

THE AMERICAN WAY

Written by

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INT. BOARDING ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Curtains drawn. Small shafts of light dance with dust particles.

A MAN sits, fully clothed, on the toilet cover. His shiny black loafers, pristine, tap the tiled floor. He reads a pocket Bible.

The man is unremarkable: white, average height, dark, floppy hair. He checks his watch: 5:56. He closes the Bible, and sets it on the counter by the sink.

He stands, picking up a pair of binoculars. He steps into the bathtub, giving him enough height to look out of the window positioned above it.

His black loafers scuff the porcelain just a touch.

The man watches. Finally, he sees something.

A slight tremor in his hand as he sets the binoculars down.

The man crouches down and picks up a REMINGTON 760 MODEL RIFLE resting on top of a canvas bag next to the bathtub.

He pumps the handle to check that it's loaded. It is.

He puts it up to his shoulder, points it out of the window, and looks through the rifle scope.

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD AND BALCONY - DAY

The RIFLE SCOPE-

Moves from a few BLACK MEN wearing suits in the parking lot, up to the man they are speaking to on the balcony.

The man on the balcony has tired eyes, and a smile that immediately energizes. He's magnetic. The scope locks in on DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

INT. BOARDING ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

The man, JAMES EARL RAY, steadies himself. His brow is wet. Deep breath...his finger twitches...

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD AND BALCONY - DAY

BAM.

A BLUR. Impossibly fast.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, stumbles back towards his room, covering his head...

UNHURT.

INT. BOARDING ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

James steps back in confusion, but only for a split second. He pumps the gun. Takes aim. BAM.

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD AND BALCONY - DAY

Another BLUR.

The deflected bullet flies off at an angle, hitting a propane tank-

KABOOM!

INT. BOARDING ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

James Earl Ray shields his eyes from the light of the small explosion. Grabs his binoculars.

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD AND BALCONY - DAY

BINOCULARS

Dr. King has made it into his room. Some of the Men in suits stand on the balcony and point in James's direction.

INT. BOARDING ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

James drops the binoculars. *Fuck.*

He grabs his rifle, tossing it in the canvas bag, with the binoculars, and scampers out the door into the hallway...

INT. BOARDING ROOM - HALLWAY - DAY

...where he races towards the door to the stairwell.

INT. BOARDING ROOM - STAIRWELL - DAY

James careens down the stairs and through a door to...

EXT. BOARDING ROOM - ALLEY - DAY

James tosses the Canvas bag in the shrubs outside the door. We can hear distant sirens, as he runs up to a WHITE FORD MUSTANG.

James dives into the driver's seat.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

Key. Ignition. Gear. Pedal. Floor.

EXT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

The car takes off, pebbles and loose rocks thrown off the asphalt in its wake.

The car speeds down the street.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

James is really flying, he's gonna get out of there. He's really going to esca-

CRACK. James lurches forward, head hitting the steering wheel, as the car suddenly stops.

Dazed, James keeps his foot on the gas. There's nothing in front of him. He presses the pedal forward.

James looks in the rear view mirror. His eyes widen in awe and fear. He downshifts, floors it.

EXT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

The wheels spin in place against the asphalt. Smoke rises as the rubber burns itself out.

We see a GLOVED HAND gripping the back of the car. It looks like the fingers are digging into the metal, crumpling it.

But there's no way...right?

Suddenly, the back of the car lifts in the air. The wheels spin furiously, futilely.

And just as suddenly, the man brings the back of the car down, SLAMMING the spinning wheels into the concrete, which cracks and buckles under the force of the impact.

The rear axle cracks in half as the sides of the trunk fold in on themselves.

Then, as easy as tossing a newspaper, the gloved hand flips the rear of the car into the air.

The Mustang lands upside down. Rocking slowly. The wheels absently spinning, a turtle turned over on its shell.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

James lies on the ceiling of the inverted car, broken glass all over his clothes. Bloody and bruised. His loafers not quite so shiny.

As the police sirens get closer, and squad cars surround him, James can only mutter in total amazement.

JAMES EARL RAY
...impossible...impossible.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: April 4, 1968. Memphis, Tennessee.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF NEWS STORIES.

Shot on film, in smoke filled studios, the news is delivered by serious men.

CBS EVENING NEWS

WALTER CRONKITE
Good Evening. An attempt was made on the life of Dr. Martin Luther King, the apostle of non-violence in the civil rights movement.

ABC EVENING NEWS

TOM JERRIL

Here in Memphis, of course, some shock, some confusion, but also a great deal relief, as Dr. Martin Luther King was spared the sniper's bullet. The suspect is in custody after wrecking his car in an accident while attempting to flee the scene.

NBC EVENING NEWS

CHET HUNTLEY

Candle light vigils are being held all over the city. And while there is a tension in the air, no violence has been reported. There is increased security for Dr. King, whose whereabouts are currently unknown.

INT. MEMPHIS DINER - NIGHT

The last news report plays on a television in a Negro diner.

A CHEF, wiping his hands, shakes his head. Speaks to anyone who might be listening.

CHEF

I heard that accident...? wasn't so accidental.

Across the diner, a brown skinned YOUNG WOMAN sits in a booth alone, all of the seats immediately around her are also empty.

Sharp, poised, tired, she speaks softly, voice just above a whisper. A journalist's notepad next to her coffee.

YOUNG WOMAN

I know you wanted to remain...in the background, but they want to meet you. He wants to meet you.

(beat)

Thank God you were there.

She gathers her things and walks out of the diner, giving the Chef a smile on her way.

A few minutes later, a gloved hand picks up the napkin she left on the table. There's an address written on it.

INT. MEMPHIS POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

James Earl Ray, covered in bandages, stares ahead, still shell shocked.

INT. MEMPHIS POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

James is on the other side of the two way mirror. Two FBI Agents watch him. AGENT KELLER, youngish, itchy, and AGENT ALEX TRENT, born with a stick up his ass that blossomed into a cactus.

Agent Trent holds a folder with pictures in it.

