

SUPERMAN VS. SUPERMAN
(SUPERMAN III)

by

David Newman and Leslie Newman

Screenplay

Revised, April 1982

Director: Richard Lester

Producers: Alexander Salkind
Ilya Salkind
Pierre Spengler

FADE IN:

INT. UNEMPLOYMENT BUREAU - DAY

ON A WOODEN SIGN HANGING FROM THE CEILING. IT READS:

Metropolis Unemployment Bureau

PAN DOWN TO A ROW OF "TELLERS' CAGES" with long lines of PEOPLE waiting to collect their unemployment checks. A sign above the first window says "A - F", the second window is designated "G - L" and so on.

CLOSE ON THE SECOND WINDOW -- Waiting his turn at the head of the line is a BLACK MAN in his early 30's. He kills time by trying to make a beat-up old wooden yo-yo perform the basic up-and-down maneuver, but he's not very good at it. He looks as if he's down on his luck: shiny pants, slightly frayed collar, an old windbreaker. One of life's chronic losers, he is one of those individuals who continue to believe in themselves despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary. This is GUS GORMAN.

Behind the teller's wicket is a middle-aged female CLERK with the requisite officious manner and heart of stone common to her profession. As the MAN ahead of GUS finishes his turn and walks away, she barks out:

CLERK

Name?

GUS
 (as he tries to
 untangle his
 yo-yo string)
 Gus Gorman.

She pulls his folder from her file, opens it, scowling.

CLERK
 Ah yes, August Gorman. Have
 you looked for work this week,
 Mr. Gorman?

GUS
 (this is a familiar
 routine to him)
 Yeah.

CLERK
 What kind?

GUS
 Kitchen. . . Technician

CLERK
 Dishwasher? Any luck?

GUS
 Nope, but --

CLERK
 Mr. Gorman, according to our
 records you have been unemployed
 for 36 weeks.

GUS
 Thirty-five.

CLERK
 Not counting this week.
 (looking at his folder)
 You secured employment last June
 as a messenger and were discharged
 after one day for. . .

GUS
 They said I lost it on the subway, but
 it ain't the truth! It was a pickpocket
 took it!

CLERK
 A television set?

GUS
 Well, it was one of them little bitty
 two-inch screen Japanese jobs.

CLERK

The only other employment you
found was in a fast-food joint--
(consulting dossier)
-- which lasted. . . 28 minutes! Well!
That's some kind of record. Talk about
fast!

GUS

(protesting)

Man, them people was crazy! How they 'spect
you to learn all that jive on the first day?

"Hold

the pickle! Hold the lettuce! Extra onions!
Special sauce! No special sauce!" Ain't nobody
found no meat inside that glop yet.

CLERK

Mr. Gorman, the city of Metropolis is
generous to a fault, but. . .

GUS

I know, I'm the fault.

CLERK

Thirty-six weeks of chronic unemployment,
thirty-six weeks of living off the taxes of
hard-working citizens. Do you know what
you are?

GUS

Don't call me a bum! I ain't no bum!

CLERK

You are, I was about to say, no longer
eligible.

GUS

(stunned)

What about this week's check?

CLERK

(dismissing him summarily)

Next!

The MAN behind him steps up to the counter as a frustrated, miserable GUS
walks
away. FOLLOW GUS. Muttering to himself about the injustice of it all, he
starts
for the exit, feeling in his pocket for his cigarettes. he takes out a
crumpled
pack, pries the paper open and fishes out his last smoke. . . a bent, shabby-
looking cigarette. He puts the sorry object in his lips and searched his
pockets
for a match. No luck.

NEW ANGLE -- He walks over to a MAN waiting on one of the lines, smoking a cigar.

GUS
Hey brother, got a match?

The MAN hands him a matchbook. GUS takes it and is about to open it and light his cigarette, when the printing on the matchbook catches his eye. He looks closely at it.

INSERT - TIGHT POV: One of those matchbook advertisements for a home-study course. There is a little line drawing of a smiling, successful man, and the sell line:

"EARN BIG MONEY.
BECOME A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER"

HOLD ON THIS TIGHT C.U. OF THE MATCHBOOK AND FREEZE FRAME.
Music: The stirring Superman theme begins.

THE TITLES OF THE MOVIE APPEARS SUPERIMPOSED OVER THESE IMAGES.

CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS STREETS - DAY

(NOTE: The following sequence, which occurs during, under, and with CREDITS is designed as an elaborate, spectacular series of events based on the Rube-Goldberg principle, i.e., a serial development of cause-and-effect, escalating in scope and size. The "gimmick" that further marks this sequence is as follows:

At the moment when each new development of "effect" is just about to manifest itself, the FRAME FREEZES and the next CREDIT (actors, composer, writers, director, etc.) appears. Then the FRAME UNFREEZES, the inevitable action takes place, leading to the next event in the chain of cause-and-effect until that perfect next moment comes when again there is a FREEZE FRAME, a CREDIT, and so on.

In the following, we have refrained from indicating exactly where each FREEZE FRAME and CREDIT should be, as that is more precisely discovered in the editing process. Thus:)

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- The busy streets of Metropolis on a typical weekday morning. Hustle and bustle, PEDESTRIANS and vehicles. It's nine-o'clock and people are on their way to work. As theme music continues, the sequence begins.

1. Coming out the front door of a building is an absolute knockout of a GIRL: voluptuous, sexy, young, and healthy. Her every step casues a series of mind-

boggling ripples. She is seemingly oblivious to the effect she has on passers-by. About 25 years old, this is somebody we will be seeing much more of later.

LORELEI AMBROSIA.

2. As she walks AWAY FROM CAMERA, her rear end reminding us of the proverbial puppies fighting in a sack, a GUY walking down the street from the opposite direction turns to ogle at her and therefore doesn't look where he's going. He bumps into a table-top tray of TOY WIND-UP PENGUINS being sold by a VENDOR. The PENGUINS, about 20 of them, go waddling off in different directions up and down the street.

3. A split-second later, a MAN IN A CAP, also walking in the opposite direction, comes abreast of LORELEI, turns to look at her, doesn't see that right in front of him (he's near the curb) is a street-sign post. He slams into it face first.

4. Clutching his smashed nose, he recoils backwards with a great lurch, banging full-force into a GIRL ON ROLLER SKATES.

5. Knocked off balance, wobbling erratically, she swerves and srashes into a hot dog wagon on the corner of the street. Standing there, buying a morning snack, is the DAILY PLANET photographer and cub reporter JIMMY OLSEN, on his way to the office. The HOT DOG VENDOR has put a frank on a bun and os about to squirt the mustard on it when the ROLLER SKATER crashes into the hot dog wagon. The mustard squirts on Jimmy's face instead and the wagon goes rolling away with considerable momentum.

6. On the corner of the next street are three telephone booths, side by side. In each booth is a CALLER. The LAST CALLER, A WOMAN, holds onto a leash, which dangles outside her phone booth. On the end of this leash is a LITTLE DOG, waiting patiently outside while his mistress talks on the phoneinside. The hot dog wagon, picking up speed, hits the first phone booth with considerable impact.

7. Causing a domino effect: the first booth tips over, with the GUY still inside it. and hits the second booth, tipping it and its OCCUPANT over, and that in turn knocks over the third booth, causing the LADY inside to lose her grip on the leash. Immediately the LITTLE DOG, startled by the crash, goes charging off down the street, trailing his leash.

8. Further down the street is a BLIND MAN holding the handle of the harness attached to his SEEING-EYE DOG stands in a doorway. As the LITTLE DOG comes running by, the SEEING-EYE DOG gets excited and pulls free of his MASTER, chasing the other DOG. Startled, the BLIND MAN staggers out into the street, feeling for his DOG, just as:

9. A WHITE-LINE ROAD PAINTER workman is coming down the avenue, holding the handle of his motorized line-painting machine, which he is guiding precisely down the center of the street, painting, AS WE SEE a straight white line. He is distracted by the CHARGING DOGS and lets go of his machine momentarily. A moment later, the BLIND MAN staggers out into the road, reaches out and grasps what feels exactly like the handle of his Seeing-eye Dog harness. It ain't. It's the line-painting machine.

10. Which now continues down the road guided by a BLIND MAN, and the white line being painted curves, zig-zags, and bends so that any motorist trying to follow it would go berserk.

11. In the meantime, strolling down a side-street, with the characteristically springing step, affable smile for the world, neat suit, hat, and glasses comes none other than CLARK KENT. He suddenly jumps back as the LITTLE DOG comes whizzing by and instinctively reaches down with super-speed to grab the leash. This he does, but if the leash stops, the DOG doesn't. Instead the leash pulls free of the collar, leaving a bemused CLARK standing there holding an empty leash.

12. The DOGS whiz by the MAN IN THE CAP (fellow who keeps banging into things and getting hurt). As he leaps back to avoid them, he falls into an open manhole.

13. In the middle of the street, the white-line maker "guided" by the BLIND MAN, is heading for the area of the street where the open manhole is. The BLIND MAN loses control of the white-line painter and is about to step into the open hole, when:

14. The now-capless bald head of the MAN IN THE CAP emerges from the manhole, just in time for the BLIND MAN to step right on it (like a man crossing a pond by stepping on the stones). The BLIND MAN, busy whistling for his missing dog, never noticed how near to disaster he came, but the bald head of the poor MAN IN THE CAP is now imprinted with a black sole marl.

15. The white-line roller, with nobody steering it, crashes into a little barrier that has been set up on the other side of the open manhole. Customary smudge pots mark the barrier. The white-line roller hits a smudge pot.

16. The smudge pot goes rolling across the gutter, stops. From another direction comes one of those TOY PENGUINS. It hits the smudge pot and is immediately set on fire by the flame.

17. The now flaming PENGUIN continues walking across the street, towards a newspaper stand. Stacked on the curb beside it are a bundle of as-yet-unopened newspapers. The burning toy comes to a stop against the stack, which begins to smoulder.

18. Further down the street is a bank. And just at this moment, running out of the bank, a gun in one hand, a sack of stolen money in the other, comes a BANK ROBBER. A BANK GUARD races from the bank and gives chase. The BANK ROBBER doesn't see:

19. A MAN removing a ladder (the kind which hooks onto clamps from the side of a van truck). As the MAN and ladder turn, the ladder hook grabs the ROBBER'S hands. The MAN WITH THE LADDER, never realizing what he has done, swings round 180 degrees with the ladder and the money bag is pulled off the ladder by:

20. The wires of a scaffold where some BUILDING REPAIRMEN stand, just about to go up the side of a building. A second after the sack is deposited on the platform, the scaffold starts to rise.

21. The BANK GUARD fires at the ROBBER, but his shot misses and hits the windshield of a passing car. The windshield shatters and the DRIVER crashes into a fire hydrant on the curb.

22. Water gushes out of the hydrant, filling up the interior of the car like a goldfish bowl, the DRIVER trapped inside.

23. Across the street, the flaming newspapers have set the entire kiosk on fire.

24. Hearing the screams and shouts, CLARK KENT looks down the street and sees what's happening. Quickly, he looks around for a place to metamorphose sees none.

25. HE dashes down the street, pausing for a regretful look at the three phone booths on their sides (no way for him there). He spots an open storefront with

one of those Photomat Booths inside, enters it, behind the curtain. We hear a coin drop in the slot; the OCCUPIED sign goes on; the lights flash. A moment later, bursting out of the booth. . . SUPERMAN!

26. He's just about to take off, when he does an "Oops!" as he remembers: the four photos drop into the receptacle. AS he turns to go back and get them, a KID wanders by and SUPERMAN grabs them out of his hand. ON THE PHOTOS: They show the change. PHOTO 1" Clark. 2. Clark with glasses off, shirt unbuttoned. 3. Further along. 4. SUPERMAN. Quickly he tears off the fourth picture and hands it to the astonished KID.

27. SUPERMAN lands on top of the car . . . now totally filled with water. Quickly, he rips open the sun roof, reaches inside and hauls the soggy DRIVER out. Then, jumping to the ground, he lifts the car off the hydrant, sets it down, then jams the broken hydrant back into the sidewalk, thereby stopping the gushing water.

28. Across the street, the kiosk is engulfed in flames. SUPERMAN lifts the car, flies across the street with it and turns it upside down over the fire. The water gushes out and douses the flames.

29. JIMMY OLSEN, watching from the sidewalk, sheers:

JIMMY

Way to go, Superman!

30. Up high on the outside of the building, the WORKERS on the scaffold turn to look down at what's happening on the street. ONE OF THEM kicks the sack of money over the side as he turns to look.

31. In the playground of the park on the next street, a YOUNG MOTHER (or a NANNY) lifts a little TODDLER from a baby carriage and sets him on one of end of a see-saw. Now she starts to walk around it to the other end so that she can give the little fellow a gentle see-saw ride. But before she gets there, the falling money bag lands full force on the (up) end of the see-saw.

32. Which causes the other end to fly upwards, catapulting the TODDLER straight up in the air. The YOUNG MOTHER screams.

33. The BABY lands in the topmost branches of a tree and howls.

34. SUPERMAN sees the problem, flies down and rescues the TODDLER. He hands him to the YOUNG MOTHER and flies off.

35. THE TWO PAINTERS are on a scaffold, about two stories up on the side of a

building. One of them turns abruptly as he spots SUPERMAN flying by:

FIRST PAINTER

(to CO-WORKER)
Mike, looks who's here!

And as he turns, he inadvertently licks over one can of paint on its side,
Paint slowly
starts to drip out and over the side.

36. QUICK PAN DOWN TO STREET LEVEL BELOW WHERE WE LOOK through the window of a posh Art Gallery. Inside, a DIGNIFIED GENTLEMAN is paying a large sum of money to the OWNER as his purchase, a large oil painting in gilt frame, is being moved toward the door by the GALLERY WORKERS.

37. The DIGNIFIED GENTLEMAN exits the gallery first. As he steps out, the first drops of paint from the tipped-over paint can above starts to fall. He automatically opens his umbrella at the first sign of falling moisture.

38. After a pause, there seems to be no more precipitation. He closes up his umbrella. A second later, the entire can of paint falls on his head.

39. He reels backwards from the blow and crashes into a penny gumball machine on the sidewalk (outside an adjacent candy store).

40. The gumball machine crashes to the ground, the glass globe breaks and a hundred little gumballs roll onto the sidewalk.

41. Way down the street, the BANK ROBBER is fleeing from the pursuing BANK GUARD, constantly looking over his shoulder to see if he's gaining on him.

42. On the other side of the art gallery, PATRONS in a sidewalk café are being entertained by one of those STREET PERFORMERS seen everywhere lately . . . a second-rate Marcel Marceau, i.e. a white-faced, black leotard-garbed MIME. The MIME is doing the classic routine of a man climbing a hill against a strong wind. He doesn't see the gumballs rolling toward him until it is too late. Desperately trying to maintain his routine, his feet start going out of control, faster and faster. he loses balance completely and falls ungracefully on his ass.

43. The BANK ROBBER dashes down the street, COPS giving chase, and trips on the fallen MIME. The sudden halting of his rapid forward motion sends him falling straight forward just as:

44. The oil painting is being carried out of the gallery to a nearby car. The BAN KROBBER goes head-first right through the painting.

45. On the other side of the painting, a TEENAGER dribbling a basketball is knocked down by the ROBBER. The basketball bounces and goes flying through the

air.

46. It lands in the cooker of a Hot Fog Wagon, which has finally come to a stop against the side of a building. The heat causes the basketball to swell . . . and swell . . .

47. CLARK KENT, in civvies again, comes out of a doorway.

48. ON THE BASKETBALL which swells to the bursting point and explodes. Pieces of rubber and strings of hot-dogs go flying into the air.

49. On street level, LORELEI AMBROSIA comes jiggling down the street, still having no idea of the events she set in motion.

50. Ahead of her, halfway down the block, a panel truck, its doors open, is parked in front of a bakery. A DELIVERY MAN emerges from the bakery, carrying a tray of custard pies.

51. The bakery's DELIVERY MAN doesn't see the hot dogs rolling on the sidewalk. He steps on them, trips. This causes:

52. A custard pie to fly up into the air, heading right for the unsuspecting kisser of LORELEI, who is walking the other way.

53. CLARK spots what is about to happen and, with a very deft move, slides in front of the momentarily startled girl and, in the same motion, reaches one hand up and catches the pie neatly just when it was inches away from her face. Still in one smooth motion, CLARK whisks it away and out of sight like a very clever waiter, as LORELEI, who never noticed, continues on.

54. What CLARK doesn't notice, though, is the bruised battered MAN IN THE CAP who turns the corner exactly at this second and walks smack-on right into the custard pie in CLARK's outstretched hand.

CLARK

Oh! Sorry about that.

55. As the MAN IN THE CAP stands there wiping pie off his face, CLARK steps to the curb and waits for the light to change so he can cross.

56. NEW ANGLE -- A big truck comes down the street. There's a large puddle on the gutter, the residue of an early morning rain. The curbside tires run through the water, causing it to splash CLARK. AS the big splash hits him, this is THE FINAL FREEZE FRAME and the FINAL (DIRECTOR'S) CREDIT.

ON CLARK -- He looks down in mild dismay. His pant legs are soaking wet.

Quickly, he turns and walks into the park entrance. FOLLOW HIM as he sits down on an unoccupied bench. Trying not to call attention to himself, he opens his newspaper, pretends to read it. It is today's DAILY PLANET.

CLOSER ON CLARK -- He looks around to make sure nobody is noticing him. Nobody is. Satisfied, he raises his glasses and looks down at his wet pants.

EFFECTS: The red rays of Heat Vision emanate from his eyes, aims at his pants as he extends his legs on the park bench. In a second, the pants are magically dries and re-pleated.

CLARK
(to himself)
Neatness counts.

Satisfied, he continues to walk to work.

As CLARK walks OUT OF FRAME, PAN UP to the second floor of a small building, the kind where there's a store on the ground floor and a few offices above it. PAN STOPS on the window, on which is lettered:

ARCHIBALD DATA PROCESSING SCHOOL

INT. DATA PROCESSING SCHOOL ROOM - DAY

A bunch of students are clustered around INSTRUCTORS, who sits at the keyboard of a small computer, demonstrating.

FIRST STUDENT
But what if you want to program two
bilateral coordinates at the same time?

INSTRUCTOR
You can't. It's impossible.

FIRST STUDENT
Computer technology is quite advanced,
young man, but it can't do that.

A voice from the assembled students is heard:

VOICE
(hesitantly)
Uh. . .

The GROUP parts to reveal GUS GORMAN. HE mumbles and reaches over to the keyboard. H punches some buttons while the INSTRUCTOR looks on with a patronizing smile. Suddenly the INSTUCTOR'S expression changes to one of astonishment.

INSTRUCTOR

Good Lord! How did you do that?

GUS

(shrugging)

Just did it, that's all.

EXT. DAILY PLANET - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the office building.

INT. PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

INSERT -- On a 8 x 10 photograph laying on a desktop. It shows a handsome MAN in his mid-40's, wearing black tie, standing up at a formal dais table, holding a plaque. A captain of industry who has taken pains to present himself as a "regular guy," this is ROSS WEBSTER.

As CAMERA studies this photo, we hear the voice of PERRY WHITE asking:

PERRY (o.s.)

Who's this?

JIMMY (o.s.)

That's him, Ross Webster. This was just after they presented him with the award for Humanitarian of the Year.

LOIS (o.s.)

Good-looking.

JIMMY (o.s.)

That's because I gave him f.2 at a 50th.

FULL SHOT -- Three PEOPLE are in PERRY'S office, looking at photographs spread out on a table. Shirtsleeves rolled up, tie knot loosened -- that's PERRY WHITE. Surrounded by a great many shiny, chic shopping bags and looking particularly fetching and cheerful today is LOIS LANE. Displaying the photos is JIMMY OLSEN.

PERRY

Olsen, there's one thing I don't understand. The point of the story Lois wrote is how the Ross Webster got this great honor. You bring me one photograph of him and fifteen pictures of this person!

As he says this, he points to a bunch of other photos on the desk:

ON THE PHOTOS -- They are various shots of the same GIRL whose wiggle caused all the chaos on the streets before: LORELEI AMBROSIA. She is seated at the

banquet dais in a low cut gown. As we SEE these, PERRY'S speech continues:

PERRY
Who is she?

JIMMY
Her name's Lorelei Ambrosia. She's
Webster's Girl Friday.

LOIS
Oh, I think Saturday, too.

NEW ANGLE -- As PERRY takes another photo from the pile and studies it.

PERRY
Who's the other woman?

JIMMY
That's his sister. Vera Webster.

PERRY
The picture looks blurry.

LOIS
The picture's fine. That's the way
she looks in real life.

INSERT: ON THE PHOTO -- Showing a no-nonsense, severe-looking woman in
her late 40's. This is Ross' older, spinster sister: Vera Webster.

JIMMY (o.s.)
She's vice-president of Webco
Industries.

ON THEM

PERRY
You're amazing, Olsen. A boring
banquet and you bring back 3,000
boring pictures. Then Superman puts
out a fire on Third Avenue this morning
and you stand there and watch the whole
thing and you don't take one picture!!

JIMMY
I didn't have my camera with me.

PERRY
(exasperated)
A photographer eats with his camera,
A Photographer sleeps with his camera --

LOIS
Glad I'm a writer.

At which point, the door opens and a grumpy, middle-aged WOMAN enters, pushing a bizarre object on wheels before her. The WOMAN is MISS HENDERSON from Circulation Department. The thing she pushes is one of those revolving drum Bingo machines with a hand crank on the side that turns a cog, which makes the hundreds of little white plastic balls churn about until one of them falls into the chute. Attached to it is a big promotional sign, which reads:

"JINGO! Daily Planet Big
Prize Bingo, by JINGO!!"

From this ANGLE we can SEE that in the adjacent office, behind the glass, is a bulletin board with JINGO written over it and a MAN waiting in there.

MISS HENDERSON

Mr. White, please, it's time for you to draw this month's winning JINGO number.

(to LOIS)

The prize is an all-expenses trip to South America.

PERRY

(irritated)

Why can't the idiot in Circulation who dreamed up this imbecile contest in the first place ---

MISS HENDERSON

Because you're the Editor-in-Chief. Your integrity is unquestioned.

LOIS

I have a question.

Suddenly coming through the door is CLARK KENT, almost tripping over the shopping bags around LOIS.

CLARK

Hi, Lois. Morning, Jimmy, you've got mustard on your lapel. Excuse me, Mr. White, I don't mean to interrupt but ---

PERRY

Please, Kent, not now. I'm trying to put out a newspaper here.

And he starts cranking the Bingo machine.

LOIS
It'll never replace the printing press,

boss.

MISS HENDERSON
(impatiently)
What's the number, Mr. White?

CLOSER ANGLE -- PERRY pries apart the plastic ball; it splits into two half-spheres. Inside is a folded piece of paper. He removes it, unfolds it, reads it.

PERRY
(unenthusiastically)
53.

MISS HENDERSON
(calling out in piercing
tones to the next office)
53!

SEEN THROUGH THE GLASS DIVIDER" THE MAN in the next room tacks the number 53 up on the board.

PERRY
Okay? Goodbye.

MISS HENDERSON
You've got to pick three more numbers.

Furiously, PERRY starts to crank the machine again.

CLARK
Mr. White, please, I promised those people I'd get back to them by this morning. What do you think?

PERRY
Look, I don't know, Kent. . .

CLARK
(pitching hard)
Personally, I think it could be a terrific story!

C.U. LOIS -- Accusingly, as if she were being robbed of an assignment.

LOIS
What terrific story?

PERRY
Kent's been invited to his high-school class reunion.

LOIS

Whoopee.

CLARK
(fired up)

It's practically an American ritual,
Mr. White! Isn't that so, Jimmy?

JIMMY
I wouldn't know Mr. Kent. Most of the
people I went to high school with are still
in high school.

MISS HENDERSON
(impatiently)
Could we have the next number already?

PERRY stops cranking, another ball falls out, and he opens it.

MISS HENDERSON
(hollering out)

33!

The GUY in the next room puts up 33.

CLARK
(won't be stopped)

Anyway, the reunion's just the hook
for the story. What it's really about is
how the typical small town's changed
in the last fifteen years. how do you
like this a title: Can You Go Home

Again ?

LOIS
Say!

CLARK
(not picking up
the put-on)
Take me, for instance. Going back to
middle America after having become
a Metropolis sophisticate --

C.U. LOIS -- She looks at CLARK fondly, but she can't quite buy that self-
description.

CLARK
(brightly)
I'm really excited about this. I even --

He opens his briefcase, pulls out a neatly folded maroon wool pullover.

CLARK
-- I was looking through my closet last
and, sure enough, I found my old
high school sweater.

FULL ON HIM as he unfolds it and holds it proudly in front of his chest. In the middle of it, right where the Superman monogram is located, is a big white block letter "S".

ON PERRY, LOIS AND JIMMY looking at him.

ON CLARK -- He points to the "S".

CLARK
(explaining)
Smallville.

NEW ANGLE

MISS HENDERSON
(whiney, nudging)
Mr. White!

Scowling like mad, PERRY cranks the handle again.

PERRY
I'm getting a cramp in my elbow
from this.

CLARK
(helpfully as ever)
Let me do it for you, Mr. White.

With characteristic over-enthusiasm, CLARK starts to crank the handle too rapidly.

CLARK
(eagerly)
So, Mr. White? Can I go ahead and
make my travel arrangements?

LOIS
Exactly what I was about to ask
about me.

Suddenly, the handle breaks off the drum due to CLARK'S over-exertion. He stands there with egg on his face and crank in hand.

MISS HENDERSON
Do you know what that machine cost?

CLARK
Uh. . . sorry --

PERRY
All right, Kent. I just hope you know what
you're doing. If you really think Smallville

is your big chance, go for it.

JIMMY
What about me?

PERRY
What about you?

JIMMY
A story like this cries out for great human
interest pictures.

(envisioning them)
The big dance! The Homecoming Game!
Mr. Kent posing next to his old locker!

LOIS
Hey, I'd definitely shoot color on that
one, Jimmy. It'd be a crime to just use
black and white.

PERRY
Okay, Kent, call your people and tell
them the Prodigal Son is coming home.
FAVORING CLARK -- Happy now, he turns to leave the office. SHOT LOSES PERRY
but
we continue to hear his voice, o.s.

PERRY (o.s.)
I just hope you realize, it's not easy
losing my top reporter --

Beaming at the unexpected compliment, CLARK turns back just as:

FULL SHOT

PERRY
-- but you deserve the vacation, Lois.

CLARK
(surprised)
Oh. You're going away.

LOIS
(kidding, with a grin)
Yeah, well, some of us get to go to
Smallville. And some of us just have
to settle for . . .

She reaches into one of the shopping bags and pulls out the world's teeniest,
tiniest bikini.

LOIS
. . . Bermuda.

CLARK'S eyes widen at the image that comes to his mind.

MISS HENDERSON

(impatient)

Mr. White, the next number, please?

PERRY

How'm I supposed to turn this thing?

MISS HENDERSON

(demonstrating, she tumbles
the drum over by hand)

By hand. Like the pioneers did.

PERRY

Couldn't we just get a computer to
do this?

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - WEBCO - DAY

CAMERA DOLLIES THROUGH TWO GLASS DOORS (POV A ROLLING CART ENTERING THE ROOM).

WE SEE THE WORDS STENCILED ON THE DOOR:

WEBCO INDUSTRIES - DATA PROCESSING CENTER

The room we ENTER is one of those enormous computer centers. Along the walls are the massive data consoles, their tape decks alternately rolling and stopping. Other machines extrude massive print-outs. In the center of the room are desks, one after another, with small table-top computer consoles, the sort that are operated from a keyboard. VARIOUS WORKERS are seen doing their jobs, including the ones operating the keyboard computers. They move rapidly around in a curious and unique fashion: each WORKER sits on a chair that has ball bearing wheels and they propel themselves from terminal to terminal by skittering around without leaving their chairs. To facilitate this action, they all wear white tennis shoes, which grips the floor for maximum purchase. The impression we get is one of robot-like humans zipping around from machine to machine.

WIDE SHOT, REVERSE -- Revealing that the rolling cart which took us into the room is pushed by an EMPLOYEE who stops at each desk and hands each person an envelope . . . it's payday and they're getting their paychecks. As we DOLLY BACK

we SEE in F.G. two desks, side by side, with a keyboard console with video display on each. One of them is manned by our friend with the matchbook: GUS GORMAN. Across the aisle is his fellow-worker, FRED.

The MAN handing out the checks stops at GUS' desk, gives him his.

GUS takes the envelope, opens it, as FRED gets the same and the cart continues on.

CLOSE ON GUS -- He looks in astonished dismay at his check.

GUS
Sonofagun! Look at this here!

FRED
First paycheck?

GUS
First rip-off, man! Supposed to be 225
bucks a week! You know what this sucker
says?? \$143.80!
(reading it, angry)
Federal tax! State tax! Social Security tax!

FRED
That's so you're still getting some money
when you hit 65.

GUS
(gets up, starts to walk)
I ain't gonna live that long on \$143.80!
I want it now, man, while I'm still young
and cool.

INT. EMPLOYEES' CAFETERIA - DAY

GUS and FRED enter the cafeteria, continuing their conversation. TRACK WITH THEM, as they walk down to the coffee machine. GUS mutters and works hi yo-yo with no success.

FRED
Actually, it's probably more like \$143.80
and one-half cent.
(GUS gives him a
puzzled look)
There's always fractions over in a big
corporation, but they round it down to
the lowest whole number.

GUS
What'm I gonna do with half a cent?
Buy me a thoroughbred cockroach?
(pause; he starts to
think about it)
Everybody loses them fractions?

