

SMALLVILLE

PILOT

written by

Alfred Gough & Miles Millar

First Draft
December 20, 2000

"Smallville"

PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - DAY

TITLE ON SCREEN: 12 YEARS AGO.

An endless black tapestry, dusted with stars, reaches into eternity. Then out of the SILENCE

A METEOR SHOWER

streaks past. The last fragments of a dead planet hurling through space. Cradled in the center of the maelstrom is a

TINY METALLIC CRAFT.

A lifeboat from a faraway world, carrying the only survivor of a million-year-old civilization. Its surface shimmers like quicksilver. As the craft hurtles past a familiar yellow sun, its final destination is revealed -- EARTH.

SMASH CUT TO:

A SEA OF CORNFIELDS

stretching as far as the eye can see. The vast golden quilt CREAKS as it sways in time to the soft PERCUSSION of insects. Suddenly, a RUMBLE echoes and a

HELICOPTER

shoots overhead. Its rotors furiously whip the rows of corn, disrupting the timeless pastoral tranquility. The words

"LUTHOR CORP"

glint on the craft's metal skin. As the chopper ROARS over the narrow ribbon of blacktop that dissects the field, THE CAMERA STAYS ON the sign that's planted by the roadside.

"WELCOME TO SMALLVILLE, KANSAS, POP. 25,001.
CREAMED CORN CAPITAL OF THE WORLD!"

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

LIONEL LUTHOR

sits in the back, reading The Daily Planet. He's in his 50s, a self-made man who tries to mask his street-brawler roots with Saville Row suits. He lowers the paper, turns to his only son,

NINE-YEAR-OLD LEX LUTHOR

who is beside him, gripping his seat white-knuckle tight. Lex's porcelain skin contrasts to his unruly mop of red hair. At this moment, his popsicle-blue eyes are squeezed shut.

LIONEL

This has to stop. Open your eyes.

LEX

I can't. I'm afraid.

LIONEL

Luthors aren't afraid. We don't have that luxury, we're leaders.

Lex's eyes stay firmly shut.

LIONEL

You have a destiny, Lex. But you're not going to get anywhere with your eyes closed.

Lionel whispers into his son's ear with malevolent calmness.

LIONEL

This helicopter is not landing until you've looked out that window.

Lionel sits back, opens the paper again. Slowly, the terrified boy turns to the window, cautiously cracks open his eyes and stares down at the ocean of corn. But as the ground whizzes past, he begins gulping air, sucking in deep WHEEZING breaths.

LEX

spins away from the window, suffering a full-on asthma attack. He frantically reaches into his jacket, pulls out an inhaler, and pumps the cooling spray into his mouth. The PILOT turns.

PILOT

Is your boy okay, Mr. Luthor?

Lionel smiles, shrugging off the incident.

LIONEL

He'll be fine.

As Lex sits PANTING, eyes glued shut, the craft banks towards...

EXT. ROSS CREAM CORN FACTORY - DAY

A giant ear of corn smiles down from the side of the building. From the peeling paint and faded color, this proud mascot is clearly a vestige of a more prosperous time. The owners,

DALE AND BILL ROSS,

are identical twin brothers in their 40s. They stand stoically as the helicopter approaches.

DALE

Here comes the future.

BILL

He's not going to change anything. He gave us his word.

DALE

Lionel Luthor is the Pesticide King of Metropolis. What the hell does he want with a cream corn factory?

As the chopper touches down on the sun-baked ground...

SMASH CUT TO:

A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY PRINCESS

she's three years old, sports tiny, pink-feathered wings, a soft ivory gown and a glittery star-shaped wand. Her name is

LANA LANG

and she's sitting on the counter of...

INT. NELL'S SECRET GARDEN - DAY

It's an upscale flower shop filled with an eclectic mix of exotic flora and fauna. Lana's aunt,

NELL LANG

is arranging an extravagant bouquet while Lana waves her wand over a ceramic frog. The bell RINGS and

JONATHAN AND MARTHA KENT

step through the door. They're a good-looking couple in their 30s, whose love has been forged by the hard work and heartache of running a farm.

JONATHAN

Afternoon, Nell.

NELL

Jonathan, Martha, this is a surprise. What brings the elusive Kents to town?

MARTHA

Tulips. Red ones if you have them.

NELL

Well, if you're looking to add some color around that farmhouse, what about a tiger orchid?

JONATHAN

Thanks, but Martha had her heart set on tulips.

Nell shrugs, smiles insincerely.

NELL

They are a very uncomplicated flower.

Martha ignores the barb, turns to young Lana.

MARTHA

That's a beautiful dress, Lana. Are you a princess?

LANA

I'm a fairy princess.
(beat)
Do you want to make a wish?

MARTHA

I'd love to make a wish.

Martha closes her eyes as Lana waves the wand over her head.

NELL

Lana, be careful, you'll poke somebody's eye out.
(to Jonathan)
It's her Halloween costume. I can't get it off her.

Jonathan looks over at Martha, sees the longing in her eyes as she plays with the child, then turns back to Nell.

JONATHAN

Where are her parents?

NELL

Homecoming game with everybody else. I'm being the good aunt. I'm surprised you're not there, Jonathan, reliving your glory days.

JONATHAN

I like to think my best days are ahead of me.

Husband and wife share a smile.

NELL

Martha, did Jonathan ever mention we were Homecoming King and Queen?

MARTHA

No, but thankfully, you slip it into every conversation.

There's clearly no love lost between these two women. As Jonathan takes the flowers, Martha smiles at Lana.

MARTHA

Goodbye, Princess.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Jonathan and Martha climb into their pickup truck and head away. THE CAMERA CRANES UP, revealing

SMALLVILLE.

A leafy hamlet, perpetually bathed in honey-golden light. It's the kind of place you want to slice up and serve a la mode.

INT. KENT'S TRUCK - DAY

Martha stares out the window, lost in thought, oblivious to the homecoming banner hanging from the water tower.

JONATHAN

I know what you wished for.

MARTHA

I see that little face... It's all I ever wanted.

As he reaches across and takes her hand, a car speeds past, HONKING its horn. A bunch of HIGH SCHOOL KIDS hang out the windows, holding Smallville banners. Their youthful enthusiasm lifts Martha's spirits.

MARTHA

Looks like Smallville actually won.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE METEOR SHOWER

shooting towards Earth. As the fragments sear the upper atmosphere, their rocky surfaces glow an eerie green while a fiery tail blazes behind the tiny metallic craft.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROSS CREAM CORN FACTORY - DAY

A CROW SHRIEKS into the air, flapping in a dirty black blur.

LEX

is about to launch another dirt clod at it when he sees his father admonishing him through the factory window. Lex drops the clod, stares out at the field of corn.

INT. OFFICE - CREAM CORN FACTORY - DAY

Lionel turns back to the twins, pulls out his Mont Blanc pen.

LIONEL

Now, where do I sign?

As they get back to business, through the window, we see Lex walk towards the field. As he disappears into the stalks...

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Dusty rods of light pierce the dense canopy as Lex heads down a furrowed row, dwarfed by the seven-foot cornstalks. Then over the hot breeze...

FAINT VOICE (O.S.)

Help me!

Lex freezes, peers into the forest of corn, not sure what he heard. He cautiously steps forward, his shoes CRUNCHING the dry husks that litter the dirt.

FAINT VOICE (O.S.)

Help me! Please!

That was no trick of the wind. Lex takes off, fear etched into his face, cutting a zigzag path. But then he begins WHEEZING. Desperate, he reaches for his inhaler, but

TRIPS

as he's bringing it to his mouth. He scrambles after it on his hands and knees, but finds his way blocked by a wooden post. He slowly looks up, stares into the face of

A SCARECROW.

Except it's not made of straw.

IT'S A TEENAGE BOY.

He's tied to the post, wearing only his boxer shorts with a red "S" painted on his chest. His name's

JASON CREEK.

He looks at Lex with bloodshot eyes.

JASON

Help me!

But before Lex can do anything, a SONIC BOOM echoes overhead. He peers up just as a

METEORITE

streaks into view, awesome smoke trail pluming. Terrified, Lex begins running. Doesn't look back as the basketball-sized projectile slams into the field with devastating force.

A MASSIVE SHOCKWAVE.

ripples out from the epicenter, flattening everything in its path. The supercharged air washes over Jason, snapping the post into the ground, pile-driving him into the dirt as it speeds towards

LEX

who is desperately trying to outrun the wave. But it's no use, it finally envelops him, launching him off his feet. As the helpless boy is sent cartwheeling through the air...

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

STORE OWNERS and PEDESTRIANS congregate on the sidewalk, peering at the smoke trail that scars the sky. Nell steps out of the flower shop, holding Lana in her arms. Looks up.

NELL

What on God's earth?

Then Lana sees a car heading down the street. She waves.

LANA

Mommy! Daddy!

Suddenly, another SONIC BOOM thunders overhead. Lana looks up with innocent eyes, watches as a meteorite streaks from the heavens and torpedoes straight into her

PARENTS' CAR,

BLASTING it to oblivion. The CONCUSSIVE FORCE knocks everyone off their feet and blows out every window in the square, setting off a CACOPHONY OF ALARMS. Nell struggles up, shields Lana's eyes from the horror and runs for cover as more

METEORITES SHOWER DOWN.