AGENT KELLER

He keeps going on about some kind of man who did this. Lifted the car off the ground.

AGENT TRENT

The boss is going to be very interested in this.

AGENT KELLER

You think it's-

AGENT TRENT

Georgia? I don't know.

Trent looks at the pictures from the scene of the car.

AGENT TRENT (CONT'D)

Where is the car?

AGENT KELLER

Out back.

EXT. MEMPHIS POLICE STATION - DAY

They managed to get the car flipped back over, and towed to the police station. It's in terrible shape.

Agent Trent walks around it, finally coming to the trunk. He leans in close. Looks back up to Agent Keller, who nods slightly.

On the trunk is what is clearly a hand print gripped into the trunk of the car, the metal twisted like play-doh. Even for a vet like Trent, this is something new.

AGENT TRENT

Holy sh-

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Martin Luther King rides in the back of a car, staring out the window. Lost in thought.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Cars in front and behind Martin's vehicle. They drive through dense woods.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

A few cars are parked outside of a secluded cabin. Martin's Cadillac pulls up next to them, where he is greeted by a few ARMED MEN. They usher him into the house, guards up.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside we see RALPH ABERNATHY, Martin's right hand man, looking haggard. He flashes Martin a grim smile, the charisma instantly outshining any fatigue on his face. They embrace.

MARTIN

It's been a bit of a day, old friend.

RALPH

And I'm afraid it is just beginning, Brother Martin. Follow me.

MARTIN

What is this place?

Ralph leads Martin down a hallway.

RALPH

Belongs to a friend of the movement. It was a stop on the Underground Railroad.

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)
They say 73 slaves passed through
here on their way to freedom.

Ralph stops at what looks like a flush, wood paneled wall. He reaches into a panel, and pulls, revealing a door to a stairwell.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Martin descends the stairs ahead of Ralph.

RALPH
They converted this hiding place
into a fallout shelter when the
Russians began testing their bombs.
Over here.

Ralph leads Martin to a large, lead, vault like door. JESSE JACKSON, tall and lean and smooth, stands outside it, along with TWO GUARDS.

RALPH (CONT'D)
He's inside.

MARTIN
You sure it's him?

RALPH
Yeah.
(beat)
Jesse shot him.

Martin turns to Jesse.

JESSE
I had to be sure, Martin.

Martin shakes his head, rueful. He reaches for the door handle, and the two armed guards move with him.

MARTIN
Now boys, Brother Jesse just told
you these weapons cause him no
harm. I have a feeling if he wanted
to hurt me, there's not much we
could do about it.

The guards look at each other, and step back. Martin opens the door and walks in.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - SHELTER - NIGHT

The room is sparse. Lit by a single bulb overhead. The walls are lined with shelves of canned food and supplies.

In the center of the room, beneath the lone bulb, a YOUNG MAN sits in a chair. He's maybe twenty three, brown skinned, and handsome.

He wears what looks like a modified US ARMY Uniform: tan pants tucked into boots, a brown shirt, and a flight jacket.

His body is relaxed in the way that professional fighters often are. But his eyes stare at Martin with reverence, and nerves.

He fidgets with something in his gloved right hand.

Martin walks in, but keeps his distance. He takes a seat opposite the young man.

MARTIN

I'm glad we could get a message to you. That reporter...she's quite something.

At this, the young man nods. The faintest hints of a smirk curling the side of his lips.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You saved my life. Thank you.

The weight of that statement hangs in the air.

YOUNG MAN

You're welcome. It's...a pleasure to meet you.

Martin looks at his jacket.

MARTIN

Military?

YOUNG MAN

It's my dad's. He's a Tuskegee Airman. Flew planes in the second world war.

(beat)

He's a big admirer of yours.

MARTIN

I thank him for his service. And for you.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)
(referring to the object
in his hand)
Is that it?

The young man holds up the bullet. Nods.

YOUNG MAN
I caught the first one.
(lowers his head)
I couldn't catch the second one.

MARTIN
Can I see it?

The young man hands the bullet to him. Martin turns the flattened bullet around in his hand, inspecting it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Lord have mercy. How is this possible?

The young man shrugs. He's not sure himself, but he's used to it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Where are you from?

YOUNG MAN
That's a long story.

Martin let's that go. But then something occurs to him.

MARTIN
I've been sitting here bereft of my manners. I don't even know your name.

The young man looks Martin in the eye. Takes a breath.

CLARK KENT
My name is Clark. Clark Kent.

END COLD OPEN.

EXT. KENT FARM - NIGHT**SUPERIMPOSE: December, 1945. Martinsville, Virginia.**

A secluded, two level farmhouse. Modest, wrap around porch, a few rocking chairs. About a hundred yards away, a simple barn is the only other structure within miles.

Currently, both the farmhouse and barn are covered in a blanket of snow.

It's serene.

We hear it first. A low whistle, way in the distance. Then we see it: a shooting star.

Except it's not burning up, or fading away. It's a fireball getting bigger.

Shit! It's coming right at us!

It hits the ground right behind the barn, we hear the BOOM, but don't see the actual wrecka-CRASH.

The object has bounced off the ground and flies through the top of the barn taking out the roof before sailing past us.

A light comes on upstairs in the Kent house, then after a moment, the downstairs light, and finally the porch.

The door flies open, revealing a Black man (JONATHAN KENT) bundled in snow gear, a scarf covering his face, holding a shotgun. He turns towards the barn, his gaze follows the path of destruction, a trail of melted snow, steam, and debris.

Behind him in the doorway, a Black woman (MARTHA KENT), similarly bundled, steps out. They move down the steps of the porch, Jonathan with a slight limp, leading the way, gun trained.

EXT. KENT FARM - FIELD - NIGHT

The two figures approach the object, which we can now see is a smoldering spaceship. Sleek, silver, seamless.

As Jonathan gets closer, shotgun trained on the spaceship, a blue light washes over him and Martha. It spends an extra beat on the shotgun in his hand.