FRED
They don't actually lose 'em. You can't lose

what you never got.

GUS

Who gets it, the company?

FRED

No, not really. They can't be bothered collecting half a cent from your paycheck anymore than you could.

GUS

So where is all them half-centses?

FRED

They're just . . . floating around out there. The computer knows where.

C.U. GUS -- lost in thought

NEW ANGLE -- By now they've reached the coffee urn. FRED pulls the lever and fills two cups, reaches for the bowl of sugar cubes.

FRED

How many sugars?

GUS

One.

(pause. As FRED drops
one in the cup)

And a half.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. WEBCO COMPUTER ROOM - TWILIGHT

WIDE SHOT -- The end of the day. Employees putting on their coats, changing from the white sneakers into normal street shoes, leaving, saying good-night, etc.

ON GUS -- Seated at his keyboard, a faintly manic gleam in his eyes. HE stares at the video display screen, his fingers brushing the keys.

NEW ANGLE -- FRED puts on his jacket, gets ready to leave.

FRED

Quittin' time, Gus. Comin'?

GUS

Uh . . . no, man. I got some work to finish up here.

FRED

(archly)

Workin' overtime? What are you doin', buddy, looking for a raise?

GUS
 (almost to himself)
 Yeah. A raise . .

FRED shakes his head, turns, and leaves.

LONG SHOT -- the data processing center is empty of PEOPLE now. Just the computers and GUS.

MED. CLOS ON GUS -- he takes his paycheck out of the envelope again and looks closely at it.

INSERT -- ON THE UPPER RIGHT CORNER OF THE CHECK is a short sequence of numbers and letters.

GUS
 (repeating them aloud)
 368zzx4.

TIGHT ANGLE -- he punches those numbers and letters on his keyboard.

ON THE VIDEO DISPLAY -- the numbers and letters appear on the screen. Then, a moment later:

HELLO.
 WEBCO PAYROLL DIVISION.
 GIVE COMMAND COORDINATES.

ON GUS -- a broad grin.

GUS
 (a man who sees the future
 opening before him)
 Yeah !

He begins to punch coordinates into the keyboard.

In a QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS, WE SEE VARIOUS COMPUTERS OF DIFFERENT TYPES, IN DIFFERENT LOCATION as they begin to flash, and/or light up and/or turn their memory bank tapes and/or beep and/or do other 'computer stuff'. The effect is to clearly indicate that what GUS is doing is having a result, that his computer is activating other.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

MED. LONG SHOT -- A Greyhound bus is travelling down a two-lane highway, which runs alongside a woodsy, rural area.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

A lot of the PASSENGERS are sleeping. A few read by the little individual overhead lights. Perhaps a couple cuddling in the back seat. Seated side by side toward the rear of the bus are CLARK and JIMMY. CLARK is half-dozing and trying to seem interested in what is obviously an interminable story that JIMMY is telling him.

JIMMY

But my Uncle Al, on my father's side, he won't eat her stuffing, he says it should be cooked on the outside of the turkey and she puts the stuffing inside the turkey. So my mother told my Aunt Ellen . . . Aunt Ellen's my father's half-sister, I told you that, right?

CLARK

Mmmm . . .

JIMMY

The thing is though, my cousin Arnold, Aunt Rosey's Arnold this is, he got mad when Uncle Al insulted his mother's stuffing, so now the problem is --

CLARK

(suddenly alert,
looking forward)

What's that?

POV: LOOKING FORWARD DOWN THE AILSE -- The bus has stopped. Out the windshield we SEE a red glow on the horizon that lights up the sky.

TWO SHOT -- CLARK AND JIMMY

JIMMY

Wow, what a beautiful sunrise!

CLARK

At one o'clock in the morning?

CLOSER ON THE WINDSHIELD -- We now SEE police cars with dome lights blocking the road, barrier set up.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A few minutes later. The BUS DRIVER has gotten out to talk to the POLICEMAN blocking the road. CLARK, JIMMY, and some OTHER PASSENGERS have come out of the bus also to find out what's happening.

Throughout the following, CUT TO VARIOUS ANGLES showing other traffic being halted and one lane cleared for emergency vehicles to pass through: ambulances, fire trucks, National Guard truck, etc.

STATE POLICEMAN

It's your choice. Turn back or pull over to the side of the road till it's over.

BUS DRIVER

How long'll that take?

STATE POLICEMAN

You never know with forest fires. And this one is spreading like . . .

(he has no choice but to finish the sentence

he started)

. . . wildfire. We got 10,000 acres of timber going up like matchsticks and a south wind.

CLARK

What's the south wind got to do with it?

STATE POLICEMAN

Iroquois Trail Power Plant is just eight miles south of the fire.

JIMMY

The nuclear power station?

JIMMY turns and runs back onto the bus.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

JIMMY grabs his camera from the overhead rack, dashes out again.

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

CLARK

How did it start?

STATE POLICEMAN

Nine times out of ten it's some careless camper.

CLARK

Are there campers trapped in there?

STATE POLICEMAN

We're doing our best to get 'em out.

JIMMY comes out of the bus, pulls CLARK aside.

JIMMY

Keep talking to that state trooper so he doesn't notice where I'm going, okay?

CLARK

What are you doing?

JIMMY

You know what Mr. White said. A photographer always goes after a story.

He starts to sneak off into the nearby forest.

CLARK

Jimmy, it's dangerous!

On JIMMY -- The swashbuckling bravado of a 19 year-old:

JIMMY

Danger? That goes with the territory, Mr. Kent.

And he ducks into the woods.

C.U. CLARK -- making a decision.

NEW ANGLE -- As more cars have been stooped, a DRIVER, in F.G. gets out of his car to walk forward toward the barrier to see what's going on. CLARK looks around to make sure nobody is noticing him. Then, quickly, he opens the right-hand side back door of the empty car and enters. A split-second later he emerges from the left-hand side as . . . SUPERMAN! He takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST FIRE - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOTS (STOCK FOOTAGE): A terrific forest fire is raging. Miles and miles of burning trees, rushing winds.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS (STOCK FOOTAGE) INSIDE THE FIRES ITSELF ON GROUND LEVEL.

1. Flaming trees, timber crashing.
2. Animals running in panic.
3. Sheets of flame sweeping through woods.

Followed by VARIOUS QUICK SHOTS of brave and hard-working FIREFIGHTERS right in the thick of it, doing what they can:

1. Spading up the ground with shovels and hoes, trying to create firebreaks.

2. Chain-saws at work bringing down trees to clear area.

3. A portable pump with hose attached drawing water from a small pond or creek in the area.

Throughout all this, we have the impression of a blazing inferno of terrific proportions with sheets of flame and sounds of fire and falling trees and whipping winds.

EXT. STAGING AREA, FOREST FIRE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- The command post of the firefighting operation.

Ambulances

with MEDICS ready; fire trucks; hot soup and coffee wagons; EXHAUSTED FIREFIGHTERS getting a break, taking oxygen, drinking coffee, etc; FRESH TROOPS

putting on their gear.

CLOSER-- THE FIRE CHIEF, clad in woodsy raiment, but with a badge denoting his status, stands conferring with his AIDE. He looks haggard, hot, worried. He holds a walkie-talkie. Suddenly, SUPERMAN lands in the area.

SUPERMAN

Chief, how can I help?

FIRE CHIEF

(calling to assistant)

Get this man a helmet and a ---

(suddenly realizes

who it is)

Oh! It's you!

(calling to assistant)

No helmet!

SUPERMAN

What's the story?

FIRE CHIEF

This is a fierce one, Superman. We've got a hundred and twenty men on the northeast border building firebreaks. I've got volunteers coming in from as far away as Ohio. They're doing all they can, but --

CAMERA PANS TO SEE EXHAUSTED FIREFIGHTERS, faces covered with soot, sitting on

the ground and breathing deeply from oxygen masks, trying to get themselves together, as speech continues:

FIRE CHIEF (o.s.)

they're only human.

PAN CONTINUES TO A NEARBY AREA WHERE WE SEE, coming toward the soup kitchen, a bedraggled and besmirched BOY SCOUT TROOP (about EIGHT BOYS AND A SCOUT MASTER)

who were obviously evacuated from the forest. They are all turning and giving dirty looks to someone who walks a few paces behind them: a LONE BOY SCOUT, looking very forlorn and guilty, holding two fire making sticks and a bow.

This

is obviously the twerp who started the forest fire in the first place.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

In the middle of the forest, a log cabin sits in a clearing. Beside it is one of those butane gas tanks. The fire envelops it.

NEW ANGLE -- The butane tank explodes. The cabin explodes. Flames devour it in seconds.

EXT. FOREST FIRE - NIGHT

Leaping out from the tops of the trees, whizzing on the high winds, sparks and fire balls sail through the air.

ON AN UNSCHORCHED PART OF THE FOREST -- Fire balls land in a clear area. In VARIOUS ANGLES, WE SEE new fires start up.

NEW ANGLE -- as FIREFIGHTERS race into this area and begin flailing away at the fresh brushfires with shovels and picks, trying to extinguish these new fires before they really get going.

EXT. WATCH-TOWER, FOREST - NIGHT

LONG SHOT -- A wooden tower used for fire-spotting in the middle of the forest.

From this distance, we can barely make out that somebody is up there in the tower, standing on the ledge.

CLOSER ON THE TOWER -- It's JIMMY OLSEN, who has secured himself a marvelous vantage point for taking photos of the fire.

WIDE ANGLE ON THE TOWER--what he doesn't realize is that the flames are creeping up behind the tower and will soon envelop it.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS OF FIREFIGHTERS building firebreaks. It is a slow and laborious process. Some MEN chop down trees to clear the break line. Others turn the fresh

earth with spades. Others haul the fallen timber out of the way. They work feverishly, but it's hard work and slow going.

NEW ANGLE -- SUPERMAN lands in their midst. They're so exhausted they can barely muster up the customary surprise.

SUPERMAN
(all business)
Stand back, guys. Where do you

want this firebreak?

CREW LEADER
(pointing)
From there to there.

FAVORING SUPERMAN as he quickly selects a stout, tall tree. As the MEN watch in astonishment, SUPERMAN grabs the base of the tree and with --

EFFECTS: SUPER-STRENGTH (and a bit of super-strain) he pulls the tree out of the ground, roots and all.

Quickly he hauls it to a clear area and ties a length of cable around it, creating an instant harness for himself.

NEW ANGLE -- He throws the cable over his shoulders, hooks his arm in it, and begins to race at:

EFFECTS: SUPER-SPEED straight through the heavily wooded area. The tree, pulled behind him like a horizontal plow, knocks down all the trees in its path. They fall to either side like so many pick-up sticks.

LONG SHOT -- The FIREFIGHTERS stand at the point of his departure and see the instant firebreak being created before their eyes.

LONG WIDE ANGLE DOWN (ARIAL SHOT) -- We SEE the firebreak forming, the tall trees crashing down to the ground on either side of the blue speedball that is SUPERMAN.

ON THE FORMAN OF THE FIREBREAK CREW, who speaks into his walkie-talkie to the central command post:

FORMAN
Chief, this is the North Boundary Crew.
We've got a firebreak that should contain

it on our end.

EXT. COMMAND POST, FOREST - NIGHT

CHIEF

(to walkie-talkie)

It's not going to be that easy on the south side. The winds are blowing fireballs right over the breaks.

EXT. IROQUOIS TRAIL NUCLEAR POWER STATION (TOWERS) - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- An icon of our times: the three concrete silos we associate with nuclear energy stations, c.f. Three Mile Island. In the distance, we SEE the glow of the fire.

ON THE GATE surrounding the tower closest to the forest. A number of SCIENTISTS, SECURITY MEN, etc. are standing there watching the approaching fire through binoculars. Behind them, we SEE the largest of the towers looming.

A very worried PLANT SUPERVISOR puts down his binoculars and turns to the SECURITY CHIEF standing beside him.

PLANT SUPERVISOR

Man, if that fire gets much closer, we're going to have ourselves some big trouble.

SECURITY CHIEF

The nuclear reactor?

PLANT SUPERVISOR

(grimly)

You figure it out. That --
(points at tower)

is a cooling tower, right? The nuclear core inside it is stabilized by the temperature. If the fire gets here, it'll stop being a cooling tower, and turn into a furnace.

C.U. SECURITY CHIEF

SECURITY CHIEF

Oh, my God! You mean a melt-down!

PLANT SUPERVISOR

Get the civil defense people on the phone. We may have to evacuate the whole damn state!

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST, A-FRAME COTTAGE - NIGHT

An A-frame summer cottage has been constructed in a clearing in the woods.

ANGLE

FAVORS the big glass façade of it, one enormous picture window with wood trim.

The window reflects the fire coming closer to the house.

CLOSER ON THE GLASS as it begins to heat up and distort the image of the encroaching flames. Suddenly, the window buckles and blows out with a terrific crash.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

MED. LONG SHOT -- HEADING TOWARD CAMERA, a camper trailer (recreational vehicle) is speeding down a dirt road, trying to get to safety. But its back end has already caught on fire.

ON THE CAB -- A TERRIFIED DRIVER, HIS WIFE, AND THEIR KID in there.

NEW ANGLE -- Finally, as the flames begin to consume more of the vehicle, the DRIVER brakes to a halt. HE and his family run like hell away just before the trailer explodes in a ball of fire.

EXT. COMMAND POST, FOREST - NIGHT

The CHIEF looks incredulous at something he's just heard over his walkie-talkie.

CHIEF

What??!

(to walkie-talkie)

How did he get there?

(to AIDE beside him)

Some lunatic is up in the watch-tower taking pictures.

AIDE

So?

CHIEF

So that tower's right in the middle of pure hell right now!

EXT. WATCHTOWER, FOREST - NIGHT

MED. CLOSE ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER -- JIMMY is taking photos, so intent and excited that he doesn't realize what danger he's in.

LONG SHOT -- The flames attack the struts of the tower. They start to collapse. The entire tower buckles and topples forward like a man with two (suddenly) broken legs.

TIGHTER ANGLE -- As it falls. JIMMY is hurled out of the tower onto the ground.

ON JIMMY-- He lays there, moaning in pain, clutching his leg (which is broken). Surrounded by fire. Things look very bad for him.

ANGLE UP -- Suddenly, SUPERMAN appears walking through a wall of flame. He is

unhurt by the fire. He makes his way to the fallen JIMY, lifts him up and flies out of the fire.

EXT. COMMAND POST, AMBULANCES - NIGHT

The area of the command post where the ambulances are waiting. DOCTORS, NURSES, MEDICS, etc. stand by.

SUPERMAN lands with JIMMY in his arms and gently lays him on one of the stretchers just by the ambulance.

SUPERMAN
Easy, Jimmy.

JIMMY
(in pain)
It's my leg.

SUPERMAN looks at Jimmy's leg. We see an X-ray shot of the broken bone.

SUPERMAN
(to the MEDIC)
It's a clean break right across the fibula.

CUT TO COMMAND POST as a breathless FIREFIGHTER runs up to report to his CHIEF.

FIREFIGHTER
The water supply is practically gone!

CHIEF
(worried)
We've got to get water!

FIREFIGHTER
How? Lake Comooga is five miles from here. We haven't got a five mile hose.

C.U. SUPERMAN -- as he hears about the problem.

SUPERMAN
Where is this lake?

CHIEF
(points)
That way.

SUPERMAN immediately flies off in that direction.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

MED. WIDE SHOT -- SUPERMAN lands at the edge of a lake about 200 yards long and wide. He surveys the expanse of water before him. Then:

SPECIAL EFFECTS: He blows a steady gust of ice-breath across the surface of the lake. In moments, the entire surface freezes solid.

NEW ANGLE -- He bends down and grasps the edge of the ice cover in his hands. It's about five-inches thick. Slowly, he begins to pull and lift at the same time.

WIDE SHOT -- The entire platter of ice, the size of the lake, is lifted off the top. Holding it before him, SUPERMAN flies into the sky.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

An amazing sight: SUPERMAN FLYING toward the glowing red sky where the forest fire rages, holding the enormous ice platter before him.

He arrives over the center of the forest fire. He flings the frozen lake over the fire. As the ice starts to fall, the heat from below melts it and turns in into a tremendous torrent of water.

VARIOUS ANGLES -- The melted lake water puts out the major part of the fire.

ON THE GROUND, REACTIONS from the FIREFIGHTERS, etc. Total joy and amazement.

EXT. IROQUOIS TRAIL NUCLEAR POWER TOWER - NIGHT

The flames have spread to the base of the tower now, licking at the sides. CREWS of WORKERS, SCIENTISTS et al have been hastily organized into firefighting units. They are hosing down the sides of the main tower, trying to cool it. Steam erupts as the water hits the hot concrete.

SECURITY GUARD

It's not going to work! It's too hot now!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

SUPERMAN flies at top speed toward the Iroquois Trail towers in B.G.

INTERCUT SHOTS of SUPERMAN closer to the familiar silos and FIREFIGHTERS on the ground, trying to hose down the silo and put out the encroaching flames all around it.

LONG SHOT -- SUPERMAN flies directly into the largest concrete silo.

INT. INNER CHAMBER, NUCLEAR REACTOR - NIGHT

Sound: a strident alarm going continuously, a sound of panic.

ON A GAUGE -- A needle has zipped into the Red for Danger area and is wobbling wildly at the end of the scale.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a harried SCIENTIST in white coat.

SCIENTIST

It's going right off the end of the scale, Dr. Harris!

FULL SHOT -- The outer chamber of the reactor. SCIENTISTS at their stations, manning dials. Behind three thick glass shields we SEE into the inner chamber where no man can go. Mechanical robot-arms are controlled from the outer chamber.

DR. HARRIS

Start the emergency cooling procedure.

CLOSER ON THE WINDOW showing the inner chamber -- all stainless steel and white tile. In the center, on a kind of platform, the nuclear core glows red hot, emanating pulsations of radiation. A fearful thing. It appears to be two cylinders, each about a foot long, and as it approaches destabilization, the two cylinders (one above the other) are moving closer and closer to each other. It is clear that if they join it will be irrevocable. Melt-down will occur.

SCIENTIST

It isn't helping! We're about two minutes from melt-down!

Suddenly, SUPERMAN lands inside the chamber.

DR. HARRIS

Superman!
(talking though intercom)
Be careful! There's enough radiation in that core to light up the whole country for a year!

SUPERMAN

Don't worry. I'll just stabilize it.

CLOSER -- SUPERMAN grasps the red-hot cylinders. A fleeting expression on his face lets us know the even he finds this pretty hot stuff. Slowly, with great caution and great power, he pulls the two cylinders apart further and further, back into their housing.

ON THE GAGE -- The needle drops back to NORMAL.

Sound: the alarm that has been ringing suddenly quits.

REACTIONS -- Incredible relief from the SCIENTISTS. Mopping their brows, etc.

SUPERMAN smile to the scientists and flies up and out of the silo.

DR. HARRIS
 (in wonderment)
 It isn't very scientific, gentlemen,
 but I tell you that man is a miracle.

EXT. SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

C.U. (PROFILE) of a very little OLD LADY: ancient, now-retired teacher MINNIE BANISTER, peering at the shirt and tie on a chest, which is exactly at her eye level. As she cranes her neck upwards to address the head on top of this body and says:

MINNIE BANNISTER
 You really have grown, Clark.

WE PAN UP WITH HER GAZE to REVEAL CLARK KENT smiling gently down at her.

CLARK
 You're looking well, Miss
 Bannister.

WIDER -- The gym is decorated: crepe paper, balloons, posters, colored lights, and blow-ups of the old black and white graduation photos of the alumni, including one of the series, studios, bespectacled young CLARK KENT, mixed with standard yearbook shots of the great moments of the class of '65 (big games, Senior Prom, production of 'Our Town,' etc.).

Surrounded by COUPLES dancing to the strains of Golden Oldies from their high school era, CLARK continues to make polite chat with MINNIE BANNISTER until, suddenly, he focuses on something across the room.

CLARK'S POV: Across the room, a YOUNG WOMAN about his age has just entered the gym, carrying a stack of records in one arm and a stack of paper plates in the other. Red-haired and very pretty in an all-American way, LANA LANG seems like the kind of girl who would instantly be surrounded by friends and admirers. Oddly, she's not. In fact, she is the only woman here without a mate or even a date. As if to play down her aloneness, she instantly gets busy, quickly checking the refreshments and adjusting a loose decoration. But then, as she picks up her plates and records again and turns to CAMERA she sees, through the spaces between dancing COUPLES, something that makes her stop. And smile.

C.U. LANA -- Her eyes sparkling with delight as she mimes the word to him:

LANA

Clark?

C.U. CLARK -- A warm smile for her as he too mouths her name:

CLARK

LANA?

As we are SEEING all this interplay, we are at the same time hearing:

MINNIE BANNISTER (o.s.)

I can't complain. Oh, I take the stairs a bit slower these days, and of course I get these spells, but I can't complain...

CLARK

Will you excuse me, Miss Bannister?
There's someone I really have to say hello to.

NEW ANGLE -- FULL SHOT as they make their way to each other.

CLOSER -- There's a lot of unspoken past history between CLARK and LANA. Indeed, he had a serious crush on her during all his young years and she knew it even if she didn't acknowledge it then. Now, fifteen years later, they are very glad to see each other again.

CLARK

Lana Lang. How great to see you.

LANA

Clark.

She suddenly leans forward and kisses him on the cheek.

(A NOTE ON LANA LANG: Lana is one of these people, who, both by nature and by exigencies of her situation, seems to be carrying on three conversations at once and often doing two or three different tasks at once. Although such people seem perfectly clear in their own minds about the direction their thoughts are going in, it's often confusing and disconcerting to others. As Lana is often keeping three conversation balls in the air simultaneously, Clark is hardput to keep up

with her, getting lost in the conversation, thinking she means one thing, when in fact she's gone on to another subject. The effect is comical for us, a bit unsettling for him, and should finally be genuinely charming and adorable in his eyes. In the dialogue as written, Lana's separate thoughts are indicated by breaks and indications, but in performance they should run right into each other non-stop).

LANA

You look wonderful.

CLARK

You always did.

(indicating plates
and dishes)

Can I give you a hand with that?

They start walking toward the buffet table. TRACK WITH THEM.

LANA

No, I can manage, This is the first time you've been back since your mom passed away, isn't it?

(as he nods)

I can't believe it.

TRACK WITH THEM.

LANA

No, I can manage, This is the first time you've been back since your mom passed away, isn't it?

(as he nods)

I can't believe it. You came all the way from Metropolis just for this dinky little reunion?

They stop.

CLARK

You shouldn't say that, you're the chairman --

(uncertainly)

...uh, chairperson...

LANA

(struck by the thought)

And here I am, just standing here. That's terrible. Thank you.

CLARK

(confused)

You're welcome...??

LANA

For reminding me, I mean. Can
you follow me?

She changes direction, starts to walk toward the music area where a D.J. has
a
record player set up.

CLARK

I'm trying to.

He follows her. As they reach the TEENAGE D.J.:

LANA

I just have to give these to
the --

Smiling at CLARK, she doesn't realize she setting the paper plates, not
records,
down by the D.J.'s set-up. The D.J. is about to protest, but LANA has already
turned away and walks briskly to the nearby buffet table again.

CLARK

I heard you and Donald split
up.

LANA seems not to hear him as she sets the stack of records down on the
buffet
table.

LANA

Did you eat yet?

She grabs a record off the top of the stack, scoops up a ladleful of potato
salad, sees suddenly that she's just about to dump it on a record.

LANA

(shaking her head)
That's not right.
(to Clark)
Yes, you're right about me
and Donald but -- hold it a
sec, okay?

She hands the full scoop of potato salad to CLARK, picks up the stack of
records
and takes them over to the D.J. HOLD ON CLARK, holding a scoop of potato
salad,
feeling foolish. At this precise moment, TWO of the more successful-looking

ALUMNI drift by with their WIVES.

FIRST MAN

Hey, Kent.

SECOND MAN

How ya' doin'?

CLARK is about to shake hands. At the last moment he has to transfer the scoop of potato salad awkwardly to his left hand. The COUPLES drift off, smiling, CLARK watching them as the FIRST MAN murmurs to the SECOND MAN:

FIRST MAN

Some guys never change...

VERTICAL PAN UP TO a blown-up black and white high school photo of serious, somewhat awkward-looking teenage CLARK KENT. CAMERA PANS ACROSS WALL OF DECORATIONS, COMING TO A STOP ON A BIG PHOTO BLOW-UP of a handsome young blonde football player. It is captioned Brad Wilson -- All State 1964. In the picture he holds the ball, arm cocked back to pass for a touchdown. He looks like a young, blonde Greek god. As we SEE this, we hear, off screen:

BRAD (o.s.)

(noticeably drunken
voice)

The game against Mid-City,
that's the one I'll never forget.
Fourth quarter, score was tied,
and we're backed up on our
own 25-yard line. The Coach
sends in a play -- Right Flanker
Option. But I knew I could throw
a long one. See, I knew that their
cornerback was hurtin' and...

In the middle of the above, PAN DOWN FROM PHOTO to reveal the MAN who is bragging about his past exploits. Quite a shocking change from the photo. Hair

thinning, surly, and possessing the bloated looks of a thirtyish ex-athlete going to pot, this is BRAD WILSON. He's talking to TWO CLASSMATES. Suddenly, he

stops and his face lights up as LANA passes nearby. FOLLOW HIM as he hurries, just a little unsteadily, to her side. As:

Music: D.J. puts on a record of "Earth Angel." We hear the tune but not the lyric.

BRAD

Here I am, honey, and I'm all
yours.

(with boozy, over-
bearing "gallantry")

Remember when you were Queen of
the Prom? All the guys had to wait in

line to get a dance.
 (they have reached the
 buffet table where

Clark waits)
 But now there's only one name on
 your dance card, sweet thing, and
 it's --

CLARK

(recognizing him)
 Brad Wilson.

BRAD
 Hiya, Kent, long time no see.
 Not that you ever could.
 (points to CLARK'S
 glasses)
 "See" I mean,
 (he cracks up at
 his dumb joke)
 Hahaha!

BRAD grabs LANA'S arm. She pulls away, simultaneously slipping her other arm
 through CLARK'S.

LANA
 I can't
 (quickly)
 Clark already asked me.
 (to CLARK)
 Didn't you?
 (to BRAD, improvising)
 He used to love this song.
 (to CLARK)
 Didn't you?
 (to BRAD)
 So he just said --
 (to CLARK, a bit
 desperately)
 "Would you dance with me?"

CLARK
 Sure, Lana, I'd love to.

As they glide away onto the dance floor, LANA close to CLARK, BRAD scowls,
 jealous and pissed-off.

WATCH THEM dance for a few moments. There's chemistry there, just beginning
 to
 assert itself.

INT. CHECK MACHINE

UNDER A SIGN THAT SAYS "WEBCO, PAYROLL DEPT." a big check printing machine,
 activated by computer, is spewing forth its payload" check after check comes
 out
 of a slot and the stack grows higher.

INT. DATA PROCESSING COMPUTER ROOM

As before, the MAN with the cart is handing out the paychecks.

MAN

Gorman. Another week, another check.

(gives him his envelope)

GUS

You got another one there for me?

MAN

(laughing)

What??

GUS

I put in a voucher for expenses. Thought it might have come through.

The MAN looks and is surprised to find, indeed, another envelope with GUS'S name.

MAN

Oh yeah. Here you go.

CLOSE ON GUS -- He holds the envelope in his hand, trying not to show his excitement. But you can practically hear his heart pounding. Now, almost afraid to look, he slowly edges the check out of its envelope. He closes both eyes. Now he opens one eye and peeks.

INSERT -- On the "Expenses" check emerging from the envelope.

First we SEE the name: AUGUST GORMAN. And then...the amount: \$85,789.80!

GUS (o.s.)

(quietly)

Pennies from heaven.

INT. SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

TIGHT C.U. LANA -- Looking RIGHT

LANA

(voice echoing slightly)

Thanks for helping me out.

TIGHT C.U. CLARK -- Looking LEFT

CLARK
 (voice echoing slightly)
 Are you kidding? There must be
 a lot of guys who'd like to be in
 my place.

EXTREME LONG SHOT -- CLARK and LANA are no longer dancing. The party's over and they are standing on top of the two tall ladders at opposite ends of the now deserted gym. A space at least as large as a basketball court is between them, explaining the hollow rings in their voices. They talk in conversational tones, but louder than normally. They are engaged in taking down the decorations after the reunion; the party's over. Crepe paper, banners, photos, etc. are coming down and being stacked or discarded. The full bright gym lights are on now; no ambiance any more. Between them is the platform that served as the bandstand earlier; the electric piano and some of the loudspeakers are still there. The feeling is one of 'after the ball.'

(Note: throughout the following, LANA uses her various tools...claw hammer, staple extractor, etc....with marked skill and dexterity).

LANA
 (wryly)
 You'd be surprised how many offers
 I didn't get. Even Brad wouldn't
 stick around for this.
 (as she tries to

untack a long crepe
 paper streamer)
 It really isn't easy.

CLARK
 (thinking she means
 the task at hand)
 The streamers? They're no
 problem, you just pull on
 them and --

He does so on a streamer near his ladder. It cascades to the floor in a great colorful heap.

FAVORING LANA

LANA
 Not the streamers. Everything.
 Not that I'm complaining. It's
 just that -- I don't know why
 but I feel like I can talk to you.
 CLARK

(some distance away)
What?

LANA
(louder)
I feel like I can talk to you!