One shotguns through the side of

THE WATER TOWER

bursting it like a pinata, then RIPS through the church, shearing off the steeple. Another takes out the

"WELCOME TO SMALLVILLE" SIGN

leaving only the smoking posts while a hailstorm of pebble-sized meteorites SHREDS the massive drive-in screen. Finally, a Volkswagen-sized meteor SHRIEKS from the sky and SLAMS into

THE MIDDLE OF SMALLVILLE LAKE

powdering the swimming platform, sending up a HISSING tsunami.

INT. KENT'S TRUCK - DAY

Jonathan and Martha are heading out of town as the sound of the meteor shower BOOMS. They peer back, terrified, see the smoke trails rising over the fields of corn.

MARTHA

What's happening, Jonathan!

But before he can respond,

THE METALLIC CRAFT

suddenly streaks across the hood, searing the paint, and plows into the adjacent field. Jonathan frantically jerks the wheel, fighting for control, but it's useless, the truck flips off the road in a fury of dirt, spinning to a stop on its roof.

SMASH CUT TO:

LIONEL LUTHOR

thrashing through the cornfield, ripping back the stalks with his bare hands, shouting...

LIONEL

Lex! Lex! Where are you?

Finally, he steps out into the circle of flattened corn, stares in amazement. It's the size of a football field. Then Lionel sees something blowing in the wind. It's a soft clump of

RED HAIR.

He picks it up, follows the trail of red locks to the edge of the circle, cautiously pulls back the brittle stalks, revealing

LEX.

He's curled in the fetal position, rocking back and forth, totally traumatized and completely bald. As Lionel slowly backs away from his son, his face twisting with revulsion...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KENT'S TRUCK - DAY

Everything's upside down. Jonathan and Martha are still strapped in their seats, unconscious. Suddenly, the sound of

RIPPING METAL

rends the air and Martha's door is pulled free. She opens her eyes, peers through the opening and into the radiant face of a

THREE-YEAR-OLD BOY.

She closes her eyes, not sure if she's dreaming, but when she opens them again, she finds the boy extending his tiny hand...

MARTHA

Jonathan!

INT. FIELD - DAY

Stalks of corn cinder on the sides of the scorched ditch. Martha cradles the boy while Jonathan steps over to the craft.

JONATHAN

Martha, this is crazy, kids don't just fall out of the sky.

MARTHA

This one did.

JONATHAN

He must have parents.

MARTHA

If he does, they're definitely not from Kansas.

Jonathan looks at her, knows what she's thinking.

JONATHAN

We can't keep him. What do we tell people? That we found him in a field?

Martha stares into the boy's eyes, convinced of her destiny.

MARTHA

Jonathan, we didn't find him -- he found us.

As Jonathan takes that in and steps to her side, the CAMERA CRANES UP. OFF this SILENT tableaux...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

TITLE ON SCREEN: 12 YEARS LATER.

As this fades out, the pixels of

A WEB PAGE

sharpen into focus. It features an article about A SIX-YEAR-OLD KOREAN BOY who lifted a car off his injured father. Another article appears with a photo of A BLOND TEENAGER under the headline "Record-breaking Teen Becomes Fastest Man Alive".

MARTHA (O.S.)

(from kitchen)

Clark Kent. You're late!

Only now does the CAMERA PULL BACK, revealing we are...

INT. CLARK'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLARK -- is sitting in front of his computer, wearing a T-shirt and sweatpants. He's 15 now, with glossy-black hair and eyes of intense curiosity. He's searching for answers, searching for the truth, searching for himself.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Clark. If you don't get down here, I'm coming up!

He ignores her, clicks on another story. Then ANGRY FOOTSTEPS can be heard coming up the stairs.

CLOSE ON MONITOR: A Miami Herald article downloads into view. Under a photo of A HAUNTED-LOOKING GIRL, the headline reads "Foster Child Claims To Have Started Blaze With Her Eyes."

Only when he hears his mother's hand TWISTING the doorknob does he hit the screen saver.

EXT. HALL - DAY

As Martha swings the door open ...

MARTHA

Welcome to Tuesday, Clark. Now get your butt out of --

But as she steps inside, Clark is revealed sitting on the bed, fully dressed, casually tying his shoe. He smiles innocently.

CLARK

Morning, Mom.

She peers at him, suspicious. Holds up a suit.

MARTHA

It's one of your father's. I thought I could alter it for you.

CLARK

Why? Did somebody die?

MARTHA

Homecoming dance this weekend.

CLARK

I don't have a date, Mom, I figured that would be the big tip-off that I'm not going.

MARTHA

Did you ask anyone?

CLARK

No.

MARTHA

That's kind of the critical step to landing a date, Clark.

CLARK

It's not a big deal.

MARTHA

Is there somebody you want to ask?

Clark shrugs, deflects the question.

CLARK

I don't know.

MARTHA

"I don't know" because you haven't thought about it? Or "I don't know" because the girl you like already has a date?

CLARK

Where do you come up with this stuff?

MARTHA

Years of practice with your father, he hasn't given me a straight answer since he said, "I do".

She brushes the hair out of his eyes.

MARTHA

Look, I know being a freshman is hard. You just need to let people see who you really are.

She catches herself.

MARTHA

You know... on the inside.

Clark smiles.

CLARK

It's okay, Mom, I know what you mean.

As Clark heads out, Martha SIGHS, reaches for the discarded sweatpants when she inadvertently knocks the mouse, causing the newspaper articles to pop back on screen. As she glances over them, her face creases with concern...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clark is guzzling milk from a carton when Martha enters. She shakes her head, hands him a glass.

CLARK

Tastes better out of the carton.

She snaps the carton out of his hands, puts it on the table.

MARTHA

Where did you learn your manners?

CLARK

On a farm.

Jonathan enters from the back, he's clearly been up since dawn.

JONATHAN

Afternoon, folks.

He kisses Martha, grabs the milk carton, guzzles it just like Clark. Clark flashes his mother a smile as Jonathan sits at the table, picks up the newspaper. When he opens it, a slip of paper falls free.

JONATHAN

What's this?

CLARK

Permission slip.

MARTHA

You going on a field trip?

CLARK

It's for the football team. A couple of spots opened up.

Martha turns, meets Jonathan's gaze. Clark pretends he doesn't notice, carries on.

CLARK

They're holding tryouts this afternoon.

Jonathan stares at the permission slip, doesn't say anything.

CLARK

Come on, Dad, you played football when you were in school.

JONATHAN

That was different.

CLARK

Why?

JONATHAN

You know why.

Clark looks at Jonathan, makes his case.

CLARK

I figure I can run at half speed and I won't hit anybody. Most freshman hardly play. Chances are, I'll ride the bench most of the season.

(beat)

Dad, I can be careful.

JONATHAN

You're meant for greater things than football, Clark.

CLARK

Like what?

JONATHAN

I don't know, I wish I did. One of these days we'll figure out what it is, but until then we've just got to hang in there like we promised.

Clark stands up, frustrated.

CLARK

I'm tired of hanging in there, Dad. I just want to get through high school without being a total loser.

As Clark exits, Martha turns to Jonathan.

MARTHA

Jonathan, I think it's time. He deserves to know who he is.

JONATHAN

He's our son. We adopted him. End of story.

MARTHA

That's not good enough anymore. He's changing.

JONATHAN

He's still not ready to know the truth.

MARTHA

Well, when will he be ready?

JONATHAN

I don't know.

Jonathan pushes his plate away, clearly torn.

JONATHAN

We've always been together on this, Martha.

Martha sits down next to him, takes his hand.

MARTHA

There are three members of this family.

JONATHAN

What if he can't handle it? What if he tells someone and it gets out? I don't want anyone showing up, flashing a badge, and taking him away from us.

Martha meets her husband's gaze.

MARTHA

Well, if we don't tell him the truth, nobody will have to take him away from us, he'll leave all by himself.

OFF their faces...

EXT. KENT FARM - DAY

The verandahs may sag, the fins of the windmill may CREAK and the barn may need a fresh coat of paint, but whatever its shortcomings, it's still a rural oasis in a changing town.

CLARK

heads down the dirt drive, kicking stones into the fields of corn that sway on either side. His frustration gives way to annoyance, when over the top of the corn he sees

THE SCHOOL BUS

shoot past. He races to the end of the drive. Stands in the middle of the road, waving after it. But it doesn't stop.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

CHLOE SULLIVAN AND PETE ROSS

stare at their stranded friend. Chloe is a sharp-witted city girl with a penchant for vintage clothing and biting cynicism. Pete is an insecure joker, the runt in a litter of overachievers. Pete opens his palm, Chloe hands him five bucks.

CHLOE

I can't believe you bet against your best friend.

PETE

It's a statistical fact, if Clark moved any slower, he'd be extinct.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

As the bus rumbles over a rise, Clark disappears into the cornfield. THE CAMERA CRANES UP, begins following a line of trembling stalks as the unseen Clark powers through the field.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

The bus sweeps past the "Welcome to Smallville" sign. It's been updated and remodeled. The town has grown to "45,001" and has retitled itself the "Meteor Capital of the World!"

AS THE CAMERA CRANES UP,

a line of stalks in the adjacent field can be seen rippling towards the bus at hurricane speed.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

CHLOE

I couldn't take living on a farm, it's so Amish.

PETE

I'll let you in on a little secret, that prefab planned community you call home used to be a farm.