ZZZRP. An electric pulse from the ship knocks the shotgun out of Jonathan's hand, leaving him unharmed.

Another light scans the Kents.

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT

On a computer panel: We see the familiar double helix of DNA strands, one from each figure.

The strands pull apart, then join together.

The skin of the passenger, wrapped in a bundle, begins to turn brown...

EXT. KENT FARM - FIELD - NIGHT

WHOOSH. The capsule opens up, releasing the vacuum sealed atmosphere as a cloud into the frigid air.

Jonathan and Martha look at each other. Step forward together to peer into the capsule.

They see a brown skinned, crying BABY, wrapped in a fabric with a strange symbol on it.

There's only the slightest hesitation before Martha gathers the child into her arms.

INT. KENT FARM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We get our first real look at MARTHA KENT. She's in her early 30s, but with the weathered wisdom that comes from maintaining a farm.

She holds the baby, sleeping peacefully.

The door opens and JONATHAN KENT, early 30s, walks in.

JONATHAN

I managed to get it into the barn.

MARTHA

There's hot tea on the stove.

Jonathan makes his way to the stove, and pours himself a mug. He brings the kettle with him to the table and tops off Martha's.

JONATHAN

It was much lighter than it looks.
I can't quite figure what it's made
out of.

Jonathan returns the kettle to the stove, before plopping down in the chair opposite Martha.

MARTHA

He's been fast asleep since I brought him inside.

JONATHAN

What are we going to do?

MARTHA

Well, we're going to raise him the best we can.

Jonathan looks at his wife and nods. This was never really a question.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

What do you want to name him?

Jonathan comes over to look at his son.

JONATHAN

How about your maiden name? It was always weird to me that you had two first names. Good thing you married me.

Martha smirks, this is not a new line of ribbing.

MARTHA

I know three "first-name-Kent"s. One of them asked me out in junior high.

JONATHAN

Well, that's just unfortunate on their end.

Martha smiles up at her husband. They look down at the sleeping baby.

EXT. KENT FARM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: April, 1967. Martinsville, Virginia.

It's hot. The barn has been patched up and renovated.

In the field, we find CLARK, lean and athletic, guiding an aging bull pulling a plow.

After a few steps, the bull stops. Clark prods him.

CLARK KENT

C'mon Dex.

A few more steps, then stops.

Dex turns and stares at Clark.

CUT TO:

EXT. KENT FARM - LATER

The plow moves through the field at a clip. The soil churns. This thing is moving fast.

Clark is in the harness, pulling the plow.

Dex happily chews grass.

Clark pulls the plow up next to Dex.

CLARK KENT

You've gotta start pulling your weight around here. Ma and Pa gonna need your help.

OFF DEX'S snort...

INT. KENT FARM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clark is at the table, two plates in front of him, both piled high with food.

Martha watches him eat, amused. The years have treated her well, features have become more striking. Just a hint of grey colors her temples.

MARTHA

I can make some more if you need.

CLARK KENT

This should be more than enough, ma.

EXT. KENT FARM - NIGHT

A pickup truck pulls up in front of the house. Jonathan steps out, grabbing a satchel that he slings around his neck.

Jonathan, like Martha, has only gotten more dignified in the twenty years since discovering the capsule. But his limp has not aged as well as his looks. He ambles towards the house.

INT. KENT FARM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clark's plates are nearly cleaned when Jonathan opens the door.

Martha moves to take the satchel from him, as Clark jumps up to guide him to his chair.

CLARK KENT
How'd it go?

JONATHAN
Good. Sold just about everything.
Martha, those trousers you made
were a big hit.

Martha sets a plate in front of Jonathan, and takes a seat at the table.

MARTHA
Great. We gotta keep feeding this
bottomless pit.

CLARK KENT
Just a few more days.

MARTHA
Don't remind me.

Jonathan smiles, takes a bite.

JONATHAN
I noticed Dex had a very busy day.
He hasn't been that productive in
years.

A beat. Clark looks guilty.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Clark...

CLARK KENT
No one saw me. I made sure there
was no one around. And Dex's old.

MARTHA
Dex is pretty old.

JONATHAN
Don't encourage him, Martha.

CLARK KENT

What am I supposed to do, Pa? I wanted to make sure the fields were ready for planting before I left.

JONATHAN

That's exactly why I don't think you should...

CLARK KENT

We've had this conversation. I can't just stay on this farm for the rest of my life.

JONATHAN

I'm trying to keep you safe, Clark.

Clark takes the steak knife sitting on his plate, stabs his hand, crumpling the steel.

CLARK KENT

Nothing can hurt me.

JONATHAN

That we know of.

MARTHA

Clark, was that necessary?

CLARK KENT

Sorry, Ma.

JONATHAN

There are more things out there than guns and knives. And it's not just someone hurting you that I'm worried about.

There's a long beat, it's like a slap in the face to Clark.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I didn't mean-

But Clark is already getting up from the table, and headed upstairs. (He drops his plate in the sink first, because that's the kind of kid he is.)

Jonathan and Martha watch him go. Martha picks up the crumpled knife and adds it to a drawer of similarly mangled utensils.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I didn't mean it like that.

MARTHA

I know, Jonathan. And so does Clark. But you understand why he's upset. You weren't too much older when you were flying planes against the Germans.

Jonathan gets up and takes his plate to the sink, limping.

JONATHAN

And look how that turned out.

MARTHA

We can't keep him here forever. He's leaving on Friday. He's made up his mind. And if there's anyone I'd want looking after him, it's Shay.

Jonathan knows this is true. He just washes dishes for a moment.

JONATHAN

You ever wonder, why us? Why did he land in our backyard.

Martha steps up behind him, embracing him, resting her head on his back as she speaks.

MARTHA

Because you're the best man I've ever known. And if there's anything Clark is going to need in this world, it's the love and guidance you gave him.

(beat)

Even if it meant that he also inherited your stubbornness.

They stand there for a minute, holding each other up against the weight of the world.

INT. METROPOLIS JAIL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Metropolis, New York.