FAVORING CLARK -- who looks pleased

CLARK
Well, I always wished you
would. Back when you were --
(he hesitates)

ON LANA -- as she reaches up and takes down a big, captioned photo of a
teenaged
LANA and a YOUNG MAN (DONALD) dressed as King and Queen of the Senior Prom.
DONALD is grinning proudly at the camera while LANA gazes adoringly at him.

LANA
(finishing CLARK'S
sentence)
Queen of the Prom?

With that she drops the picture from the top of the ladder. It falls with a
thud
to the gym floor.

LANA
And three years after the
Royal Wedding, the King
abdicated.
(climbing down the
ladder now, suddenly
looking away from CLARK)

Isn't that terrible?

CLARK
(compassionately, as he
too, climbs down his
ladder)
It sure is.

LANA

(but she meant something
else, as she points to
buffet table:)
There must be a gallon of potato
salad left over.

She walks over to the bowl, peers into it, finally turns back to CLARK who
has
joined her there.

LANA
You know what's the problem?

CLARK
 (tentatively)
 Too much mayonnaise?

LANA
 Mayonnaise? Donald loved
 mayonnaise. Why would you
 think that was the problem.?

CLARK
 (very confused)
 I didn't --

LANA
 No, the problem is --
 (heatedly)
 Why do I stay in Smallville?
 Believe me, I've asked myself
 the same question. Do you know
 how lucky you are to live in
 Metropolis?
 (eyes shining)
 The Big Apricot.

CLARK
 But Lana, you could --

ON LANA

LANA
 (wistfully)
 That's easy to say. But how?
 And what about Ricky?

CLARK
 (completely at sea)
 Who?

LANA
 Ricky. My little boy. At least
 here we've got a house. and I've
 got a job. Okay, I'm only a
 secretary, okay, but it pays the
 bills. Except for last winter
 when the fuel bills kept going
 up and up and up.
 (extends her hand, eyes
 her bare ring finger)
 I even had to pawn my diamond
 ring then.

ON CLARK -- Distressed for her.

CLARK

Gee...

LANA (o.s.)

(resignedly)

I guess there's nothing I can
do about that.

TWO SHOT -- But CLARK realizes that now she's talking about something else,
as
she points upward.

ANGLE UP -- There at the top of the gym roof, a cluster of balloons stick to
the
ceiling.

LANA

(a little shrug)

Well, we can't fly up there and
get them.

QUICK C. U. CLARK -- A fleeting, private smile.

NEW ANGLE -- As CLARK starts to gather up the fallen streamers from the
floor.

LANA glances over at him.

LANA

(tentatively)

You...um...you never got married?

CLARK

Oh...I came close once.

As LANA starts to stack stuff in the corner of the gym, CLARK idly turns to
the
piano, strikes a chord. Then:

CLARK

(singing quietly,
his favorite oldie)

"Earth Angel, Earth Angel,
Please be mine...

ON LANA -- She stops and turns, looks at him fondly, smiling.

LANA

That song. I remember one day
I came into the music room and
you were fooling around at the
piano. And I thought -- what am
I going to do with all this potato
salad?

CLARK

(confused)

You thought that?

LANA
 (going back to
 square one)
 I thought "Clark Kent has a
 really nice voice." You didn't
 even know I was there.

ON CLARK -- He stops singing, almost blushing.

ON LANA -- She hasn't noticed. She is standing looking at a photo that has not yet been taken down from the wall -- that smiling and serious young face of CLARK KENT.

LANA
 (quietly)
 You know, years later you can
 look at someone and think, well,
 I guess that's the one, that's the
 one that got away.

C.U. CLARK -- That really got to him.

INT. ROSS WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

ON ROSS WEBSTER in a spectacularly lush office, filled with amazing gadgets and décor. This is our first meeting with the man himself and we quickly see his style is that calculatedly gruff "democratic" jolly camaraderie reminiscent of Nelson Rockefeller. in other words, this is a guy who insists on having his servants call him by his first name, but that doesn't mean he would ever invite one to sit at his table. At this moment in time, the Humanitarian of the Year is clearly upset about something.

ROSS
 Give it to me again, fella. Just
 run it by me one more time.

REVERSE, WIDE ANGLE -- Standing on the other side of the massive desk is an elderly man in a dark business suit who looks extremely ill-at-ease. This is the Chief Accountant of Webco. MR. SIMPSON.

SIMPSON
 (extremely nervous)
 85,000 dollars.

ROSS
 Missing????

SIMPSON
 Embezzled, Mr. Webster.
 (he can barely say it)

Stolen from the firm.

From off-screen, a strident voice that could curdle milk rings out; it is the voice of VERA WEBSTER, the sister.

VERA (o.s.)

By whom?

BOTH MEN turn sharply in the direction of the voice. PAN TO a door that connects to an anteroom. Dressed in a suit that somehow reminds us of Joseph Stalin, VERA, in a foul mood, enters.

VERA

That's what I want to know!

By whom? Whom????

ROSS

Get a hold of yourself, Vera.

(under his breath)

Nobody else ever will.

SIMPSON

I don't know who. Whom. I can't trace it.

(years of bitterness
coming out)

In the old days it was simple. We kept books, we had ledgers, we could see what was going in and what was paid out. If somebody wanted to rob you, he'd come in with a gun and say 'stick 'em up.'

(frustrated)

Now they get theses blasted computers to do their dirty work!

ROSS

My friend, you are yesterday.

Whoever pulled this caper is tomorrow.

Suddenly, the door flies open and LORELEI bursts in, all a-twitter.

LORELEI

Ross, honey, it's time for your massage...

VERA

(furious)

Bubba, does this woman have the right to burst in without

knocking...!

VERA is seething with animosity: LORELEI looks at her with undisguised loathing.

ROSS
(ill-at-ease)
Now, Vera...uh, Simpson, you
know my Staff Dietician?

SIMPSON
Hello.

VERA
(to LORELEI)
If you don't mind, we are trying
to hold a meeting here!

LORELEI
Why don't you hold your breath,
instead? Maybe you'll turn blue.
On you that'd be an improvement.

Steely-eyed, VERA advances on her with controlled fury.

VERA
Pay attention, people: I am
about to take a human life.

ROSS quickly intervenes, upset at this turn of events. he keeps the TOW WOMAN apart and:

ROSS
(big, fake smile
to SIMPSON)
Old pal, would you just step
outside for a sec?

SIMPSON departs; the TWO WOMEN explode in anger, simultaneously:

VERA
Bubba, I will not let
this woman insult me...
I'll...

LORELEI
Ross, tell her to stop
picking on me or

ROSS
(commandingly, in
stentorian tones)
Mouths ...closed! Ears...open!
(cowed, scared, the
WOMEN shut up)
Now the last thing any of us
wants is for me to be upset. Right?

Right! and it upsets me very much when my favorite sister and my favorite Aerobic Instructor don't get along.

(Continued)

ROSS (cont.)

(sternly, shaking his finger at them)

Now I don't want to ever see this sort of thing again or... well,...

(threateningly)

I can't have anyone with me who isn't with me.

(reluctant murmurs of assent from the WOMEN)

Now...kiss and make up.

Surely, LORELEI pursers her lips.

VERA

I don't kiss.

ROSS

(remembering)

Oh, right. Well then, just shake hands.

The TWO ENEMIES shake hands.

INSERT -- The hands grip and squeeze each other, knuckles turning white.

TWO SHOT -- In spite of the struggle and pain, VERA and LORELEI smile teeth-baring smiles for ROSS'S benefit.

ROSS

(pleased to see they're cooperating)

That's my best gals.

(calls out)

Come back in, my boy.

A split-second later the sweating, elderly SIMPSON is back in the room.

ROSS

Well, chum? What now? Kiss the 85 thou goodbye? Pay some thief's salary while he thinks up new ways to shake the money tree?

SIMPSON

(helpfully)

He's bound to slip up sooner or later.

VERA

Why?

SIMPSON

Uh...I don't know...that's what they always say in the movies.

ROSS paces, building up steam. A slow burn heating up.

ROSS

Unless the man's a complete idiot, he won't slip up at all. He'll just go

on quietly taking the bread from our mouths. unless he's a total ignoramus, he'll keep a low profile and won't do a thing to call attention to himself.

(voice rising)

Unless he is an utter moron...

Suddenly:

Sound: A loud sports car motor revs up outside the window. It sounds like the last lap at Sebring.

FULL SHOT -- ROSS, VERA, LORELEI, and SIMPSON, startled at the sudden noise, go to the window to look out and see what it is.

POV: OUT THE WINDOW -- The company parking lot. Zooming down one of the lanes, then executing a hairpin turn, burning rubber and pulling into a parking space is an incredible bright red Ferrari...the flashiest of sports car you could imagine;. Behind the wheel still dressed in his shabby, schleppy clothes, is GUS GORMAN.

EXT. SMALLVILLE BOWLING ALEY - DAY

A neon sign proclaims "SMALLVILLE LANES" and a lettered sign announces "Family Rates."

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

FULL SHOT -- A six-lane bowling alley. BOWLERS playing. On the far side, in B.G., a bar.

CLOSER ON ONE LANE -- A bunch of KIDS are choosing up teams, three to a side. There seems to be some argument going on between the TWO TEAM CAPTAINS about ONE BOY who stands a bit apart, looking forlorn and uncomfortable. He' smaller than the others, like the runt in a litter, and there's a certain timorousness about

him. He has his mother's red hair: this is LANA'S son, RICKY.

One of the team CAPTAINS is looking annoyed as he points at RICKY.

FIRST BOY
(to his OPPONENT)
That means we gotta take Ricky.

SECOND BOY
Too bad, you lost the toss.

FIRST BOY
If we gotta have Ricky on our
side, then we get a two strike
handicap.

REVERSE, WIDE: Seated around the scoreboard table are a number of parents, as well as LANA and CLARK.

LANA
(distressed)
I just can't stand this.

CLARK
(trying to be positive)
Hey, he'll be all right. Believe me
Lana, I know. I was a late bloomer
myself.

LANA
It isn't only that he's small for
his age. how would you like
to be the only kid in town
without a father?
(as she looks in
another direction)
Look at him, he's stewed to the
gills in the middle of the afternoon.

CLARK
(still looking at
RICKY)
But all he had was chocolate milk.

LANA
I mean him.

She points, and CAMERA FOLLOWS HER GESTURE TO REVEAL BRAD, tipsy, making his way toward them from the bar, a bottle of beer in his hand.

BRAD
Hiya, sweet thing.
(indicating RICKY)
Little guy's getting' hassled,
huh?
(to CLARK, curtly)

Kent, you still here?

CLARK
I seem to be.

BRAD
(to LANA)
All the kid needs is a couple
of pointers from the ol' champ
here.
(he means himself)
Kent, I bet you didn't know I
won the all-country bowling
trophy two years in a row.

CLARK
Uh, no, I didn't know that, Brad.

BRAD
A natural athlete can play any
sport. Any sport.

And with that, he turns and heads right for RICKY.

TWO SHOT -- CLARK and LANA

LANA
Oh, no. This'll only make it
worse.

NEW ANGLE -- RICKY, first to bowl, lifts a ball from the rack. The ball is
really too heavy for him to handle well, but he gamely takes his position at
the
line and, a bit clumsily, bowls a wobbly ball.

ON THE BALL -- it pretty much runs out of steam by the time it gets to the
pins,
but manages to knock down a few.

ON RICKY -- looking disappointed.

FIRST BOY
See? What'd I tell ya?

As RICKY goes to get the ball coming back on the rack for his second go, BRAD
lurches over to him, putting on a big helpful show for LANA'S benefit.

BRAD
Hey, sport, you're holdin' it all
wrong. Lemme show you --

He leans to RICKY as he talks; RICKY recoils from the gust of whiskey breath.
As
BRAD tries to wrest the ball from the embarrassed boy --

BRAD
Let ol' Uncle Brad show you
how it's done.

CLARK
(sternly)
Say, Brad. I think he'll be
better off doing it his way.

BRAD
(amazed at the
effrontery)
For a guy who was lucky to be
water-boy on the high school
team, you sure got a big mouth,
Kent.

CLARK moves closer to him to speak in confidence: MOVE IN TO VERY TIGHT TWO SHOT.

CLARK
(sotto voice)
I just think Ricky would rather not
get a bowling lesson in front of the
other kids.

BRAD
The kid needs a man to show him --

CLARK
The kid will do fine on his own.
(to RICKY)
Give it your best shot, Ricky!

As RICKY walks to his position behind the line:

ON CLARK -- who seemingly "accidentally" trips over the chalk container,
knocking it over. The hunk of chalk breaks and chalk dust rises in the air
where
CLARK tries to pick it up.

BRAD
(derisively)
Clark Klutz. Same as ever.

ON RICKY -- holding the heavy ball, he advances to the line.

C.U. LANA -- eyes averted.

C.U. CLARK -- chalk dust on his face, his nose starts to twitch like a man about to sneeze.

ON RICKY -- he bowls the ball, rather weekly.

C.U. CLARK -- who points his face at the line and lets out a Super-Sneeze.

EFFECTS: The Super-Sneeze causes the ball to whiz down the alley at Super-Speed.

It hits the pins with such impact that they break into a hundred pieces like so many china cups.

C.U. RICKY -- astonished. And then joyfully delighted.

C.U. BRAD -- his jaw drops.

LANA
(to CLARK)
Gezundheit!

INT. WEBCO DATA PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

GUS seated at his computer, at work. His neighbor FRED comes walking down the aisle, looking serious.

FRED
Gus?

GUS
Say what?

FRED
The boss wants to see you.

GUS
Say who?

Feet churning rapidly, GUS propels his rolling chair toward the exit.

EXT. LOBBY, GLASS ELEVATOR - DAY

LONG SHOT -- the glass elevator begins its ascent to the highest level of management, the office of ROSS WEBSTER himself. Inside, little GUS GORMAN shakes and quakes in full view of everybody in the lobby and at each level.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - DAY

GUS
(abject terror)
Oh my God! The Boss! Ross
the Boss! The Ross!

At which point the elevator reaches another level. Seeing a MAN staring right at

him, GUS manages a sickly smile, which vanishes the instant he rises out of the
 MAN'S sight.

INT. OUTER OFFICE OF ROSS WEBSTER - DAY

GUS steps out of the elevator, nervously working his yo-yo (an upgraded model now that he's come into some money; this is a plastic one) and stands, almost trembling before the desk of a snooty SECRETARY. A gold plaque on her desk reads:

ROSS WEBSTER
 CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

SECRETARY

Mr. Gorman?

GUS

(talking fast, in
 pure fear)

No! He died last week. I just look something like him. People always make this mistake.

SECRETARY

Mr. Webster is waiting to see you.

GUS

He alone? Or is there, like uh... men in uniform...or, uh...plain clothes.

SECRETARY

Please go in, Mr. Gorman.

GUS

(imitating his idea
 of a white executive-
 type)

Say, dear, where's the wash room located? I'd like to freshen up a bit before...

ROSS'S voice barks out over the intercom on her desk:

ROSS (o.s.)

(intercom)

Is he here yet, Miss Collins?

SECRETARY

(pushing intercom
 button)

Yes sir, I'm sending him in.

Fingering hi yo-yo like it was a rosary, GUS enters.

INT. ROSS WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

FULL SHOT -- a wall of bookcases, massively out-sized chess set and various gadgets. Seated behind a massive desk, ROSS looks up.

ROSS
Mr. August Gorman?

ON GUS -- instantly abject, pleading pitifully.

GUS
Please, Mr. Webster, you're a great humanitarian. Ain't you heard what it's like in them jails? You send an innocent boy in and he gets thrown in with killers and robbers and rapers and raper killer and robber rapers and...

ROSS
Mr. Gorman, just answer me one question...

GUS braces himself for the worst.

ROSS
You've been a naughty boy haven't you?
(congenial laugh)
C'mon now, admit it, you were kinda naughty.

GUS
(a but surprises at his tone)
Uh...yeah. I didn't think of it that way exactly, but...

ROSS rises, walks up to the bookshelf and pushes the spine of one volume. Suddenly the entire section of shelving revolves, revealing a complete wet bar on the other side. As he does this business, he keeps speaking:

ROSS
Say, fella, I understand. I can -- what do the kids say these days -- "dig where

you're comin' from."
 (a chuckle)
 You want to be rich, right?

GUS
 Uh...

ROSS
 Now me, I was born rich. I've
 never worn the same pair of
 socks twice.

GUS
 (impressed)
 Yeah? What do you do with 'em?

ROSS has by now poured himself a drink and one for GUS.

ROSS
 I believe they're laundered
 and sent to some charitable
 institution. I don't know what
 the heck they do with 'em.
 Maybe they use them for dust
 rags, or pen wipers...

GUS
 Or socks.

ROSS
 Yes! That never occurred to
 me.
 (hands him his drink)
 Her ya go, buddy, single-malt.
 (GUS downs it chug-
 a-lug)
 Gus, my friend, you're a genius.
 Okay, a naughty genius, but hell,
 nobody's perfect.

GUS
 'Cause I know about getting' them
 half-centses?

ROSS begins to stride about the office as he pontificates, turning away from GUS, speaking "to the world." As he does, GUS, feeling more at ease, walks to the bar.

ROSS
 Because computers run the
 world today, pal. And the fella
 who can fool the computers will
 run the world himself!

GUS leans against the bar. It instantly revolves, taking him with it, and becomes a wall of bookcase again. GUS is now trapped behind it somewhere inside

the wall. ROSS, who hasn't noticed since his back is to the bar, just keeps on talking as if GUS were still there.

ROSS

I've been searching for a long time for somebody who can make these machines do things they're not supposed to do. Do you catch my drift, brother?

From inside the wall, GUS calls for help; his voice is so muffled, that ROSS just takes it for a grunt of assent.

ROSS

I knew you would. And best of all, you seem to be able to do it in such a way that the deed goes undetected.

At last the bookcase spins around and a shaken GUS steps back in the room, just as ROSS turns. He never noticed his absence.

By the time GUS has regained his balance, ROSS is already on his way out of the room so that GUS has to rush to catch up with him. As ROSS heads for an adjoining room:

ROSS

Gus, Webco, the Webster industrial complex, is a family-owned cartel. A little magnesium here, a little zinc there. Some railroads here, some farm machinery there. You follow?

GUS

(a little out of breath)
I'm tryin' to.

ROSS stops in the doorway.

ROSS

(intensely)
Gus, do you know what I want now?
I want coffee!

GUS

(instantly turning to get it)
Black or regular?

ROSS
I don't think you understand.

INT. ROOFTOP ATRIUM - DAY

ROSS and GUSS step into an enormous rooftop botanical garden, about as big as a football field, filled with a great profusion of trees, plants, flowers, and bushes.

GUS
(wide-eyed wonder)
Man, what is this?

ROSS
Plants. Plants always make
an office cozier.

ROSS waves at a GARDNER pruning some bushes.

ROSS
Hiya, fella, how's it goin'?
(to GUS)
Helluva nice guy, been with me
for years.

As they stroll, ROSS stops to admire a shrub, or inspect a flower bed, but keeps right on talking.

ROSS
Under different company names. I
control the price of coffee beans
in Brazil. The price in Venezuela.
Java, South Korea, North Korea,
the Aleutian Islands, Guam,
Bolivia, and the Republic of
Gabon!

GUS
Decaffeinated too?

As they continue walking, ROSS throws an avuncular, democratic arm around GUS'S shoulders.

ROSS
But y'see, chum, the problem
I got is that one country just
won't play ball with me.
(as if GUS could
empathize)
You know how that can just

bug a guy, don't you?

GUS
Which country?

ROSS
(his expression
darkens)
Columbia.

GUS
Columbia.

ROSS
Columbia's got two major
exports and one of them's
coffee.
(Continued)

(put-upon)

ROSS (cont.)

Oh, I tried to reason with
them. Believe me, I tried!
But this one miserable piss-
ant little country has the gall

to think they can dictate the
economy of an open market!

("reasonably")

Gus, dear Gus, don't you see
what I mean? We have to teach
them a lesson.

(icy)

Wipe 'em out!!!

GUS
(startled)
Wipe 'em out?

ROSS
Destroy the entire Colombian
coffee crop down to the last bean.

He stops by a shrub, looks down at the soil around it. He frowns, then calls
out
to the GARDNER.

ROSS
Yo! Over here.

The GARDNER runs over to him.

ROSS
(suddenly terse, curt)
What's this I see? Fallen leaves

not picked up? Organic litter?

GARDNER

Sorry, sir, I was going to do it
late--

Without a word, ROSS slaps the MAN sharply across the face. Then, his friendly grin appearing again, he puts his arm around GUS and they continue walking as if nothing unusual has happened (though, a nervous GUS keeps looking back at the GARDNER).

ROSS

So, fella? You see the problem?

GUS

(tentatively)

But Mr. Webster...you're doin' okay with Brazil and them other places. What's wrong with just one little old country doin' their own thing?

ROSS

A very wise man once said...I think it was Attila the Hun... "It's not enough that I succeed. Everyone else must fail."

(he snaps a rose

in half; GUS jumps)

And you are going to do it for me.

GUS

(scared)

Me? How?

Their tour of the atrium has brought them back to where they started from, the connecting door to the office. The voice of VERA, o.s., announces her presence there.

VERA (o.s.)

The weather!

INT. ROSS'S OFFICE - DAY

As ROSS and GUS come back into the office, GUS catches his first glimpse of

VERA, looking forbidding.

ON GUS -- he instantly shrinks back from this creature.

GUS
 (to ROSS)
 Hey listen, I didn't know your
 mama was comin' by...

VERA
 (furious)
 Sister! I'm his sister!

ROSS
 (to GUS)

Gus, tell me, have you ever heard
 of Vulcan?

GUS
 (to VERA)
 That what they call you?

VERA
 (through her teeth)
 Vulcan is the weather satellite
 our
 government put up in orbit
 to monitor the weather.

ROSS
 (eagerly)
 But if somebody re-programmed
 it, it could do much more.

VERA
 It could make weather!

ROSS
 Storms! Floods!

VERA
 Blizzards! Heat waves!

GUS
 How do you do that?

ROSS
 Like everything else in the 20th
 century, Gus. You push buttons.

INT. DAILY PLANET - DAY

INSERT: a finger is pushing a button. It's JIMMY OLSEN taking a picture as he
 says:

JIMMY

Smile!

FULL SHOT -- The subjects of JIMMY'S photo are smiling so hard their cheeks might burst. They are MR. and MRS. MAURY STOKIS, the winners of the JINGO contest. Clad in resort outfits, they are standing beneath a poster emblazoned "JINGO WINNERS!"

MR. STOKIS

I can't believe it! It's the first time I ever won anything!

MRS. STOKIS

(kittenish)

You won my hand, Maury.

MR. STOKIS

Yeah, sure, but this is the first time I ever won anything valuable!

NEW ANGLE -- revealing JIMMY, who has his leg in a cast. He hobbles about his equipment, clearly not thrilled with his assignment. Standing nearby are MISS HENDERSON, looking delighted, and PERRY WHITE. looking like he'd give anything to escape.

MISS HENDERSON

Let's get one with the sombreros, Olsen.

She pops the outsized sombreros on the heads of the happy couple. They instantly strike a Latin pose and grin steadily at the camera.

MISS HENDERSON

(an inspiration)

Mr. White, you be in this shot, handing them their plane tickets.

PERRY

(miserable)

Why do I have to do this?

JIMMY

(miserable)

Why do I have to do this?

PERRY

You! You're lucky I didn't fire you.

I get a chance at exclusive on-the-spot

pictures of the biggest forest fire in history and what does he come back with??? A broken leg and twelve melted rolls of film.

JIMMY
It was hot!

MISS HENDERSON
Smile, Mr. White.

MR. STOKIS
South America! I can't believe my
luck!

They freeze in the pose as the flashbulb goes off.

INT. ROSS WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

GUS, ROSS, and VERA as we left them.

ROSS
Computers talk to other computers,
right?

VERA
Somehow your twisted little mind
should be able to figure out how to
tap into the main computer at the
Aerospace Center and reach Vulcan.

GUS
(immediately)
Through the telephone line
terminal, that ain't nothin'.

VERA
(excited)
Oh Bubba, think of the possibilities.

GUS
What she call you?

ROSS
Bubba.
(GUS ties not
to snicker)
When she was three years old
she couldn't pronounce the word
'brother' and it came out 'Bubba.'
(grimly)
It was the last cute thing she ever
did.

Without knocking, as usual, LORELEI bursts into the office.

LORELEI
Did I hear somebody say "cute
thing?"

GUS is stupefied at the sight of her.

VERA
 (annoyed)
 She's not his mama either.

ROSS
 Gus Gorman, this is my Psychic
 Nutritionist.

LORELEI
 You're cute too.

GUS
 I'm cool. I ain't cute. it ain't
 cool to be cute.

GUS sits down by the oversized chess set. Unthinkingly, he reaches out and moves one of the black pieces. immediately three of the white pieces begin to shift squares automatically realigning themselves in a new defense by some electronic gadgetry. Startled, GUS backs away.

NEW ANGLE -- As ROSS stares at GUS'S reaction, behind him LORELEI has happily plunked herself in his chair behind the desk. The right hand top drawer is open and she reaches in to take a Kleenex when VERA, seeing her opportunity , comes by swiftly and slams the drawer closed with her knee, smashing LORELEI'S fingers. The later lets out a shriek and pulls her hand, waving her fingers wildly. ROSS turns to see what's the matter.

VERA
 She's drying her nails.

LORELEI smile through her pain, keeps shaking her hand in the air.

ROSS
 (quickly)
 Always making yourself
 beautiful for me, aren't you?
 (turns back to GUS)
 So, Gus, can you make Vulcan
 do what I want it to? You didn't
 answer me, pal.
 (as GUS hesitates)
 Did you hear about that prison
 riot last week? It seems they
 were complaining about rats
 in the cells...

GUS
 (quickly)

Yeah, yeah, I can do it.

ROSS

When?

GUS

First question got to be
"Where."

ROSS

What?

GUS

Not "What." Don't need a genius
to figure out "what." Need a
genius to figure out "where."

(A bit boastfully
to VERA)

He says I'm a genius, your don --

(quickly)

Brother! Bubba! Your Bubba!

(as she calms down)

See, if y'all don't want them to
trace it back, you got to punch
this in from someplace nobody'd
ever think off. Some little rinky-
dink operation with a little mickey-
mouse computer.

ROSS

It's got to be someplace you can
sneak into.

VERA

Someplace where nobody knows him
so they can't connect him with us.

ROSS

Well, Webco has a hundred and twelve
subsidiaries and every one of them is
tied to our central computer system.
How about...hmmmm, someplace
small...

EXT. CORNER GROCERY STORE, SMALLVILLE - DAY

TIGHT ON THE WORD "Smallville" painted on a sign. PUL BACK AND WIDEN TO SEE
THE
ENTIRE SIGN: "Smallville Groceries."

WIDE SHOT -- The main shopping area of Smallville. In B.G. LANA is just
coming
out of the grocery store, carrying a bag of picnic supplies. In F.G. RIGHT,
CLARK sits in the front seat of her 5-year \-old Chevy. RICKY is in back,
playing with his very frisky puppy, BUSTER. In F.G. LEFT a Greyhound Bus is
discharging some PASSENGERS, many carrying suitcases.

CLOSER ON THE CAR -- as CLARK sees LANA struggling with the door to the store

and hefting her bag of supplies.

CLARK
I'll give your mom a hand.

NEW ANGLE -- he flings open the car door and it slams hard against the knee of a
MAN who just got off the bus. The GUY howls with pain.

CLARK
(abashed)
Oh, I'm sorry.

As the MAN limps off, muttering, we realize it's GUS GORMAN, wearing his same old beat-up windbreaker and slacks, but now carrying a Vuitton valise. FOLLOW GUS, as he walks across some railroad tracks that run through the center of town, looking around at his surroundings.

GUS
(bitching, aloud)
Welcome to nowhere, U.S.A.

In B.G. LANA and CLARK get in the car and drive off. HOLD ON GUS. FOLLOW HIM as he sets off down Main Street, passing a Sears type store, glancing up at the window display. A mannequin-like giant Ken doll in a green and white polyester leisure suit is grinning down at him. GUS shudders from the bottom of his soul.

HOLD CAMERA STATIONARY as SEEN FROM BEHIND, shoulders bowed, he trudges down Main Street and off into the distance.

EXT. COUNTY CLEARING - DAY

EXTREME LONG SHOT -- In a clearing on the edge of acres of waving wheat, CLARK and LANA and RICKY and BUSTER the puppy are ensconced between her car, which is parked on the side of the road, and a picket fence that marks the boundary of a farm.

CLOSER -- On their picnic blanket LANA is proudly setting out a lot of small plastic containers of homemade goodies as CLARK sprinkles salt on a celery stalk.

CLARK
(happily)
Gee, I haven't done this in years.

LANA
Some people don't think it's healthy.

CLARK

(earnestly nodding)

Well, it's true you have to be careful things don't spoil, especially with mayonnaise or cream.

LANA

Clark, I think you worry too much about mayonnaise.

CLARK

Me??

LANA

I'm talking about salt.

(as he hesitates
uncertainly)

Oh, go ahead, pour it on, relax. That's what picnics are for.

NEW ANGLE -- including RICKY, who is pulling a ball out of his pocket while BUSTER waits, wagging his tail, beside him.

RICKY

Don't they have picnics in Metropolis, Mr. Kent?

CLARK

Well...

(looking around at
the open fields, clean
air, blue sky)

Not quite like this.

RICKY

Mom and I do this all the time.

And he goes racing off with BUSTER, OUT OF FRAME.

LANA

(to CLARK)

It's nice for Ricky.