CHLOE

Smallville isn't home, it's a forced layover on my way back to Metropolis.

Suddenly, a quick patter of FOOTSTEPS echoes across the roof. As she looks up, through the window we see the cornstalks rippling on the other side.

CHLOE

Did you hear that?

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

As the trembling wake sweeps through the field, we see that the once-endless sea of corn has been bulldozed by a sprawling cookie-cutter housing development.

EXT. HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

A WOMAN is in her backyard, pinning wet sheets to a line, when a blur of motion speeds past, causing the sheets to billow-whip.

EXT. SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

A red-and-gold "Go Crows" homecoming banner is stretched across the brick facade. Chloe and Pete climb off the bus.

PETE

Anybody asked you to the dance?

CHLOE

Not yet.

PETE

Well, if nothing pans out with you-know-who.

CHLOE

Pete, you want to take a commercial break from the soap opera in your head -- I'm not interested in Clark.

PETE

Your vehement denial is duly noted.

She looks at him, exasperated. Pete smiles.

PETE

Maybe we could go together. Not as a date-date thing, you know, more like a friend-friend thing.

Before she can respond...

CLARK (O.S.)

Hi, guys.

They turn and find Clark. Chloe looks at him, stunned.

CHLOE

Didn't we just... Weren't you just...

CLARK

I took a shortcut.

CHLOE

Through what? A black hole?

PETE

You'll have to forgive our intrepid reporter, her "weirdar" is on defcon-5. She thought something was attacking the bus.

Clark and Pete share a smile as they start walking...

CHLOE

Just because everyone chooses to ignore the strange things that happen in this leafy little hamlet doesn't mean they don't happen.

She fishes into her bag, pulls out a digital camera.

CHLOE

Just look at these tracks, they've been popping up all over town.

As Clark and Pete scroll through the photos on the LCD...

CLOSE ON CAMERA LCD: Images of giant taloned footprints flash into view.

PETE

Ooh, we're being stalked by Big Bird.

Clark studies the photo.

CLARK

These are griffin tracks, Chloe.

PETE

As in the Grandville Griffins. The team that's been kicking our asses for the last twelve years.

CLARK

Must be a homecoming prank. Sorry.

He hands the camera back to her.

PETE

We'd love to join you and Scooby in the mystery machine for another adventure, but we have to hand in our permission slips before homeroom.

CLARK

Actually, Pete, I'm having second thoughts, I don't think signing up for the team is such a great idea.

PETE

Clark, I'm telling you, it's the only way.

CHLOE

Wait! You two are trying out for the football team? What is this, some sort of teen suicide pact?

Pete looks around, whispers conspiratorially.

PETE

No, we're trying to avoid becoming this year's scarecrow.

CHLOE

What are you talking about, and why are we whispering?

PETE

It's a homecoming tradition; before the game, the football players choose the geekiest freshman, take him out to Riley Field, strip him to his boxers and paint an "S" on his chest...

CLARK

... then string him up like a scarecrow.

CHLOE

Sounds like years of therapy waiting to happen.

(beat)

How come I've never heard of this?

CLARK

It's very unofficial.

PETE

That's why we're trying out for the team, figure they won't choose one of their own.

CHLOE

Why don't I write an article in The Torch and expose this twisted back-country ritual?

PETE

What's up, Erin Brockovich? Some of us actually want to get through freshman year in one piece.

Suddenly, there's a SCREECH of tires. They turn to see three identical pickup trucks peel into three adjacent spaces.

WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

and TWO JOCKS climb out. They're all wearing letterman jackets. Whitney is Smallville High's star quarterback and all-around golden boy. Chloe rolls her eyes.

CHLOE

Oh look, the Three Ass-keteers.
Subtle entrance.

Then Clark sees

LANA LANG

selling homecoming tickets. The fairy princess has blossomed into a true beauty. Popular, smart, she seems to have it all, but if you look deeper, you'll find a haunted soul. Clark stares at her, clearly smitten, turns to Chloe and Pete.

CLARK

See you guys in class.

As he heads off in Lana's direction, Pete holds up a \$5 bill.

PETE

I give him ten seconds.

CHLOE

Five.

As Clark approaches Lana, Pete begins counting.

PETE

One. Two. Three. Four. Five.

As if on cue, Clark trips, face-plants into the tiles, sending his books skittering. Chloe shakes her head.

CHLOE

Statistical fact, Clark Kent can't get within five feet of Lana Lang without turning into a total freak show.

As she snaps the money out of Pete's hand.

CLARK

scrambles for his fallen books, goes for one when another hand reaches it first. He looks up into Lana's smiling face, a distinctive green stone dangles on the silver necklace around her neck. Clark wipes his brow, suddenly sweating.

LANA

(re: book)

Nietzsche? I didn't realize you had a dark side, Clark.

Clark loosens his collar, his throat dry.

CLARK

Ah... well... Doesn't everybody?

LANA

Yeah, I guess so.

They brush hands as she adds the book to his pile.

LANA

So what are you, man or superman?

Clark fumbles the book.

CLARK

I... uh... haven't figured it out yet.

They share a smile as they stand, but the moment is broken by --

WHITNEY

Lana, there you are.

As Whitney steps towards them, Clark stares at his letterman jacket which features a red-and-gold "S". Clark watches awkwardly as Whitney kisses Lana.

WHITNEY

Hey, Clark.

CLARK

Hey.

WHITNEY

Lana, I was wondering if you could do me a humongous favor?

(pulling disk from jacket)

Check over my English paper. I didn't finish 'til 2 AM, so I'm not sure about the ending.

She smiles as she takes the disk from his hand.

LANA

I bet it's great, Whitney.

Suddenly weak, Clark leans against the wall.

WHITNEY

Dude, are you feeling okay? You look like you're about to hurl.

Self-conscious, Clark backs away.

CLARK

No, no. I'm fine. See you around.

Then Whitney sees a stray book, picks it up.

WHITNEY

You forgot one, Clark.

He tosses it to Clark, who tries to catch it on his pile, but ends up dropping the whole stack again. As Whitney leads Lana away, she smiles back at Clark in sympathy. OFF this...

INT. HALL - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

The BELL RINGS. The SEA OF TEENS recedes into the classrooms while THE CAMERA CREEPS TOWARDS

A LONE STUDENT

who stands, motionless, staring into the trophy case. Only when the last door has slammed and SILENCE descended does the ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL notice the straggler and approach.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Classes have begun, young man.

The Student doesn't move.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Please have the courtesy to turn around when I'm addressing you.

Slowly, the student complies; as he does, his face is revealed.

IT'S JASON CREEK,

the teenager young Lex Luthor found in the field tied up like a scarecrow. Although twelve years have passed, Jason hasn't aged a day. The Assistant Principal doesn't recognize him.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
What's your name?

Jason ignores the question, turns back to the case and casually PUNCHES his fist through the glass and pulls out a framed photo.

CLOSE ON PHOTO: It features THREE HIGH SCHOOL JOCKS smiling in muddy, post-game glory.

The red-faced Assistant Principal angrily reacts...

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
That's it, my office, now!

But as the man grabs Jason's shoulder,

AN ELECTRIC CHARGE

fissures through him like a supercharged tazer, launches him off his feet and into the wall ten feet away. As the Assistant Principal lies dazed, Jason crunches across the shards of glass with the photo in his hand. As he exits the building...

SMASH CUT TO:

A SILVER PORSCHE

going full-throttle, speeds through the army of ripening corn.

THE CAMERA CRANES UP as the car whip-turns into the entrance of the old Ross Cream Corn Factory, which has been transformed into a state-of-the-art fertilizer plant.

EXT. LUTHOR FERTILIZER PLANT - DAY

CLOSE ON: A PERFECT ARMANI SHOE

as it sweeps out of the Porsche and into a mound of dung.

THE SHOE'S OWNER

peers down, shrug-smiles to himself. He's 21, with striking good looks offset by a perfectly bald head. As he scrapes his shoe clean, he peers out at the field of corn and runs his hand over his hairless scalp.

LEX

Thanks, Dad.

As he heads inside, THE CAMERA PANS to his personalized plates, they simply read "LEX".

INT. PLANT MANAGER OFFICE - DAY

GABE SULLIVAN, a burly man in his 50s, has his feet on his desk, eating a sandwich from a bagged lunch, when...

LEX (O.S.)

Hope I'm not interrupting?

Gabe turns and finds Lex standing in the door.

GABE

Mr. Luthor.

LEX

My father's Mr. Luthor, call me Lex.

As Lex approaches with his arm outstretched, Gabe nervously wipes his hand on his shirt. Extends his.

GABE

Gabe Sullivan, we weren't expecting you 'til tomorrow.

LEX

I wanted to get a jump start.

GABE

Let me give you a tour of the plant.

LEX

With all due respect, Gabe, you make shit. What's there to see?

Gabe doesn't quite know how to answer that. Lex picks up a framed picture that's sitting on the desk. It features Chloe.

LEX

Your daughter?

GABE

Yeah, that's Chloe. Wants to be a reporter for the Daily Planet.

LEX

I'm partial to the Gotham Times.

He puts down the photo, sits on the desk.

LEX

Gabe, this plant is losing money. My father sent me down here to clean house. That's what he does when people disappoint him, cuts them out of his life.