Lois Lane, the woman we met briefly in the Memphis diner earlier, sits on a cot, scribbling furiously on a note pad.

A GUARD walks over and opens the cell.

GUARD

Lane, Lois. You've made bail.

Lois, not looking away from her paper, holds a finger up, continues writing.

And writing.

The guard isn't totally sure what to do.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Lane...I can leave you in here.

LOIS
Almost...

Her writing picks up as she gets to the end of the page.

LOIS (CONT'D)
....done.

She looks up and smiles, radiant and disarming. The smile that cultivated a hundred sources.

LOIS (CONT'D)
On deadline, you know how it goes.

She grabs her papers and stands, following the guard out of the cell and through the police lock up.

INT. METROPOLIS POLICE STATION - DAY

RON TROUPE, 20s, Black, glasses, well-tailored everything, stands as Lois approaches with the guard. Ron leans on the desk next to Lois as she signs out.

RON
I'm becoming way too familiar with the bail process.

LOIS
They didn't cover this part at your fancy journalism school?

RON
No, they did not cover getting repeatedly arrested.

LOIS
What're they teaching kids nowadays? Was Perry mad or really mad?

RON
He's bitten through three cigars. Hasn't lit any of them.

LOIS
Fantastic.
(turns to the officers)
Until next time fellas.

She breezes out the door, leaving Ron to follow, shrugging at the guard.

INT. DAILY DEFENDER - BULLPEN - DAY

Smoke fills the air. Phones ring. Typewriters CLICK CLACK at an insane clip. Lois moves through the bullpen, weaving in and out of desks.

She arrives outside of an office at the end of the room. For just a moment, she pauses, a glint of uncertainty flashes on her face. But she only has a moment, as a booming voice yells through the door.

PERRY WHITE (O.S.)
Get in here, Lane!

Lois straightens her back, opens the door.

INT. DAILY DEFENDER - PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

PERRY WHITE stands in the middle of a large room. A U-shaped desk in front of him with a proof of the next day's paper laid out on it.

Perry is an imposing man, fingers permanently stained with ink and cigar smoke. A shock of white hair, and brows constantly furrowed. The cigar in his mouth is unlit.

Lois looks at the edge of the desk and sees four more chewed up, unlit cigars. *Shit. He's up to number five.*

PERRY WHITE
You are single handedly depleting
our bail budget. You're supposed to
report the news, not become it.

LOIS
I move units, Perry. And I still
made deadline.

She drops a stack of papers on his desk, right on top of the front page layout.

PERRY WHITE
Sally!

Perry picks up the papers and starts skimming. SALLY WINFIELD, Jessica Fletcher by way of Harlem, walks in. She smiles at Lois, as they both wait for Perry to finish reading.

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)
Get these typed up. Front page.
Right column, below the fold.

He hands the papers to Sally. She turns to Lois on her way out.

SALLY
(whispering to Lois)
Seven in a row.

LOIS
(whispering back)
It should be above the fold.

Sally smiles at Lois, and walks out the door.

LOIS (CONT'D)
And you should be publishing...

Lois looks to a folder sitting on the edge of Perry's desk. Perry doesn't need to follow her gaze to know what she's talking about.

PERRY WHITE
Did you get another source? On the record?

LOIS
I have one of the agents assigned to the-

PERRY WHITE
It's not enough, Lane.

Beat.

LOIS
I want to go.

PERRY WHITE
Where?

LOIS
South. To get another source.

PERRY WHITE
No.

LOIS

Perry.

PERRY WHITE

Do you know I've already got the
FBI calling about you?

LOIS

Because they're-

PERRY WHITE

Lane...

LOIS

Because they are surveilling and
working against the Civil Rights
movement. Starting with Dr. King
and going all the way down the
line.

(beat)

And because they know when I get
another source to corroborate, I'm
going to publish.

PERRY WHITE

Last I checked, I made those
decisions.

Perry points to the door. "Editor-In-Chief."

LOIS

You'd publish.

Beat. They both know it's true.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I'm going south, Perry. It's the
biggest story of my life.

Perry looks at her for a long moment. His demeanor softens
slightly.

Perry reaches in his breast pocket, retrieves a book of
matches. He takes his time lighting the cigar that still
hangs from his mouth. He takes a long puff.

PERRY WHITE

It's dangerous, Lois.

LOIS

I'm a Black woman in America.
Everywhere is dangerous.

She's got him there.

PERRY WHITE
I'm not going to be able to
convince you otherwise.

LOIS
You never had a chance.

PERRY WHITE
Okay. I'm going to connect you with
a...friend down there.

Perry picks up a note pad, and scribbles a name in it. He
tears the sheet out and hands it to Lois.

PERRY WHITE (CONT'D)
Take care of yourself, Lane.

LOIS
You too, Perry.

Lois walks out the door.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Black and White FAMILIES gather in pockets outside the train
station. Children run, laugh and play. Adults prepare to say
goodbye to loved ones.

Find Clark, laying on a grassy patch, looking up at the birds
flying. In his mind, he's up there with them.

Jonathan and Martha sit at a nearby Picnic table. Jonathan
looks over at Clark, there is still distance between them.

Jonathan gets up, walks over, sits on the ground next to
Clark. He looks from his son, up to the birds he's watching.

JONATHAN
What's it feel like?

CLARK KENT
To fly?

Jonathan nods.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)
You should know. You taught me.
Drag, lift, thrust...

JONATHAN
Me flying around in a fighter plane
is different than you...
(gestures to the birds)
(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Someone was usually trying to shoot me down.

CLARK KENT

It's like breathing. Laughing. Crying. When I'm up there, things make a little bit more sense.

Jonathan starts laughing. Clark looks at him.

JONATHAN

It's funny because, you make no sense. People aren't supposed to be able to do what you can do.

Clark cracks a smile. There's only love behind the statement, and Clark feels it. The tension between them dissipates.