CLARK settles in next to her, beginning to open plastic containers.

LANA

(enjoying the
proximity)

And even nicer when there's

a man around, Which isn't all
that often.

CLARK
(re the plastic
containers)
There's a lot of choices here.

LANA
No, all the good ones are
married. That's why Brad
thinks he's God's gift to
women. This woman anyway.
He's single. He won't take no
for an answer, but he's the only
one who's asking. And he knows it.

CLARK
(trying to straighten
out the conversation)
I meant all the choices here. All
this --
(lifting lids)
-- cole slaw, guacamole --

(more and more
impressed as he
opens for containers)
This is some picnic!

CAMERA PANS AWAY FROM CLARK, LOSING HIM FROM THE SHOT, AND MOVES TO LANA JUST
AS
RICKY RUNS TO HER. LANA is still beaming from CLARK'S praise, as:

CLARK
Hey mom, how about me?

LANA finds -- in the middle of this feast -- a lone, wax paper wrapped
sandwich
and hands it to RICKY with a mock sigh. As he takes off again:

TWO SHOT -- LANA turns back to CLARK. Holding a fork and a plastic container,
he
has just sampled something he's not quite sure about.

LANA
Peanut butter and jelly.

CLARK
No, thanks.

LANA
No, I mean Ricky. He's not
interested in any of this stuff.

CLARK

Well, this pate is rather...unusual.

LANA

Pate? What pate?

(leaning over -- very
close to him now --
to peer into the
container)

I didn't make any --
(horrified pause;
then)

Oh, no, Clark. That's Buster's
dog food.

CLARK looks at the container, looks at his fork, looks at LANA. The look on his face is just too much for her. She starts to laugh. Then he starts to laugh. They stop -- and then start again. She collapses against him, weak with laughter.

And even when their mirth subsides, they don't move apart.

LANA

Gee, I haven't laughed like that
since -- since --

(she suddenly realizes)

I really can't remember when.

CLARK

Me neither...

Their proximity suddenly makes them self-conscious. They move apart and try to lighten the moment, a bit awkwardly:

LANA

So...how much longer do you
think you'll be in Smallville --

CLARK

(his dialogue overlaps
hers, starts a few
beats back)

You know, I was just thinking,
Lana --

(the following line
is in the clear)

-- someone like you could do
do really well in Metropolis --

They both stop, smile a bit shyly at each other.

Sound: nearby, the steady, grinding motor of a giant thresher in the wheat fields.

EXT. WHEAT FIELDS: LONG SHOT of the enormous thresher cutting through the wheat,
its great blades and rollers turning.

ON THE PICNIC: over the noise, LANA and CLARK are continuing their tete-a-tete.

LANA

I suppose I've got to face it --
I'm not going to find what I
want in Smallville anymore, but --

Sound: the thresher gets closer and louder.

LANA

(impatiently)
I can never get a way from it.

CLARK

(following her thought
about Smallville;
nodding understandingly)
Old ties are hard to cut.

LANA

No. I mean, yes they are, but I
was talking about that.
(she cocks her head towards
the insistent sound)
Wheat King. Bet your bottom
dollar that's a Wheat King
thresher.
(continued)

LANA

(thoughtfully)
That's the biggest change in
Smallville, you know. They've
taken over this town. Everybody
who isn't actually working for
Wheat King -- like I do -- is out
there --
(gesturing towards
the fields)
on a Wheat King thresher.
(back to their
conversation; she
looks up at him eagerly)
Do you think I could do it? Do you?

CLARK

(dubiously)
Ride a thresher? Well, I don't

know. Girls are trying just about everything now but --

LANA

No, what you said before, Could I make it in Metropolis? I've dreamed about it, sure, but I never really thought about it.

(uncertainly)

What would I do when I got there?

CLARK

(smiling)

Call me.

LANA

(quietly thrilled)

Oh, I wouldn't want to -- I mean, I'd want to, but I wouldn't want to...be a nuisance to you.

ON RICKY -- about twenty feet away, having his own good time, tussling happily with his PUPPY in the tall grass.

TWO SHOT -- CLARK and LANA

CLARK

(quietly)

Hey, you could never be a nuisance.

She touches his knee gently. She moves toward him, closer.

LANA

(softly)

Clark, may I tell you something?

(as he waits, she looks

away for a moment)

My oil pan is leaking.

He reacts with considerable confusion; it wasn't what he expected.

LANA

See?

(she points under
the car)

POV: A small puddle under the CHEVY is getting larger, dark drops falling slowly but steadily into it as:

LANA (o.s.)

See? There's something dripping.

NEW ANGLE -- As LANA gets up, in B.G. we SEE BUSTER the dog run off into the wheat.

RICKY
Hey, Buster! Darn it... come
back, willya?

But the DOG runs on and RICKY starts to chase him into the fields. HOLDS ON
LANA
and CLARK.

LANA
The dog's always doing that.
(wryly, pointing to
the leaky Chevy)
And the car's always doing that.

CLARK
Can I help?

LANA opens the trunk, takes out a tool kit.

LANA
No thanks. With all the trouble
this thing gives me, I started
studying up on auto repair.

She slides under the car and begins tapping the undercarriage with a wrench,
listening carefully.

ON CLARK -- watching her, smiling.

Sound: the thresher grinds a way, coming and going, closer now and louder
than
LANA'S tapping.

But CLARK suddenly hears something else. He sits up, frowns, cocks his head
towards the wheat fields.

EFFECTS: Shimmery light waves coming from his ear denote Super-Hearing in
action.

What he (and we) now HEARS: the plaintive insistent whining of BUSTER out in
the
fields. Troubled, he turns in that direction, scanning the area.

POV: SPECIAL EFFECTS: X-Ray Vision sees through the thick golden wheat,
searching till it finds the PUPPY sitting, whimpering, beside RICKY, who lays
unconscious, completely hidden among rows of tall grain. ZOOM CLOSER TO RICKY
--

chasing BUSTER, he has tripped and fallen, hitting his head on a jagged stone
jutting out of the earth beside him. There is a cut on the side of his head
and
he doesn't move.

Sound: suddenly the grinding, thrashing noise of the giant threshing machine

seems very close.

AERIAL SHOT: LOOKING DOWN, we SEE the big thresher heading for the plot of land where little RICKY lays unseen.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

LOW ANGLE -- RICKY in F.G., the big thresher coming fast towards him from B.G.

EXT. COUNTRY CLEARING - DAY

CLARK glances over at LANA, but she, of course, has heard nothing unusual from underneath the car and goes on tinkering.

CLARK
Think I'll see if I can help
Ricky.

He gets up and moves casually but very quickly towards the picket fence. Sure that LANA is safely out of sight doing her work, he darts behind the fence.

EFFECTS: As he runs behind the fence, CLARK KENT turns into SUPERMAN. The effect of the picket railings is like a strobe or time-lapse, i.e., as he passes behind each rail more and more of the SUPERMAN FIGURE begins to emerge from the CLARK FIGURE. By the time he has reached the end of the fence...it's SUPERMAN! He zooms into the sky.

EXT. SKY - DAY

ON SUPERMAN, looking down.

HIS POV: the big thresher is getting closer, closer to the unconscious CHILD.

FULL SHOT -- SUPERMAN swoops down.

IN VARIOUS QUICK CUTS:

1. LOW ANGLE -- the thresher comes closer.
The noise is deafening.

2. ON THE FRONT OF THE THRESHER -- we can clearly see how formidable the rolling blades are.
They would chew the CHILD up in seconds.

3. Accelerating, SUPERMAN dives down, lands in front of the thresher and...

4. Reaches out with both hands and just grabs the churning blades, stopping it abruptly.

5. ON THE THRESHER DRIVER in his cab, startled to find himself coming to a sudden, jolting stop.

6. SUPERMAN scoops up the unconscious RICKY in his arms, flies up into the air with him.

7. RICKY comes to in mid-air, opens his eyes and is surprised to say the least.

RICKY
Superman???

SUPERMAN
That's what they call me.

8. The thresher DRIVER, in his cab, mops his brow at the near miss.

9. SUPERMAN and RICKY coming towards the parked car.

ON THE CAR -- LANA still underneath.

RICKY (o.s.)
Mom! Mom!

LANA slides out from under, and is astonished at what she sees...SUPERMAN landing with her SON in his arms.

LANA
(dumbfounded)
Ricky? Where...what...

SUPERMAN
(indicates the cut)
I'd wash that out with some iodine...
(RICKY winces)
Okay, Mercurochrome.

LANA
(trying to recover
the power of speech)
Thank ...you.

SUPERMAN
Anytime.

RICKY gazes at him in wonder.

LANA
Oh. I'm Lana Lang. This is Ricky.

SUPERMAN
We've already met.

LANA
 And this is...
 (sh she looks around
 for CLARK)
 ...Clark.
 (to SUPERMAN)
 My friend is around here
 somewhere, I'll just look for...

SUPERMAN
 (kindly)
 I'm sorry, I'm in a real hurry.
 (to RICKY)
 See you around, pal.

With a smile and a wave, SUPERMAN takes off. Whoosh. And he's gone from sight.

RICKY
 (still in a spell)
 We were flying!! Mom! In the sky!

LANA
 (trying to make
 sense of all this)
 What were you doing anyway?

RICKY
 I was looking for...
 (remembering, suddenly
 looks around, calling)
 Buster! Buster!

Sound: Distant sound of yelping dog.

ON THE WHEAT FIELD -- backing out, ass-first and on his hands and knees, from an open-ended length of big irrigation pipe comes a disheveled CLARK KENT, holding the PUPPY in his arms. He stands up with difficulty and raises the DOG high in the air for them to see in B.G.

CLARK
 (calling)
 I found him!

NEW ANGLE -- as LANA and RICKY run to CLARK

RICKY
 Mr. Kent! Superman was here!

CLARK

(looking incredulous)
What!

LANA
He really was!

CLARK
(calmly)
Uh-huh.

LANA
Well, aren't you excited?

CLARK
Lana, I'm from Metropolis.
I see Superman every day.

EXT. WHEAT KING INDUSTRIAL PARK, MAIN OFFICES - NIGHT

WIDE, ESTABLISHING SHOT of one of those typical, sprawling industrial parks located on the outskirts of communities all across America. The billboard in front shows a picture of a FARMER on a tractor and says:

"WHEAT KING FARM MACHINERY
A WEBCO COMPANY."

CLOSER -- A remarkable sight: standing at the front door, ringing insistently on a button marked "Night Bell" is a totally transformed GUS GORMAN. He now is attired in the very green-and-white polyester suit that caused him to recoil at first sight. His look and persona are that of a typical midwestern salesman...fast-talking, hard-selling, and square. He carries a very large suitcase.

INT. WHEAT KING BUILDING - NIGHT

After a moment, we SEE BRAD, in nightwatchman outfit, stumbling down the corridor, already tipsy. He walks through a microphone gizmo embedded about halfway down the glass door.

BRAD
Yeah? What do you want?

GUS
Buddy, are we in trouble.

BRAD
(has no idea what in
hell he's talking about)
What?

GUS
(talking very fast,
giving the befuddled
BRAD no chance to

interrupt)

First the supplier couldn't find the invoice. Then the order came up short. Then I missed the four o'clock plane from Cleveland and had to rent a car, and then I got a darn flat tire on the highway! Can you beat it? Boy, your boss must've been furious when I didn't show up by the end of the day today, huh?

ON BRAD -- in his befogged mind, he senses that something is wrong, but he has no idea what in hell it means.

BRAD

What are you talkin' about?

GUS

Good lord, fella! I'm talking about your boss.

BRAD

Mr. Roebush?

GUS

(seemingly frantic
with worry)

Roebush! That's the guy! Buddy, he's gonna nail our behinds to the wall! this is Special Order! He said he had

to have it before...

(a sudden realization)

Omigod!! What's tomorrow?

BRAD

Tuesday.

GUS

TUESDAY! I got to get it all set up in his office tonight before all those big shots come here tomorrow for the meeting!!

ON BRAD -- shaking his head, trying to clear it.

BRAD

Get all what set up?

ON GUS -- with a wild smile and a glint in his eye like Robert Helpmann holding out The Red Shoes, he snaps open the lid of the valise. Four shelves, "accordioned" in tiers, spring forward: they contain bottles of every known

liquor, whiskey, and spirit in the world, plus various bartending implements (shakers, stirrers, etc). As GUS grins like the terrible tempter:

ON BRAD -- the expression on his face is a wonder to behold. The simple anticipatory greedy delight of a child on Christmas morning. A second later the glass doors slide open with an electronic whoosh.

INT. WHEAT KING PLANT MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Some time later. DUS and BRAD are seated at the boss's desk. An incredible array of liquor bottles in evidence, and all open, their contents sampled. A similar line-up of different size glasses, all used and empty. GUS in the style of a slick bartender. Both GUYS are blotto, BRAD a little more so. GUS pours the new concoction into a glass. BRAD samples it.

BRAD

S'not bad, s'very good, but...
y'know what's wrong with this...
Singapore...thing?

GUS

Sling. Singapore Sling. What's wrong?

BRAD

Not enough vodka in it.

GUS

There's no vodka in it.

BRAD

Aha! What'd I tell ya!

GUS

What? What did you tell me?

BRAD considers this a while, then holds out his glass.

BRAD

Put vodka in it.

GUS does so, liberally. BRAD takes a big swig.

BRAD

S'better. Taste it.

GUS

(sips)

Got vodka in it now. Gotta give it a new name. Hey, listen,

you thought it up, we'll name it
after you. What's your name?

BRAD
Brad.

GUS
(considers it)
Brad is not a good name for a
cocktail.

BRAD
(an idea occurs)
Hey! Y'know what they used to
call me in high school?

GUS
Brad?

BRAD
No, no, on the football field.
They called me...
(drawing himself up
with boozy pride)
...The Smallville Flash.

GUS
Hey, man, that's a great name
for a cocktail!

They clink glasses in celebration.

GUS
Here's to the Smallville Flash!

BRAD chug-a-lugs his drink, draining the glass. GUS watches him in drunken
amazement.

GUS
Man, you don't never pass out,
do ya?

BRAD
Nope.
(he closes his eyes)
Never.
(and he passes out)

NEW ANGLE -- GUS prods him, sees he's out cold. Now the problem is trying to
get
on with his business in the highly inebriated state he's in.

GUS
Awright. Keys.

He goes over to BRAD, removes the key ring from his belt, starts going through all the keys.

INSERT: Each key is marked with a tag for its location. There are two plastic keys marked Computer - A and Computer - B.

GUS
(mumbling, puzzled)
Two keys? Lessee about that...

He starts out of the room, takes one look back...BRAD totally comatose now, has slumped down in his chair, half on the floor.

GUS
Huh. The Smallville Flash.

INT. CORRIDOR. WHEAT KING OFFICES - NIGHT

GUS makes his way, very drunkenly, down the corridors, weaving as he walks. FOLLOW HIM as he turns a corner, where an unexpected mirror causes him to jump back in horror, like W.C. Fields doing a take. It's the suit with him in it that makes him shiver and say:

GUS
Man, that is terrifyingly ugly...

He enters a room above which is a sign: COMPUTER and beneath it another sign: SNACKS.

INT. WHEAT KING VENDING MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

A row of coin-operated vending machines. GUS is just drunk enough to carefully check each one out to make sure.

GUS
(addressing the
coffee machine)
You ain't the computer, man.
(goes to candy
machine, examines it)
You ain't neither.
(the soft drink
dispenser)
Not even close.

he continues along the wall with the careful gait of a man trying to remain upright, he stops before a doorway and opens it. A broom and a mop fall out.

ANGLE IN -- it's a miniscule, five foot high broom closet, filled with cleaning utensils, buckets, etc.

GUS
 (as the broom
 falls out)
 S'cuse me.

He puts the stuff back, shuts the door, opens one remaining door. Inside a small room is the office of Xerox copier, an office supplies cabinet, and a small computer console. It's just as he asked for: A little rinky-dink computer operation.

GUS
 There's that sucker!

He enters.

INT. WHEAT KING COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

GUS sits down in front of the keyboard, shakes his head trying to sober up, looks down, remembers the key.

INSERT: he laboriously inserts one of the plastic keys in its slot.

ON GUS -- he starts to touch keyboard buttons. Nothing happens.

GUS
 Hey, c'mon, man!
 (tries again,
 no success)

Now a sign on the wall above the console catches his eye. He looks up at it.

GUD POV: The vision, impaired by booze, is blurry at first. Then double-vision.

Then it comes into focus.

TWO KEYS REQUIRED TO OPERATE.
 KEY - A IN STATION #1
 KEY - B IN STATION #2
 BOTH KEYS MUST BE INSERTED
 AT THE SAME TIME

Muttering his displeasure, GUS stands up, wobbly, and looks for Station # 2. he finds it on the other end of the console. As he starts to try and insert the second key, he remembers:

GUS
 "At the same time." Oh.

He holds one key, poised to enter its slot, and reaches around, stretching himself out, spreading his legs, trying to insert the second key in its slot.

But the distance is too great for one man to do it.

GUS
Damn! Now what'll I do?

CUT TO:

INT. WHEAT KING PLANT MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ON BRAD -- as we left him, passed out cold.

GUS ENTERS FRAME, shakes BRAD, trying to rouse him.

GUS
Hey, brother! Hey, Flash!
(shakes harder, but
it's useless)
Shee...

Grasping BRAD beneath his arm pits, GUS starts to drag the massive bulk out of the office.

INT. WHEAT KING COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

GUS hauls BRAD into the computer room, shoves him in the general area of Station #2, then, with considerable trial and effort, attempts to put the second key in his hand and clench his fingers around it. The general idea is this...

GUS must maneuver it so that both keys are inserted simultaneously. in order to do this, he must position BRAD...a passed-out BRAD...so that he falls forward at the proper angle to insert one of the keys as GUS inserts his. His first two tries meet with total failure; BRAD slumps to the floor and/or collapses backwards. Finally, GUS comes up with his own tipsy solution: to keep BRAD erect and correctly positioned, he uses hi yo-yo, ties one end on BRAD, goes back to STATION #1, holding his end of the string, then gently pulls BRAD forward at just the right angles so that his key and GUS'S key enter the computer together. As they do, the display screen lights up and spells out:

HELLO

GUS
Now you wanna be friends, huh?

He starts to type a program on the console. As he does:

GUS
(to himself)
C'mon now, Gus, sober up.

C.U. KEYBOARD -- as his fingers touch buttons.

INT. VARIOUS COMPUTERS

A SERIES OF SHOTS of different computers in different places turning and flashing and beeping, etc. Again, the intent is clear: GUS'S computer is contacting other computers.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Some anonymous office. A computer is evidence. A bell rings. A video display screen lights up.

"NEW INFORMATION: INCOMING"

CAMERA ON REAR OF MACHINE: showing the wiring leading out. PAN ALONG CABLE TO:

EXT. STREET. CURB OUTSIDE BANK - NIGHT

FULL SHOT -- we are on a city street corner by an Instant Cash Machine on the side of a bank.

A GUY, ordinary, dressed in jeans and a faded sweatshirt, walks up to the machine and takes a plastic bank card from his wallet.

CLOSER ON HIM AND THE MACHINE -- he inserts it in the proper slot. The digital display flashes the usual instructions:

1. ENTER SECRET CODE
(the GUY pushes his code)
2. SELECT MODE: DEPOSIT, WITHDRAWAL
SAVINGS, CHECKING.
(the GUY pushes the
"Withdrawal" button)
3. AMOUNTS: \$30, \$50, \$70, \$100.

The GUY pushes the \$50 button and stands and waits.

SOUND: the thunk that lets you know money has dropped into the cash drawer.

ANGLE DOWN -- he opens the cash drawer. The packet of \$50 in small bills is there. But as the GUY starts to reach for it: thunk. Another fifty bucks. Thunk.

Another. And another and another and another and another...

C.U. the GUY -- his eyes widen in astonishment.

TIGHT ANGLE -- the money keeps dropping into the drawer.

PAN UP-- the GUY stifles a yelp of joy, not wanting to call attention to himself. He stuffs money in every available packet as fast as he can, as the cash keeps dropping into the drawer. he smiles nonchalantly at passers by as he keeps filling up.

INT. WHEAT KING COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

GUS shakes his head, no, and pushes another key.

ON THE VIDEO DISPLAY -- it reads. "CLEAR, NEW PROGRAM."

ON GUS -- starts again.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

SHOTS of computers at work.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE BILLING OFFICE - DAY

The lettering on the office door reads:

MACY'S CUSTOMER BILLING DEPT.

ON A COMPUTERIZED MACHINE dispensing bills to be mailed out to customers.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

A HUSBAND sits at the breakfast table, looking at the day's mail. His breakfast, including a half-grapefruit, in front of him. HIS WIFE, in housecoat, seated opposite.

INSERT: He tears open the Macy's Envelope, pulls out the bill. It lists charges for \$176,784.57.

FULL SHOT -- without a word, he picks up the grapefruit and jams in into his wife's kisser.

EXT. LANA'S HOUSE - DAY

CLARK KENT, holding a little bouquet, stands on the porch of a typical Midwestern house. LANA, in her apron, has come out to welcome him. They are looking at an old-fashioned porch swing.

CLARK

Gee, I always loved porch swings.

LANA

Me too. That's why I put this one up.

She sits in it toward the middle. he comes over and...slightly shy...sits more

towards one side. The swing instantly tilts toward that side. LANA uphill,
CLARK
downhill.

LANA
Maybe it's be better if you moved
over here a little...

CLARK slides over until the swing levels off. He is very close to LANA. She
smiles up at him. And just at that moment:

NEW ANGLE -- the door opens and RICKY sticks his head out. CLARK and LANA
move
imperceptibly apart.

RICKY
Hey, you wanna see my room,
Mr. Kent?

LANA
(a little smile)
He decorated it himself.
(now she means
the swing)
Should have used chains instead
of rope.

CLARK, lost again, shakes his head.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

ON CLARK -- For a brief moment, a bit taken aback by what he sees.

WHAT HE SEES: A perfectly ordinary kid's bedroom, which is not surprisingly,
hung with large posters of SUPERMAN that seem to be looking right back at
CLARK.

C.U. CLARK -- the fleeting smile on his face seems to mean, "life is sure
funny
sometimes."

TWO SHOT

RICKY
Do you really know Superman?

CLARK
(lightly)
We get together sometimes.

RICKY nods. he sits on the edge of his bed, just looking thoughtfully at
CLARK.

Finally:

RICKY
Mr. Kent, could I ask you something?

CLARK
(ready for anything)
Sure.

RICKY
Could you get me Superman's
autograph?

EXT. WHEAT KING INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

LONG SHOT -- All is quiet.

INT. WHEAT KING VENDING MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Nobody is here. PAN to broom closet door. It slowly opens. GUS emerges after spending the entire day wedged in the tiny, narrow space. He's bent in what looks like a permanent 45-degree angle. He's miserable, unshaven, uncomfortable and...most of all...hungover. One of the all-time hangovers. Moaning and groaning, he steps out, tries to straighten up and fails. Then he sort of manages.

GUS
(clutching his head)
Oh, God, this is worse'n being drunk.

A broom falls. The noise makes him wince.

GUS
Worse'n being dead.

Looks at himself in mirror of vending machine, shudders, sticks out his tongue, examines it with horror.

GUS
Black coffee. That's what I
need.
(gets coins from
pocket)
Gotta have it. Gotta...

He puts coins in the Hot Coffee machine. Click. Buzz.

ON THE MACHINE -- attached to the side are a stack of removable plastic cup holders. But GUS doesn't realize he has to take one and hold it in the inset to catch the cup that will drop. The cup that drops is a pointed cone type. Quickly

GUS grabs it to steady it; an instant later scalding hot coffee fills the cup.

ON GUS -- yanking his hand out, holding the burning paper cup, in great pain. He can't hold onto it, puts it down on the machine's top, and it spills coffee on him.

GUS
 (angry)
 I know that be Colombian coffee!
 I just know it!
 (menacingly)
 Gonna fix your wagon, man.

He goes to the computer room.

INT. WHEAT KING COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

He partially inserts both plastic card keys in their slots. Then as he pushes one in by hand, he karate kicks the other in. He sits down at the keyboard, shakes his head and starts to punch a program on the console. As he does:

ON VIDEO DISPLAY: "HELLO"

GUS
 Ah, shut up.

He pushes some keys.

GUS
 Gonna get this thing right
 if it kills me.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS

More computers flashing and turning and working.

EXT. CITY STREET. INTERSECTION - DAY

ON A LOT OF PEDESTRIANS standing on the corner of a busy city intersection, looking at the traffic light.

ON THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL -- one of those types that has a little figure of a standing man that lights up red for DON'T WALK and a figure of a walking man that lights up green for WALK. The green man lights up.

ON THE PEOPLE -- they start to cross the street. On the intersecting corner, a similar CROWD of PEOPLE waits for the light to change so they can cross.
 SUDDENLY:

ON THE LIGHT -- the green light man goes off and the red light man comes on.

ON THE STREET -- caught in the middle of the street, the walking PEOPLE obey the

signal and stop. The CROWD on the other corner, obeying their sign, start to walk.

VARIOUS ANGLES -- halfway across, the light changes again. The first GROUP tries to continue walking, but bumps into the second GROUP, now standing in their way.

ON THE SIGNAL -- completely out of control now, thanks to computer malfunction, it goes from little green Walk Man to little Red Stop Man with no discernable logic.

ON THE STREET -- it's like a ballet of confusion, as the hapless PEDESTRIANS bang into each other.

ON THE LIGHT -- as the signals keep switching back and forth:

EFFECTS: ANIMATION -- the little Red Man loses his temper and reaches down and socks the Little Green Man. The Little Green Man hits him back.

Chaos and confusion.

INT. WHAT KING COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

A very frustrated GUS seated at his little computer, trying it one more time.

GUS
(to the gods above)
Oh please, let this be the one...

ON THE DISPLAY SCREEN -- GUS types in (and the digital letters and numbers show):

XYR8US
(after a moment)
X3

The machine makes a little noise, then the word appears:

INPOERATIVE.

GUS
(despair)
Oh, no...

He tries again:

XYR8US
(after a moment)
X4

A long pause. the machine makes a slightly different noise. And then, on the video display screen, comes the message:

HELLO. VULCAN WEATHER

SATTELITE.
CONFIRMED.

ON GUS -- triumphant at last.

GUS
I am a genius.

ON VISDEO DISPLAY SCREEN

"REQUEST COORDINATES"

GUS types in some stuff. A new message appears:

VULCAN PROGRAM: EARTHSCAN
COMMAND.

GUS
Command! Awright!
(talking to the
computer)
This here's your new commander,
baby. Now listen good.
(starts to type
coordinates)

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

FULL SHOT -- in outer space, the Vulcan Weather Satellite moves in orbit.
Suddenly:

EFFECTS: two laser-like beams dart out from the satellite, their scarlet rays
aimed at Earth.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN DOWN THE BEAMS TILL WE CAN SEE THE GLOBE OF EARTH
TARGETED
FAR AWAY.

EXT. SKY

EFFECTS: TIME-LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY -- Dark storm clouds begin amassing at a
rapid
rate. As they become a denser mass, they form the whirling cone of a tornado.
INT. WHEAT KING COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

GUS
(typing away busily now)
Yeah, okay, gimme the longitude
here...

VIDEO DISPLAY SCREEN reads:

LONGITUDE 98 DEGREES.

GUS

And the other thing...

VIDEO DISPLAY SCREEN reads:

LATTITUDE 175 DEGREES
(then)
LOCATION: COLUMBIA
SOUTH AMERICA.

INT. WHEAT KING COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

GUS is relieved and wildly excited.

GUS
Awright. Now...

He pushes some more buttons.

EXT. BORDER PATROL STATIONS. COLUMBIA - DAY

FULL SHOT -- a little border patrol shack. The sign above it, in Spanish, says
"YOU ARE NOW ENTERING COLUMBIA. PASSPORT CONTROL."

Inside, we can SEE ONE GUARD at his desk. Outside, dozing in a chair tilted against the side of the shack, is a SECOND UNIFORMED GUARD. IN B.G. we SEE the approaching tornado on the horizon.

CLOSE ON THE SECOND GUARD -- snoring away peacefully. Suddenly -- a drop of water hits his nose. Then another. Then a sprinkle begins to fall. He comes awake, startled. Looks up in surprise.

POV: LOOKING UP -- storm clouds everywhere. Suddenly a bolt of lightening.

GUARD
(leaping from
his chair)
Caramba!

He runs into the shack. A moment later, torrential rain starts to fall.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

1. EXT. SKY -- bolts of lightening everywhere. Thunder booming.

2. EXT. FIELDS. COFFEE PLANTATION - DAY

LONG SHOT of the coffee fields whipped by the winds and becoming flooded by the rains.

CLOSER ON coffee plants -- lashed by the gale force winds, bending and

breaking.

The furrows beneath them filling with water.

3. Trees nearby uprooted, falling across the fields.

4. EXT. FARM, COLUMBIA - DAY

A primitive irrigation system: a DONKEY tethered to a pole walks in a constant circle, causing a wooden paddle wheel to turn, scooping up water from a well and lifting it above ground to the fields where it cascades down the rows of plowed fields between rows of coffee plants. (PROCESS SHOWN IN QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS).

As the storm rises, the DONKEY panics, breaks free of the rope, and runs for cover as the rain starts.

5. EXT. LITTLE FARM HOUSE - DAY

A small mud-hut farm house on the edge of a coffee plantation. A PEASANT FAMILY clusters in the doorway, fearfully watching the incredible destruction outside.