GABE

I know we're behind in orders, but --

LEX

(interrupting)

Gabe, I'm not firing anybody, in fact, I'm giving everyone a raise.

Gabe looks at him, unsure.

GABE

That's very generous, but all salaries have been frozen.

LEX

Well, I'm unfreezing them, and if my father has a problem, he can call me personally.

(beat)

Trust me, he won't.

OFF Lex's smile...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Clark sits alone in the bleachers, nursing a football, staring down at the field where the FOOTBALL TEAM is running plays. The huddle breaks and Whitney steps up behind the Center.

WHITNEY

Down. Set. Hut. Hut. Hike.

However, as the ball is snapped back, Whitney doesn't catch it,

CLARK DOES.

We're not in practice anymore, but in the fourth quarter of a nail-biting game. Clark falls back to make a pass. But none of his wide receivers are open. He glances at the clock.

FIVE SECONDS LEFT!

He's going to have to run it 80 yards down the field himself. He takes off, cuts a swath through the defensive line, literally sending players flying. Finally, he races into

THE END ZONE

and spikes the ball for a touchdown, exploding the pigskin. As THE CROWD goes wild, his ecstatic teammates lift him onto their shoulders, carry him in triumph to Lana, who is beaming proudly in her cheerleader outfit. She throws her arms around him.

LANA

I knew you could do it, Clark.

As she leans in to kiss him, the crowd CHANTS.

CROWD

Clark! Clark! Clark!

But just as her lips are about to touch his...

PETE (O.S.)

Clark!

Clark turns, startled out of his daydream. He sees Pete, suited up, his head drowning between the massive shoulder pads.

PETE

Clark, are you going to stick around and watch?

Clark shakes his head.

CLARK

Sorry, buddy, I'm not into public executions.

As Clark gives Pete the thumbs up and heads away...

SMASH CUT TO:

LEX'S PORSCHE

speeding down the narrow road, STEREO THROBBING. Pedal to the metal, clocking 80 miles an hour.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A FLATBED TRUCK -- powers onto the bridge.

COILS OF BARBED WIRE THE SIZE OF TRACTOR WHEELS

are stacked on its back. As it rumbles past,

CLARK

is revealed, standing at the rail, staring into the expanse of water that swirls fifty feet below. He's lost in thought. As the truck hits a pothole, one of the bales tumbles onto

THE BRIDGE

Oblivious, the truck carries on, turns up the road, passes

LEX'S PORSCHE

as it speeds past in the other direction.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Lex doesn't slow as he comes around the bend. He squints against the afternoon sun, is reaching for his sunglasses when he sees the glinting bales of barbed wire. As he desperately rams his foot on the brake...

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

... the sound of SCREECHING TIRES shatters the air.

CLARK

turns, watches in horror as the speeding Porsche hits the coil, sending it SPARK-SLAMMING under the chassis, where the spiked prongs instantly shred the two front tires. As the tires

EXPLODE

in an orgy of smoking rubber, the car is launched off the road and sent flying towards Clark. Time stands still as

CLARK AND LEX LOCK EYES.

Finally, the crippled car SMACKS into Clark with the force of

A 5,000-POUND FLY SWATTER.

As the vehicle plows Clark through the guardrail and free falls into the churning river below, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Shafts of milky light ripple across the crippled

PORSCHE

as it gracefully nose-dives into the riverbed and is engulfed in a forest of reeds. Through the shattered windshield,

LEX

sits in the driver's seat, his unconscious head gently bobbing against the deflated air bag. Suddenly

A HAND

flashes into view and with superhuman strength literally peels back the roof of the car and wrenches Lex free.

IT'S CLARK.

Water churns as he hauls Lex to the surface...

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Lex lies on the ground, lifeless, his lips blue. Clark kneels over him, performing CPR, his hands furiously pumping Lex's chest. Clark stops, listens for a heartbeat. Nothing.

CLARK

Come on, don't die on me.

He keeps pumping, doesn't give up until Lex finally sputters to life, vomiting water. His eyes flicker open and he sees Clark. He stares at him in disbelief.

LEX

I could have sworn I hit you.

CLARK

Well, if you did, then I'd be...

(realizing)

... dead.

Only now does the implication of what happened hit Clark. He looks back at the bridge, sees the mangled guardrail. Looks at his hands, not a scratch on them. He begins to tremble and the color drains from his face.

LEX
Kid, are you okay?

CLARK
Oh yeah, I'm fine.

But as the reality finally sinks in, Clark keels back. He passes out cold and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

A ROOM.

Vast and white. So bright it almost hurts. It's liquid and blurred at the edges, like being inside a dream. As Clark slowly comes around, drifting towards the threshold of consciousness,

A SHAPE

emerges from the whiteness.

CLARK
Who are you?

SHAPE
I am your father, Kal-el.

CLARK
Where am I?

JONATHAN (O.S.)
You're in Smallville.

Clark suddenly sits up from the vision and stares into Jonathan's worried face. They are...

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A SMALL CROWD has gathered at the accident scene. Clark is in the back of a truck. Jonathan smiles at him, relieved.

JONATHAN
Welcome back to the world, son.

They embrace.

JONATHAN
Who was the maniac driving that car?

LEX (O.S.)
That would be me.

They turn and see Lex. His cuts and bruises are bandaged and he's wrapped in a blanket.

LEX

Lex Luthor.

Jonathan regards him coolly as he extends his hand.

JONATHAN

Jonathan Kent, this is my son, Clark.

Lex turns to Clark.

LEX

Thanks for saving my life, that was very brave.

CLARK

I didn't really think about it, just dove in. I'm sure you would have done the same thing.

Lex regards Clark, doesn't know what to make of him.

LEX

You've got quite an extraordinary son, Mr. Kent. If there's any way I can repay you?

JONATHAN

Drive slower.

As Jonathan leads Clark to his truck, the crane winches the Porsche from the river. Sheets of water pour from the roof, which has been peeled back like a sardine can.

OFF Lex taking this in...

INT. CLARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A fleet of model airplanes dangles from the ceiling which is studded with glow stars. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS a bed littered with Internet articles about miraculous survival.

CLARK

stands in front of the mirror with his shirt off, examining himself. There's not a scratch on him. He's still wrestling with what happened at the bridge.

INT. KITCHEN - KENT'S FARM - NIGHT

Jonathan is searching through a stack of bills.

MARTHA

Did he tell you what happened?

JONATHAN

Didn't say a word the whole way back.

Jonathan steps to a desk, starts looking there.

MARTHA

Now he's keeping secrets from us.
He's never done that before. What are
we going to do?

As he continues to search...

JONATHAN

I don't know, our son didn't come with
an instruction book.
(rising frustration)
Have you seen that damn feed bill?

Martha calmly steps to the fridge, pulls the bill from under
a magnet.

MARTHA

No child comes with an instruction
book. We have to tell him.

Jonathan silently takes the bill, looks into her eyes.

MARTHA

He's searching for answers, Jonathan.
He's looking for them on the internet,
he's looking for them at the library,
he's looking for them everywhere
except in his own home, from the two
people who love him the most.

(beat)

I know we promised to protect him.
But we're not protecting him anymore,
we're hurting him.

Suddenly, Martha sees Clark standing at the door, as he heads
outside, SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. HAYLOFT - BARN - NIGHT

This is Clark's sanctuary, his fortress of solitude. He stares
out across the fields that are silvered with moonlight, peers
into the telescope that is pointed up at the stars.

TELESCOPE POV: As it sweeps down from the night sky, the focus
adjusts and finds a beautifully maintained farmhouse. A
familiar face sharpens into view in the second-floor window.

IT'S LANA.

She's sitting on her bed, laughing.

As Clark peers through the scope, his mouth curls into a smile.
It's as though they're sharing a private joke. Something about
Lana instantly warms his soul. But then

WHITNEY

pounces onto the bed, causing Lana to laugh even harder.

INT. LANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LANA

Whitney! My aunt will be back any minute.

WHITNEY

Come on, we're living on the edge.

LANA

Well, if Nell finds you in my room, your life won't be worth living.

WHITNEY

Where is she anyway? Bridge club?

LANA

Lex Luthor's.

Whitney looks at her in surprise.

WHITNEY

I didn't know your aunt was in with the Luthors?

LANA

She sold them a ton of land.

WHITNEY

They own the Metropolis Sharks. She could put in a good word for me.

LANA

If you want somebody to put in a good word, ask Clark. He saved Lex's life today.

WHITNEY

You're kidding?

LANA

He jumped into the river and pulled Lex out of his car. Sometimes people can surprise you.

(beat)

I think it's kind of cool.

Whitney changes subjects.

WHITNEY

Coach said a scout from Kansas State is coming to the game on Saturday.

Lana doesn't look up from her books.

LANA
That's great, Whitney.

WHITNEY
Yeah, I really need that scholarship.
I'm not going to be a "remember him".
Smallville's already got enough of
those guys.

She peers up at him.

LANA
That's not going to happen to you,
okay? There's more to you than
football. I mean, how many
quarterbacks can recite the second
verse of "The Road Not Taken"?

He smiles sheepishly, watches as she unclasps the necklace that hangs around her neck. Flecks of light radiate from the green stone on the end.

LANA
Here, I want you to wear this on
Saturday.

She hands him the necklace.

LANA
You can give it back after you win.

He peers at the green stone.

