bullseye. Under the dartboard is a glass bowl filled with quarters and a sign: "PAY THE KITTY, LOSERS."

ON LOIS -- typing rapidly.

LOIS
 Jimmy's right.

Jimmy, pleased, comes over to Lois, tries to see what's in the typewriter. MOVE IN on them.

JIMMY
 What're you writing, Lois?

LOIS
 (never slowing down
 the speed at which
 she types)
 An Ode to Spring. Are there one
 or two "T's" in bloodletting?

JIMMY
 Two.

LOIS
 (as she types the
 finish, reading her
 closing aloud with
 great relish)
 '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 stick ball --
 none of them will ever forget
 the night of senseless
 bloodletting that turned a
 friendly block party into a
 nightmare.'

(with triumphant
 satisfaction, she
 yanks the page out
 of the typewriter)
 Ha! Eat your heart out,
 Dorothy Kilgallen!

She gathers up her story, stands up from her desk and starts toward Perry White's office. Jimmy Olsen tags along at her heels. TRACK WITH her as she walks across the city room.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
(lost in
admiration)

Boy!

LOIS
(wryly, as is her
style sometimes)
Gets you where you live, huh?

JIMMY
How come you get all the good
stories, Lois?

LOIS
It's because I'm an intrepid
girl reporter, Jimmy.
(short pause)
Besides, the chief of
detectives has the hots for me.

They pass the dartboard area. Automatically, Lois stops, takes a dart, aims and throws. A poor shot, missing the center area. She starts to continue on to Perry's office, when:

JIMMY
(a gentle reminder)
Uh... Lois... ?

He points.

WHAT HE POINTS AT: The pot. The kitty.

With a look, Lois digs a quarter from her purse, goes and drops it in the pot.

LOIS
Need I ask who's favoured to
collect at the end of this week?

JIMMY
On the salary he pays me, I
can't make my rent without it.

She continues to the door to Perry White's office. She knocks and then enters without waiting to be invited.

CUT TO:

81 INT. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

Big but not fancy -- the office of a working editor. Copy pinned up on the bulletin boards and piled up on the desk, along with photos, wire service tear sheets and a few plaques and awards and signed photos of politicians framed on the walls. Behind the desk, in his customary outfit (rolled-up shirt sleeves, tie loosened, top button opened), and his customary expression (harried), is the no-nonsense, hard-working, 50-ish editor of the paper. Somewhere beneath all that bark and gruffness is a nice guy who loves his grand-children, but his employees don't get to see much of that side of him. Lois, however, can kid him all she wants and he gives it to her right back; all this friendly animosity, however, is just their way of liking and respecting each other. The man is PERRY WHITE.

Lois lays the story on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

LOIS
 (feeling cocky)
 Here's the story on that East
 19th Street murder spree. Page
 One with a banner headline seems
 about right to me.

PERRY
 It does, huh?
 (gesturing to
 somebody behind
 Lois)
 Clark Kent, I'd like you to
 meet Lois Lane.

She turns, surprised. She didn't realize, as she barged
 right in the office, that there was somebody else in the
 room. And neither did we, until now.

NEW ANGLE -- Seated in a chair against the wall by the
 entrance is Clark Kent. He rises on the introduction.
 His manner is polite and friendly, but we can SEE imme-
 diately that he is quite taken by Lois.

CLARK
 I'd like to.

LOIS
 (ever arch)
 Well!

PERRY
 (his sarcastic
 humor)
 She gives me advice on how to
 run my paper.

As he says this, he turns slightly to a little shelf beside
 his desk on which stands a one-burner hot-plate with water
 boiling on it. Next to the hot-plate is a fresh, un-
 opened jar of instant coffee which Perry now picks up and
 tries -- unsuccessfully -- to open.

LOIS
 And he ignores me.

The door opens and Jimmy enters, smiling as he hears this
 usual plaint from Lois. He lays a sheaf of copy on the
 desk and turns to go, but Perry passes him the unopenable
 coffee jar. As Jimmy begins struggling with it:

CLARK
 (to Lois)
 I'll bet you have some good ideas.

LOIS
 (a smile to Clark,
 then turns to Perry)
 Hey, you're getting a better class
 of people in y'ur office these
 days, boss.

PERRY
 I thought so, too, till you came
 in.

Clark smiles, recognizing this banter is typical of their
 relationship. He automatically takes the coffee jar that
 Jimmy, red-faced from his struggle and failure, passes to
 Lois rises, say

LOIS
(to Clark)
Well, nice to meet you.

Clark is smiling at Lois, not even looking at the jar. We are sure he is about to "give himself away," to open it with a mere twist of the wrist. But no -- his smile turns to a frown, an expression of great effort as he "tries" to unscrew the top and "tries" again, in vain. Lois is apparently paying no attention, busy pitching to Perry:

LOIS
Okay, boss? I'm off to a hot tub and then a cold Martini with the Deputy Mayor in one of Metropolis' more recherche bistros.

Without even looking at him or it, she grabs the coffee jar from Clark, not missing a beat as she says:

LOIS
Not that I won't forget to pump him about those kick-back rumors --

And she gives the jar a sharp rap on the edge of the desk and then unscrews it effortlessly. With a little smile, she passes it back to Clark.

PERRY
Lois, take Kent out there and introduce him around.

LOIS
Okay, but... why?
(to Clark)
No offense.

CLARK
Well, I...

PERRY
He's coming to work for the paper. I'm putting him on the city beat.

CLOSEUP - LOIS -- She turns and looks at Clark in a new way. She hadn't realised he was a reporter.

PERRY
(to Lois)
Not only is this guy good, not only does he show the proper respect for his editor-in-chief -- (he is baiting her a bit)
-- not only does he have a snappy, punchy prose style, but I swear to you that he is the fastest typist I've ever seen after forty years in the business.

FAVORING LOIS -- She tenses just a bit, feeling the pressure of competition.

They turn to leave. ANGLE WITH Perry behind them.

PERRY
Kent. Before you go, don't forget to sign your W-2 form.

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED: (3)

CLARK
 Oh, listen, Mr. White. Could
 you arrange for half my salary
 to be sent on a weekly basis to
 this address?

He scribbles something on a piece of scrap paper on Perry's
 desk.

FAVORING LOIS -- watching this.

LOIS
 Your bookie?

CLARK
 (a bit shocked)
 No.

LOIS
 (archly, putting him
 on)
 I know. He sends a check every
 week to his dear grey-haired old
 mother.

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

LOIS
 (stunned; he actually
 does send his
 mother money)
 Not... grey.

CLARK
 Not really, no.

As they exit:

LOIS
 Are there any more at home like
 you?

CLARK
 Not really, no.

- CUT TO:

82 EXT. STREET NEAR THE DAILY PLANET - NIGHT

Clark and Lois are walking down the street, later that
 night. TRACK WITH them, as they pass a liquor store.

LOIS
 Well, how are you enjoying your
 first day on the job?

CLARK
 I think I lost a week's salary
 at that dart board.

LOIS
 (kidding)
 Some people aren't the athletic
 type.

CLARK
 But otherwise it's swell.

82 CONTINUED:

LOIS

'Swell.' When was the last time
I heard anybody say -- where are
you from, anyway?

CLARK

I doubt you ever heard of it.
A little town called Smallville.

By now they pass liquor store and we can SEE in b.g. some
commotion inside, though they don't notice it.

LOIS

Well, you're going to find
Metropolis is a pretty tough
town compared to --

At that moment, behind them, TWO HOODS, guns drawn, come
barreling out of the liquor store, just behind them,
chased by the old OWNER.

OWNER

Stop them! They robbed me!

NEW ANGLE - WIDE -- As the Hoods run toward an idling get-
away car parked a few yards ahead of Clark and Lois, a
police car, SIREN SCREAMING, comes tearing down the street
behind the liquor store.

ON THE GETAWAY CAR -- The THIRD HOOD, the driver, flings
the door open, screaming:

THIRD HOOD

Get in! Get in!

NEW ANGLE - WIDE -- Two COPS leap from the police car,
take firing positions across the fenders. One FIRES a
warning SHOT into the air.

COP

Hold it right there!

REVERSE -- The Hoods grab the startled Lois and Clark,
holding them as shields between them and the Cops.

LOIS

Get your hands off me!

FIRST HOOD

(holding Clark)

Don't try anything funny, pal.

CLOSEUP - CLARK -- Tense. Will he do something?

ON LOIS and her captor.

SECOND HOOD

Tell your boyfriend to just be
cool.

LOIS

Him? He can't even open a coffee
jar.

They edge toward the getaway car when suddenly, another
police car tears up the street coming towards them, turns
sharply to block the street car. Two more COPS jump out.

Now they're trapped.

82 CONTINUED: (2)

Just to the right, before the getaway car, is an alley. Still dragging their hostages, they pull them into the alley.

The Third Hood FIRES at the Cops from inside his car. Bullets are exchanged. As the crook leaps from the car, he is gunned down in a HAIL OF BULLETS.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Another patrol car comes down the end of the alley, sealing it off.

The Hoods panic, FIRE off some SHOTS. The Cops return the FIRE. Lois and Clark race for the wall, to get out of the line of fire, but it is so chaotic, with bullets coming from behind and ahead, that it ain't easy.

ON A COP -- hit, falls across the fender.

ON THE FIRST HOOD -- FIRES off THREE SHOTS.

ON THE COPS AT THE END OF THE ALLEY -- SHOOTING.

THE SECOND HOOD - hit, falls to the ground.

ON LOIS -- she stumbles and falls.

ON CLARK -- behind her, by the wall, as bullets hit him. They bounce right off his chest, but nobody sees it.

ON LOIS AND THE FIRST HOOD -- As she gets up, the Hood grabs her, holds his gun to her head.

FIRST HOOD
Shoot me and the chick gets it first!

CLARK
Lois!

QUICK CLOSEUP - CLARK -- Poised, frozen. Will he...?

NEW ANGLE -- The Cops behind them close in the alley, FIRING.

ON ONE OF THEM -- He carefully takes aim, one hand gripping his other wrist to steady it.

POV - HIS GUNSIGHT -- The Hood holding Lois is the target. Suddenly just as:

SOUND: The Cop FIRES --

The Hood ducks and Lois pops up in range.

Clark Kent dashes forward, his hand raised in front of Lois.

INSERT: The bullet hits Clark right in the palm of his hand. He closes his fist around it.

NEW ANGLE -- The Hood throws his gun down (out of bullets) and makes a run for it. One of the Cops chases after him and brings him down in a flying tackle. The Second Hood lies shot in the middle of the alley.

CLOSER -- Clark and Lois as the Police run towards them.

83 CONTINUED:

LOIS
My God! I could have been
killed! Why didn't you --

The Cop who fired the POV shot rushes over.

COP
Are you folks okay? Geez,
fella, I thought I hit you.

CLARK
No, I'm okay.

COP
I didn't know who were the good
guys and who were the bad guys
for a minute there.

LOIS
(annoyed)
I'm neither.

COP
Huh?

LOIS
Male chauvinist.

And with that she turns and stomps off down the street in
a huff. Clark, with a farewell smile to the Police, runs
to catch up with her.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

A dark, narrow, deserted street in Metropolis, a few
minutes later. TRACKING WITH them as they walk.

LOIS
See? Didn't I tell you this was
a tough town?

CLARK
Unbelievable.

LOIS
Not in Metropolis it isn't. This
is the home of the sneak attack,
the stab in the back, the --

Precisely at that moment, a figure leaps from the shadows
of a doorway and grabs Lois' purse and yanks it from her.

LOIS
Hey!

CLARK
What the -- !

The man starts to run.

LOIS
Stop him, Clark!

CLARK
He may have a gun!

LOIS
(impatiently)

84 CONTINUED:

The hell with it; she has no time to stand and argue with Clark. With spunky determination, she takes off after the purse-snatcher. PAN to WATCH her -- The robber has an excellent head start on her; no way she can catch him.

CLOSEUP - CLARK -- watching, tense.

ON LOIS -- who finally gives up, slumped, exhausted.

LOIS
Twice in one night. I'd better
go into training.

Clark runs over to her.

CLARK
It isn't worth getting a heart
attack over, Lois.

LOIS
(catching her
breath)
You're great with the advice,
Clark. Maybe you'd better take
over the lovelorn column.

CLARK
Supposing that man had hurt you?
Is it worth risking your life
over ten dollars, two credit cards
and a lipstick? I mean, it's not
as if --

CLOSEUP - LOIS -- She looks at him with a very strange
expression.

LOIS
How did you know that?

CLOSEUP - CLARK -- A faint flicker of nervousness. He
realizes he almost blew his cover.

CLARK
Know what?

TWO SHOT

LOIS
You described the exact contents
of my purse.

CLARK
(lightly)
I just took a shot at it.

He steps out into the street to hail a distant cab (and
to put an end to the discussion)

CLARK
Taxi!

CUT TO:

85 EXT. STREET - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The runaway thief, slowed down, comes down a street and
stops by a garbage can. He opens the purse, takes out
the money, then dumps the rest. Now he turns into a very
elegant hotel that looks like the Plaza. We get a better
LOOK at him:

85 CONTINUED:

A burly GUY in his late 30's, not very bright, but eager to please his superiors. This is OTIS.

CUT TO:

86 INT. LOBBY PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Otis suspiciously watches the movement in the lobby of the hotel. At the right moment, he goes to the Men's Room.

CUT TO:

87 INT. MEN'S ROOM - PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

With no one present, Otis opens the door to a toilet, marked "Out of Order," and enters.

CUT TO:

88 INT. TOILET - PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Seated on the toilet bowl, Otis pulls the flush. We SEE the toilet compartment descend like an elevator.

CUT TO:

89 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S SUBTERRANEAN HIDEOUT (HALL) - NIGHT

The entire lair has cost Lex Luthor a great deal of money and time to put this together; his headquarters located hundreds of feet below the street, below the subways, down at sewer level. The place is fantastic: baroque and bizarre, it matches the mind of its creator. The important rooms are Luthor's office, over-decorated in pure kitsch, with an enormous desk, scabbards and tapestries on the walls; a large window outside of which various trompe l'oeil "drops" serve as a "view", depending on the whim of Luthor or his cronies (beach scenes, mountain views, skyscraper vistas, etc.), a low table of the kind usually used for a chess board, but supporting a Monopoly game instead; a bank of TV monitors with bells and lights attached which are part of a closed-circuit television system keyed to the various strange entrances to the underground lair, i.e., under each monitor is its "entrance" address: 59th Street, Park Avenue, Plaza Hotel, Central Park, 67th Street, etc. Other rooms include the TV bank room, located on a gantry over a running sewer canal (to be described in fuller terms later); a library which descends into a jungle of pipes and cables (fuller description follows later); and the hallway.

At the moment we are in the hall which leads into the office at one end, and various smaller rooms at the other. Its most distinguishing feature is a mammoth wall covered by a large curtain -- what it conceals will be revealed later.

As SCENE BEGINS, we are in the hall where suddenly a door opens and Otis, seated on his toilet elevator, appears. We understand that this is where the lift landed. As Otis steps out quietly, another MAN comes down the corridor wheeling a large table, its bumpy, irregular surface covered with a canvas, heading for the office. This is ALBERT. He is one of the three other (besides Otis) members of the group.

The most striking of the three is a man in his late 30's. He is totally bald. His taste in clothing runs to black.

(CONTINUED)

This is a brilliant man, but one whose mind and character have been so warped that all his energy and intelligence is applied to evil and/or anti-social schemes. He is a scientific genius who uses all his expertise to further his own bizarre plans, most of them concerned with his insatiable appetite for land and real estate. As a personality, he could give ten psychiatrists five years' work: a genuine case of rampant pathological aberration that manifests itself in a changeability that is so marked as to go beyond the term "mercurial." He is one minute charming, sweet, paternal with his underlings; in literally the next minute he can (and often does) become savage, cutting sadistic, caustic. He keeps everyone around him in a perpetual state of nerves because they never know whether they will be kissed or kicked from one minute to the next. There is in him as well, a genuine sense of humor, though invariably warped, and a great streak of self-pity, that causes him to wallow in anguish from time to time. His own nervous habits are equally peculiar, i.e., he eats kleenex nervously, chewing on it to calm himself. The man is an energy center, a neurotic dictator, and, in his own way, a compelling personality. There ought to be a sense of delight in him, as well. This is the greatest criminal on earth -- LEX LUTHOR.

The second person is a strikingly attractive woman, about 30. Her looks and manner bespeak class and a former elegance, but time with Lex Luthor has taken its toll; she has a slightly wasted look about her, a sense of having slipped and gone over one very important hill not too long ago. She is bright and flip and handles Lex's changing manner a bit more easily than the others, though it has made her permanently jumpy. She functions as his girlfriend, side-kick and personal secretary, and her sense of security in her position as well as the security in knowing that Lex, in his weird way, really has affection for her, allows her to sass him and smart-mouth him once in a while. Nobody else would ever dare. God help her, as she often thinks to herself, but for some reason (a masochistic one, for sure) she loves Lex Luthor. This is EVE TESCHNACHER.

The third man is a rather frail, insubstantial man in his mid-40's. Timid, nervous enough to jump at his own shadow, he is clearly an intelligent specialist who at one time made some horrendous slip in life that forced him, more out of weakness than out of choice, to join the criminal element. Thoroughly under the boss' domination, he is Lex Luthor's personal architect, as well as his chief aide in engineering and planning. Perhaps there is a faint trace of a German accent. This is ALBERT.

It is Albert who now wheels his table into the office, as Otis follows discreetly some steps behind.

INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE . NIGHT

As Albert enters, he looks questioningly O.S. left.

ALBERT
Ready?

LUTHOR'S VOICE
Lay it on me.

ALBERT
I hope you will like it.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR'S VOICE

So far, Albert, it's nothing to
write home about, y'know? Y'know?

(NOTE: Luthor's constant "y'know" is a nervous twitch,
though a verbal one. What drives him crazy is when people
actually reply to it.)

ON LUTHOR -- Now we SEE him for the first time, seated be-
hind his massive desk.

ALBERT

I know, but --

LUTHOR

(sharply)

Stop saying you know when I say
'y'know.' I know you know.

(with barely a
glance to Otis,
hovering back)

Yes, I know you're here, Otis.
What do you want, a brass band?

ON OTIS -- at a loss for words; as always awkward and un-
sure of himself in front of his boss.

OTIS

I... uh...

NEW ANGLE

LUTHOR

No speeches, Otis. Just watch
what Albert has prepared.

(to Albert)

What are you waiting for?

Albert whisks the cloth away to reveal an incredibly de-
tailed table-top moquette representation of a section of
the Southwestern United States, particularly the Califor-
nia desert area. It has desert, canyons, glass "rivers
and lakes," mountain ranges and one very specific struc-
ture: in the middle of a desert stretch, a tatty little
drive-in taco stand, just a counter operation with one
teeny table in front. On top of its roof, the letters
proclaim PANCHO'S TACO PALACE.

Otis and Eve make proper sounds of appreciation as Albert
looks proud. Then all look expectantly to Luthor.

ON LUTHOR

LUTHOR

We are pleased.

He reaches forward, pulls a kleenex from the desk dispen-
ser and begins to chew it. He rises from his desk and
walks over to the model. PAN with him, STAY WIDE. Now
he inspects it more closely.

LUTHOR

(expansively)

You'll be designing monuments
soon, Albert! Hotels! Palaces!

ALBERT

(carried away)

Bunkers!

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR

(sternly; one of his
lightning-fast
switches in tone)

I take the man out of Argentina
— and it was no picnic finding
him, y'know? And what does he
think about? Bunkers. Still
living in the past, when I am
about to realise the greatest
real estate scheme in the history
of the world!

EVE

(disparagingly)

You and your real estate.

LUTHOR

Me and my real estate? How many
other girls, Miss Teschmacher,
are lucky enough to have a Park
Avenue address like this?

EVE

It isn't a Park Avenue address,
really.

LUTHOR

So it's six hundred feet below
Park Avenue. It's still a Park
Avenue address.

NEW ANGLE as Eve gets up, perches on the edge of his desk.

EVE

Why does it all mean so much to
you? All the time, 'land, land,
land.'

LUTHOR

My father always said to me, 'Son,
don't invest your money in
anything but land. Land! Stocks
rise and fall, banks fall, 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.'

EVE

Your father was a sick weirdo.

LUTHOR

I know that. But in this case
he was right. Arnold 'Buster'
Luthor, the most inept check
forger of his time —
(dramatically)

A pity he didn't live to see his
son strike out for the big city.
A pity he didn't live to see how,
from humble beginnings, I
created an empire.

EVE

(her bullshit
detector is always
on)

This??

LUTHOR

Compared to what came before? A
year of living in the sewers?

(nostalgically)

A part of that will always be
with me.

EVE

So I've noticed.

LUTHOR

(to the heavens
above)

Criers and complainers! That's
what I get! Moaners and
groaners! Me, Lux Luthor, who
figured out how to live in luxury
without ever paying one cent in
taxes. Lex Luthor who built this
fantastic kingdom under the sea,
so to speak, hidden and undetected
by the fools who eke out their
miserable lives on the streets
above.

EVE

(longingly)

Streets. Sunlight. When was
the last time I saw sunlight?

LUTHOR

(threateningly)

You'll be seeing stars in a
minute, Miss Teschmacher. Y'know?

EVE

Even that would be an improvement.

Luthor strides around his table-top map like Napoleon.

LUTHOR

An improvement! What will you
say when --

(points to map)

-- when you share in the glory
of the greatest land grab since
they bought Manhattan Island for
24 bucks?

(to Albert)

Do you know what my IQ tested at
in the third grade?

(to Eve)

Tell him.

EVE

190.

ALBERT

My!

LUTHOR

Yes. Makes you look like a dummy,
doesn't it?

(a quick George

Scott grin)

Life is never boring with me.

Admit it.

He turns a full radiant smile on them.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (4)

TWO SHOT -- Eve and Albert, poker-faced.

EVE

Never, Lex.

Satisfied, Luthor spins on his heel and begins to walk toward Otis, who instinctively backs up. PAN AND MOVE IN.

LUTHOR

Now then, Otis. Did you get what I asked for?

OTIS

Yessir. Just what you wanted.

FAVORING OTIS -- who steps forward to the table-top display and mysteriously removes a small box from his jacket pocket. The others crowd around, waiting. Now Otis opens the box and removes a toy pine tree from a model train set and proudly places it on the model terrain.

OTIS

There.

LUTHOR

(snatching it up)

Not there! A pine tree in Death Valley? Idiot! This is for North Woods section!

OTIS

Did I do good, Mr. Luthor?

LUTHOR

(big smile)

Excellent, Otis.

(big scowl)

But what took you so long?

He stalks him, advancing till he has Otis backed up against the edge of the desk. His eyes narrow.

LUTHOR

What's the matter, Otis?

ON OTIS

OTIS

(nervous, guilty)

Matter? With me? Nothing's the matter.

ON LUTHOR

LUTHOR

Otis, were you up to your old tricks?

Luthor reaches forward on his desk, pulls a kleenex out of the dispenser and begins to chew it.

LUTHOR

(stricken)

I broke the man out of prison --

OTIS

I'll always be grateful, Mr. Luthor.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR

I gave him steady employment --

OTIS

I'll never forget you for that,
Mr. Luthor.

LUTHOR

I gave him this new face.

OTIS

(who is pretty ugly)

I... uh... Check.

Luthor gets up from his desk and sort of writhes over to the squirming Otis.

LUTHOR

And now he lies to me. He has
been stealing ladies' purses
again.(zeroing in,
ruthless)Haven't you? Haven't you, you
miserable petty crook?

OTIS

(mortified)

I guess I... uh... regressed.

MED. CLOSEUP - LUTHOR -- He gives Otis a look that could freeze water. Then turns and walks back to his desk with elaborate weariness, gesturing like a man who has to bear a terrible burden in order to get his work done.

LUTHOR

(glaring)

Feed the pets, Otis.

ON OTIS - cringing at the prospect. Gasps from Eve and Albert.

WIDE SHOT - NEW ANGLE -- They start across the enormous room toward the curtained wall on the far side. Otis can barely walk, so fearful is he. Luthor prods him ahead of him with sharp jabs in the spine.

DOLLY IN AND TRACK with them.

EVE

Speaking of feeding things,
what about dinner?

LUTHOR

What about dinner? I have to
worry about the crime of the
century, that's all. Y'know?
Am I supposed to worry about
what's in the refrigerator,
too?

(to Albert)

What's in it?

ALBERT

There's some sliced American
cheese... and... a half a
bottle of club soda, I think.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR
Wonderful. Otis will go above
and steal some Big Macs.

EVE
Again???

OTIS
(grateful for a
reprieve, he hopes)
Now, Mr. Luthor?

LUTHOR
(sternly)
First the pets, Otis.

91 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S HALL - NIGHT

As they approach the wall, we SEE that it is covered by a massive curtain. A complicated ladder arrangement stands adjacent to it. An electronic opening system with a button is mounted on the wall above it. As they get near it:

LUTHOR
(content)
Ahhhh, my favorite part of the
day. Who else could have thought
of this aquarium?

ALBERT
Nobody else.

LUTHOR
Shut up, apple-polisher.

Luthor mounts a ladder arrangement that stands adjacent to the massive curtain. An electronic opening system with a button is mounted on the wall above it.

ANGLE UP, VERY WIDE, FAVORING LEX, who is very full of himself:

LUTHOR
Y'see, it's just a matter of
applying superior intellect to
known facts. Example. Fact:
for years, children have been
flushing baby alligators down
the drain when their mothers got
sick of them. As well as pet
turtles with patriotic and civic
mottoes painted on their backs.
Supposition: these creatures
live and grow and thrive and
prosper in the sewers of the
city. Application: build a
conduit to channel them into a
private underground tank. Result?

He presses the button. The curtain rises, revealing an enormous glass-walled tank, open on the top, that is exactly what Lex Luthor described: filled with the most grotesque collection of monsters you have ever seen. Giant albino alligators, all of them horribly white from living in the dark sewers; enormous turtles with American flags and mottoes on their backs; giant swimming rats, snakes, eels and God-knows-what-else. They thrash around in the most revolting brackish, filthy water imaginable.

(CONTINUED)

Lex Luthor's response to the sight of his "pets" is ecstatic. He begins to croon to them in a baby-talk falsetto voice the way certain, otherwise normal people do when speaking privately to their dogs or cats. As we watch this grotesque aquarium:

LUTHOR

(falsetto, etc.)

There's my precious sweet wittle babies, yes. The sweetie babies, yes. Who's my baby little sweet heart? Yes. Yes, look at Simba.

FAVORING the most ugly albino alligator of all.

LUTHOR

Isn't he growing into a big fella, yes, yes, daddy's big fella. My little Simba, yes.

(suddenly, harshly,
to Otis)

Feed them, Otis.

ON OTIS -- who turns pale at the thought.

OTIS

Please...

LUTHOR

(warningly)

Otis...

Looking like a man ascending the gallows, Otis ascends the ladder to the very top, where we SEE that a feeding platform extends over the top of the open tank. He crawls out on that, in total terror. The alligators and rats begin leaping from the water, snapping at him. A large box of God-knows-what with a shovel in it is there: the food.

Otis pulls on rubber gloves and then begins shoveling the garbage into the tank. As the voracious beasts leap and snap at the food, we HEAR, O.S.:

LUTHOR'S VOICE

(crooning)

Yes, my little babies are soooo hungry, aren't they? Yes, daddy's going to make your tummies feel soooo good, yes...

CUT TO:

92 INT. CITY ROOM - DAILY PLANET - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- a lot of frenetic activity although the clock on the wall indicates that it is eight o'clock at night. The CAMERA DOLLIES through all the chaos toward the door to Perry White's office as it opens and Perry White comes out, a sheaf of galleys in his hand.

PERRY

(calling out)

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

He crosses to one of the reporter's desks, picks up phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy Olsen takes the gallies from him and disappears O.S.

PERRY
(into phone)
Harry? That's it. Put 'er
to bed.

He hangs up, turns to the room full of reporters.

PERRY
(to all)
Okay, people.

All around him reporters jump to their feet and run for the door. The CAMERA TRACKS IN FRONT of Perry as he crosses to Lois' desk.

PERRY
Lois, the kickback story...

LOIS
(the smart Alec)
Nine to five it's a Pulitzer
Prize, I know.

PERRY
I was going to say that there's
only one 'P' in subpoena. What
the hell did you major in at
Radcliffe? Middle English?
(he turns to Clark
who sits nearby)
Nice job on the teamster's update,
Kent.

Perry White turns and walks away.

CLARK
Thanks, chief.

ON CLARK -- as he looks around to make sure that no one is watching, then, using his super-breath, he clears off his desk.

PAN IN MED. SHOT as he walks over to Lois who is sitting back enjoying a cigarette, her feet up on her desk.

LOIS
What now, my love?

CLARK
Huh?

LOIS
Big night coming up?

CLARK
Oh, not really. I guess I'll
just watch a little TV and --
(bravely)
-- unless... would you be
interested in dinner?

LOIS
Thanks, Clark, but I'm booked
for the night.

CLARK
(disappointed)
Oh.

LOIS

It's not what you think. Darn it. I'm going out on a story. The Secretary of Defense is landing at the airport tonight and this kid's going to be there to make sure he answers a few questions he'd rather duck.

CLARK

(half in admiration)

Don't you ever let up?

FAVORING LOIS -- who sighs, ruminating a bit.

LOIS

For what? Oh, I've seen the way the other half lives. My sister, for instance. It looks terrific, but is that what I really want? Three kids, two cats and fifteen needlepoint pillows? I'd go bananas after one week. Hell, I need this crazy existence of mine.

(she lights one
cigarette from the
butt of the last)

Like I need the plague, right?
That's what you're thinking.

CLARK

(seriously)

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

LOIS

(dismissing the
thought)

There's no real proof that tobacco --

CLARK

(shakes his head)

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

NEW ANGLE -- She rises, grabs her reporter's notebook, starts toward the elevators.

LOIS

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

He catches up to her.

CLARK

Can I take you to the airport?

LOIS

Not unless you can fly.

CLARK

(fast)

Come again?

They have reached the elevators.

The elevator door opens. She enters.

92 CONTINUED: (3)

LOIS
(with a farewell
wave)

Up, up and away.

The elevator doors shut. HOLD ON Clark. A moment later, the other elevator stops and opens its doors. A man is in it. As Clark enters:

CLARK

Down?

The doors shut.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. ROOF OF THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING - NIGHT

A helicopter sits on a landing pad, its blades turning, its motor on. From the rooftop fire door exit, Lois emerges, bends down and runs in that position under the blades and into the chopper. The pilot helps her in. As she straps her safety belt on, the pilot starts the craft, which begins to rise.

Suddenly a great gust of wind spins the helicopter around. It slams into the tower with one pontoon hanging over the edge of the building -- this is the passenger (Lois) side.

CLOSER -- The jolt slams the pilot forward against the windshield, knocking him unconscious.

CUT TO:

94 TRACKING WITH CLARK

as he walks down the street, coming from the office. As he reaches the cross street -- WIDEN -- he sees a small crowd across the street that has gathered on the corner, looking up and pointing, excited. He looks up to see what they're looking at.

95 ANGLE UP - POV

The chopper in trouble on the roof.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. ROOF OF THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING - NIGHT

CLOSE on the chopper -- The pilot is out cold. Lois, frantic, sees her predicament and looks down her side.

97 HER POV

A sheer drop to the street.

98 ON THE CHOPPER

As she unbuckles her safety belt and tries to crawl over the pilot to the door on his side that will lead her to the rooftop and safety. The helicopter rocks back and forth violently.

WIDE SHOT -- The blade of the propeller jams against the exit door on the roof, blocking it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CLOSEUP - Clark Kent -- horrified at what he sees.

CLARK

Lois!

Then, with a look of determination on his face, he turns and pushes his way through the mob of people.

HIS POV -- On a corner, by an alley, is a phone booth, of the type that is glassed from about the shoulders up and solid panels below. It seems to be unoccupied.

ON CLARK -- He races to it. In one motion he pulls open the door and pushes in. As he does so:

FEMALE VOICE

Hey!

As he steps back, startled, PAN DOWN HIS POV -- a very LITTLE OLD LADY, already on the phone, regarding him furiously.

LITTLE OLD LADY

Find your own phone booth, sonny!

ON CLARK -- muttering to himself, he runs toward the alley.

100 EXT. ROOF OF DAILY PLANET - NIGHT

ON the chopper -- Lois starts to crawl over the pilot when, suddenly, the balance of the chopper shifts. It tilts the other way with a great lurch, throwing her door open and sending her flying out into space. As she goes, she screams and grabs the undone safety belt -- the only line she has.

OUTSIDE THE CHOPPER -- Lois dangles over the edge of the roof, hanging on for dear life.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clark races into an alley.

PANNING WITH him at SUPER-SPEED: Now, before our eyes, Clark Kent metamorphoses into Superman. The Clark Kent outfit and manner seem literally to vanish as the classic image of the heroic Superman in full costume materializes. As he races into an alley where this happens, a Super-Fly style BLACK PIMP in incredibly wild and garish pimp clothes comes out of a doorway just in time to see Superman in full regalia.

BLACK PIMP

(mightily impressed)

Hey, Jim! That outfit is bad-

SUPERMAN

(no time for small talk)

Excuse me.

And with a burst of energy, he rises from the ground and flies up into the sky. CAMERA ZOOMS WITH him as he soars to the heights.

ON THE PIMP -- watching him fly off.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

BLACK FIMP
(calling to the
departing
Superman)
Where you get them clothes,
baby? Who's your tailor?

CUT TO:

102 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ON THE CROWD -- watching Lois dangling from the helicopter,
when:

103 THEIR POV - SUPERMAN

appears flying toward the disabled helicopter.

FIRST VOICE
Look at that!

SECOND VOICE
It's a bird!

THIRD VOICE (Woman)
No, it's some kind of plane!

FIRST VOICE
Damned if I know, lady.

CUT TO:

104 CLOSER ON THE HELICOPTER

Lois dangling from the open cockpit hanging on by her safety belt. Slowly, carefully, she tries to pull herself into the cabin. Suddenly the helicopter slips and tilts even more precariously over the edge.

LOIS
(screaming)
Help!

PILOT
(frantically)
Don't move!

Lois freezes. Nevertheless the helicopter begins to slip forward, sliding closer and closer to the edge.

TIGHT ON LOIS -- as, from EDGE OF FRAME, we SEE Superman's mighty arm reach out and grab her around the waist. She is positioned so that her back is partly to Superman.

SUPERMAN
Easy now, miss, I've got you.

LOIS
(in a panic)
You've got me? Who's got you???

SUPERMAN
(firm)
Do as I say. Let go!

LOIS
(meaning it)
Oh, God! I'm going to die!

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

SUPERMAN
 (a warm chuckle)
 Not while I'm around you're not.
 C'mon...

She lets go. He grabs her tight.

WIDER ANGLE -- Holding Lois with one arm, Superman grabs the bottom of the helicopter with the other hand and lifts it clear of the building.

O.S. SOUND: A GASP from the street below.

PAN UPWARDS as Superman slowly lifts the helicopter and carries it to a flat, open area of the roof. First he sets Lois down and then he eases the helicopter on to the roof.

ON LOIS -- watching him, in a state of shock.

LOIS
 Who... Who...

SUPERMAN
 Let's just say I'm a friend.
 (motioning toward
 the helicopter)
 And watch yourself from now on
 with those things, okay?
 (grins)
 I mean, if the good Lord wanted
 people to fly he would have
 given them wings.

Then, from behind the jammed exit door, a furious POUNDING.

PERRY WHITE'S VOICE
 (from inside)
 Open this damn thing!

ON SUPERMAN -- As he hears Perry, he takes his cue to split. He leaps from the edge of the building, does a loop in the air, and flies away.

105 EXT. SKY OVER DAILY PLANET BUILDING - NIGHT

Superman starts to drift down from the roof to the alley, fully expecting to go back to being Clark Kent in a moment.

ON HIM as he floats down. Suddenly he frowns and looks sharply across the street.

106 HIS POV

ZOOM INTO an EXTREME TELEPHOTO SHOT as a BURGLAR emerges from a window in a large apartment house and steps out on to a ledge. He drops a fistful of glittering jewels into a bag tied at his waist, then positions suction cups already attached to his hands and knees. He begins slowly, laboriously, to ascend the side of the building, breathing hard and looking up with concentration.

CLOSEUP - BURGLAR -- Suddenly astounded. His face registers shock.

BURGLAR'S POV - Superman strolling down toward him, defying logic and gravity, coming from the top floor. He nods at the Burglar like one stroller acknowledging another pleasantly.

106 CONTINUED:

SIDE VIEW -- The Burglar, greatly unnerved, begins to crawl faster, frantically trying to get away. As a result, his suction cups don't stick firmly and he slips and falls from the building.

WIDE SHOT -- as Superman dives down and catches him. In one orchestrated movement, he swoops down and deposits the Burglar before PATROLMAN MOONEY who has been quietly walking his beat.

SUPERMAN
(thrusting the
dazed Burglar
toward the cop)
I think you two might have
something to talk about.

TWO SHOT -- The Burglar and Patrolman Mooney look at each other in disbelief at what just happened.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. SKY ABOVE METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Superman in mid-air again. Suddenly, exhilarated, literally high, he executes a complicated loop, feeling a kind of release, a physical joy in flying. As he comes out of his loop:

SOUND: the CROWD below is CHEERING.

Superman looks down, surprised in this private moment.

108 ON THE GROUND

The crowd that has formed is looking up at him, waving, pointing.

109 ON SUPERMAN

Seeing them, smiling and thrilled for a moment. Then suddenly he turns shy (the Kent training) and flies off abruptly.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

He lands in an alley. DOLLY IN CLOSER. He stands still a moment, leaning against the wall, his face reflecting all the emotions from exuberant joy to terrible embarrassment, his eyes closing for a moment as he tries to master the changes he is going through tonight, the trip he is so literally on. HOLD ON him like this, when:

SOUND: a CLUNKING, as something being set down on a steel floor.

His eyes open. His head turns.

HIS POV -- On the street off the alley, a GANG OF THUGS has pulled a truck up to the loading platform of a warehouse. Its tailgate is down. They are carrying television sets and other purloined appliances, out of the place and into the back of their truck, all in silence.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. WAREHOUSE LOADING PLATFORM - NIGHT

As they load up the stuff, one of the CROOKS on the platform picks up a lightweight carton labeled "Hair Dryer" and tosses it to his accomplice inside the truck, but a hand catches it mid-way before it gets there. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Superman holding the box.

SUPERMAN

Doing a little spring cleaning, boys?

FIRST CROOK

Who the -- ?

From behind him, another Crook creeps up, a crowbar raised.

FIRST CROOK

What kinda outfit is that, ya fruit?

The guy behind brings the crowbar crashing down on Superman's skull. An amazing result: as if he hit it against solid steel. It vibrates so terrifically in his hands that it damn near kills him. As he stands there shaking from it:

SUPERMAN

Bad vibrations, man.

He turns, fists clenched, and starts toward the others, who cower against the wall.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Superman reaches the end of an alley. As he saunters by, three kids, who do not even notice him behind them, are busily engaged in spray-painting graffiti on a blank wall.

ON THE KIDS -- As one of them raises his spray can with a great flourish and points it, we SEE suddenly on the wall (SPECIAL EFFECTS, BURNED IN WITH HEAT VISION) glowing for a moment, this legend: DO NOT WRITE ON WALLS.

The kids look at each other with terrified consternation even as the legend cools and abruptly fades, leaving a pristine wall. They drop their spray cans and run.

CUT TO:

113 INT. POLICE STATION HOUSE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- PATROLMAN MOONEY and the BURGLAR stand before the DESK SERGEANT. Another cynical OFFICER leans on the desk, amused.

DESK SERGEANT

Sure, Mooney. A big fella came flying down out of the sky.

BURGLAR

(still in shock)

He saved my life! He had a red cape.

DESK SERGEANT

(this gets better and better)

Red cape. Sure.

- 121 HIS POV, LOOKING DOWN AND WIDE: The East River looks like a postcard picture -- still, dark, vast, lights glittering across the water. Peaceful. Then, abruptly, a big customized Cadillac, with phone antennas and other distinguished marks, comes screeching at great speed right out onto one of the piers. This is all at a great distance from Superman. The Caddy stops on a dime at the edge of the pier.

CUT TO:

- 122 EXT. PIER - EAST RIVER - NIGHT

ON the Cadillac -- The front doors fly open and out pop two MAFIOSO types, big gorillas. They pull out a third HOOD. He is terrified, and he should be: his arms are tied and his feet are encased in a cement block. They drag him to the end of the pier.

VICTIM

(panic)

No! No!

FIRST MAFIOSO

(disgusted)

Listen to him. All he can do is squeal.