CLOSER ON THEM -- the FATHER hugs his CHILD to his side. Behind them, inside the one-room hut we SEE the MOTHER kneeling and praying at a simple shrine with a little statue of the Virgin. The flame from the votary candles flickers and is blown out by the wind.

6. EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE, CLOMBIA - DAY

The sky is darkened here, but the rains have not yet reached the village. IN WIDE SHOT we SEE a little church with a steeple on one side of the square, and a café on the other side.

7. INT. CAFÉ, VILLAGE SQUARE, COLUMBIA - DAY

The OWNER and TWO WAITERS are busy decorating a wedding cake. IN B.G. we SEE the tables set for a party.

8. INT. CHURCH, VILLAGE SQUARE, COLUMBIA - DAY

In the church, a wedding is in progress. A small wedding party (BRIDE, GROOM, WITNESS, FAMILY, etc.) and the PRIEST.

REVERSE: In a back pew, taking pictures with an Instamatic and thrilled to be there watching an authentic South American wedding, are MR. AND MRS. MAURY STOKIS, the JINGO winners enjoying their trip. She dabs a sentimental tear; he snaps photos. Suddenly:

Sound: Thunder cracks. Fierce wind.

They look up fearfully from the ceremony as:

A stained glass window breaks and smashes to the floor.

MIDWAY DURING THE ABOVE SEQUENCES, WE BEGIN TO hear on sound track the voice of a TELEVISION NEWS COMMENTATOR.

T.V. COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Meteorologists are baffled by the tornado and torrential rain storms that struck the South American country of Colombia this afternoon, threatening to destroy this nation's entire coffee crop for the next five years. The loss of the major export would devastate that already strife-torn region's economy. Meanwhile,

the tornado continues to pound with devastating force. Gale force winds up to an incredible 200 mph lash the countryside, while 12 inches of rainfall have already been recorded in just one day.

At this point, we CONTINUE TO SEE IMAGES OF THE DESTRUCTION, BUT NOW THEY ARE IMAGES ON A TELEVISION SCREEN:

9. EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE, COLOMBIA - DAY

The rain and wind hit the square full force.

The church bell begins tolling out of control. blown by the wind. ANGLE UP ON the steeple to SEE it careening, clanging.

10. SHOTS OF COFFEE PLANTATION -- row after row of coffee plants bent. Flood waters rising.

T.V. SCREEN: BEGIN TO PULL BACK REEALING THIS ON T.V. SCREEN as we SEE the T.V.

NEWS COMMENTATOR seated at his desk, looking at CAMERA:

T.V. NEWS COMMENTATOR

Flood warnings have given way to evacuation proceedings in the entire southern part of the country. A

spokesman for the Department of Meteorology at Cal Tech here said this was, and I quote, "the most awesome display of natural forces unleashed since Noah's Ark." He added that the storm's pattern seems to defy all known laws of weather systems to...

Right around here, we begin to hear maniacal laughter off-screen. CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK TO REVEAL the T. V. screen, but it is not yet clear WHERE WE ARE. The man laughing is ROSS WEBSTER and we hear him say:

ROSS (o.s.)
Turn it off, turn it off! If I
laugh any harder, I'll split
my sides.

REVERSE. WE ARE IN:

EXT. PENTHOUSE. ROOFTOP "SKI RESORT" - DAY

(AT THIS POINT WE CAN'T TELL EXACTLY WHERE WEARE) ON ROSS, in snazzy ski togs, standing at the top of a ski slope. He pushes off and skis downhill. FOLLOW, at the bottom of the slope, reclining on a deck chair, wearing skin-tight ski-suit, holding a reflector to her face, to enhance her tan, is LORELEI. As ROSS comes to a stop, he sends a great spray of 'snow' all over LORELEI. She shrieks playfully.

LORELEI
Ooooooh, I'll get you for that,
you big silly!

ON VERA -- wincing with distaste at this baby-talk baloney, she sits nearby on a chair reading a book entitled: "A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO COMPUTERS."

NEW ANGLE, LONG AND WIDE -- As VERA gets up to switch off the portable T.V. set at the bottom of the slope, we get our first real look at this extraordinary setting. A private "ski resort" has been constructed on the terrace of the Webster penthouse. While we SEE the skyline of Metropolis in B. G. and the CITIZENS OF METROPOLIS in summer clothing on the streets below, what ROSS has installed up here is a total winter environment. At the foot of the slope is the little Swiss chalet "set" for apres-ski; we glimpse a fireplace, a bar, etc. in there.

VERA
(quivering voice)
Bubba, do you realize what we're onto?

ROSS
 (happily)
 Do I? Every time a drunk tries
 to sober up, he'll be drinking
 Webster coffee!

C.U. VERA -- eyes burning with a great idea.

VERA
 (dramatically)
 Why stop at coffee!
 (seeing the vision)
 A cup of coffee gets the world
 off to work in the morning,
 but what keeps the world working?

LORELEI
 Diet soda?

VERA
 Energy! And when they say "Energy"
 what do they mean? Nuclear? too
 dangerous. Solar?? Too underdeveloped.

ON ROSS -- his eyes beginning to glow with fervor as he catches on.

ROSS
 You mean...you mean...Vera!
 Vera! The magnitude of this!!!

VERA
 (proclaiming)
 Today coffee----

ROSS
 TOMORROW THE OIL!

EXT. SKY. SOUTH AMERICA - DAY

Flying rapidly toward the distant rain clouds -- it's SUPERMAN!

INT. PENTHOUSE. ROOFTOP "SKI RESORT" - DAY

LORELEI
 (slowly, sensually rubbing
 suntan oil into her skin)
 Oil?

ROSS
 We already have Webster Petroleum
 pumping 12 billion barrels a year.

VERA
 Small potatoes.

ROSS

We already have a super-tanker.

VERA

Chicken feed.

(brandishing her
computer manual)

If Gus Gorman can push the
right buttons ---

ROSS

(fired up, seeing
the vision)

I could have it all! Holy cats!
All the oil! All the tankers! All
the pumps! The gosh-darn world
will be out to lunch! No heat, no
gas--sis, this is some nifty idea!

At which point GUS enters, flipping a fancier yo-yo (the walnut executive model), looking very nervous and disturbed about something.

GUS

Hey, boss.

ROSS

Just the man I wanted to see!

GUS

Turn on the T.V.

ROSS

I did. isn't it neat-o?

GUS

(looks at ROSS
like he's nuts)

Uh...what channel were you
watching?

ROSS

What are you talking about, fella?

GUS walks over and turns on the T.V.

The T.V. NEWS COMMENTATOR'S face appears.

T.V. NEWS COMMENTATOR

...and in an all-out effort, Superman
has been simply awesome. Awesome in
his power. Awesome in his strength.
Awesome in his ability to single-handedly
reverse this wave of terror and save little
Colombia from the brink of destruction.
One man -- a super man, to be sure --
is taking on the very force of Nature's fury
and, at this point, he seems to be winning!

(FIRST IMAGES OF SUPERMAN AT WORK APPEAR ON T.V. SCREEN, THEN GO TO NORMAL
FILM
FRAME)

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

1. Battling through turbulence, with tremendous bolts of lightening around
him,
SUPERMAN flies through the Colombian sky.

2. EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE, COLOMBIA - DAY

The little church, buffeted by the storm, is starting to collapse. The mud-
stucco facade cracks, begins to sag and crumble.

Just as the façade starts to go, MR. AND MRS. MAURY STOKIS come barreling out
of
the church, hell-for-leather. He turns and tries to take one last snapshot of
the spectacle.

MRS. STOKIS
Maury! Forget the pictures!

The wall falls on top of them and they're lost from sight.

Moments later, the WEDDING PARTY, running for their lives, comes pouring out
of
the church. Buffeted by the gale-force winds, soaked to the skin, they try to
cross the square to the relative safety of the café across the way.

ANGLE UP -- a tremendous gust of wind looses the bell from its moorings in
the
steeple. The tremendous iron bell goes flying across the square, heading
right
for the fleeing BRIDE and GROOM.

SUPERMAN zooms in and just in time catches the bell in his arms before it
gets
to the people.

EFFECTS: The vibrations of the bell cause SUPERMAN to vibrate at a rapid
rate.
Accompanied by...sound: incessant clanging of the bell.

3. EXT. COFFEE PLANTATION, FILEDS - DAY

LONG SHOT -- the fields flooding with water in the furrowed rows between the

coffee plants. SUPERMAN lands at the end of the field an:

EFFECTS: Rays of Heat-Vision dart from his eyes and sweep across the field. The result is astonishing: he has dried up all the water.

4. ON THE WATER WHEEL -- SUPERMAN grabs the strut that was attached to the donkey and begins running at Super-Speed in the opposite (counter-clockwise) direction.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS, WE SEE THE EFFECT REVERSED: The water in the affected furrows is drawn back into the paddle wheel and deposited in the underground well.

5. OMITTED

6. EXT. SKY

SUPERMAN flies up into the heart of the storm and begins to blow the clouds.

EFFECTS: Super-Breath (time lapse photography) blows the terrible dark clouds away, pushing the storm up into the stratosphere where it can do no more harm.

7. EXT. SKY AND SPACE

Now SUPERMAN begins to fly straight up, heading for space. FOLLOW as he passes through the clouds.

8. EXT. COFFEE FIELDS - DAY

LONG SHOT -- the storm is over. The sun comes out. The sky is blue. Birds chirp.

EFFECTS (TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY): Coffee beans ripen from green to rich red.

ON THE PENTHOUSE. ROOFTOP "SKI RESORT" - DAY

Enraged at what he has just seen on the screen, ROSS lets out a shriek.

ROSS
No! No! No!

In his fury he pounds the arms of his folding chair so hard that it folds up with him in it.

ROSS
(thrashing around,
enraged)
It was perfect! It was the
perfect plan! It was foolproof.

As she beats LORELEI in a footrace to see which one will reach ROD+SS first to help him out of his folding chair, PAN TO GUS. Looking miserable and out-of-it,

he is talking to himself (nobody else is paying attention to him) as he wanders over to a pair of skis with boots attached laying nearby.

GUS
(aloud, but to
himself)

Just a matter of time 'til they start blamin' me. that's always what happens.

He slips his feet into the ski boots, curious to try them. FOLLOW HIM as he starts to walk clumsily up the slope, trying to master his balance in this odd footwear.

GUS
Ain't my fault, I done what I was supposed to do.
(climbing up

awkwardly)

Everybody blames it on me when they start lookin' to get it off themselves. Some kid in the classroom blows a spit-ball, who gets sent to the principle's office? Gus Gorman.

He continues up the slope, feet splayed wide apart, slipping and sliding, he is petulant, self-pitying.

ROSS
He ruined it! That lousy do-gooder, he ruined it.

VERA
Don't cry, Bubba.

ROSS stomps off into the snow, feeling sorry for himself.

FAVORING LORELEI --annoyed at VERA'S ass-kissing, she stands up holding a steaming mug of mulled wine that has been sitting on the table beside her. She dips the cheese-cloth bag of spices...like an outsized tea-bag...that has been seeping in the cup, then takes it out. Carrying it by its string (it is dripping boiling hot wine and waves of steam are rising from it), she stoops beside VERA and seems about to drop the hot bag in VERA'S wastebasket. Instead, she drops it on the unsuspecting VERA'S outstretched hand.

Which brings VERA leaping and screaming to her feet, her burned hand flying into the air.

VERA
AIEEEE!

ROSS spins around, to see VERA in this agitated position.

LORELEI
(quickly)
Vera's practicing her karate.

Trying to put a good front on it, VERA has no choice but to continue with a series of cries and arm chops. But she uses the last two to give LORELEI a genuine karate blow in the gut. LORELEI doubles over. VERA, pretending it is just the usual bowing ritual at the end of a karate exhibition, also bows.

ROSS
Nice try, Butch, but it wouldn't be effective against Superman.
(railing)
You'll see! Now that he's pulled this stunt, he'll stick his nose in my oil scheme and ruin that one, too! I've got to get rid of him! I've got to!

VERA
How? Shoot him? You know about him and bullets. Not to mention knives, tanks, bombs...

ON GUS -- Laboriously trying to get to the top of the slopes, still muttering his monologue.

GUS
Apartment in the project gets broke in, who gets hauled into the line-up? Gus Gorman.

NEW ANGLE

LORELEI
(suddenly)
Kryptonham!

All turn to her.

ALL
What?

LORELEI
Kryptonham...
(unsure)
or Kryptonheimer...I forget

what you call it, but it's the stuff that can kill Superman.

VERA
(contemptuously)
How would you know?

LORELEI
(off minded)
Hey, I know a lot of things!

VERA
So I understand from the graffiti I've seen.

ROSS
Wait a minute! She's right!
Kryptonite. I remember reading about it in an interview with him.
(crestfallen)
Nuts...

VERA
What's wrong?

ROSS
I just remembered the rest. There isn't any more. The only chunk that ever landed on Earth disappeared a couple of years ago. It was in this story in the Daily Planet.

VERA
Where did it come from?

ROSS
The planet Superman came from.
Krypton.

ON GUS -- at the top of the slope.

GUS
It ain't. It's nowhere. It blew up. That's how come they shipped the dude to Earth when he was a baby.
(pause, as they all look oddly at GUS)
well. I know some stuff too, y'all.

ROSS
Wait a second. Astronomers know where the planet used to be, right? And you know what happens when a planet explodes? Debris. Pieces

floating in space.

VERA

So?

ROSS

So all we've got to do is pick up the garbage.

(warming to it)

We just have to find our where in Heaven Krypton used to be. Then good old Gus here contacts the Vulcan satellite--

ANGLE UP ON GUS - at the top of the ski slope, asserting himself.

GUS

Just hold on a minute. I have been doin' some thinkin'

ROSS

God, that's what I keep you for.

GUS

That's what I been thinkin' about. How you been keepin' me.

(pause: nervously

but bravely)

I ain't getting' nothing outta this gig.

ROSS

Gus, if there's anything I hate, it's greed.

GUS

(outraged)

Greed!

(extremely agitated)

Let me tell you something---

In his burst of anger, he loses his equilibrium and suddenly starts to plummet down the ski slope.

EXT. WEBSTER PENTHOUSE, BUILDING - DAY

LONG SHOT -- GUS goes zooming down the slope at great speed. With no poles and no knowledge of how to stop, he keeps going right off the roof, sailing out into the air. At the end of his trajectory, gravity takes over. He falls straight down)CAMERA PANS DOWN TO WATCH) ten stories and lands on an awning above the doorway of the apartment building. This, in turn, functions as a min-slope, and he skis right off it and lands in the middle of the street.

ON HE STREET: Cars brake to a halt; PEDESTRIANS are startled to see a man on skis suddenly landing in their midst. GUS, once he's realized he's all right, tries to carry it off as if he knew what he was doing all along. He saunters off down the road with a forced display of cool, if you can call a guy on skis clomping down a city street "sauntering."

AS WE WATCH GUS clomp away, ROSS'S DIALOGUE CONTINUES AS A VOICE-OVER as we SEE:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

As he described it, chunks of glowing green Kryptonite drifting in space.

INT. WEBCO DATA PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

As we SEE GUS back at his old, original spot, muttering to himself as he rolls up his sleeve and begins to play the computer like a wurlitzer, ROSS'S voice-over continues:

ROSS (v.o.)
Once Gus contacts the Vulcan satellite, he orders it to search through outer space around where Krypton went bye-bye.

During the above speech, GUS'S coordinates appear ON THE COMPUTER DISPLAY SCREEN:

LOCATE AND SEARCH X GALAXY AT 3500 LIGHT YEARS.

A beat. Then, as he punches more buttons, another message appears ON COMPUTER DISPLAY SCREEN below the first:

ANALYZE COMPONENT ELEMENTS OF KRYPTONITE PARTICLES.

Another beat. THE DISPLAY SCREEN GOES BLANK. GUS waits, and then an answer appears ON THE DISPLAY SCREEN:

INSTRUCTIONS RECEIVED . . .

EFFECTS: BLIPS ON DISPLAY SCREEN:

message continues ON DISPLAY SCREEN.

SCANNING . . .

The satellite shoots a beam out and up. FOLLOW THE BEAM through the deep blue, still faintly sunlit atmosphere and up into the eternal night of deep space.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - NIGHT

The searching satellite beam discovers glowing green particles of Kryptonite

drifting in this very distant darkness. As it plays over them like a flashlight:

ROSS'S VOICE-OVER DIALOGUE CONTINUES:

ROSS (v.o.)

Then the laser probe simply
locks onto a floating chunk of
Kryptonite, the computer

analyzes the components and
the boys in the lab duplicate
the stuff down here.

INT. WEBCO DATA PROCESSING CENTER - DAY

As we hear various humming, clicking, and whirring noises:

ON THE BLANK COMPUTER DISPLAY SCREEN ... it begins to show a message:

KRYPTONITE ... AN INTENSE HEAT FUSION OF:

Below it quickly prints the composition, element by element:

PLUTONIUM . . .	15.08%
TANTALUM . . .	18.0 %
XENON . . .	27.71%
PROMETHIUM . .	24.02%

C.U. GUS -- watching gleefully.

GUS

Uh-huh! Uh-huh!

ON COMPUTER DISPLAY SCREEN -- the computer has added to the list:

DIALUM . . .	10.62%
MERCURY . . .	4.08%

Sound: the whirring and clicking stop.

GUS smiles broadly as he reaches to tear off the printout sheet. He's done it!

But suddenly:

Sound: the whirring and clicking begin again.

The printout sheet emerges a little further as an addition to the list appears

ON THE COMPUTER DISPLAY SCREEN:

UNKNOWN . . .	0.57%
---------------	-------

He ponders a moment. looks down. Sees something.

INSERT: A pack of his cigarettes on the table beside him. It's one of the low-tar brands and we SEE the listing on the package: NICOTINE 8%, TAR 5%.

CLOSE ON GUS -- He takes an electronic eraser (a pencil-like gadget, attached by wires to the machine) and carefully rubs it across the line on the video display screen just where the word "UNKNOWN" appears. then he types in a new word:

TAR . . . 0.57%

GUS
He ain't gonna smoke this stuff,
so what the hell...

He carefully tears the printout sheet. WIDEN SHOT as he leaves the DATA PROCESSING CENTER and heads down the corridor. FOLLOW HIM UNTIL:

INT. WEBCO, MAIN OFFICES. CORRIDOR - DAY

GUS stops at a door marked:

WEBCO -- RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

After a beat, the door is opened very slightly by a WHITE-COATED SCIENTIST.

GUS
(giving him a bright
smile and the altered
printout sheet)
The Boss says he wants this to go.

INT. DAILY PLANET, CITY ROOM - DAY

Looking absolutely furious, MR. STOKIS is making his way with considerable difficulty past the desks of REPORTERS, heading for PERRY'S office. The considerable difficulty is due to the fact that (a) he has one leg in a plaster cast that goes up to his hip, (b) he walks with a crutch to help him, (c) he has one arm in a sling and (d) with his other arm he is propelling before him a wheelchair containing MRS. STOKIS, who has both legs in a plaster cast as well as a neck brace. Following them, trying to stop them, is a desperate MISS HENDERSON.

MR. STOKIS
Where is he? He'll pay for this!
(screaming)
Get your wallet out, Mr. Editor!

MISS HENDERSON
(trying to stop him)
Please, Mr. Stokis, it isn't Mr.
White's fault if ---

MR. STOKIS
Don't touch me!

AS THEY CONTINUE OUT OF FRAME TOWARD PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE IN B.G. HOLD ON CLARK
-- who looks up momentarily from his typewriter then goes back to work intently on his reunion story.

CLARK
(trying a line
out loud)
"Old relationships suddenly seem
the same as ever."
(a little smile
as he writes)
"The prettiest girl in the school
is still the prettiest girl..."

Sound: The phone rings. CLARK grabs it.

CLARK
(into phone)
Hello?
(happily)
Lana! Hey, I was just thinking
about--
(his smile turns to
a worried frown)
What's wrong? ...what about Ricky?

INT. LANA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON LANA -- upset, talking on the phone.

LANA
Well, that autograph you got him
from Superman -- he got really
carried away after that and told
the other kids that Superman's
his pal. And he said Superman's
even coming to visit him for his
birthday next Wednesday.
(catching a breath)
Okay, it was wrong. But when
Wednesday comes...and Superman
doesn't...

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A very forlorn and ashamed RICKY stands in his doorway, listening.

INT. DAILY PLANET, CLARK KENT'S DESK - DAY

ON CLARK

CLARK
 (into the phone
 earnestly)
 No, well in this case I think
 I can speak for him.
 (hastily)
 I mean, I'm pretty close to him,
 you know.
 (firmly)
 Superman will be there on
 Wednesday.

INT. LANA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

LANA
 (into the phone,
 her voice trembling
 with happiness)
 Well, he's going to get the best
 home-cooked meal he's had in...
 in a long time. You tell Superman
 we think he's wonderful.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

RICKY'S face lights up with joy and relief as he understands.

LANA
 (softly, into the phone)
 But Clark...you're the best.

INT. DAILY PLANET, CLARK KENT'S DESK - DAY

ON CLARK -- hanging up slowly. No one ever said that to him before.

Behind him, and for some time now, a considerable commotion has been going on
 in
 PERRY'S office. CAMERA NOW ZOOMS PAST CLARK TO SEE PERRY and MR. STOKIS in a
 screaming match, while a distraught MISS HENDERSON wrings her hands and an
 immobile MRS. STOKIS just sits in her wheelchair.

MR. STOKIS
 Bad luck??!! I'll give you
 bad luck!!! I'm suing you!
 I'm suing your paper! I'm
 suing her---
 (points to MISS HENDERSON)
 And I'll take it to the Supreme
 Court if I have to!!

PERRY
 It wasn't our fault. It was an
 act of God!

MR. STOKIS
 In a church?????!!

INT. WEBCO INDUSTRIES MAIN OFFICES. SMALL EMPTY OFFICE - DAY

ON GUS-- waiting in a little room practicing his yo-yo. By now he's finally mastered up-and-down and is into (badly) some tricks like "walking the dog." He makes a few tries and almost jumps when a finger taps his shoulder sharply from behind.

WIDEN TO TWO SHOT -- the white-clad SCIENTIST to whom GUS gave the formula is holding a laboratory tray with a glowing green chunk of Kryptonite on it. He sets the tray on the desk in front of GUS.

SCIENTIST
 (very superior)
 Here you are. I can't imagine
 what you want with it, but you've
 got it.

He leaves. GUS eyes the Kryptonite warily, finally forces himself to reach for it, and picks it up so gingerly that he almost drops it. Which redoubles his terror...until he suddenly realizes.

GUS
 Hey, what'm I scared of?
 I'm an Earthling.

EXT. SMALLVILLE MAIN STREET. WOODED PLATFORM - DAY

C.U. RICKY -- dressed in his Sunday best and bursting with pride.

PULL BACK TO THREE SHOT -- RICKY couldn't be happier, with his MOTHER on one side and SUPERMAN on the other. They are all seated on rather narrow, rickety folding chairs, smiling out at US.

SUPERMAN
 (to LANA, vaguely
 embarrassed)
 You know, I really wasn't
 expecting all this.

LANA
 Well...I guess they did get
 a little carried away.

CONTINUE PULLBACK TO WIDE SHOT TO REVEAL how Smallville gets "carried away."
 A

wooden platform, the type they put up for 4th of July speeches and ceremonies, has been erected in the middle of Main Street. Seated there, in addition to SUPERMAN, LANA, and RICKY, are LOCAL DIGNITARIES looking pleased as punch.

The MAYOR is clearing his throat at a microphone. A table has been set up beside him and on it are some gifts for SUPERMAN. A banner, stretched across MAIN

STREET, reads "SMALLVILLE WELCOMES SUPERMAN." Crowded around the platform are TOWNSPEOPLE, young and old. A few yards away the HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND, brass buttons gleaming, awaits their cue.

MAYOR

Superman, we all know you're not looking for honors and awards. But when we heard that you were coming to see your pal Ricky...

C.U. RICKY -- grinning so wide it almost splits his cheeks.

MAYOR

...we realized this was our chance to say thank you. First, for putting out a forest fire that could have ruined miles of timberland. Second, for averting a terrible tragedy at the Iroquois Trail Nuclear power Plant. And not least, for saving little Ricky. So, since you already have won the key to our hearts, Superman, may I present you with...

(picks up a presentation box from table, opens it, takes out a big gold-plated key)

...the key to the city.

SUPERMAN rises, gratefully accepts it, holds it for the crowd to see, then puts it down on the table. Applause.

PEOPLE with Instamatics and Polaroids snapping away.

MAYOR

Not to be outdone by the office of the Mayor, the Ladies' Auxiliary would like you to have...

(he hands him a spiral-bound thin volume)

...The Smallville Cookbook.

SUPERMAN takes it, graciously declines the offer of the microphone, and smiles at a gaggle of LADIES in the front row.

ON THE LADIES -- smiling back, thrilled, like senior groupies.

SUPERMAN

Thank you, ladies. I'm sure this will come in handy.

Suddenly, a burst of music comes blasting out nearby and coming closer: stirring

military martial air like "The Caissons Go Rolling Along," blaring through loud-speakers.

All heads turn, startled to see:

ANGLE DOWN THE MAIN STREET -- Coming toward the reviewing stand is a khaki-colored car (or jeep), the words U.S. ARMY stenciled on the door. One of those loudspeakers of the type used by cars traveling around town advertising elections or concerts is mounted on the roof and is the source of the march music. As the car gets CLOSER TO F. G. WE SEE that the driver, in WAC uniform is VERA. Seated in the back seat, wearing the uniform of a 5-Star General with all the accouterments we associate with General Patton (white "dress" helmet, ascot foulard, jodhpurs, swagger stick in hand) is GUS.

NEW ANGLE -- the car comes to a screeching halt by the reviewing stand. Considerable curiosity from the crowd as VERA, in crisp no-nonsense manner, steps out and commands:

VERA
Ten-hut!

The CROWD, conditioned by years of watching war movies, instantly and unquestioningly, rises to attention.

Upright in posture, authoritative in manner, slapping his swagger stick against his side, GUS surveys the crowd with an air of critical skepticism, then mounts the platform.

ON SUPERMAN -- A bit curious himself at all this. Beside him the MAYOR is standing stiffly at attention as if his spine would snap.

GROUP SHOT -- Total silence. GUS strides across the platform as if surveying his troops, scowls a bit. Then does what he thinks is a gesture of authority and command: he slaps the side of his leg with his swagger stick. He does it too hard, though, and it hurts. A fleeting look of pain, which he tries to conceal.
Then, to the podium:

GUS
(using a Patton-like
voice and delivery)
Listen up! I've come here direct
from the Pentagon so you better
believe there's a damn good reason!
I'm here to tell you that God has

given us the greatest goddamn gift
in the world: nuclear power! But
if we don't protect it, it's our ass!
And democracy's ass! And the
free world's ass!

The OLD LADIES look a bit shocked; the MEN in the crowd nod with patriotic fervor.

GUS

You people want to be able to
go to church on Sunday and sit
in the Super Bowl, don't you?
(he pounds his swagger
stick on the podium
for emphasis; it breaks)
But what about the peacetime uses
of nuclear power? You all want some
Ay-rabs in white robes tellin' you
you got to pay through the nose for
their Cadillac limousines so you can
get enough juice to light up your
Christmas tree??! Not to mention
the nice clean air so the great
American bald eagle can fly
without coughin' himself to death!

ON SUPERMAN -- listening, thinking about it.

GUS

Now last week half this great
nation almost bit the bullet, nuclear-
power-wise. Wasn't anything the
military could do about it -- we
were busy protecting our borders
at the time it happened. So I say,
thank the good lord above for
Superman!

Applause. SUPERMAN looks humble, a bit chagrined.

GUS

Just when it looked like curtains--
and I don't mean just the Iron
Curtain, I mean all the curtains! --
Along came this great American!
(points to SUPERMAN)
Superman, you saved our bacon.
We want to show our gratitude.

GUS snaps his fingers imperiously at VERA, who stands below the platform.

ON VERA -- snarling at having to play this subservient role, she mounts the platform, carrying a wooden presentation box about a foot high. She hands it to GUS.

GUS

I want to present you with this token of appreciation for what did to stop the disaster at Iroquois Trail. It's your government's way of saying, "Hey buddy, you done real good."

He opens it. There, glowing and gleaming against the velvet background, is a small statue in the shape of the nuclear plant cooling tower we saw earlier. We recognize its green glow immediately as the Kryptonite we saw before.

ON SUPERMAN -- as he lifts it out and holds it aloft, we hear the CROWD oohing and aahing. but as he takes the statue out and studies it:

EFFECTS: INSERT--the gleam suddenly dies. in his hand, the statue goes dull and then darkens to a sinister, poisonous greenish-black.

ON SUPERMAN -- A little uncertain but otherwise unchanged. he eyes the ugly, burnt-out shape and summons all his good will to say:

SUPERMAN
Thanks. General. It's...swell.

TIGHT C.U. GUS -- his eyes flicker and blink in momentary panic as he realizes SUPERMAN isn't dropping dead.

GUS
(quickly, losing his cool, sounding less Patton-like now)
Well...uh...I ain't got no time to stick around for the corn-on-the-cob and square dancing or whatever it is you people do. We got to get back to the base for... uh...well, I can't tell you what for, it's top secret.

Quickly he descends, VERA behind him, and looking a bit shook up, gets in the car. VERA, just before she gets behind the wheel, turns to the CROWD.

VERA
At ease! Sid down!

The car drives away. The CROWD clusters around SUPERMAN.