WHITNEY
It's beautiful. Is it a family
heirloom?

LANA
Sort of... it's made with a piece of
~~the meteor that killed my parents.~~

Whitney looks at her in surprise, she smiles sadly.

LANA
So much bad luck came out of it, I
know there can only be good luck left.

They share a moment, then as he leans and kisses her

CLARK

turns away. It's too hard for him to watch. Only now do we realize that he hasn't been using the telescope at all.

He's been observing them with his own eyes, literally gazing at Lana from afar. OFF his face of conflicted emotion.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SMALLVILLE GARAGE - NIGHT

A bug light FLICKER-HUMS on the wall, luring unsuspecting insects with its freaky blue glow. A boom box sits next to a pickup truck, BLASTING bad '80s rock while the garage's owner,

TONY CAROZZA,

tinkers with the engine. Finally, he slides into the driver's seat, turns the ignition and smiles as it REVS to life. However, as he steps back around and SLAMS down the hood,

JASON CREEK

is revealed standing by the truck, shadow still. Tony reels back in surprise.

TONY

Jesus, kid, you scared the crap out of me.

Jason doesn't respond, remains motionless. As Tony stares at the boy, his brow creases with recognition.

TONY

Don't I know you? You look just like Jason Creek. But he's in a coma.

Jason says nothing. Tony laughs nervously.

TONY

Hey, if you're his younger brother or something. It wasn't our fault what happened. We were just playing.

Unsettled by Jason's penetrating gaze, Tony's had enough. However, as he reaches for Jason's shoulder,

AN ELECTRIC CHARGE

shoots through him, sending him slamming into the side of the pickup truck with such force that he dents the door. Bruised and panicked, Tony looks up at Jason.

TONY

What the hell's wrong with you? What do you want?

JASON

To play.

Suddenly, Jason jerks up his hand, grabs Tony's arm. A powerful electric current surges through Tony's body, twisting him like a rag doll while sheets of white lightning fissure across the space. While the searing maelstrom continues,

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN ON THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE WALL.

It's exactly like the one Jason took from the trophy case. As the glass frame spiderwebs, Jason lets Tony go and watches as he slumps to the concrete, comatose, his overalls smouldering. OFF Jason's face...

EXT. KENT FARM - DAY

It's the next morning. Clark heads down the drive, checks his watch, running late as always. However, as he comes out onto the road, he finds the school bus is actually waiting for him.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

When Clark climbs aboard, the STUDENTS burst into CHEERS. Clark smiles shyly, doesn't know what to think, slides in next to Chloe and Pete, who's wearing a neck brace.

CLARK

Did I get on the wrong bus?

PETE

Listen to Mr. Modest. You're a friggin' hero, Kent.

CHLOE

Yeah, how often do high school students perform death-defying rescues?

PETE

You are definitely off the scarecrow hook now.

CLARK

(re: brace)

I'd ask how tryouts went, but I'm getting a pretty clear picture.

Pete turns to him.

PETE

I was doing great until I actually had to play.

CLARK

(leaning in)

Pete, usually when you have a neck injury, you can't turn your head.

CHLOE

Smooth.

As Pete takes off the brace, Chloe turns to Clark.

CHLOE

My dad said everybody at the plant's talking about you.

PETE

My dad said you should have let the BEEPING bastard drown. Direct quote, edited for PG-13 ears.

CLARK

It happened pretty quick, it's not like I had time to check ID.

PETE

The Luthors screwed our family. My dad doesn't forgive and forget.

CLARK

Pete, it was a business deal, not a Steinbeck novel.

CHLOE

"Sour Grapes of Wrath: An American Tragedy".

PETE

Wait 'til they come after your farm, Clark.

CLARK

Are you kidding? My dad would never sell.

PETE

With the Luthors, he may not get a choice.

As Pete turns away, a COUPLE OF CUTE GIRLS wave to Clark. He shrug-smiles back.

CHLOE

So how does it feel to be popular?

OFF Clark, clearly enjoying the experience.

SMASH CUT TO:

"SAMMY THE CROW"

Smallville High's mascot painted on the floor. He stands arms akimbo, with a triangular "S" emblazoned on his chest and a red cape flowing behind him. We are...

INT. GYM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

Clark and Pete are in gym clothes, watching one of their CLASSMATES struggle up a climbing rope. When the boy's arms finally give out and he crumples back to the floor, all CRACK UP. The COACH angrily spins, singles out Pete.

COACH

You find that funny, Ross?

Pete stops snickering, tries to cover.

PETE

No, sir.

COACH

I thought it was pretty funny when you got your keister kicked on the football field yesterday.

(mocking)

Your brothers were All State, what's your excuse? You adopted?

That hits Clark, he steps in.

CLARK

Come on, Coach, we were all laughing.

COACH

Was I talking to you, Kent?

CLARK

No, sir... it's just everyday we come in here and everyday you find a way to humiliate Pete.

Pete turns to Clark, worried.

PETE

I'm used to it, Clark. It's okay.

CLARK

(quietly)

I'm just saying it's not fair.

His authority challenged, the Coach gets into Clark's face.

COACH

Well, I guess you grew a pair when you jumped into that river.

(beat)

You like saving people? Here's your chance to save the whole class. You get up and down that rope in thirty seconds, everyone's off the hook. But if you don't, they all run ten laps.

The Class GROANS.

COACH

It's on your shoulders now, Kent.

Clark smiles to himself, takes the challenge, grabs the rope with two hands and begins to climb. The Class watches, amazed by Clark's agility. He effortlessly reaches the top, is just giving Pete the thumbs up when he suddenly gets a flash of

X-RAY VISION

The wall in front of him, which is festooned with a victory banner, melts away and he finds himself looking directly into the girls' locker room. He sees

LANA

heading out of the showers, wrapped in a towel. As her towel drops, Clark lets go of the rope in shock and begins free-falling. The Class scatters as Clark plummets onto the hardwood, splintering Sammy's face. Pete rushes over.

PETE

Clark! Are you okay?

Clark sits up, dazed. Looks at the wall, which is solid again, not sure what happened.

CLARK

Must have lost my concentration.

COACH

(blowing whistle)

Everybody outside, ten laps, now!

All shoot dirty looks at Clark as they head out. Pete helps Clark to his feet.

PETE

Welcome back to Geekville.

Only as they run off to join the others does the Coach notice the cracked floorboards. OFF his confused expression...

EXT. KENT FARM - DAY

Clark heads up the drive, silhouetted against the denim sky. He's almost at the house when he sees

A BRAND-NEW PICKUP TRUCK

parked out front. Curious, he shouts to Martha, who is huddled over a tractor, fixing the engine.

CLARK

Whose truck?

As he peers through the pickup's tinted windows, she wipes her hands on her overalls and steps towards him.

MARTHA

Yours.

He slowly turns, looks at her in disbelief.

MARTHA

It's a gift from Lex Luthor.

She pulls a silver card from her pocket, hands it to him.

CLARK

(reading card)

"Dear Clark, drive safely. Always in your debt, the maniac in the Porsche."

Clark looks up, elated.

CLARK

I don't believe it. Where are the keys?

MARTHA

Your father has them.

SMASH CUT TO:

A FURIOUS SPRAY OF WOOD CHIPS

spurting from the mouth of a wood chipper, we are...

EXT. BARN - DAY

JONATHAN

You're not keeping it, Clark.

Clark looks at his father in disbelief.

CLARK

Why not?

JONATHAN

Kents don't accept charity.

Jonathan turns away, feeds another branch into the WHIRRING mouth of the chipper.

CLARK

It's not charity, I saved the guy's life.

JONATHAN

So you think you deserve a prize?

CLARK

That's not what I meant.

Clark sighs, exasperated, tries to think of a compromise.

CLARK

Okay, how about you drive the new truck and I drive the old one? Everybody wins.

JONATHAN

The Luthors are trouble. You don't want them in your life. You're giving the truck back, Clark, end of story.

CLARK

Come on, Dad, it's not like they can't afford it.

Jonathan spins to face his son.

JONATHAN

You want to know why that is? Because the Luthors cheat and swindle. Remember Mr. Bell? We used to go fishing on his land. And Mr. Guy? He used to give us pumpkins every Halloween. Luthor promised to cut them in on a deal, sent them flashy gifts, but after they sold him their farms, he went back on his word. He had them evicted. That's the kind of people the Luthors are.

Clark looks at his father, then turns away. Jonathan sighs, calls after him.

JONATHAN

Clark, I know you're upset. It's normal.

Clark stops, turns back.

CLARK

Normal?

He shakes his head, his frustration boiling over.

CLARK

How about this? Is this normal?

Without warning, Clark steps to the chipper and

PLUNGES

his arm into the churning mouth. Jonathan reacts in horror as shreds of material plume upwards.

JONATHAN

Clark!

Jonathan yanks Clark's arm free from the grinding metal, stares at it amazed. Although the sleeve of the jacket is shredded, Clark's arm is totally unscathed. Jonathan peers at his son.

CLARK

I didn't dive in after Lex's car, it hit me at sixty miles an hour. I should be dead. I would give anything to be normal. But I'm not.

He looks at his father, desperate for him to understand. Finally, he turns and heads into the barn. As he disappears inside, Jonathan meets Martha's gaze. She's standing by the tractor. He silently nods his head, knows what he has to do.