SECOND MAFIOSO

Tell it to the fish, squealer!

They push him off the dock.

FIRST MAFIOSO

So long, Chicken of the Sea!

ON the victim in the water, struggling desperately to cling to one post of the dock. He loses his grip on it. Flails around.

VICTIM

Helllllllllp!!!!!!

CUT TO:

- 123 EXT. SKY ABOVE THE RIVER - NIGHT

Superman hears the cry for help. Instantly he turns and flies toward it. FOLLOW him down.

CUT TO:

- 124 EXT. PIER AREA - NIGHT

As he arrives, the Cadillac is speeding away. He regards it with a suspicious look (and will remember it) but has no time to stop now. He lands at the end of the dock and looks down.

HIS POV: Still water.

CLOSEUP SUPERMAN (SPECIAL EFFECTS). He activates the X-ray vision; eyes dilate.

- 125 POV: An X-ray vision of the watery depths. Except that this is the East River so what we SEE is a lot of garbage and the victim sinking in it.

- 126 FULL SHOT -- Superman dives into the river. HOLD a beat. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

Then, in a mighty rush, up comes Superman, bearing the soggy Hood, not to mention an old boot, a blown-out inner tube and other charming items. PAN as he lands on the dock and sets the man down. The guy, with his cement base, bobbles back and forth like one of those children's toys that can be punched but never fall down. Anyway, he's alive, if in shock.

SOUND: A LOUD EXCHANGE of GUNFIRE, which, in the still night air, carries far down the river.

Superman looks up sharply.

HIS POV: Down river, something is happening.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. 79TH ST. BOAT BASIN - NIGHT

A police chase is coming to an end on the wharf. TWO MEN, pursued by a handful of police, are running down the wooden planks, FIRING as they go. They jump aboard a fueled and ready cabin cruiser. The police FIRE at the boat as it quickly pulls away from the dock and cuts out into the river.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

TWO SHOT: Superman quickly abandons the saved squealer and soars up over the river in the direction of the GUNFIRE. HOLD on the victim, still bobbling back and forth.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

The cabin cruiser maintaining a rapid speed as it heads downstream.

CUT TO:

130 INT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT

The Three Gangsters are shaking hands and laughing at their escape from the police. Suddenly the laughs stop. They stare ahead, their jaws dropping.

THEIR POV: Superman stands, arms crossed, on the prow of the ship.

CUT TO:

131 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - PLAZA FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

The well-heeled crowd as before: some familiar faces have left and many new ones have arrived. But the crowd is, if anything, larger than before. And, though they murmur to each other, they are all keeping eyes up, waiting for Superman to appear. All except Otis.

ON Otis: Sneakily emerging from the rear of the crowd. His pockets are bulging with loot, his wrist incongruously sports a large diamond bracelet, and his other hand is weighted with a Saks shopping bag. Whistling innocently, he skitters ferret-like, away from the crowd. As he does, we HEAR them suddenly "Ooooooh" in delight.

- 132 ON SUPERMAN -- flying over the crowd.
- 133 ON OTIS -- seizing the moment of distraction, he darts swiftly away from the area and down the nearest side street. FOLLOW.

CUT TO:

- 134 EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

Otis ducks into an alley. Suddenly he stops, dropping the shopping bag.

HIS POV: The other end of the alley. Superman stands there, legs planted firmly on the ground, one finger pointing in the "Uncle Sam Wants You" pose, directly at Otis.

SUPERMAN

And now... you.

He begins to walk TOWARD CAMERA. (OTIS)

CUT TO:

- 135 EXT. SLUM TENEMENT - NIGHT

FULL SHOT -- On the steps of a tenement stand about eight wary, very tough-looking hoods. Four are white -- bent nose "Godfather" types, with suspicious bulges in their pockets. Four are black, mean dudes with Afros and combs stuck in their hair. They are regarding each other warily, but mainly keeping a lookout on the street, protecting what is going on inside the building.

PAN UP the building TO the top (fourth) floor, and ZOOM IN TO window which is half-open.

CUT TO:

- 136 INT. TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT -- This room has been converted into a narcotics "factory." A large table in the center of the room is piled high with a great mountain of white powder. Heroin, and worth millions in street value. Scales and plastic baggies are on a nearby table, as FOUR CROOKS, two black and two white, get ready to start bagging the stuff.

In b.g. through the half-open window the night sky can be SEEN.

One CROOK steps to the table, touches his finger to the heroin, then licks it -- the classic bit.

CROOK

(approvingly)

Pure. A hundred percent pure.
By the time we cut this stuff, it
oughta be worth 20 million easy.

Suddenly, like a pinpoint gale wind, a tremendous gust of wind blows through the window and hits the heroin. As the white powder flies all around the room, it begins to look like a blizzard. The Four Crooks are yelling and screaming hysterically.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

150 EXT. ARCTIC CIRCLE - DAY

WIDE SHOT -- of the Fortress of Solitude.

CUT TO:

151 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

WIDE: Superman and Jor-El, who has materialised. Jor-El looks concerned, listening to Superman, who looks conflicted.

SUPERMAN

I don't know what to say.

(awkwardly)

Look, I -- I just --

JOR-EL

(quietly)

Enjoyed it?

SUPERMAN

(nods, ashamed, not

looking at him)

I guess I got -- carried away.

JOR-EL

(gravely)

My son, I foresaw this. I knew --

SUPERMAN

(impassioned)

No! You couldn't imagine --

JOR-EL

(cutting in gently)

-- How good it felt.

SUPERMAN

(dialogue practically

overlapping)

-- how good it felt!

He falls silent again, ashamed.

JOR-EL

... to feel yourself. Very well.

You are revealed to the world.

But still you must keep your

secret identity. First of all,

you will need it as an escape

valve. You cannot be special

twenty-eight hours a day --

SUPERMAN

Twenty-four.

JOR-EL

Or twenty-four as it is in

earth time. Furthermore, if you

will reveal yourself, your

enemies will have a way of

getting at you, attacking you

where you are vulnerable: by

hurting the people you care for.

(sadly)

Ah, this earth... this world you

live in, Kal-El...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOR-EL (CONT'D)
(suddenly a bit
impassioned)
Resist its temptations, its
rewards, especially its
political systems.

SUPERMAN
There are none of them any good,
anyway.

JOR-EL
And it is forbidden for you to
interfere with human history.
All you can do, Kal-El, even now
that you have... found yourself
... is help them to evolve. Set
an example. Show them they must
strive towards the light. And...
remember us...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

152 INT. CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

OPEN TIGHT on a TV screen (TV EFFECTS). As the NEWSCASTER
on the Evening News is talking. Throughout the following,
the TV screen ALTERNATES SHOTS of the Newscaster with
SHOTS of Superman in action: footage taken by TV crews
during Superman's recent day and night of crime-busting,
beginning with the rescuing of Lois and so on.

TV NEWSCASTER
Good evening. What kind of a day
was it? A day that saw what many
believe to be the most extraordinary
phenomenon of our time. Our news
film confirms eye-witness reports
of a caped figure, resembling a man,
who appeared flying in the sky over
Metropolis. Yes, I said flying.
In addition, sources close to the
Chief of Police report that this
creature, or man, or whatever it
is, is able to leap tall buildings
in a single bound, to run faster
than a speeding bullet, is more
powerful than a locomot... well,
it's just incredible, that's all.

At this point, BEGIN SLOW DOLLY BACK TO REVEAL that we are
in Clark Kent's modest apartment living room. The decor
is bland and unmemorable: a few clown prints or hunting
scenes on the wall, functional furniture and so on. Seated
in a lounge chair in front of the TV set, with his feet
propped up on a vinyl hassock, is Superman. As we first
SEE him, he is grinning at all the fuss -- rather pleased
with his new celebrity status. The effects of the ego trip
we saw earlier are still there. But as the news report
continues, he becomes gradually more and more thoughtful
and serious.

TV NEWSCASTER
White House comments are guarded
at present.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TV NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The President is said to be studying the matter, while sources close to the Senate Majority Leader are said to be investigating possible CIA links. As further accounts of this incident have poured in, speculation has arisen in some quarters that the whole thing may be some sort of fantastic hoax. Randolph Goss of the Richardson Foundation said, 'We ought to remember what Orson Welles did to the country with his "Men From Mars" thing before we go running around buying this one whole hog.'

By now Superman looks really distressed. He gets up -- CAMERA FOLLOWING -- and walks across the room to a mirror on the wall. He looks hard at himself, expressionless, as the TV continues O.S. MOVE IN TO VERY TIGHT CLOSEUP of Superman in mirror.

TV NEWSMAN

The Mayor of Chicago commented that it all seemed to be a publicity stunt designed to draw attention to Metropolis -- a city that has been having its share of financial and budgetary problems of late. Photo experts are presently examining the film you are now seeing. Their question is everybody's: true or false? Miracle or fraud?

At which point, CUT FROM THE CLOSEUP of the brooding Superman.

CUT TO:

153 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S SUBERRANEAN HIDEOUT - OFFICE - NIGHT

On the TV screen as we SEE the end of this same newscast.

TV NEWSCASTER

Man or myth? The answer is up to you.

REVERSE -- On a battered Otis, who sits glumly watching, Eve is putting his arm in a sling.

OTIS

Man.

WIDEN THE SHOT TO REVEAL Lex Luthor seated at his desk, watching the TV with a dark, worried, preoccupied expression. He is chewing Kleenex with great intensity. Albert stands nearby.

LUTHOR

I needed this. Y'know? I really needed this. Just when I'm nearing the fruition of my project, Big Bird flies into town. (histrionics) Go ahead! Kill me by inches! Put me on the agony rack!

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

EVE
You think he's for real?

LUTHOR
(ominously)
He's from another world.

REACTIONS: Eve and Albert, surprised.

LUTHOR
Is that real enough for you?

OTIS
(miserably)
It is for me.

LUTHOR
Y'know? I'm sure of it. Y'know?
And there's a strong streak of
goody-goody in him that is going
to blow this deal for me if I
don't do something about it.
(working himself
into a snit)
Something!

EVE
Why should he concern himself
with you?

CLOSEUP - LUTHOR

LUTHOR
(furious, insulted)
Why??? If you were the strongest,
most fantastic creature in the
world, who would you pit yourself
against? Me! Y'know? For the
challenge of it!

CUT TO:

154 INT. LOIS LANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSEUP - CLARK KENT

CLARK
It's ridiculous!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a lovely apartment in a modern high-rise building, with a balcony-terrace on the living room. Lots of books, modern art posters on the walls, etc. A desk with typewriter. Clark is seated on the sofa, Lois next to him, about two feet of space between them.

LOIS
I'm telling you, I was there!

CLARK
You probably were so scared you
didn't look to see what the trick
was.

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.

LOIS
Clark Kent, if you had only seen
it the way I did, you --

CLARK
Wires.

LOIS
What?

CLARK
It was done with wires. They
must have rigged him like they
do with Peter Pan shows.

LOIS
There weren't any wires. I
looked.

CLARK
Mirrors, then. It's done with
mirrors.

LOIS
He grabbed me! He held me! He
set me down gently! How could
that be done with mirrors?

CLARK
Look, there was probably a
trampoline on the roof somewhere
and this Joker just took a big
bounce.

LOIS
Why would he do that? How
would he know I was going to
suddenly slip?

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

LOIS
(studies him)
You're just jealous.

CLARK
Jealous? Of what?

LOIS
Of this... this Superman.

CLOSEUP CLARK -- as he hears that name for the first
time.

CLARK
What'd you call him?

LOIS (O.S.)
Superman.
(pleased with it)
Pretty good name for him,
isn't it?

BACK TO TWO SHOT

CLARK
Is that what they're calling him?

LOIS
They will once I hang it on him
in tomorrow's edition.

CLARK
(mulling it over)
Super... man. Hmmm...

LOIS
(she gives him an arch
look)
It isn't that I still don't like
you, Clark. It's just that...
well, once you've had something
like that happen to you, it kind
of changes a girl.
(she rises)
I'm going to make some coffee.
You want some?

CLARK
(disheartened)
No. Thanks.

PAN with Lois as she walks across to the door that opens
to the kitchen.

LOIS
I know, I know, I sound like a
starstruck kid and I've only said
three words to the man.

She enters the kitchen; the door swings shut behind her.

HOLD in living room, PANNING BACK to Clark.

LOIS (O.S.)
'Help' and 'Thank you.' That's
not much of a basis for a
meaningful relationship, is it?
Anyway, for all I know he's got
a wife and kids on some other
planet. The whole thing sounds
unrealistic, I know that. So I
called this guy that's married
to a girl I went to college with.
He's a shrink. I mean, I'll try
anything once. So I made an
appointment and went to see him...

As she is talking, Clark walks out on the terrace.

CUT TO:

155 EXT. TERRACE - DAY

Suddenly he cocks his head sharply: his super-hearing has
picked up something. ZOOM to a rooftop across the street
which is covered with TV aerials. The super-hearing picks
the announcement coming over the airwaves. AS THIS broad-
cast continues to be HEARD ON SOUND TRACK, INTERCUT THE
FOLLOWING SHOTS:

156 1. Clark listening, disturbed. Looking down the block.

- 157 2. ZOOM three blocks to window of an apartment building, a family group runs from all parts of the apartment to see this bulletin on their television set (Mom in her apron running in from kitchen, Son in undershirt with shaving cream on his face running in from the bathroom, etc., etc.)
- 158 3. Another ZOOM from Clark's POV: the street below, where a bunch of cab drivers have abandoned their cabs and are clustered around one of their number who sits on his fender holding a portable RADIO.
- 159 4. Another ZOOM from Clark's POV: A teenager on the street, bopping along to unheard music he hears in one of those headphone radios that make people look like Martians, suddenly stops, jaw agape, as he hears the bulletin.

Throughout, he hears the following:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(from RADIO)

We interrupt this program to bring you a bulletin. Moments ago, a tape recording was left at Station W.M.E.T. Police Chief James Vitucci, who listened to it immediately, has put the police on emergency alert and warned citizens to remain in their homes in the downtown area. Here is the recording:

A moment later:

LUTHOR'S VOICE

(from RADIO)

A challenge to this...

(scornfully)

... flying person. At Twelfth and Main there is a furniture warehouse. Somewhere inside there is a pellet filled with a protane lithium compound. In exactly fifteen minutes it will automatically drop into a beaker of acid. Approximately twenty-two seconds later a poison gas will be released that will annihilate everyone within a forty block radius. I would remind Mr. Do-Gooder that within this area is one of the city's largest hospitals. I would remind the gentlemen of Metropolis' Finest that the entire warehouse has been outfitted with various anti-personnel devices or booby traps as you boobies call them, which will render any police action ineffective to say the least...

(small chuckle)

Y'know? Y'know?

(change in tone)

We have fifteen minutes to find out if you are what you claim to be or if we have been the victims of mass hysteria.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Police and firemen have cordoned off the warehouse and every effort is being made to evacuate people

160 ON CLARK -- a look of determination on his face, he starts to metamorphose into Superman.

LOIS (O.S.)
(still talking from the kitchen)
... and he said, 'Maybe the man's a father figure.' So I said, 'Look, may pop's a swell guy, but he doesn't go flying around town in a red cape...'

Clark's blue serge suit, tie and shirt disappear, leaving him in his Superman costume. The transformation is not quite complete however, because he still has on his glasses, when:

ON THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN -- as it swings open and Lois comes out. She spots Superman, freezes. There is a beat of silence.

ON SUPERMAN -- Nervous. How to explain.

CLOSE ON LOIS

LOIS
Oh, Clark.
(she suppresses a giggle)
You dear, sweet man. That silly costume must have cost you a fortune.

Suddenly we realize that Superman's disguise is, in fact, perfect: that Lois cannot believe Clark Kent and Superman are one and the same.

SUPERMAN
(speechless)
I... I...

WIDE SHOT -- as Lois crosses to him.

LOIS
I'm sorry for laughing, Clark.
I'm very touched you went to all that trouble to impress me, but...
(she starts to laugh again)
I'm sorry. It's just that you look so...

Lois turns away because she can't control her laughter.

LOIS
I'm sorry, Clark. But I mean it's just not you. I'm very touched --

She explodes with laughter and dashes into the kitchen in order to spare him.

ON SUPERMAN -- He glances in a mirror, shrugs.

SUPERMAN
(wryly)
Maybe it needs a tuck in the waist.

He jumps on the balcony railing and flies off. HOLD for a beat, then Lois, having regained her composure, comes back out of the kitchen.

160 CONTINUED:

She looks around, but Clark is nowhere in sight.

LOIS
(calling out)
Clark, I... Clark?
(to herself)
Oh, now I've gone and hurt his
feelings.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- The entire area has been cordoned off, dozens of fire trucks and police cars are drawn up. The warehouse itself is floodlit. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN to the main entrance where a number of men from the bomb squad stand, strapping on their protective gear, we HEAR:

O.S. SOUND: a WHOOSHING NOISE.

A moment later Superman lands directly in front of the warehouse and waves the police back. He turns to the door, looks at it a moment.

CUT TO:

162 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S SUBTERRANEAN MONITOR BOARD

Otis, Albert and Eve stand by a bank of TV monitors set up on a walkway in the bowels of the Metropolis sewers. Below them, the brackish canal. Luthor is coming down the walkway toward them, when Otis sees Superman on one of the monitors, standing by the warehouse door.

OTIS
He's there.

Luthor scurries over to look.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Superman opens the door -- a heavy metal one. Suddenly there is a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION (a lot of flames and smoke) directly in front of Superman's chest. HOLD for a beat as the SCREEN IS FILLED with smoke.

ON THE BOMB SQUAD -- Behind Superman, the blast has knocked them on their ass. They run for cover behind police cars.

ON THE DOOR -- As the smoke clears, we SEE that the explosion didn't even slow Superman down. He tears apart what's left of the massive door as though it were tinfoil and steps inside.

CUT TO:

164 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S SUBTERRANEAN MONITOR BOARD

Luthor is now seated at a console of buttons in front of the monitors, scowling. Two of the monitors show the exploded door simultaneously from both sides of the warehouse doorway.

LUTHOR
Nuts. He made it.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

EVE
(impressed)
Tough guy, huh?

As Luthor snarls, Eve checks one item off her clipboard.

CUT TO:

165 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ON SUPERMAN -- as he flings the door aside, steps into the first chamber and looks around.

HIS POV: A room decorated to look exactly like a tacky living room: a sofa with gold threads in the fabric, a free form coffee table, reproductions of woodland scenes on the wall.

CUT TO:

166 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S SUBTERRANEAN MONITOR BOARD - NIGHT

ON Luthor, Eve and Albert watching the monitors intently.

EVE
Bet he makes it.

LUTHOR
You're on.

And with that he presses a small red button on the control board.

167 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- as a door slams shut behind Superman, blocking off his exit.

CLOSER IN -- as a panel in the wall slides open and a machine gun barrel protrudes. The CAMERA WHIP PANS AROUND the room as a number of other panels slide open and the same thing happens.

All of them begin FIRING at once -- a DEAFENING BARRAGE of BULLETS.

ON SUPERMAN -- as the bullets strike him and bounce off. He strides through the HAIL of FLYING METAL to the door at the other end of the room.

CUT TO:

168 INT. LUTHOR'S MONITOR BOARD - NIGHT

LUTHOR
(very annoyed)
Shut up.

EVE
I didn't say a word.

Luthor presses another button.

CUT TO:

169 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Superman enters a second room, decorated in rattan lawn and patio furniture. Suddenly thousands of gas jets are turned on.

169 CONTINUED:

Flames come shooting out of each of them. In an instant, the room becomes a furnace: the furniture ignites instantly and there are flames everywhere. Superman simply walks right through the wall of fire, unscathed, and starts toward the door of the third room.

170 INT. LUTHOR'S TV MONITOR BOARD - NIGHT

Luthor sits with his head in his hands. The others watch the monitors, astonished.

LUTHOR

Damn!

(raises eyes, puts a
finger on a button)

This will get him.

EVE

Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen.

He presses the button.

CUT TO:

171 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- As Superman enters the third room. After about three steps he disappears from view, in the middle of an incredible blizzard.

CUT TO:

172 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S MONITOR BOARD - NIGHT

ON LEX -- watching the television monitor which is nothing but snow.

LUTHOR

(to Eve,

What's the temperature now?

EVE

(checking a gauge)

Fifty degrees below and still falling.

LUTHOR

When it gets to seventy-five below, stabilize it.

173 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- as the blizzard stops and the air slowly clears. Standing in the middle of the room is a large, amorphous mound of ice and snow. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO A CLOSEUP and a thin crack appears running down the center of the shape. A moment later, it breaks open to reveal Superman, unharmed, as he steps out of the shell of ice.

CUT TO:

174 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S MONITOR BOARD - NIGHT

Luthor pops a Kleenex in his mouth -- maybe two -- and chews in rage.

CUT TO:

175 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT as Superman comes through the door into a third room.

HIS POV: across a large, open area is a metal vial, hanging over it, suspended by a thin cord is the capsule filled with the poison gas and, surrounding the whole affair is a wire mesh fence. A clock on the wall indicates that there are less than eight seconds left.

CUT TO:

176 INT. LUTHOR'S MONITOR BOARD - NIGHT

ON LUTHOR -- He leans forward, eagerly watching the monitor screen. His hand is on one of the dials. He twists it slowly toward the danger level.

CUT TO:

177 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ON SUPERMAN -- He crosses to the fence, studies it for a moment.

SOUND EFFECT: A FAINT HUMMING.

CLOSER ON SUPERMAN'S HANDS -- as he reaches toward the wire fence, grips it. SPECIAL EFFECT: sparks, bolts of lightning come shooting out of the fence which is charged with electricity. Nevertheless, he rips the fence apart.

ON THE CORD HOLDING THE CAPSULE -- Suddenly it gives way.

ON SUPERMAN -- with super-speed he reaches out, grabs the capsule just before it drops into the vial of acid. Superman pops it into his mouth and swallows it. He looks around, a worried expression on his face; then spots the vial of acid and drinks it down as a chaser. He looks around and burps discreetly.

CUT TO:

178 INT. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

FULL SHOT: Perry is at his desk, the front of Lois' coverage of Superman's big poison gas warehouse adventure out in front of him. Ranged around the other end of the desk are about nine reporters, among them Lois and Clark.

PERRY

Now look. We're sitting on top of the story of the century. So we got lucky. But in the newspaper business, luck is a one-shot. We're on top today, but we've got to work to stay here. I want the name Superman and The Daily Planet to go together like bacon and eggs.

CLARK

I don't think he'll lend himself to any cheap promotions.

PERRY

Who's talking about cheap? I'm talking about an exclusive interview.

CLOSEUP LOIS -- very interested. PAN to other reporters, listening.

PERRY

If one of you can get that -- I mean, I want the real Superman. Who is he? Where's he from? What's his favorite ball team? What's up?

LOIS

He is. Usually.

PERRY

(his parting shot)

Whoever comes up with that will make Woodward and Bernstein look like Abbot and Costello.

The reporters file out, and we FOLLOW, STAYING TIGHT on Clark and Lois.

LOIS

(intensely)

Oh, what a chance! If I could just -- get to him.

CLARK

(a smile as he gestures to other reporters)

You're not the only one.

LOIS

(serious)

Yes, but I'm the only one who knows him. I -- I really like the guy. And he likes me.

(a bit unsure)

I think. I mean, I could talk to him, you know? And he could talk to me.

(wistfully)

Anytime...

CLOSEUP CLARK KENT

179 EXT. METROPOLIS SKY - NIGHT

We are ON the sky, a full bright moon, a few clouds drifting slowly towards it but still some distance away. Suddenly, amazingly, the clouds speed up, zipping towards the moon.

PULL BACK a bit to SEE Superman in the sky blowing the clouds. He stops (and the clouds stop) when they are covering the moon.

CUT TO:

180 EXT. LOIS LANE'S TERRACE - NIGHT

As Lois steps from her living room onto the dark terrace, watering can in hand. WIDE SHOT of the terrace as she begins to water a flower box.

LOIS

(to herself as she sprinkles the flowers)

With my luck, now it'll rain.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

SUPERMAN (O.S.)

Not a chance. It's too nice a night.

Startled she spins around. There, hidden in the shadows, his features almost obscured by the darkness, but his form illuminated enough to present itself, is Superman.

LOIS

(incredulously)

Superman???

SUPERMAN

Right on the first guess.

LOIS

Wha'... what are you doing here?

SUPERMAN

I came to talk to you.

LOIS

The answer is yes. Now what's the question.

SUPERMAN

There's been a lot of confusion in the media about who I am and what I'm up to and all that. I'd like to set the record straight. With your help.

LOIS

(thrilled, but trying to be cool)

This is incredible. I was just sitting here trying to figure out how to contact you. I mean, you don't have an answering service, right?

SUPERMAN

(with a grin)

Unlisted number. Shall we proceed?

LOIS

I'll just need my notebook. And some light.

TRACK with Lois as she goes to a hanging terrace lamp with a dangling cord. She pulls the cord and the light begins to come on -- a weak flicker -- and instantly goes out.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING SUPERMAN who is doing what children should never do: his finger is in the outside electric socket, a few sparks flying out. Lois, looking at the lamp in dismay, doesn't notice.

LOIS

Well... flashlight?

SUPERMAN

I think you'll be able to remember it. I doubt you'll misquote me.

LOIS

If I do, you can punish me.

(MORE)

180 CONTINUED: (2)

LOIS (CONT'D)

Fly me to Bermuda and just leave
me there for two weeks.

(she sits down on
a lounge)

This is fantastic! I wish Clark
were here.

SUPERMAN

Who's Clark? One of your
colleagues?

LOIS

(off-handedly)

Not exactly. He's kind of a
rewrite man. Actually, he's a
bit dull, if you know what I
mean.

CLOSEUP SUPERMAN -- a bit offended.

SUPERMAN

I'm sure he's nice, though.

ON LOIS -- craning to see him. She takes a cigarette from her pocket.

LOIS

(sly)

Oh, I've got to get some matches.

(explaining)

My cigarette.

SUPERMAN

I'd appreciate it if you
didn't smoke.

LOIS

Oh.

(pause)

Well, where do we start?

SUPERMAN

Ask. You're the girl reporter.

LOIS

(a quick grin)

Okay. Let's start with these
strange powers of yours.

SUPERMAN

You think they're strange.

LOIS

I didn't mean that in any
pejorative way.

SUPERMAN

(granting the point)

I guess they are a little odd.

LOIS

Well, I mean it's not everybody
that can deliver an air mail
letter without putting a stamp
on it.

SUPERMAN

(straight)

I think so. It's against

180 CONTINUED: (3)

Oh. LOIS

SUPERMAN
The reason I can fly is because
my molecular structure is so
constituted that I have a lighter
density under earth's gravitational
force.

LOIS
It must feel great.

SUPERMAN
It's not bad.

LOIS
How old are you?

SUPERMAN
Thirty-five.

LOIS
How much do you weigh?

SUPERMAN
195 pounds.

LOIS
What about this X-Ray vision
of yours?

SUPERMAN
What about it?

LOIS
Can you really see through
anything?

SUPERMAN
Uh-huh.

LOIS
Is it true you're impervious
to pain?

SUPERMAN
Yes. Although I can get a
headache just like anyone.

LOIS
Do bullets really bounce off
you?

SUPERMAN
Only when somebody shoots them
at me.

With absolutely no change in tone, looking down and asking
this as if it were just another one of the questions:

LOIS
What color underwear am I wearing?

SUPERMAN
Pink.

If that flustered her, she doesn't let on except for per-
haps a quick, wild fluttering of the eyes.

180 CONTINUED: (4)

LOIS

Can you actually fly faster than
the speed of sound?

SUPERMAN

Sure.

LOIS

Do you like pink?

SUPERMAN

Very much.

LOIS

(deep breath; still
doesn't look up)
Where do you hail from?

SUPERMAN

Well, I was born on a planet your
scientists don't know too much
about. It's in the Keno Galaxy.
Or it was. It was called Krypton.
That's K-R-Y-P...

CUT TO:

181 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S SUBTERRANEAN OFFICE - DAY

OPEN ON INSERT of front page of the "Daily Planet" banner-
ing: "THE REAL SUPERMAN: AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY LOIS
LANE."

PULL BACK to a wildly excited Lex Luthor, at his desk, read-
ing the interview.

LUTHOR

Krypton!

EVE

Krypton? The place where Superman
comes from?

FAVORING LUTHOR: He gets up from his desk and begins walk-
ing out of the room. His very manner, not to mention his
beckoning gesture, cause his three cronies to follow him.

LUTHOR

(quietly, in a
patronising tone)
Some people can read 'War and Peace'
and come away thinking it was a
simple adventure story. Other
people can read the ingredients
on a chewing gum wrapper and come
away with the secret of the
universe.

(pops a Kleenex in
his mouth; chewing)
Y'know?

EVE

(insulted)
I read the article.

LUTHOR

(smarmy)
Exactly, Miss Teschmacher.

By now they are out of the room and on-

182 EXT. LUTHOR'S LIBRARY

WIDE SHOT: A massive set of iron staircase and platforms leading into further depths. All around, crammed into every nook and cranny, are books and publications, many dusty with age, all categorised by subject matter, alphabetical order and Dewey Decimal System, many of them purloined from the Metropolis Public Library.

Lex starts down the clanging iron stairs, talking as he goes.

The others straggle behind on varying levels, less anxious to follow him down because sooner or later they will then have to make the long climb back up.

EVE

He left Krypton when he was a baby just before the planet exploded.

She smiles triumphantly as if to say "So there!"

EVE

See?

LUTHOR

See? I see. It's you who don't see. Doesn't see. I cannot believe it! How you people fail to grasp the long-range significance of this! Y'know?

EVE

(miffed)

I'm going to bed.

LUTHER

(screams)

Stay and listen!

(calmer)

Besides, it's twelve in the afternoon. This is no time to go to bed.

CLOSEUP - EVE

EVE

(muttering)

Mr. Romance...

LUTHER

(very "up" about something)

Deductive reasoning, my friends! That's the name of the game. What does it say here?

He brandishes the newspaper interview.

LUTHOR

That the planet Krypton blew up on May 23, 1937. That the rocket ship with the revolting little freak in it took three years to reach earth. Ergo?

ALBERT

He's thirty-five years old.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR

You're a great architect, Albert.

ALBERT

Thank you.

LUTHOR

Otherwise, you're a Mongoloid idiot.

(to all)

It's reasonable to assume that fragments of the planet were shot out into space by the force of the explosion, and --

He pulls a slide-rule from his pocket and does some quick calculation.

LUTHOR

-- Given the location of the galaxy he mentions, and --

(more slide-rule business)

-- the proximity to our solar system --

(more slide-rule)

-- some of that debris must have landed on earth.

By now Luthor has reached one of the bottom levels; the others catching up somewhat.

TRACK as he heads for the book shelves labeled "PERIODICALS A-N."

EVE

Meteorites!

LUTHOR

Bingo!

He walks to a particularly dusty shelf stacked high with old copies of "National Geographic Magazine," darts his hand out suddenly and yanks one particular copy out, quickly flips it open to a certain page. A wide grin on his face.

LUTHOR

Et voila!

He flips it around to show them.

TIGHT INSERT ON THE PAGE: It 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 Which Landed Near Addis Ababa since 1940."

REVERSE on the group as Luthor puts the magazine back on the shelf and strokes the spines of the magazines nostalgically.

LUTHOR

Ahh, 'National Geographic.' In my day, this made 'Playboy' look like Mother Goose.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

EVE

I don't mean to denigrate your misspent youth, Lex, but what does that rock have to do with --

LUTHOR

Tune me in, lady. An explosion such as the one Superman describes would have altered the molecular structure of the Krypton rock.

EVE

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

LUTHOR

No, you're going to get kissed.

He gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

LUTHOR

To us it's just a meteorite.
But --

He begins the long trek up the staircase.

The others follow at intervals and with considerably less energy, so that the following is played with Luthor talking back over his shoulder or calling down to them as he climbs:

LUTHOR

(going on)

But, to someone from the planet Krypton, this substance would be lethal because of its high level of radioactivity. Kryptonite! Ah, Kryptonite! That's the stuff!

OTIS

(below there
somewhere)

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

LUTHOR

(gleeful)

Will kill him! And I'm going to have a piece of the rock! Miss Teschmacher, pack your --

EVE

(resigned)

Yes, I know.

(to herself; a
woman's dilemma)

I wonder what they're wearing in Addis Ababa?

CUT TO:

183 EXT. STREET IN ADDIS ABABA - MORNING

WIDE SHOT -- a dusty, badly deserted street in a small town in East Africa. THREE GARDENER-SERVANTS are slowly sweeping around the front of a miserable-looking one-story building. A sign over the entrance reads "ADDIS ABABA MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY." Riding INTO FRAME on a bicycle is a MAN in a cheaply-cut conservative western-style suit -- the perfect petty bureaucrat. A ratty looking briefcase and a transistor RADIO PLAYING weird AFRICAN MUSIC are in the basket of his bike. As he comes to an unsteady stop, the three menials spring to action, helping him dismount, wheeling away his bike; all this with great ceremony, as if the king had just come back from the hunt. The Man extracts a big ring of keys from his pocket and unlocks the Museum door, steps inside.

184 INT. BUILDING - DAY

ON THE ATTENDANT -- as he kicks a rock against the door to hold it open. That done, the CAMERA PANS with him as he crosses the Museum; which consists of one room with four or five glass cases filled with rocks, a stuffed alligator and a few swords and spears mounted on the wall. He sits down at a desk, props his feet on the top and promptly falls sound asleep. HOLD for a beat as we HEAR:

O.S. SOUND: a CAR APPROACHING.

The CAMERA PANS across to a window -- and we SEE a Land Rover pull to a stop in front of the Museum. The door opens and Lex Luthor, followed by Eve, Albert and Otis, gets out. Luthor wears a pith helmet.

CUT TO:

185 EXT. STREET - DAY

ON LUTHOR -- looking around, filled with enthusiasm.

LUTHOR

Ah! The wonders of travel! The glories of past civilisations!

ON EVE -- not thrilled to be here at all.

EVE

There speaks a man who lives in a sewer.

CROSS-CUTTING between them.

LUTHOR

Breathe that air, Miss Teschmacher.

EVE

(with a look)

I will as soon as I get the sand out of my nose.

TRACK with them as they start toward the Museum.

LUTHOR

Well, gents? What did I tell you? It's a piece of cake.

OTIS

It's a Twinkie, boss.

CUT TO:

186 INT. MUSEUM - DAY

ON THE DOOR -- as they enter, look around. Lex Luthor spots the glass cases and crosses to them quickly, quietly.

HIS POV: TRACKING down the row of cases filled with various rocks and minerals from the area. Suddenly the CAMERA COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT on one of the cases. One of the rocks inside is missing. ZOOM IN TO A CLOSEUP on the space where the missing rock had been. We can READ the small card below the empty space. "Meteorite that landed in Addis Ababa in June 1940."

CLOSE ON LUTHOR -- glowering.

LUTHOR

They're killing me by inches!
(to the sky)

Go ahead! Make me suffer! Milk
me dry!

OTIS

(trying to be helpful)
Maybe it's being polished or
something. Maybe they're
cleaning it.

LUTHOR

(in disbelief)
Cleaning a rock, Otis?

(to Eve)
Jot it down. As soon as we're
back he feeds the pets.

OTIS

(aghast)
Oh, Mr. Luthor...

ON LUTHOR -- He nods toward the sleeping attendant.

LUTHOR

All right, we'll ask him.

PAN with him as he approaches the guard, taps him on the shoulder.

LUTHOR

Uh... excuse me...

The Man continues snoring.

LUTHOR

(to the others)
Obviously a drunk. Why am I
surrounded by the dregs of human --

Suddenly he catches sight of something O.S. and his attitude changes abruptly. The CAMERA TRACKS with him as he crosses back toward the entrance to the Museum.

LUTHOR

(singing softly to
himself)
It's a most unusual day!
I can throw all my troubles away!
La de da da...

CONTINUE TRACKING with him as the rest of the group catch up. It is clear from their attitude that they find Luthor's euphoria even more unsettling than his anger.

(CONTINUED)

EVE

(nervous)

You're happy, aren't you?

LUTHOR

(he ignores her,
continues singing)

La de da da...

EVE

You're not going to tell us why
you're happy, are you?

By now Luthor has reached the entrance. He bends down, picks up the rock that the guard has used to hold the door open. Now that we SEE it more closely, we NOTE that it has the same odd wedge shape and green color as the rock in the photograph in National Geographic.

CLOSER ON LUTHOR -- as he holds the rock out for all of them to see.

LUTHOR

The door jamb, Miss Teschmacher. This Ethiopian shmendrick here, in his simple, unconscious way, needed something to wedge the door open, the better to inhale the flies that form such an important part of his diet. So he grabs something from the table...

EVE (O.S.)

We just take it?

LUTHOR

(archly)

What do you suggest, my dear?

ON EVE

EVE

(reasonable)

The least we can do is leave him another door jamb.

ON LUTHOR -- giving her a filthy look.

LUTHOR

How about your nose, Miss Teschmacher?

And he turns and stalks out the door.

CUT TO:

187 EXT. VESUVIUS - NIGHT

LONG SHOT -- A volcano in the first stages of eruption, and very spectacular it is. Flames shoot up against the night sky, illuminating the landscape. Sparks rise like fireworks, and in the flickering light, we SEE SHEPHERDS and PEASANTS still fleeing down the adjoining hills. A RUMBLING SOUND emanates from the volcano and suddenly what appears to be black, bubbling lava starts to flow down the south side of the volcano.

188 SUPERMAN flies INTO FRAME, soaring down from the sky, circling the mighty volcano, looking for anyone who needs rescuing.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

His circles bring him closer and closer to the rim. As he approaches, there is a sudden burst of incredible EFFECTS: higher flames, rocks shooting out, billowing smoke, a mighty ROAR from the depths, as if the volcano were giving its all.

CLOSE IN as Superman zooms straight down and lands on the rim of the crater. Poised on the precipice, he draws a deep breath and leans forward and down as if to blow out the volcano like a birthday candle. ZOOM IN TO CLOSEUP of Superman: suddenly he stops, staring down, transfixed by what he sees.

SUPERMAN
(consternation,
puzzlement)
What the -- ?

189 HIS POV: Way down in the bottom of the crater FOUR HUMAN FIGURES can be SEEN scurrying around a bunch of machines; the volcano is not in eruption at all.

190 ON SUPERMAN -- He takes off in a beautiful dive and zooms down into the crater.

CUT TO:

191 INT. VOLCANO - NIGHT

FULL SHOT -- In the base of the crater a number of strange activities are being orchestrated from a control panel. Eve, Otis and Albert are doing the work; Luthor is conducting, dressed in riding pants and beret, like an old-style Hollywood director.

A steel scaffolding supports smoke pots, fire machines, fireworks and launches. Pumps drive simulated lava up hosepipes. Catapults hurl rocks and debris in the conflagration above. Oscillators and LOUDSPEAKERS put the finishing touches to the effect that Vesuvius is actually erupting.

Superman lands in the middle of all this; Lex Luther is beside himself with pleasure.

LUTHOR
Ah! The guest of honor at last!
And about time, too!

ALBERT
(turning, explaining)
We're running out of smoke.

SUPERMAN
(outraged as he looks
around)
What is this??!

LUTHOR
(proudly)
Makes Cecil B. DeMille look like
the Senior Class play, right?

ALTERNATE MED. CLOSEUPS

SUPERMAN
But... why?

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR

How else was I to get to you,
 Superman? I knew you'd never
 accept an invitation to tea,
 y'know. But a disaster with
 people in danger who need help --
 (frowning)

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

SUPERMAN

(staring at him)

That voice... the tape... the
 warehouse --

LUTHOR

Ah, yes, another Lex Luthor
 production. Low budget.

(gesturing
 grandiosely)

But this one is a blockbuster!
 Y'know?

NEW ANGLE -- He whirls suddenly on the gang at the control
 board, shouting like a temperamental director.

LUTHOR

Down with the rumbling! Silenzio!
 And enough with the smoke!

ALBERT

(tentatively;
 something is
 troubling him)

But Mr. Luthor --

SUPERMAN

Are you telling me --
 (incredulous, furious)
 -- All those people out there,
 fleeing their homes, scared to
 death, the whole world hanging
 by a hair and you're just
 making --

LUTHOR

Making a disaster, Superman.
 (big smile)
 And you've been chosen for the
 leading role.

As Superman advances on him menacingly, Luthor talks faster:

LUTHOR

Don't worry, don't get nervous.
 You can do it, kid. I have
 faith in you. All you'll need
 in one thing.
 (screams at Eve)
 Props!

Superman is almost on top of him now, bristling in
 righteous indignation.

LUTHOR

(screaming)

Props!

ON EVE -- who has trouble standing on one leg, a temporary prop

191 CONTINUED: (2)

She comes up with something, she passes to Luthor even as Superman is about to grab him. It is, of course, the chunk of green Kryptonite.

NEW ANGLE -- LUTHOR spins around and holds the Kryptonite up to Superman's face.

LUTHOR
(in triumph)
Recognise it, Superman? A little
souvenir from your home town.

The effect is devastating. Superman reels back as if struck by a powerful blow. Staggering, weakening, he begins to writhe in agony, clutching his gut.

LUTHOR
(advancing, holding
the rock out,
delighted)
We've spared no expense, no
trouble, to make you feel at
home. Kryptonite!

FAVORING SUPERMAN -- as he falls to his knees in agony, losing strength.

SUPERMAN
No... no... getting weak... the
pain... stop the pain...

He writhes on the ground. Luthor moves INTO FRAME, standing over the fallen Superman. Only Luthor's legs are SEEN, standing defiantly apart, as Superman twists and turns.

LUTHOR (O.S.)
(mocking)
Tsk, tsk, what a ham. Don't chew
the scenery, Superman.

He drops the Kryptonite on Superman's chest.

LUTHOR
(eyes wild in his
moment of triumph)
Still, it's the best show I've
seen! So here's your Oscar!

Superman is quieter now, almost delirious.

PAN UP TO MED. CLOSEUP of Luthor.

LUTHOR
Actually I deserve one.

FULL SHOT -- LUTHOR plants a foot on Superman, near the Kryptonite that rests like a weight on his chest.

LUTHOR
(declaiming)
Superman, can you still hear me?
Listen. Don't feel bad. Y'know?
You were great in your day. Tops
in your class.

SOUND: The continuous RUMBLING is getting LOUDER.

LUTHOR
Hold it down!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (3)

LUTHOR (CONT'D)

I can't hear myself think!
 (to Superman)
 Superman, what can I tell ya?
 You met your match, y'know?
 It's only fitting that when
 the time came to cash in your
 chips, Lex Luthor was the banker.
 (coughs from the
 still rising smoke,
 to himself, amazed)
 Tears! There are tears in my eyes!
 (to Albert)
 Cut that smoke or there'll be
 tears in yours!

ON ALBERT -- very troubled.

ALBERT

But Mr. Luthor, sir, I already --

ON LUTHOR

LUTHOR

And stop interrupting. This is
 the big scene.
 (to Superman)
 Your finest hour! You rose to
 the challenge, baby! And you
 lost. That's the best part!

Suddenly, a violent TREMBLING in the volcano. Rocks start-
 ing to bounce around.

LUTHOR

Hey! I said enough with the
 sound effects, Otis!

ON OTIS: confused. He 'sn't doing anything.

ON LUTHOR

LUTHOR

(confidentially,
 to Superman)
 He's new to the technical
 department. All this, y'know,
 is just a preview of coming
 attractions. In a way it's a
 pity you won't be around to see
 my next production --
 (his hand traces it
 like a giant movie
 title)
 -- 'The Crime of the Century!'
 Well, it'd be above your head
 anyway. So y'see, Superman,
 there's nothing shameful about
 losing to me. It was a battle
 of titans. The best against the --

A fit of coughing seizes as a cloud of smoke drifts across
 his face -- through it, in a rage:

LUTHOR

Smoke?? Again with the --

As the cloud passes, a strange, suspicious look comes into
 his eyes.

LUTHOR

-- Smoke... rumbling...

EFFECTS: The RUMBLE is indeed INCREASING, and now lava slowly begins to bubble up in the pit. Luthor looks at it and nods, his suspicions confirmed.

LUTHOR

... Lava... Goodbye!!

And Lex Luthor turns and runs like a comet (PAN OVER) out of the crater to a tunnel entrance in the side of the volcano (the way he got in). The tunnel is cut through the rock and leads to the outside.

As fast as he split, so do Albert and Otis, both gibbering in panic, both right behind their boss.

WIDE SHOT -- SUPERMAN lies there, barely moving. Eve, grabbing her purse, leaps up from the console as she sees the rats desert the sinking ship. The lava bubbles higher; the flames rise up. But running over rocks in high heels is not easy. Eve trips and goes sprawling.

ON EVE -- scrambling to her feet, rubbing a bruised knee under a torn stocking.

EVE

Hey, wait for me!

Suddenly --

SOUND: an incredible ROAR from the bowels of the volcano. Rocks -- big boulders -- begin tumbling everywhere and a great cloud of dust rises out of the tunnel she is heading for. She stops.

NEW ANGLE -- The dust settles. The tunnel has been totally blocked by a landslide.

ON EVE -- She stands immobilised, staring at her no-exit in despair. It is the last straw, the end of a lifetime of disasters.

EVE

(staring down tunnel)

Okay. I'm going to die.

(a long, sad sigh)

This is the way Eve Teschmacher ends. With a bang. Okay. As long as my life doesn't pass before my eyes. I don't think I could take that.

TRACK with her as, totally bleak, resigned, she turns and comes back into the crater, plops down moodily on a rock. Before her is the bubbling pit, which she contemplates dully, and just beyond that, the recumbent form of Superman, the Kryptonite still on his chest.

ON HER -- She stares at him.

ON SUPERMAN -- Prone.

ON HER, TIGHTER -- Looking at him.

ON SUPERMAN -- Near death.

CLOSEUP EVE -- Suddenly her eyes open wide and she leaps to her feet.

EVE

(wild)

What am I, crazy??? I don't
wanna die!!!

WIDEN SHOT as she makes her way around the rim of the bubbling pit and stands over Superman. Now she is teeth-chatteringly scared, desperate to make contact with him.

ON THEM

EVE

(panic)

I don't want to die. I know, he left you here. He left me here, too. But he doesn't need you. He got along without you very well. Me he needs. He doesn't know it, but he wouldn't last a day without me. Look -- nod two if no, one if yes. Let's make a deal. I'll get you out of here if you'll get me out of here. What do you say?

She leans down, her hand on the Kryptonite. MOVE IN TIGHT.

EVE

(whispering)

Our secret?

ON SUPERMAN'S FACE: A hesitation, his eyes closed. We think maybe he is dead. Then, feebly, he nods... once.

TWO SHOT. -- Eve lifts up the Kryptonite and tosses it into the pit of lava.

INSERT: The rock sinks into the depths of the bubbling, gurgling pit.

ON THEM -- Superman moans. He stirs, more strongly than before. He's still in fairly lousy shape. He tries to rise. Eve gently pushes him down again.

EVE

Hold it. Trust me. I mean, do you have a choice?

She begins to massage his shoulders strongly -- a skill she has obviously learned for Lex (or in a massage parlor). Superman reacts accordingly, flexing his muscles, making tentative fists, etc. This is not a "thing" between them at all -- none of those overtones -- but something they each are doing, parallel, for their own purposes.

Rocks begin to spit out of the pit; not the Kryptonite, though.

EVE

Okay now?

He nods again, once, and then... Superman sits, then springs to his feet in a sudden burst of energy, leaving her still kneeling.

ON HIM -- FULL SHOT: Superman is himself again.

ON EVE -- Kneeling beside him. Watching.

TRACK with him to the blocked tunnel, as Eve follows.

191 CONTINUED: (6)

EFFECTS -- To Eve's surprise, Superman springs into a leaping dive, head-first into the rubble. For a moment, she thinks he, too, is abandoning her.

EVE

Hey --

192 FOLLOW SUPERMAN as he corkscrews a passage through like a roto-rooter, all this in a matter of seconds.

193 CUT TO HIM emerging back inside the volcano again; behind him we now SEE light at the end of the tunnel. He pushes a few more rocks aside from the opening. Then, having gallantly "opened the door" for Eve, he waits for her to pass through it.

ON THE PASSAGE -- As she rushes by him, he says:

SUPERMAN

(meaning it)

Listen... thank you.

EVE

(turning back a moment
in her headlong flight)

You too.

(trying to explain
quickly)

I just... I can't get it on for
good guys. Y'know?

Smiling, radiant, thinking of Lex Luthor.

HOLD ON Superman -- He lets out a "Phew." It's been a hard day. PAN as he strides towards the crater again, about to begin the work of "putting out" the volcano.

CUT TO:

194 INT. DAILY PLANET CITY ROOM - DAY

WIDE: Lunch hour and things are slow in the city room... Some activity, but many empty desks, including those of Clark and Lois in f.g. PAN RIGHT to Jimmy, who puts down his sandwich, walks over to the dart board, and lazily but accurately aims a couple of darts at the target. As he does so, Clark enters in f.g. PAN LEFT with him as, pre-occupied, he strides straight to his desk, picks up the thick Metropolis telephone book that always sits in his top drawer, and riffles through it quickly. DOLLY IN TO MEDIUM CLOSEUP.

CLARK

(absorbed, muttering)

Luthor... Luthor...

(finger on the column)

G. Luthor... J. Luthor...

(he's got it)

L. Luthor!

(deflating)

... Lingerie.

(slams the book shut)

Nuts!

Frustrated, he unconsciously begins to tear the book in half.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Hey, Clark!

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

WIDEN as a startled Clark sees Jimmy coming over; quickly and almost guiltily he puts down the phone book. To avoid Jimmy seeing it, Clark goes to meet him. They stand by the dart board, chatting.

JIMMY

You'd better get a new alarm clock. The chief has been hollering for you.

CLARK

(a bit testy; still frustrated)
I've been on the job.

JIMMY

(trying to be in the know)
A hot story, huh?

CLARK

It was hot, yes.

JIMMY

(wistfully)
You and Lois, you get all the action.

(he tosses a near
bullseye)

There she is, out in the wild West and everything.

CLARK

(paying attention now)
Lois isn't here?

JIMMY

She's in California. That's wild enough, I guess.

CLARK

What's she doing in California?

JIMMY

It's for that piece she's doing on women and competition. She's off to the Women's Western Golf Classic.

He passes Clark the dart.

NEW ANGLE -- Clark takes careful aim, sighting, and completely misses the board. STAY with him as he strolls away, his mind again on the Luthor problem, preoccupied, worried, and then, having gotten about ten feet, he suddenly remembers the quarter for the darts kitty. Almost without thinking, he pulls the coin from his pocket, flips it into the pot. Ten feet and a perfect shot, even as he strolls on.

ON JIMMY -- staring at the pot, at the board, then back at the pot. He shakes his head; he can't figure it out at all.

CUT TO:

195 EXT. SKY OVER METROPOLIS - DAY

ON SUPERMAN -- on a reconnaissance flight over Metropolis. But what is he looking for, studying the anonymous pedestrians of the city down there. Suddenly his attention is arrested; his eyes narrow.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

It's nothing, forty years ago we in the Fatherland were working on this. Five more years, we would've had it. But then --

(a sigh of regret)

-- that silly war... Why, my cousin Werner had already --

LUTHOR

(dangerously impatient)

Albert!

ALBERT

(seguing smoothly)

-- thought about a rocket that carries a nuclear warhead in its nosecone and can strike with an impact of --

OTIS

Three hydrogen bombs, that's what I heard.

ALBERT

Yes, so, well, Werner would've gotten to that too but --

(as Lex leans forward and gives him a paralyzing poke)

-- but the XK101 flies only eight feet above the ground... well below the radar limit! So what? We could have done that soon. We had ways to make people ta-- ways to avoid the radar. And this XK101 -- they think it's so smart that they keep it in 'missile silos' underground. Hah!

(darkly)

We kept many things underground.

LUTHOR

(just as darkly)

One of them should've been you.

ALBERT

(hurriedly, as if reciting)

Yes, Mr. Luthor. The XK101 can travel anywhere in the world undetected. It also has a sensory device built into it so that it can detect any obstacle in its path and avoid it. It just goes around it, or over it.

(the big finish)

The XK101 never quits! It will not stop until it reaches its pre-targeted target!

LUTHOR

Got it, Otis?

OTIS

(unsure)

Sort of.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSEUP LUTHOR

LUTHOR
Good enough for you. Now then --
(he smiles
expansively)
-- tell me something I like to
hear. As many times as I hear
it...

ALBERT
Me?

LUTHOR
Not you.
(to Eve)
You.
(pause)
Tell me again.

PAN LEFT TO CLOSEUP of Eve looking very nervous and edgy.

EVE
... Again...?

WIDEN: TWO SHOT -- Luthor and Eve seated in the back seat
of the moving car. A country road.

LUTHOR
(big smile)
About Vesuvius. About Superman
writhing in the bowels of the
volcano.
(loving the memory)
Ahh, the look on his face when
he saw that Kryptonite. When
will I see such another, y'know?
Y'know?

EVE
(awkwardly)
I don't like to talk about it,
Lex.

LUTHOR
Weak sister.
(musing)
I still can't figure out why it
took so long for you to catch up
with us after we all ran out.
Y'know?

EVE
You ever try to run in high heels?
(she looks at him)
You probably did.

LUTHOR
Is that an innuendo, Miss Teschmacher?
Because if it is, you are about to
experience the heady thrill of being
hurled from a moving vehicle.

FULLER SHOT: which REVEALS that Luthor and Eve have been in
the back seat, and Otis (driving) and Albert are in front.

CUT TO:

202 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The car drives on.

207 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR

Here they come.

(checks his watch)

Right on time.

MOVE IN TIGHTER -- Automatically Eve checks her watch, holding up her wrist. We SEE that it is an elaborate luminous watch.

LUTHOR

Voila!

208 NEW ANGLE -- To our surprise, instead of the convoy coming down the highway where Luthor and Eve await, we SWOOP PAN DOWN.

As Luthor swings around, GO to the next lower level of the cloverleaf highway. Here comes the convoy.

ANGLE UP to Luthor, Eve and Albert.

LUTHOR

(to Eve, threateningly)

Don't let me down.

EVE

(looks down, poised to jump, terrified)

You?! How about me?

LUTHOR

You have two minutes and thirty-two seconds.

WIDE SHOT -- the convoy begins to pass under now. Eve wavers on the edge. Albert's arm comes down, giving the signal. Luthor gives Eve a shove.

ON EVE - falling.

LUTHOR (O.S.)

Bon voyage!

She lands on top of the tarpaulin-covered missile, perfectly positioned and lying low. CLOSER: She wiggles over to a narrow slit in the middle of the tarpaulin and slips inside.

CUT TO:

209 INT. TARPAULIN COVERED MISSILE

Darkness. All we SEE is her luminous watch glowing, second hand moving. Then a pocket flashlight is switched on. MOVE with Eve who holds the light as she wiggles up towards the nose of the rocket. She collapses there for a moment, breathing hard, catching her breath, arm out holding the flashlight.

INSERT: The second hand moves on her watch.

PAN DOWN to flashlight, now shining on the compass-like dial on the nose of the rocket, surrounded by screws.

Eve removes a pocket wrench from her back pocket, loosens the screws, then turns the main screw which moves the needle of the compass dial from one set position to another.

INSERT: As the needle moves to its new position. Then stops.

209 CONTINUED:

ON EVE'S WATCH: The time ticks away.

PULL BACK: She tightens the screws quickly, once dropping the screwdriver and having to find it fast as the TICKING of time seems to grow more and more insistent. At last she is finished. She looks at the watch.

ON IT: Exactly two minutes and thirty-two seconds have passed.

ON EVE -- She wriggles frantically over to where she got in, pulls up the bottom edge of the tarpaulin. We SEE nothing but clear space and blue sky. She is hanging out in space, so to speak. She moans with fear.

CUT TO:

210 EXT. BRIDGE - CONVOY - DAY

WIDE SHOT -- The flatbed truck with the missile is on a high bridge over a river. The other vehicles in the convoy behind it are about to make a turn to follow, so that their point of view of the missile is momentarily blocked off by the turn. Eve is hanging out of the tarpaulin, over the side. Down below, on the river, Luthor and Albert, in a rowboat, row slowly to just near the bridge. Luthor wears a fisherman's hat, with "flies" stuck in the brim.

211 ON EVE -- She closes her eyes, flings herself forward in space, and jumps.

ON THE WATER -- ANGLE UP -- Eve hurtling down. She lands with a terrific splash, just behind the rowboat. Gasping, spluttering, she surfaces. Before she can say anything:

LUTHOR
(curtly)
Your watch is slow.

CUT TO:

212 EXT. SKY OVER METROPOLIS - NIGHT

ON SUPERMAN -- flying again, but slower and looking more discouraged than usual, cruising low. He looks down.

213 POV: The tops of various heads. A few with thinning hair perhaps, but nothing that looks like Luthor's dome.

214 ON SUPERMAN -- flying on, looking down always, like a man obsessed.

215 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

FULL SHOT -- That same gang of thieves we saw much earlier, with their same m.o. going: a truck backed up to the loading platform of a darkened warehouse, its tailgate down, as the crooks carry the stolen appliances out of the warehouse and load them in the truck.

CLOSER on them as one looks up, registers great annoyance.

CROOK
Jeez! I'm tellin' ya, the streets
ain't safe no more!

216 NEW ANGLE -- Way up there in the sky, Superman is flying their way. Without a word of discussion, the crooks shrug and immediately begin putting all the loot back where it came from.

217 EXT. SKY ABOVE METROPOLIS - NIGHT

ON SUPERMAN: Who never even noticed them, because his attention is fixed -- with concern -- on another destination.

218 WIDE SHOT: He heads fast for the billowing smoke and rising flames in the distance: a building is burning.

CUT TO:

219 INT. PRESS ROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET - NIGHT

That standard SHOT from every old movie: the presses run as the late edition comes off. DOLLY IN to headline as a PRESSMAN lifts off a batch of newspapers: In banner type -- SUPERMAN SAVES 300 IN SCHOOL FIRE.

CUT TO:

220 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE - DAY

ON LUTHOR, in dressing gown and ascot, seating himself at one end of the breakfast table. He is en plein form, all is going well and he is humming "Oh What a Beautiful Morning." Casually he picks up the newspaper folded at his place.

REVERSE -- At the other end of the table, her half-grapefruit untouched, sits Eve. She regards Luthor as the mongoose regards the cobra -- with doomed intensity.

ON LUTHOR -- He picks up his paper and opens the first page of the Daily Planet full out, only to find himself staring at Eve through a large square that has been cut out of the front page. What is left of the page, including the logo, frames his face, and his expression is nothing you would want to see across the breakfast table.

LUTHOR

(icy quiet)

Miss Teschmacher.

QUICK REACTION EVE: She looks up, looks down at her food.

TWO SHOT, ANGLED:

LUTHOR

No news is not good news. Y'know?

EVE

(weakly improvising)

There was a recipe on the back --

LUTHOR

(menacingly)

Something you can feed the pets, perhaps?

(Flatly)

Let's have it.

FAVORING EVE -- Slowly, reluctantly, she brings up a large clipping from her lap and slides it across the table.

NEW ANGLE -- CAMERA behind Lex in OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT FACING Eve as he holds up the clipping. We SEE the headline as he raises it, covering OUR VIEW of her face. The clipping is slowly lowered, REVEALING Eve, more unhappy than ever.

TWO SHOT -- Still in silence, Luthor leans across the table, picks up her half-a-grapefruit and looks at her face; memories of James Cagney in Public Enemy arise.

But suddenly, a funny look crosses his face: a little smile. An idea has come to him. Even as Eve cringes, waiting for the inevitable, Lex just transfers the grapefruit to his plate and busily digs in his spoon.

EVE

(now very anxious)

You're not going to hit me?

LUTHOR

(a very slow smile)

Hit you? A clever girl like you?

(as if savoring it)

'He turned slowly, slowly in the lava...' was how you described it. Now that's clever.

(leans to her)

I have to hand it to you.

EVE

(cringing, eyes closed, waiting for it)

I knew you'd hit me.

He just takes her hand, tenderly.

LUTHOR

My poor girl!

(pityingly, to the world, a la Barrymore)

Poor, frightened girl! Ah, just look at her!

Eve's eyes fly open, look into his with fading disbelief and the pitiful beginning of wild hope.

LUTHOR

You've been under such a strain.

And I've -- I've --

(almost chokes on it)

-- neglected you. Mea culpa!

Y'know?

EVE

(hesitantly)

I know...

LUTHOR

(to no one in particular)

She knows. Clever, very clever.

(quickly)

And unappreciated. But I'm going to make it up to you. I'm going to take you away from all this.

EVE

(she can hardly believe her ears)

A night on the town instead of under it???

LUTHOR

(a big, mysterious smile)

Baby -- I'm gonna take you higher.

CUT TO:

221 EXT. PIPER CUB, SKIES ABOVE METROPOLIS - DAY

A fragile little one-engine plane flies near the city.

CUT TO:

222 INT. PIPER CUB - DAY

In the cockpit, Luthor at the control, Eve next to him. She looks disenchanted, he looks absolutely jolly. He wears a leather aviator's helmet with goggles, a la Charles Lindbergh.

EVE

I don't understand.

LUTHOR

Yours not to reason why, Miss
Teschmacher. Relax! Enjoy it!
(with genuine delight)
Just look at that smog!

EVE

This all has something to do with
Superman, doesn't it.

LUTHOR

(clenched teeth)
Your volcano chum? Your junior
life-saving buddy?
(sudden, awful smile)
Let's get high.

EVE

(misunderstanding)
I didn't bring any --

But Lex was talking about altitude; as he pushes forward
on the stick and the nose of the plane goes upwards, Eve
catches on.

EVE

Oh. Why? Does he live up here?

LUTHOR

Not exactly. But it's his kind
of neighbourhood.

EVE

What are you going to do to him?

She asked nervously.

LUTHOR

(all innocence)
Nothing, nothing. I just want to
invite him to tea.

EVE

Tea?

LUTHOR

You got wax in your ears?

EVE

What if he doesn't show up? What
if he's taking a nap?

LUTHOR

He always shows up when somebody's
in danger.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

He unsnaps his safety belt and rises from his seat, walks to the rear of the plane, where the hatch is.

EVE
(turning green)
Danger??
(turning white)
Somebody???? Lex -- where are
you going?

LUTHOR
Lex is going bye-bye.

He starts to strap on his parachute.

EVE
Where's mine?! Where's my
parachute?

LUTHOR
Miss Teschmacher, Superman is
a fairly bright individual.
My understanding of the way
he works is that he won't be
fooled by a simple trick.

EVE
Good. Fine. Now where's my
parachute?

ON LUTHOR

LUTHOR
(innocently)
I'm wearing it.

EVE
I mean the other one!

LUTHOR
What other one?

EVE
(hysterical)
You can't do this to me!

LUTHOR
Of course I can. I love you.

And with a cheery wave, Lex Luthor jumps from the plane,
hand on his parachute ripcord.

CUT TO:

223 EXT. GRASSY FIELD, OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS - DAY

Lex Luthor landing gently.

CUT TO:

224 INT. PIPER CUB COCKPIT - DAY

Eve screaming her lungs out into the radio.

225 INT. CONTROL TOWER, METROPOLIS AIRPORT

TWO AIRPORT CONTROLLERS at their respective mikes, both just this side of hysterical. DIALOGUE OVERLAPS:

1ST CONTROLLER
Attention all
aircraft. Stay
clear of Runways
one, three, seven,
twelve, fifteen,
sixteen and
eighteen until
clearance is
given. Please
copy! Avoid
all landings
until further...

2ND CONTROLLER
Piper Cub 143-Y,
do you hear me?
What is your
problem? What
is your landing
pattern? Just
what in hell do
you think you're
doing up there?!

EVE (V.O.)
(on mike)
Hellllp! Help!
Somebody help!

CUT TO:

226 EXT. SKY OVER METROPOLIS - DAY

The Piper Cub is circling around in erratic loops, obviously out of control.

227 Suddenly, from out of a large white cloud, comes a streak of blue. It's Superman.

SOUND: Eve up there in the plane, SCREAMING.

CUT TO:

228 INT. COCKPIT - DAY

Eve in terror, yelling into the mike.

EVE
Help! Hellllp! Hell --

229 The figure of Superman streaks past the cockpit window, comes to an abrupt stop and looks. Instant recognition on both sides. Eve's last incomplete cry becomes another word:

EVE
(Hel) lo, Superman! You made
it!

Superman grabs the prop, stops it, and sends it spinning in the opposite direction, steadying the plane. A moment later, he whizzes OUT OF SIGHT, coming around the side.

230 ON THE HATCH -- Superman enters the plane.

SUPERMAN
You! The girl from the volcano!
(looks around,
scared)
Kryptonite...

EVE
Help! I mean -- I can't stop
saying it.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
Silly, isn't it -- There's
nothing to worry about. Help!
See?

SUPERMAN
What are you doing here?

EVE
Screaming.

SUPERMAN
Besides that.

EVE
He wants to see you. Lex
Luthor.

SUPERMAN
The bald man! The one who tried
to kill me!

EVE
The way you describe him doesn't
really do him justice.

SUPERMAN
I'd better get you down.

He sits at the controls, starts to pilot the plane.

EVE
(disappointed)
Couldn't we forget the plane?
You could lift me in your big
strong arms?

SUPERMAN
Sure, and let the plane crash
in the middle of the city.

EVE
Oh.

SUPERMAN
Look, lady, you saved my life
once. I owe you a favor. But I
can't understand why you follow
a man like that.

EVE
(shrugs)
What can I tell you? He's my
leader.

SUPERMAN
Okay.
(grimly)
Take me to your leader.

As the plane goes into a descent:

CUT TO:

231 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE

TIGHT TWO SHOT: Superman has Lex by the collar, pulling him nose to nose. Superman looks fierce and Luthor looks terrified.

SUPERMAN

Start talking!

As Luthor makes extravagant choking noises, PULL BACK TO SEE we are in the main chamber. From the doorway, Eve watches this confrontation dubiously.

EVE

(shaking her head)

I knew you two would never hit it off.

And she exits just as Superman releases his grip on Luthor's throat.

SUPERMAN

(impatiently)

Well??

Luthor backs off, then sighs, throwing up his hands in defeat.

LUTHOR

Well -- you've got me! What more can I say?

SUPERMAN

(tough)

Plenty! About 'The Crime of the Century.' Remember?

LUTHOR

Oh, that. Listen -- you're busy -- and it's a long story --

NEW ANGLE as Superman advances on him, Luthor cowers cravenly.

LUTHOR

(practically screaming)

I'll tell! I'll tell! I'll tell all!

(as Superman stops)

Just --

(draws himself up; soulfully)

Just leave me my dignity. We are gentlemen, Superman. Let me... be gracious in defeat.

(practically Ronald Coleman)

I'll just...

(as he strolls to his desk)

... ring for tea.

And so saying, he presses a button on the desk.

INSERT: As his finger presses the button.

CUT TO:

232 INT. UNDERGROUND MISSILE SILO

The great steel and concrete gates over the launching pad begin to open.

CUT TO:

233 INT. BASE OF UNDERGROUND LAUNCHING PAD

The launching rockets activate and rev up -- great balls of fire and exhaust fumes.

CUT TO:

234 INT. MISSILE CONTROL CENTER - UNDERGROUND SILO

WIDE SHOT - Seated before their massive console control board, each fronted by a key-turning device framed in red, sit two MAJORS. They each wear a massive key around their necks on a chain, used to activate the detonator. They look bored and half-awake, their features illuminated by the glowing green dials of the control panels. Suddenly:

INSERT: The red light above the control board begins to flash.

FIRST MAJOR

(opening his eyes)

What...? Hey... Arnold?

SECOND MAJOR

(bug-eyed)

Neil? Did you turn that on?

FIRST MAJOR

No. How could... why would I want to...

(the urgency hits him)

Jesus Christ! It's taking off!

INSERT: On the panel, a red sign lights up: "SECOND STAGE, LAUNCHING."

ON the First Major who grabs the red telephone, picks it up.

FIRST MAJOR

Major Haley here. Get me Loomis at the Pentagon! Fast! Emergency! Code Seven: Hurry up, godda --

CUT TO:

235 INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY

A GENERAL on the phone, astonished, wild.

GENERAL

What! No, I didn't! But -- but that's impossible! Nobody can push that button without my...

(horror)

... unless... Hang on!

He grabs his red phone, picks it up.

GENERAL

White House, pronto.

CUT TO:

236 INT. ROCKET SILO

With a rush of flames and a great ROAR, the rocket rises from the launching pad and blasts off.

CUT TO:

237 EXT. ROCKET SILO - A FIELD - DAY

The XK 101 shoots out of the underground silo, then suddenly stops when it clears eight feet above the ground, turns sideways and shoots off across the landscape.

CUT TO:

238 THE SUPER SPEED TRIP ACROSS AMERICA (PART ONE)

Employing the device wherein you CUT TOGETHER ONE FRAME PER SECOND, we present a lightning-fast trip across America from the POINT OF VIEW OF THE SPEEDING ROCKET, eight feet above the ground. The IMAGES WHIZ BY like magic in this first leg of the trip: the skyscrapers of New York, the oil tanks of New Jersey, the rolling hills and highways of Pennsylvania and so on, PAST Washington, D.C. As the classic postcard IMAGES PASS at incredible speed before our eyes. At this point in the trip west...

CUT TO:

239 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE

The two men where we left them.

LUTHOR
(declaiming passionately)
I had a dream!

As Superman makes an impatient gesture --

LUTHOR
Okay, okay, okay. Look -- I am, as they say, very heavy into real estate. And to make money in that game you have to buy for a little and sell for a lot. Right? Right. So. Problem: how to make the property valuable between the time you buy it and the time you sell it. Now --

DOLLY WITH Luthor as, picking up a professor's pointer on the way, he crosses to a wall where he pulls down a roll-up map of the United States, like a teacher in a classroom. Using the pointer, he points to the West Coast.

LUTHOR
This is California. The richest, most populous state in America. And growing like a sonofagun.

ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN
I don't need a geography lesson, Luthor.

LUTHOR
(unctuously)
No, Superman, of course not. You do get around, don't you.

(CONTINUED)

A little infuriating crackle turns abruptly to black despair as he indicates his pointer and his map:

LUTHOR

It's just that -- I spent a fortune on these things!

(anguished)

And all for naught! What a waste --

SUPERMAN

(pointedly)

Of time, Luthor.

LUTHOR

(quickly)

Right, right. Where was I? Ah, yes --

PAN UP with the pointer as Luthor begins tracking the exact line of the San Andreas Fault from the top to the bottom of the map.

LUTHOR

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

SUPERMAN

Sure. It's the joining together of two land masses pushed together eight million years ago. The fault line itself is unstable and always shifting, which is the reason you get earthquakes in the California area from time to time.

LUTHOR

Couldn't have said it better myself. (back to the map)

Now all this --

(indicates west of the San Andreas Fault)

-- west of the Fault is the most expensive real estate in the world. Los Angeles. San Diego. San Francisco. And here --

(indicates the line of the Fault)

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

(small wistful smile)

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

(points to that point on the Fault line)

-- that would trigger the upheaval that would cause the San Andreas Fault to 'do its thing.'

(a sigh of regret)

Ah, it would've been so nice, y'know...

ON SUPERMAN -- a look of horror.

(CONTINUED)

SUPERMAN

Nice! Most of California would
have been destroyed. Millions of
people would have been killed!
The West Coast as we know it would
have --

LUTHOR

(trying to hide the
thrill he's
getting)
-- Dropped into the sea!
(snaps his fingers)
Bye-bye California! Hello, new
West Coast! Gold Coast! My
coast!
(deflating)
And now... well...
(bitterly)
I left my heart in San Francisco...

CUT TO:

240 THE SUPER SPEED TRIP ACROSS AMERICA (PART TWO)

By now the rocket has reached the Midwest and the IMAGES
WHIZ BY at mind-boggling speed: the wheat fields of Kansas,
the stockyards of Chicago.

CUT TO:

241 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE

ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN

It would never have worked, Luthor.
You are a dreamer -- a sick, twisted
dreamer.

ON LUTHOR

LUTHOR

(seeming to consider
it, anxiously)
Maybe I should get help.

SUPERMAN

It wouldn't hurt. You can't go on
living in fantasies. Did you
really think you could get hold of
a nuclear bomb? And drop it?
(shakes his head in
disbelief)

Why, our Strategic Defense boys
would have --

LUTHOR

(quickly agreeing)
You're right, you're right, Superman.
There were wrinkles to iron out.
But, well...
(tentatively)

... there is this new rocket, the
XK 101.

SUPERMAN

(cutting him off,
incredulous)
The XK 101??

(END)

241 CONTINUED:

SUPERMAN (CONT'D)

Luthor, that operates on radio waves. And with our fail-safe system, only the President himself can push that button.

LUTHOR

I know. I know.

(he sighs)

I never promised myself a rose garden.

CUT TO:

242 EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- A golf course. A bunch of suit-clad, sweating Secret Service men stand around a bunker trap.

CLOSER IN -- In the midst of the group is a MAN holding a black box on his lap, seated in the golf cart. He wears a similar key around his neck. He stares uncomprehendingly at the black box, as a Secret Service man, worried, holds a walkie-talkie next to his ear.

BOX MAN

What????!!! No, I didn't push the button! And stop using that phrase! It's not a button, it's a... What??? It is??? Ohmygod!

(he leaps up)

Mr. President! Mr. President!

A chunk of turf goes flying up in b.g.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Goddammit! What now!

As the Man runs to tell him...

CUT TO:

243 THE SUPER SPEED TRIP ACROSS AMERICA (PART THREE)

The rocket zips on: the green fields of Ohio, the cattle ranches of Texas...

CUT TO:

244 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S OFFICE

LUTHOR

(abject)

Still, foolishly, perhaps, I had a theory that eliminated the Presidential push-button.

(slowly)

I was doing my homework...

SUPERMAN

On radio waves?

LUTHOR

(a slow nod)

And garage doors.

As Superman looks at him as if he were insane...

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR

(by way of explanation)

Kansas garage doors. Remote control, y'know. Every boss in Kansas City has a clicker to open his remote control garage door. Well, one day these bosses are watching the grass grow and they see --

(dramatic pause)

-- the garage doors are open. All the garage doors are open. And nobody had clicked his clicker. Okay, it's a puzzlement. Okay, these doors operate on a radio wave. And okay, you push the button, and it's tuned to the proper frequency and up goes the door. And okay, all these jerks are ready to write to 'Believe It or Not' because they didn't press the button, so what is this 'Open Sesame'?

SUPERMAN

(impatiently)

Luthor --

LUTHOR

You guessed it!

(admiringly)

You're always one step ahead of me.

(enjoying the irony)

Aren't you, Superman?

(hurries on)

Yes, right. There was a police helicopter buzzing the area and transmitting on the same frequency as the garage doors. The minute the signal went out --

(he gestures the doors flying up)

Zip! Zip! Zip!

As Superman is about to cut in --

LUTHOR

(quickly)

Well, that's their problem, T.S. But -- but, the XX 101 also works on a radio wave control system. The problem was to find out the frequency. Problems, problems, I've had so many...

SUPERMAN

(tersely)

They'll soon be over.

LUTHOR

(the martyr)

In a way -- oh, it'll be a relief. I'm a wreck. No rest for the wicked, y'know. It wasn't enough, the radio frequencies, then I had to worry about getting to the missile and adjusting the aiming. So that if I could have activated the launch -- well, Lex Luthor would've hit the spot.

(MORE)

244 CONTINUED: (2)

LUTHOR (CONT'D)

(with great fondness)

There's a little place on Route 190. Dead on the precise optimum stress point of the San Andreas Fault. It wouldn't mean much to you, Superman, but I call it... Target Zero.

(a sigh of longing)

Pancho's Taco Palace...

CUT TO:

245 EXT. PANCHO'S TACO PALACE - DAY

LONG SHOT -- At the bottom of a hill in the middle of bare, arid, scrubby California desert is a taco stand that looks exactly like the miniature one seen earlier on Albert's model. A modest eyesore with a drive-up window, one table that sits under full sun on broiling asphalt, and a sign on the roof reading, "Pancho's Taco Palace." Some palace. Just behind it, sticking up in the middle of the desert, is a large, garish billboard that reads:

COMING SOON!
CHOICE BEACHFRONT PROPERTY
IDEAL HOME SITES
PERFECT FOR INDUSTRY
L. LUTHOR REALTY CO.

As SHOT BEGINS, the owner, PANCHO, dozes behind the counter, attracting flies, when suddenly a car drives down the road and comes to a stop. The door opens and a weary young woman gets out. ZOOM IN ON HER: It is Lois Lane.

CUT TO:

246 THE SUPER SPEED ROCKET TRIP ACROSS THE UNITED STATES (PART THREE)

247 THE ROCKET IS NOW APPROACHING THE GRAND CANYON

CUT TO:

248 EXT. PANCHO'S TACO PALACE - DAY

There is a pay telephone booth beside the counter, and Lois enters it, puts in her dime, starts to dial.

PANCHO
(regarding her
hopefully)

But you not hungry?

LOIS
(a glance at the
counter)

Not that hungry.
(apologetically)

I have to make a plane.
(into phone)

Hello, Denver Airport? Give me
Western Airlines, please.

(a sigh)
All right, I'll wait.

As she taps her fingers impatiently...

CUT TO:

249 A SERIES OF AERIAL VIEWS that look to be of Southern California.

(NOTE: The following MONTAGE SEQUENCE must look absolutely convincing until its payoff. The audience must believe that it is truly witnessing the devastation of Southern California. Thus we SEE:)

- A. The XK 101 hits square on Pancho's Taco Palace, exploding it to smithereens.
- B. The San Andreas Fault line in the desert begins to crack open, then gapes wider and wider. Great upheavals.
- C. San Francisco: "The Golden Gate Bridge" begins to shimmy and sway alarmingly. Its roadway buckles, its struts bend.
- D. Los Angeles: The Hollywood hills are rent asunder; the famed "HOLLYWOOD" sign cracks in two as the mountains part.
- E. Highways buckling, collapsing.
- F. Vast chunks of coastline dropping off into the onrushing sea.
- G. The Golden Gate Bridge collapses.
- H. Desert land flooded by the ocean as tidal waves sweep inland.

250 As this SEQUENCE BUILDS in momentum and horror so that the audience is absolutely convinced it is watching the terrible results of the splitting of the San Andreas Fault, suddenly as we WATCH what looks like an enormous Los Angeles skyscraper tumble into the sea, FOLLOW it as it falls left and we suddenly SEE the face of Lex Luthor, FULL SIZE, behind it as if he were an enormous giant, a Gulliver. As the "building" hits the water, it sends up a splash, some of which gets Lex in the eye. Laughing, he wipes it off; and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL for the first time that we have not been watching the real destruction of the West Coast but we are in fact in --

251 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S MODEL ROOM - DAY

-- where all of this has taken place on Albert's detailed table top tank display model of the West Coast, where Luthor programmed all this in miniature, including water, representing the Pacific Ocean, which gushes in from the sides of the tank, filling up the area to the "new coastline." Luthor stands beside the model, beaming with pride.

SUPERMAN

(flatly)

Well, it's very impressive but
you built this junk for nothing.

LUTHOR

(enjoying this great
moment to the hilt)

For the first time today, Superman,
I must tell you that you're wrong.

(affably)

But how could you know that --
(checks his watch)

Oh, well. I guess I could tell
you now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR (CONT'D)
Y'see, actually... but this
conversation is becoming rather
dry, isn't it?

QUICK CLOSEUP OF SUPERMAN with a "what the hell is this
guy talking about?" expression.

LUTHOR
("a realisation")
We never got our test!
(a "thought")
Could I... could I have pressed
the wrong button?
(snaps his fingers;
a sheepish smile)
Of course! Silly old me. I
pressed the button that launched
the XK 101!

QUICK CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN: Startled.

LUTHOR
(building to manic
glee)
Which is now somewhere near the
Grand Canyon and going strong!
And I can't tell you now much I've
enjoyed whiling away the minutes -- !!

Superman leaps at him and has him by the throat again.

TIGHT TWO SHOT -- Face to face, but this time Luthor is
sneering.

LUTHOR
(triumphant)
Now who's the dreamer, Superman?
Even you can't fly that fast!

SUPERMAN
(even he's not sure;
grimly)
We'll see how fast I can fly.

252 PULL BACK WIDE

SUPERMAN
And we'll see how fast you can
swim!

And with that, he pitches Luthor right into the alligator
tank at the far end of the room. A long pass.

LUTHOR
(screaming as he
falls in)
No! No! No!

QUICK SHOT -- Luthor swimming for his life, pursued by
giant albino alligators, cats, snapping turtles and the
like.

253 ON SUPERMAN -- flying up and out, knocking a hole in the
ceiling.

CUT TO:

254 EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - DAY

On a busy street in midtown, even normally blasé metropolitans are startled to see Superman suddenly come bursting out of the pavement, heading straight up at top speed.

CUT TO:

255 EXT. SKY - DAY

Superman flying high in the sky, looking as if he's straining for speed.

CLOSE IN on him -- as he looks O.S. and down.

256 HIS POV: Far below, flying just over the ground, is the missile. In the distance we can SEE the Grand Canyon.

257 ON SUPERMAN -- He dives for it.

CUT TO:

258 EXT. RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON - DAY

WIDE SHOT -- as Superman plants himself firmly in the path of the missile and braces himself to grab it.

259 HIS POV: ON THE ROCKET -- speeding towards him. Suddenly it changes course and rushes past him.

260 ON SUPERMAN -- He lunges for it, but the missile veers out of reach, and whizzes away in the distance.

CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN -- a look of grim determination of his face. He flies off after the rocket.

CUT TO:

261 EXT. BASE OF THE ROCKIES - DAY

ON the missile -- zooming along, eight feet off the ground.

262 WIDE SHOT -- Superman has flown ahead and comes at the speeding missile, this time from the side. But again, as soon as he gets within range, the rocket's sensory device goes into action and dodges out of range, leaving him far behind.

CUT TO:

263 EXT. PANTO'S TACO PALACE - DAY

As before. But Panto is now wiping the counter with a filthy rag as Lois, very irritated, says into the phone:

LOIS

Another dime? Operator, I just
put in a dime...

(testy)

Listen, lady --

CUT TO:

264 EXT. DESERT - DAY

ON the missile -- speeding along, just above the desert. The CAMERA TRACKS ALONGSIDE it for several moments, then the rocket outdistances the CAMERA which CONTINUES TRACKING FORWARD. A moment later, Superman comes INTO FRAME, still chasing the rocket.

Now he catches up to it.

265 CLOSER IN: Superman grabs the missile from behind, gripping it.

266 HIS POV LOOKING PAST the nose of the rocket: Pancho's Taco Palace, not far away and getting closer every second.

(NOTE: The distance is close enough for Pancho to see what is happening, but Lois, whose back is turned in the phone booth, has her back to the action and sees nothing.)

267 ON SUPERMAN -- With a mighty effort, he wrenches the missile off its course.

268 WIDE SHOT -- He has stopped the rocket only a couple of hundred yards from the taco stand. Quickly he angles it up and zooms into the clouds with it.

CUT TO:

269 EXT. SKY - DAY

Superman rips off the nose cone, as the rocket housing falls to the desert below. Just about to discard the rest when:

SOUND: BEEP BEEP BEEP coming from the warhead.

Startled, he looks at what he is holding.

270 EFFECTS (X-RAY VISION) -- A counter has started its nuclear countdown inside the warhead. 19, 18, 17...

271 ON SUPERMAN -- Instantly he accelerates, holding the warhead, flying straight up.

CUT TO:

272 EXT. SKY/SPACE

ON SUPERMAN -- He climbs higher over the United States, gaining speed as the atmosphere begins to blur into the dark mysterious blue of space.

273 EXT. SPACE

WIDE SHOT -- Superman with the speed of light zooms through the universe, past the moon with the earth growing smaller in the distance. Faster and faster he goes until he bursts through into another galaxy.

274 CLOSER ON SUPERMAN -- as he hurls the rocket into the void of outer space.

CUT TO:

275 EXT. SPACE

WIDE SHOT -- as the rocket, speeding through the galaxy, EXPLODES. The closest star breaks into shooting fiery fragments.

CUT TO:

276 EXT. SPACE

ON SUPERMAN -- as he is sent reeling through the limitless void, falling away, stunned by the explosion.

CUT TO:

277 EXT. SPACE

SPECIAL EFFECTS: Shock waves shake the stability of the furthest galaxies.

ON SUPERMAN -- in uncontrolled flight, projected millions of miles, as he regains consciousness and steadies his trajectory. He soars through the galaxies, bursting through into our solar system. He wings closer and closer to earth, growing smaller and smaller as he approaches the United States, until he appears as a tiny blue dot far away in a sparkling, star-filled universe.

CUT TO:

279 EXT. PANTHO'S TACO PALACE - DAY

Pancho is standing in front of his stand, staring with a stunned expression at the sky, like a man who has seen a miracle. In b.g. Lois hangs up the phone with a furious slam.

Rats! LOIS

She steps out and sees Pancho, who turns to her, gesticulating, inarticulate.

PANCHO
Eencredible! Santa Caramba, senorita,
eet ees... eencredible!

LOIS
(the cynic)
Nah, you never get your dime back.

And off she marches to her car, having missed it all.

CUT TO:

280 EXT. SPACE

Heading up and out, the shock waves are stronger now, rippling through the vast starry reaches.

281 The shock waves crack, crumble and disintegrate before OUR EYES. PANNING INTO space as the shock waves move until they meet the resistance of a great crystalline cloud -- The Phantom Zone.

EFFECTS: The crystalline cloud walls shatter.

CUT TO:

282 THE FOUR GREAT VILLAINS: JAK-EL, URSULA, GENERAL ZOD and
NON -- as they rush to the opened wall and suck in the air
of unexpected freedom.

Free! JAR-EL

Free! URSA

Free! GENERAL ZOD

Non lets out a terrifying howl, like an animal who has burst its bonds.

Their horrifying faces FILL THE SCREEN with yowls of glee as they drift off into space. HOLD as they move further and further away, moving towards earth, until they are tiny dots lost in the stars.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2000 0000 0000

THE FOUR GREAT VILLAINS:

Three of these creatures are men: the fourth is a woman. She is tall and has a magnificent body which is due to its best advantage in a Krypton outfit that reveals more than it conceals: high boots, a clinging body suit, and all of it shiny black. Long raven hair frames a strikingly beautiful face; her eyes are almost fiery in their gaze. A woman whose beauty makes strong men weak, she is consumed by a total hatred of the male sex. This is Ursa.

One of the men, who struts and swaggers like the leader, is got up in a Kryptonian version of ultra-military attire -- jackboots, high collar, uniform. All this, however, is belied by his pasty-faced, even sickly appearance. A pathological dictator, a super-Fascist whose only quality is utter contempt for everyone but himself, whose only goal is to command a world of inferiors, this is General Zod.

The second man is a thin, wiry character whose face seems to be permanently contorted into a twisted, mocking grin. There is something seedy and second-rate about his appearance, even as his clothing is flashier, gaudier and, finally, more vulgar than the others. A psychopathic joker, whose pranks and "practical jokes" are only funny to him when they cause death and suffering to others, this is Jax-El.

The fourth member of the band is only a man to the extent that he is not an animal. A monstrous brute, his ugly face twists with violence. He does not speak but instead utters horrible animal-like growls and howls. Almost pure evil, bent only on mindless destruction, he is a force of frightening evil. This is Non.

FADE IN:

283 EXT. SPACE

A caped figure flies high over the United States, gaining speed as the atmosphere begins to blur into the dark, mysterious blue of space. This is Superman.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

WIDE SHOT -- Superman, flying with the speed of light, zooms through the universe, past the moon, as the earth grows smaller in the distance. He holds the warhead, a nuclear device in his hand. Faster and faster he goes until he bursts through into another galaxy.

CLOSER ON SUPERMAN -- as he hurls the warhead into the void of outer space.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

WIDE SHOT -- as the warhead, speeding through the galaxy, EXPLODES. The closest star breaks into shooting, fiery fragments.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

ON SUPERMAN -- as he is sent reeling through the limitless void, falling away, stunned by the explosion.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHANTOM ZONE - SPACE

WIDE SHOT -- The shock waves reverberate in the realms of the unknown far out in space until they meet the resistance of a great crystalline cloud -- The Phantom Zone.

SPECIAL EFFECTS: The crystalline cloud walls shatter.

CUT TO:

THE FOUR GREAT VILLAINS as they rush to the opened wall and suck in the air of unexpected freedom.

As they crystal cage breaks and they rush forward into space:

Free!	JAK-EL
Free!	URSA
Free!	GENERAL ZOD

Non lets out a terrifying howl; like an animal that has burst its bonds.

284 The effect must be truly frightening, as if Pandora's Box has been opened and all the plagues are unleashed on the world.

Their horrifying faces FILL THE SCREEN with howls of glee as they drift off into space.

284 CONTINUED:

HOLD ON THE IMAGE of the void of black space as...

CREDITS ROLL.

As CREDITS END...

DISSOLVE TO:

285 EXT. SPACE

ON SUPERMAN -- in uncontrolled flight, projected millions of miles, as he regains consciousness and steadies his trajectory. He soars through the galaxies, bursting through into our solar system. He wings closer and closer to earth, growing smaller and smaller as he approaches the United States, until he appears as a tiny blue dot far away in a sparkling star-filled universe.

DISSOLVE TO:

286 EXT. SKY - DAY

On a cloud bank floating peacefully in the blue sky over earth. Suddenly it is broken with SOUND of RUSHING FLIGHT as Superman comes diving out of it, headed for the earth.

PAN DOWN WITH him to:

287 EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS - DAY

A site that instantly creates the biggest contrast with the mysterious beauty of outer space that we have just seen: a city garbage dump, dotted with reeking mounds of refuse and grey smoking bonfires. For it is here, in a place as close to deserted as can be found near the great city of Metropolis, that Superman can land unobserved.

CLOSER ON HIM - FULL LENGTH: He lands, looking just a bit bushed from his recent ordeal.

SUPERMAN

Whew...

He brushes himself off and walks OUT OF FRAME, RIGHT.

CUT TO:

288 EXT. SHACK - GARBAGE DUMP - DAY

FULL SHOT: ON a beat-up, dilapidated old shack on the edge of the dump. Superman walks behind it from LEFT. For a moment he is blocked from OUR VIEW, as CAMERA HOLDS IN PLACE. Then, emerging from RIGHT of shack, transformed into his familiar guise of Clark Kent: suit, tie, glasses, etc.

PAN with him as Clark turns onto the dirt road and begins walking jauntily toward Metropolis. In b.g. the skyscrapers and bridges of the city can be SEEN.

CUT TO:

289 INT. CITY ROOM OF "THE DAILY PLANET" - DAY

MED. WIDE SHOT of Lois Lane seated at her desk, her feet up, today's newspaper in her lap, turning the pages and looking quite pleased with herself. DOLLY IN AT ANGLE ENABLING US TO SEE the giant banner headline:

(CONTINUED)

LEX LUTHOR'S SCHEME "BOMBS"
SUPERMAN SAVES NATION
CRIMINAL DRAWS HARSH SENTENCE

Photos and Lois' byline accompany the article. As we SEE this, we HEAR O.S. the voice of Jimmy Olsen.

JIMMY (O.S.)

A great story told by a great reporter.

PULL BACK AND WIDEN TO INCLUDE Jimmy as Lois looks up and grins.

LOIS

My mother thanks you, my father thanks you --

CLARK (O.S.)

-- and Superman thanks you.

WIDEN MORE TO REVEAL Clark Kent who has just come over to join them.

CLARK

(kidding)

How much does he pay you for all the P.R. stuff you write?

The mood between them, though light and chipper, is complicated. Lois is more "up" than Clark, who seems to have a barely disguised case of unrequited love. Odd, but true: the more he does to make her head spin as Superman, the less she appreciates good old Clark Kent.

LOIS

Ahhh, the boy reporter. Late as usual.

CLARK

(lightly)

Stuck in traffic.

(gestures toward the headline; a bit less airy)

Not everyone can fly, you know.

LOIS

(not displeased)

Do I detect a note of jealousy?

CLARK

(a bit miffed)

I know I can't compete with somebody who can fry an egg by winking at it.

FAVORING LOIS -- who smiles fondly at him. Jimmy silently slips away with utmost discretion.

LOIS

Clark Kent, you are jealous. And it's very becoming. I'll tell you the truth -- if I hadn't had my girlish head turned by Superman, I'd say you were a prize catch.

CLARK

(very hopeful)

Me?

LOIS
Sure. You've got everything.

FAVORING CLARK -- who smiles. But the smile quickly fades
as --

LOIS
But nobody knows it. What good
is everything if you haven't got
it together?

(pushing)
Do you mind if I give you some
constructive criticism?

CLARK
Yes.

LOIS
(goes right on)
You could be a take-charge guy!
All you need is a little drive.
Be aggressive. Push! Not just
personally. Professionally, too.
All those chances to be a top
reporter are just waitint to be
grabbed! I grab them.

CLARK
God knows...

She rises, trying to get to him, shake him up.

LOIS
You've had those chances, too!
But where were you?
(ticking off a list
with growing
impatience)
'Making a phone call.' 'In the
washroom.' 'Stuck in traffic.'

CLARK
A charming metaphor for my life.
'Stuck in traffic.'

LOIS
Well? Weave in and out, Clark!

CLARK
In and out.

LOIS
(practically a
cheerleader now)
Get up and go!

S
ZOOM PAST THEM to the frosted glass door leading to Editor
Perry White's office, as the door is flung open and an ex-
cited Perry comes rushing out toward them.

PERRY
(just as Lois finishes
last line)
You said it!

He dashes to them. MOVE IN to TIGHT THREE SHOT.

PERRY
Something big is breaking!

LOIS
A dinosaur egg?

PERRY
(sarcastic as usual)
Excuse me, ma'am. I hate to interrupt my star reporters who are so busy sitting on their --

LOIS
(quick grin)
-- Laurels?

PERRY
Yeah, well, move your laurels down to 73rd and Park. A gang of terrorists just seized some cockamamie U.S. delegation!

Instantly Lois grabs her notebook and starts quickly for the elevator; Clark Kent is right with her. As they hustle off:

PERRY
(calling to them)
Try and talk to them! Get an interview if you can!

ON THE ELEVATORS: One opens and in they go.

CUT TO:

290 INT. ELEVATOR

Indicator shows it is going down quickly.

LOIS
(a bit embarrassed)
Well, that sure put an end to my pep talk.
(changing the subject)
I wonder which delegation is --

CLARK
(sincerely)
Listen, thanks for that advice before. I mean it, Lois.

LOIS
Oh. Well.
(awkward now)
I didn't mean to sound like a coach, Clark. But that's what friends are for.

CLARK
(plaintively)
'Friends'...

The elevator stops; door opens. TRACKING OUT with them into --

291 INT. LOBBY - "DAILY PLANET" - DAY

-- at a dead run for the exit, in a hurry, all the emotion fighting the professional tension. TRACKING FAST.

(CONTINUED)

291 CONTINUED:

LOIS
I don't mean I only think of you
as just a friend, Clark.

They are out the door.

CUT TO:

292 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF "DAILY PLANET" BUILDING - DAY

ON them as they dash out into the street, wildly hailing a cab in the midst of a real city traffic jam: bumper-to-bumper, HORNS blowing.

CLARK
(still eagerly pursuing
her last remark)
You mean...?

LOIS
I mean... in a way... Look, this
isn't the time or the place to --

Suddenly they turn to each other with a little conspiratorial grin and, speaking almost in unison, hit the same realisation at the same moment:

CLARK AND LOIS
Stuck in traffic...

CUT TO:

293 EXT. DELEGATION SKYSCRAPER - DAY

WIDE LONG SHOT: The main entrance of a tall, flat-roofed modern office building is cordoned off and guarded by a great many heavily armed policemen. Police wagons and vans and squad cars are parked all around, as well as mobile TV units. A general buzz of heightened activity: walkie-talkies going, the area swarming with reporters and photographers, the crowds pushed back behind barricades. In b.g. a taxi pulls up; Clark and Lois jump out and run to join the crowd of reporters.

CLOSER on the reporters who surge forward against the cordon, as a harried, tense POLICE SPOKESMAN emerges from the building.

ON SPOKESMAN

SPOKESMAN
Awright, here's the situation.
Three terrorists have occupied
the twenty-fifth floor. We don't
know who they are -- they claim
it's the Freedom Guerilla Army.
We're checking that out. They've
got hostages -- at least nine --
in an office up there. They say
they're going to kill one every
hour until their demands are met.

A REPORTER
What demands?

SPOKESMAN
At this point in time, we don't
know that information.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

293 CONTINUED:

SPOKESMAN (CONT'D)

We established communication but
we still don't know what the fu...
what they want.

ON CLARK -- busy taking notes. Only now does he slowly
look up as he says to Lois:

CLARK

Five'll get you ten it's --

WIDEN SHOT TO SEE what Clark sees: Lois is gone.

CLARK

Lois!

CUT TO:

294 INT. DELEGATION SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

WIDE SHOT -- as Lois whizzes in. The cops clustered at the
other end don't see her.

TRACKING -- She runs to the corridor where the elevators
are. Frantically she presses the elevator button.

NEW ANGLE -- A POLICEMAN turns into the corridor and raises
his gun. As he calls out, the elevator door opens.

COP

Hey, lady!

Lois leaps into the elevator. The Cop races the distance
towards it. Just as he gets there, the doors shut. The
next elevator door then opens (as if they are programmed to
work in sequence) and the Policeman gets in.

FAST CUT TO:

295 INT. FRONT DOOR - LOBBY - DELEGATION BUILDING - DAY

Clark Kent comes tearing in, runs to the elevators. FOLLOW.

NEW ANGLE: The Cop, in the elevator which has not yet left
the ground floor, can't believe his eyes when he sees yet
another civilian running loose.

COP

(outraged)

Hey, what is this, Grand Central
Sta --

The elevator door shuts on him. Clark runs past. HOLD on
the elevator. A moment later, it re-opens and the furious
Cop comes out.

CUT TO:

296 INT. FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Clark pulls open a door marked "FIRE STAIRS." In this nar-
row dinky space, he puts a foot on the first step, looks up.

CLARK'S POV: An endless spiral of stairs going up and up.

CUT TO:

297 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

ON the Cop's elevator.

297 CONTINUED:

He leaps out, runs to the fire stairs, flings open the door.
He looks up.

POV: VIEW AS BEFORE, but no Clark Kent to be seen.

ON the Cop -- who stands there, slowly scratching his head,
utterly mystified.

CUT TO:

298 INT. DELEGATION OFFICE CORRIDOR - 25TH FLOOR - DAY

We are ON a glass-walled office in which a drama of our
time is being played out. Three TERRORISTS hold guns on
nine hostages, one of whom is an almost hysterical woman
pleading with the Terrorist who guards her. The image, in
silence, is really frightening.

PULL BACK TO SEE that the corridor leading to the office
is lined with police snipers in full regalia -- ammunition
belts, battle vests, gas masks, rifles -- crouched in other
office doorways.

In the delegation office, the Head Terrorist raises his
wrist, indicating his watch, then begins waving his gun
wildly at the hostages, yelling. As the hysterical woman
begins to scream, we HEAR the POLICE COMMANDER O.S. at the
very end of the corridor:

And one! POLICE COMMANDER (O.S.)

The police snipers raise their guns in unison.

And two! POLICE COMMANDER (O.S.)

The rifles are aimed at the office door.

Fire! POLICE COMMANDER (O.S.)

The GUNS ARE FIRED in unison, hurtling tear gas canisters
towards the office. The GLASS DOORS SHATTER and smoke in-
stantly fills the office and begins to pour down the cor-
ridor, as Terrorists and hostages scramble wildly out and
down the corridor TOWARD CAMERA. Three Men burst out of
the tear-gas cloud first.

At this moment the elevator door opens and out steps Lois.
The Men are virtually upon her and she seizes the oppor-
tunity to ask the nearest one:

LOIS

(eagerly)

Excuse me, what was it like to be
at the mercy of ruthless, fanatical --

The Man brings a gun up and holds it at her temple, smil-
ing. Lois chose the wrong side to ask.

LOIS

(weakly)

I guess I'll find out.

At which point the fire stairs door opposite opens and out
steps Clark Kent to be greeted by this sight and by a gun
at his head. As the three Terrorists shove Clark and Lois
back into the fire stairs...

TERRORIST
(a small mocking grin)
Oh, yes. We treat all our hostages
the same.

CUT TO:

299 EXT. DELEGATION SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY

AERIAL VIEW: The broad flat roof of the building, a fire station exit door at either end. A police helicopter hovers above as Clark and Lois emerge from one of the doors and are pushed by the Terrorists to the very edge of the roof. As this happens the chopper swings lower and a LOUD-SPEAKER VOICE emanates from it:

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)
(loudspeaker)
Let them go.

TERRORIST TWO
(shouting to the chopper)
In a pig's eye, pig!

TERRORIST LEADER
(shouting as he presses
gun to Lois' head)
Come any closer, man, and you can
watch these folks die.

CLOSER -- A beat of silence in which Lois sways, terrified, on the ledge. Clark, a bit behind, watches her, helpless and worried. Then:

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)
We're ready to talk a deal.

TERRORIST LEADER
Talk!

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)
Release your hostages and we will
guarantee your safe conduct. We can
land the chopper on the roof. We'll
take you straight to JFK. We'll have
a jet waiting there.

TERRORIST THREE
(shouting)
Yeah, for you to shoot out the tires!
We watch television, too, man!

TERRORIST LEADER
Get this! You can keep your jet!
We want Superman!

CLOSEUP - CLARK KENT -- startled.

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)
(stupefied)
Superman?!!

ON the group on the roof.

TERRORIST TWO
We want Superman to fly us to Algeria.
Nobody shoots out his tires, baby.
And we are keeping these hostages!

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)
How are we supposed to get Superman?

CLOSEUP - TERRORIST LEADER

TERRORIST LEADER
(a sinister smile at
Clark)
That's not our problem, Jim.

299 CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - CLARK -- little do they know it's his problem.
After a moment he speaks quickly.

CLARK

Actually, I can get Superman for you.

CLOSEUP - LOIS -- astonished.

LOIS

You...?

The look turns to admiring dismay as she "realises" he's stalling.

TERRORIST LEADER

(scornfully)

Yeah. He hangs out with you?

CLARK

Sure. I've got his private number.
I swear it. I'll have him here
in no time. I just need to get
to a phone. Why would I lie
about it? Just let me get to a
phone.

The Terrorists look at each other, then at their Leader.

After a beat:

TERRORIST LEADER

Okay. Okay. And they --

He gestures to Terrorist Two and Three.

TERRORIST LEADER

-- will be right behind you.

(to his men)

Take him down to the top floor.
Must be a phone there.

NEW ANGLE -- The two Terrorists lead Clark to the far fire door (not the one they came up through), Terrorist Two treating them all to a little revolutionary rhetoric as they go:

TERRORIST TWO

Anyone who has messed with our
people, prepare to die! Power
to our brothers in struggle!
Yeah! And death to the oppressor!
Your blood will run in the streets --

And as they exit through the door, WHIP PAN to Lois and the Terrorist Leader.

TERRORIST LEADER

(to her)

And if your friend don't do his
thing --

(menacingly, brandishing
his gun at her)

I'm gonna do mine.

As Lois registers terror...

CUT TO:

300 INT. CORRIDOR - ONE FLOOR BELOW - DAY

Clark and the Terrorists charge from the stairs door, again leaving the door open, and into corridor. A number of closed doors open off the corridor. TRACK WITH them as they walk down. A Terrorist opens one. It is a broom closet. He opens the next. It's an office. He points into it, indicating a telephone on a desk.

TERRORIST THREE

There's your phone, man.

CLARK

Right. Thanks. Now...
(stalling, reaching
in his jacket pocket)
Where's that phone number?

TERRORIST TWO

(instantly
suspicious)

Don't go for those pockets, High
Pockets.

Terrorist Two nods to Terrorist Three who does a fast pat-down frisk of Clark. Clark now has one Terrorist on either side, right up against him. MED. FULL SHOT.

TERRORIST THREE

He's clean.

TERRORIST TWO

(indicates Clark can
now search his
pockets)

Better have that number, Jim.
Or we got your number.

As Clark speaks the following in a steady patter like a magician whose hand is going to be quicker than the eye, he has one hand crossing his chest into his breast pocket and the other hand delving in his jacket pocket:

CLARK

Should be here somewhere. Should
be right here. But, you know how
it is... sometimes when you change
your suit you forget to change --

On the word "change" his elbows come up hard, smashing one Terrorist on each side, slamming them simultaneously right in the chops and sending them flying. In that instant, he leaps into the broom closet, slamming the door behind him. The Terrorists are quickly on their feet again, guns drawn. They FIRE through the broom closet door, RIDDLING it with BULLETS.

CUT TO:

301 EXT. ROOF - DAY

SOUND: the BULLETS FIRING down below.

LUIS

(a cry of anguish)

Clark!

TERRORIST LEADER

(frowning, shouts
down stairwell)

Mustafa! What's happenin' down
there?

302 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

ON the broom closet door. MUSTAFA and his CONHORE stand with smoking guns, grinning at each other. They do a quick revolutionary hand-snake and then open the door.

There, in the classic pose, FULL SHOT, stands the Man of Steel in full costume... Superman!

The two Terrorists look at each other in total confusion. Instantly, Superman reaches out with both hands and cracks their two heads together. They hit the floor, unconscious. Superman steps across them and crosses to the fire stairs door. FOLLOW him. He leans against the wall, waiting.

TERRORIST LEADER (O.S.)

(calling from the
roof)

Mustafa! Mustafa!

303 EXT. ROOF - DAY

ON Lois and the Terrorist Leader, now alone.

TERRORIST LEADER

(grimly)

Say your prayers, woman.

Lois, trying to be brave, takes a deep breath and looks down, getting instant vertigo. Quickly, she shuts her eyes, swaying, almost falling.

304 ANGLE DOWN -- SHOWING the long drop to the street. Crowd below.

305 ON THEM -- As Lois waits for the bullet in CLOSEUP.

TERRORIST LEADER (O.S.)

Superman!

Lois' eyes fly open wide. She is about to turn and look when the gun is pressed tightly to her head again.

TERRORIST LEADER (O.S.)

(threatening)

Lady, move now and your movin' days are done.

Lois stands very still, very discreet, but a tiny smile of hope begins as she hears the familiar voice:

SUPERMAN (O.S.)

(sternly)

You want to talk to me?

TERRORIST LEADER

(cocky)

No man, I want to fly you.

ANGLE DOWN: THREE SHOT -- Lois is turned away between the Terrorist, who is using her as a shield, and Superman, who stands a few feet away on the ledge. SHOT INCLUDES the vertigo-inducing drop.

SUPERMAN

(tersely)

You're grounded, bubby.

He makes a quick move towards the Terrorist. But --

TERRORIST LEADER

Uh-uh. She is.

308 CONTINUED: (2)

OTIS

I just heard on the radio!
Superman nabbed a buncha radical
freaks on some roof or somethin'!

LUTHOR

(galled)

That crummy flag waver. He'll
do anything to get a hand!

(intensely)

All I want out of life is to
get out of here and destroy
that miserable, glad-handing
showboat.

ALBERT

But how can you destroy him?
You've tried everything. Nothing
stops him.

LUTHOR

(slyly)

Every man has a vulnerable point.
I just didn't find his in time.

ALBERT

(excited)

And now you've found it?

LUTHOR

(nastily)

What are you going to say, Albert?
'A little late, isn't it?' 'Some
timing, boss?'

(lowers voice)

It just so happens that it takes
time, patience and skill -- the
Big 3 -- to build my black box.

OTIS

That black box in your cell?

LUTHOR

(frantically quieting
him)

Shhhhhhhhh!

OTIS

(whispering)

That black box in your cell?
What's it for?

Luthor reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ratty,
shredded piece of Kleenex -- one that has already seen its
share of munching -- and pops his favorite snack into his
mouth.

LUTHOR

(to Otis)

Get me a fresh supply of tissue,
Otis. I've used up my week's
ration.

OTIS

I gotta have somethin' to trade.

LUTHOR

Give them Albert's radio.

Albert looks very unhappy.

LUTHOR

(back to business)

So. All attempts to track Superman with conventional means have failed including radar, correct? Correct. He flies at super-speed.

(confidentially)

And yet we know that every so often, when he isn't all tied up with --

(he says this like an insult)

-- 'doing good' and taking bows and kissing babies --

(angrily)

-- and posing for 'Newsweek' covers -- he goes North. North. Where? We don't know. The tracking device always loses him.

(ruminating)

Now why would he go North?

ALBERT

To ski?

Lex Luthor sighs dramatically and turns his back on them.

LUTHOR

We've really got to break out of here, y'know. It's beginning to affect everybody's mind.

(turns back to them)

This device -- my black box -- which I have nearly finished, goes beyond conventional radar.

(comes closer, as if to impart a stunning piece of news)

It tracks Alpha waves.

OTIS

(impressed)

Alpha waves!

LUTHOR

You don't even know what they are, do you? Just trying to act like you're 'with it,' right?

OTIS

(weakly)

I heard of... Alpha... watchacallems...

LUTHOR

And you'll hear about them again, Otis. They will lead me to his secret. And when I have that secret, I'll have Superman.

REACTIONS: Albert and Otis suitably impressed now.

ALBERT

(exuberantly)

Tomorrow the world!

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR

Not tomorrow.

Albert's face falls.

LUTHOR

I won't be ready tomorrow.

ALBERT

But -- we could be free.

LUTHOR

We'll be free when I say we'll be free. What's all this crap about free, anyway? The point is to GO when we're ready.

ALBERT

(weakly)

I was ready...

LUTHOR

You are not the governing factor, pussycat.

As Albert rolls his eyes heavenwards in despair, CAMERA PANS UPWARD WITH HIS GAZE, OVER THE PRISON WALLS, HIGHER AND HIGHER.

CUT TO:

309 EXT. SPACE

UPWARD MOVEMENT OF CAMERA (EFFECTS) CONTINUES as Earth sky becomes space and silence. Earth day becomes cosmic, starry silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

310 EXT. SURFACE OF THE MOON (OR MOON-LIKE PLANET)

WIDE, LONG SHOT: Astronauts have landed; there is a capsule that looks like the famous LEM, supported on four skinny, high spider-like legs, with a glowing metal ladder leading from its portal. In b.g. distance, two golf-cart sort of vehicles are riding off over the pock-marked cratered surface in search of whatever.

CUT TO:

311 INT. HOUSTON, NASA SPACE CONTROL CENTER - DAY

The familiar setting we have seen before: the banks of computers, TECHNICIANS and CONTROLLERS in shirt sleeves monitoring the astronauts.

CLOSER ON TWO OF THE CONTROLLERS: One of them, standing by the monitoring device, obviously bored, sips coffee from a paper cup. The second, his feet up, idly leafs through the Star Trek Manual, killing time.

FIRST CONTROLLER

(nudging his companion)

Hey, you follow the bouncing ball for awhile, huh? It's giving me a headache. And you'd better check in on them.

The Second Controller reluctantly puts down his feet and turns his back aside.

311 CONTINUED:

SECOND CONTROLLER

Yeah, I keep forgetting about them.

(shrugs)

Well, everybody else has. After forty-five days.

(he tunes in his console, speaks into mike)

Houston to Artemis II, Houston to Artemis II, come in please.

VOICE FROM CONSOLE

Howdy, Houston.

CUT TO:

312 INT. LEM CAPSULE - MOON SURFACE - SPACE

Two astronauts, DAVE and NATE, who have been up there for forty-five days and looking it (unshaven, haggard, bored).

VOICE OF CONTROLLER

(over LEM speaker)

Dave? Nate? How's things up there?

DAVE

All systems normal, Houston. Robbie is out doing the geological survey --

VOICE OF CONTROLLER

(not too thrilled)

More rocks...

DAVE

Affirmative. And Andy is headed for Crater 2 to set some soil samples. And Nate and I are getting engaged.

VOICE OF CONTROLLER

I had a feeling about you guys when I saw the Rorschach tests.

NATE

Just a little humor there, Houston. Actually, he's not my type. I think it's the beard.

VOICE OF CONTROLLER

Surface conditions unchanged, fellas?

DAVE

(looking out porthole)

Well, it's mighty pretty out there. Mighty --

Suddenly, he sits straight up in his seat with a look of absolute astonishment on his face; he nudges Nate; they both peer through porthole.

DAVE

-- pretty.

FAST CUT TO:

313 EXT. SPACE, MOON SURFACE

FULL SHOT -- Through porthole, we SEE Ursa, drifting like a languorous, undulating Rhine Maiden, floating down to the moon surface -- a smiling siren, a magical apparition.

CUT TO:

314 INT. LEM MODULE

Dave and Nate, open-mouthed, staring, speechless.

VOICE OF CONTROLLER

Mighty pretty, right. Can't you
guys come up with a new line?

Listen, Dave -- ?
(sharply)

Dave?

(no answer)

Nate? Wake up, guys!

DAVE

(half-whisper;
stunned)

That's it. Yeah, I'm dreaming.

VOICE OF CONTROLLER

Come in, Artemis!

DAVE

Yeah... well... uh, Houston...
we seem to have an... an
unidentified flying...

(stares incredulously
through porthole)
... object.

315 INT. HOUSTON GROUND CONTROL

OTHER CONTROLLERS gathering around the tracking screen.
General looks of puzzlement.

FIRST CONTROLLER

What's going on up there? What
is this UFO?

VOICE OF NATE

(fervently)

God only knows.

FIRST CONTROLLER

(disgusted)

Well, I can't reach Him, so you
tell me. What does it look like?

CUT TO:

316 INT. LEM MODULE - SPACE

DAVE

Well, sir... actually, what it
looks like, I would have to say,
it definitely looks like, I
mean... like... a girl.

HOUSTON GROUND CONTROL (V.O.)

(a beat; then,
dumbfounded)

A girl.

CUT TO:

317 INT. HOUSTON GROUND CONTROL

Looks of worry and dismay.

VOICE OF DAVE

(unhappily)

Well, I knew you wouldn't like it, Houston.

CONTROLLER

Oh, we love it, Dave. A girl.

(to a colleague)

Call Dr. Kramer. I told you they'd been up there too long.

CUT TO:

318 EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE SURFACE OF THE MOON (OR PLANET)

WIDE SHOT -- The "golf cart" parked near a rock outcropping, by a crater. Astronaut ROBBIE, in his bulky space suit and helmet, laboriously lifts some moon rocks and stands, begins loping back to his vehicle with them to put them in the container, when suddenly Ursa lands gently in front of him.

CLOSER -- His reaction is what you'd expect.

URSA

We've got to stop meeting this way.

ROBBIE

What -- ???!

URSA

Do you live around here?

ROBBIE

(barely able to speak)

Do... do... do you live here?

FAVORING URSA -- Slowly, tantalizing, she undulates toward him.

URSA

No, this will be just a... brief encounter.

(smiles)

Very brief.

Robbie stands there in a state of shock. CAMERA DOLLIES BEHIND URSA, as this continues, so that we cannot see her from the front:

URSA

(vamping, mocking)

But you're a hard man to get close to.

(comes up against

him, as if to

embrace him)

I know! Why don't you get out of that silly suit?

(before he can

protest)

It doesn't do a thing for you!

And on these words, she suddenly reaches out and rips the spacesuit down the front, tearing a great gaping hole as easily as if she were ripping tissue paper. As Robbie's arms flail the air, she grins.

(CONTINUED)

URSA
Does it?

And he explodes (EFFECTS) from the pressure change, in front of our very eyes. It is horrible, terrifying.

CUT TO:

319 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE MOON SURFACE (OR PLANET)

WIDE -- The fourth astronaut, ANDY, is attached by a long hose, like an umbilical cord, to his vehicle as he kneels a few yards away in a crater, scooping up samples of dust and putting them in containers. In a bizarre way, he reminds us of a farmer tilling his field. Very faintly from inside his suit, we HEAR the STRAINS of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" being hummed.

NEW ANGLE -- Suddenly, from out of the crater, pops...
Jak-El.

JAK-EL
(brightly)
Ah, music! Shall we dance?

He vaults over the lip of the crater and lands near the astonished Andy.

JAK-EL
Mind if I cut in?

And with that, he lifts the life-line in one hand and, using the fingers of his other as scissors, simply snips it in two. CLOSEUP JAK-EL: registers some surprise at what he has done.

Arms flailing, his scream echoing, Andy rises like a runaway balloon, his gravity pull destroyed as he floats up and away.

JAK-EL
Now, that's entertainment!

As his ghastly laugh begins:

CUT TO:

320 INT. HOUSTON GROUND CONTROL

A sizeable and very worried crowd of engineers, controllers, administrators, etc., gathered around the console now.

FIRST CONTROLLER
Artemis! Come in! What's wrong?

CUT TO:

321 INT. LEM MODULE

DAVE
(upset)
We've lost contact with Robbie and Andy! We don't know what could be --

Suddenly his eyes widen in horror at what he sees:

321A DAVE'S POV: The body of Andy, floating past the porthole, bloated, into space.

321A CONTINUED:

DAVE
Oh, my God!

VOICE OF CONTROLLER
What is it? What is it?

NATE
(panic)
Something's wrong! Something's wrong!

VOICE OF CONTROLLER
Artemis! Now hear this! Pursuant to Procedure Five, Subhead A to be followed in the event of untoward mental stress or disability, you will prepare for immediate return to Earth. Repeat: immediate return to --

Suddenly, the whole ship begins to shake violently. Dave and Nate are frozen in terror.

VOICE OF CONTROLLER
Dave? Nate?

QUICK CUT TO:

322 EXT. SURFACE OF MOON - BASE OF LEM

The Lem stands there like a big grasshopper. Zod watches approvingly as Non shakes it by the legs, causing incredible turbulence, like a guy shaking an apple tree to make fruit fall. Zod nods affirmatively like a master letting his pet out on a run as Non looks to him for further permission. Immediately, Non deals one supporting leg of the Lem with a vicious karate chop, knocking it off. As the structure lurches violently down and to one side:

QUICK CUT TO:

323 INT. LEM MODULE

Lurching violently, all the stuff inside flying around, the force flinging the two Astronauts ass-over-backwards.

DAVE
(trying to get to
mike)
Turbulence! Something's wrong
out there!

Suddenly, with a SOUND of a great smash, it lurches the other way at a forty-five degree tilt.

QUICK CUT TO:

324 EXT. SURFACE

Where Non has just broken off another leg, causing this.

QUICK CUT TO:

325 INT. HOUSTON GROUND CONTROL

CONTROLLER
Come in! Can you hear me?

QUICK CUT TO:

326 EXT. SURFACE OF MOON

Non rears back and smashes the two remaining struts. The Lem crashes to the surface. Instantly, Non levitates and flies above it. Then, with an enormous, deafening roar, he rears back and deals the module a mighty blow. It breaks and smashes into pieces. As the pieces spin wildly off into the darkness, the two trapped Astronauts' SCREAMS ECHO through space.

ON ZOD: Looking very thoughtful.

ON NON: He howls in triumph.

CUT TO:

327 INT. HOUSTON GROUND CONTROL

Everybody talking at once: "Artemis! Come in! Robbie? Dave? Nate? Andy? Come in! Come in!"

DISSOLVE TO:

328 EXT. SURFACE OF MOON

(NOTE: VOICES ECHO and REVERBERATE in space)

The four Villains seated amidst the debris left from their outing. They have decorated themselves with the spoils: Jak-El now wears the boots he ripped off; Zod has various patches and medals and NASA badges, etc., attached to his outfit; Ursa sports a silver Air Force belt buckle, worn as a brooch.

JAK-EL

(still laughing)

I was just going to give it a little pinch! I just wanted to watch him turn blue. But --

(he mimes the snip-

ping; then,

thoughtfully)

How did I do that?

Non, rocking as he sits, begins making frightening noises of satiation and pleasure, pleased with the mayhem he has caused.

URSA

(also thoughtful)

It was strange. I tore the metal fibers like paper. And what he did --

(points to Non)

-- was... amazing!

(it begins to

dawn on her)

Something is happening...

ZOD

Yes. To all of us. The closer we come to an atmosphere with only one sun -- a yellow sun -- the more our molecular density will give us unlimited powers!

(gestures at the

wreckage)

This crude vehicle could not have traveled far. There must be others like them nearby. We will follow our trajectory.

328 CONTINUED:

Non sniffs the air like a hound on the scent.

URSA

To what end?

ZOD

(rises)

To rule!

(quickly,
persuasively)

And then you shall all have what
you want.

URSA

(in a voice of cold
steel)

I want men. To destroy.

ZOD

And you shall have them. As
many as you want, whenever you
want.

(selling hard, but
seductively)

You will indulge your wildest
desires without fear of
retaliation.

(to Jak-El)

And you, twisted clown, will
find your... opportunities.
And I will lead!

URSA

(pointedly)

We all have these powers, General
Zod.

ZOD

But I have a plan, as well.

(smarmy)

Why waste your new skills when
you can use them to rule?

URSA

Very well.

Zod takes a stance, posing Hitler-like in triumph.

ZOD

First, strike terror! Second,
seize control!

Non makes impatient noises. Then, with a burst, united as
one, the Four fly up and into black space. The VOICE of
Jak-El ECHOES through the void:

JAK-EL

Funnnnny? Funnanny!

His horrible laugh rings in the endless darkness.

CUT TO:

329 EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

LONG SHOT: The prison sleeps. In the lit towers, a few
guards.

CUT TO:

330 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ANGLE DOWN on a prison guard, out cold, laying on the floor by an open cell door. A piece of chewed-up Kleenex is nearby.

CUT TO:

331 EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

MED. SHOT on the wall across the yard. Three shadowy figures flattened against it. CLOSER: It's Luthor, Albert and Otis, panting, darting looks around, in the midst of jailbreak. Luthor looks up to the right.

332 LUTHOR'S POV: The guard tower, where a guard now leaves the lit enclosure and walks down the stairs. Now nobody is there.

ON THE THREE -- all this in whispers.

LUTHOR
(tersely)
The rope!

ALBERT
(to Otis)
The rope!

OTIS
What rope?

LUTHOR
THE rope.
(slowly, gritted
teeth)
You... do... have... the... rope...?

ALBERT
(sickly, to Otis)
I thought you had it.

OTIS
I don't have it! Do you see a
rope on me?

LUTHOR
(seething)
Around your neck is where I see
it!

He looks up at the tower.

333 POV: Still unoccupied by guards.

334 ON THEM

OTIS
(points at Albert)
It was on his bed.

ALBERT
Yesterday! Today when I gave
it to you after lunch, when --

OTIS
I didn't have lunch today.

LUTHOR
(screaming in a
whisper)
It's on that rope.

335 EXT. PRISON - OUTSIDE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT: A car pulls up quietly, headlights out and parks across the street from the prison wall. A woman is alone behind the wheel; as she checks her watch by the dashboard light, we SEE that it is Eve Teschmacher.

ZOOM PAST HER TO THE WALL where Luthor appears, coming over the top, holding his end of the rope which he now shinies down, dropping quietly to the street. He signals "Pssst!" impatiently, a moment later, Albert comes down the rope as well. Luthor starts to run for the car.

ALBERT

What about Otis?

LUTHOR

What about him?

CUT TO:

336 EXT. PRISON YARD - NIGHT

Otis stands at the bottom of the prison wall, the rope tied around his middle (as he was the ballast). Now he starts to yank himself up on it, but to his surprise the rope is slack and just comes slithering down over the top and lands at his feet. As he stands there confused:

GUARD'S VOICE

Hey you! Hold it right there!

Otis turns toward the guard with a sickly little smile.

CUT TO:

337 EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

ON THE CAR as Luthor jumps in the front seat, Albert in the back, closing the doors. Eve steps on the gas; the car charges off.

CUT TO:

338 INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Luthor gives her a kiss on the cheek, but she's clearly not happy.

LUTHOR

Well done, Miss Teschmacher,
well done.

Eve is stony-faced; already glum with the awareness that she has, masochistically perhaps, brought back the old torment.

EVE

'Well done.' But why?

(angst)

Why am I doing this? Why am I
here?

LUTHOR

Is this a philosophy seminar?
No. This is a getaway.

EVE

(now that she's done
it, she can have
her personal crisis)

I'm the one who should get a lay.
After all, you're the one who

EVE (CONT'D)
 (quickly, before he
 can slap her)
 The man who leaves me to fend
 for myself with no friends, no
 money, no social contacts, no
 place to live but a sewer, no
 tickie, no washee, no moon at
 all, no life to live, no sun in
 Venice, no room at the inn, no
 orchids for Miss Blandish, no
 time for sergeants, no rest for
 the weary, no hope for the
 wicked --

LUTHOR
 (quietly)
 You're freaking out, Miss
 Teschmacher. I understand.
 You've been under a lot of
 strain.

EVE
 Why am I back with you? I must
 be a masochist.

LUTHOR
 (hopefully)
 You think so?
 (pacifying her)
 Whatever you are, you're
 beautiful. You're beautiful
 when you drive.

CUT TO:

339 EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

The car moves rapidly down back roads.

CUT TO:

340 INT. CAR - NIGHT

LUTHOR
 How would you like to take a
 little vacation? I mean, you've
 earned it, y'know? Y'know? You
 deserve it.

EVE
 (brightening)
 There is some good in you, Lex,
 after all.

LUTHOR
 (angrily)
 Don't insult me, Miss Teschmacher.
 (nicely)
 You'll have to pack quickly.

EVE
 (getting into it)
 A bikini! I'll need to buy a
 new bikini, Lex.
 (suggestively)
 C'mon, after being cooped in
 that prison, haven't you
 thought about me in a bikini...
 once maybe?

340 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR
(flatly)
A parka.

EVE
You thought about me in a parka.
That's sick, Lex. Really.

LUTHOR
(settling back in
his seat)
North.

He reaches under his coat, pulls out the black box, sets it
on his lap, pets it.

LUTHOR
We're going north, Miss
Teschmacher.

CUT TO:

341 EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

OPEN WITH A WHITE, TEXTURED SURFACE FILLING THE SCREEN. At
first, it looks like some piece of the frozen "north" Luthor
has just alluded to. But as we begin to ZOOM BACK SLOWLY,
we SEE that it is running water and it is the foaming that
looks like ice. AS PULLBACK CONTINUES, it is REVEALED to
be the magnificent Horseshoe Falls in Niagara Falls. At
MAXIMUM DISTANCE, PAN AWAY FROM FALLS TO a typical motel of
the area. A flashy neon sign, coyly decorated, proclaims
Honeymoon Haven. Several cars, shiny and middle-class, are
parked outside, more than one decorated with crepe paper
ribbons and tin cans and "Just Married" signs.

CUT TO:

342 INT. LOBBY HONEYMOON HAVEN MOTEL - DAY

Super-kitsch, i.e., cupid's hearts, simulated wood-panelling
etc. A couple, in their best travelling clothes, stand with
their backs to US. He is signing the register. She leans
to the unctuous DESK CLERK, who, with a flourish, pins an
orchid on her.

DESK CLERK
(taking back register,
doing his routine)
Welcome to the house of happy
honeymoons. And congratulations,
Mr. and Mrs. ...

As he speaks, the couple turns, grinning at each other. It
is... Clark and Lois!

DESK CLERK
(a note of doubt as
he reads the
register)
... Smith?

CUT TO:

343 INT. BRIDAL SUITE - HONEYMOON HAVEN MOTEL - DAY

MED. WIDE as Lois and Clark are led in by a BELLBOY. The
living room, all gaudy velvetoon and formica, heart-shaped
cushions on a Castro-convertible-type sofa, is lurching.
Now as Clark and Lois look very self-conscious, the bell
opens a door to the right.

BELLBOY
And here's the --

CLARK
(quickly)
Right. Thank you.

He hands him a tip.

BELLBOY
Thank you, sir. And have a
happy --
(with a dopey
wink)
-- whatever.

MOVE IN ON him as he closes the door behind him. A moment later, the orchid is suddenly flung against the door.

REVERSE -- ON CLARK AND LOIS. There is a bit of tension between them in this suddenly forced proximity. In addition, she is feeling feisty about the whole thing.

LOIS
Of all the dumb assignments
Perry White ever thought of,
this one takes the cake!

CLARK
(his little joke)
Wedding cake?

LOIS
Posing as newlyweds to uncover
the Honeymoon racket in Niagara
Falls!
(a moue of disgust)
Him and his Sunday magazine
exposes.

CLARK
(serious)
But it should be exposed. They
take these kids starting out in
life and bilk them for every
nickel they can get.

LOIS
(unmoved)
It isn't their money. Somebody's
daddy is paying for it anyway,
and it's guilt money at that.

CLARK
Guilt money?

LOIS
When Papa marries off his little
darling, the first thing he
thinks is, 'Murray! One less
mouth to feed.' And then he
feels guilty for thinking it.

CLARK
I guess your father --

LOIS
Right. And he won't either.
(suddenly)
Unless.

343 CONTINUED:

Lois is struck by a thought, a reverie.

CLARK
Somehow I hear a cape flapping.

LOIS
(flustered)
That will do, Mr. Kent.
(she looks around
at the shlocky door)
Welcome to Bad Taste Country.

FAVORING CLARK -- who, studying the room, makes a discovery:
a bucket of champagne on top of the TV with a little card
beside it.

CLARK
(rather impressed)
Still, this isn't so bad, is
it? 'Complimentary champagne.'

LOIS
Oh sure. And the 'complimentary
corsage.' Everything's
complimentary -- until you get
the bill.

He picks up the orchid and brings it to her, a bit awkward-
ly, coming close. MOVE IN TIGHTER.

CLARK
(trying to pin it
back on)
Mrs. Smith, you're as nervous
as... a newlywed.

LOIS
(a nervous smile)
And you've been a little
preoccupied yourself.

CLARK
(hesitant)
I was... uh... just wondering
about the... the, uh...
arrangements.
(he moves away,
quickly; blurting
this out)
Sleeping arrangements.

LOIS
(with a smile and a
flourish toward the
sofa)
Mr. Smith, the 'complimentary
couch.'

CUT TO:

344 EXT. THE FROZEN NORTH - DAY

CLOSEUP LEX LUTHOR, the hood of a parka surrounds the
bullet head.

LUTHOR
Mushi

FULL BACK TO MED. LONG SHOT REVEALING Luthor in the back
seat of a Snowmobile, Eve beside him.

344 CONTINUED:

In one hand, Luthor holds a whip, which he cracks to spur the Snowmobile on; and in the other, he carries his little black box which he studies intently. Everybody fur-clad, mittened.

Everywhere is ice and snow; we are near the Fortress of Solitude.

Just as the Snowmobile reaches the top of a rise, Luthor, eyes on the box, lets out a joyous yelp.

LUTHOR

Ah!

Albert, startled, stops the Snowmobile with a sickening jolt.

LUTHOR

(very excited)

What have we here?

345 HIS POV: What looks like just another vast outcropping of ice (but is, in fact, the Fortress). As Eve puts it:

EVE (O.S.)

(disgusted)

Ice. Snow. Your idea of a good time.

346 ON THE SNOWMOBILE. Luthor gazes front with wild delight.

LUTHOR

Foool! It's his home! His home!

ALBERT

His home... This is the secret. Mr. Luthor?

L'UTHOR

You can learn more about a man from the contents of his garbage can than from all his public announcements. Y'know?

(he pulls a Kleenex from his pocket, pops it into his mouth)

Yeahhhhh -- there's nothing worse than an icy tissue. No, Albert, whatever there is to know about the piebald buzzard, I'll find the answers in here.

He cracks the whip and the Snowmobile quickly shoots across the remaining distance to the Fortress.

CUT TO:

347 EXT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

ON THE THREE as they dismount, Eve and Albert looking very dubious.

TRACK WITH them as they begin walking around the seemingly impenetrable icy structure, Luthor leading the way.

ALBERT

(tentatively)

His home, Mr. Luthor? You're sure?

EVE
(weakly)
You must be wrong, Lex.

LUTHOR
(aghast)
Wrong? Lex?
(icily)
We do not use those words in the
same sentence.

But as they continue walking, he surreptitiously holds his
little black box out to the structure and takes another
reading.

LUTHOR
(belligerently)
There's the needle on the target.

EVE
(flatly; an unas-
sailable argument)
Well, there's no number on the
door. Not to mention no door --

LUTHOR
(striding on,
snarling)
And no welcome mat in front of
it, and no picket fence and no
rose bushes and no American
flag!
(rounding a corner,
furiously)
And we're not in Kansas, Miss
Teschmacher!

By now he is OUT OF FRAME.

LUTHOR
(a sudden change to
exultant)
But we do have a door!

ON LEX, AT THE DOOR, as the others rush INTO FRAME. With a
sweeping gesture, he indicates this smooth panel of opaque
glass; no latch, no knob.

Albert steps forward and makes a great show of studying it.

ALBERT
No visible opening device. No
doorknob. No hinges.
(bends, studies
the side)
No electric eye. Counter-
hydraulic perhaps? ...
(straightens up)
Fascinating.
(his professional
opinion)
Impenetrable.

LUTHOR
(wild with
frustration)
Impenetrable?! Impossible!

In a Rumpelstiltskin-like fury, he gives the door a mighty
kick. Instantly it swings open. With a smirk, he enters,
fell

347 CONTINUED: (2)

LUTHOR
 (as he enters)
 Morons! I'm surrounded by morons!

CUT TO:

348 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

WIDE, LONG, FULL SHOT: The three of them standing just inside, dwarfed by the enormous, cathedral-like magnificence of the place.

REVERSE: ON THEM. They stand, goggle-eyed, overwhelmed by sheer size and beauty of the Fortress.

LUTHOR
 How do you like this!

EVE
 Compared to living in a sewer?
 Are you kidding?

LUTHOR
 Yes, it's not bad.
 (to Albert)
 From an architectural standpoint,
 it makes your work look like
 Leggo Blocks, y'know?

DISSOLVE TO:

349 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

WIDE SHOT - Another part of the Fortress, central area.
 Eve and Albert are poking about; she looks a bit tense.

ALBERT
 Really fantastic. The
 construction goes beyond all
 known architectural theory.

EVE
 I know. No exposed nail heads.

ALBERT
 No nails at all!
 (marvelling)
 This place is a work of genius!
 It lacks nothing.

EVE
 Wrong.

ALBERT
 I beg your pardon?

EVE
 I have spent two hours looking
 for a ladies room and there
 ain't one.
 (looks O.S., eyes
 widening, with
 hope)
 Wait a minute, wait a minute,
 could it be...?

HER POV: Across the room is a large self-contained box-like structure, glass-windowed, octagonal and shining. It just must be some kind of Kryptonian john.

349 CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE: She rushes to it, flings open the heavy iron door.

CUT TO:

350 INT. MOLECULAR RESTRUCTURING MACHINE

'Tisn't a crapper. It's some kind of machine, with a set of platforms inside it, various crystals arranged in a panel-bank, and Luthor in there looking around.

EVE

(disappointed)

Well, if it is one, these Krypton characters are even more different than I thought.

LUTHOR

Fascinating.

EVE

What is it?

She walks to the bank of crystals. One of them glows reddish. Beside it, various labeled panels read: "Machine Activated: First Stage," "Full Power," and "Terminated."

LUTHOR

(his back to her,
examining some
gizmo)

Seems to be some sort of
molecular restructuring device.

EVE

(touches the crystals)

This one is pretty.

She refers to a red one, which she fingers. Accidentally, she knocks it loose and it drops to the floor.

ON LUTHOR -- turning to see what happened.

LUTHOR

Can't we have a little respect
for scientific paraphernalia, Miss
Butterfingers?

(sternly)

Put it back where it came from!

He turns back to his study of the control panel, muttering:

LUTHOR

Klutz...

ON EVE -- she starts to put it back, darts a quick look at Lex, sees he isn't looking. Quickly, she drops the crystal down the front of her blouse, into her cleavage. Then, innocently:

EVE

I just thought it was pretty.

LUTHOR

(disparagingly)

Pretty. No, the question is, how
can we have a silicone connector
attached to a cadmium bi-valve
oscillator, when theoretically
that wouldn't work. That is the

350 CONTINUED:

EVE

That's your question, Lex. Mine
is more basic.

Both turn and leave the enclosure. FOLLOW THEM OUT:

CUT TO:

351 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE

As they exit the machine, we SEE in passing that control
buttons to activate it are on a panel on the outside of the
box.

LONG SHOT -- As Luthor walks to the central area where Jor-
El materializes on memory crystals. As he walks, he flings
up his arms in cranky petulance:

LUTHOR

It's boring here. Everything
white. Why doesn't the man
put up a couple of prints?
Bullfight posters or something?

ON ALBERT, poking around the control console.

ALBERT

All these buttons...

He reaches out.

LUTHOR (O.S.)

Albert, don't touch what
doesn't belong to you.

Too late: Albert pushes a button.

WIDE SHOT, LONG: EFFECTS -- An entire translucent wall turns
opaque (or transparent) REVEALING the arctic landscape
outside. Quite spectacular.

ALBERT

(impressed)

Himmell! If I could install this
in our underground headquarters,
we could see --

EVE

-- a pile of dirt. Not to
mention --

LUTHOR

Turn it off, Albert. It's giving
me a headache.

As Albert does;

CUT IN CLOSER as he reaches the "throne" where Superman sits
to activate the memory cells and talk to his father. Luthor
sits down, trying the chair for size. He squirms, finding
the slab hard and uncomfortable.

LUTHOR

(grouchy)

Not even a cushion. No wonder
they call him The Man of Steel.

Luthor looks down.

HIS POV: The black apparatus has one of the memory cells
which...

351 CONTINUED:

A button beside it, which Luthor presses, causes the crystal to eject.

ON LUTHOR -- catching it in mid-air, studying the gizmo.

LUTHOR
Some kind of Krypton cassette
player?

He looks left to the area where the shelves of memory cells are displayed.

(NOTE: Until now, whenever we have seen Superman take one of the memory cells, he has taken it, in order, from the first shelf.)

Luthor gets up and walks to the first shelf and takes a handful of the early crystals, goes back to the playback apparatus, sits, and pushes one of the crystals into the playback slot.

EFFECTS: Jor-El materializes quite spectacularly.

REACTIONS: Luthor, Eve and Albert, scared shitless.

JOR-EL
(an oldie but
goodie tape)
Your education is complete, my
son.

LUTHOR
What the -- !

JOR-EL
It is time to return to the
world you will live in. Remember
that though you are superior to
men, do not set yourself above
them. Use your great gifts --

LUTHOR
(recovering)
It's his old man! Are you his
old man?

EVE
Ask him where the bathroom is.

LUTHOR
(snapping at her)
Why didn't you go before we left?

EVE
(plaintively)
Two days ago???

JOR-EL
-- for the good of mankind.
Never allow --

LUTHOR
Are you here?

JOR-EL
-- yourself to be influenced
by political or national
concerns. Always strive --

(CONTINUED)

351 CONTINUED: (2)

LUTHOR
(catching on)
He's not here! Ahhh, he speaks
from the past. Very cute, very
cute.

JOR-EL
-- to use your powers for the
good of --

LUTHOR
(heckling)
Your kid looks like you. Poor guy.

JOR-EL
(droning on)
-- the people who recognize a
higher moral authority --

LUTHOR
No wonder Superman's such a goody-
goody. Listen to this guy.

With a disgusted grimace, Luthor yanks the cell out, shoves
another one in.

Again (EFFECTS) Jor-El materializes, in HOLOGRAPH.

JOR-EL
Education Cell 108. Earth Culture.
This is a typical ode, much loved
by the people you will live among,
Kal-El. 'Trees,' by Joyce Kilmer.
'I think that I shall never see a
poem as lovely as a tree - A tree
whose branches wide and strong --'

Luthor, to his credit, yanks the tape out as quickly as he
can.

LUTHOR
Good God!

ALBERT
(distracted)
Wait, please! I love that poem!

Luthor leaps from his seat with brusque, impatient gestures,
and strides to the shelves of memory crystals.

LUTHOR
Quiet! Between your brain and
your bladder, a man can't hear
himself think in here!

He puts the crystals back in their slots, then, about to
take another, suddenly turns and looks at the second shelf
on the other wall. He goes to it.

LUTHOR
Maybe these are a little more...
sophisticated.

(he takes the very
last one on the
shelf, starts back
to "throne.")
Hipper. More adult. X-rated.
Anything as long as it's not --

He puts in the crystal, activates it.

352 SPECIAL EFFECTS: Again Jor-El materializes.

352 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR

Man never changes his suit.

JOR-EL

(grim-visaged)

My son, the time has come to tell you of the darkest episode in Krypton's history. I hope this is something you never need to know.

LUTHOR

That's okay, pops. Lay it on me.

JOR-EL

That is a good question.

LUTHOR

(confused)

Huh? What question? I didn't ask --

JOR-EL

You already know of Krypton's advanced governmental system that enabled all the peoples of our planet to live peacefully and harmoniously.

Luthor makes a rude noise.

JOR-EL

Unfortunately, even on Krypton there have appeared -- once in a great while -- certain anti-social elements.

LUTHOR

(putting him on, razzing)

No! How shocking!

JOR-EL

-- deviants whose upbringing or chemical balance had gone awry. What we called 'malcontents' -- you on Earth call them 'criminals.'

LUTHOR

My kind of people.

JOR-EL

Of course, we are not a primitive planet like Earth, and these unhappy souls were always successfully rehabilitated, transformed into proud, productive citizens.

LUTHOR

(outraged)

Brainwashing! Police brutality!

REACTIONS: Eve and Albert, interested.

JOR-EL

(very grim)

There were, however, four exceptions. Four, and only four, who proved --

(this disturbs him)

-- impossible to rehabilitate.

As Luthor cheers:

LUTHOR

Right on!

FADE OUT ON THE SCENE OF JOR-EL; FADE IN ON --

353 INT. JOR-EL'S HOME, THE NURSERY - DAY

ON BABY KAL-EL snaking a strange and beautiful Kryptonian crystal rattle as we HEAR:

LARA (O.S.)

As you see, Kal-El thanks you for your gift...

PULL BACK TO SEE that Lara is holding the baby and standing beside Jor-El. She attempts a polite smile for whomever she is addressing but both she and Jor-El are obviously uncomfortable.

LARA

... but he really needs his sleep now.

NEW ANGLE: The room, in which we now DISCOVER Non, Ursa, Jak-El and Zod, who is the commanding presence. They do not take Lara's hint, so she starts out, dropping the rattle back in its gift box on a table and carrying the baby past them. Non and Zod take no notice of him; when he is held out politely to Ursa, she instinctively turns away with a grimace of disgust; Jak-El makes a face he thinks will amuse a baby but just makes him cry. As Lara hurries out, Jor-El turns to Zod, barely concealing his dislike.

JOR-EL

(stiffly)

I am very touched by your interest in my son --

(he sees through him)

-- especially at a time when you have such pressing interests of your own.

(a bit sardonically)

I'm sure you haven't forgotten that you all come up for trial before the Council of Elders tomorrow?

ZOD

(even stiffer)

Actually, no --

JOR-EL

(a glance at the gift-wrapped box on the table)

I thought not.

ZOD

(pointedly)

Nor has it escaped our attention that the vote to condemn us must be unanimous.

(more persuasively)

And that you have sometimes been known to disagree with that --

(sneering)

-- august body.

URSA

(spitting)

Old fools!

ZOD

(a look to her)

Let's put it gracefully --

(CONTINUED)

353 CONTINUED:

JOR-EL
(bluntly)
Let's not. You want my vote.

ZOD
(to the others)
You see? I told you he was clever.
Far too clever for the Council.
Clever enough for the 'New Order'
my sister and I will establish on
Krypton. But no, Jor-El, we do
not want you to vote for us.

(selling hard;
intensely)
We want you to join us. You are
not appreciated by the Council,
but the people admire you.
Together we can sway them.
(pontificating)
And when we are in power, all
Kryptonians will serve the state --

JOR-EL
Meaning you.

ZOD
(a little bow)
There will be... benefits. As
rulers, we will live like rulers.
(heading off an
argument)
Yes, yes, I know you are a
selfless man. But --
(trump card)
But think of your son, Jor-El.
He could grow up with... pleasures
and palaces.

A beat.
ing it. Then Jor-El speaks slowly, softly, as if consider-

JOR-EL
Yes, General Zod, you have a point
there. It's true, I have had my
differences with the Council; they
didn't always accept my point of
view. As for the way I live --
(a wave around the
room)
-- I suppose it's simple. It's
good enough for me. But you're
quite right. What kind of a
father would I be if I didn't want
my son to have the best?

ON THE FOUR: exchanging triumphant looks. It's working!

ZOD
(quickly)
And so he shall! The best of
everything --

ON JOR-EL

JOR-EL
(a small smile
forming)
And the best of company. Who
would not want for his child such
things --

353 CONTINUED: (2)

JOR-EL (CONT'D)
 (his anger building
 as he turns from
 one to the other,
 beginning with Jax-El)
 You who finds it amusing to terrorize
 children --

(to Ursa)

You whose countless men have all
 suddenly become 'accident-prone' --

(to Hcn)

You who have beaten and bullied
 your way through life --

(to Zed, furiously)

And you -- a mouth with muscle
 behind it! The New Order, eh?

Well, you can take your 'New
 Order' and --

(he picks up the
 gift box and hurls
 it at their feet)

And take your Trojan horse with
 you!

ON DOORWAY: Lara in the doorway watching, proud but
 frightened.

ON ZOD

ZOD

(even whiter than
 usual with anger)

Quite a speech. Yours will be
 the first voice we silence.
 Jor-El.

He makes a summary gesture to the others and suddenly they
 start out. Zed turns for the last word)

ZOD

First you. Then your brat!

FAVORING JOR-EL: He strides towards Zed, all Kryptonian
 cool gone, a fist forming. As Zed hastily retreats with
 his cronies:

ZOD

It isn't over, Jor-El.

(from the safety of
 the door)

Some day you will bow to me.

He slams the crystal door.

ON JOR-EL as Lara runs to his side. As they stand with
 their arms around each other, looking after the departed
 villains.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

354 JOR-EL REAPPEARS IN THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE

JOR-EL

The Council, of course, condemned
 them to a rehabilitation center.
 (sorrowfully)

But the usual techniques failed.
 Nothing could change

LUTHOR

(offended)

Lex Luthor! Lex Luthor! What am I? Chopped liver?

JOR-EL

(sadly)

And so, because of them, I created the Phantom Zone. We had, of course, no death penalty --

LUTHOR

First good thing you've said, high-pockets.

JOR-EL

-- and our one prison could not hold them. The solution, as I studied the problem, was a mathematical equation which I developed and presented to the Council of Elders. The Phantom Zone was constructed in space from this unbreakable, irreversible equation. In it the four were imprisoned. A terrible solution, yes, a cruel solution, but one we were forced to make, Kal-El. There is no mathematical equation that can free them.

LUTHOR

(pondering)

Never?

JOR-EL

We have, of course, thought long and hard about that question.

LUTHOR

(pleased)

Hey! I asked the right question!

JOR-EL

(a trifle uneasily)

No one, not even the scientists of Krypton, can predict all eventualities throughout all eternity. The one danger we have considered is that the Phantom Zone might, just might -- we cannot know -- be cracked by a major nuclear explosion in space.

EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSEUP LEX LUTHOR -- He sits bolt upright, his eyes shining.

JOR-EL

But our computers show this possibility as .000000002 in one million. Earthlings cannot travel this far in space, nor would they ever have reason to cause such an explosion. So I think we can consider the Phantom Zone secure.

LUTHOR

(gleeful, singing)

'Gray skies are gonna clear up, put on a happy face...'

JOR-EL

(grim)

I cannot say I am glad you asked me that. Because I do not know what could be done if they were to escape.

(this is painful for him)

I do not know. On Krypton, these villains were uncontrollable. On Earth, they would have the same powers as you do.

ON LUTHER: Extreme delight.

LUTHOR

And he doesn't even know he did it! That's the beauty part! That monogrammed megalomaniac doesn't even know they're on their way here or he'd be looking for them. Only I know!

EVE

What are we -- deaf, dumb, and blind?

LUTHOR

Dumb, yes. Deaf and blind I can arrange.

He rises, in fine fettle.

LUTHOR

(an imprecation)

Fly! Fly like the wind! Fly straight and true to your earthly master! Come to papa, my four fiends!

ON EVE --

EVE

What do we need with fiends? We've got you.

CUT TO:

355 EXT. LOOKOUT POINT, NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

We are ON a small boy romping rather abandonedly near a guardrail of iron bars as we HEAR:

MOTHER (O.S.)

(impatiently)

Freddy! Watch out!

As she appears and grabs him none too gently, PULL BACK TO SEE that we are AT the great Horseshoe Falls, in the large area where the public views the falls. The fence of parallel iron bars keeps the people from going over the edge. Every few yards, binocular machines that cost a quarter are set up in concrete bases, pointed at the great cataract. The area is filled with people: families and a lot of newlywed couples, all holding hands. People are looking, taking photographs with their Instamatics, etc. Not far away is a hot dog stand, doing a brisk business, and beyond that a parking lot filled with cars.

CLOSE ON THE FENCE AREA where, amidst the other tourists, Clark and Lois stand, both wearing shiny new wedding rings -- doing their newlywed number.

CLARK
We should be holding hands.
They're all holding hands.

POV: Almost every couple around them holds hands as they look at the falls.

CLOSER ON CLARK AND LOIS

LOIS
Afraid to let go, probably. When they let go, they head for Reno.

CLARK
Lois, I get the feeling all this -- being here, newlyweds and all -- is somehow...
(cautiously venturing this)
... threatening to you.

FAVORING LOIS -- This remark hits her where she lives, but she immediately throws up her usual what-the-hell defense.

LOIS
(mock Viennese accent)
Zank you very much, Herr Doktor Freud.

CLARK
Okay. Hide from your feelings.

MOVE IN TO CLOSEUP CLARK, who looks rather wistful.

CLARK
But I'd rather be like them.

He stands looking at the honeymooners, when suddenly little FREDDY runs INTO FRAME, darting between and around Clark and Lois -- one of those kids who just can't keep still. This time it is his FATHER's turn to retrieve Freddy and pull him back into the family group (Some uncles, aunts, a grandma and the Mother). The Father wears a gray suit similar to the one Clark wears. As he hauls the kid away:

FATHER
(annoyed)
Freddy, didn't your mother tell you --

LOIS
(a bit uptight from the conversation)
I'm hungry.

CLARK
You're an amazing person.

LOIS
Aw, c'mon -- anybody can get hungry.

CLARK
No, I mean here you stand with one of nature's most awesome spectacles and the whole time you've had your back to it. Aren't you?

LOIS
Once you've seen Superman in
action, Niagara Falls tends to
leave you cold.

CLARK
(scowling)
Him again.

LOIS
Sorry, Clark. I guess I do have
a one-track mind. And right now
it's saying, 'Feed me.'

Clark looks in the direction of the parking lot.

CLARK
Well, we passed a hot dog place
back there. Will that do?

LOIS
Around here that's a gourmet
treat. I don't know how you felt
about Cupid's Special Aphrodisiac
French Toast Smothered in Venus
and Adonis Syrup and St. Valentine's
Heart-Melting Oleomargarine, but
I passed.

CLARK
(with a grin)
Two hot dogs, comin' up.

He turns and goes.

ON FREDDY, now swinging very dangerously between 2 parallel
iron bars of the guardrail. All this is for someone's
benefit as he calls out:

FREDDY
(big impish grin)
Hey, betcha can't do this!

Suddenly, he loses his footing and almost goes over. His
mother screams. But:

A gray-sleeved arm shoots INTO FRAME, pulling him to safety.
PAN UP the arm, TO REVEAL that it's not papa but Clark.

CLARK
Hey, Tarzan, this isn't the
jungle.

Mother now grabs Freddy away rather as if Clark were about
to molest him.

TWO SHOT - MOTHER AND FREDDY

MOTHER
(a hiss to Freddy)
Freddy, didn't I tell you never
to talk to strange men?

And with that, she deals him a resounding smack. As the
kid howls, PAN TO Lois, watching it all from about 10 feet
away, where we left her. She shakes her head.

LOIS
Right, kid. Don't get hurt.
Let Mama hurt you.

356 EXT. HOT DOG STAND, NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Clark approaches the stand and, with a little sigh, gets on the end of a very long line. As he waits, bored.

CUT TO:

357 EXT. LOOKOUT POINT, NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

TWO SHOT -- Freddy again, dangling through the bars, doing bits for the benefit of Lois who watches with dismay. She is unwilling to alert Mama, who will only wallop him again, but is nervous about the show she is getting. A high kick or two and a quick smile, and then Freddy's hand slips. As his grin changes to terror and he plummets down the Falls, we HEAR O.S. the Mother's piercing scream, terrified. He tumbles, arms splayed out, clutching at air, and now there are other SCREAMS, pandemonium above, O.S. FOLLOW the fall.

358 NEW ANGLE

Suddenly a blue streak zooms out of the sky. It's Superman, swooping up the kid just before he hits the rapids.

359 ON LOIS: watching, thrilled.

LOIS
(cheering)
Attaboy, Superman!

CROSSCUT: Niagara visitors clicking Instamatics and Polaroids, recording the SCENE; customers rushing from the hot dog stand in droves, deserting it to see the action; folks crowding the binocular machines, focusing them to catch.

360 SUPERMAN, who is now flying up with the kid.

361 Cheers and applause as Freddy is deposited before his hysterical Mother.

TWO SHOT: ON Superman as he delivers the child, safe and sound, to Mother.

FREDDY
(he loved it)
Again! Again!

SUPERMAN
(with a wink)
Sorry, only one ride to a customer.

362 And off he flies, up, up, and away to the click of more cameras, more cheering.

363 ON LOIS -- frantically waving, trying to attract his attention.

LOIS
Hey, wait! Superman, it's me!
It's Lo --

Too late. He's gone. As Lois stands there dejectedly.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Now you're gonna get it!

SOUND: A loud SMACK. NEXT SOUND: a HOWLING CHILD.

Lois pays it little attention, her mind more and more putting two and two together.

363 CONTINUED:

LOIS

(miffed)

Well! Hello and goodbye. What's his hurry? I mean, since he happens to be in Niagara Falls --

(that strikes her)

Just happens to be here? Isn't that funny, Clark?

(she says that automatically, turns, and:)

Clark...

(considering)

And Clark isn't here...

(the light dawns)

... as usual.

CUT TO:

364 BEHIND HOT DOG STAND, NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

Now a deserted area, everyone having hurried off to see the action. Superman lands. FOLLOW him as he moves towards the hot dog stand, (EFFECTS) transforming into Clark Kent, complete with gray suit and glasses.

He is all alone with the hot dogs, a tray of them, and finally -- with a little shrug -- he picks up two and starts back to the viewing area. He gets about four feet away and then has the honest afterthought -- he steps back to the counter, fishes in his pocket, and leaves a dollar laying there.

CUT TO:

365 EXT. LOOKOUT POINT, NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

ON LOIS, the crowd behind and around her dispersing with some still excited murmuring. But she is intent only on her own conversation.

LOIS

Where were you?

CLARK

(passes her a hot dog; then defensively)

Well, I was getting the hot dogs. What do you mean?

LOIS

(not giving an inch)

I mean it strikes me funny that every time Superman comes around, you disappear.

CLARK

(a tiny bit nervous)

Superman? Was he here?

LOIS

And you weren't as usual. What do you say to that?

CLARK

You've got mustard there, on the corner of your --

BEGIN TO TRACK WITH them as they walk away from the look-out point and along the path that runs alongside the churning rapid-ridden Niagara River.

LOIS

I never started to put it together before, Clark. And that's funny because a good reporter isn't supposed to let anything slip by her. But I get it now. I'm beginning to.

Clark looking more and more nervous the closer she gets to it.

CLARK

(trying to fake her out)

Lois, I don't have, as usual, the vaguest idea what --

LOIS

C'mon, don't fake me out, Clark.

(pause)

Or whoever you are.

CLARK

Whoever I --

(acting annoyed)

Look, why don't you just take a walk and clear your head and I'll meet you back at the motel.

In a huff, he turns and starts to walk away.

366 NEW ANGLE: Clark, in f.g. coming TOWARD CAMERA. Lois behind him. She watches him walk a few steps and then drops the bombshell.

LOIS

(very quietly)

You're Superman, aren't you.

We can SEE his reaction, but she can't. Then he turns to her.

NEW ANGLE - MED. TWO SHOT

CLARK

(playing "incredulous")

I'm... what????

LOIS

Tall, broad shoulders, dark hair... Listen, I've got to give you credit. Your disguise is nearly perfect. I mean, if you fooled me, and I'm nobody's fool.

CLARK

(tense)

I'd better phone Perry. There must be a reporters' home for the mentally ill somewhere.

LOIS

(she won't be swayed)

Go ahead. Cop out. Run away.

(CONTINUED)

366 CONTINUED:

She turns and walks onto the little bridge that crossed the churning river. Clark follows her, looking quite anxious.

CUT TO:

367 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

CLARK
Lois, I'm not running --

LOIS
Okay, okay.
(adamant; she comes to a halt in the middle of the bridge)
I'll tell you what. You say I'm wrong. I say I'm right. Impasse.
So I'll make a bet on it.

CLARK
How do you expect to win a silly --

TIGHT CLOSEUP LOIS -- she couldn't be more serious.

LOIS
Because of what I'm betting.
(pause)
My life.

CLARK
What?

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING LOIS

LOIS
You heard me. I'm so sure you're Superman, I'm going to stake my life on it. If I'm right, you'll turn into Superman -- you must tell me how you do that, someday. Is it under your suit -- ? And if I'm wrong --
(shrugs)
-- well, then you'll have one hell of a story.

CLARK
(laughing it off)
You've got some imagination, Lois. For one brief minute there, you practically had me convinced.

He starts to walk off the bridge. She doesn't budge.

CLARK
I say 'practically' though, because no one is gullible enough to --

ON LOIS -- a very strange grin on her determined face.

LOIS
(almost singing it)
Bye-bye, baby.

And with that, she calmly climbs over the bridge rail and, before the disbelieving eyes of Clark Kent, jumps into the raging Niagara River.

368 WIDE SHOT, ANGLE DOWN: Staying afloat in these rapids is much more difficult than Lois imagined. She is struggling. At the opposite side, pushed against the bank, is a large log and branch from a fallen tree that has been wedged against the shore.

CLOSEUP CLARK

Lois! CLARK

ON LOIS -- in the water; panicked.

LOIS
Help! Superman!

ON CLARK -- in a quandry.

CLARK
Now what do I do?

He darts his eye to:

369 POV: The log in the water.

370 CLOSEUP CLARK -- He sucks in air in a mighty inhale of super-breath.

371 ON THE RIVER: EFFECTS -- The super-breath pulls the log free from its mooring and takes it right to where Lois struggles.

CLARK (O.S.)
Lois! Grab hold! Grab the log!

Struggling against the strong current, she manages to grab hold of the branch.

372 ON CLARK: Huffs and then puffs a mighty exhale of super-breath.

373 EFFECTS (ON THE RIVER): The gust of air sends the log with Lois holding it shooting across the river like a rocket, right up to the bank and dry land.

374 NEW ANGLE -- As Clark comes running off the bridge and clambers down the side of the bank to help pull her to safety, a wet and bedraggled and frightened and miserable Lois manages to scamper to safety.

CLARK
(pulling her up)
Here, grab hold... take it easy,
I've got you.

He pulls her up to dry land, back on the path. Lois looks as described above, all of which, on her makes her very appealing and sexy.

CLARK
Are you all right?

LOIS
(stunned)
He... didn't... come...

CLARK
I told you that was a stupid
thing to --

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

(can't get over it)
He didn't come. He was here.
Just before. He could have saved
me.

(slowly)
But he didn't.

CLARK

Now are you convinced?

LOIS

(still lost in
thought)

What?

(realising)

Oh, that you're not Superman!
(with a shake of her
head)

Temporary insanity on my part,
Clark.

(angry)

That self-centered, no-good --

CLARK

(pacifying her)

You took a ridiculous chance.
He's probably a long way from
here by now.

LOIS

Good riddance.

(suddenly conscious
of her appearance)

I've got to get out of these wet
clothes. Oh, look at my hair!

CLARK

We'd better drive back to the
motel.

(he puts an arm
around her)

C'mon, you'll catch your death.

Holding her to him, they begin walking toward the parking
lot. TRACK JUST AHEAD OF them, in MEDIUM CLOSEUP TWO SHOT.

LOIS

You're getting soaked.

CLARK

That's okay, I don't want you to
catch a chill.

She looks up at him gratefully.

LOIS

I'm glad you're not Superman.

CLARK

(a smile)

You are?

LOIS

(very little-girlish
under his manly
shoulder)

I'm glad you're Clark Kent. All
of a sudden Clark Kent is
looking pretty good to me.

374 CONTINUED: (2)

As he looks her tighter to him, CAMERA STOPS TRACKING and
TURNS 90 DEGREES TO WATCH them walk away, growing smaller
the further they get FROM CAMERA.

CUT TO:

375 EXT. FROZEN NORTH, JUST OUTSIDE THE FORTRESS - DAY
CLOSEUP LEX LUTHOR

LUTHOR
(triumphant)
Yes! Yes! There it is!
Unmistakable!

PULL BACK TO SEE them on the Snowmobile, as Luthor aims
his black box at the sky.

LUTHOR
(watches the dial)
Kryptonian Alpha Waves! Ol' Betsy
found me Superman's pad, and Ol'
Betsy's going to find me the Four
Freshmen of the Apocalypse!

INSERT: THE BLACK BOX TICKING AND BEEPING as he points it
skyward.

EVE
What do you need them for?

LUTHOR
Dummy! Anything he can do, they
can do better! They can give me
the world!

EVE
What do you want with the world?
You don't even like the world.

LUTHOR
The world, Miss Teschmacher, is
a lot of real estate.

EVE
Land, land, always land...

LUTHOR
-- Which they'll develop for me!
As soon as they get rid of
Superman and we take over, I'll put
them to work.

(seeing it in his
mind's eye; wild
with enthusiasm)
A super construction crew! No,
a destruction crew! Levelling
forests! Creating coastlines!
They can move mountains! Think
of it, Albert! The things you
can build! Monuments to me!
Hotels! Ski resorts! 'Luthorland!'

ALBERT
(caught up in the
spirit,
rhapsodically)
A sports-palace...

(CONTINUED)

375 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR

And who do we have to thank for it?
(deliciously)

Superman! For setting them free!
Doncha love it?

(fondly)

Ah, Lex Luthor, you're one helluva
fella. Even when you lose, you
win.

CUT TO:

376 INT. BEDROOM, HONEYMOON SUITE, NIAGARA FALLS MOTEL - DAY

The bedroom is just as kitschy and over-decorated as you would expect. Heart-shaped bed, etc. Lois Lane, wearing a bathrobe and with a towel knotted turban-style around her head (having just washed her hair) is seated at a dressing table, staring morosely at her reflection in the mirror. On the right side of the dressing table rests a curling iron, (plastic handle, metal "blades"), plugged in to a wall socket.

As SCENE BEGINS, Lois takes the towel off her head and shakes her damp hair. Now she looks like a shaggy dog. She looks in the mirror again.

LOIS

Ugh.

SOUND: A KNOCK at the DOOR that connects the bedroom to the rest of the suite.

LOIS

Yes?

CLARK (O.S.)

Can I come in?

She starts to grab for the towel to cover her hair again, then figures why bother.

LOIS

Oh, what the hell -- yes, sure,
c'mon in, Clark.

Clark enters. He's feeling very happy about the turn of events and the romantic encouragement Lois has at last given him. He smiles at her affectionately.

LOIS

I know. I look like something
the cat dragged in.

CLARK

You look cute.

LOIS

Well, I am cute, but not like
this.

(smiles warmly at him)

Thanks, anyway. It's nice to know
there are still some gentlemen left.

ON LOIS -- She takes the curling iron by its handle and flicks a drop of water from a nearby bowl on the end to see if it is hot yet.

INSERT: It sizzles, evaporates.

ON CLARK -- watching her, enjoying the moment.

CLARK
I'm starting to really feel like
a newlywed.

LOIS
(little grin)
I guess the next thing is I watch
you shaving in the morning.

CLARK
I guess I'd like that.

LOIS
Oh, come on, I bet there've been
plenty of girls who...
(begins to think
about it)
... well, a few anyway, who...

As she turns to look at him questioningly with the realization that he may actually be a virgin, Clark quickly changes the subject.

CLARK
Anyway, as soon as you're ready,
we can look into that Honeymooners
Miniature Golf Tournament.

FAVORING LOIS, MED. SHOT, CLARK IN B.G. She puts the hair curling iron down on the dressing table and crosses to the dresser.

LOIS
(scanning the top of
the dresser)
Bobby pins, bobby pins -- I know
they're here somewhere.

ON CLARK: He looks at the dresser.

377 EFFECTS: X-Ray Vision effect in his eyes.

POV: The bobby pins are in the top drawer, under a scarf.

378 ON CLARK -- who, of course, says nothing about it.

CLARK
Maybe you left them in your purse.

ON LOIS

LOIS
At least I had the presence of
mind not to jump in with my purse.
(still hunting)
God, what a maniac I must have
looked like to you. I'm really
embarrassed about this, Clark.
I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't
mention --

NEW ANGLE: Opening the drawer, she finds the bobby pins, puts a few in her hair, then pulls out another section of hair to be curled.

CLARK
Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS
Thinking that you were him, when
all the time I didn't take the
time to appreciate you for
yourself --
(holds a hand out)
Hand me that curling iron, would
you?

ON CLARK -- who has been absorbed in what Lois was saying.
He reaches out automatically to the dressing table.

379 IN A SERIES OF FAST CUTS:

A) INSERT: He grabs it by the wrong end -- the hot, metal
tongs.

B) LOIS -- as he does so:

LOIS
Be carefull That's h --

She never even finishes the sentence, as her eyes widen
in astonishment.

C) CLARK -- Holding it in his hand. It is clear that he
feels no pain.

D) CLOSEUP LOIS -- Her jaw drops as she stares in wonder.

E) ON CLARK -- a terrible expression on his face. He
realises that he has inadvertently blown his cover
after all that trouble he's taken till now. Foolishly
he keeps holding the hot curling iron. Then he slowly
puts it down.

F) LOIS -- She walks slowly over to him and takes his hand,
turns it over, looks into the palm.

G) INSERT: His hand. It is completely unmarked by a
burn.

LOIS
(pure wonderment)
It's true. It's true.

CLARK
Lois, I...

LOIS
I was right. You are Superman.

CLARK
(turning away
abruptly)
You're just being ridicu --

But he can't finish the sentence, as he turns his back on
her in anguish and frustration.

Lois, a bit hesitantly, goes over to him, gently touches
his back.

LOIS
I'm... sorry?

Clark turns back to her, looking very serious, very upset.

(CONTINUED)

379 CONTINUED:

CLARK

You don't have anything to be
sorry about.

(in despair)

How could I?

LOIS

Maybe you wanted to. Subconsciously.

CLARK

Do you think so?

LOIS

(gently)

If not in the depths of your mind,
maybe deep in your heart.

MOVE IN CLOSER to them.

CLARK

(soberly)

We'd better talk.

LOIS

I'm in love with you. You know
that already. How do you feel?

CLARK

We'd better talk.

LOIS

I'm listening.

CLARK

Not here. Perry will be calling
at six to find out what's happening.

LOIS

(a tender smile)

What's happening. That's the
understatement of the year. Well
... where do you want to... talk?

CLARK

Now that you know me, I guess it
doesn't matter. You ought to know
it all.

Lois comes very close to him.

LOIS

I want to. Whatever it is.

CLARK

I want you to. Funny, I never
let myself feel like this before.

LOIS

Must have been tough.

CLARK

(emotion starting to
rise within him)

Yeah. Tough.

LOIS

Well...?

CLARK

Let's go to my place.

379 CONTINUED: (2)

LOIS
Your place?

She looks down at herself in her bathrobe; a small warm smile beginning.

LOIS
Maybe I should change.
(pause)
Maybe you should, too.

Clark begins to smile the same smile, as they look into each other's eyes, for the first time acknowledging and enjoying their love and conspiracy. MOVE IN VERY TIGHT on them and:

CUT TO:

381 EXT. SKY - DAY

MED. LONG SHOT -- Superman flying through blue sky, Lois Lane cradled in his arms. The SHOT has a magical, fairy-tale quality to it; it is every girl's dream come true. To be swept off your feet by a knight in shining armor is one thing; to be swept off your feet and into the clouds by a knight in a magic cape is quite another.

CLOSER ON THEM AS THEY FLY -- She is a bit scared, holding him tight around the neck, but she wouldn't miss a second of it.

SUPERMAN
(parodying a pilot)
If you care to take a look on our left, you'll notice we are now passing over Nome, Alaska.

Lois looks down briefly, then looks quickly up at him again, wide-eyed, breathless, speechless, capable only of a small exultant laugh as she tightens her arms around his neck.

CUT TO:

382 EXT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

FULL SHOT: Superman and Lois land at the door of the Fortress. He sets her gently down on her feet.

CLOSER -- Superman walks to the door and pushes it open. He then touches the "empty doorway" (the invisible force field) with his bare hand.

EFFECTS: It glows and then fades just as it did for Luthor's neutralizer. All this happens quickly.

Superman steps through it, then turns, to see Lois still standing outside, dazzled by everything.

SUPERMAN
(holds his arms open to her)
You must be freezing.

LOIS
(softly)
I must be. But I'm not.
(looking around)
Your home. This is your home.

(CONTINUED)

382 CONTINUED:

SUPERMAN

Well, a fortress is not a home.
 (he takes her hand,
 leads her inside)
 Not till now.

The door closes behind them.

CUT TO:

383 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

CAMERA BEHIND THEM as they stand gazing at the enormous room. He slips an arm around her shoulder.

SUPERMAN

No one else has ever been here
 before.

She slips an arm around his waist, grins up at him.

LOIS

Not even a cleaning woman on
 Thursdays?

NEW ANGLE -- Lois turns, looking away from him for the first time and taking in the various aspects of the incredible room.

LOIS

What a photo-story this would make
 for Sunday Mags --

Superman pulls her back to him.

SUPERMAN

(warningly)

Lois!

She turns into his arms, ending with her face pressed to his chest. MOVE IN TIGHT as he raises her face to him, looks into her eyes. Suddenly, in a rush of emotion, they kiss. It is their first kiss, and it is so good that most of the audience would settle for one like that in their lives.

SUPERMAN

(softly)

Lois...

With one hand he strokes her hair as if it were the only wonder of the universe he hadn't seen.

SUPERMAN

So...

(lightly)

So you want to see the place?

LOIS

(picking up the
 light tone)

As another lady once said, whither
 thou goest...

He moves ahead of her, leading the way, and she tentatively reaches out and lightly caresses his back, putting her hand under the cape. He stops, having felt this, for just one beat, and his hand goes back to catch her, tightly and draw her alongside him. They are very much in love.

LOIS
 (looking up at him,
 very earnestly)
 All my life, all I ever cared
 about was --
 (gestures off)
 -- out there. And being snappy
 about it. Well --
 (deep breath)
 -- I'm not very snappy tonight.
 (she leans her cheek
 against his arm)
 And I don't think there's anything
 out there.

PAN THEM, WIDENING, as they walk to kitchen area in the
 far recesses of the Fortress.

CUT TO:

384 INT. KITCHEN AREA, FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

SUPERMAN
 It's not bad, huh?

LOIS
 (looking around this
 bleak room)
 Could use a woman's touch.
 Especially around dinnertime.

SUPERMAN
 Dinner. Oh, yes.
 (a little
 embarrassed)
 I don't usually do much about --

He touches his hand to the food storage unit. The door
 opens, revealing meager contents: eggs, cheese, milk.

ON LOIS -- studying the food in there.

SUPERMAN
 I mean, there's a few things --

LOIS
 (brightening)
 There's a souffle, is what there
 is.

SUPERMAN
 (just delighted)
 A souffle! In my kitchen!

He touches her neck as she bends to remove the food from
 the storage unit.

SUPERMAN
 She cooks, too! Hidden talents.

LOIS
 (a touch daring)
 And just wait till after dinner.
 (quickly)
 Now what do I need?
 (looks around the
 room)
 Flowers!

SUPERMAN
 In the garden.

LOIS
(laughs)
On the table, silly. Maybe I
shouldn't call you 'silly.'

SUPERMAN
(lovingly)
You can call me anything.
(venturing a joke)
As long as you don't call me late
for dinner.
(pleased with
himself)
Flowers, hmm?

LOIS
Well, they brighten a room, make
it warm. Cozy. Even a few
daisies would do wonders for
this place.

Superman turns, surveys his fabulous Fortress, finding it
for the first time rather... Uncozy. Suddenly, swiftly, he
turns and starts out of the room.

SUPERMAN
I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

385 EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE - DAY

FULL SHOT: A lush, beautiful jungle in South America,
filled with incredible wild orchids and other exotic
flowers growing in profusion. Superman lands in the midst
of this and quickly snatches up an armful of the most
beautiful for a bouquet. Having done so, he stops a moment,
then suddenly smiles, having thought of another idea.

CUT TO:

386 EXT. SKY ABOVE PARIS (EIFFEL TOWER) - DAY

LONG SHOT: Superman, carrying his bouquet, flies past the
Eiffel Tower in Paris, now carrying a bottle of champagne
as well.

CUT TO:

387 EXT. STREET, PISA - ITALY

ON THE CORRUGATED AWNING OF A SOUVENIR STAND as two hands
roll it up. As the interior is revealed, we SEE the con-
tents of its shelves: rows and rows of cheap plastic sou-
venir Leaning Towers of Pisa, all leaning identically;
rows and rows of picture postcards with the same view.
PULL BACK and WIDEN TO REVEAL the Italian Shopkeeper admir-
ing his stock as he gets ready for the day's tourists.
CONTINUE TO WIDEN: Now we SEE in the distant b.g. the
real Leaning Tower of Pisa, tilted at the same familiar
angle as all these plastic replicas. As the man hums
happily, ZOOM PAST him TO the real tower, then CONTINUE
TO ZOOM PAST the Tower TO an approaching blue dot in the
sky. Continue to HEAR the MAN SINGING O Sole Mio.

CUT TO:

388 EXT. SKY ABOVE PISA - DAY

Superman is humming O Sole Mio as well -- flying blithely,
love-struck through the sky, bearing his gifts for Lois.

388 CONTINUED:

But now he notices something that disturbs him.

SUPERMAN

What the -- my God! That thing's
going to hurt somebody.

He abruptly changes course and starts a rapid descent.

SUPERMAN

Must have been a minor earthquake
or something.

389 NEW ANGLE, WIDE, FULL SHOT: Approaching the top of the
Leaning Tower, Superman cradles his presents in one arm
and extending the other fully, braces himself in mid-air
and starts to push it upright.

SUPERMAN

Here you go, big fella...

CUT TO:

390 EXT. SOUVENIR STAND, PISA - DAY

As in the opening SHOT: The shelves of the stand right,
the owner standing there dusting them, the real Leaning
Tower in b.g. But now, as he stops his dusting to take
an automatic look at the source of his success, a remark-
able thing is happening: slowly, inch by inch, Superman
pushes it into an upright position. The Leaning Tower
of Pisa isn't leaning anymore; it's just another tower.

391 The Italian entrepreneur looks, goes back to his work,
then does an incredible double take.

SOUVENIR SELLER

Mama mia!!!

He clutches his heart melodramatically, looks up.

392 POV: Superman flies over and waves down cheerily.

SUPERMAN

Don't worry! It's fine now!

393 ON THE SOUVENIR SELLER: Hysterical, smashing his wares
off the shelf, making vile and obscene gestures at the
retreating figure of Superman:

SOUVENIR SELLER

Super-cretino! Stronzo!

CUT TO:

394 INT. KITCHEN AREA, FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

A shy Superman presents his flowers and champagne to a
beaming Lois.

LOIS

This is so incredible I hesitate
to ask a mundane question. But
-- where's the stove?

SUPERMAN

(blankly)

Stove? Who needs a stove?

(CONTINUED)

394 CONTINUED:

LOIS
Well, I expected a lot of... new
experiences tonight, but I wasn't
ready for --
(gestures to it)
-- raw souffle.

SUPERMAN
Oh, that's no problem.

The souffle in its dish sits on a table. Superman turns to it.

395 EFFECTS: Heat vision radiates from his eyes, beamed at the souffle. It rises almost instantly, perfectly.

396 ON LOIS -- watching in amazement.

397 ON THE SOUFFLE -- It gets higher and higher.

398 NEW ANGLE

LOIS
Stop!
(as he does so)
Never overcook a souffle. You'll learn.

Grinning at her, Superman takes the champagne bottle and merely touches the cork with one finger. It flies out with a mighty POP, bubbly spilling over in classic style.

LOIS
(a sigh of happiness)
It's so nice to have a man around the Fortress.

They walk out of kitchen area to dining area, she bearing the food, he the drink.

CUT TO:

399 EXT. DESOLATE PLAINS OF THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK - DAY

(But at this point, we don't know it is Australia. From the bleak, arid, deserted look of it, it might be the surface of another moonlike planet.) WIDE SHOT of this desolate patch of land which is really just a large rock outcropping scattered with small pebbles. ANGLE DOWN as suddenly, a booted foot comes INTO FRAME, kicking at a pebble. PAN UP: It is Ursa, looking very discontent.

URSA
Let's get out of here.

WIDE SHOT -- The four in this barren region, against an empty sky.

Zod sits on a boulder, taking a soldier's rest. Non stands in place, twisting slightly, psychotically, making small restless noises. Jak-El and Ursa pace aimlessly, kicking rocks.

JAK-EL
She's right. This planet is not a lot of laughs.

URSA
No men. Nothing to... play with.

399 CONTINUED:

Non's Neanderthal growling is getting louder and more disquiet.

JAK-EL
Even he's getting bored.

He kicks at something that makes a different SOUND than a rock. He bends, picks it up.

ON IT: An empty Foster's Beer can. But this means nothing to them -- it might be another kind of rock. He tosses it away.

JAK-EL
Funny kind of rock.

FOLLOW THE BEER CAN: It rolls to the edge of what we now realize for the first time is a plateau. As it drops off the cliff, WIDEN AND PULL BACK TO REVEAL the setting and an equally uninviting valley below.

ON THE FOUR:

ZOD
Enough! There is nothing here for us. This planet is not capable of supporting life forms.

The others rise as well and move in a line to the edge of the rocky plateau, ready to fly off. But as they, so to speak, begin to rev up their motors, a kangaroo comes hopping across their line of vision in f.g., about fifty feet in front of them. With a happy roar, Non bounds toward it and dacks it with one blow. As he lets out a triumphant howl:

URSA
Nice for him. What do I do?

ZOD
(sharply; suddenly)
Quiet! Listen!

SOUND: The distant SOUND of a CAR MOTOR and an automobile HORN.

As they cock their ears in their discovery of super-hearing, BEGIN TO ZOOM PAST them TO mountain in b.g. where we can just MAKE OUT a shimmering automobile shape, moving along steadily.

CUT TO:

400 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

(NOTE: From here on, actors proficient in Australian regional dialect should feel free to alter the dialogue a bit. But not much.)

Seated in the front seat of the car are TWO TERRITORIAL POLICE, men in their 30's and in local cop uniform. They are BILLY and BARRY.

BILLY
(talking on hand
mike to radio
contact)
Did they bring them two Aboriginies
in yet?

The RADIO VOICE is that of a

400 CONTINUED:

MAY (RADIO VOICE)

Drunk as a pair of wall-eyed wallabies. And Joe Harris says he ain't gonna waste good gasoline towin' in what's left of that pick-up truck of theirs.

BILLY

Well, it only gets this bad once a year, May.

MAY (RADIO VOICE)

(gripping good-naturedly)

Whoever said Wamago had to have the territorial sheep-shearing contest every year ought to be shot.

BARRY

(mischievously)

Why, May, wasn't it your grandpa thought that up?

MAY (RADIO VOICE)

(after a pause)

So it was... and he was shot, come to think of it.

BILLY

(chuckling)

10-4.

Clicks off, hangs up mike.

BARRY

Don't see why the Territorial Patrol can't see fit to send us extra help for this thing. How do they expect two lone peace officers to handle that bunch of beer-soaked sheep herders?

BILLY

Well, if it gets hairy like last year, we'll just give a holler and they'll send a few troopers in to help.

BARRY

Help drink up the beer, you mean. I swear, Billy, why is it 364 days a year you never see mor'n ten new faces in Wamago and come the Sheep-Shearin' Tournament, every weirdo that can chop wool comes out from under a rock or somethin'.

MAY (RADIO VOICE)

Billy? Your wife called in. Wants to know should she hold your dinner.

BILLY

(taking mike up)

Tell her that's more'n I been able to do since I married her.

The two men laugh.

MAY (RADIO VOICE)

400 CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY
(clicking off)

10-4.

BARRY
I mean, it used to be a man knew
every face in these parts for --

Suddenly his eyes widen in astonishment at what he sees
through windshield.

BARRY
Holy!

401 POV: On the horizon, coming down the road, the Four
Villains. They look truly bizarre as always, in their
outfits with the additions of astronaut accoutrements, not
to mention Ursa's mask and Jak-El's boots, etc.

402 ON THE COPS

BILLY
Some out-of-town entries, looks
like. Good Lord, they're worse'n
hippies! This is a wool-gatherin',
not a costume ball.

BARRY
They must've run out of gas.

BILLY
Or whiskey. Whichever went first.

CUT TO:

403 EXT. ROAD - DAY

LONG, WIDE: On far left, the Four blocking the road, on
far right, the police car coming toward them. The red
light goes on; the HORN starts to BLOW impatiently. The
Four, ranging across the roadway like the Apaches in a
John Ford western, stand put.

CUT TO:

404 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

BARRY
Just look at 'em. No respect for
law and order.

BILLY
(philosophically)
Well, it was condemned criminals
started this country, Barry, so I
guess we can't say the neighborhood's
deterioratin'.
(leans on his horn)
What're they, deaf or somethin'?

CUT TO:

405 EXT. ROAD - DAY

ZOD
How crude are these vehicles.

JAK-EL
But there's a surprise in the
package. Men.

405 CONTINUED:

UNDA

Men...

ZOD

I like this globe that flashes red
like our Krypton sun. But not this
irritating noise.

CLOSER IN as the car, moving slowly, approaches, HORN
BLARING.

ZOD

(stridently)

Make way!

CUT TO:

406 INT. CAR - DAY

BARRY

Did you hear what that joker said?
Godamnit --

He brakes the car to a sudden stop.

CUT TO:

407 EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Four surround the car, looking at it curiously. The
door opens and Barry, angry, gets out.

BARRY

Now look here, you besotted bunch of --

Non, fascinated by the whirling red dome light, comes
closer to examine it.

BARRY

Jesus! How long's he been in the
Outback? Since the Stone Age?

Non stares wonderingly, bemused at the light. Suddenly, wi
with an animal-like gesture, he reaches for it and wrenches
it off the roof. He stares at it, making odd noises, and
then, as if it were the natural thing to do, puts it on his
head like a crown. Billy gets out of the car, pissed-off.

BILLY

What the hell do you think you're
doin'! You can't --

Non growls ominously at him. Billy shrinks back.

BILLY

(clearly unsettled)

I'm callin' for help, Barry.

He starts to get back in the car, but General Zod stops him,
grabbing him by his shirt front.

ZOD

(interested in
Billy's badge)

What is this symbol? Do you follow
another leader?

With that, he yanks off the police badge, pins it on himself.

BARRY

(going for his gun)

Okay, buddy, you all just bought
yourselves sixty days in the --

As both cops pull out their guns:

ZOD

A weapon of some sort?

BILLY

(brave, but shaking)

This gun has a...

408 FAVORING JAK-EL: SPECIAL EFFECTS. He turns on his HEAT VISION. The ray melts the two gun barrels like so much rubber.

409 As the cops stare incredulously at the guns in their hands:

JAK-EL
Slowest shot in the west.

ON THE COPS -- Amazed and frightened out of their wits.

BARRY
God!

ZOD
(correcting him)
Zod.

BILLY
(anxious to get away)
Now look, boys -- and, uh, ma'am...
we're not looking to make trouble
... I know how it is when you've
had a few too many dr --
(stares
uncomprehendingly)
-- how in hell did he do that??

Jak-El, with elaborate charm and niceness, opens the car door.

JAK-EL
Don't let us detain you, sirs. We
just wanted to make your acquaintance.
New in town, and all that. You
can go now.

BARRY
But --

BILLY
Don't argue, Barry, let's just
get outta here.

They get in their car. Jak-El, with a bow, shuts the door. As the others stand watching, Billy starts the motor. Jak-El leans in the front window, seeming to be interested. IN CLOSE.

JAK-EL
Very primitive. How does it work?

BILLY
... Internal combustion... sir.

JAK-EL
(brightening)
Ah! Internal combustion!

And with that he lifts one side of the car off the ground and heaves it.

410 LONG SHOT. The car goes off the cliff on the side of the road, tumbling over and over, smashing against outcrops of rock, finally stopping in a smashed heap at the bottom, upside down. A moment later it EXPLODES in a roar of fire.

JAK-EL (O.S.)
He must have meant external
combustion!

411 EXT. MAIN STREET - AUSTRALIAN VILLAGE - DAY

On a crudely-lettered hand-painted sign: "WELCOME TO WAMAGO". PULL BACK TO REVEAL that this is a banner hung over a doorway. As PULL BACK CONTINUES a man comes racing through the doorway, half-flung, and lands in the dirt road before it. Now a WOMAN strides through the doorway, her large hands on her large hips.

WOMAN
(shouting)
And stay out!

But, a good-natured sort, she shakes her head laughing as the man runs off.

WOMAN
Shame on you, Harry Hargitay!

CONTINUE SLOW PULL BACK, WIDENING TO REVEAL that she stands in the doorway of Tim's Saloon. Aproned, blowsy, big and blonde, she is the barmaid who takes no nonsense from the local toughs. Her strength and womanliness serve a double purpose: she is the local midwife. This is RITA.

CONTINUE PULL BACK until the entire "MAIN STREET" is REVEALED. Tim's Saloon, an old general store, a little garage-machine repair shop, and a tiny post office with a tall radio aerial on its roof all front on the dusty square of this remote outpost. Another banner is stretched over the post office: "WAMAGO ANNUAL SHEEP-SHEARING FESTIVAL."

A much larger crowd mills around than is usual in this town, i.e. about 50 folks now, by tonight's contest there might be 75. Among them, sheep-shearers, the great sharp shears hanging from their belts, cans of beer in every hand; herders, wives, kids and one sad-faced aborigine pushing a large broom to sweep away the accumulating debris, as well as an ice vendor and an elderly couple dressed for a really great event (of about 25 years ago), strolling the square in the shade of her parasol.

ON RITA, MOVING with her as she passes the store, waving to a lady examining a bolt of cloth in the sunlight, and crosses to Johnny Greer's Auto and Machine Repairs -- a ramshackle garage with one gas pump in front. Most of 35-year-old JOHNNY GREER is under an old car; his 15-year old son WILLIE is passing him a wrench. Rita stops.
MOVE IN.

RITA
Is that Johnny Greer on the other
end of those legs?

He slides out -- grease begrimed, smiling up at Rita.

JOHNNY
Rita, me girl, there is nothin'
as excitin' to me as the underside
of a low slung chassis.

RITA
(bawdy, flirting)
It's the car you're speakin' of,
I presume?

JOHNNY
(with a quick look
at his son; sotto
voce)
That's all right, Rita, always

411 CONTINUED:

With a wink, he slides back under.

FOLLOWING as she moves on across square with easy familiarity, calling out greetings to all and sundry. But her smile vanishes as she sees something.

HER POV: A cluster of 3 or 5 sheep-shearers and herdsmen, rough and mean-looking. The largest and meanest of the lot, a bully named ALFIE, swigs down beer as Rita, O.S., mutters to herself:

RITA (O.S.)
(worried)
Uh-oh. Alfie's here.

As she speaks, Alfie crushes the beer can in one massive fist, and drops it in the dirt just to the right of the aborigine who is passing, pushing his broom.

RITA (O.S.)
... startin' earlier than usual...

The aborigine, doggedly following his regular path, misses the beer can. Alfie shoves him violently, knocking him to the ground.

RITA (O.S.)
... and meaner than usual.

As the aborigine gets up and scuttles off, Alfie roaring with laughter, there comes an O.S. call:

PREGNANT WOMAN (O.S.)
Hope I don't need you today, Rita.

PAN TO a YOUNG, PREGNANT WOMAN waving at Rita.

ON RITA -- grinning back.

RITA
Like I told all my ladies --
today I'm not deliverin', only
pourin'.

Cheery again, Rita crosses to the clapboard post office. A formidable black Harley-Davidson motorcycle is parked in front. She opens a screen door and enters, calling:

RITA
May! May!!

CUT TO:

412 INT. POST OFFICE - WAIKATO - DAY

Dusty, cubbyholed, cluttered with stamp rolls, papers, used tea cups. Only one object is immaculate -- a polished ham radio sender-receiver. Seated before it, old lady heard earlier who now spins around as Rita's booming voice penetrates. She removes headphones.

MAY
Dammit, Rita, you scared me to death!

RITA
Yeah, well I had me a scare, too.
(MORE)

412 CONTINUED:

RITA (CONT'D)

Alfie's back in town. You radio
Officer Billy and tell him not
to take his time gettin' here.

MAY

(fiddling dials,
to mike)

Calling car 15. Come in, car
15.

RITA

(pacing)

We don't want no trouble today.

MAY

Come in, car 15!

(twists dial, frowns)

Nothin'. Not a sound. Damn!
I mean, that is most peculiar.

CUT TO:

413 INT. TIM'S SALOON - DAY

Dark and crowded and hardly elegant. Even before noon
the action is in full swing on this big day. Rita enters
in b.g. and takes her place behind the bar to help Tim
who is frantically serving.

Some sheep-herders are singing, banging mugs. At the
bar, one drunk is unaccountably and terrifyingly cutting
another's hair with his shears while two others double
up with laughter. At the largest table, in the center,
the main activity is arm-wrestling. Burly Alfie, his
sleeve rolled up to display a massive arm, is taking on
all comers. We SEE him easily best a large tablemate,
then chug-a-lug another beer down.

None of which accounts for the look on the loser's face
as we DOLLY IN TO CLOSEUP. His jaw drops as he stares
at the door.

MAN

Gor blimey! Hey, Alfie!

Alfie turns, too:

WHAT THEY SEE: General Zod, Non, Jak-EI and Ursa have
just entered.

ON THE TABLE

ALFIE

(ready for some sport)

Well, I didn't know we was to have
a freak show this year. Just
look at them pansies!

PAL ONE

I got eyes for her, though.
Always did like a kinky bit.

PAL TWO

(shouting)

Hey, Vampir! Show us yer fangs!

ON URSA, MED. FULL -- enraged, eyes blazing, she steps
forward; about to do just that. Zod lays a restraining

ZOD
(quietly)
Not yet.

ON THE GROUP

ALFIE
(taking this for
cowardice)
Bugger off, boy scout! Go play
with your badges. She needs a
real man.

PAL THREE
(as Non growls,
indicating him)
I think that one's the boy friend.

NEW ANGLE, WIDE -- a classic Western SHOT.

ALFIE
(taunting)
Nah, that's a gorilla.
(gestures to
bartender)
Hey, Tim, another beer! And
a banana for my friend there!

As all laugh, Alfie wiggles his fingers provocatively at Non.

ALFIE
Wanna play, Cheeta?

Non charges forward. But suddenly, before he can get there, Ursa is there, sitting across from Alfie, elbow on the table, hand open, ready to arm wrestle. With a snort and a laugh, Alfie takes her hand. The fists clench together. Instantly she flicks his arm down. As she does so, there is a horrible SOUND of SOMETHING SNAPPING.

Consternation. Alfie leaps up, his arm dangling, as Ursa smiles. He is screaming:

ALFIE
My arm! My arm! She broke my
arm!
(he can't believe it)
She broke my arm!

He stumbles out into the square, moaning with pain.

PAL TWO
(leaps up, charging
at them)
Hey, you bloody bast --

Non seizes him immediately and in one easy move flings him through the glass window. Instant pandemonium in the bar: people screaming, trampling each other to get out.

CUT TO:

414 EXT. SQUARE - MAIN STREET - WAMAGO - DAY

MED. WIDE -- The people pour out of the bar, stumbling over each other in panic. In f.g. Alfie is on his knees, clutching his arm, leaning over the broken body of his pal. Rita runs over.

RITA
He's dead! He's dead!

QUICK CUTS: Confusion in the crowd on the square.

ON THE GENERAL STORE: The OLD PROPRIETOR heading out with a bayonet, probably a 'W I souvenir. His WIFE pulls him back.

WIFE
Josh, you get right back in there!

OLD PROPRIETOR
(disappointed)
Oh, Maude...

ON THE GARAGE -- Johnny Greer emerging hastily from under the car.

JOHNNY
What's that? What's happenin' over there?

WILLIE
I don't know... it looks bad.
I think -- someone got killed!

CLOSER: JOHNNY yanks open a cash register drawer, pulls out a revolver, and (FOLLOW, HAND-HELD) heads towards the square.

WILLIE
(running after him)
Dad! Dad, wait up!

ON THE POST OFFICE -- as Rita reaches it in a dead run, flinging the door open.

CUT TO:

415 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

May still, placidly, trying to make radio contact.

RITA
May! Get out from under those cans! No! No -- don't! Get Officer Billy, fast!

MAY
(querulously)
Well, I can't, Rita! I've been tryin', Lord knows, I'm not just twiddlin' my --

RITA
(high emotion)
Well, call somebody! Call Doc Randall! We got trouble!

MAY
(switching dials)
Alfie!

RITA
(tersely)
Worse.

MAY
0741 0741 Doc?

415 CONTINUED:

VOICE comes in, STATIC.

MAY
Hallelujah! Doc Randall! Come
in!

CUT TO:

416 INT. TWO ENGINE PLANE - DAY

CLOSEUP of a surprisingly young and rugged medic, a "flying doctor" who services the outlying sheep communities. This is DOC RANDALL. As yet, we do not see that we are in a plane. He clicks on mike.

DOC
Someone sick, May? Because I'm
not due there till Thursday --
(pacifyingly)
... Okay, okay, May, if you need
me now, I'll be there now.

CUT TO:

417 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - MAIN STREET - WAIKATO - DAY

WIDE: Jak-El, standing in front of the post office. The crowd is still there, but standing well back from him.

CUT TO:

418 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

MAY
(to radio)
God bless you, Doc, we're truly
grate --

CUT TO:

419 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

WIDE: (EFFECTS) Jak-El turns on his X-Ray vision.

420 POV: May on the radio.

CUT TO:

421 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

FULL SHOT: Jak-El soars up to the roof of the post office. As he does so, an incredible gasp from crowd: a man can fly!!!

CUT TO:

422 INT. PLANE - DOC RANDALL - DAY

DOC
(easy, soothing)
Hey, keep your b'loomers on, May.
I'm on my way. But what's the --
(listens, frowns:
static)
May? May?

CUT TO:

423 EXT. ROOF POST OFFICE - VILLAGE SQUARE - WAIKATO - DAY

Jak-El, in mid-air, is shaking the radio aerial, flipping it back and forth like a toy.

424 INT. PLANE - DAY

Frowning, Doc Randall quickly hangs up his mike. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we are in the plane cockpit. Disturbed, he pushes the stick forward.

CUT TO:

425 EXT. PLANE - SKY - DAY

It flies forward, accelerating.

CUT TO:

426 EXT. ROOF - POST OFFICE - VILLAGE SQUARE - WAMAGO - DAY

Jak-El, after one last flick of the aerial, suddenly snaps it off.

ANGLE DOWN: It crashes into the street. The crowd, screaming, backs up further.

NEW ANGLE -- the Old Proprietor sneaks out of the General Store with his bayonet and joins the crowd.

ON JAK-EL: on the roof, smirking.

JAK-EL

We interrupt this program to bring you a special announcement.

PAN DOWN with a SWEEP OF HIS HAND as direction TO Tim's Saloon as General Zod emerges, followed by Non and Ursa, who stand behind him like storm-troopers. Zod poses: arms akimbo, fearsome, his voice loud and commanding.

ZOD

I am General Zod. Your ruler.

A murmur breaks out; he raises his voice, stilling it.

ZOD

Yes, today we begin a new order! Each of you -- every man, woman and child -- will march proudly in the new order! Your lands, your livestock, your homes, your very lives, will gladly be given in fealty to me! General Zod!

NEW ANGLE: A sudden outburst. The Old Proprietor pushes forward, unable to control himself.

ON HIM

OLD PROPRIETOR

What kind of people are you?
What kind of monsters -- !

WIDE: Zod and the old man facing each other in the square (crowd at EDGE OF FRAME): Zod is silent for a pause, then continues.

ZOD

And in return, you will have my generous protection. In other words, you will be allowed to live. If you refuse --

NEW ANGLE: Zod turns slightly, toward the Old Proprietor. Then:

427 SPECIAL EFFECTS (HEAT VISION): He emits a HEAT VISION
RAY from his eyes. He FOLLOWS the ray to the Old Man. As
the ray strikes him, he bursts into flame and burns like
a cinder. The crowd screams.

428 ON ZOD -- smiling his cruel smile.

ZOD

-- you will be making a big
mistake, don't you agree?

TRACK with Zod as he moves from his place and walks across
to where the remains of the burnt body lay; he bends, picks
up the bayonet, and -- still smiling, fastens it to his
belt.

ZOD

(stiffly, to the crowd)

Dismissed!

CROWD SHOTS: Suddenly out steps Johnny Greer, grimly
determined raising his pistol. When he has a clear shot,
he takes it -- at Zod. No way he could miss. He FIRES.

429 ON ZOD: The SIX BULLETS bounce off him.

430 ON JOHNNY: Astonished, lowering his gun. Backs off,
dumbfounded.

JOHNNY GREER

You're not... You're not... a man.

FAVORING URSA, MED.: She advances on Johnny Greer,
vamping.

URSA

(mockingly)

But you are...

JOHNNY

Beat it, sister. I've seen
your kind before.

URSA

You never will again!

She knees him in the groin with the force of a howitzer
at close range. Johnny screams and falls to the ground.
Willie, his son, instantly runs out of the mob, wildly
flinging himself at Zod, punching him. Zod doesn't even
feel it and swats the boy to the ground, stunning him.
Rita rushes towards Willie, looks imprecatingly at General
Zod.

RITA

He's only a boy!

ZOD

(softly)

And he may never be a man.

Zod snaps his fingers at Non, who advances menacingly
as Rita throws herself over the boy's sprawled body.

CUT TO:

431 INT. FORTRESS - DINING AREA - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE SHOT ON THE TABLE -- Dinner is over. Superman
and Lois sip their coffee. The lights have been dimmed.
The beautifully arranged flowers have been pushed to one
side to facilitate their tete-a-tete.

431 CONTINUED:

We can tell from their manner that they have been talking seriously for some time. COME INTO TIGHT TWO SHOT and PAN SLOWLY FROM one to the other, sometimes on dialogue, sometimes HOLDING ON the one who is not speaking to SEE reaction.

LOIS

It must be terrible, having to be Clark Kent.

SUPERMAN

Oh no.

(very honestly)

I really like it sometimes.

(smiles)

And if it weren't for him, I wouldn't have met you.

LOIS

But him is you.

(laughing)

It's all so confusing.

She rises, stands smiling down at him as he smiles up at her.

SUPERMAN

It is sometimes.

(reaching, taking
her hand)

But not anymore.

LOIS

No, I guess the only question is --

(it thrills her)

What do I put on the mailbox,
Mrs. Superman or Mrs. Clark Kent?

(moving away)

Why don't you think about that
while I...

(not really kidding)

... slip into something comfortable?

And off she goes. As she disappears, HOLD on him a beat, his smile fading, his face suddenly troubled.

CUT TO:

432 INT. BEDROOM - FORTRESS - NIGHT

On Lois, happily opening her handbag, beginning to pull out something beautifully filmy which she had the foresight to bring along.

CUT TO:

433 INT. MEMORY TAPE AREA - NIGHT

As a worried-looking Superman removes the last memory crystal from the first wall and inserts it. Contrary to his usual practice he remains standing -- almost a bit defiantly -- as Jor-El appears.

JOR-EL

Kal-El... my son... I have tried
to anticipate your every question.

(disturbed)

This is one I hoped you would
not ask. Are you sure?

433 CONTINUED:

SUPERMAN
(with quiet passion)
Father, I love her.

CUT TO:

434 INT. BEDROOM CORRIDOR - FORTRESS - NIGHT

Lois emerging from the bedroom, radiant in a beautiful
peignoir, definitely a woman ready for a night of love.
But as she starts down the hall she is startled to hear:

JOR-EL (O.S.)
If you have succumbed to this
love of an earthling --

SUPERMAN (O.S.)
It isn't 'succumbed', it's --

TRACK with Lois, confused and curious, as she hurries
toward the source of the voices, turning onto an interior
balcony.

435 WIDE, LONG SHOT: The interior balcony, at the rear of
the vast chamber, overlooks Superman and Jor-El below,
some distance away. Here Lois stands, making no attempt
to hide, as she observes this, to her amazing
confrontation.

JOR-EL
-- then you are right to see that
such a feeling is incompatible
with your life.

SUPERMAN
(desperate)
What can I do? May I never have
her?

436 QUICK CLOSEUP LOIS: The glow gone, as dismayed as
Superman.

437 TWO SHOT: JOR-EL AND SUPERMAN

JOR-EL
(a gentle reproof)
Patience, Kal-El. You begin to
sound like an earthling.
(as Superman makes
an impatient frustrated
gesture)
Very well.
(businesslike)
You will remember that when I
gave you the instructions for
the building of your fortress,
I gave you the specifications
for a machine, constructed in
a crystal chamber. I told you
then to build it and to leave
it unless such time came as...
Have you built it?

SUPERMAN
I have. But I've never known
what it is for.

JOR-EL
(rather reluctantly)
Well... to alter molecular
structure.

JOR-EL (CONT'D)
(as Superman doesn't
seem to comprehend
the significance;
still unwillingly)

It is possible for you to become
a mortal. You could do it.
You could become -- one of the
earth people.

Superman, oblivious to the struggle going on within
Jor-El, steps eagerly towards him.

SUPERMAN
This machine...?

JOR-EL
... has harnessed the rays of
the red sun of Krypton. Once
exposed to these rays, all your
great powers on earth will
disappear.

(a grave warning)
And once it is done, there is
no going back. Consider, my
son -- you will feel like an
ordinary man. You will live
like an ordinary man.

He clicks the device that ends the tape, begins slowly
to fade out.

438 QUICK CLOSEUP LOIS: in whom this news induces a mixture
of amazement, anxiety, and wild hope for happiness -- the
last being strongest.

QUICK CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN: On whose face we SEE the same
conflicting emotions.

But before he can move or Lois can speak --

439 ON JOR-EL: almost faded, he suddenly clicks again and
reappears, his face now distressed, his voice full of
uncharacteristic emotion.

JOR-EL
Kal-El, think. No one can harm
you now. But if you do this,
you can be harmed.

SUPERMAN
(startled; then
readily, almost
lightly)
I'll take my chances.

JOR-EL
And the planet that has nurtured
you -- its people who have shown
you kindness, respect, admiration
-- will they take their chances?

QUICK CLOSEUP SUPERMAN -- confused and guilty in the face
of this moral indignation.

WIDE SHOT: the whole area including Lois on balcony as
Jor-El continues:

JOR-EL
(relentlessly)
Is this how you...

JOR-EL (CONT'D)
Is this the example you would set
them -- to abandon the weak, the
defenseless, the needy for the
sake of one's own selfish pursuits?

SUPERMAN
(stung)
Selfish! But they get a chance
at happiness --

JOR-EL
(cutting him off
implacably)
Yours is a higher happiness. The
happiness of your mission.
(persuasively)
The happiness -- pure and quiet
-- that you feel inside every
time you save a life, every time
you inspire others to seek the
best in themselves.
(quietly)
My son, you cannot deny that
feeling.

ON SUPERMAN: nodding slowly. Under the burden of this
argument he sinks to a sitting position on a nearby
platform, looking up now at his father.

TWO SHOT: Superman looking up at Jor-El.

JOR-EL
Kal-El, you cannot so quickly
have forgotten my teachings --

SUPERMAN
(looks up, defensively)
I've forgotten nothing --

JOR-EL
Then you recall what was said by
one of the greatest writers of
your planet: 'And this above
all, to thine own self be true.
And it shall follow as the night
the day --'

As he is saying these last lines, Superman rises abruptly
and turns away from his father. He is now facing Lois/
balcony but he doesn't look up. Staring straight ahead
in despair he finishes the line.

SUPERMAN
'... thou cans't not then be
false to any man...'

JOR-EL
(quietly)
I leave you with that thought,
my son.

A CLICK and he disappears.

440 TWO SHOT: A beat of silence as Superman stands still,
looking at nothing. Unbeknownst, on the balcony above,
Lois is in the same position, staring out unhappily over
his head.

She begins to speak quietly, almost to herself.

LOIS

Funny, isn't it? Here I am --

As he turns, looking up and behind him:

NEW ANGLE, LONG: Reminding us of a very famous balcony scene in the positions.

SUPERMAN

(looking up, startled)

Lois!

LOIS

Superman.

(she leans on the balcony bitterly ironic)

Wherefore art thou, Superman?

Deny thy father...

(a sad smile)

No, maybe father knows best.

That is your father...?

SUPERMAN

(awkwardly)

Yes, well, he was just -- We talk. I mean, we can communicate through... crystals.

(he gestures to wall with first shelf of memory crystals)

Everything I know is in there.

(gestures at wall with second shelf of unplayed crystals)

What I still don't know is there.

LOIS

You haven't listened to those?

SUPERMAN

Not yet. I haven't needed to know what they tell.

LOIS

(bitterly)

Maybe they've got some advice for the lovelorn. For instance, Lois Lane, the girl who always got what she goes after. Ever since I was a little girl. You name it: straight A's, editor of the school yearbook, a job on a newspaper, bylines, top salary. Once I set my sights on something ... Well, I guess I set my sights too high this time.

SUPERMAN

(deeply moved, he starts up the ramp towards her)

No, you didn't!

CLOSEUP - LOIS

LOIS

No, I didn't, did I? No man was good enough until somebody just...

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

(a sad smile)

... fell from the blue. Impossible.
Sure, for other people, not for
the kid who always gets what she --

Her voice chokes; she turns her head away.

REVERSE: He is there, beside her.

SUPERMAN

(reaching out)

Lois --

TWO SHOT: She pulls away, trying to control herself,
moving swiftly down the corridor, saying:

LOIS

I'm okay, I'll be okay.

She is stopped at the end of the corridor by large glass
doors leading onto the exterior balcony. As he approaches,
she turns suddenly to face him. Behind the star-crossed
lovers is the starry arctic sky; the icy landscape gleams
in moonlight.

LOIS

(bravely)

But I did do it, didn't I? I
did get the man I love to love
me?

SUPERMAN

(this is very hard
on him)

Yes.

LOIS

That's what's funny. I got
everything I ever wanted. I
even got the one thing nobody
else could have

(bitterly)

And now I can't have it. Because
everybody else needs it. I
understand, oh, how I understand.
I tried awfully hard not to
understand, but I'm not that
selfish. They need you.

(quickly)

Not more than I do. Nobody
needs you more than I do.

(soberly)

But I'd be buying my personal
little rainbow at the cost of
all those people. The ones who
say, 'Help. Come. Quick. Now.'
While I'd be saying, 'Stay. Be
with me. Don't go. Stay home.'
And pretty soon, it'd be a toss-
up whether you hated me more or
I hated --

ON SUPERMAN -- He finds her thoroughly, admirable,
especially now.

CLOSEUP - LOIS

LOIS

I was going to say, 'Whether you
hated me more or I hated me more.'
Because that would happen sooner
or later.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)
 (desperately)
 I'd hate myself, Superman.
 (getting hold of
 herself)
 No, when you get down to the
 bottom line, I've got to live
 with Lois Lane. Alone or not.
 And I've got to like her. You
 don't know how much, right now,
 I want to say, 'Who cares about
 your great... mission, isn't
 that what he called it? But
 I'm not a bitch. Not that
 much of a --
 (it overwhelms her;
 she begins to weep)
 I'll be all right.
 (a fake laugh)
 Just some schoolgirl tears.
 (wipes her eyes;
 gets herself
 together)
 Listen, I'm tired, okay? I
 just want to go somewhere and
 -- and lay down.

Superman is terribly touched and upset by her love for
 him and her sacrifice. Slowly he moves a few feet down
 the corridor and opens the bedroom door she emerged from
 earlier.

SUPERMAN
 (awkward)
 Here. The... bedroom.

LOIS
 (trying a smile)
 I know. I've been thinking
 about it all day.
 (as she approaches)
 But not like this.
 (at the door;
 next to him,
 a deep breath)
 Well...

TIGHT TWO SHOT: Suddenly he moves to take her in his
 arms.

LOIS
 No.
 (about to cry;
 she moves away
 and pushes the
 door open)
 No, let's not... start anything
 we can't --

She breaks off, pushes quickly past him into the bedroom
 and closes the door behind her.

HOLD ON SUPERMAN -- extremely upset, grieved. He turns
 and walks AWAY FROM CAMERA, shoulders stooped. Then he
 stops and looks back in the direction of the bedroom.

441 EFFECTS: X-RAY VISION.

442 HIS POV (WITH X-RAY VISION): Lois has thrown herself on the bed and is crying into the pillow, her body wracked with sobs.

443 CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN -- he can't take it anymore.

SUPERMAN

I love her. I don't want to lose her.

Suddenly, with the look of a man who has just made up his mind, he turns and rushes down the corridor.

SUPERMAN

I won't lose her!

With a look of determination, and purpose, Superman strides to the molecular restructuring chamber and enters it.

CUT TO:

444 INT. MOLECULAR RESTRUCTURING CHAMBER - NIGHT

The heavy door automatically closes. Superman goes to the crystal panel-bank and passes his hand across certain crystals (or pushes a button, or whatever the activating technique is) and then lays himself down on the transparent, forbidding slab. He closes his eyes.

EFFECTS: The very specific light changes begin, employing certain key colors, laser effects, moving spotlights in a recognisable order and pattern -- all of it quite spectacular -- denoting the machine working. As the process continues:

DISSOLVE TO:

445 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - WANAGO, AUSTRALIA - DAY

WIDE: All hell has broken loose. The General Store has been demolished, felled. A number of bodies are strewn about. The town banner hangs limply, torn. Three or four escaped sheep roam through the devastation. A lot has happened since we've been away. One small knot of sheepherders -- diehards, resistance fighters -- is in the surreptitious huddle. Non stands by what is left of the General Store: Jak-El is now in front of Johnny Greer's garage by the gas pump; Urza stands with General Zod, who, as we JOIN them, is in the middle of another speech.

ZOD

(menacingly
persuasive)

... and so you see, we will have your... cooperation...

ON THE SHEEP-SHEAPER HUDDLE: As they guardedly unchain their shears from their belts. TRACK QUICKLY with the four as they make a rush at Jak-El, shears raised. They fall on him, stabbing wildly.

INSERT: The shears' blades break and snap off against Jak-El.

WIDER: The assassins fall back, astonished. Jak-El grabs the handle of the gas pump, presses trigger: Gas gushes out as he turns toward Zod, with a wide grin.

JAK-EL

Hey! Did you catch that?
That ain't sheep! It's

446 And he blows on the gas gushing out of the hose. EFFECTS: HEAT VISION causes a blowtorch effect. The shooting flames ignite the four sheep-borders; who flame up like tinder. Even as they do, the gushing gas spreads the fire and ignites Greer's garage.

447 ON THE POST OFFICE: May rushes out, dressed in jodphurs, furious, uncowed, brandishing a fist at General Zod.

MAY
Hooligans! Break my radio,
will ya!

She leaps on the motorcycle; steps down, gunning it.

MAY
I'll get someone to fix your
wagon!

And she zooms off from the standing start, an old lady daredevil taking off for (in b.g.) the rise of the nearest hill. It is a comic image for a moment -- an Evel Knievel parody -- until:

ON ZOD -- watching her.

ZOD
We fix the wagons around here.

He nods to Non.

448 ON NON: SPECIAL EFFECTS: A COLD ICY RAY FROM HIS EYES, THIS IS ICE VISION.

ANGLE UP to May: Traveling at breakneck speed toward the top of the hill, about to make a turn as the ice vision hits. The handlebars freeze and lock; so do the pedals. A look of panic on May's face; an instant later she is hurled from the bike, spinning through the air, falling over the crest of the hill.

449 ON NON AND ZOD -- Zod gives his ward an appreciative nod; Non looks pleased and proud -- an evil child. Suddenly they hear something:

SOUND: the noisy, CHUGGING MOTOR of a small, ancient AIRPLANE.

450 ANGLE UP: Approaching overhead, Doc Randall's plane, with "Flying Doctor" painted proudly on its fuselage.

451 ANGLE DOWN ON THE CROWD: Looking up at the plane with great hope, as if seeing their saviour. An audible sigh of relief.

452 ON THE PLANE, NEAR COCKPIT: Doc Randall stares down in disbelief.

DOC
(on his radio)
May! Come in, May! What the
bloody hell is going on? May?
Where are you, May?

453 DOC'S POV - THE FOUR, below, suddenly fly up toward the plane.

454 NEW ANGLE: ON THE PLANE -- They arrive, placing themselves along the plane fore to aft. Together they tip the plane with a light toss. It falls, wobbling wildly just outside the square. FOLLOW its descent as it spirals down out of control, the engines now smoking from the interference. GROUND crew frantically...

454 CONTINUED:

JAM-EL

Geronimo!

The plane crashes, smoke spiraling, and EXPLODES.

455 ON THE SQUARE - FAVORING ZOD IN FRONT OF TERRIFIED CROWD

ZOD

(ranting)

No escape! No escape! There
is no escape! Are you
sufficiently convinced?!

MEDIUM FULL -- ON A SECTION OF THE CROWD where we NOTICE a BOY about 9 years old, on the edge of the crowd in front of Tim's Saloon. Pretending to be listening to General Zod, he is in fact squirming backwards through the crush, never looking away from Zod, but slipping towards the rear all the while.

ZOD (O.S.)

You will remain here! We will
remain here! No one leaves
Wamago alive!

By now, with careful backward strides, the Boy (we FOLLOW!) breaks out of the back of the crowd. He darts around the back of the saloon.

CUT TO:

456 EXT. BEHIND THE SALOON - WAMAGO - DAY

As Zod rants on, O.S., the Boy runs to an old grazing mare tethered behind the saloon. In one jump he is on her back, loosing her rope, clinging to her neck, ready for the wild bareback ride.

BOY

(whispering
prayerfully)

Go! Go, Betsey!

Nothing. For one agonised second it seems as if the old horse does not even comprehend the command.

BOY

(despairing)

Oh, Betsey -- PLEASE!

Then, with a toss of her head, the mare catches on and, with the Boy clinging for dear life, gallops off toward the horizon and toward help.

CUT TO:

457 INT. MAIN ROOM OF FORTRESS - DAY

OPEN ON TIGHT CLOSEUP of a stunned Lois Lane.

LOIS

I... I don't know what to say.

REVERSE -- ON CLARK KENT (Now in the glasses, shirtsleeves, tie, etc.)

CLARK

Say you love me.

(CONTINUED)

457 CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE:

LOIS
You did it for me. You gave it
all up for me...

CLARK
(simply)
I love you, Lois.

Half in tears, she hugs him.

LOIS
Oh, Super--
(correcting herself)
I mean --

CLARK
Yeah, that'll take a little
getting used to.

A strained grin.

LOIS
(pulls back)
Regrets?
(she turns away)
I mean, after all your father
said --

CLARK
(not looking at her
either)
Look, the world got along without
Superman for a lot of years --
(getting it together;
perhaps more cheerful
than he feels)
-- but the Planet can't get along
without Clark Kent.

LOIS
(uncomprehending)
The planet...?

CLARK
The Daily Planet, lady, that's
what it says on our paychecks --
(pointedly)
-- which I'm now going to need.
And we can't exactly get back
to collect them by the same
mode of transportation that
got us here.

LOIS
(realising it fully
now)
You're really not Superman anymore...

CLARK
(chipper)
That's what I keep trying to
tell you, ma'am. So let's get
a move on.

He gives her a quick, husbandly peck on the cheek.

CLARK
Now, where's my gray suit...?

CUT TO:

458 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - WAMAGO, AUSTRALIA - DAY

FULL SHOT: In a field beyond the square, the remains of two downed, wrecked Army fighter planes REVERSE ZOOM, coming toward the square, past the bodies of dead soldiers, then past a group of tied-up, penned-in SOLDIERS, finally to one end of the square where four hanged and trussed-up bodies -- four of the toughest ranchers and herders we saw before -- are hung like carcasses.

CRANE SHOT BEGINS WITH A VERTICAL PAN DOWN from these bodies which then PULLS BACK and OPENS VERY WIDE TO SHOW the village square: there is a long line of people -- the conquered, frightened survivors of the holocaust. Totally beaten and in thrall now, they look like the people we used to see in those yearly ceremonies of subjects bringing booty to the Aga Khan on his birthday or conquered people laying up their store for a bandit chief. For indeed these survivors of Wamago are lined up with their tithe, not gold and jewels in this case, but whatever meagre possessions they could come up with: an old radio, some family heirlooms, watches, a clock, a feather box, and of course five or six baby lambs cradled in the arms of their owners. PAN DOWN this line, SEEING these details, as well as the frightened, defeated faces. Before we reach the end of the line, however:

459 CUT TO THE FAR END OF THE LINE. In the center of the square, a crude, bizarre spectacle: on a makeshift "throne" made from somebody's old, battered armchair, sits General Zod. On a chair beside him, like a queen, is Ursa. Non, ever menacing, stands beside the "throne." And -- sprawled at their feet insolently smirking -- in the classic court jester post (legs crossed, head resting on arm) is Jak-El. A large table is set up before them; on it, one at a time, the Villagers lay their bounty down. At the head of the line now is an OLD WOMAN -- the elegant one we saw strolling with parasol earlier -- weeping as she lays down some old rings and an old pearl necklace.

OLD WOMAN

It was me mother's... It's all I've got.

JAK-EL

That's all you've got? What a swell life you must have had.
(as she stumbles away)

Why not kill the old ones anyway?
They're depressing.

ZOD

They have sworn their allegiance to me.

JAK-EL

So what? What are they going to do if an enemy attacks -- gun them to death?

A man at the head of the line lays down a lamb.

URSA

(a look of distaste)
Another one of those animal things.
They're disgusting.

ZOD

It's the thought that counts, my dear.

CUT TO:

460 EXT. AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK - ROAD - WHITE CADILLAC - DAY

Luthor and Eve in back. Albert is driving, or rather -- at this moment -- stopping and HONKING his HORN at a koala bear who is lazily crossing the road. As it passes and the car continues forward:

CUT TO:

461 INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Luthor has the black box on his lap; it TICKS AUDIBLY.
The car RADIO PLAYS MUSIC.

LUTHOR

(very "up")

I don't know how they won't love
this deal, y'know? Y'know?
Unlimited freedom to do anything
they want -- kill, crush, maim,
destroy --

EVE

John, Paul, Ringo, George --

LUTHOR

In return for which they get Lex
Luthor's backing!

(ego-tripping)

Lex Luthor's savvy! Lex Luthor's
keen mind guiding their careers
in a world they never made! Lex
Luthor protecting their interests --

EVE

(this drives her
crazy)

You're practically a saint, Lex.

LUTHOR

(leans over, kisses
her cheek)

You're cute.

EVE

I said 'practically.'

LUTHOR

What would I be without your
witty little jibes to keep me
on my toes, Miss Teschmacher?
Happy, that's what I'd be.

AUSTRALIAN RADIO
ANNOUNCER VOICE

(urgent, somber)

We interrupt this program to
bring you a special update on
the crisis in Wamago.

LUTHOR

Aha!

RADIO ANNOUNCER VOICE

The little village continues to
be the site of mounting casualties
as the four invaders appear to
have defeated two units of the
National Guard placed on
emergency status. Air Force
headquarters in Melbourne reports
that --

461 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR
(rubbing his hands
together in glee)
Better and better!

EVE
(to Albert)
The last time I saw him this
happy was when the Asian flu
hit town.

CUT TO:

462 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - WAMAGO, AUSTRALIA - DAY

where the four are still receiving tribute, seated on
their "thrones."

JAK-EL
I'm bored. What are we staying
here for?

URSA
(equally
disenchanted)
Where else is there?

JAK-EL
(rising, petulantly)
There must be someplace else!
Even the Phantom Zone was more
interesting than this.

As he looks at the table of booty, ANGLE DOWN: as a farmer's
hands place a watch and an old Bible there. The farmer
leaves, as the loot continues to pile up. HOLD on it,
as:

ZOD (O.S.)
Leave?! You fool! I am the
leader here!

JAK-EL
Leader of what? This bunch
of garbage? If I see one more
rusty watch --

Suddenly, on top of the pile, a hand places... a contract
and a pen. PAN UP TO SEE Lex Luthor. He smiles nervously,
rapidly chewing Kleenex.

LUTHOR
Howdja do. Luthor's the name.
No doubt you've heard of me.
Lex Luthor, greatest criminal
on earth?

URSA
I told you this was a puny,
backward planet.

LUTHOR
(seizing the
opening)

You think this is earth? Listen,
lady...

(corrects himself
quickly)

Uh... Ms. This is nothing!
This is the lounge. With your
talent you should be playing
the main room. Y'know? Y'know?

ZOD

We know everything. Including
the method of your death.

He signals to Mon, who starts toward Lex.

URSA

No, let me break his bones.
He irritates me.

LUTHOR

Wait'll you get to know me
better. Lookit -- I can take
you to the land of your
dreams. Buildings that touch
the sky -- just waiting to be
knocked down! A land of
opportunity! There are
millions of people to beat
up on.

JAK-EL

(getting interested)
Where is this place?

LUTHOR

I knew you'd love it. A
helluva town. The Bronx is
up and the --

ZOD

Hold! Should we believe this
hairless slug?

LUTHOR

I'll let that pass this time,
my general, because you're
not exactly Mr. Universe
yourself.

ZOD

(enraged)

Mr. Universe! I am King of
all the universe. Destroy
him!

As they move menacingly toward Lex:

LUTHOR

Me? I can sho you the bright
lights!

(MORE)

LUTHOR (CONT'D)

The big time!
(playing his
trump card)
The son of Jor-El!

REACTIONS: The four look stunned at this news. Cannot believe what they hear. Non utters a howl, fist raised.

ZOD

The son of Jor-El? Jor-El
our Jailer?

LUTHOR

No, Jor-El the baseball player.
Of course Jor-El your jailer!

JAK-EL

(almost salivating)
His son? His son is on this
planet?

LUTHOR

Daily.

ZOD

How do you know of this? How
do you know about Jor-El?

LUTHOR

(in command of the
situation)
With all due respect, your grace,
I told you before I'm about the
best there is.

Non growls loudly.

LUTHOR

Second best.

ZOD

(wild with passion)
Revenge! We will kill the son
of our jailer!

LUTHOR

Terrific! I hate him, too.
Believe me, you've never seen
a showoff like him. He flies
around --

ZOD

(musingly)
He flies as well. He has powers
as we do...

LUTHOR

Sure. He's a landman, isn't he?
(MORE)

LUTHOR (CONT'D)
But he's only one. You're four.
(looking at Non)
Or five even, if you count him
twice. Y'know?

ON THE FOUR -- seething with anticipation.

ZOD
We will bring him to his knees!

JAK-EL
Praying.

ZOD
Yes! To me!
(to Luthor)
When can you take us there?

LUTHOR
What time's the next flight
out?

CUT TO:

463 EXT. ROAD - CANADA - DAY

A rented car toots down the highway, Clark driving, Lois
beside him.

CUT TO:

464 INT. CAR - DAY

They look very happy and cozy; she snuggled up beside him.

CLARK
Getting tired?

LOIS
(content)
I wish we could just drive
forever.

CLARK
I'm sorry this car hasn't got
a radio.

LOIS
Who needs a radio? We make
beautiful music together.

He puts an arm around her, hugs her to him.

LOIS
Tired, no. Hungry, yes.

CLARK
(quite serious)
We'll look for a place where
the truck drivers stop. That's
always a sign the food is good.

465 INT. DINER - DAY

MED. WIDE as Clark and Lois enter a diner. In the background, the counter is mostly full, but two stools next to each other are unoccupied.

CLARK
I just want to wash up. Grab those seats there.

He goes RIGHT, OUT OF FRAME and Lois occupies one of the counter stools. As she picks up the menu to study it, a big, burly, ornery TRUCKER enters and takes the seat next to her.

LOIS
I'm sorry, that seat's tak --

TRUCKER
(ignoring her; to
COUNTER GIRL)
Coffee and doughnut.

As Lois starts to protest, Clark COMES INTO FRAME.

CLARK
Excuse me. That's my seat.

TRUCKER
Oh, yeah? I don't see your name on it.

CLARK
I'm sitting with the lady here.

TRUCKER
I don't see no lady here.

Tension is thick immediately.

CLARK
Now look, buddy. you don't have any call to insult --

TRUCKER
Who's gonna stop me, four-eyes?

CLOSEUP - CLARK, bristling with indignation.

CLARK
Somebody ought to teach you manners.

TRUCKER
(rises; he's big)
You wanna try?

CLARK
(grim)
Why don't we just step outside?

CLOSEUP - LOIS, looking very fearful.

CUT TO:

466 EXT. DINER - DAY

1. A SHOT of the Trucker, out cold, on the ground.
2. A SHOT of Clark Kent, standing in front of him.
3. A SHOT of Lois Lane, flushed, standing behind the fallen Trucker, a broken coke bottle in her hand.

CLARK

What did you have to do that for?

LOIS

What was I supposed to do? Stand by and let him kill you?

CLARK

I could have taken him.

LOIS

You think you're some kind of a Superman?

CLARK

(defensively)

I'm still in pretty good shape, y'know.

LOIS

It's time you learned the facts of mortal life, darling. Such as the cost of bridge work.

CLARK

But --

LOIS

(gently)

I'm not saying you might not have beaten this gorilla. But there would have been broken glasses, broken teeth and broken who-knows-what before you did. Listen -- I just got a man. I'd like to keep him in one piece.

As Clark stands there, frustrated, she comes to him, drops the bottle and hugs him.

LOIS

It ain't no bed of roses being human, kiddo.

She gives him a sweet little kiss on the tip of his nose.

CUT TO:

467 EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

LONG SHOT: On the West Side Highway, leading in to the 96th St. ramp, there is an incredible traffic jam of cars, trucks and station wagons leaving the city. Something very odd about this which instantly shows us it isn't a normal situation: on the tops of the cars are suitcases, trunks, even items of furniture, bird-cages, etc., tied on. It looks like a modern-day Okie caravan. The cars are packed with families. In addition, we SEE certain yellow school buses which have been papered with signs on the side reading "EVACUATION TRANSPORTATION." Everywhere, POLICE in cars and on foot are evident, trying vainly to keep the traffic moving.

NEW ANGLE: The one lane of the highway leading in on the city has been blocked off with a police barricade. A cop car is planted there as well, and a POLICEMAN looks in annoyance as one lone car approaches: the rented car with Clark and Lois. He starts waving them back.

CUT TO:

468 INT. CAR - DAY

Clark and Lois totally befuddled by what they see around them.

LOIS

What in the world -- ?

CLARK

I know a lot of people go to the country for the weekend, but this is --

469 EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - DAY

The car advances, coming to a stop and the cop halts them.

COP

Awright, where d'ya think you're goin', mac?

CLARK

What is this? What's going on??

COP

What's goin' on! Whaddya, blind?

LOIS

We've been out of town, officer.

COP

Doncha listen to the radio, for God's sake? The men from Mars have landed.

CLARK

The what???

COP

Don't ask me, buddy. All I know is all hell's broke loose and I got my orders. Nobody gets in. So why don't you be a nice fella and --

FAVORING LOIS: She fishes quickly in her purse and pulls out her wallet, flipping it open to her Press card.

LOIS

(holds it up)

Press. Let us through.

COP

Now look, lady --

LOIS

If you want to get the Commissioner on the phone to discuss the rights of the working press, I'm sure he'd be glad to talk to --

COP

(not too thrilled)

Oh geez, you're Lois Lane, ain'tcha. I seen you on the TV plenty of times.

He starts to move the barricade aside.

COP

Okay, folks. But you ain't gonna like it.

470 EXT. VARIOUS METROPOLIS STREETS -

A SERIES OF SHOTS of streets, looking like London during the Blitz. Small fires burning. Certain buildings collapsed into rubble. Fire hydrants knocked over, water spouting uselessly. National Guard trucks, packed with soldiers, riding down empty streets. Police Riot Squads guarding broken store windows. The ambulances, SIRENS SCREAMING, speeding down broken streets.

CUT TO:

471 INT. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSEUP - PERRY WHITE, looking very harrassed. PHONES RINGING constantly.

PERRY

Four of 'em. Three ugly guys and a broad that looks like the Queen of the Runway. They can fly, they can do that heat vision fire thing -- everything Superman does, they do.

REVERSE: A shocked Clark and Lois talking to him.

LOIS

But how --

PERRY

The theory is when Superman set off that bomb in outer space, he broke them out of some kind of jail they were stuck in.

Clark -- a look of ashen horror. The guilt trip descends like a sledgehammer.

LOIS

What do they want?

PERRY

Superman. The son of something or other, they call him. They want Superman by midnight or they level the city. They already made a pretty good start.

NEW ANGLE: Door opens and TWO REPORTERS enter, looking pretty beat.

FIRST REPORTER

I got the casualty figures, Chief. I don't know about running the pictures, though. The hospital looks like a battle station.

SECOND REPORTER

What about the interview with the Mayor?

PERRY

Send Goldberg.

SECOND REPORTER

Goldberg's... one of the casualty figures, boss.

A beat of grim silence.

PERRY

Jesus... he gonna be okay?

471 CONTINUED:

The Reporter shrugs.

PERRY

Well, get somebody... anybody...

In the door comes Jimmy Olsen.

JIMMY

I'll do it, Mr. White.

(as Perry hesitates)

Please. I can write it. I've been a copy boy for a long time, Mr. White -- I know what makes a good story...?

A pause. Perry looks at him. Then, gruffly:

PERRY

Awright! But don't expect a byline on your first story, Olsen!

As an eager Jimmy rushes out:

LOIS

What about me?

PERRY

Get me something on this Superman bomb angle. Background. Hit hard on the cheap irony angle. Kent, get on the Lex Luthor angle.

CLARK

(what???)

Lex Luthor??? Isn't he still in priso --

PERRY

He's their front man. Came flying into town with the four of 'em, blowing kisses to the crowd. Like a sultan on a flying carpet -- hey, that's not a bad whatchacallit, simile.

He picks up phone.

PERRY

Yeah. Two columns. Box the numbers.

A printer races in with a front page dummy: giant headlines METROPOLIS ATTACKED! He waits for Perry to approve it.

PERRY

(to Clark and Lois)

What d'ya standing there for!
Move!

FOLLOW Clark and Lois out to:

472 INT. CITY ROOM - DAY

Where it is bedlam and chaos, as the staff copes with the emergency.

LOIS

(realizing)

You mustn't feel... I mean, how could you have known?

CLARK
(overwhelmed)
Yeah... how could I know...

LOIS
What can you... I mean...

CLOSEUP CLARK: Jaw clenched. Tight-lipped.

CLARK
Something. I've got to do something.

He turns, starts quickly for the elevators. She runs after him, fearful.

LOIS
But you can get hurt. You'll be --

CLARK
Hundreds of innocent people are being killed, Lois. Because of Superman. They want Superman. If they get him, maybe they'll...

He leaves the sentence unfinished, turns and enters the elevator. The doors close behind him. HOLD ON Lois, frightened.

CUT TO:

473 INT. COSTUME SHOP - DAY

TIGHT ON A TV SET sitting on a shelf next to some dusty old costume hats: sombreros, Roman legionnaire helmets, etc. On the TV screen is a somber middle-aged man, seated at a desk bearing The Great Seal of Metropolis. This is THE MAYOR and he is in the middle of his talk.

MAYOR
-- and we continue to wait and hope for some word from Superman before that midnight deadline. Meanwhile, as your Mayor, I can assure you that all that can be done is being done. Civil Defense units are doing a magnificent job in the stricken areas. All leaves have been cancelled in the police and fire departments. The President has declared the city a disaster area and ordered National Guard units to be posted on full alert. School buses and private cars are being used to evacuate children, the aged and the infirm. A list of the evacuation centers will appear in a moment. Meanwhile, I urge all citizens of Metropolis to stay off the streets...

As this goes on and the CRAWL APPEARS with the addresses of evacuation centers, PULL BACK TO REVEAL a very bizarre IMAGE: an old Jewish man holding a gorilla costume, crosses the little costume shop. Racks of typical outfits hang everywhere. The old man is the PROPRIETOR of the store.

PROPRIETOR
Look, you got wars -- depressions -- murrins...

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

So now you got meshuzanehs flying
in the sky. Believe me, it's
always something. Hoodlums,
gangsters, Muslims -- all I know
is Al Feishman is alive and kicking,
thank God, and people always need
costumes, also thank God. You
sure you don't want the gorilla?
Very big this year.

He crosses to a curtained dressing booth and opens the
curtain. In there stands Clark Kent, half in an ill-
fitting, somewhat baggy and faded Superman costume. As
he puts his arms in the top part and zips it up:

CLARK

(adjusting the shoulders,
looking at himself in
the mirror)

No, thanks, Mr. Feishman. This is
fine.

PROPRIETOR

(chacun a son gout)

So, I'll put it nice in a box
for you --

CLARK

Don't bother, I'll wear it.

PROPRIETOR

(sure this is another
meshuzaneh)

Suit yourself.

CLARK

(by way of explanation
as he puts on raincoat
and hat)

I'm in a hurry.

He starts out. The Proprietor walks him to the door.

474 EXT. MIDTOWN STREET, METROPOLIS - DUSK

WIDE: Evening is coming on; the sun is setting. In f.g.,
a troop transport truck rolls down 5th Ave., somewhere
around The Plaza, filled with National Guard soldiers,
bayonets in their hands. PAN WITH it as it turns down a
cross street. In b.g., riot squad Metropolis Police are
stationed at the end of the street, tense, edgy. From
around the corner of the street the truck came down, now
emerges a curious sight: Clark Kent, "disguised" in rain-
coat, hat and glasses, but with his red Superman boots
sticking out the bottom.

Trudging along, oblivious to the world around him, he is
muttering to himself like your average New York nut case.

CLOSER ON HIM:

CLARK

(practising a phony,
tough voice)

All right, the jig is up!

(in his own voice,
and rather dismayed)

No that's not

474 CONTINUED:

CLARK (CONT'D)
(tries again; the drop
voice and an accompanying
gesture)

Now you've gone too far -- you've
made me mad!

Suddenly, from O.S., a loud VOICE:

VOICE

Hey! You!

Clark whirls, looks in the direction of the call.

NEW ANGLE: TWO RIOT SQUAD COPS across the street seeing
him.

FIRST COP
Everybody off the street! That
includes you!

CLARK
Right. Right, I'm about to.

Quickly, he walks around the next corner. FOLLOW him.

ON THE COPS -- One looks at the other, makes whirling-
finger gesture to the head, meaning "Another nut."

ON CLARK -- TRACK WITH HIM to a Con Edison construction
site -- a hole dug in the middle of the street, a wooden
barrier in front of it. He ducks under it and quickly
descends into the hole.

CUT TO:

475 INT. CON ED. HOLE - DUSK

A short iron ladder drops to a ledge down there. As Clark
reaches the bottom, PULL BACK to REVEAL:

476 INT. SEWER TUNNEL

A vast echoing sewer tunnel; we HEAR the RUSH of WATER.

He walks a few feet to the left, then suddenly stops. He
removes his coat and hat and lays them down, then takes
from the raincoat pocket a screwdriver and two firecrackers.
He lays the firecrackers carefully on the raincoat (to keep
them dry) and kneels, holding the screwdriver. What is he
up to?

CLOSER ON HIM as he begins, laboriously, to unscrew a break-
er panel on the floor of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

477 INT. LUTHOR'S OFFICE - DUSK

As we HEAR a BELL (rather like an alarm) RING LONG and LOUD,
we are on a BANK OF TV MONITORS, each of which is labelled
-- Park Avenue entrance, Fifth Avenue entrance, 52nd Street
entrance, 59th Street entrance. A light on this last set
is blinking.

WIDEN SHOT to INCLUDE Luthor, Albert and Eve.

LUTHOR
Ah, visitors! Now who could be...
dropping in?

477 CONTINUED:

As Eva begins hastily smoothing her hair and fixing her lipstick as if for some real social event, Luthor presses a button on the TV monitor. The IMAGE APPEARS.

478 INSERT: CLARK - SUPERMAN

laboriously unscrewing the breaker panel to gain entry.

479 ON LUTHOR

-- for a moment, he is shook up.

LUTHOR
He's early! What's his rush?

ALBERT
(scared)
We're alone! Those four said
midnight! He'll hurt us!

Luthor starts backing towards a tunnel:

LUTHOR
Think I'll go for a walk.

But suddenly, his attention is arrested by what he sees on the TV:

480 HIS POV

The TV screen on which we SEE Clark-Superman unscrewing the last screw as we HEAR Luthor exclaim:

LUTHOR (O.S.)
(startled)
A screwdriver?! All of a sudden
he's got respect for property?
(as C.S. removes
breaker panel)
What happened to the old razzle
dazzle?
(as C.S. picks up
firecrackers)
What now?

ALBERT (O.S.)
(helpfully)
Firecrackers, I believe.

LUTHOR (O.S.)
I know that, Albert. I just
don't know what...

As Clark-Superman takes out a book of matches, we HEAR a sudden exultant cry from Luthor.

481 ON LUTHOR

very excited.

LUTHOR
(Eureka!)
Ah, but I do know! I do know!
(excitedly)
It's the machine!

THREE SHOT - A tiny, but significant pause while Lex waits for their appreciation and they regard him blankly.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR
(impatiently)
That machine at his place. Y'know?
Y'know?

(to Eve)
You thought it was the ladies'
room, and I told you it was a
molecular restructuring thing?
Well, the flying fool must have
put himself through it.
(it's delicious,
triumphantly)
And he's not flying anymore!
He's lost his powers! He went
and restructured his molecules!

EVE
But why would he...

LUTHOR
(snappish)
How do I know, Miss Teschmacher?
I'm not his shrink. Thank God.
(happy again)
Ours not to reason why, ours
just to enjoy, enjoy.

ON LUTHOR. Gleelessly, practically rubbing his hands to-
gether, he sinks into a great regal armchair to enjoy,
enjoy what is to come.

LUTHOR
Boys and girls, get ready for
the greatest show on earth!

CUT TO:

482 INT. TUNNEL SHAFT

Clark-Superman removes the breaker panel and then, just
before he jumps to the room below, lights and drops the
firecrackers.

CUT TO:

483 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S HALL

A pitiful son et lumiere show. The firecrackers BANG and,
in the little puff of smoke, Clark-Superman lands in a
fierce pose like an ordinary guy trying to act like Super-
man (viz. George Reeves). Striking an heroic pose.

CLARK-SUPERMAN
(the deep phony voice
again)
All right, Luth r, what are you
trying to pull?

WIDE SHOT as Clark-Superman strides towards Luthor.

L'UTHOR
(enjoying)
And what are you trying to pull
-- my leg?

Clark-Superman stops in his tracks, confused. One last
try:

CLARK-SUPERMAN
(the deep voice;
...)

LUTHOR

(to Eve and Albert)
Cheap shit! Do you believe
it? The Fella does impressions.

(to Clark-Superman)
Can you do Gagney? That's my
favorite.

(doing it himself)
'You dirty rats...'

(himself again and
sneering)
Your act needs work, kid. And
you could start by taking the
price tag off your tochis.

ON SUPERMAN: A confused and embarrassed Superman, feeling
around and indeed finding the price tag still dangling.
Humiliated, he pulls it off, tosses it angrily on the
floor.

ON LUTHOR: rising from his chair now.

LUTHOR

(contemptuously)
You're Superman, huh? Okay, try
this. Feed the pets.

He gestures towards the alligator tank.

ON SUPERMAN: confused, looking at the tank.

ON LUTHOR: an evil grin.

LUTHOR

Feed 'em your foot. Y'know?
(scornfully)
You're not Superman anymore than
I am. Probably less.

An inspiration. TRACK WITH him as he crosses quickly to
a wall where hangs a pair of heraldic crossed swords, part
of the rococo decor of the lair. He seizes one and whirls
around to confront Clark-Superman.

LUTHOR

I think I'll cut you down to
size.

He begins backing him into the hall, toward the alligator
tank.

WIDE SHOT: Albert and Eve flattened fearfully against a
far wall as, in f.g., Luthor and Clark-Superman square off
and circle each other warily.

LUTHOR

(brandishing the sword)
Have at you!

484 INT. LUTHOR'S HALL

Waving the sword wildly, but with some menace, he is back-
ing Clark-Superman towards the alligator tank. Feinting,
ducking, Superman climbs the ladder, Luthor in pursuit.

LUTHOR

(doing all the moves)
Thrust! Parry! Bullseye!

And he hurls the sword right at Clark-Superman. It WHIST-
LES at you -

ON CLARK-SUPERMAN, fainting at the last moment. The sword misses him by an inch and sticks, quiveringly, in the wall behind him. They move onto the ledge, above the tank.

WIDE SHOT: And now the advantage is with Clark, who advances on Luthor, ready to try throwing a merely mortal punch. But Luthor immediately begins shadow-boxing, darting quick blows at Clark-Superman. Surprised, Clark-Superman can only keep ducking and feinting. Luthor stops abruptly; they are at a standoff.

LUTHOR

(to Albert)

Well, Albert, it looks like we won't...

(a wildly significant look)

Play ball. Y'know?

(as Albert looks blank)

Y'know??

The light dawns in Albert's face and he nods quickly.

TIGHT TWO SHOT: Luthor and Clark-Superman facing each other, Clark-Superman looking frustrated and humiliated, Luthor smiling mockingly at him.

LUTHOR

Big mistake, pal. Because it's the bottom of the ninth for you.

WIDEN SHOT. And Albert is now creeping up the ledge behind Clark-Superman, wielding a baseball bat.

LUTHOR

(still smiling)

And Lex Luthor has last licks!

And on that last word we are ON Superman, FULL SHOT as the baseball bat comes crashing down on his head with incredible violence. We HEAR the mighty CRACK and expect to see his head split, but it is the bat that splits. Inexplicably, not a hair is out of place.

A SERIES of QUICK CLOSEUPS -- REACTION SHOTS: Albert staring at the jagged butt end of the bat in his hand; a wide-eyed Eve, a shocked Luthor, literally back-tracking; and last and most stunned, Clark-Superman, touching his head in gingerly disbelief.

WIDE SHOT: Everybody in shock, Luthor recovering fastest. He gestures towards the broken bat.

LUTHOR

(explaining)

They don't make those things the way they used to.

(quickly)

The brick! Albert, the brick!

(as Albert scurries

for it, to Clark-

Superman, almost

reassuringly)

This should do it.

Albert runs at Superman, obviously about to brain him with a flip of his brick.

ON SUPERMAN: venturing something. Concentrating, he aims his heat vision. (EFFECTS) We HEAR a cry of pain from

484 CONTINUED: (2)

ON ALBERT: shaking his aching hand, staring at the melted brick he's dropped.

ON EVE: she looks very nervous, a fluttery smile flitting on her face. She begins chewing on the chain she wears around her neck -- whatever is its pendant is under her sweater or blouse.

EVE
(quietly, timorously;
to herself)
Oh, boy, am I gonna get yelled
at...

ON LUTHOR, who hasn't even looked her way, still staring at Superman in disbelief.

LUTHOR
Impossible!

ON CLARK-SUPERMAN: just as bewildered.

SUPERMAN
Beats me...

ON EVE: cast o'er with a sickly pale.

EVE
(to herself)
'Clumsy, butterfingered idiot,'
he's going to say. 'How could
you...'

She fingers the necklace.

ON LUTHOR: frustrated, suddenly a wild hope. He runs to his office; Superman follows, as do the others.

LUTHOR
Wait! Don't move! I've got it
here somewhere...

485 INT. LUTHOR'S HALL - NIGHT

TWO SHOT: Searching frantically, Luthor starts pulling out desk drawers. Superman takes a large bronze candlestick off the desk. Is he going to brain Luthor? No, he's testing his powers, bending it easily in half.

ON EVE: watching this with sick dismay.

EVE
(tiny voice)
In ten seconds, that's when he'll
start yelling. Ten seconds I give
it. Ten... nine...

WIDE SHOT: As Superman carefully replaces the ruined candlestick, Luthor straightens up.

LUTHOR
Voila!

He has found what he was looking for: a Thompson sub-machine gun.

LUTHOR
(confident again)
Okay!
(MORE)

485 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR (CONT'D)
(to Superman, as if
he were about to take
his picture)
Could you just face me a little
more?

And Clark-Superman, in an increasingly happy daze, complies.

ON EVE:

EVE
Seven... six...

486 ON LUTHOR: He squeezes the trigger and FIRES off a ROUND.

487 ON SUPERMAN: The bullets bounce off.

LUTHOR
(hysterical)
But it's impossible! You did
go through that machine, didn't
you?

SUPERMAN
(furious)
Machine? How did you know about
that machine, Luthor?

LUTHOR
I... uh... was in your neighborhood
and...

SUPERMAN
Breaking and entering. That's a
felony with a fifteen year jail
term. I'll just add that on to
your...

ON EVE: By now she is looking white with anxiety.

EVE
Four... three...

NEW ANGLE:

LUTHOR
But it was perfect! It restructures
molecules! It had to work! A
masterpiece of engineering! All
right, at first I didn't understand
about the cadmium oscillator, but
when I examined the power source...
(babbling on wildly)
... I mean, I saw it! I was
standing there, I remember, when
this clumsy butterfingere*d* idiot
here knocked over one of the...

Suddenly he comes to a dead stop. Fire in his eyes.

ON EVE:

EVE
Two... one... zero...

ON LUTHOR: Turning on her, in a screaming rage!

LUTHOR
You... you... you clumsy,
butterfingere*d* idiot!

487 CONTINUED:

ON EVE:

EVE
(quietly)
Blast off.

NEW ANGLE:

LUTHOR
(sputtering)
That-that-that crystal, that
red thing you dropped, didn't
you... didn't you...

With a gulp, like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar, she pulls the necklace pendant from her bosom. It is the glowing red crystal from the machine.

EVE
(a teeny weeny voice)
You mean... this?

Luthor is practically frothing at the mouth.

EVE
(weakly)
I thought it was pretty.

LUTHOR
Pretty?! It's beautiful compared
to what your face is going to look
like!!

He charges at her, but is stopped midway by the grasping hand of Superman, which lifts him a foot off the ground.

SUPERMAN
Hold it!

488 NEW ANGLE

As Superman grabs his enemy, we NOTE that he seems suddenly to expand in power and musculature. As if by magic, his costume is no longer baggy or ill-fitted or faded. His very being seems to have the old aura back again. Superman!

SUPERMAN
(hard as nails)
Now, you pitiful little crackpot,
you're going to start telling me
what I want to know or your foot
is going to feed the allii...

Suddenly, as Luthor trembles in abject cowardice, the VOICE of General Zod booms out in the vast lair.

ZOD (O.S.)
Luthor, you insignificant insect!
You promised us the son of Jor-El!
Where is he, Luthor? Fulfill
your promise or prepare to die on
the...

Immense relief floods over Luthor's face at the SOUND of the VOICE, as the startled Superman lets him go and looks up.

489 ANGLE UP: Standing, feet planted apart, arms akimbo, on one of the steel cross-beams is General Zod. Scattered on other ledges high up are Ursa, Non and Jak-El.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR

(all smiles, manners)
 Ah, General! I thought you'd
 never get here. I don't suppose
 you've met, have you. Superman,
 these are some folks from your
 old home town come to say hi.
 Well, I'll just let you all have
 a nice little chat now I'm sure
 you're got all kinds of things
 to talk over -- old friends, old
 memories, singing the old school
 songs...

ZOD

(stentorian tones)
 Son of Jor-El!

At the sound of the hated name, Non roars.

SUPERMAN

What do you want of me?

ZOD

I am General Zod!

SUPERMAN

Big deal.

ZOD

(stridently)
 You will bow to the four of us!
 Especially me!

WIDE, LONG: The four above, Zod pointing down to Superman
 imperiously.

SUPERMAN

I think you need to be taken down
 a peg.

490 And with that: EFFECT: A beam of heat vision shoots from
 our hero's eyes and strikes the steel beam Zod stands upon.
 It glows and melts beneath his feet, sending Zod crashing
 down to the floor.

491 Instantly:

JAK-EL

(deprecatingly)
 Oh that. Who can't do that?

492 From their three perches, the three beam heat vision
 (EFFECTS) on the floor Superman stands on, cutting a
 section around him as neatly as a laser beam.

493 NEW ANGLE as the chunk of floor gives way and sends Superman
 crashing down to the basement level. Debris and dust fly.

494 ON LUTHOR, EVE AND ALBERT: watching wide-eyed, scared.

LUTHOR

My carpets! Be careful of my
 carpets!

ON SUPERMAN: a bit stunned as he lifts himself out of the
 debris.

SUPERMAN

(wonderingly)
 This is going to be harder than

494 CONTINUED:

ZOD

(obscene)
Now, son of Jor-El! Kneel and
beg my forgiveness!
(holds out his hand)
You will kiss my ring!

SUPERMAN

(pointing to his
monogrammed chest)
You can kiss my 'S.'

495 He hurls a chunk of broken metal at the leaping Jak-El.
FOLLOW IT: As Jak-El ducks the metal SMASHES against a
wall, not merely cracking it, but bringing the entire wall
down along with its paintings, scabbards, books, etc.

496 ON LUTHOR AND EVE: He is apoplectic.

LUTHOR

(sputtering)
Stop it! Stop it! This is a
home! You are destroying a man's
home!

EVE

(tentatively)
Try to think of it as interior
decorating, Lex.

LUTHOR

(homicidal)
I'll decorate your interior, you
stupid, screwed up, smart mouthed...

EVE

(running from him)
Does this mean we're not engaged
anymore?

NEW ANGLE:

ZOD

Yield! Son of Jor-El, I command
you to yield!

SUPERMAN

That'll be the day.

URSA

(contemptuously)
He is even more pathetic than his
father. Miserable weakling!

And with that she lifts a heavy marble-topped table in the
air, over her head.

LUTHOR

Not that! It's Chippen...

497 And she flings it full force at Superman. FOLLOW IT: He
darts away, as, to our amazement, the table goes not five
or ten feet, but whizzes across the full length of the
room, smashing the opposite wall. It crashes the wall
down, cracking an iron water main pipe concealed in the
wall.

CLOSER: As the pipe cracks, gallons of water begin gush-
ing into the lair with the force of a geyser.

498 REACTIONS: LUTHOR, EVE, ALBERT... in a panic.

498 CONTINUED:

LUTHOR
A bucket! Albert, get a bucket!

ZOD
Humble yourself, son of Jor-El!
Bow to your leader!

499 ON SUPERMAN: as he takes off, flying up toward Zod.

SUPERMAN
You sure like to hear yourself
talk, huh? Well, I'm just going
to have to close that mouth for
you.

500 NEW ANGLE: As Superman comes, Zod gives the signal to Non.
With a cry, the beast springs from his perch and charges
full-force at Superman, butting him with his head squarely
in the chest. The terrible blow has a remarkable effect
on Superman. For the first time he is hurt. Reeling, he
lets out a cry of pain which is truly frightening to us
who never heard that before from him, and falls to the
ground.

A beat of terrible silence.

SUPERMAN
(amazed, rubbing his
chest)
Pain... This must be pain...

ON EVE: a look of pity.

EVE
Awww. He was always a real
gentleman to me.

WIDE

ZOD
Admit defeat, obstinate fool!
Bow and proclaim Zod your master!

SUPERMAN
(rising)
You, a Master? You're nothing but
a slave to your own sick mind.

ON ZOD: seething with rage.

ZOD
So, this is the answer, is it?

ON LUTHOR: as he sees it's going to start again.

LUTHOR
(pitifully, almost
in tears)
Aw, c'mon, people, can't you go
and play somewhere else?

ZOD
Still you resist! Then others
will pay for your stubborn attitude!
Innocent people.
(as if it were an
insult, spitting it out)
Humanity!

501 And with that, he leaps from his place and flies straight
up through the hall into the sky.

502

LUTHOR

I thought they'd never leave.
(suddenly in command
again)

Albert, get a broom! Miss
Teschmacher, the mop is in the
utility room, what are you waiting
for, a printed invitation?
(as they scurry off;
to Superman)

Would you mind moving out of the
way? I've got a little spring
cleaning to do here and you're
in my...

Suddenly, O.S., coming from above on street level: a
horrible SCREAMING of people in pain.

503 MED. CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN: His reaction is instantaneous.
He flies straight out and up.

CUT TO:

504 EXT. CITY STREET, METROPOLIS NIGHT

As Superman emerges, a terrible sight awaits him. We ARE
IN THE INTERSECTION of a busy midtown Metropolis section.
On one corner, a tall, modern glass-fronted skyscraper.
On another a big department store. A hospital building
down the street. The area is well lit, not only by street
lights, but by big electric signs advertising various
products or naming various companies, which sit on the
roofs and ledges of the surrounding buildings, The Daily
Planet building among them. One of these gigantic signs
has been toppled, crushing about twenty people in the
middle of the intersection. Many are dead. Some crawl
away, hurt. Other people, a large crowd, are running in
panic from the apocalypse, taking shelter in the lobby of
the department store, crushing into the available space
to avoid the devastation taking place.

(NOTE: The following scene, although detailed carefully
here, moves at rapid pace, one event following another in
FAST CUTS so that there is no time for reflection on the
part of the audience, nor, for that matter, on the part of
Superman.)

In QUICK CUTS, then:

- 505 1. The WIDE SHOT and VARIOUS ANGLES, SHOWING what has just
happened.
- 506 2. Survivors of this first disaster, yelling, run to the
safety of the department store entrance.
- 507 3. Superman seeing all this, looking up to where the sign
fell from.
- 508 4. PAN UP Jak-EI, giggling, has pushed the sign. As he
leaps from the now-empty rooftop, over the skeletal
sign foundation, PAN TO General Zod, on another
height.

ZOD

Son of Jor-El! Bow! Bow
and acknowledge the superior
power of General Zod!

- 509 5. INTERCUT CROWD seeing Superman. Superman rushes to the fallen victims, when:
- 510 6. JAK-EL, on another ledge, pushes over another sign. It falls with a crash, injuring the slower of the fleeing people.

ZOD

Kneel! Swear loyalty to Zodi

Stopped in his tracks, Superman -- for whom everything is happening too fast, faster than he can stop it -- races to the second sign, when:

O.S.: SCREAMING of young children.

- 511 ON SUPERMAN: who spins around to see why.
- 512 HIS POV: NON, across the street, holds over his head a mini school bus which has been converted into an evacuation vehicle, as evidenced by the sign pasted on its side, the suitcases on its luggage rack. Inside the bus, about 15 children, a few nuns, a driver, scream in terror as Non rocks the bus from side to side as he holds it aloft, sending the passengers tumbling over each other.

- 513 ON SUPERMAN:

SUPERMAN

No!

He races to stop it, but:

- 514 NEW ANGLE: Before he can, Non hurls the school bus at the side of a concrete building. It crashes and EXPLODES.

SUPERMAN

Don't! Don't do this! Why are you doing this?

JAK-EL

(above, mockingly)

'Cause you're so cute when you're mad.

ZOD

On your knees, son of Jor-El!

O.S.: the biggest SCREAMING yet. Many people in a panic.

- 515 ON THE DEPARTMENT STORE: The mob that took refuge in there now comes charging out, in panic and hysteria, screaming.

- 516 CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN: He doesn't know why.

CUT TO:

- 517 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE LOBBY - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT: Behind the fleeing crowd, is a wall of flame. Behind the wall of flame is Ursa, heat vision emanating from her eyes, as she forces them into the open.

CUT TO:

- 518 EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

As the crowd rushes out into the street.

CUT TO:

519 EXT. ROOF - DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

ANGLED DOWN, WIDE, OVER THE BACK OF JAK-EL, his hands poised on the enormous electric sign of the Department store. Just as the crowd below turns out into the target area, he tips the sign over, screeching with glee:

JAK-EL
Bombs awayyyyyy!

520 The sign crashes down on the crowd. Enormous destruction.

ZOD
Bow down! Bow down and submit,
you son of Jor-El!

As if he were saying "sonofabitch".

521 ON ZOD: Drawing himself up to full strength on his lofty height, he aims his ferocious eyes at what is across the street.

522 WIDE: (EFFECTS) The beam from his eyes hits the vast glass front of the skyscraper.

ON THE GLASS FRONTED SKYSCRAPER: A crack appears, with a mighty SOUND, like the crack in an egg-jagged, from top to bottom. An instant later, the windows start to pop and fly, some bursting out into the street, some going inwards.

INTERCUT:

523 1. SHOTS of OFFICE WORKERS hit by the flying glass inside, screaming, falling. CLOSEUPS of faces cut, eyes bleeding, heads covered with broken shards of glass. Panic. Hysteria.

524 2. SHOTS OF SUPERMAN: unable to prevent it. Horrified.

525 3. SHOTS OF ZOD: shouting his importunities. The others, wild.

526 4. THE CROWD ON THE STREET, those who have survived, massed together, are amazed at Superman's inaction. Cat calls and expressions of disappointment. Some yelling, "Get 'em! Get 'em!"

527 ON SUPERMAN: He stands there, impotent, not knowing where to turn. Then:

VOICE OF URSA
Superman! Over here!

528 PAN UP, WIDE: JAK-EL is now on top of the Daily Planet building, sitting astride the great electric globe that festoons the roof of the newspaper offices. Non is now on the ledge of another building across the street. Zod is on his perch, right angles to Non. Completing the square is Ursa who sits on the awning of a building whose facade reads METROPOLIS CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

JAK-EL
Come on, local boy. Make good.

URSA
(taunting)
Is de widdle man tired?

ZOD
We noticed a pavilion in the children's hospital dedicated to you, Superman. Why don't

- 529 ON SUPERMAN: Looking every which way, a terrible inner struggle going on inside him. Jaw clenched, fists tight, he stands immobile.
- 530 ON THE CROWD: waiting, watching.
- 531 ON SUPERMAN: He flies up, as if to confront the villains, but then, halfway there, he suddenly whips into a turn and zooms away, darting off through the buildings into the night. He is gone.
- 532 ON THE CROWD: Some cannot believe it. Expressions of dismay. TWO BLACK KIDS, 8 and 10, with "street smarts" beyond their years, look at the sky, their cynicism confirmed.

FIRST BLACK KID
(scornfully)
Huh. Superman. Didn't even do nothin'.

SECOND BLACK KID
(calling up to the sky, the ultimate put-down)
Jive turkey!

The SOUNDS of the awful LAUGHTER of the four can be HEARD.

- 533 ON THE ROOFTOPS: The four are rocking with laughter.

JAK-EL
Never even threw a punch!

URSA
A coward like his father. Like all men.

As Non growls horrendously.

ZCD
(delighted)
And did you see his face when I asked him to bow and he...
(the laugh stops suddenly)
... he did not bow.
(looking wildly around)
Where has he gone? Where is he?

CUT TO:

- 534 INT. LEX LUTHOR'S HALL - NIGHT

A very delicate operation is in process. Albert stands none too steadily at the top of a rickety ladder hammering a metal patch on the broken water pipe, while Eve, half way up the ladder, passes him nails, and Luthor, at the foot of the ladder, steadies it. Signs of hasty repair are everywhere: buckets, towels, pans, etc. pressed into service.

LUTHOR
If I never see any of them again, it's too soon for...

- 535 Suddenly, with a mighty woosh, the four villains descend from the hole in the ceiling, knocking down the ladder as they do, causing Albert to fall, the patch to come loose, the water to start gushing again.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR
(beside himself)
Why me? Why me? Isn't there any
other house in this city who
deserves grief and heartbreak?
Does it always have to be...

Non grabs him by the neck, and growls, teeth showing.

LUTHOR
(trying to smile)
Hi, there.

ZOD
(angry)
Where is he? Where is the son
of Jor-El?

LUTHOR
Can't you people ever hold onto
your property? Again with
'Where is...'
(suddenly brightens)
Ohhh, lost him, have you?

Non releases him. Luthor brushes himself off.

ZOD
Where has he gone?

FAVORING LUTHOR: as he gets the old confidence back.
With a strut and a swagger and a wink to Eve and Albert:

LUTHOR
It so happens I'm the only one
in the world who has the answer
to that question.

URSA
Where?!

LUTHOR
Not so fast. This time we make
a deal.

ZOD
Deal? General Zod make a deal??

LUTHOR
(blithely)
Suit yourself. Kill me if you
want to.
(as Non approaches)
What will it get you, aside from
a national day of mourning? Deal
me in and you get your pigeon.

ZOD
Where does he go?

LUTHOR
The address? What for? More
of that 'Bow, yield, kneel'
routine? I saw it. It was
a flop. A floperoo.

ZOD
(pure hatred)
No more of that. This time
we will kill him!

(CONTINUED)

535 CONTINUED: (2)

Non howls.

ZOD

Kill him!

LUTHOR

N.G. He's as strong as any
one of you.

ZOD

But not as strong as the four
of us! One by one, we fail.
But together... together we
will tear him limb from limb.

ON EVE: trembling, she backs away.

NEW ANGLE

LUTHOR

(exultant)

Now you're talking, y'know?
Y'know?

(grabs a kleenex
pops it in his
mouth)

Any of you folks care for a...
well, anyway. Do we have a
deal?

JAK-EL

What is it you want, earthling?

LUTHOR

I figure you'll take over the
world in about a week, right?
Right. Well, it's a big place,
the world. And my needs are
small. As it turns out, y'know,
I have a certain weakness for
beachfront property and...

ZOD

(enough already)

What do you want?

CLOSEUP - LUTHER: a big smile.

LUTHOR

Cuba.

CUT TO:

536 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

A brooding, disturbed Superman, his face a portrait of
tortured emotion, sits at his master console, looking at
a TV screen. As he brushes back a lock of hair, wincing
from a bruise which we SEE for the first time, MOVE IN TO
TV screen until it FILLS OUR FRAME.

537 INSERT: On the TV screen is SEEN the back porch of the
White House in Washington, D.C. where the PRESS SECRETARY
is holding a news conference, surrounded by gentlemen of
the press.

PRESS SECRETARY

(very serious)

The President has asked me to
read the following statement.

PRESS SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(reading)

'These are grave and terrible events which threaten the very existence of our planet. I have, therefore, as your Commander in Chief, placed all armed forces on emergency status. All leaves and furloughs are cancelled until further notice. There is little we can do against interplanetary forces bent on wanton destruction, however. We must look to a higher Power and pray that the five creatures abandon their wilful activities and allow us to live in peace.'

REPORTER

Excuse me, did you say 'Five'?
I don't understand.

PRESS SECRETARY

Yes, five. The President considers Superman equally responsible -- perhaps 'irresponsible' is a better word... for this terrible destruction.

538 REVERSE FROM TV SCREEN TO SUPERMAN WATCHING: Stung to the quick, he gets up, switches it off, walks toward the area where he communicates with his father, almost literally stooped with the weight of the world on his shoulders.

PAN HIM OVER TO the shelves where the memory crystals are kept. He takes one of the last crystals on the second wall -- the wall where Luthor got his information -- and walks toward the activating device.

CUT TO:

539 EXT. SKY - NEAR NORTH POLE - NIGHT

The four villains are flying. Luthor rides on Non's back.

LUTHOR

(to Ursa, flying
alongside)

My ears are popping, y'know.

She turns away in disgust.

LUTHOR

No drinks. No movie. This is
the last time I take a charter
flight.

CUT TO:

540 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

Jor-El has materialised and is listening to Superman's
grim tale.

SUPERMAN

... but I couldn't save the world.
My being there just made things
worse.

540 CONTINUED:

JOR-EL

So you came here.

SUPERMAN

(nodding)

And here I sit...

(bitterly)

In my own little Phantom Zone.

Staying out of trouble.

(shakes his head)

But I'm kidding myself, aren't I? I've just defaulted... left the world to them.

JOR-EL

(nodding, quietly)

And sooner or later they will find you anyway.

SUPERMAN

(despairingly)

Isn't there anything I can do?

Amazingly, the image of Jor-El begins to fade away, as if he has clicked himself off.

CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN: Terrible anxiety.

Then, suddenly, the image of Jor-El grows to full strength again. A forthright expression in his eyes.

JOR-EL

There is one solution. And only one.

CUT TO:

541 EXT. SKY NEAR THE FORTRESS - NIGHT

LUTHOR

There! Down there!

ZOD

I see only ice.

LUTHOR

Trust me. Did I ever let you down?

The word "down" becomes a gibbering cry, as they suddenly zoom downwards, Lex hanging on for dear life. His face looks like it's being pressured by 800 g's.

LUTHOR

If you people could just do something about this turbulence problem, we could put TWA out of business!

CUT TO:

542 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

ON SUPERMAN: as he stands by the control panel of his console, pushing various buttons, activating various crystals. We don't know exactly what he's doing, but it sure looks important.

Suddenly, the voice of Lex Luthor calls from outside:

(CONTINUED)

542 " CONTINUED:

VOICE OF LUTHOR
Yoo hoo! Anybody home! Hey,
Stupid man! You've got company!

543 SUPERMAN activates the mechanism (same one Albert fooled with earlier) that causes one wall of the Fortress (EFFECTS) to become opaque/transparent so that he can now see what is out there.

544 WHAT HE SEES: The four and Luthor, ranged across his "front yard."

LUTHOR
Don't blame me, dummy! You're the one who blew it! All you had to do was compromise a little -- I mean, so you kneel once, what's the big deal, a little dust on your knee? But no, you had to be Kacho Man. They would've made you a deal, y'know. You could have been King of the United States maybelle! At least Governor of North Dakota. But no, you had to go and make them mad. Hey listen, Superman, can you hear me? When these guys get mad it makes me look like Winnie the Pooh. Now they want to kill you! What can I say? I'm going to miss our little chats, y'know. Y'know? Hey, in there... send up a flare, or something. Let us hear from ya!

During this, CUT FROM Superman's INSIDE POV TO:

545 EXT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

ZOD
Enough of this! Son of Jor-El,
prepare to die!
(to Non)
Smash the door!

Non rears back and hurls himself at the door. The second he hits it (EFFECTS): An enormous ZAP! of Kryptonian electricity sends him reeling back, stunned. He lies in the snow, doesn't know what's hit him.

JAK-EL
Let's take it from the top.

Jak-El leaps to the roof of the Fortress.

546 ON THE ROOF: As the wiry imp crawls between icicle points, looking for a means of entry, a second set of icicle-like points suddenly rises from the roof, intersecting with the first group. As these touch Jak-El (EFFECTS): Another ZAP! of electricity gosses him up and off. He falls to the ground.

547 ON THE GROUND LEVEL: They all cluster around Zod, feeling a bit foolish.

LUTHOR
I don't know... For me the door was always open.

(CONTINUED)

ZOD
We have forgotten our plan. Four.
We are four. It is the strength
of four that will defeat our
enemy.

He gestures to them, manipulating them into a flying
wedge, pointed at the doorway.

ZOD
Together! Now!

In a fearsome display of raw power, the four leap, fly
like bullets, and hit the door simultaneously. Again
there is a tremendous ZAP! of electricity, but it isn't
strong enough to withstand their combined super-power.
The door crashes and splits and they are inside.

CUT TO:

548 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

As they race in, each looking around wildly for their
prey, smelling blood. Behind them, Luthor trots in.

WIDE: But... the enormous interior seems to be empty.
No sign of Superman.

ZOD
Show yourself, coward! Son of
a coward!

CUT TO:

549 INT. MOLECULAR RESTRUCTURING CHAMBER

There is Superman, inside. He can see them through the
glass window. Quickly he puts a red crystal -- a dupli-
cate of the one we saw on Eve's necklace in its proper
place in the crystal panel bank. Then, he flings open
the door and stands in the doorway of the chamber.

SUPERMAN
Anytime! Come and get it!

CUT TO:

550 INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

The four see him now, and, with cries of fury, begin to
race toward the chamber.

Superman takes a few steps inside.

But, when they are almost there:

LUTHOR
(yelling frantically)
No! Don't go in there! It's
a trap! It's a trap!

NEW ANGLE: The four stop in their tracks.

QUICK CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN: looks upset.

LUTHOR
Don't set foot one in that thing!
I know what it is! It's a
molecular restructuring thing!

(CONTINUED)

ZOD
(snarling)
A what?

LUTHOR
It makes you into an earthling!
It turns people like you into...
(feels funny saying
this)
... people like me.

ON THE FOUR: They shrink back in horror, then turn appreciative eyes on Luthor.

ZOD
We could have been...!
(to Luthor)
You have done well, Lex Luthor.
We will award you this Cuba place.

ON SUPERMAN: He glares daggers at Lex Luthor. He looks as furious as we have ever seen him be.

SUPERMAN
Luthor, you poisonous little snake...

ON THE FOUR: A gleam of pleasure appears in Zod's eyes.

ZOD
An earthling?
(savoring it)
It turns a Kryptonian into an earthling?

LUTHOR
(smiling)
Like a man into a mouse.

URSA
(almost salivating)
Then a 'Super' man...

JAK-EL
... becomes a Super Mouse!

ZOD
(a sadistic smile;
his first smile of
the movie)
My friends... this amuses your
General.
(suddenly;
frighteningly fierce)
Seize him!

They spring at Superman and grab him -- literally limb by limb, one on each leg and arm. It is an awful spectacle, as Superman vainly kicks and struggles, his eyes contorting with fear.

SUPERMAN
No! No! Please Don't!

His pleas are in vain... they hurl him into the chamber. Zod slams the door shut and seals it.

ZOD
Lex Luthor! Ruler of the Cuba place! Activate this machine! Make the child of our jailer into a crawling slave so that we may destroy him as easily as...

ON LUTHOR: as he runs toward the chamber.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR

Say no more, General. It's my pleasure.

And he pushes the starting mechanism. Immediately:

551 WIDE: Something odd (to us, not to them) happens. The sudden spectacular changes of lights, colors, spotlights and so on that we saw earlier when Superman entered the chamber begin to happen again... but this time they happen in the entire interior of the Fortress, and not in the Molecular Restructuring Machine.

SHOTS: 1. WIDE as the lights change.

2. INSIDE THE MACHINE, Superman sits bathed in ordinary room light.

3. The colors and lights pass across the faces of the villains red, green, blue...

But this time a new color, or set of light changes, occurs -- something we did not see the first time when the machine was lacking one important crystal.

552 At last the process ends. The lights in the Fortress return to "normal." The four, as well as Luthor, observed all the phenomenon with curiosity, but now that it seems to have ended they are grinning with anticipation, each wanting to be the one who gets the first shot.

JAK-EL

Let me...

URSA

No, I want to...

Non emits a mighty howl.

ZOD

(evil benevolence)

Non... my faithful Non... you may do the honors.

FAVORING NON: Practically drooling with anticipation, he walks to the chamber and opens the lock. MOVE IN: SEE Superman in there. Hesitantly, he walks forward, comes out the door, standing in front of Non.

With an idiot grin and a lunatic grunt of amusement, Non points to his chin, which he proffers, as if to say, "Go ahead, hit me." Superman stands there a moment. (Mother of Mercy, is this the end of Rico?) Now he clenches his fist. Now he raises his arm. Now Non grunts mockingly. Superman hauls back and socks.

553 WHAMM! The punch sends Non flying across the entire length of the entire room, crashing into the far wall, out cold.

554 QUICK REACTION SHOTS: URSA, JAK-EL, ZOD, LUTHOR... how could this be???

ON LUTHOR: A gibbering idiot, trying to figure it out, terrified.

LUTHOR

He... he switched it! The old switcheroo! He was on the inside looking out, we were on the outside looking...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUTHOR (CONT'D)

(blamming)

The wrong place at the wrong
time! It isn't fair! He turned
it around! Put it in reverse!
How could he do it?

MED. CLOSEUP - SUPERMAN: With a beaming smile, he looks
skywards and makes a jaunty little salute.

SUPERMAN

Thanks, Dad.

NEW ANGLE: URSA, spitting with rage, charges at him.

URSA

I'll kill you! I'll destroy you!

As she springs at him, fingernails out, he grabs her,
yanks her over and turns her over his knee.

SUPERMAN

This is how we treat naughty
girls on earth, Ursa.

He spansks her butt soundly. She howls.

ON ZOD: cowering in a corner of the room; Jak-El behind
him.

NEW ANGLE: Superman dumps Ursa on the floor, stalks
towards the General. He grabs him by the lapels with
one hand.

ZOD

No!

SUPERMAN

General Zod, consider yourself
dishonorably discharged.

555 With his free hand, he strips the epaulets from General
Zod's shoulders. Then, grabbing him with both hands, he
raises him and hurls him across the room. Zod crashes
into Jak-El and both wind up in a heap.

556 ON LUTHOR: on his knees.

LUTHOR

(trembling)

Listen, Superman, don't do
anything rash. Don't be hasty.
I'll be nice. I'll be your best
friend. I'll change my ways.

POV: LUTHOR: ANGLE UP, Superman, advancing on him.

SUPERMAN

Now then, Luthor, as for you...

LUTHOR (O.S.)

Please! I'll turn over a new
leaf. A hundred leaves! Trees!
Forests!

SUPERMAN

(coming closer)

Too late, Luthor.

CUT TO:

557 INT. MOLECULAR RESTRUCTURING CHAMBER - SPACE

CLOSEUP LUTHOR: (The CUT to the CLOSEUP makes it seem as
if we are still in the fortress lighting on Luthor's face
is the same, so we believe the following line is coming
immediately after Superman's last speech).

LUTHOR
(wildly hysterical)
No! No, don't hurt me! Please
don't hurt me!

CAMERA PULLS BACK: Suddenly we SEE that we are now inside the Molecular Restructuring Chamber, but still TIGHT ON Luthor, so that it seems we are still in the fortress.

LUTHOR
You can't kill me! I'm a
genius! I'm Lex Luthor! I'm
the only one who can get us
out of here!

PULL BACK CONTINUES AND WIDENS: Now we SEE that locked inside with him are General Zod, Ursa, Non and Jak-El, and outside the windows is nothing but the black void of outer space.

ZOD
Every bone in your body, Luthor.

URSA
Limb from limb. Limb from limb.

JAK-EL
You got us into this!

URSA
Limb from limb.

LUTHOR
(wheedling, conniving,
figuring, hustling
Lex Luthor to the
last)
Gimme a break. I'm the only
one who can get us out of
here!
(waves his slide
rule)
Give me time! I'll figure out
a plan!

They advance on him, cornering him in the glass cage.

LUTHOR
Y'know? Y'know? Y'know?
Y'know?

558 FULL BACK THROUGH SPACE. The chamber gets further and further away until it is merely a dot, lost among the stars. Then:

A circular frame appears around this view of the starry sky.

CUT TO:

559 EXT. ROOF OF SKYSCRAPER - OBSERVATION TOWER (EMPIRE STATE BUILDING)

To REVEAL the source of this circular VIEW: A telescope on an observation platform. Eve Teschnacher is looking through it. She waves sadly into space.

CUT TO:

TWO SHOT: by the elevators, where Clark Kent, having just come in, is standing still -- literally hat in hand -- for a dressing down by Perry White. All the while, Clark stares over Perry's shoulder with a look of puzzlement.

PERRY

O'mon, Kent, you're the tenth guy to do that number about the subway not running. When I started out... back before the wheel was invented... reporters knew how to walk to work.

(turning to go, a word of advice)

A little exercise wouldn't kill you.

REVERSE as they turn, and we now SEE what has been bothering Clark beneath a great jagged hole in the ceiling stands the huge electric globe which was on the roof until Jak-Sl started cavorting on it. Obviously, as a final gesture, he sent it crashing down into the middle of the room. Plaster and dust are all around it and workmen with ropes and tackles are struggling to budge it.

PERRY

(shouting to them)

The world is too much with me!
Will you get that thing out of here?

(to Clark)

A parting present from the flying freak show.

(to the panting, puffing workmen)

Where am I supposed to put my movie critic?!

(to Clark)

He said it was the best thing he's seen in years. But he thought he'd work at home...

(raising his voice to the workmen)

... while they take their sweet time!

And off he stalks.

HOLD ON Clark, who barely has time for a shake of the head and a tiny private smile before Jimmy Olsen dashes up to him, carrying the latest edition.

JIMMY

Clark, wait'll you see... my first story!

CLARK

Hey, congratulations!

Jimmy holds out the paper.

CLARK

Front page?

JIMMY

Well, not exactly.

(he opens out the paper to about page 30, points to the bottom undaunted)

... he's got a real byline.

CLARK
(reading it)
James Arthur Olsen...

JIMMY
(seeing it on a
Pulitzer)
Yeah...

CLARK
(a grin, a slap
on his back)
Way to go, James!

TRACK WITH him as he goes to his desk. Halfway there, he is stopped by a conspiratorial call.

LOIS (O.S.)
Clark! Clark!

He turns, crosses quickly to her.

TWO SHOT: he stands beside the desk. She sits at her typewriter, a typewritten page in the desk and another in the typewriter. She is very "up," very excited.

LOIS
Tired, darling?

She takes his hand. He smiles down at her too, but he seems hesitant. As if sensing this, she goes right on talking very quickly, very brightly.

LOIS
Well, you're not the only one
who's been busy. Wait until you
-- I mean, I haven't told anyone
yet -- well, I haven't even had
time to tell anyone -- that I
have written the story of -- well,
the story. This is 'stop the
presses!' time.
(a little laugh, but
she is not getting
much encouragement
from Clark; she
hurries on)
Anyway, I thought you should be
the first to --

She pulls the page out of the typewriter and hands it to him with the other page. He sits down on the edge of her desk.

INSERT: The top page whose headline reads: "SUPERMAN'S IDENTITY REVEALED." Almost instantly, it is turned and a second page is SEEN for a second.

ON CLARK: rather ashen-faced, a strained smile as he hands it back to Lois.

LOIS
(quickly, lightly)
Super-speed-reading -- the best
of all powers!
(anxiously)
So -- what do you think?

CLARK
Well... it's quite a good...

LOIS

(happily)

It is, isn't it? Of course, the only thing is...

(lowering her voice, conspiratorially)

... how did you do it? How did you get back to being... well, super? That's the only part I haven't got. Did you go back to that machine? Or did your father have some other --

CLARK

Lois --

LOIS

(a laugh)

Okay, okay, later for the investigative reporting.

(more seriously)

Well, I mean later for me. You know, there's really no reason for you to be a reporter at all. You don't need that cover anymore. Why should you trudge around, unappreciated, just old Clark Kent when --

CLARK

(quietly)

But I liked it.

LOIS

(quickly, taking his hand)

Oh, sweetheart, so did I.

(a mischievous grin)

But isn't it true Superman has more fun?

(as he looks faintly troubled)

And so will I. It's true, I promise you. Oh, I know, I was upset by what your father said -- about you being... special.

But I've been thinking --

(a little toss of the head)

-- well, he never knew me. I'm

-- no false modesty, right? --

well, I'm special too. I'd never

stop you from what you have to do

-- I'd be pretty dumb if I couldn't see how the world --

(a gesture to the great globe near them)

-- needs you.

(she lets go of his hand)

How can I -- look, my friend Barbara, she's married to a doctor and he's worse than you.

CLARK

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

Well, hospital night duty,
teaching, clinics, emergency
calls -- he's never home. And
she's survived. So okay,
Superman --

(a quick look
around; her voice
ever lower)

-- you've got your... career.
Well, I've got mine too. But
weekends --

(happily)

-- we can fly anywhere -- Rome!
Paris! Casablanca! By the time
we've named it, we'll be there!

(he seems about
to cut in)

Or -- yes, we might just want to
relax. I know a little place up
north --

(she smiles up at
him)

-- where we could be... snowed
in. I always did want to learn
to ski.

As he smiles at her -- loving her however uneasily at this
moment -- she rolls the second page quickly into the type-
writer again.

LOIS

So, tell me how you got those
superpowers back again. Because
I also always did want to win the
Pulitzer prize.

CLARK

(rising; quietly)

I'll drink to that.

TRACK WITH him as he steps quickly to the water cooler,
fills two transparent plastic cups with water. He stands a
second, looking down at one of them.

561 EFFECTS: His eyes widen (SPECIAL EFFECTS) and the water
glows, changes color, and then goes back to normal.

562 It is the cup that he hands to Lois.

TIGHT TWO SHOT -- as she raises her cup and he slowly raises
his. They both smile, but her eyes are happy and his are
full of pain.

LOIS

Here's looking at you, kid,

CLARK

Yeah...

As she drinks, slightly turned away, he looks at the page
in the typewriter and on her desk.

INSERT: The pages have gone blank.

ON LOIS -- blinking, shaking her head, rather as if coming
out of a reverie. Frowning, she regards the blank paper in
her typewriter.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS
 Now what was I about to -- ?
 (looking up)
 Clark? What did I say I wanted
 to work on?
 (apologetically)
 I always get foggy when I
 skip lunch.

CLARK
 (thinking)
 Let's see, it was -- it was
 about Superman. How he saved
 the city -- or the world -- or
 the universe --

LOIS
 (mock-scolding)
 Clark Kent, jealousy is a
 counter-productive attitude.

CLARK
 (wryly)
 I'll try to remember that.

LOIS
 After all, there are things
you can do.

CLARK
 Yes?

LOIS
 Yes. Like getting us a pizza.

Clark leaps to his feet.

CLARK
 Pizza!

And he dashes out.

HOLD ON Lois -- watching him go, a little startled and
 very pleased.

LOIS
 Now that's what I call service!

CUT TO:

563 EXT. PISA, ITALY - DAY

REPEAT OF SAME SHOT AS EARLIER -- Early morning, and the
 hands of the SOUVENIR SELLER rolls up the awning on his
 stand. We now SEE that the shelves have been filled with
 spanking new plastic Towers of Pisa and postcards to match
 the new version: all the towers stand upright. PULL BACK,
 REVEALING the now once-again smiling, happy, contented
 Souvenir Seller and, in the b.g., the upright Tower. ZOOM
 PAST IT to a blue dot in the sky.

CUT TO:

564 EXT. SKY ABOVE PISA - DAY

ON Superman as he flies.

(CONTINUED)

564 CONTINUED:

SUPERMAN
(shamefaced grin,
to himself)

So it's supposed to lean. I'm
a kid from Krypton -- how was
I to know...?

Grinning, he starts to descend.

565 WIDE SHOT: He arrives at the top of the Tower, starts to
push it back down again so that it will lean once more.

CUT TO:

566 EXT. SOUVENIR STAND - PISA - DAY

Where our man once again admires his stock. looks to the
real thing, looks back and then does a double-take worthy
of Edgar Kennedy in his prime: for the Tower is now the
LEANING TOWER again and all his wares are useless.
Hysterical, he smashes shelves to the ground, makes violent
obscene gestures at the caped hero above, and, weeping and
screaming:

SOUVENIR SELLER
Cretino! Stronzo!

... and other expletives deleted.

CUT TO:

567 EXT. SKY - DAY

All problems attended to, he flies majestically home,
soaring toward the blue horizon, magnificent in his power,
at ease in a world that welcomed him to its atmosphere.
Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a loco-
motive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.
Look -- up in the sky! Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No!
It's SUPERMAN!

THE END