EXT. STREET IN SMALLVILLE - TWILIGHT

ON GUS -- walking disconsolately on a deserted street in Smallville, muttering

to himself, kicking at a tin can.

GUS

"Unknown," how was I supposed
to know what 'unknown' is...

Ahead of him, on the corner is a pay phone. He enters it, sighs heavily with the burden on his mind, drops in a bunch of coins and dials.

GUS

Hello, Boss? ...You know how people's always tryin' to copy that secret recipe for that fried chicken they sell in them buckets, but nobody can figure out the secret ingredient?

INT. ROSS WEBSTER'S OFFICE - TWILIGHT

C.U. ROSS -- on the phone as his desk. He is livid, furious.

ROSS

He didn't die???? I ask you to kill Superman and you're telling me you couldn't even do that one simple thing??!!!

EXT. LANA'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The car parked in the drive, lights on in the house.

INT. LANA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

SUPERMAN is relaxing after an early supper, sitting on the sofa and leafing through a photo album. PAN TO SEE LANA as she tiptoes out of RICKY'S room.

LANA

He was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

(smiling)

Well, this was only the biggest day of his life. I really don't know how to thank you.

SUPERMAN

You just did, with that great dinner.

LANA

(almost blushing)

Oh well, I do like to cook.
You'll take some coffee,

won't you?
 (quickly)
 Decaffeinated, of course.

And she disappears into the kitchen.

Sound: A telephone rings in the kitchen. We hear LANA murmuring faintly, occasionally, as:

ON SUPERMAN -- he sits up, frowning. He presses his eyes and shakes his head as if to clear it, as if he suddenly had a headache or got dizzy. But these moves don't seem to help much. He just sinks back into the sofa, looking as if he really isn't feeling like himself.

LANA hurries back in, very upset.

LANA
 (almost in on breath)
 Superman, I'm sorry. I really hate to cut this evening short, but... my friend Betty just called! There's been an accident on the old River

Bridge. A tank truck filled with acid turned over! It's leaking acid and they're afraid the bridge is collapsing!

(as if she were imposing)
 I am sorry. I hate to make you rush off!

But SUPERMAN doesn't move. He just sits there, eyeing her very deliberately.

SUPERMAN
 (quietly)
 There's no rush.

LANA
 (surprised)
 But the bridge...

SUPERMAN
 Hey, Don't I always get there in time?
 (as LANA nods uncertainly)
 he smiles and pats the sofa)
 Come on, relax.

TIGHTER TWO SHOT -- as she sits down beside him, he casually moves closer and smoothly slips an arm behind her, almost touching her.

SUPERMAN
 It's hard to believe...
 a great looking girl like
 you all alone like this.
 As she glances up at him, she is first flustered, then flattered, then...finally...just realistic:

LANA

Listen, are you sure you shouldn't
do something about the bridge?

ON SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN

(vaguely)

The bridge...?

(suddenly, as if coming
out of a trance)

I'd better get going!

And he rushes out. HOLD ON LANA, looking after him, still troubled.

EXT. RIVER BRIDGE, SMALLVILLE - TWILIGHT

Just as LANA said, a big tank truck has turned over on its side. DANGER--ACID is painted on the tank, which has indeed sprung a considerable leak from a crack in the side. Acid is trickling out with accompanying hissing steam and bubbling corrosion effects. AN EMERGENCY CREW is doing its best, trying to spray water from a hose to keep the acid from eating away the pilings. BUT:

CLOSER -- the acid drips onto the support system of the bridge and is eating the old metal away right before our eyes.

LONGER -- the bridge starts to sway dangerously and the pilings begin to buckle.

POLICE CARS, FIRETRUCKS there. Ropes have been attached to the bridge structure, and GUYS are holding fast on shore.

ON THE GUYS -- many of them hold wet cloths over their faces to protect them from the terrible acid fumes. Smoke curls back in their faces as they valiantly try to stem the inevitable.

FIRST GUY

It won't hold! It's going!

A SHERIFF

(into a bullhorn)

Clear the area! Clear the area!

Sound: A deep rumbling as the bridge starts to go.

EMERGENCY CREW CHIEF

Get down!

ON THE BRIDGE -- it sways precipitously, then the pilings crack and crumble and the bridge collapses, taking the tanker with it.

ON THE WATCHERS -- aghast at the destruction.

PAN UP TO THE SKY -- flying over the horizon, coming toward the area, is SUPERMAN.

NEW ANGLE -- he lands on the river bank. although we can't as yet quite be certain, especially in this half-light, it seems that the colors of his costume have darkened almost imperceptibly, the blue just a shade deeper, the red a bit darker, His hair seems a little out of place, but then, that might be from the wind...

SUPERMAN

(as he lands)

What...

(looks at where the
bridge used to be)

What can I do to help?

ON THE EMERGENCY CREW AND POLICE -- they look at him, disappointed and, frankly, a bit surprised.

SHERIFF

Not much of anything now.

EMERGENCY CREW CHIEF

If only you'd got here a few minutes ago.

ON SUPERMAN -- he looks away from their eyes. He seems troubled, puzzled. How could this have happened?

EXT. STREET - PISA, ITALY - DAY

ON THE CORRUGATED AWNING OF A SOUVENIR STAND as two hands roll it up. As the interior is revealed, we SEE the contents of the shelves: rows and rows of cheap plastic souvenir Leaning Towers of Pisa, all leaning identically; rows and rows of picture postcards with the same identical view. PULL BACK and WIDEN to reveal an ITALIAN SHOPKEEPER admiring his stock as he gets ready for the day's tourists. CONTINUE TO WIDEN: NOW WE SEE in the distant B.G. is the real Leaning Tower of Pisa, tilted at the same familiar angle as all those plastic replicas. As the MAN hums happily, ZOOM PAST HIM to the real tower, THEN CONTINUE TO ZOOM PAST THE TOWER TO AN APPROACHING BLUE DOT IN THE SKY.

EXT. SKY ABOVE PISA - DAY

SUPERMAN is coming this way, and now there can be no mistaking it: his outfit is changing color, becoming a little darker in its hues. And there's a slightly

different cast to his features, maybe a bit drawn, as if he'd had a hard night.
But he doesn't really look that different...except for a funny glint in his eye.

EFFECTS: A quick flash, almost subliminal (a few FRAMES at most) of the honest, clean-cut face of CLARK KENT appears behind SUPERMAN'S altered features, then disappears.

As he looks down, a slow, mischievous smile starts to form on his face.

HIS POV: The Leaning Tower of Pisa ahead.

ON SUPERMAN, FLYING -- he chuckles to himself as the idea comes to him. Then he abruptly changes course and starts a rapid descent.

NEW ANGLE, WIDE, FULL SHOT -- Approaching the top of the Leaning Tower, SUPERMAN extends his arms and, bracing himself in midair, starts to push the Tower upright. He continues, quietly chuckling as he does so.

EXT. SOUVENIR STAND, PISA - DAY

As in the OPENING SHOT: the shelves of the stand RIGHT, the OWNER standing there dusting them, the real Leaning Tower in B.G. But now, as he stops dusting to make an automatic look at the source of his success, a remarkable thing is happening, slowly, inch by inch, SUPERMAN pushes it into an upright position. The Leaning Tower of Pisa isn't leaning anymore; it's just another Tower.

The Italian entrepreneur looks, goes back to his work, then does an incredible double-take.

SOUVENIR SELLER
Mamma Mia!

HE clutches his heart melodramatically.

POV: SUPERMAN flies overhead, the deed done. He seems to be grinning mischievously.

ON THE SOUVENIR SELLER -- hysterical, smashing his wares off the shelf, making vile and obscene gestures at the retracting figure of SUPERMAN:

SOUVENIR SELLER
Super-Cretino! Stronzo!...

MONTAGE: NEWSPAPERS

The classic MONTAGE of spinning newspapers that comes to a stop so that we can read the headlines. The effect is to show how SUPERMAN'S strange behavior is creating a scandal all over the world. Thus:

A FRENCH newspaper headline reads: LE SCANDAL DE SUPERMAN.

Then a JAPANESE one, showing the Leaning (straightened) Tower of Pisa. And so on.

Then, spinning out of limbo, the cover of TIME MAGAZINE. It shows a portrait of SUPERMAN, but in place of usual "S" on his chest, there is a question mark ("?").

The banner line on the cover reads :

SUPERMAN: GOODNESS AT THE CROSSROADS

INT. ROSS WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

ROSS and LORELEI are using the gym equipment in the office and are appropriately attired; he in a sweat suit, she in mind-boggling spandex leotard. He's running in place on a treadmill with a pedometer attached; she's leaning forward at a sharp angle, pulling on ropes attached to counter-weights behind her that are stacked on a Nautilus machine. VERA sits at the desk in her usual Ninotchka suit, reading aloud from the TIME magazine just SEEN.

VERA

"At a special session of the General Assembly, 178 countries voted to censure Superman. With only Columbia abstaining."

ROSS

That fella's becoming a public menace.

LORELEI

(bending, pulling)
And he use to be such a sweetie pie! What's wrong with him the last two weeks?

VERA "casually" extends her foot and kicks the toggle bolt that holds the weights in place. LORELEI, leaning forward with suddenly no tension on the ropes, she pulls, falls forward flat on her face. ROSS turns to see what happened. instantly, VERA begins counting:

VERA

Time for you push-ups. 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 and 1 and 2 and ...

LORELEI, smiling gamely, immediately starts doing push-ups.

ROSS

(beaming)
That's what I like to see. My two best gals pulling together.

NEW ANGLE -- revealing GUS GORMAN sitting in a corner of the room. He is

sketching something on the back of an envelope, which he puts back in his pocket
as he says:

GUS

He sure wasn't actin' bad and nasty that day in Smallville. Man, he was so full of niceness I was startin' to feel funny about layin' that chunk of...

ON ROSS

ROSS

(suddenly)

KRYPTONITE!

GUS

Huh?

ROSS, with an expression of "Eureka!" hops off the running treadmill, his body momentum, however, keeps him running in place. And...

TWO SHOT, FULL LENGTH -- without even thinking about it, GUS automatically starts running in place beside him, as they talk, to "keep up with him" and be polite.

ROSS

Don't you see? Okay, so you didn't kill him. Nobody's perfect. But that stuff we ran up in the lab wasn't a complete failure after all.

(explaining)

Right after Gus gave it to him, Superman started to turn into a selfish, ornery, malicious, conniving...

VERA

(summing it up)

A normal person.

ROSS

And now that Superman's out of the Nice Guy business...

VERA

We can get to work on that oil!

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT (STOCK FOOTAGE): A great stadium with banners announcing the Olympic Games.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

INSIDE THE STADIUM (STOCK FOOTAGE): The stands filled with PEOPLE. The field filled with TEAMS FROM EVERY COUNTRY holding their flags, wearing outfits. It is the opening ceremonies.

ON THE TOWER AT THE FAR END OF THE STADIUM, with the long pyramid of steps leading up to the as-yet-unlit Olympic Flame. We recognize immediately this often-seen ceremony.

IN LONG SHOT -- A RUNNER, the MAN picked to light the Olympic Flame, which will burn throughout the Games and which signals the opening, runs up the long flight of steps carrying in his hand the Olympic Torch that has been passed from runner to runner on its journey toward this ultimate moment. As we WATCH this ceremony reaching its stirring conclusion, we hear the voice of an announcer on T.V. or radio:

ANNOUNCER (v.o.)

And now, the supreme moment as the last runner...the one given the great honor of lighting the Olympic Flame...runs the last leg of a marathon that began 7 days ago as this torch has been passed from athlete to athlete for 970 miles across the country.

As the RUNNER ascends to the top step and raises the torch high to light the giant dish where the Flame will burn:

REVERSE: ZOOM TO SUPERMAN -- standing on the floodlight tower on the opposite side of the stadium, on top of the wall. His costume is definitely darker now, the blue becoming Prussian blue, the red deepening to a maroon. His hair is uncombed, and his features look darker, tougher, as if he hadn't shaved for a few days. With a look of pure malevolence, he:

EFFECTS: blows a gust of Super-Breath.

ON THE RUNNER -- the breath blows out the Olympic Flame.

Sound: a gasp from the CROWD.

And the RUNNER, terribly confused and upset, has to turn and run down the great

stairs, still carrying the Torch, to go get it re-lit somewhere.

INT. ROSS WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

LORELEI is all alone in the office, seated at a table, deeply immersed in a book.

CLOSER ON HER: The book she's reading with such interest is Immanuel Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

LORELEI
 (aloud, puzzled)
 How can he say that pure
 categories have no objective
 meaning in transcendental
 logic? What about synthetic
 unity?

Suddenly, as she hears the door opening, she hides her book behind a Movie Gossip magazine and immediately assumes her persona of empty-headed sex-pot.

WIDE SHOT -- as ROSS, VERA, and GUS enter.

LORELEI
 Hi, honey, am I in your way?

ROSS
 (in fine fettle)
 No, stick around, you might
 learn something.

ROSS presses a button. Suddenly the walls of the office flip over and become enormous mural-sized illuminated maps with electronic blips. The entire room is, in other words, rapidly transformed into a "War Room" a la Dr. Strangelove.

CAMERA ON A WALL-SIZED MAP OF THE WORLD, showing all the oceans of the world. Illuminated green miniature images of oil tankers are scattered on all the bodies of water.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL ROSS, a pointer in one hand, a remote control device in the other, as he points to the map.

ROSS
 Every oil tanker and super-
 tanker and super-duper-tanker
 in the ocean is controlled.
 totally, by computers. Computers
 to tell them where to go, how
 much oil to take on, where to
 deliver it.

GUS
 They ain't got captains?

ROSS

Yes, but they don't really need them. it's just a throw-back to some sentimental sea-faring baloney.

VERA

You will command the tankers to sail toward a 50-mile area in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

GUS

And do what?

ROSS

And do nothing. Just sit there.

GUS

Then how's all the people gonna get their oil?

ROSS

(grins)

You catch on fast, old buddy.

(to VERA)

Tell him about the pumps. I know how you love the part about the pumps.

VERA takes the remote control clicker from ROSS, clicks it.

ON THE MAP -- the map of the world's oceans disappears and is replaced by a glowing, illuminated map of the United States. Little miniature oil derricks are shown clustered in all the oil-producing areas of the country.

VERA

Every pump in America is run...

GUS

I know, by computers.

VERA

Will you stop interrupting ?!

(calming herself)

You will command the pumps to stop pumping.

ROSS

(gleeful)

And then shut down the pipe lines.

GUS

Pumps stop pumping oil. Pipe lines stop pipin' oil. Tankers stop deliverin' oil. Man, this

is high stakes.

ROSS

(flattered)

Thanks, kiddo. now, listen, this part's important. I want you to program one special command into all these systems. Tell them these orders are irreversible, so it'll be impossible for anybody to switch them back. Can you do that, pal?

ON GUS -- a pause. he looks upset about something, building up his nerve to say it. Then:

GUS

Lookit, you're getting' what you want all the time. it ain't right that I don't get somethin'! I never get somethin'!

ROSS

I knew it, I knew it, go be nice to people and they think they can ask for the moon!

GUS

(het up)

The moon! Listen, man, when I was a little bitty kid all my friends got them electric trains for Christmas. My mama didn't have barely enough to pay the electric bill, let alone buy me no train set.

VERA

This sounds like it's going to be sad. I'm leaving.

She leaves the room.

GUS

Now...when do I get a taste?

ROSS

(naked threat)

I should think a taste of freedom is enough, don't you? Or would you prefer jail?

GUS

(defiantly)

Don't lay that jail number on me
no more. You need me out here
doin' stuff for you more'n sitten'
in no jail doin' nothin' for nobody.

(pointedly)

'Sides, I be known' some heavy
stuff about you now. You don't
want em spillin' the coffee beans.

Before ROSS can even ask her, LORELEI discretely leaves the room. The TWO MEN are alone.

ROSS

Is this blackmail?

GUS

Don't be getting' racist with me,
man.

ROSS

Is this whitemail?

GUS

Fair's fair.

ROSS

(after a pause)

What do you want?

ON GUS -- He starts emptying the contents of his pockets on ROSS'S desk. It's all matchbooks, paper napkins, backs of envelopes, scrap paper. Drawings and plans and numbers are scrawled on all of them.

ON ROSS -- looking at this pile of crumpled effluvia. he reaches down and picks up his waste basket, holds it up to GUS.

ROSS

A waste-basket?

GUS

Those are plans.

(as ROSS eyes

them skeptically)

Blueprints.

ROSS

For what?

GUS

A computer.

ROSS

We've already got some.

GUS

Not like this one you ain't.

Nobody in the world got one

like this 'cause it don't exist
yet. We got to build it.

ROSS
(impressed)
You designed it?

GUS
(proudly)
I invented it, man. In my head.
It's a stone killer-diller get-down
get-it-on and twice-on-Sunday

super mutha computer.

ROSS
(intrigued)
What will it do?

GUS
Everything.

ROSS
What will it get me?

GUS
Anything.

ROSS
(a big genial smile)
Tell me more...

INT. WEBCO DATA PROCESSING CENTER - NIGHT

All alone in the computer room, GUS sits at his console and starts trying out
coordinates.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY OR NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE -- SHOTS of super-tankers moving at full speed through the
ocean
waters from various directions.

EFFECTS: ON ILLUMINATED WALL MAP -- Electronic 'tanker' blips begin to amass
together on ROSS'S map.

EXT. TEXAS OIL FIELD - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- a Texas oil field, dotted with derricks as afar as the
eye
can see, all of them pumping away, up and down, up and down.

ON AN OIL RIG SUPERVISOR, a guy in a hard hat, looking at his clipboard as he
checks the day's productivity.

Sound: the regular throbbing sound of the oil pumps.

Suddenly, the sound stops. It takes a moment for the absence of noise to register on the SUPERVISOR. Then he looks up, astonished.

POV: WIDE SHOT -- all the pumps stop pumping.

EXT. PIPELINE, DESERT (OR ALASKAN LANDSCAPE) - DAY

TWO WORKER with puzzled expression crouch beside a section of oil pipeline. One keeps turning the tap over a little valve-faucet, but nothing comes out.

EXT. SKY ABOVE CANYON - DAY

ON A HELICOPTER -- unmarked, as it comes to a careful landing, coming down in the crevasse of a reddish-colored canyon, dropping past the striated canyon walls.

ON THE GROUND -- the chopper touches down. WORKERS IN UNMARKED COVERALLS rush to unload crates from the craft.

CLOSE ON ONE CRATE -- as it's lifted off, MOVE INTO a strip of tape pasted on the side. The tape has come loose, flapping in the wind from the chopper blades, revealing what it was meant to cover: stenciled letters that say "WEBCO."

INT. ROSS'S "WAR ROOM" - DAY

ON A TINY GREEN BOAT-SHAPED BLIP on an illuminated map. FOLLOW THE BLIP as it crosses the map, joining a whole herd of other boat-shaped blips massed in the center. As it moves into place:

Sound: Someone applauds and utters a small female "yay!"

WIDE SHOT -- LORELEI is applauding. ROSS is standing beside the map, admiring the glowing convoy. VERA does not look so happy.

ROSS
That's it! The last tanker!
They're all mine now! All...

VERA
Not quite. What is that in the
lower right hand corner?

ON THE MAP -- sure enough, in the lower right hand corner, one little green boat-shaped blip is heading further away from the others. toward America.

ROSS
(snarling)
It's a tanker! And it's going
the wrong way!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: LONG WIDE -- one super tanker all by itself in the ocean, nowhere near any others.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM, SUPER-TANKER - DAY

The FIRST MATE tears off the printout sheet emerging from a large computer. FOLLOW HIM as he takes it, frowning and shaking his head, into the Captain's Bridge next door.

INT. CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE, SUPER-TANKER - DAY

The grizzled CAPTAIN looks up from his charts as the FIRST MATE hands him the printout sheet.

FIRST MATE
 (looking down at it)
 There it is again, Sir. "Proceed immediately to latitude 241, longitude 73. There await further orders."

CAPTAIN
 (riled)
 That's the middle of the Atlantic Ocean! And I am not taking my ship out there to just sit, no matter what no damn machine says. We're supposed to go to Metropolis and we're going to Metropolis!

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY - TWILIGHT

LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT -- the statue of liberty at twilight, just like a postcard. But closer up:

WIDE ANGLE -- A SMALL CROWD OF TOURISTS is milling around at the base of the statue, peering upwards and murmuring excitedly. Nearby a POLICE LIEUTENANT and a POLICE CAPTAIN are also peering anxiously up at the statue as the CAPTAIN calls through a bullhorn.

ON THE CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN
 Miss? Miss, can you hear me?
 Don't jump! Don't despair!
 (fervently)
 You have everything to live for.
 I know, I've seen you.

EXT. CROWN, STATUE OF LIBERTY - TWILIGHT

In the crown of the statue, LORELEI waits like a siren on a rock, wearing clinging wisps of silk that reveal more than they conceal. her long hair tosses

in the wind, her eyes sparkle like fabulous jewels, her parted lips glisten. She sits on the edge of the crown, dangling her legs over the side...a precarious, if provocative, position.

ON SKY -- SUPERMAN stops in mid-flight, hovers, and lands lightly on the ledge of the crown.

LORELEI
(breathy, but cool)
I thought you'd never get here.

SUPERMAN
(super-cool, but
looking her over)
Hey, don't expect me to save you. Because I don't do that anymore.

LORELEI
(a little smile)
Don't worry. I'm long past saving.

She uncoils. She rises sinuously. She stretches.

ON SUPERMAN -- watching her.

ON LORELEI -- the sunset lighting her from behind, haloing her hair, outlining her incredible body.

TWO SHOT -- he just stands there. But the chemistry between them is overwhelming. And part of it is the challenge: who is going to make the first move?

LORELEI
Well, don't let me keep you from anything.

SUPERMAN
I'm in no rush.
(he steps toward her)
So what do you have in mind?

LORELEI
(lowering her eyes)
Lots of things...

SUPERMAN
(tipping her chin)
Tell me.

He steps closer to her. She comes closer to him, looking into his mesmeric eyes.

LORELEI

(leaning into him)

I'll do more than tell you.
I'll show you, back at my place.
If you'll just do me one little
favor first.

SUPERMAN

(giving in)

Okay, what is it? You want
a ride?

LORELEI

Never.

(she giggles)

I get air-sick. You wouldn't
like that.

SUPERMAN

No, I don't think I would. So...
then what can I do for you?

LORELEI

It isn't much, really, you see,
there's this little boat. Well,
not so little, really. And it's

not going where it's supposed
to go and...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY ABOVE OCEAN - DAY

SUPERMAN flies. His costume is now getting really sinister: the blue is navy, the red is close to purple, the yellow a dull brown. His face is unpleasantly gaunt, full of craggy hollows, with an unpleasant curl to the corners of his mouth.

EFFECTS: Again, that fleeting subliminal moment where we SEE the face of
CLARK
KENT trying to emerge, then vanish.

Alone in the slate gray sky, SUPERMAN looks down upon the ocean.

ANGLE DOWN -- there is the one tanker heading for America.

WIDE -- SUPERMAN swoops down on the ship.

EXT. OCEAN. TANKER - DAY

SUPERMAN flies down to the hull. He grabs the seam and, and with brute Super-Strength rips a great hole. then, like a lava flow, oil begins to gush out of the hole, pouring into the sea.

INT. THE CAPTAINS BRIDGE - DAY

ON THE CAPTAIN -- aghast as he watches the destruction.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

AERIAL SHOT -- now we can SEE the terrible oil spill beginning to form. Its dimensions will be awesome. Even as we WATCH, it gets larger.

EXT. SKY - DAY

SUPERMAN, blithely unconcerned with it all, flies away from the havoc he has created.

EXT. WEBSTER PENTHOUSE TERRACE - TWILIGHT

WIDE SHOT as SUPERMAN lands on the terrace -- his place of assignment.

TO HIS RIGHT, the "ski resort" area.

ON SUPERMAN -- as he touches down. he looks around. Then, from offscreen, LORELEI'S voice:

LORELEI (o.s.)
Hi. In here...

SUPERMAN looks in the direction of the voice.

POV: LORELEI lays on the shaggy rug in front of the roaring fire-place, wearing figure-hugging thermals.

LORELEI
(seductively)
How about a little apres-ski?

As he starts to walk toward her:

INT. VERA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a bedroom so spartan and spare it looks like a nun's chamber, VERA reads in bed. She wears a nightgown that looks like a prisoner's outfit in the Gulag Archipelago.

CLOSER -- the book she reads, a big, spiral-bound notebook, is titled "COMPUTER SCIENCE: INTERMEDIATE LEVEL." She finishes the last page, closes the book, reaches to her bedside table, and starts to read the next book "ADVANCED COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY."

INT. CAVE - DAY

The machine that GUS has designed is being assembled. TWO WORKERS lower a massive generator in place. The word "GENERATOR" is stenciled on it.

PAN FROM THEM to the FOREMAN and his ASSISTANTS, as he scratches his head, trying to puzzle out the assembly directions written (by GUS) on a cocktail napkin and a matchbook.

EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT. BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C.

ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. BRIEFING ROOM, STATE DEPT. - DAY

A GOVERNMENT SPOKESMAN is a briefing assembled REPORTERS.

STATE DEPT. MAN

The choppy seas may be a blessing,
they ought to contain the oil spill
for at least two weeks before it
reaches the Nantucket current.

A REPORTER

Then what?

STATE DEPT. MAN

After that, it's just a question of
which part of the East Coast gets
the brunt of the spill.

SECOND REPORTER

How big is it now?

STATE DEPT. MAN

Almost a mile long.

EXT. GAS STATION AND ADJOINING COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A hand-lettered sign beside the gas pumps where TWO ATTENDANTS are working frantically, pumping gas into cars. The sign reads: 1/2 TANK TO A CUSTOMER."

PAN A BARELY MOVING, SEEMINGLY ENDLESS LINE OF VEHICLES waiting for this ration.

Families are eating, sleeping, and quarreling in their cars. There are sporadic, senseless bursts of horn-blowing. A middle-aged STATION WAGON DRIVER is leaning on his horn as he and his WIFE try to break into the bumper-to-bumper line. The DRIVE BEHIND THEM isn't giving an inch.

DRIVER BEHIND

Get to the back like everybody
else!

NEW ANGLE -- The STATION WAGON DRIVER decides to take matters into his own hands and rams his way in. he makes the attempt, smashing into the DRIVER BEHIND, crumpling his front fender.

That did it. The DRIVER BEHIND, enraged, leaps out of his car and charges toward the guy who hit him. The STATION WAGON DRIVER gets out, ready for combat.

DRIVER BEHIND
You sonofa---

STATION WAGON DRIVER'S WIFE
Charley! Charley!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The CUSTOMERS of this greasy spoon are shivering in coats and scarves. Everyone turns as STATION WAGON DRIVER'S WIFE suddenly rushes in, hysterical.

STATION WAGON DRIVER'S WIFE
Help! Somebody help! My husband...
he got beaten up! Call the police.
Please, call an ambulance! Do
something!

A WAITRESS goes to a wall phone to call for help. ANOTHER WAITRESS pulls out a First Aid kit and hands it to a MAN AT THE COUNTER.

FIRST WAITRESS
Here, Jack. Go with her, okay?
Take a look at him.
(as JACK hurries out with
the anguished WIFE, the
WAITRESS shakes her
head:)
Somebody's behind this. You can't
tell me there's no oil. You can't
tell me somebody isn't getting
rich off this. There's always
getting rich...and it's always the
little guy who suffers.

PAN THE COUNTER -- pat the other DINERS, nodding and murmuring angry assent --
to the last stool. There sits the original LITTLE GUY himself: GUS. He keeps his head down, silently stirring his coffee as he finally realizes the harm he's helped to create.

INT. ROSS WEBSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

C.U. ROSS -- brimming with good cheer.

ROSS
Cheer up, Gus, I have good
news. Your computer is being
built as we speak.

REVERSE -- A gloomy GUS, seated across the desk, looks up with a flicker of

interest.

GUS

Yeah? How's it look?

ROSS

It looks wonderful. it is wonderful, let's face it.

GUS

I told you it wasn't no jive.

ROSS

(intensely)

Gus, it seems we are talking state-of-the-art technology here. We are talking unlimited power. We are talking "get-down hot-cha daddy-o" whatever you called it.

GUS

Stone mutha.

ROSS

Exactly. Stoned mother.

ROSS gets up, comes over to GUS, looking him in the eyes.

ROSS

(calculating,
manipulating)

But a machine this powerful is going to make powerful enemies. People who will want to destroy it.

GUS

(upset by the idea)

Ain't nobody gonna mess with my machine! I'll...I'll... what will I do?

(sudden inspiration)

I'll build in a counter-punch! Anything attacks it gets counter-attacked! And wiped out!

ROSS

Can you do that?

GUS

Yeah, sure.

(angrily)

Ain't nobody gonna stomp my electric train...

ON ROSS

ROSS

Remember, Gus. A machine doesn't want anything except to keep on being a machine. You've got to make sure it can figure out how to beat any opponent.

ON GUS

GUS

Man, all it got to do is find their weak spot.

(he starts drawing out a plan on ROSS'S desk blotter)

You bet on the machine in any fight you name, you gonna win your bet.

GUS sketches furiously as ROSS beams in approval at this initiative.

INT. CAVE - DAY

The WORKMEN in coveralls are assembling what is beginning to look like something out of Fritz Lang's Metropolis: fantastic, incredible, and it hasn't even been half-built yet. In F. G. GUS'S scrap papers have been spread out on a board, in an attempt to make it look like a blueprint.

INT. LANA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

LANA is talking into a phone on the wall. Right beside her at the kitchen table RICKY is doing his homework.

LANA

(into the phone
wearily)

No, I cannot go out with you tonight...No, I'm busy tomorrow night too.

INT. SMALLVILLE BAR - AFTERNOON

A slightly drunk and very pushy BRAD is using the pay phone.

BRAD

Doing what?

INT. LANA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

LANA
 (into phone)
 I'll think of something.
 Look, I've got to go. Ricky
 needs me.
 (she hangs up and
 leans over RICKY,
 pointing to a math
 problem on his page)
 The first part of the problem
 is okay, honey, but here I
 think--

Sound: The phone rings again.

LANA
 (picking up the
 phone but still
 talking to RICKY)
 -- you've got the wrong number.
 (into phone)
 No, not you. I wish you'd get
 the wrong number.
 (almost pleading)
 Brad, please stop calling me.
 I've told you--
 (to RICKY)
 --four times forty and then
 divide five. Give it another.

INT. SMALLVILLE BAR - AFTERNOON

BRAD
 (getting really surly)
 I'm getting a little tired of
 trying, Lana. Why don't you
 wise up? Now that Cluck Kent's
 flown the coop, you'd better start
 appreciating ole faithful Brad. What
 else've you got in Smallville?

INT. LANA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

ON LANA - Disgusted, she hangs up, but then just stands there brooding on
 that
 bleak truth.

LANA
 (to herself)
 What else have I got in

Smallville?

She picks up the phone again, dials and waits.

INT. DAILY PLANET, CLARK KENT'S DESK - AFTERNOON

The phone rings on CLARK'S empty desk rings and rings and rings.

INT. LANA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

As LANA hangs up slowly, RICKY turns to her, holding up his math paper.

RICKY
(hesitantly)
Mom? I think I've got the
answer...

LANA
(suddenly, resolute)
So do I.
(she picks up the
phone again and
dials quickly)
Smallville Airport? What
flights do you have to
Metropolis tomorrow?

EXT. STREET CORNER, METROPOLIS - DAY

ON A CROWD gathered on a street corner in Metropolis. They are bunched together, muttering and distressed. looking at something across the street. We hear comments along the line of "This I can't believe."

WHAT THEY ARE LOOKING AT IS: A neighborhood bar across the street. Inside is SUPERMAN. Drinking. Drinking whiskey.

INT. BAR - DAY

He sits hunched over at the bar, glowering. His costume is now completely black: his once manly, open face has become truly sinister. THE BARTENDER and the few CUSTOMERS give him a wide berth. This is not a guy you want to mess with.

We get a look at TWO OF THE DENZIENS of the bar: a pair of really mean, ornery customers. One has an eye-patch and a scar, the other a shaved head and a mustache. And even these two keep their distance from SUPERMAN.

He opens a bowl of peanuts on the bar. Then, with malicious pleasure, he begins flipping them, one at a time, at the rows of glasses stacked up on the shelf behind the bar. Ping: Crash! Ping! Crash! In the style of a Cagney punk spraying

the4 bar with machine-gun bullets, he just wrecks the joint, since the peanuts, flipped with Super-Strength, have the projectile force of bullets. Then, bored with the target practice, he shoots a beam of Heat-Vision at the mirror itself.

EFFECTS: the glass melts.

EXT. STREET CORNER, METROPOLIS - DAY

NEW ANGLE: LOOKING DWON AT THE STREET - A taxi comes down the street, but can't

move past the intersection because of the gathering crowd.

INT. TAXI - DAY

DRIVER in front seat; LANA and RICKY in back.

DRIVER

I can't get though, lady.
Something's going on here.

ON RICKY -- curious.

RICKY

I wanna see what's happening.

Before LANA can stop him, he opens his door and goes out to join the CROWD.

LANA

has no choice but to follow him.

ON TH EPART OF THE CROWD where RICKY and LANA stand.

WOMAN

It's a disgrace, that's what it is.

MAN

I'll tell you one thing, boy,
nobody'll ever trust that creep
again. He's washed up.

ON RICKY -- stunned as he SEES what they see.

POV: The door to the bar swings open and the surly, ornery, snarling SUPERMAN comes out into the street.

ON THE CROWD -- instinctively pulling back.

NEW ANGLE -- a nearby building is notable for its peculiar façade: a series of porthole-like windows rising in vertical columns. SUPERMAN looks at it, then very deliberately stomps his foot hard on the ground.

ON THE BUILDING -- the first five floors of portholes light up, like a column light ascending. The image recalls one of those carnival Test-Your-Strength machines. And so is for SUPERMAN, who now stomps much harder. And this time the

column of lights shoots all the way up to the top floor of the building.

SUPERMAN smiles sneeringly, proud of his prowess.

C.U. RICKY -- tears in his eyes. PULL BACK AND WIDEN as he pushes his way to the front of the crowd.

RICKY
Superman!

LANA struggles through, trying to get to him.

ON SUPERMAN -- his eyes flick toward the sound of his name.

ON RICKY

RICKY
Superman, it's me, Ricky!
Ricky from Smallville!

A MAN next to RICKY tries to pull him back to safety.

MAN
Be careful, kid!

RICKY
(wrought-up,
voice breaking)
Superman, tell them you won't
hurt anybody!

ON SUPERMAN -- starting to walk away, but something in RICKY'S plea halts him momentarily. He turns, looks at the BOY. For a second, there seems to be a flicker of understanding in his eyes. Then he scowls and continues to lope off down the street.

ON THE CROWD -- LANA manages to get to RICKY'S side. She is protective, fearful.

LANA
(this is very hard
for her to say)
Ricky, he's changed.

C.U. RICKY -- tears in his eyes, defiantly refusing to let his idol be castigated.

RICKY
No!
(desperately thinking
of excuses)
Maybe...maybe he's just sick!
Sometimes when I'm sick I get
real cranky and mean, Mom, you

even told me that.

ON SUPERMAN in F.G. as he walks away; the CROWD in B.G.

RICKY
Superman, please get better!

Again, that odd hesitation in SUPERMAN'S basically snarling attitude. Then, wolf-like, he keeps going.

ON LANA and RICKY.

LANA
(her heart is breaking
for her son's lost
illusions)
He's not listening to you, Ricky.

RICKY
Yes he is! He can hear me! He's
got Super-Hearing.

C.U. SUPERMAN -- now at least two blocks away. RICKY'S voice rings across the empty space:

RICKY
You can hear me, can't you,
Superman? I know you're
going to be all right! You're
just in a slump! You'll be great
again. You can do it, Superman!

Trying to shake it off, the evil SUPERMAN suddenly lurches into the sky and flies off. ANGLE UP TO SEE HIM GO.

EXT. SKY - TWILIGHT

ON THE EVIL SUPERMAN as he flies.

Soundtrack: Echoing in SUPERMAN'S mind, the voice of RICKY is heard, pleading again and again.

RICKY'S VOICE
(Electronically enhanced
to a sound overpowering)
You're just in a slump! You'll be
great again. Great again! Please
get better! Please get better!
Superman! Get better!

The voice torments SUPERMAN. He winces, as if beset by stabbing migraine headaches, as the voice grows louder and denser, one sentence (electronically) overlapping the next so that it begins to sound like a whole chorus of Rickies.

It becomes sheer torture, as if his dormant conscience was punishing him. He can't fight off the pain. Finally, he drops from the sky to:

EXT. AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD - TWILIGHT

At first we cannot tell where we are. The EVIL SUPERMAN, black garbed, lands on his knees in a landscape that looks like the end of the world: dark piles of twisted metal, debris, small fires burning here and there. It could be hell. But it is, in fact, an automobile graveyard.

ON HIM CLOSE -- as he struggles to his feet, the stabbing pains in his head tormenting him, the distorted and all-pervading sound of RICKY'S pleas continue to ring out in his brain. As this reaches a crescendo, an extraordinary thing begins to happen: EFFECTS: emerging from the body of the EVIL SUPERMAN comes the form of CLARK KENT. The CLARK persona wrests itself apart from the EVIL SUPERMAN until there are now two separate identities made manifest ON THE SCREEN -- the good part of him and the bad part have split. It is the ultimate expression of the schizoid aspects of this dual SUPERMAN/CLARK character, now locked in mortal combat.

EVIL SUPERMAN gets to his feet, looks with undisguised venom at CLARK. WIDE ANGLE LETS US NOW SEE where we are: the heaps of twisted metal are car body parts, stacked up in mounds, row upon row of mashed and flattened auto wrecks. Elsewhere we WILL SEE piles of old tires, piles of bumpers and fenders. And in addition, the tools and machines of this trade: great cranes with giant magnets that lift the cars on high, vats of acid that strip them, hydraulic pressing machines that squash and flatten them into metal pancakes, formidable-looking metal shredders that rip steel apart into strips.

The workers who operate the various machines WILL BE SEEN at odd moments during the following, reacting with fear and then running for safety.

Not all of theses can be SEEN as yet, however, as the surly, gaunt SUPERMAN looks balefully at the forthright, fists-clenched figure of CLARK KENT.

CLARK
Give up. Give in.

(EVIL) SUPERMAN
Like hell I will.

And with that, he hauls off and socks CLARK in the jaw with such tremendous force that it sends him hurtling backwards into a pile of axles. They clatter and crash to the ground with an enormous clanging of noise.

ON SUPERMAN -- rubbing his knuckles, That hurt, and we realize that CLARK KENT

is just as strong as SUPERMAN.

ON CRANE OPERATOR -- startled reaction. Quick departure.

ON THE PILES OF AXLES -- CLARK nowhere to be seen. Then, from an unseen vantage point, his voice booms out:

CLARK (o.s.)
I can give as good as I get.
Are you willing to risk it?

ON SUPERMAN, whirling around, trying to locate him.

SUPERMAN
(defiantly)
Try me!

From out of the pile of rubble, CLARK comes charging directly at SUPERMAN, head down like a bull. He butts him full force in the gut, sending SUPERMAN tumbling backwards. ANOTHER WORKER runs off.

NEW ANGLE -- behind the falling SUPERMAN is a great vat marked:

DANGER ---ACID

with a skull and crossbones stenciled on it.

Unable to halt this backward momentum, SUPERMAN falls into the vat of acid.

ANGLE IN -- he disappears in the smoking, steaming bubbles, submerged in the acid bath. An ordinary mortal would be all bones in seconds, but -- suddenly the EVIL SUPERMAN comes flying out of the vat.

ON HIM AS HE LANDS NEARBY -- a terrifying sight: smoke is issuing from all parts of him, curling off his body. He looks positively demonic. In a flurry, he turns on CLARK, and hands cupped with acid, he:

EFFECTS: blows a stream of burning acid directly at him.

ON CLARK -- the acid ignites his clothing as it lands on him.

EFFECTS: his jacket burns off, leaving him in shirtsleeves.

ON SUPERMAN -- sneering.

SUPERMAN
Man, I never did like you.
You always got on my nerves.

He grabs a bumper and swings it like a baseball bat, hitting CLARK in side,

knocking him down.

ON CLARK -- hurt, shaken, but managing to get to his feet.

CLARK
Come to think of it, you
always got under my skin.

And with that, he leaps on the EVIL SUPERMAN, knocking him to the ground.

CLOSER ON THEM as they roll and grapple across the debris-strewn earth.
Behind
them, looms a pit, which neither can see as yet.

IN THE PIT -- we SEE the flattened shapes of what once were auto wrecks,
smashed
into rectangular metal pancakes by hydraulic press, which looms above the
pit.

ON THE TWO OF THEM WRESTLING -- with a mighty heave, SUPERMAN sends CLARK
crashing into the open pit.

ON CLARK -- he lands on top of the flattened cars and lays there, stunned.

ON SUPERMAN -- he quickly activates the hydraulic control.

NEW ANGLE -- the great iron press begins to descend on the still unmoving
form
of CLARK KENT.

CLOSER -- it comes down and begins to squash CLARK flat. It presses harder
and
harder. We hear SUPERMAN'S terrible, evil laughter.

ON SUPERMAN -- convinced that he has vanquished his foe, he starts to walk
away.

ON CLARK, IN THE PIT -- with superhuman strength, he grips the edges of the
hydraulic press and slowly, slowly, pushes it up and off his body. A
difficult

feat even for him. Quickly now, he slithers out from under it.

ON CLARK -- scrambling out of the pit, racing toward a stack of tires.

ON SUPERMAN -- about fifty feet away, striding off, thinking he's won.
Suddenly...

EFFECTS: tires come flying through the air and ring SUPERMAN like horseshoes
landing on a stake. He's startled, to say the least, as first one tire spins
around like a big hula hoop, then a second, then a third. For a moment he is
immobilized.

ON CLARK -- coming at him.

ON SUPERMAN -- he bursts his rubber bonds like a Hercules bursting his
chains,
by expanding his arms.

SUPERMAN
(snarling)
Man, you're finished!

He looks up.

POV: ABOVE CLARK IS A CRANE and hanging from it, directly above his head, is one of those enormous flat-bottomed magnets they use to lift up the automobile wrecks and move them.

EFFECTS: the EVIL SUPERMAN sends rays of red-hot Heat-Vision shooting from his eyes, aimed at the links of chain, which hold the magnet. The chain glows, melts, and then the magnet drops with full force on CLARK -- smashing him right through the ground.

NEW ANGLE -- all is still for a moment. Then, shooting up from underground in another area, comes CLARK KENT. He lifts a battered car fender from the ground, raises it high above his head and hurls it at SUPERMAN.

The object hits him head-on and sends him crashing backwards. Flying through the air, smashing into an enormous mountain of piled-up body parts. The last WORKMAN runs for his life.

ON CLARK -- stepping into a clearing.

CLARK
Come on out and fight like
a man!

Suddenly, a hail of wheel rims comes flying at him, hurled with tremendous force, like deadly Frisbees.

ON SUPERMAN -- some distance away, flinging the wheel rims.

ON CLARK, CLOSE one wheel rim sizzles through the air and strikes him in the side of the head, hitting his temple with such impact that it knocks him to the ground unconscious.

WIDE ANGLE -- SUPERMAN, triumphant, strides over to the fallen body of CLARK, lifts him in his arms. FOLLOW HIM as he takes the unconscious CLARK to:

THE METAL SHREDDER -- the frightening machine has teeth like a crocodile and its steel rollers and innards seem menacing even when still. An old wreck is on the conveyer belt, ready in place to be fed into the shredder. SUPERMAN drops CLARK to the ground and flips on the switch.

ON THE MACHINE -- we SEE it work now. The conveyer belt starts up, and the car

is fed into the jaws of the machine.

Sound: A terrible, ear-piercing screeching and grinding of metal as the car is chewed by the shredder.

We SEE what happens: smoke rises, and pieces of shrapnel go flying and from out the extruding end, what was moments before recognizable as a battered auto, comes out as long, jagged strips of metal.

NEW ANGLE -- contemptuously, SUPERMAN kicks the unconscious CLARK KENT onto the conveyer belt.

CLOSER -- as CLARK'S body moves along the conveyer belt and is fed into the teeth and jaws of the metal shredder.

EFFECTS: it begins its terrible work. But -- suddenly, the teeth start to snap off and fly in all directions. The metal casing snaps and cracks. Sparks, terrific sparks everywhere. Smoke rising as if the motor were burning itself out. The machine, with an awful noise, self-destructs.

And CLARK KENT emerges with fury in his eyes.

Without a word, he leaps onto SUPERMAN, pinning him to the ground, his hands around his neck. For a moment, SUPERMAN seems to be fighting him off, almost rolling him over, but then CLARK gets a better grip on him.

CLARK
(intense, as he
chokes him)
Give up! Give up! Give up!

The EVIL SUPERMAN clutches at CLARK'S hands, trying to pull loose. And then...

EFFECTS: An amazing sight. Slowly, the figure of EVIL SUPERMAN begins to grow less 'real,' fading in density, beginning to become opaque, then translucent. Then the amorphous figure begins to be drawn and absorbed into the CLARK KENT figure until at last there is no EVIL SUPERMAN beneath CLARK'S hands, but a strong, victorious CLARK who now stands up. NOW he walks TOWARD CAMERA as he opens his shirt buttons. We SEE the true "S" underneath, in noble red and gold.

IT FILLS FRAME.

ANGLE UP -- once again strong and handsome and good, SUPERMAN flies off.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

AERIAL SHOT, WIDE ANGLE -- the enormous oil spill, stretching almost a mile long, floats on the sea, heading for the East Coast.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The long lines of cars are longer than ever. ON THE FRONT OF THE LINE the

STATION ATTENDANT puts up a new sign: OUT OF GAS. STATION CLOSED.

EXT. OIL FIELDS - DAY

The deserted oil fields: the pumps still.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Music: The stirring theme.

SUPERMAN flies to the rescue, soaring above the Atlantic Ocean. Now he looks down, sees the oil spill.

EFFECTS: IN VARIOUS SHOTS, SUPERMAN descends to where he hovers above the waves.

Before him the enormous lake of oil undulate in the choppy sea. He takes a deep breath and begins to blow Super-Breath.

FURTHER AWAY -- the super-tanker with the gaping hole in the side.

ON THE DECK -- A SEAMAN looks up astonished.

SEAMAN
My God! Look!

His MATES look where he points.

POV: LONG SHOT -- the oil slick is heading back toward the ship, sipping through the ocean rapidly. Behind it, in far B.G. SUPERMAN is continuing to blow a steady gust of Super-Breath.

EFFECTS: ON THE TANKER HULL -- as the oil is forced, against the current, to flow right back into the hull from which it escaped.

NEW ANGLE -- the last of the oil spill is blown back in. Immediately:

EFFECTS: ON SUPERMAN -- sending powerful beams of Heat-Vision from his eyes, he aims them at the gaping metal hull.

ON THE HULL -- the Heat-Vision welds the hole together, repairing the ship. We hear cheers of the CREW off-screen.

INT. CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE - DAY

The CAPTAIN watches, amazed, as the now-recovered MAN OF STEEL lands just outside his bridge.

SUPERMAN
Captain, I'd like to apologize
for what I did before. I... I
really wasn't myself.

CAPTAIN

That's all right, lad. All's well
that ends well, as they say.

C.U. SUPERMAN -- jaw set, eyes narrow.

And with that, he takes off.

EXT. SKY - DAY

WIDE ANGLE SHOWS SUPERMAN flying above the ocean, heading inland.

CLOSER ON HIM -- suddenly, he spots something down below. A look of great concern on his face.

FULL SHOT -- he banks and starts straight down toward the sea.

ON THE SEA -- On a little island (just a tiny outcropping) stands a SEABIRD, its feathers coated with oil, unable to fly. SUPERMAN swoops down.

ON THE LITTLE ISLAND -- SUPERMAN lands there and lifts the bird in his hand.

SUPERMAN
(gently)
Here you go, little fella.

He softly blows the oil off the bird's feathers.

SUPERMAN
C'mon, you take the head start.

He tosses the bird up into the air.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The bird flies. SUPERMAN catches up and flies alongside for a while. Then he veers off.

SUPERMAN
(tipping his hand
in a little wave)
See you around the sky, pal.
Keep 'em flying.

He continues on his way.

EXT. SKY ABOVE METROPOLIS - DAY

FULL SHOT: WIDE -- SUPERMAN flies over the skyscrapers of Metropolis.

EXT. WEBSTER PENTHOUSE, TERRACE - DAY

SUPERMAN lands on the terrace of the Webster penthouse. He opens the door and enters.

INT. WEBSTER PENTHOUSE - DAY

INSERT: Just inside the doorway, right past the threshold is a little slab of plastic with a button sticking up. SUPERMAN unknowingly steps on the button.

EFFECTS: the button activates:

1. A big banner, which suddenly drops and unfurls from the ceiling, festooned with red, white, and blue bunting. Lettered on the banner are the words:

"HI SUPERMAN"

As the banner drops:

Music: Patriotic march theme plays.

Startled, SUPERMAN sees the greeting. A second later, he whirls around as:

2. The voice of ROSS WEBSTER booms out from a loud-speaker in the manner of a telephone answering machine:

VOICE OF ROSS

Miss Lorelei Ambrosia isn't at home right now. If you'd care to leave a message, don't wait for the beep. Why not deliver it to her in person?

Suddenly, with a click, a video tape starts to appear on a T.V. screen. it shows VERA, very formally seated at a desk, in one of her dark suits, addressing the viewer in her no-nonsense way.

3. The T.V. screen lights up, VERA appears.

VERA

(on T.V.)

Here is where you can find her,
as well as the rest of us.

A panoramic view of the Grand Canyon appears on the T.V. screen. As voice of VERA continues over, as a secue.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT GRAND CANYON - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: the same view, now real, of one of nature's seven wonders. As we hear VERA'S voice-over.

VERA (v.o)

Do drop in.

AERIAL SHOT: ZOOM DOWN TO a startling sight. Atop one of the rocky cliffs in the middle of the giant gorge are FIVE TINY FIGURES. 2 MEN: 2 WOMEN, and a DONKEY.

NEW ANGLE -- Behind them, above the canyon, we SEE pylons and power lines; a major electrical power source is here.

GROUP SHOT: GUS is holding the donkey on a lead. ROSS, VERA, and LORELEI are adjusting curious devices attached by back-pack harnesses to their persons: individual hot-air balloons. ROSS and VERA have already blown theirs up and are adjusting the ballast. LORELEI is inflating hers, which, in contrast to the others' utilitarian gray, is a shocking pink balloon that matches her jump suit.

LORELEI
This is fun!

ROSS
Fun? The fun's just starting, hon.
Wait till Superman finds us, then
you'll see fun.

GUS
(confused)
You want to mess with Superman?

ROSS
Can't wait, pal, can't wait.

VERA
(impatiently)
Let's go. I want to be ready for
him when he falls into our trap.
(to GUS, irritably)
I don't see why you can't balloon
down like the rest of us.

ON GUS -- he looks at the gizmos, then looks over the ledge.

HIS POV: a sheer drop to the bottom of the canyon.

ON GUS -- shaking his head emphatically.

GUS
Uh-huh. No way, man. Not me.
(he climbs on
his donkey)
I just don't believe a man can
fly.

The DONKEY starts walking down the winding path that will eventually take him down to the bottom of the canyon.

ROSS, VERA, and LORELEI activate their little hot-air gadgets and launch themselves off the edge of the cliff.

FULL SHOT, LONG: like invading paratroopers, the THREE of them waft down into the canyon, as GUS, SEEN TO FAR LEFT OF FRAME, rides his agile donkey down a footpath.

EXT. BASE OF GRAND CANYON

The Three land on the floor of the canyon and extricate themselves from the balloon rigs.

ANGLE UP -- GUS and his DONKEY are getting there, albeit a bit slower.

WIDE SHOT: the three of them walk towards the mouth of a large cave.

INT. CAVE

In sudden contrast to the bright sunlight outside, it is very dark in here.

LORELEI

I can't see anything.

VERA

Turn on the light.

LORELEI

Where's the light switch?

VERA

Where do you usually find a light switch?

ON LORELEI -- she feels along the cave wall right by the entrance, and, sure enough, finds a light switch. She flicks it on.

REVERSE, WIDE ANGLE: the ultimate computer: four stories high with ladders leading up to different ledges and perches and cat-walks and walk-in alcoves set in the impressive, amazing façade. it looks like a leger vision of industrial technology giantism combined with futuristic hardware right out of science-fiction.

LORELEI (o.s.)

Wow, what a jukebox.

REVERSE --they look at it in awe.

ROSS

I told you, didn't I? The Ultimate Computer! It does everything any computer can do and a thousand things that none of them do!

VERA starts toward the machine, officiously gesturing to the others:

VERA

Come on, let's give it a
dry run.

ROSS
Wait for Gus to get here, sis.

VERA
(snidely)
Who needs Gus?

ROSS
He's the only one who can
operate this --

VERA
Like fish he is.
(sneering pride)
I know enough about computers
to put a PHD to shame.
(as they react
in surprise)
Come now, brother dear, you
didn't think I was going to let
that little man run the show,
did you? Gus Gorman telling
us what to do -- I'd sooner
kiss a pig!

FAVORING VERA -- she crosses a wedge-shaped grid that extends out and over a
moat-like area of circuitry beneath alternating wedges of clear glass and
dense
grid. She reaches the base of a ladder that runs up the center of the
computer
and starts to climb.

VERA
Come on, will you?
(as the others
follow her up)
We've got to get ready before
he gets here.

LORELEI
Gus?

VERA
Superman. The boy you left
behind.

ON VERA -- she peers down as she climbs up. looking into the central
generator
section below.

POV: Laying on the ground by the generator is an old cardboard coffee cup, a
half-filled bottle of flat root-beer soda, a half-eaten Hostess Twinkie
package,

a screw-driver and some tools.

VERA
 (with a moue
 of distaste)
 Honestly, you'd think these
 workmen would learn to tidy
 up when they finish.

WIDE SHOT- The ascend to the central console on a deck midway up the front of the machine. There is a terrace filled with controls; it looks like the board of an elaborate light show up there.

NEW ANGLE-- In the Central Control where VERA stands, it looks like something at NASA: hundreds of buttons, lighted dials, video display screens, gauges, God-knows-what. She sits in a chair located in the center that swivels to provide access to all the main controls.

ON VERA -- she throws some switches, pushes some buttons.

Sound: a low humming begins.

VERA
 (to ROSS)
 Bubba, engage those levers on
 your right to activate the Alpha
 Circuits and lock the modular
 grid.

ROSS eventually starts to follow her orders.

WIDE SHOT: Suddenly, the left side of the four-story structure lights up in many wonderful ways: blinking lights, crackling electrodes, digital dials, and other illuminations.

VERA
 (to LORELEI)
 You! Activate circuits 29
 through W7 and start Full
 Power Coordinates on
 Exterior Defensive Systems:

LORELEI
 (not cowed by
 VERA'S jargon)
 In other words, push this
 red button.

She does so.

WIDE FULL SHOT: with a loud "clung!" the right side of the Ultimate Computer lights up in equally impressive ways. The thing is starting to look like the spaceship in Close Encounters.

EXT. SKY ABOVE GRAND CANYON - DAY

SUPERMAN is coming from the sky, scanning the area below, searching for them.
He
approaches the gorge.

NEW ANGLE, UP -- SUPERMAN flies into the grand Canyon.

A red light starts to flash.

Sound: a piercing electronic alarm goes off.

ROSS
He's here!

LORELEI
(delighted)
Oh, Superman!

VERA
Cut the mush, Lorelei. He's
after our skin!

LORELEI
He can have mine. Anytime.

ROSS
(impatient, like a
greedy child)
C'mon, sis, let the games begin!

EXT. CANYON - DAY

SUPERMAN flies into the canyon, hovers a moment, then starts to zoom toward
the
cave area.

INT. CAVE, ULTIMATE COMPUTER

VERA
All right, Bubba, enjoy yourself.

She guides her brother to a covered panel, flips it open. This reveals a
large
video screen and some controls. There is something familiar about this
particular rig...

VERA goes back to the center console and pushes buttons and controls marked
"EXTERIOR DEFENSE."

ON THE CONTROLS -- A panel board lights up: "MISSILE READY."

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - DAY

From underneath the canyon floor, sliding panels buried underneath the sandy

terrain slide back, revealing small rockets on launching pads beneath.

NEW ANGLE -- from inside the missile it, we SEE the missile launcher slowly rising.

INT. CAVE, ULTIMATE COMPUTER

ON ROSS AT VIDEO SCREEN: he switches it on. The screen lights up. Ranged along the bottom are little computerized images of the rockets; coming down from the top of the screen is a little stick figure of a MAN with a cape. We suddenly realize what's familiar about this: it is the ultimate version an Atari "Space Invaders" video game. Except this time. it's being played for real.

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - DAY

The missile launchers, controlled by ROSS from within, rises out of the ground and spin around, searching for their target.

ON SUPERMAN -- flying down the canyon toward the missiles.

INT. CAVE, ULTIMATE COMPUTER

ROSS works the controls and fires rockets. On the video, just like in an electronic game arcade, we SEE the rockets heading up, aimed at the flying man.

And:

FAST CUT

TO:

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Where the real life version is taking place, controlled by ROSS. Rockets fire up from the floor of the canyon, heading for SUPERMAN.

NEW ANGLE -- SUPERMAN has to dive and dart away.

FAST CUT

TO:

INT. CAVE, ULTIMATE COMPUTER

ROSS, totally manic, is having himself a wonderful time, playing his lethal Atari like an arcade champ. Grunts, groans, body english, etc.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

GUS, coming down the trail, looks at the spectacle taking place, fearful:

GUS

The rockets' red glare,
the bombs burstin' in
air -- what in hell is

goin' on?

CROSS CUT BETWEEN:

1. ATARI SCREEN: Showing a barrage of missiles aimed at the flying figure.

2. EXT. CANYON: SUPERMAN beset by the missiles. He knocks some out of the way, dodges others.

3. ROSS working the controls.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

SUPERMAN is hit by the final salvo of missiles and is THROWN OUT OF FRAME, tumbling over and over.

NEW ANGLE -- he is headed for a column of rock. he crashes into it.

INT. CAVE, ULTIMATE COMPUTER

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN -- The Atari-type game screen shows it all, including the "hit" and a High Score of 13,000 lights up.

ON ROSS -- gleeful, crazed:

ROSS
A hit! Got him! This will
give him something to

think about!

C.U. VERA -- smiling fondly at her little brother enjoying himself.

INT. CAVE - DAY

GUS has reached the entrance, He gets off his DONKEY and enters. looking fearfully around him.

C.U. GUS - a bit awed as he sees what he has wrought.

GUS
(a moment of
quiet pride)
Awright. I got me my
electric train, mama. I
finally got --
(suddenly upset
at what he sees)
Hey, what y'all doin' up
there?!