INT. HAYLOFT - BARN - DUSK

Clark cradles his knees to his chest, washed in flame-red sunlight. Suddenly, a set of keys drops onto the floor next to him. Clark turns to see Jonathan.

CLARK

Does this mean I can keep it?

JONATHAN

I'm not saying one way or the other. I'm trusting you to make the right decision.

CLARK

Thanks.

Jonathan stares at his son.

JONATHAN

I always knew this day would come. I just didn't think it would be so soon.
(beat)
It's time, Clark.

CLARK

Time for what?

JONATHAN

The truth.
(beat)
I want you to read something.

Jonathan holds up a yellowed piece of paper.

JONATHAN

It's from your parents... from your real parents.

Clark stares at him. Finally takes the piece of paper.

JONATHAN

It took me forever to figure it out.
It's written in Sanskrit, the oldest
language known to man.

Clark peers at the handwritten note, confused.

CLARK

What does it say?

JONATHAN

"This is Kal-el, the last son of
Krypton and our only child. Please
protect him."

Clark laughs nervously.

CLARK

This is a joke, right?

Jonathan shakes his head.

CLARK

What are you trying to tell me, Dad?
That I'm from another planet?

Jonathan says nothing. Clark is totally unnerved.

CLARK

Great, I suppose you stashed my
spaceship in the attic.

JONATHAN

Actually, it's in the storm cellar.

SMASH CUT TO:

A TARP -- as it is whipped off

THE METALLIC SPACECRAFT

We are...

INT. STORM CELLAR - DUSK

Clark stares at the ship in utter disbelief, a naked lightbulb
pendulums behind his head.

JONATHAN

This is how you came into our world.
It was the day of the meteor shower.
You fell right out of the sky and
crawled into your mother's arms like
it was destined to be.

Clark backs away from the craft.

CLARK
So I'm a freak.

JONATHAN
No, Clark, you're a gift.

Clark angrily turns to his father.

CLARK
Why didn't you tell me this before?

JONATHAN
It doesn't change anything.

CLARK
You're wrong... It changes everything.

As he turns and bursts out of the cellar, Jonathan follows.

JONATHAN
Clark!

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

THE CAMERA CRANES UP as Jonathan heads out of the cellar.

JONATHAN
Clark! Clark!

But as the CAMERA rises higher, there's no sign of Clark, just a line of corn rippling in his wake. OFF this, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Misty fingers of harvest moonlight bleed through the ancient trees, illuminating the overgrown maze of headstones and graves. Suddenly, the SOUND OF HOOVES rends the air and

LANA

powers into view on horseback. She's easing her mount to a stop when she hears a RUSTLING SOUND. She whips her head in the direction of the noise...

LANA

Who's there?

CLARK

slowly rises from the shadows. An angel headstone towers behind him, its outstretched wings appear to sprout from his shoulders. Clark's face is masked in darkness.

CLARK

It's me... Clark.

LANA

Clark Kent? What are you doing creeping around the woods?

CLARK

You'd never believe me if I told you.

(beat)

I didn't mean to scare you.

As he heads away, he steps into a pool of light. Only now does Lana see his hair is tussled and his face is streaked with tears and sweat. She dismounts, follows after him.

LANA

Clark, wait. I'm sorry. I just wasn't expecting to see anyone out here.

He turns back, looks into her face with a longing sadness.

LANA

Are you okay?

CLARK

Define "okay".

LANA

Better than average, not quite excellent.

CLARK

I'm hanging out in a graveyard. Does that strike you as okay behavior?

LANA

Hey, I'm here, too.

CLARK

Good point. What's your story?

Lana searches Clark's eyes.

LANA

Can you keep a secret?

CLARK

I'm the Fort Knox of secrets.

LANA

I came out here to talk to my parents.

She points to the only well-kept plot in the cemetery.

LANA

You must think I'm pretty weird, you know, conversing with dead people.

CLARK

I don't think you're weird, Lana.
(gentle beat)
Do you remember them?

LANA

They died when I was three. Sometimes I catch glimpses in the back of my head... I never thought I could miss people I hardly knew.

CLARK

I'm sorry.

LANA

It's not your fault, Clark.
(beat)
Come on, I'll introduce you.

She gently takes his arm, leads him towards the marble headstones that are glowing in the moonlight.

LANA

Mom, Dad, this is Clark Kent.
(to Clark)
Say "hi".

Clark awkwardly puts up his hand.

CLARK

Hi.

She smiles, turns back to the headstones.

LANA

Yeah, he is kind of shy.

(beat)

How should I know?

(to Clark)

Mom wants to know if you're upset about a girl.

Clark shakes his head.

LANA

Dad wants to know if you're upset about a boy.

CLARK

No!

LANA

He's got a twisted sense of humor.

They share a smile, then Lana turns to him, softly asks...

LANA

Seriously, Clark, why are you out here?

CLARK

I don't know, I just...

He breaks off, looks into her eyes.

CLARK

Lana, do you ever think your life was supposed to be different?

She nods her head, smiles sadly.

LANA

Sometimes I dream that I'm at school, waiting for Nell. But then my parents drive up and they're not dead, they're just really late. Then I get in their car and they take me back to my real life in Metropolis. That's when I usually wake up and for a minute I'm totally happy... until I realize I'm still alone.

She's caught off-guard in this moment of naked honesty. Seeing she's upset, Clark steps in...

CLARK

What's that, Mrs. Lang? Yeah, I'll tell her.

(turning to Lana)

Your mom wants you to know that you're never alone and that they'll always be watching over you. No matter what.

(listens again)

Oh yeah, and your dad thinks you're a shoo-in for Homecoming Queen.

LANA

Did they really say all that?

CLARK

They're kind of chatty once you get them started.

EXT. NELL'S FARM - NIGHT

Clark and Lana emerge from the inky treeline, head up the drive followed by Lana's mare.

LANA

Thanks for walking me home.

CLARK

It beats creeping around the woods.

LANA

You realize this is the longest conversation we've ever had.

(beat)

We should do it again.

CLARK

Yeah, we should.

LANA

Are you going to the dance?

CLARK

I'm kind of heavy footed.

LANA

If you come, I'll save you a dance.

CLARK

Then it's a date. I mean a dance.

(flustered)

I'm going to quit while I'm ahead.

Good night.

She smiles, leans in and pecks him on the cheek.

LANA

Good night, Clark.

As they part, the CAMERA FINDS

WHITNEY

sitting in the shadows of the porch, watching. OFF his face...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SMALLVILLE PHARMACY - MAIN STREET - DAY

A COMATOSE MAN -- is wheeled out on a gurney. Chloe and Pete are among the gathering CROWD. As the Man is loaded into the ambulance, Pete notices a pale and unfamiliar face in the crowd -- JASON CREEK.

PETE

Who's the weirdo?

CHLOE

I don't know. It's not like I keep a database.

PETE

I've got one word for him, tanning salon.

CHLOE

That's two words, Pete.

As Chloe whips up her digital camera and takes Jason's picture, Pete sees Clark walking down the other side of the street.

PETE

Clark!

Clark keeps walking, head down, lost in his own world.

CHLOE

Earth to Clark!

Only now does he look up, see his friends and head over.

PETE

What happened to you last night? You were supposed to come over. Everything okay?

CLARK

Yeah, fine. You know, the usual Kent family domestic drama.

Chloe stares at him, not buying it.

CHLOE

Your family doesn't have enough drama to fill up an "After School Special". Come on, what's going on?

CLARK

Guys, I'm fine. Really.
(re: Man on gurney)
What happened to him?

CHLOE

He's in a coma, and don't think I
didn't notice the deft subject change.

PETE

Check out his hair. Freaky, huh?

CHLOE

He's the third victim. The other two
are up at the Smallville Medical
Center. Doctors say they suffered
massive electric shocks.

PETE

Maybe your Grandville griffin is
packing a stun gun.

CLARK

Who were the other two?

CHLOE

Tony Carozza and Wayne Higgins.

Those names register with Clark.

CLARK

Wait. Aren't their names on that huge
banner in the gym?

PETE

You mean the one for our last
victorious homecoming team?

Clark nods.

PETE

How scared am I that you memorized all
those names.

CHLOE

I think we should go back to the Torch
office, do a little digging.

PETE

Why would I want to be holed up in
that bunker all day?

CHLOE

Because the jock straps are about to
go scarecrow hunting and that's the
last place they'll look for you.

CLARK

I'll catch up with you guys later.

As he quickly heads away, Chloe calls after him.

CHLOE

Where are you going?

Clark doesn't answer.

CHLOE

I hate when he does that.

PETE

Blows us off?

CHLOE

Shuts us out.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Winged gargoyles stare down from the ramparts of this gothic marvel that sits in the shadows of a dense wood.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Clark cracks open the door, steps through the vast entryway. Except for the animal heads mounted on the walls, everything is covered in white sheets.

CLARK

Hello?

Only his echo answers. He cautiously heads down the marble hall. Shafts of paper-thin light cut through the shuttered windows. As he approaches the great hall,

TWO FIGURES

cross in front of him wearing fencing outfits, glinting foils flashing, engaged in a full-on sword fight. Clark takes cover behind a medieval suit of armor. He watches as the two combatants exchange strokes, their faces concealed behind

WHITE WIRE-MESH MASKS.