Jonathan's laughter eases, they sit in silence for a moment.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

The world is...not what it should be, Clark. I joined the air force because I wanted to fight to protect my country. I had just met your mother. I wanted to fight to protect her. And I did. I flew planes, dozens of missions, until I caught three bullets. Two of them are still in there.

CLARK KENT

I can see them.

Clark points to his eyes.

JONATHAN

Overseas, things were different. Not perfect, but I guess a common enemy makes folks a little more friendly. A little more understanding. I saw what things could be. Then I was discharged, and came back to a hospital where the colored folks were put in the back, and given second class treatment. I came back to a country that didn't value me as a person. So I took my money from Uncle Sam, and I bought a farm as far away from people as possible, so it could just be me and Martha. And then you came along.

Jonathan's eyes are bright and wet.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I'm afraid for you Clark. The world is not what it should be. There are things out there that can hurt more than a bullet ever could. But I can't keep you here forever. I know that you are a gift to this world, because you have been such a gift to your Mother and me.

A HORN sounds off, the train is approaching.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

People fear what they do not understand. You have been given great abilities. If you must use them, use them carefully. Unto whom much is given-

CLARK KENT

-much is expected.

Jonathan gets up, he leans down, offering Clark his hand. Clark smiles, takes it. Jonathan lifts him up into an embrace.

JONATHAN

I love you, son.

CLARK KENT

Love you too, Pa.

The train pulls in and people begin to board. Martha makes her way over, beaming at her two men.

MARTHA

Be safe, Clark.

CLARK KENT

I will, Ma.

MARTHA

And I packed something special for you in your suitcase. Don't open it until you get to your Aunt Shay's.

Clark hugs Martha.

CLARK KENT

Love you.

MARTHA
Love you to the moon and back,
Clark.

Clark picks up his large trunk with a bit too much ease. Remembering, he pretends that it's heavy. Jonathan and Martha chuckle.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Clark sits at a window. He looks out to see Martha and Jonathan, arm in arm, waving at him as the train pulls off.

EXT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Stone Mountain, Georgia.

A cab pulls up in front of an old, large, well kept home. A porch wraps around the house.

Clark steps out of the back seat, as the CABBIE goes to the trunk. It's a process for him to get the trunk out of the luggage compartment. He drops it on the ground with a thud.

Clark hands the Cabbie some dollars, casually picks up the trunk, and heads to the door. He sets the trunk down and knocks.

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Clark is met by DR. SHAY VERITAS, tall, slim, thin stylish glassed, and way too much energy for Clark to handle. Before he knows what's happening, Clark is wrapped in a hug.

DR. VERITAS
Clark Kent! I haven't seen you
since you were a tiny baby.
Jonathan refused to leave that damn
farm to come and visit. Let me get
a look at you.

She holds him out at arms length

CLARK KENT
Hi, Dr. Veritas.

DR. VERITAS
In here I'm just Aunt Shay. I go by
Dr. Veritas out there.
(MORE)

DR. VERITAS (CONT'D)
Looks like Martha did an acceptable
job feeding you.

She holds his head in her hands.

DR. VERITAS (CONT'D)
You've got Martha's eyes.
(gives his head a light
tap)
And Jonathan's hard head.

Pleased with herself, Dr. Veritas steps back.

DR. VERITAS (CONT'D)
How was your trip? You must be
exhausted. And hungry. You can set
your things right here for a
moment, come in and sit down and
have some food.

Clark, totally caught off guard, can only nod, and follow Dr.
Veritas into the-

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is large, and well worn. Dr. Veritas makes her
way to the fridge and pulls out a covered dish.

DR. VERITAS
Breakfast is ready at seven thirty.
Dinner is usually ready at six. If
I have to make an emergency house
call, there's usually leftovers you
can reheat. Help yourself to
anything in the kitchen. If you use
the last of something, make a note
here so we'll know to replace it.

Clark nods, the information flying at him.

PETE ROSS (O.S.)
Is this the new tenant?

Clark turns to see PETE ROSS, an Afro and "Soul Train"
styling five years ahead of his time, standing in the
doorway. He saunters up to Clark, and greets him with a
convoluted handshake.

PETE ROSS (CONT'D)
What is up, my man. Pete Ross,
Gotham City.

Clark is totally lost in the handshake.

CLARK KENT
Hi. Uh...Clark Kent. Martinsville,
Virginia.

DR. VERITAS
Pete has been down here for a few
weeks, taking classes at the
University.

PETE ROSS
And I'm acin' em too!

Dr. Veritas sets a plate down on the table and motions for
Clark to sit.

DR. VERITAS
Clark is going to be working at the
Atlanta Times.

PETE ROSS
Oh, that's groovy! You want to be a
reporter?

CLARK KENT
I don't know. Thought I'd try it
out. I like writing. Really, I'm
just trying to figure out where I
fit in the world.

PETE ROSS
Deep man. I dig it.
(to Dr. Veritas)
I like this guy.

Clark smiles, as he bites into a piece of chicken.

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - CLARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clark enters a smallish room.

He sets his trunk down at the foot of the bed and looks
around. A small closet, a desk and chair placed under a
window. The bed is immaculate, with two or three decorative
pillows. It's cozy.

Clark turns to his trunk and opens it. Placed on top is a
brown wrapped parcel. Clark unwraps it to reveal a jacket,
with a note attached to it.

"Clark, your father and I wanted you to have this. To remind
you of who you are. To help you be the person you are meant
to be. Love, Ma."

Clark sets the note to the side and picks up the jacket: It's a World War II flight jacket. The leather is worn, but well kept. The three or four patches are a little faded. Clark feels the material, it's perfect.

Clark turns the Jacket around, and almost gasps. Covering most of the back is a new patch: A symbol that looks a lot like the letter "S". The symbol that was on the blanket Clark was wrapped in when they found him.

CLARK KENT

Thanks, Ma.

Fade to Black.

INT. ATLANTA TIMES - EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Lois sits in a chair, waiting.

She looks around, the walls are covered in framed photographs. Each one more dynamic than the last.

Lois checks her watch. Glances at the door.

A beat.

Screw it. She's got better things to do.

Just as Lois goes to get up, the door swings open. JIMMY OLSEN breezes in, reading out of a folder. He takes his hat off revealing straight, slick backed hair. He's so fair skinned, he could easily pass for white.

He addresses Lois without looking up or the faintest bit of surprise.

JIMMY OLSEN

Who are you?

LOIS

Jimmy Olsen?

JIMMY OLSEN

No, that's me.

LOIS

I'm...I'm Lois Lane.

JIMMY OLSEN

You're a woman.

LOIS
You are a good reporter. Yes.
Lois...Lane.

JIMMY OLSEN
I thought that was a typo. Louis.

LOIS
I don't make mistakes.

JIMMY OLSEN
Surely Perry knows better than to
send a woman down here-

LOIS
Mister Olsen, you are teetering
dangerously close to making a poor
first impression.

JIMMY OLSEN
Perry said you were his best
reporter.

LOIS
I am.

JIMMY OLSEN
Perry also said you were a pain in
the ass.

LOIS
I am.

JIMMY OLSEN
And he told me you'd agree with
both of those statements. You
misunderstand me.

Jimmy turns and walks out the door into the-

INT. ATLANTA TIMES - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Smaller than Metropolis but still buzzing. Lois follows on
Jimmy's heels.

JIMMY OLSEN
I have no issue with you being a
woman. My mother is a woman. I love
my mother. It's just, dangerous
down here. Especially if you don't
know your place. This ain't
Metropolis.

Jimmy lands at a desk, empty save for a bulky typewriter and a stack of paper next to it.

LOIS
I think I'll manage.

JIMMY OLSEN
I'm sure you will, just be-
(he sees something behind
Lois)
Don't go in there! What're you
doing?

Lois turns to see Clark, holding a stack of boxes while trying to open a locked door.

CLARK KENT
I was just putting these away...

Jimmy storms over to Clark.

JIMMY OLSEN
I can do it. That section
is...being renovated. Go find a
chair for Ms. Lane.

Clark sets the boxes down with a thud. They were really fucking heavy. He smiles at Lois, who can't help but return it.

CLARK KENT
Yes sir.

Clark turns, looks back and forth, unsure of where to go.

JIMMY OLSEN
The supply closet downstairs.

CLARK KENT
Right.

And with that, Clark rushes off to find a chair.

JIMMY OLSEN
That's Clark. Sweet kid. Very small
town. I'll let you get settled in.

LOIS
Do you want to know what I'm
working on?

JIMMY OLSEN
Nope.

Jimmy turns and walks back towards his office, shutting the door behind him. Lois stares at the door for a minute.

CLARK KENT (O.S.)
He's really not so bad. Just a bit,
off, recently.

Lois turns to see Clark, holding a chair.

CLARK KENT (CONT'D)
Do you reckon this is a good fit
for you?

LOIS
Sure, that's fine.

Clark sets the chair down. Wipes his hand on his pants and offers it up to Lois.

CLARK KENT
Clark Kent. I'm an intern.

LOIS
Lois Lane. Reporter.

CLARK KENT
You're from Metropolis?

LOIS
I am.

CLARK KENT
I'm from Martinsville. Virginia.
Jimmy keeps calling it
"Smallville". But it's really not
that small. I mean, it's no
Metropolis. Or Atlanta. We just got
three new stop lights. But-

LOIS
What did you mean about Jimmy being
off?

CLARK KENT
Oh, just that he's been tired a
lot. I've only been here a month,
but the last two weeks he's gotten
pretty...touchy. Late nights.

LOIS
Interesting.

CLARK KENT

Well, my desk is over there. Let me know if you need anything.

LOIS

Thanks, Smallville.

CLARK KENT

It's Martins-

But he sees her sly smirk, she's ribbing him. Clark smiles, bashful, makes his way back to his desk.

Lois sits down. She swivels in her chair to look at Jimmy's door.

LOIS

What are you up to?

OFF Lois's puzzlement...

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - CLARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pete is cracking the fuck up at Clark's expense.

CLARK KENT

It was like I couldn't stop talking. I just kept saying words. So many words.

PETE ROSS

Man...that's the funniest thing I've heard. "We just got a new traffic light."

CLARK KENT

Pete.

PETE ROSS

I know this isn't the first girl you've ever talked to? I've seen you be normal around Lana.

CLARK KENT

I don't know what it was. She just...my brain got fuzzy.

PETE ROSS

Alright Smallville, we gotta get you out. Me and Lana are going down to the Grill.

CLARK KENT
I can't, I have to do transcripts
for Mr. Olsen.

Clark points to his desk where a tape player and note pad
sit. Pete presses play.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
...when the gardenias come in, it
means you have the right amount of
nutrients in the soil. But the real
star of the exhibit is the rare
blossoming of the Black Mercy-

Clark hits stop.

CLARK KENT
It's a story on the botanical
gardens. He's letting me write a
first draft.

PETE ROSS
That sounds boring as hell. Come on
Kent, have a little fun for once in
your life.

CLARK KENT
Sorry, Pete.

PETE ROSS
Always the boy scout. Alright,
Smallville.
(beat)
Lana's gonna be so disappointed.

Clark waves him off. Pete heads to the door.

PETE ROSS (CONT'D)
Oh shit! I almost forgot.

He pulls a pamphlet out of his back pocket.

PETE ROSS (CONT'D)
Your Lois Lane horror story threw
me off. The latest Revealer.

He tosses it to Clark.

PETE ROSS (CONT'D)
Did you know Jaxby Reynolds down at
the General Store was Klan?

CLARK KENT

No way. He's always been really nice to me.

Clark looks down at the Pamphlet: A discrete photograph of a man in white robes, putting on a Klan hood, next to a clear head shot of the same man. "Jaxby Reynolds, Five and Dime General Store" written under it.

Clark flips through the pamphlet to see many more similar pictures.

PETE ROSS

That's him, clear as day. Just cause they're nice to you, don't mean they don't want you strung up.

CLARK KENT

Wow. Officer Hamil too?

PETE ROSS

See, this is worthwhile journalism. Exposing them all to the world so we know their true colors. Anyway, I gotta go, Lana's waiting. You know where we'll be if you change your mind.

CLARK KENT

Later, Pete.

Pete leaves as Clark thumbs through the pamphlet. Each revealed Klan member hitting him like a ton of bricks.

He sets it down on the table, rewinds the tape in the player. Presses play, and starts writing.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The whole thing comes together when the gardenias come in, it means you have the right amount of nutrients in the soil. But the real star of the exhibit is the rare Blossoming of the Black Mercury. Every one hundred years it-

OFF Clark scribbling away.

INT. EMILIO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lois is on a date. Which just means she's smiling a little more than she normally does. It's working.

Across from her sits BARRY HOPKINS, 20s, charming, and a little drunk. He's telling a helluva story. Or, at least he thinks so.

BARRY HOPKINS

So in the morning I told him about this dream I had that night. And, well, you know the rest.

Barry leans back and takes another sip of his drink. Lois, leans forward, a little tipsy and very impressed.

LOIS

That's just amazing. So you're pretty involved in the decision making for the movement?

BARRY HOPKINS

Oh, I have all of the inside scoops. Dr. King runs everything by me.

LOIS

How very *interesting*. Who else is involved in these decisions? I'm just so excited by all...decisions.

BARRY HOPKINS

Well, of course Jesse and Ralph. Ernest always seems to be there...

Lois smiles wider as Barry continues rattling off names.

EXT. EMILIO'S RESTAURANT - LATER

Lois, now wearing a long trench coat, puts a very drunk Barry into a cab. As soon as the cab drives off, Lois drops all pretenses of being inebriated.

She moves under a street light, pulling out a pad and pen. She scrambles to write names down.

CLOSE on the PAD, we see in scribbled handwriting:

Who is the informant?

Barry Hopkins - No way. Not smart enough.

Ralph Abernathy - ?

Jesse Jackson - ?

Ernest Withers - ?

The names continue down the page.

EXT. EMILIO'S RESTAURANT - ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

We see Lois. Someone is watching her. It's a man in a long coat and low dipped hat. He looks a little familiar...and very menacing.

Lois stops writing and puts the pad back in her pocket. Sensing that she's being watched, she looks up sharply. No one is there. The street is entirely deserted.

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - CLARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clark snores gently. The moonlight from the window illuminates his desk, where pages and pages of transcripts have been recorded.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

We hear someone pounding on the door downstairs. Clark awakens with a start.

BANG BANG BAN- the door opens.

DR. VERITAS (O.S.)
Lana? What's going on?

LANA LANG (O.S.)
They took him. They took Pete!

Clark jumps out of bed, moving quietly to the-

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Where he sneaks a look down the stairs. LANA LANG, short, fiery, and currently scared out of her mind, tries to talk to Dr. Veritas through sobs. Fear contorting her face.

LANA LANG
They took him. I told him to let it go. He's just too-

DR. VERITAS
Who?

LANA LANG
The Klan! He talked back to some white boys who said something to me.

(MORE)

LANA LANG (CONT'D)
 Next thing I know they're throwing
 him in the back of a truck.

DR. VERITAS
 Oh lord, no. Get inside.

LANA LANG
 What are we going to do? We can't
 call the police. Half of them are-

DR. VERITAS
 I know a few good ones still.

Clark heads back to -

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - CLARK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clark reaches under his bed for his bag and pulls out his jacket.

He suits up: military pants. Brown T-shirt. Boots. Jacket.

Clark opens the window. Looking behind him to make sure no one is looking, he flies into the air.

EXT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Clark flies above the boarding house, silhouetted against the full moon.

He closes his eyes and listens. Tuning the sounds around him in and out like a radio. He can't pick up anything.

He flies higher into the air, and slowly begins to rotate, looking out over the landscape.

There! He sees a glow in the forest a few miles away. He flies towards it.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

A fifteen foot cross burns in the middle of the clearing. FORTY KLANSMEN mill around, drink beer, clean their guns.

On one side of the clearing, a tree with a rope hangs down. An EXECUTIONER KLANSMAN, guided by two others, backs a pickup truck under the tree and rope.

Once the pickup truck is in position, one of them steps up on a soapbox/makeshift stage. His robes are more elaborate, with a red sash crossing his body. This is the GRAND WIZARD.

GRAND WIZARD
Bring him out.

A BEEFY KLANSMAN drags Pete out from the woods into the clearing. He's been beaten up pretty good. Bloody lip, swollen eye. Close to being unconscious.

GRAND WIZARD (CONT'D)
My brothers. We are here on this auspicious engagement to honor our heritage and to see justice done in our fine community! We, with fortitude and aptitude, are here to assert ourselves as the dominant, superior race. The race that the almighty himself has deemed and decried the rightful heirs and protectors of this land and this country.

The Klansmen stare at the Grand Wizard. They understand maybe forty percent of what he said.

A Klansman takes a sip of beer.

GRAND WIZARD (CONT'D)
(beat)
And we're here to hang us a Nigra!

The Klansmen all hoot and holler.

The Grand Wizard gestures, and the Beefy Klansmen drags Pete over to the pickup truck. They lift him up, where the Executioner puts a noose around his neck.

He pulls the rope tight until the coarse rope cuts into Pete's skin, then hops down to the ground. He gets into the cab of the pickup truck.

GRAND WIZARD (CONT'D)
Let this be a message for these beasts to know their place.

He nods, and the Executioner hits the gas.

The truck bed moves from under Pete's feet.

He falls.

The rope goes taut.

Pete gasps for air.

Feet kicking.

Flailing.

Convulsing.

...

A RED BEAM shoots from the woods, severing the rope. Pete drops to the ground in a heap.

The Klansmen look to the woods. Raise their guns.

GRAND WIZARD (CONT'D)
The fuck was that?