REVERSE:

ROSS
Join the party, genius!

Come on up!

EXT. CANYON - DAY

SUPERMAN, a bit dazed but basically unhurt, pulls himself up off the rubble of the stone column and flies downward.

INT. CAVE, ULTIMATE COMPUTER

GUS is coming up to the terrace where the central console is located.

REVERSE: WIDE -- SUPERMAN has landed and enters the cave. He stands framed in the doorway.

SUPERMAN
(in stentorian tones)
All right, Webster. Pack it in.

ON LORELEI -- waving from her perch.

LORELEI
Hi, honey.

SUPERMAN
I don't know you, lady.

LORELEI
But the other night...

SUPERMAN
That wasn't me. That guy's gone.
(to ROSS)
And you're next Webster.

VERA
(angrily)
Don't you threaten my Bubba!

INSERT: She presses a button.

WIDE (SPECIAL EFFECTS): A tremendous ZAP of electrical energy, all blue and white, shoots out of the computer and zaps SUPERMAN with such a jolt that it knocks him to the ground.

ROSS
Welcome to the wonderful
world of computers, Superman.

ON SUPERMAN -- shakes his head, gets to his feet.

ROSS
Well, Superman? How do you
like Supermachine?

SUPERMAN
Typical of your kind, Webster.

Instead of using it to help others,
all the four of you want is to
help yourselves.

ON GUS -- who doesn't like the designation.

GUS
Four of us? What's he mean
four of us?
(calling out)
Hey, man!

LORELEI
(to GUS)
That's only his last name. He
likes to be called Super-man.

GUS
Hey, I ain't with them!

SUPERMAN
You could've fooled me,
mister.

With that he starts to move menacingly toward the machine.

ON VERA -- she pushes another control button.

WIDE ANGLE -- suddenly, SUPERMAN walks into an invisible shield. There's
nothing
there we can SEE, but...

Sound: it makes a big thunk as he bangs into it.

C.U. SUPERMAN -- his features flattened by an invisible wall exactly as they
would if he smashed into plate-glass.

NEW ANGLE -- he runs back a few steps, puts his head down and charges like a
bull at the invisible force-field.

EFFECTS: A split-second after SUPERMAN hits the invisible shield, its
substance
wraps around him and encases him in a transparent bubble. Weird colored
gasses
churn inside the bubble; the impression is one of being trapped inside a hot,
volatile enclosure with no air.

The bubble rises in the air and spins crazily around the vast interior.
Inside,
SUPERMAN tries to fight his way out: punching, pushing, kicking.

CLOSER ON HIM -- He's sweating in there, making a tremendous effort. Then,
unable to break it with brute force, he narrows his eyes, then opens them
wide
and:

EFFECTS: Beams of Heat-Vision blaze from his eyes. Such is their power that they break the molecular structure of the prison and it crashes open. SUPERMAN breaks loose.

ROSS
(hysterical)
He's coming! He's going to hurt me!

VERA
Don't bet on it!

NEW ANGLE -- she slams a button (one larger and separate from the others) with full force.

EFFECTS: From the center of the machine, a large ball-like shape suddenly emanates a bright green ray we recognize immediately as being the color of Kryptonite. It hits SUPERMAN full force, a spot-light of death.

HE cries out in pain and drops to the ground, writhing in agony, dying before our eyes.

C.U. GUS -- frightened, horrified:

GUS
No! You'll kill him! That's Kryptonite!

VERA
(insane, wild)
Yes! This time we got it right!

ROSS
(triumphant, raving)
It's your genius, pal! You built a machine that can find anybody's weak spot, just like you said.

C.U. GUS -- sick with the realization of what he's done.

ROSS
Congratulations, chum! you're going to go down in history as the man who killed Superman!

ON GUS -- He can't take it anymore. As SUPERMAN writhes in pain, GUS makes a quick decision. Running behind VERA, he looks down through the transparent floor at what is beneath:

POV: ZOOM INTO GENEORATOR

ON GUS -- he whips his yo-yo out of his pocket, pulls the string all the way out, throws it over one of the guy wires that anchor the machine to the floor.

He jumps off the terrace, holding onto both ends (yo-yo and string) and slides down to the ground, a la Topkapi.

NEW ANGLE -- GUS charges into the generator area and grabs the wire connecting the computer to its energy source: the generator.

CLOSER -- one little screw coupling connects them. GUS grabs the screw-driver nearby and:

INSERT: simply unscrews one little screw.

ON THE MACHINE, WIDE ANGLE -- suddenly all the energy and power and electronic jazz just...stop. It just shuts off.

ON SUPERMAN -- the green Kryptonite ray shuts off as well. he is saved from death, but weakened, on his knees.

ON THE TERRACE CONSOLE -- ROSS, enraged, looks down and sees what GUS has done.

ROSS
No! Give me that! Give
it to me!

He charges down the interior staircase, after GUS.

ROSS
Give it to me----

ON GUS -- he holds the little screw in his hand. As ROSS lunges for it, GUS pops it into his own mouth and tries to swallow it. But it gets caught in his own throat. He tries harder, his eyes straining with the effort, clearing his throat, gulping hard. Still it won't go down.

ROSS, in wild furry, grabs GUS, trying to pry his mouth open and retrieve it. The grapple. GUS shoves ROSS away and suddenly sees before him the open bottle of flat root beer soda. He grabs it, and with a mighty heave of his Adam's Apple, washes away the screw.

ROSS
(howling)
Nooooooooo!

He starts to strangle GUS, trying to get the screw back. Then he switches to a violent attempt to perform the Heimlich Maneuver. GUS yanks free, spins around, hauls off and belts ROSS in the jaw. Pow! ROSS falls to the floor, out cold.

LONG SHOT: for a moment all is still. SUPERMAN is slowly rising to his knees.

SUPERMAN
 (to GUS)
 Thanks for --

When suddenly:

EFFESCTS: With an unearthly roar, the machine itself comes to life again. An even more terrifying life. It glows much hotter and brighter, crackling and pulsing with tremendous energy. LORELEI screams in terror.

LORELEI
 Make it stop!

ON VERA -- astonished, pushing buttons, trying to control it.

VERA
 I can't! It's out of control!

LORELEI
 But how? Where's it getting the
 power from ???!

VERA looks straight up. VERTICAL PAN (FAST) UP TO THE TOP OF THE COMPUTER.

EFFECTS: The machine is sending crackling lightening-like energy probes through the ceiling of the cave.

C.U. GUS -- awed

GUS
 It's feeding itself. It wants
 to live.

EXT. TOP OF GRAND CANYON - DAY

WIDE SHOT: An incredible sight: the crackling red-hot energy probes leap from the ground beneath, dart up into the air, and literally hook on to the power lines and pylons. The machine is feeding itself right from the source. The very power lines themselves glow red-hot from the tremendous zapping of energy taking place.

LONG SHOT: We SEE the energy probes racing along the power lines toward the horizon, toward the rest of the nation.

EXT. SKY/SPACE

LOOKING DOWN at EARTH'S GLOBE as power blackouts begin to hit North America.

EXT. BIG CITY - NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN FROM GREAT DISTANCE as power blackout hits, lights start to go out.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING THEATER

An operation is in progress.

DOCTOR
(quiet, careful)
All right, nurse, we're going into
the brain now. Be ready with every--

Suddenly, the lights in the operating room flicker and go out.

NURSE
(in darkness)
Oh, God---

INT. CAVE. ULTIMATE COMPUTER

The machine glows with an unearthly energy. Suddenly, the ray of deadly green Kryptonite goes on again, hitting SUPERMAN with full force.

ON SUPERMAN -- already weakened from the first bout, he falls to the floor, in terrible pain.

ON GUS--from inside the generator area he sees what's happening. He grabs a fire-safety axe from its hook and races toward the globe-like part of the machine that sends the Kryptonite ray out.

NEW ANGLE -- GUS hacks away at the mechanism. His expression is intense, tortured. This is Dr. Frankenstein killing the monster he created, the inventor forced to destroy his own invention. With tremendous effort, he chops and slams and smashes the offending part of the computer, finally destroying it. Hunks of metal drop to the floor. The green ray shuts off.

SUPERMAN struggles to his feet. He looks awful.

GUS, exhausted, stands there by the source of destruction. He's done it. He drops the axe. Suddenly:

Sound: A horrible, screeching, electronic noise as:

EFFECTS: The machine, furious, lifts GUS into the air on a beam of energy and hurls him full force against the wall of the cave. He crashes into it with terrific impact and falls to the ground behind a pile of rock and rubble. From

the incredible force of the blow, it seems certain that the machine has killed him.

A terrible moment of silence. Then SUPERMAN, looking like he's in total despair, turns and slinks out of the cave, clutching his left arm.

LORELEI
No! Don't leave us alone in here! Superman --
(but he's gone)

The machine glows and shakes, its energy probes zapping through the rock ceiling above.

VERA
I don't know about you, girly, but I'm getting out of here!

But LORELEI is first on the stairs, as she runs like hell off the machine itself. VERA is right behind her. LORELEI gets to the bottom, dashes across the "moat" via one of the wedge-shaped grids.

ON ROSS -- coming-to in the interior, by the generator. he picks himself up and runs after LORELEI.

A moment later, VERA, coming from the greatest distance, starts to race across the moat.

EFFECTS: VERA is literally "sucked" back into the machine, dragged across the "moat" and pulled into the computer's entrails. As she screams in protest, the intense force slams her into a section of the circuitry.

ON VERA: A monstrous transformation begins to take place. VERA becomes part of the machine. No longer human. Circuitry appears beneath her skin. Her face pulls and distorts into grotesque non-human cubistic form. Charges of electricity and power pass into her body, light it up. The effect is very frightening to behold. Unearthly sounds come from her throat.

NEW ANGLE -- As LORELEI tries to run from the cave, "VERA'S" linked arm extend and a silvery sphere of "magnetism" shoots out like a cannon ball aimed at her. Suddenly LORELEI is yanked upwards, stuck fast to the wall of the cave, screaming, kicking, unable to free herself.

C.U. VERA -- This is no longer a human face. A hideous arm-like probe extends from her forehead and shoots out a hot yellow beam.

NEW ANGLE -- the yellow beam hits ROSS, stopping him in his tracks in front of the machine, torturing him.

ROSS
Sis! No, it's Bubba--
(he squirms in
pain)

ON THE TOP OF THE COMPUTER -- The energy probes continue to shoot right through the ceiling of the cave.

EXT. CANYON. TOP LEDGE (PYLONS) - DAY

The probes continue to feed on the electrical power supply.

EXT. METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Lights start going off in Metropolis skyscrapers.

INT. SUBWAY TRACK - NIGHT

A subway train is moving down the tunnel TOWARD CAMERA. As it comes CLOSE, we SEE LANA and RICKY inside. Suddenly the black-out hits. Lights go out. Train stops.

Sound: screaming, panic of the PASSENGERS.

RICKY
(terrified)
Mommy! Mommy!

EXT. IRIQUOIS TRAIL NUCLEAR POWER STATION - NIGHT

LONG SHOT: of the three silos we SAW earlier in the forest fire. Coming from B. G. at great speed is a blue blur zooming through the sky: SUPERMAN.

INT. NUCLEAR CHAMBER

The SCIENTISTS in great consternation. ONE looks at an electronic grid map of the U,S.A., showing the blackouts coming closer.

DR. HARRIS
What the hell is causing it?!

SCIENTIST
Search me. All I know is it looks like a complete electronic grid-lock. And if it gets to us--

DR. HARRIS
(grim faced)

Which one is the panic button?

INT. CAVE. ULTIMATE COMPUTER - DAY

LOOKING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE: As SUPERMAN, looking a bit bedraggled, returns and enters. He holds his left arm behind his back, under his cape, as if favoring a hurt elbow.

REVERSE: WIDE ANGLE SHOWS US WHAT HE, TOO, SEES: The machine glowing brighter and brighter; VERA, totally transformed into a robot-like creature, ruthlessly training the painful yellow ray on ROSS, who is immobilized and tormented; LORELEI still pinned to the wall up high by the magnetic sphere.

ROSS
Help me...help me....

Immediately, SUPERMAN runs into the area just in front of ROSS so as to fully absorb the yellow beam and block it off.

REVERSE FROM BEHIND THEM: A shaken ROSS, relieved at last, crawls away into the shadows of the cavern.

WIDE ANGLE -- This yellow beam has no effect on SUPERMAN. But just as VERA terminates it, two enormous arms of the machine, like giant pinball flippers, begin to slide across the cave floor, about to close in and pin SUPERMAN.

These two transformer arms trap him and raises him slightly off the ground, pulling him forward in a direct line toward the moat, until:

CLOSER -- He is deposited on the very transparent wedge where VERA stood when she was sucked into the machine. And now, to our horror, the same thing happens to him. Although he seems to be trying to resist the incredible "pull," SUPERMAN is drawn across the moat and into the very bowels of the giant computer. He is pulled, as if by a giant suctioning force, past VERA and down into the center of the apparatus, where the generator is.

For a terrible moment, all seems lost. Then, he is SEEN deep in there, as he reveals what he had hidden in his left hand, behind his cape.

CLOSER -- It's a silver canister, about two feet long, cylindrical in shape. He unscrews the lid.

EFFECTS: Immediately an incredible red glow bursts from the canister, so strong we almost need to shield our eyes. WE RECOGNIZE IT, FROM ITS COLOR AND

INTENSITY, IMMEDIATELY" It is the nuclear core he stabilized at Iroquois Trail Power Plant.

SUPERMAN
You're Hungry for energy?
Taste this.

He drops the nuclear core in the center of the machine.

LONG SHOT: The giant computer begins to glow even more brightly than before. Red-hot, then white hot, then it begins to crackle and rumble and smoke. The machine is overdosing.

EFFECTS: IN SPECTACULAR SERIES OF SHOTS, the machine self-destructs. Explosions. Burn-outs. Short circuits. Flare-ups. Entire chunks of metal hurled into the air. Tremendous noise. It's like watching the end of the world as we WATCH the machine commit suicide.

IN THE MIDST OF THIS, INTERCUT SHOT OF LORELEI, released from her magnetic trap, sliding down the cave wall and landing unceremoniously (and unconsciously) on the ground.

At last there is a gigantic explosion within the computer. It totally disintegrates, bursting apart from its own gluttony, wreaking havoc and total destruction within the cave.

A long moment as the dust settles. No sign of life. Piles of rubble and broken rock everywhere. It looks like a bombed-out battlefield. And then...

ON A MOUND OF EARTH AND DEBRIS -- The hand of a white man struggles up and out from beneath the pile of rock.

PAN SLIGHTLY LEFT: From an adjacent mound of rubble, the hand of a black man is seen pushing out from beneath the earth.

And SUPERMAN and GUS clasp hands and pull each other out from beneath the mounds.

They struggle up and out, clutching their hands together: alive, triumphant, and partners at last.

EXT. OIL FIELDS - DAY

ON THE FOREMAN. Looking in quiet despair at his non-working acres of derricks. Shrugging, he turns and starts walking away when:

Sound: the thunk of a motor starting, a pump beginning to work.

He spins around in wonder and sees the pump nearest him suddenly coming to life again.

Seconds later, another one starts up. Then another. Then five more.

EXT. PIPELINE, DESERT OR TUNDRA - DAY

Oil starts gushing out the formerly dry valve-faucet. The delighted WORKER rushes to turn it off.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

AERIAL SHOT. The tankers begin to move away from each other in different directions.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

A car pulls up to the gas pumps. STATION ATTENDANT comes over to the car.

ATTENDANT
Regular or premium?

MAN IN CAR
What the hell, she hasn't had a drink in so long, let's give her a tankful of the good stuff.

The ATTENDANT starts to pump gas in the car.

EXT. SKY - DAY

SUPERMAN flying with GUS clinging to his outstretched arms, his legs wrapped around his waist. Sort of like the stork flying his bundle. GUS is absolutely terrified. He opens one eye, looks down, quickly shuts it.

SUPERMAN
How you doing down there?

GUS
Don't make me talk, please. I got enough problems just hangin' on.

SUPERMAN
(a little laugh)
Hey, you're perfectly safe.

GUS
I ain't about to argue with you.
(as they fly)
What's gonna happen to them three? Ross the boss and those

ladies?

SUPERMAN

That's up to the judge, Gus.
It's not your problem anymore.

GUS

(suddenly)

Watch out for them air pockets!

SUPERMAN

No, we're just going down.

GUS

(terrified)

We gonna crash?

SUPERMAN

I never crash, Gus. That'd be embarrassing.

GUS

(eyes shut)

We back in Metropolis?

SUPERMAN

No...I just have a little stop to make.

ANGLE DOWN: Beneath them is a coal mine in West Virginia or similar place.

EXT. COAL MINE - DAY

A big mound of coal sits on the ground near a shack and a mine entrance. A FEW

MINERS look up in amazement as SUPERMAN and GUS land.

GUS

(looking around)

Whatcha wanna stop here for?

(quickly)

Not that I ain't glad to be on the ground, y'understand.

SUPERMAN

Just a second.

He walks over to the miners, and picks up a lump of coal.

SUPERMAN

Can you guys spare this one?

A MINER

(having trouble finding his voice)

...Sure, Superman.

(incredulously)

It is Superman, isn't it?

GUS
 (lording it over
 them)
 Hey, man, who'dya think it
 was, your mama?

ON SUPERMAN -- he turns away, his back to them all.

EFFECTS: CLOSER ON HIS HANDS as he squeezes the lump of coal. The incredible pressure of super-strength does what it takes nature centuries to do: before our eyes the lump of coal turns into a Liz Taylor-size diamond, glinting in the light.

SUPERMAN
 (to himself)
 Too showy.

EFFECTS: He squeezes it further down to a normal-size diamond.

Holding it in his fist, he turns back to them.

SUPERMAN
 Thanks.
 (to GUS)
 Let's go

GUS
 I was afraid you'd say that.
 (to MINERS)
 Hey, is there a bus station
 around here?

SUPERMAN
 (with a laugh)
 Suit yourself, Gus.
 (to the MINERS)
 Say, does your boss use a
 computer in this operation?

FIRST MINER
 Yeah, a small one. Why?

SUPERMAN
 You tell him he can do a lot worse
 than giving Gus Gorman here a
 job. Tell him I guarantee it.

He smiles farewell and takes off.

HOLD ON GUS -- watching him fly away.

GUS
 (softly)
 Take it easy, man.

He turns to the awe0struck MINERS.

FIRST MINER
 You flew with him?

In a gesture of bravado, Gus unsnaps the buttons on his shirt front, as if to reveal a Super-Gus outfit. But, of course, there's just an old T-shirt there. So he quickly adopts a big-shot tone:

GUS
 So, You fellas ain't never
 seen the super dude before,
 huh? Him and me, we go way

back. I mean way back. We generally help each other out, y'see, like just yesterday was in this cave, see...

And he starts to spin his yarn to the wide-eyed AUDIENCE:
 INT/EXT FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ON SUPERMAN -- smiling affably.

SUPERMAN
 Hi. I reserved a table for two.

REVERSE: A VERY ELEGANT MAITRE D' is at the restaurant desk of a very toney French restaurant, all red velvet and fake Matisse paintings. He is regarding SUPERMAN with great disdain.

MAITRE D'
 I'm sorry, but we won't be able to seat you.

TWO SHOT

SUPERMAN
 (the smile fading)
 I know I'm a little early but --

MAITRE D'
 We won't be able to seat you later either.
 (pointedly)
 Gentlemen are required to wear jacket and tie.

SUPERMAN
 (nonplussed)
 Oh.
 (to himself)

I'd better try to catch her before
she leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS HOTEL - NIGHT

This is that clean, nicely furnished, moderately-priced family hotel we all wish really existed.

ON THE ELEVATOR DOORS -- as they open and CLARK emerges, straightening his tie.

FOLLOW HIM as he hurries down the corridor, past the Room Service trolley beside the door of room 311. He knocks on the door. A very spiffily dressed LANA opens it.

LANA
Clark! What a nice surprise!
Come on in.

INT. METROPOLIS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

RICKY is sitting at a little table/desk, enjoying the Room Service supper that was brought up on that trolley outside.

The room is small, a bit cramped, what with a folding cot that has been moved in for RICKY, plus a chair, table, LANA'S bed, etc.

RICKY
Hi. Mister Kent.
(as CLARK smiles
back, RICKY can't
help bragging:)
Guess who Mom's having dinner

with tonight? Superman!

CLARK
(apologetically,
to LANA)
Actually, that's why I stopped
by. He's really sorry, he wanted
to make it, but then he...ran into
a problem.

LANA looks a little disappointed, but less so than RICKY.

LANA
(nodding understandingly)
I guess he misses a lot of dinners.

CLARK
But if you wouldn't mind
settling for me --

LANA
 (brightening)
 Anyday...

TWO-SHOT -- CLARK and LANA

CLARK
 He asked me to give you
 something. You know, he
 and I, we talk all the time.
 And when he heard about
 you having to pawn your
 diamond ring, he thought
 that was terrible.
 (awkwardly)
 So when he found this sort
 of, um, lying around -- well,
 he thought you might like to
 have it.

He takes from his breast pocket a little ring set with the diamond SUPERMAN
 squeezed out of coal. He lays it in her hand.

MED. C.U. LANA -- She just stares at it as if she can't believe this is
 happening. When she looks up at CLARK, her eyes are very large and a little
 moist.

LANA
 I...I...

But she is too moved for words. Finally, she can only throw her arms around
 CLARK and hug him with all her might and all her heart. Which he doesn't mind
 a
 bit.

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS HOTEL - NIGHT

ON THE ELEVATOR DOORS -- as they open. This time it is BRAD who steps -- or
 stumbles -- out, holding forth his new best friends, the TWO SINISTER TYPES
 (one
 with scar and eyepatch, one with shaved head and mustache) we SAW earlier in
 the
 bar with (EVIL) SUPERMAN.

BRAD
 Wait till you see her.
 (waxing poetic)
 Hair like a sunset, eyes like
 stars, and built like a --

GUY WITH EYEPATCH
 (overlapping, scornfully)
 A chick like that, what's she want

with you?

BRAD

She's my girl. I came all the way from Smallville just to bring her back.

(with great assurance)

She's crazy about me -- she just don't know it yet.

They lurch down the corridor, peering at room numbers.

INT. METROPOLIS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Slipping the ring on her finger, LANA studies its gleam in the lamplight and glows with pleasure herself.

RICKY

(his own perspective)

Wow, a ring from Superman!

Lemme see, Mom!

He jumps up, knocking a dish of hard candies off the table. They scatter on the carpet. RICKY looks dismayed, but CLARK is, as always, ready to help.

CLARK

(quickly)

Here, I'll get those.

He kneels to pick up the candies.

LANA

(still in the throes

of emotion)

I really don't know what to say.

(as CLARK smiles up at her, she almost blushes)

Thank you. I mean, thank him--

WIDE ANGLE -- It is at just this moment that BRAD and his boozing buddies burst in to see "his girl" sporting a diamond ring on her outstretched hand and looking soulfully down at CLARK KENT, who is down on one knee, gazing up at her. To BRAD it all means one thing:

BRAD

Wha----you sonofa----

LANA

Brad!

BRAD charges into the room like a bull, his two BUDDIES (brawlers by nature) right behind him. (NOTE: CLARK'S dilemma in this fight is that he must retain the CLARK KENT identity, i.e. not only can he not use super-powers, he can't even

hit anybody since it would be lethal. Therefore, his strategy is to look clumsy and awkward, while actually manipulating the defeat of the three bullies. What follows is very quick:)

BRAD, drunk, takes a swing at CLARK and misses; his momentum sends him falling forward over the room's chair.

CLARK
whoops----

The BALD GUY throws a tale lamp at CLARK, who ducks in time. As LANA and RICKY try to get out of the way, the BALD GUY charges CLARK before CLARK can get to an upright position. Thus CLARK comes up just in time to "accidentally" butt his attacker in the gut. The BALD GUY sails right into the open closet, smashing his skull against the inside wall. Out cold, he slides to the floor. Quickly, LANA runs over and shuts the closet door on him, as if to say, "That's that."

The GUY WITH THE EYPATCH is enraged:

CLARK puts his hands up, as if backing away:

CLARK
Take it easy now, c'mon, be reasonable.

INSERT: CLARK kicks the fallen lamp at the GUY'S feet.

THE GUY WITH THE EYEPATCH steps on th lamp, trips, falls forward full force on the folding cot, which promptly folds itself up, both sides, squashing and imprisoning him inside the mattress. in effect, the GUY is filling in a sandwich completely immobilized.

ON BRAD: Who picks himself up, glares drunkenly at CLARK, practicaly pawing the grounf as he speaks:

BRAD
Kent, I hate you. I always hated you. And you know why, Kent? Because you're nice. Nice guys finish----

And before he can utter the word "last," he's overcome with rage. He puts down his head, roars like an animal, and charges at CLARK like a bull at a toreador.

CLARK goes to pick up the glass candy dish, which is in BRAD'S hand. BRAD catapults over him and goes right out the open door, lands splat on top of the Room Service trolley in the hallway.

INT. CORRIDOR, METROPOLIS HOTEL - NIGHT

Causing the trolley, with BRAD spread-eagled on top of it, to head right for the elevator. Just as we think it's going to crash, the elevator doors open and BRAD, trolley and all, roll right into the elevator where a DIGNIFIED COUPLE stand.

INT. ELEVATOR

The WOMAN looks down with distaste at the drunken and battered BRAD laying on top of the food on the serving tray.

WOMAN

No wonder they sent it back.

Her husband nods.

INT. DAILY PLANET, PERRY WHITE'S OFFICE - DAY

PERRY is at his desk. LOIS is sitting facing him, looking trim and tan and terrific. CLARK is beside her.

PERRY

Lois, I've got to hand it to you. You're amazing. Who else could manage to turn a three-week tropical vacation into a front page story that's going to blow the lid off government corruption in the Caribbean?

LOIS

I just knew I was onto something when that taxi driver kidnapped me.

CLARK

(repressing a tiny,
fond smile)
You're the best, Lois.

LOIS

I'd better be. Suddenly I've got competition to keep up with.

(as CLARK looks
confused)

Your high school reunion article. I thought it was terrific. And fascinating.

(shyly curious)

Especially about the girl back

home.

(expansively)

I'll tell you what, Clark, I'll take you to lunch and you can tell me all about it.

CLARK

Gee, I'm sorry, Lois. But I've already got a lunch date. With Mr. White's new secretary.

LOIS

(intrigued)

Oh?

NEW ANGLE -- The office door opens and LANA LANG, looking very perky, sticks her head in.

LANA

(softly, as she puts some papers on PERRY'S desk)

Hi. Clark.

PERRY

Lois, met Lana Lang. Smallville's latest gift to Metropolis.

LOIS

(more intrigued, taking a closer look at her now)

Oh??

LANA

Glad to meet you, Miss Lane. I like your writing a lot.

LOIS

Thanks.

(shaking the hand, LANA has offered, LOIS can't help noticing the ring on her other hand; lightly)

I like your sparkler a lot.

LANA

(confiding, happily)

Me too. I couldn't believe it when Clark gave it to me.

LOIS

(she can't believe it either)

Clark gave you -- ???

She can't finish the sentence. But she doesn't get a chance to, anyway.

From off-screen, the not-so dulcet tones of MISS HENDERSON:

MISS HENDERSON
Mr. White, look what I've got for
you.

ON MISS HENDERSON -- pushing before her a new bingo machine -- the electronic kind that has jets of air pushing the plastic balls inside a dome like popcorn maker. The JINGO sign is attached.

MISS HENDERSON
(terribly thrilled)
It's modern. It's up-to-date. It's
state-of-the art.
(to all)
People, I am in love with this
machine.
(she pushes it in
front of PERRY)
Go ahead, Mr. White.

PERRY
(already miserable)
Where's the handle?

MISS HENDERSON
(giggling)
There is no handle! You just push
a button.

She shows him the button. He punches it. The machine activates. The plastic balls begin to jump and leap inside the dome. then it starts going faster. Faster. Smoke starts to curl from the machine.

Sound: An awful grinding noise.

LOIS
What's that terrible smell?

ON THE MACHINE -- it self-destructs, firing JINGO balls all over the office, exploding its plastic dome.

FULL SHOT -- as ALL stand there, stunned.

CLARK
(backing out of
the room)
Uh...excuse me, folks...

PERRY
Kent!

CLARK
I'm sorry, Mr. White, but I've

got an errand to run.

EXT. SKY ABOVE PISA - DAY

ON SUPERMAN as he flies.

SUPERMAN
 (shamefaced, to himself)
 Gosh, what an awful thing to have

done.

He starts to descend.

WIDE SHOT: He arrives at the top of the tower, starts to push it back down again so that it will lean once more.

EXT. SOUVENIR STAND, PISA - DUSK

Where our MAN once again admires his stock of vertical Tower models, looks to the real thing, looks back and then does a double-take worthy of Billy Gilbert in his prime: for the Tower is now the LEANING TOWER again and all his wares are useless.

Hysterical, he smashes shelves tot he ground, makes violent obscene gestures at the caped HERO above, weeping and screaming.

SHOPKEEPER
 Cretino! Stronzo!
 (and other expletives deleted)

EXT. SKY/SPACE

All problems attended to, he flies majestically across the magical place where light blue sky deepens into the dark black of outer space. As HE FLIES TO CAMERA, he shrugs as if to say, "Well, you can't win 'em all, folks." Then there's the comforting, familiar, warm smile and the little salute that lets us know the world is safe in the hands of the one, the only...SUPERMAN!

THE END