Finally, in a flurry of clashing strokes, one of the Fencers pins the other against the fireplace, forcing a surrender. In a flash of anger, the defeated swordsman hurls his foil, sending it flying across the room and straight into

THE SUIT OF ARMOR.

As it topples over, Clark is revealed. The Fencers remove their masks. The victor is a stunning ASIAN WOMAN. The sore loser is Lex Luthor.

LEX

Clark, I didn't see you.

CLARK

I buzzed, but nobody answered.

LEX

How'd you get through the gate?

CLARK

I kind of squeezed through the bars,
but if this is a bad time...

LEX

I think Maika has sufficiently kicked
my ass for the day.

As Maika leaves...

CLARK

This is a great place.

LEX

Yeah, if you're dead and in the market
for something to haunt.

CLARK

I just meant... it's roomy.

LEX

It's the Luthor ancestral home. Or so
my father claims. He had it shipped
over from Scotland, stone by stone.

CLARK

I remember. The trucks rolled through
town for weeks. But nobody ever moved
in.

LEX

My father had no intention of living
here. He's never even stepped through
the front door.

CLARK

Then why'd he ship it over?

LEX

Because he could. Then the minute he
had it, he started looking for his
next conquest. That's what my father
does.

(beat)

How's the new ride?

CLARK

That's why I'm here.

Clark fishes into his pocket, pulls out the keys.

LEX

You don't like it?

CLARK

It's not that. I can't keep it.

LEX

But it was a gift.

CLARK

I'm sorry.

LEX

You saved my life, Clark. I think it's the least I can do.

Lex searches Clark's face.

LEX

Your father doesn't like me, does he?
(off Clark's
embarrassment)

It's okay, I've been bald since I was nine. I'm used to people judging me before they get to know me.

CLARK

It's nothing personal, he's just not crazy about your dad.

LEX

He figures the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Understandable. How about you, Clark, did you fall far from the tree?

CLARK

Most days I don't even feel like I'm from the same planet.

Lex smiles, knows the feeling.

CLARK

I better go. Thanks for the truck.

He hands Lex the keys, turns to leave...

LEX

Clark, do you believe a man can fly?

Clark turns back, looks at him strangely.

CLARK

Sure, in a plane.

LEX

I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about soaring through the clouds, with nothing but air beneath you.

CLARK

People can't fly, Lex.

LEX

I did. After the accident, when my heart stopped. It was the most exhilarating two minutes of my life. I flew over Smallville and for the first time I didn't see a dead end. I saw a new beginning. And thanks to you, I've got a second chance.

(beat)

We're the future, Clark, and I don't want anything to stand in the way of our friendship.

OFF Clark...

SMASH CUT TO:

AN OLD SMALLVILLE HIGH YEARBOOK

A hand flicks through the crisp pages. The CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing the location as...

INT. "TORCH" OFFICE - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

Chloe sits in this windowless basement room scanning the book, looking for clues.

CLOSE ON BOOK: The familiar photo of the three jocks fills the page. She runs her finger over their names, moves on.

Her eyes dart over the checkerboard of student photos until one face catches her attention. She stares at it in disbelief, holds it up to the digital photo that glows on the computer screen in front of her.

CHLOE

Pete, get in here!

EXT. PARKING LOT - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

It's one big tailgater. MUSIC blares from car stereos. STUDENTS and ALUMNI barbecue and picnic before the big game.

CLARK

walks through the labyrinth of cars, feeling out of place in a sea of normality. Then he sees Lana.

She's in her cheerleader outfit, laughing with her friends.
But before he can walk over,

A HAND

suddenly grabs his shoulder. He spins in shock and finds Chloe.

CHLOE

You're not going to believe this.

CLARK

Later, Chloe.

CHLOE

(grabbing his arm)

It can't wait. Besides, if you
embarrass yourself in front of Lana
again, you'll get your own telethon.

INT. "TORCH" OFFICE - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

CLOSE ON: YEARBOOK PHOTO OF JASON CREEK.

CHLOE

His name's Jason Creek. This is a
picture of him twelve years ago.

(re: computer screen)

And this is one I took four hours ago.

CLARK

That's impossible. He'd be like
twenty six today. It must be a kid
who looks like him.

PETE

My money was on the evil-twin theory
until we checked missing persons.

Chloe hands Clark a fax.

CHLOE

Jason disappeared from the State
Infirmary a few days ago where he'd
been in a coma for twelve years. He'd
been suffering from a massive
electrolyte imbalance.

PETE

That's why he hadn't aged a day.

CLARK

You're telling me he just woke up?

CHLOE

There was a big electrical storm,
knocked out the generator. When it
came back on, Jason was gone.

PETE

The electricity must have charged him up like a Duracell.

CLARK

And now he's back in Smallville putting former jocks into comas. Why?

PETE

Because twelve years ago they chose him as the scarecrow.

Chloe hands Clark a clipped article.

CHLOE

And we all know what happened twelve years ago.

CLARK

(reading article)

"Comatose boy found in field less than twenty yards from meteor strike."

CHLOE

The exposure to the blast must have done something to his body.

Clark shakes his head, fighting the daunting realization.

CLARK

(distracted)

No, this can't be right.

PETE

I think you better show him.

CLARK

Show me what?

PETE

Chloe's little secret.

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

A RED LIGHTBULB HUMS ON -- illuminating Clark, Chloe and Pete. The CAMERA STAYS ON THEIR FACES as they stare straight ahead.

CHLOE

It started out as a scrapbook and just kind of mutated.

CLARK

What is it?

CHLOE

I call it the "Wall of Weird".

Slowly, the CAMERA COMES AROUND, revealing a wall. Every inch is covered in photographs, articles, clippings and magazine covers. Glowing in the ghoulish red light.

CHLOE

It's every strange, bizarre and unexplained event that's happened in Smallville since the meteor shower. That's when it all began. When the town went schizo.

Clark stares at the images, overcome with a sickening sense of responsibility. Unaware of his inner turmoil, Chloe turns to him, wanting his validation.

CHLOE

What do you think?

CLARK

Why didn't you tell me about this before?

Sensing his anger, Chloe turns defensive.

CHLOE

Do you tell me everything that goes on in your life?

(beat)

We all keep secrets, Clark.

As Clark stares at the wall, one image catches his eye.

CLOSE ON TIME MAGAZINE COVER: It features a photo of three-year-old Lana, wearing her fairy princess costume, seconds after her parent's death. Tear tracks run down her cheeks. The caption reads, "Heartbreak In The Heartland".

Clark backs away, cold with guilt.

CLARK

It's my fault. This is all my fault.

As he turns and bursts out the door...

INT. HALL - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

Clark powers down the hall, doesn't stop until he reaches the wall of windows at the end. He stares out at the festivities below, searching for Lana, when a hand grabs his shoulder.

CLARK

Chloe, leave me alone. I'm having a really bad day.

But when the hand jerks him around, Clark finds

WHITNEY

flanked by TWO JOCKS.

WHITNEY

Well, it's about to get worse.
 Congratulations, Kent, you're this
 year's scarecrow.

Clark knocks Whitney's hand off his shoulder.

CLARK

Don't mess with me right now.

Whitney smiles at his friends, takes off his jacket.

WHITNEY

Come on, bring it on.

But as Clark steps towards him and goes to take a punch, he suddenly feels weak. Clark grabs Whitney's T-shirt, ripping it at the collar, as he slumps to his knees. The Jocks LAUGH.

WHITNEY

(yanking Clark up)

What's going on with you and Lana?

CLARK

Nothing.

Clark stares, bleary-eyed at

LANA'S NECKLACE

that swings around Whitney's neck.

WHITNEY

You like her necklace, huh?

He yanks it off, angrily puts it around Clark's neck.

WHITNEY

Enjoy it, because that's as close as
 you're ever going to get to her.

The Jocks wrench Clark to his feet. He tries to struggle free, but the green stone drains him of power. As they drag him out, THE CAMERA FINDS a silent witness, watching in the shadows.

JASON CREEK

OFF his face of contained menace, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Everything is soaked in cool blue moonlight. THE CAMERA CREEPS through the swaying stalks, heading towards

THE SCARECROW

that's tied to a post at the end of a row. It's hanging limp and lifeless, like a forgotten doll. Wearing only boxer shorts, with a red "S" painted on its chest.

IT'S CLARK.

His skin is bleached and glistens with sweat while his black hair is plastered over his eyes. He's struggling for consciousness, taking deep, RASPING breaths. Fighting the

GREEN STONE

that glows around his neck. It's sucking his life force like a parasite sucks blood. Then a Figure steps out of the stalks.

JASON CREEK

stares at Clark, unmoved by his plight.

JASON

It never changes.

Clark struggles to raise his head.

CLARK

Please... help me.

JASON

Hurts, doesn't it?

CLARK

You're... Jason.

JASON

I haven't been Jason since the day they hung me up there. Jason was a quiet kid waiting for high school to end so the rest of his life could begin -- but that never happened.

(beat)

I thought if I punished them, it would stop. But it never stops.

He turns, starts walking away.

CLARK

Wait... where are you going?

Jason stops, peers back at Clark.

JASON

Homecoming dance. I never made it to mine.

CLARK

Get me down... please.

JASON

You're safer here.

As Jason melts back into the corn, Clark struggles to get free, but every movement is agony.