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Clark floats amongst the trees. His eyes still glowing red. His face contorted in rage.

The air around him crackles with energy.

His eyes grow more red.

He clenches his fist. Takes a deep breath. The energy around his eyes dissipate. They return to their normal color.

With a flash, he flies off, circling the clearing. He starts yelling. Throwing his voice so it bounces off of the trees of the forest.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

In the clearing, it sounds as if there is a mob of people coming from all directions.

KLANSMAN 1
They found us!

KLANSMAN 2
We gotta go. I can't get caught. My wife would kill me.

GRAND WIZARD
Stand your ground! We will fight!

He takes the gun from a nearby Klansman and starts firing at the sounds in the woods. Executioner and Klansman 1 also start firing.

The bullets do nothing. The sounds continue to get closer.

Klansman 2 runs to his car, and a few others follow suit.

GRAND WIZARD (CONT'D)
You cowards! Stay and figh-

A large log flies into the clearing, hitting the Grand Wizard in the torso like a battering ram, sending him flying.

That's it, time to go! The rest of the Klansman all make a break for it.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

It's chaos. The Klansmen scatter like white roaches.

Clark speeds around, getting a few hits in and tossing Klansmen. A blur only lit by the burning cross.

The Beefy Klansman runs, he definitely played football. He stops in his tracks to see Clark standing in front of him. Beefy's eyes go wide.

He takes a swing at Clark, hitting him square in the jaw. Clark's head doesn't move. Beefy's hand is shattered.

Clark grabs the Beefy Klansman by the scruff of his robes.

EXT. FOREST - TOP OF THE TREES - NIGHT

It's a serene night. The moon is big and beautiful.

A scream...getting louder, like a roller coaster.

Beefy Klansman emerges out of the trees, tossed by Clark, the origin of the scream.

As he hits the apex of his trajectory, he pauses in the air, a few feet above the treeline. Before plummeting back towards the ground.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Screaming, the Beefy Klansman falls back towards Clark.

Right before he hits the ground, Clark catches him. Beefy's body goes limp as he passes out. A yellow spot spreading on the front of his robe.

Clark looks around. It seems as though he's scared them all away. He turns and flies back to the clearing.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The burning cross looms over Pete's crumbled body. Fire still burning.

Clark regards it for a second. The weight of the moment heavy.

Clark flies over to the cross, lifting it in the air.

He floats, up, above the clearing. Burning cross on his back.

Then, with a heave, Clark throws it as hard as he can into the atmosphere.

The cross disintegrates, the friction turning the wood into particles.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

From the trees we see a lone Klansman hiding. A CAMERA in hand. He scurries off.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Clark floats down to Pete's body. He kneels next to him and checks for a pulse. Pete's eyes open slightly.

PETE ROSS
(weakly)
...Clark?

And just like that, he passes back out.

Clark picks up the unconscious Pete Ross. Flies off with him.

INT. VERITAS BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Veritas sits in the kitchen with Lana. Two cups of tea in front of them, cold and untouched.

The doorbell rings. They rush to the door.

Dr. Veritas opens it to find Pete, still unconscious, laid out on the porch.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

In a chemical bath, the image of Clark floating in the air, the cross lifted above his head. It's strange, and beautiful. Almost religious.

A pair of hands reach in to pick up the picture. They hang it next to a number of other pictures. These are of the klansmen themselves, unmasked. Rough comps of the Revealer Pamphlet.

The man's own cloak and hood rest on a chair in the corner. The man turns around to reveal...**Jimmy Olsen.**

On a note pad, a list of confirmed Klan members matching the pictures.

Giving the picture of Clark one last glance, he walks out of the room.

INT. ATLANTA TIMES OFFICES - NIGHT

It's empty. Jimmy walks out of the door Clark was trying to open earlier. He locks the door behind him.

EXT. ALABAMA GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT**SUPERIMPOSE: April 7, 1968. Montgomery, Alabama**

It just looks like the big house on a plantation. Not even trying to hide it.

A dark sedan pulls into a side portico. Agent Trent steps out of the car. He walks around back and pulls James Earl Ray out. Agent Trent leads him into the mansion, no cuffs.

INT. ALABAMA GOVERNOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

Just inside the door, MS. GRAVES, tight ponytail, all the style of Jackie Kennedy, none of the warmth.

MS. GRAVES

Mr. Ray, please follow me.

She turns and leads Agent Trent and James Earl Ray down a long hallway. Portraits of Confederate generals turn into portraits of former Governors. A collection of serious faced old white men.

They land on a door.

MS. GRAVES (CONT'D)
He's waiting inside.

James reluctantly opens the door and steps inside.

INT. ALABAMA GOVERNOR'S MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

These types of things always take place in the study. Wood shelves covered in old books. Two chairs face each other in front of a fireplace. The fire provides the majority of light in the room.

A figure speaks up from the bar in the corner, this is the GOVERNOR. A large globe sits next to the shelf of liquor.

GOVERNOR
Have a seat, James. Care for a whiskey?

JAMES EARL RAY
I....sure.

GOVERNOR
Normally when I pay someone a large sum of money to do a task, I expect them to complete said task.

As he pours the whiskey, we see a pendant hanging around his neck with a large green rock in it. It seems to glow ever so subtly. With his back to the fireplace, we can't make out his face.

JAMES EARL RAY
Sir, I swear...I-

GOVERNOR
Calm down, calm down. I didn't get you out of custody and bring you down here to hurt you.

He hands James a glass and walks around to sit down. His face still not catching any of the light from the fireplace.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)
By all accounts, you witnessed something quite extraordinary.

James Earl Ray has downed the whiskey. The Governor just swirls his.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)
No, what I want from you, James...

Finally the Governor leans forward in his chair, REVEALING an iconic bald head belonging to LEX LUTHOR, the 45th Governor of Alabama. He stares at James intensely.

LEX LUTHOR
...is to tell me exactly what you
saw.

The pendant around his neck pulses with menace.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK

Except for the residual glow of the green pendant, which slowly fades out.