EXT. LUTHOR FERTILIZER PLANT - NIGHT

LEX

swings through the gates in a new Jaguar, is ROARING down the empty blacktop when his headlights suddenly wash across

JASON CREEK.

As Lex stares into the boy's haunting face. He experiences

A VISCERAL FLASHBACK

of the moment he discovered Jason tied to the stake twelve years earlier. Shaken by this terrifying memory, Lex smoke-skids to a stop, leaps out and stares down the road.

BUT JASON IS GONE.

Lex shakes his head, not sure if he imagined the boy. He's about to get back into his car when over the wind he hears...

CLARK

(very faint)

Help... me.

Lex spins, confused by this freaky deja vu. OFF his face...

SMASH CUT TO:

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM

snaking through the darkness. Lex is in the field, scanning the rows of corn until his beam finally illuminates

CLARK.

Lex runs towards him.

LEX

Clark!

Clark looks up weakly as Lex scrambles to the pole and unties him. However, as he finally helps Clark down,

LANA'S NECKLACE

gets caught on the wooden post and snaps free. As it falls away, Clark feels a surge of power.

LEX

Who did this to you?

CLARK

It doesn't matter.

With his strength recharging, Clark crawls over to his clothes, begins getting dressed.

LEX

Clark, you need to see a doctor.

CLARK

I'll be okay.

(pulling on shirt)

Did you see a boy out on the road?

Lex nods.

LEX

Did he do this to you?

CLARK

No, but he's about to do a lot worse.

Barefoot, Clark stumble-runs into the stalks, Lex shouts after him.

LEX

At least let me give you a ride.

But Clark doesn't reply. Lex shrugs, is turning to go when his flashlight glints across Lana's necklace. He steps towards it, curious. As he picks it up, stares at the unusual green stone.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GYM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

The Homecoming dance is in full swing. Although she's glammed up for the occasion,

CHLOE

is sitting outside, ignoring the music and psychedelic lights that are throbbing through the walls. Pete walks out.

PETE
You coming inside?

CHLOE
In a minute, I take the fashionably-late thing pretty seriously.

Pete looks at her, knows what this is really about.

PETE
Clark's not going to show.

Chloe sighs, realizes Pete's right.

PETE
Come on, you can help me mock the cheesy decorations.

As he leads her inside,

JASON

steps into view, casually wraps a chain around the door and secures it with a fat padlock. He's about to head away when...

COACH (O.S.)
What the hell do you think you're doing, boy?

Jason turns, smiles malevolently, then grabs the Coach by the shoulder.

AN ELECTRIC CHARGE

surges through the Coach, catapulting him off his feet and sending him SMASHING into the windshield of a car. As he slumps unconscious.

SMASH CUT TO:

A CROWBAR

prying the metal circuit box that's mounted on the side of the gym wall. The words,

"FIRE SPRINKLER SYSTEM. DO NOT TOUCH!"

are emblazoned in red on the lid.

JASON -- has almost jimmied it open when...

CLARK (O.S.)
Jason, you need to stop this.

Jason turns and stares at Clark in surprise.

JASON

I don't know how you got here, but you should have stayed away.

CLARK

I won't let you hurt these people.

JASON

Electrocution is more humane than crucifixion. The sprinklers will get them nice and wet and I'll handle the rest.

CLARK

They never did anything to you.

JASON

I'm not doing this for me. I'm doing this for you and for all the others like us.

CLARK

I'm nothing like you.

JASON

Yes, you are. You're trapped in your own skin because nobody in there will let you be yourself. They've put you in a box, and once they close the lid, you can never climb out.

Clark steps towards him.

CLARK

Jason, what happened to you was my fault. I'm the one who caused your pain.

JASON

I'm not in pain. I have a gift and a purpose and a destiny.

Clark blocks his way.

CLARK

So do I.

Jason launches himself at Clark, grabs hold of his arms. As the searing electricity courses through him, Clark swings his knee into Jason's chest, sending him smashing into the side of

A MAINTENANCE TRUCK

Jason stares at Clark, amazed.

CLARK

Give it up, Jason.

But as Clark approaches, Jason picks himself up, lays his hand on the hood of the truck, REVVING the engine to life. He smiles at Clark as he climbs in and hammers his foot on

THE GAS PEDAL.

As the truck RUMBLES towards him, Clark stands like a roadblock, literally stops the vehicle with his hands. Jason looks at Clark in shock, floors the gas. As the wheels CHURN,

CLARK

struggles to keep the vehicle at bay. It slowly begins pushing him back until finally he loses his footing and is sent tumbling. However, as the truck powers over him,

CLARK

grabs the grill. He's dragged forward as the suddenly unrestrained vehicle lurches towards the wall of

THE POOL.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Jason slams on the brakes, but it's too little too late.

INT. POOL - NIGHT

The truck SMASH-RAMS through the wall in an explosion of bricks, skid-turns to a stop at the very edge of the pool. As the dust settles, Jason steps out only to find

CLARK

completely unscathed. Jason stares at him in disbelief, then comes at him again. Clark avoids the blow, swings Jason into

THE POOL.

The electrified boy hits the surface like a match on gasoline. FISSURES OF LIGHTNING CRACKLE across the surface as Jason is engulfed in a furious orgy of HISSING water.

CLARK

shields his eyes until the tumult finally subsides. He steps to the edge, not sure what he's going to find when suddenly

JASON'S PLEADING ARM

bursts out of the water. When Clark hauls Jason onto the concrete, he's amazed to see that he's no longer 14. He's 26, his true age. Clark peers at him, unsure.

CLARK

Jason?

The man nods, looks around dazed. Then stares up at Clark.

JASON

Where am I? Who are you?

Clark realizes Jason has no memory of the events that just occurred. He smiles reassuringly.

CLARK

I'm Clark Kent and you're in
Smallville.

As he helps the man to his feet...

CUT TO:

EXT. GYM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

CLARK -- stands at the door, staring in on the dance, an outsider looking in. Wondering if he'll ever feel their bliss, knowing they can never share his pain.

WHAT HE SEES:

CHLOE AND PETE -- awkwardly dancing, sharing a private joke, no idea of the fate that almost befell them.

LANA AND WHITNEY -- at the center of the floor, the Homecoming King and Queen. With her rhinestone tiara, Lana looks like the fairy princess that graced the cover of Time Magazine all those years ago. As Whitney leans in and softly kisses her.

THE CAMERA FINDS CLARK'S HAND: As it crushes the padlock that Jason put on the door.

Then he pulls the chain free, turns, and is heading through the parking lot when he sees Whitney and the Jocks'

IDENTICAL PICKUP TRUCKS

OFF his mischievous smile...

INT. GYM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

It's slow-dance time. Whitney has his arms wrapped around Lana, who is surreptitiously peering around the room.

WHITNEY

Who are you looking for?

LANA

(lying)

Nobody.

Then A KID rushes in from outside.

KID
You guys have got to see this!

SMASH CUT TO:

THE THREE PICKUP TRUCKS

they're stacked one on top of each other in the middle of the parking lot. Whitney is apoplectic.

WHITNEY
Who did this to my truck!

As the other kids start LAUGHING, Lana just catches sight of Clark disappearing into a cornfield. OFF her curious look...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE NIGHT SKY

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN TO FIND Clark standing at the door of...

INT. HAYLOFT - BARN - NIGHT

He's peering through the telescope, scanning the heavens, thinking of the home he never knew.

JONATHAN (O.S.)
I remember when you asked me for that.
You were ten.

Clark turns.

JONATHAN
I was convinced you knew the truth.

CLARK
I guess somewhere in the back of my mind, I probably did.

JONATHAN
I should have told you then.

Clark doesn't say anything.

JONATHAN
Your grandfather gave me that telescope when I was about your age. I came down to breakfast one morning and there it was. He'd only given me a wallet for my birthday, so I knew something was wrong.

(more)

JONATHAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Then he told me he'd been fighting cancer for years. But I never knew. Two weeks later he was dead.

He looks at Clark.

JONATHAN

I swore I'd never keep something like that from my son.

CLARK

I'm sure he was just trying to protect you.

JONATHAN

I know. But I was still angry at him.

(beat)

No more secrets, Clark. I promise.

Clark nods, accepts his father's apology.

JONATHAN

Now come on down, your mother's been baking.

CLARK

Oh no. Not the...?

JONATHAN

Yep, cherry pie. She's made three of them.

(off Clark's look)

She was worried about you, Clark, you know how she gets when she's worried.

CLARK

It's amazing, she can fix a busted carburetor with her eyes closed but can't bake a pie to save her life.

JONATHAN

God doesn't give with both hands.

CLARK

I'll be down in a minute.

As Jonathan heads away.

CLARK

Dad...

Jonathan turns back.

CLARK

I'm glad you and Mom are the ones that found me.

JONATHAN

We didn't find you, Clark, you found us.

OFF Jonathan's warm smile...

EXT. KENT FARM - NIGHT

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS

as Clark emerges from the barn, strides across the yard. However, as he heads into the house

THE CAMERA TRACKS TO THE KITCHEN WINDOW

Through the glass, Clark enters, embraces Martha. Then the family sits at the table. As Jonathan begins sawing through a pie, Clark smiles, free to be himself, happy to be home.

OFF this image

THE CAMERA SOARS

up over the barn, over the windmill, past the moon and into the star-drenched heavens.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR