

**LOIS & CLARK**

"The Ghost of Superman-Future"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. 344 CLINTON STREET - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Clark's apartment building. For a beat it's just a quiet night in the city. Then suddenly a WHITE LIGHT slices from the sky to a THIRD-FLOOR WINDOW.

SFX: There is a crash of THUNDER.

INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLARK sleeps. His GLASSES sit on the night table. He wears only a bed sheet. He snores lightly, floating up into the air as he inhales and down to the bed as he exhales.

The glowing figure of OLD SUPES stands out of frame, but the LIGHT from the figure suffuses the room from its direction.

On Clark as he sleeps. The Light grows brighter as Old Supes' face approaches. Old Supes' mouth enters frame next to Clark's ear.

OLD SUPES

Hey Clark!

Clark wakes with a start, falling to his bed and grabbing for his glasses. He looks up to see Old Supes and we see him for the first time too, like Scrooge glomming Marley's Ghost.

OLD SUPES is Superman, older than he is now - probably several centuries older, but we won't deal with that can o' worms. He's Dean Cain in a Superman suit, made up to look about sixty. He has a graying beard, distinguished wrinkles and he's still built like a Princeton Tiger. That white glow surrounds him like an aura.

OLD SUPES

Don't worry about the glasses with me, kid.  
Never understood why they worked so long  
myself.

Clark looks at the glasses in his hand, puts them down on the dresser. He gives the figure a once-over with his X-RAY VISION.

OLD SUPES

Ooohhh! Tickle!

CLARK

What are you? You're ... you're not there.

OLD SUPES

Very good. I'm a hologram. It's a nifty little trick you'll learn sometime. I sent this image back in time from the future ♡ your future. I'm having my end of this conversation from memory.

CLARK

What're you saying? You're me when I'm a zillion years old?

OLD SUPES

Watch it. I can bench press a planet if you find me a strong enough bench.

CLARK

Okay, it's late. Let's buy your story. Why're you here ... or wherever you are?

OLD SUPES

To warn you about Angela January.

CLARK

Who?

OLD SUPES

You'll need help. You must not trust Angela January.

Clark stands up, waves a hand through the figure's mid-section. Old Supes separates top to bottom like a ghost dissipating for a moment then reforming and waves a finger at Clark.

OLD SUPES

Are you through playing?

CLARK

All right, say I do meet this Angela January and you are me. Why bother to warn me? You know what's going to happen.

OLD SUPES

I know you'll fall for her line and you should know better. I'm just here to give you a leg up when you come to your senses.

Old Supes begins to fade.

OLD SUPES

Good luck, kid. You'll need it.

CLARK

Wait! Do I live a long time? Do I get married? Is the world going to ♡

OLD SUPES

The image of Old Supes fades and the white glow surrounding him fades a second later. Silently mouthing the phrase, "Good Witch of the North," Clark plops down on his bed, perplexed.

CLARK

Gotta lay off that Tex-Mex.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CITY STREET - DAY

Half a dozen COSTUMED KIDS hustle down the sidewalk and up the stairway of a BROWNSTONE. Conspicuous on a big windowless WALL is the graffito: "WRITE IN", followed by the S-EMBLEM. One of the kids rings an INTERCOM BELL.

INTERCOM  
(female voice)  
Who's there?

KIDS  
(hollering)  
Trick or treat!

The Intercom voice CACKLES like a witch. The kids look at each other, then run down the steps, scared. They run by a CONSTRUCTION SITE shielded by plywood walls plastered all over with CAMPAIGN POSTERS. Several are torn down to make room for another appearance of the handwritten "WRITE IN 'S'" legend. There are two kinds of posters, both with pictures of white male mayoral candidates. One says "ELECT ELLSWORTH MAYOR" and the other says "RE-ELECT MAYOR WHITNEY".

EXT. DAILY PLANET - DAY

LOIS, done up for Halloween as Glenda, the Good Witch of the North, makes her way across a traffic-infested street. She carries a BOX large enough to contain another costume. Here and there are other costumed people, both adults and children. Lois weaves and bobs against the light, slipping between a TAXI and a BUS. The CABBIE leans out to yell at her. She swats the hood of the cab like Ratso Rizzo and brandishes her wand.

CABBIE  
You wanna die young?

LOIS  
You wanna get turned into a frog?

INT. DAILY PLANET - CITY ROOM - DAY

PERRY enters from his office with a CLIP BOARD, toward Clark.

PERRY

Clark, where's Lois? I've got an assignment for you two.

CLARK

She went off to pick something up. Said we had some hot tickets tonight.

PERRY

What'd she mean by that?

Clark shrugs, about to talk as Lois breezes in with her package.

LOIS

Mayor Whitney's annual Halloween party.

PERRY

That's my girl. How'd you wangle an entrée to that?

Lois plops the box down on Clark's desk, opens it and takes out a sequined "Elvis" outfit.

LOIS

An old high school friend in the mailroom at City Hall.

PERRY

The height of a big Mayoral campaign and not a single reporter in town has had as much as a two-minute interview with either candidate since the summer.

CLARK

Yeah, I don't get that.

LOIS

Both candidates have piles of money and lots of television time. They don't need us. But tonight the Mayor'll get us anyway.

Perry hands Clark a BUSINESS CARD which Clark glances at, then he looks down at his costume in the box.

PERRY

Just in case Lois' plan is a washout, Clark, take this card. Lady named Linnea Lambeth. She runs a children's shelter in the Helltown section and you might make a good story out of her.

CLARK

What am I going as? Captain Marvel Junior?

Perry reaches into the box for a pair of SIDEBURNS that he puts to his own cheeks.

PERRY

Right. Hey I'd go with Lois myself if I didn't want to see what you look like in this outfit, son.

(breaks into song)

Since my baby left me ...

Clark joins Perry, mugging the body english and singing.

PERRY & CLARK

Down at the end of Lonely Street

Perry continues to sing.

CLARK

Okay, I'll be Elvis. Who're you? Priscilla?

LOIS

No, silly. I'm Glenda the Good Witch of the North.

Clark is thunderstruck. Lois smiles. Perry continues his song.

EXT. DAILY PLANET - DAY

It's getting toward dusk and the rush of the after-work crowd - both cars and pedestrians - crowding through the street.

LOIS (O.C.)

Well look at it practically, Clark. If you were Mayor Whitney would you want us asking you questions?

CLARK (O.C.)

Well sure, Lois. Part of being a responsible Mayor.

Clark in his Elvis outfit and Lois in her Glenda gear walk out the revolving door onto the crowded street.

LOIS

It never fails to amaze me how naive you are.

CLARK

What's naive? We're reporters and he's a public servant. It's his job to talk to us.

LOIS

He didn't do his job when he said he was going to make the city manageable. Why do you think he would do it now?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Across the street from Clark and Lois a MUGGER approaches a WOMAN who carries a SHOULDER BAG. In the middle of a crowded street he sweeps by the Woman, snatching the bag off her shoulder and running behind her through the crowd with it. Some in the crowd wear costumes. In his flight, the Mugger passes a graffiti "WRITE IN 'S'" sign chalked on a wall.

LOIS

Case in point.

WOMAN

Hey that's mine! Stop him!

LOIS

A daylight purse-snatching right in a crowd that lets it happen.

(hollers)

Somebody stop that guy!

As Lois watches the Mugger weave through the crowd carrying the bag by its long strap, Clark lowers his GLASSES and shoots a thin beam of HEAT VISION across the street ...

CLARK

I don't think the Mayor is responsible for every little thing that goes wrong ☹

... which slices cleanly through both sides of the strap, causing the bag to fall behind the Mugger who continues to run. The Woman makes her way back through the crowd toward ZORRO - rather, a man in a Zorro costume - who gallantly picks up the fallen Bag from the ground and hands it to her.

Angle on Lois and Clark.

CLARK

- and besides, things have a habit of working out.

LOIS

Clark did you see that? He dropped it.

On Zorro handing the Woman her bag.

WOMAN

Oh thank you. Thank you so much.

ZORRO

I didn't ... he just ... you're welcome.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Lois and Clark walk by a boarded construction site with posters of Mayor Whitney and candidate Ellsworth covering all available space. Spray-painted over several of the posters is the "WRITE IN 'S'" legend.

LOIS

Have you seen a cab yet?

CLARK

With this transit strike on? Forget it. I thought we were walking.

LOIS

You know, there're some people who've got one solution to the unmanageability of this city.

CLARK

What's that?

Lois indicates the graffiti "WRITE IN 'S'" message on the wall.

LOIS

This.

CLARK

Yeah right. Drop it all in Superman's lap.  
That'll solve everything.

LOIS

I've heard worse ideas. Like walking to  
this party.

EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - DAY

Lois and Clark walk into another fairly crowded area. People  
rush around. There are also a few in costume.

CLARK

Listen, Lois, this is a democracy where the  
people are responsible for their own  
government. When I was a kid we had this  
state senator who -

LOIS

Oh spare me the stories of cow town  
politics, Clark. This is a serious city  
with serious problems.

CLARK

Well this "Superman for Mayor" thing is just  
a bunch of kids with spray paint. The  
election's next week. Superman's certainly  
not interested and there's no serious effort  
to do any organizing.

Lois looks up. So do many of the people in the street.

LOIS

Really. Well, that's not spray paint.

CLARK

Whuh?

Clark looks up and so do we. Above them, a big BILLBOARD hangs  
over the city. Two WORKMEN paste it up. It is a big photo of  
Superman. Above him it says, "WRITE IN ..." and below him it  
says, "This could be the start of something **BIG**".

People on the sidewalk spontaneously break into applause and  
whooping. Lois joins in. Clark is dubious.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A nice hotel. Scads of costumed people traipse through the room to the elevators. An EVENTS CALENDAR includes this item: "WHITNEY HALLOWEEN PARTY ... Shayne Ballroom ... 7 PM".

As the partiers drift by, ANGELA comes in. She dresses elegantly but is almost completely covered. She takes off her coat and hat to reveal a knockout black witchy outfit, and a breathtaking body. She does not appear old or young; rather ageless and quite dangerously beautiful. As she looks over the Events Calendar, several MEN stop and gawk, WOMEN hustle them along. One man trips and falls, unconcerned that he might be hurt as he watches Angela. We hear the SOUNDS of several unspecified things falling over or breaking off-camera.

Angela smiles sweetly.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

This sequence takes place on a TELEVISION SCREEN, though we do not see that until the sequence ends.

EXT. METROPOLIS AERIAL SHOT - TV SCREEN - DAY

The city is pristine from the air, magnificent, like a sculpture. The NARRATOR has a rich but rough-edged voice, like Ed Asner.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Metropolis. City of dreams. Everyone comes to Metropolis.

EXT. CITY HALL - TV SCREEN - DAY (SERIES OF STILL PICTURES)

Dub in the pictures of several well-known and lesser-known people here or look-alikes, with Mayor WHITNEY in a succession of poses. The Mayor stands on the steps of the building greeting, shaking hands with and/or handing a gold-plated key to the city to (1) a herd of Boy Scouts, (2) Barbra Streisand, (3) a professional baseball team, (4) James Earl Jones and Harrison Ford, (5) Billy Crystal, Whoopi Goldberg and Robin Williams with a giant symbolic check, (6) Nelson Mandela, (7) Bill and Hillary Clinton, (8) members of the original cast of *Star Trek*, (9) a group of desert-camouflaged soldiers with a Humvee parked in front of them, and (10) Superman; whatever you can get cheap.

Linger on the last picture, zooming in on a two-shot as the Narrator speaks.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

They come here to live, to shop, to do business. Very often they come here just to be here, and to be seen with Mayor Julius Whitney. Metropolis is the heart and soul of America and Julie Whitney is Metropolis.

EXT. METROPOLIS AERIAL SHOT - TV SCREEN - DAY

Animation sequence. Overlay a series of futuristic additions to the aerial shot we saw earlier. First a network of MONORAIL LINES appears around the city. Then add three or four new BUILDINGS higher and spacier than the existing ones. Next there is a smoothly flowing web of AERIAL ROADWAYS over which hovercraft navigate the city. Finally overlay the legend: "RE-ELECT MAYOR WHITNEY".

NARRATOR (O.C.)

As he has led us through the past eight years, so will Julie Whitney take the city of dreams into a new century.

(aside)

Paid for by the Whitney Re-Election Committee, Fiscal Agent Wayne Boring.

LOIS (O.C.)

Have you ever seen such tripe?

CLARK (O.C.)

What's wrong with it?

PULL BACK to show that we are in

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

where Clark and Lois, in costume, mill among a shoulder-to-shoulder roomful of Halloween revellers looking at one of several large TELEVISIONS scattered around the room showing off the Mayor's campaign propaganda.

CLARK

Morning in Metropolis. I'd like to live in a city like that.

LOIS

Or at least one where the subways were running and the garbage got picked up.

CLARK

So what's your plan to get this interview with the Mayor?

LOIS

This is it. Come here and get the interview.

Clark looks at Lois like she's from Pluto, throws up his hands. Lois breezes off into the crowd accosting the other party-goers.

LOIS

Excuse me, have you seen the Mayor? ... Has Mayor Whitney arrived yet? ... Pardon me, is that - no ... Sir, do you know if ...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

On the elevator. It RINGS and the door opens.

Clark steps off the elevator, holding the Business Card that Perry gave him earlier and rooting through the pockets of his Elvis costume for change. He passes the figure of Angela sitting on a lobby chair reading a paper and of her he sees only her legs, which he notices as he walks toward a PAY PHONE.

Angle on Angela as she folds the newspaper, smiles and walks toward the pay phones. A GUY behind the registration desk ogles her. She hands him the newspaper.

ANGELA

Take care of this for me, would you?

GUY

I'll guard it with my life.

Angle on Clark, talking on the pay phone, looking at the Business Card in his hand and facing toward the wall. The REST ROOM DOORS are visible beyond the pay phones.

CLARK

Yeah, Ms. Lambeth? This is Clark Kent with the *Daily Planet*. I heard about your shelter and my editor thought you'd make a good story. I wonder if I could ...

Angela walks into frame, picks up the phone next to Clark's and watches him intently until he notices her not breaking her gaze.

CLARK

I'm just a few minutes from there now,  
if ... sure I'd love to ... My name is Kent,  
K-E ... oh thank you, I like your work  
too ... see you in a few minutes. Just let  
me change.

Clark hangs up by depressing the tab and holding the receiver as if he is going to make another call. Angela hangs her receiver.

ANGELA

I thought she'd talk forever, didn't you?

CLARK

Do we know each other?

ANGELA

Not yet. My name is Angela January.

Angela extends a hand. Clark, taken by surprise, drops the receiver and fumbles with it.

INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK SCENE. Fuzzy around the edges to show it's taking place in Clark's memory, the holographic image of Old Supes with an ethereal glow floats in the room.

OLD SUPES

You'll need help. You must not trust Angela  
January.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Angela leans in close to Clark. He is at such an angle that no one in the lobby could see him head-on except Angela. Clark is oddly nervous.

ANGELA

I'm the best thing that ever happened to  
you, guy.

CLARK

I've had some very good things happen to me.

ANGELA

There've always been people like us here. People whose origins are elsewhere. People with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men.

CLARK

Excuse me?

ANGELA

I'm behind it. I'm behind it all. The graffiti, the posters, the television spots you'll be seeing. I've got plans. Making you Mayor of this city is just a first step.

CLARK

Making me ... ? Miss January, maybe you've mistaken me for someone else.

ANGELA

Oh, I don't think so, Elvis. Making you Mayor ... making you President ... doesn't even start to trace the path you'll take.

Angela gives Clark a teasing kiss on the cheek. As Clark is put off guard by this, Angela brings a hand up to his collarbone, slips a finger under the top of his shirt and slices downward to rip open the shirt and reveal his "S" emblem.

For a moment Clark is dazed. Then he shakes it off, looks down and holds the ripped shirt together, perplexed.

ANGELA

Be what you were born to be. A god.

Clark looks around and scoots into the MEN'S ROOM.

As Angela leaves, chuckling, the eyes of the few people in the lobby are fixed to her, no one noticing Clark dart into the Men's Room with his emblem hanging out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

INT. DAILY PLANET - CITY ROOM - DAY

This sequence takes place on a TELEVISION SCREEN, though we do not see that until the sequence ends.

EXT. SCUZZY STREET SCENE - TV SCREEN - DAY

Garbage piles up along the curbs. Tenements. Puddles collect. A VAGRANT or two sits on a stoop or lies by a building. There is no traffic, but several ratty CARS and at least one stripped HUSK of a car are parked here. In the distance, above the tenements, are the gleaming TOWERS of midtown Metropolis.

The SPEAKER narrates in a conspiratorial whisper.

SPEAKER (O.C.)

Is this your Metropolis? Does the city of  
your dreams lie on an underbelly of disease,  
ignorance and poverty?

As long black LIMOUSINE rumbles toward us up the street and passes us.

EXT. STREET TO CITY HALL - TV SCREEN - DAY

FOLLOW the Limo as it zooms away from us, under the back side of CITY HALL looming like the Emerald City at the far end of the poverty-laden street.

SPEAKER (O.C.)

In Julius Whitney's Metropolis, poverty and  
homelessness have multiplied. Unemployment  
is above nine percent. Four out of five new  
businesses started in the past eight years  
have failed. Whitney has raised city income  
taxes three times and sixteen of his  
appointees and associates have been indicted  
for corruption.

EXT. CITY HALL - TV SCREEN - DAY

ELLSWORTH in loosened tie and his jacket over his arm walks out the main door of the building, talking amiably with three or four officious looking SUITS that walk out with him. As the

Speaker talks, Ellsworth skips jauntily down the steps toward the camera.

SPEAKER (O.C.)

In six years on the City Council, Morton Ellsworth hasn't been indicted for anything. As Mayor, Morton Ellsworth will put his sterling record of honesty and integrity to work for a new Metropolis.

By now Ellsworth is full face in the camera. He flips his jacket over his shoulder as he begins to speak.

ELLSWORTH

Hi. I'm Morty Ellsworth. Make me Mayor and I'll make Julius Whitney's Metropolis into our Metropolis again.

FREEZE FRAME on Ellsworth. Overlay the legend: "ELLSWORTH FOR MAYOR".

Pull back from the TV screen to show we are in

INT. DAILY PLANET - CITY ROOM - DAY

General hub-bub. It's the height of morning activity here. Clark at his desk talks into his phone with a hand over his free ear. Lois types feverishly at her keyboard. JIMMY and Perry watch the TV fixed to a wall.

SPEAKER (O.C.)

(perfunctorily)

Paid for by Friends of Morton Ellsworth,  
Otto Binder Fiscal Agent.

CLARK

(into phone)

Sorry I didn't make it there last night, Ms. Lambeth. I just got a little sidetracked.

PERRY

So much for the candidate's new TV spot.

JIMMY

That's a great recommendation. We should vote for this guy because he's never been indicted. I should run for Mayor.

Perry reaches up to flip off the TV, but he doesn't reach it yet.

LOIS

His main qualification is he's not the Mayor now. You should still run for Mayor.

CLARK

I'll be there around lunchtime then. Thanks.

Clark hangs up the phone and gets up to leave, but looks back at the TV screen on which is a closeup of a color picture of George Washington. Perry stays his hand.

PERRY

Hey what's this?

On the Television Screen.

The voice of the NARRATOR is deep and trustworthy, like James Earl Jones or Patrick Stewart.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

George Washington.

CS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Black-and-white photo.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Abraham Lincoln.

CS. DWIGHT EISENHOWER

Circa 1944 shot in his General's uniform.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Dwight D. Eisenhower.

EXT. THE CAPITOL - DAY

Black-and-white, JOHN F. KENNEDY gives his inaugural address, January 2, 1961. MOS.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

John F. Kennedy.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

KIDS play and TEACHERS oversee. KID #1 points up at a spot in the sky, growing as it approaches. TEACHER #1 looks up,

unconcerned, but as TEACHER #2 and the other Kids look up, the image grows into the approaching figure of SUPERMAN.

KID #1

Look! Up in the sky.

TEACHER #1

It's a bird.

KID #2

It's a plane.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Remember when public servants were heroes too?

TEACHER

It's ... it's ...

Superman lands on the schoolyard, smiling, and scads of kids and teachers swarm around him in adulation.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

It could happen again.

FREEZE FRAME on Superman, surrounded by adoring kids. A SUPER materializes in the middle of the screen: "SUPERMAN FOR MAYOR".

NARRATOR (O.C.)

This could be the start of something big.

PULL BACK to show that we are watching this on a TV in

INT. DAILY PLANET - CITY ROOM - DAY

STAFFERS, including Perry, Lois and Jimmy, stand at the TV, rapt.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Angela January, Fiscal Agent.

Those gathered around the Television burst into applause. Clark stands by the door on the balcony of the room, watching everyone else in the room marvel at the ad. He is troubled.

JIMMY

Wow.

The staff, all gathered at the TV screen, jabber and murmur excitedly like the opening SFX on *Jeopardy*. Clark lets loose a breath and slips out the door.

EXT. LINNEA'S PLACE - DAY

A storefront in the raunchy Helltown section of Metropolis has all of its front windows painted over in colorful patterns and designs of translucent paint. A big hand-painted sign over the door and windows says, "LINNEA'S PLACE".

LINNEA (O.C.)

We call it a children's shelter, Mr. Kent,  
but they're not all children as you can see.

CLARK (O.C.)

There are so many, Ms. Lambeth.

INT. LINNEA'S PLACE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Clark and LINNEA - 50-ish and fit, a no-nonsense lady who in her youth was probably a major point of contention - stand together in the big open room that would be the "store" if this storefront were a mercantile concern. All around them are PATRONS, mostly between 8 and 18 but not exclusively, working on one project or another. In one corner a group of three or four SINGERS with headphones rehearse a performance together. Elsewhere a young TEACHER reads a book out loud to a circle of small CHILDREN. At a table six or seven TEENS play poker for pogs. A few WATCHING KIDS gather around a MONITOR as nearby three young ACTORS play a scene to a CAMCORDER on a tripod. Young PAINTERS of various ages, as appropriate, paint pictures on different easels, from fingerpaints to oils. In every spare corner are STUDENTS, rapt in their books and looseleaves.

LINNEA

Call me Linnea. Everyone does.

CLARK

Then I'm Clark. Where do they all belong?

LINNEA

Here. They belong here.

(taking Clark's arm)

Let me show you something, Clark.

INT. LINNEA'S PLACE - PLAYROOM - DAY

A YOUNG TEACHER uses FLASHCARDS to help teach RUSSELL, 7, to read. The room is smaller and quieter than the Main Room, outfitted with SCHOOL DESKS, a BLACKBOARD, some TOYS and DECORATIONS on the walls reminiscent of an early elementary grades classroom: alphabets, pictures of the Presidents, current events, that sort of thing.

YOUNG TEACHER  
What's this one?

RUSSELL  
I don't know.

YOUNG TEACHER  
You did a minute ago.

RUSSELL  
Lion?

YOUNG TEACHER  
So you do know.

As the Young Teacher and Russell speak quietly we PULL BACK to show that there are four or five other teacher/kid PAIRS in the room and Clark and Linnea stand near the door quietly.

YOUNG TEACHER  
How about this one?

LINNEA  
Russell over there is autistic. He was diagnosed only after he came here four weeks ago. His teachers just assumed he was dull.

CLARK  
Came here from where?

LINNEA  
Oh, home. Or what passes for it. Took him three days to start speaking, longer to start reading.

CLARK  
And where do they go next?

LINNEA

That's the problem. If I were in charge of things Russell's mother would move into a safe house with him and get special training that would not only allow her to help raise her son, but would train her to work as a teacher's aide for special needs kids.

CLARK

Ambitious.

LINNEA

I've got more.

INT. LINNEA'S PLACE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

On the PAINTERS. Among them one big boy, TYSON works on a very detailed and ambitious canvass in oils.

LINNEA (O.C.)

Junie, the little one over there, is dyslexic but very bright. Nobody diagnosed her before she came here. Tyson, the big boy working with oils, never had an art lesson in his life, or a music lesson for that matter, but he plays piano like an angel and paints, well ... like that.

On the SINGERS.

LINNEA (O.C.)

We got Aurelia there an operation on her appendix that probably saved her life.

On Linnea, pointing variously around the room. Clark has a NOTEPAD in one hand, motions for her to slow down.

LINNEA

Frankie over there was living with an aunt and uncle who moved without a forwarding address. And if I were in charge Jillian here would get a -

CLARK

You keep saying if you were in charge, Linnea. Why don't you run for City Council or something?

LINNEA

My dear Clark, I've been on the ballot for Mayor for the past twelve years.

Clark reacts, startled.

EXT. METROPOLIS - HELLTOWN STREET - DAY

On the roof of the highest TENEMENT in the neighborhood stands a single figure looking out over the neighborhood. Visible somewhere is a big "Write-in Superman" billboard. Gradually ZOOM on the figure so we see that it's Angela. She looks great with clothes billowing in the wind and a distant look in her eyes.

Clark and Linnea's conversation continues out of frame.

CLARK (O.C.)

Excuse me? On the ballot?

LINNEA (O.C.)

Sure. Every election the kids and the people in the neighborhood go out and get signatures and I'm one of those names on the ballot no one ever notices.

CLARK (O.C.)

Do you campaign?

Angela gracefully dives off the roof and falls out of frame.

LINNEA (O.C.)

Heavens no, I don't have the money for that. But I've carried this part of town the last three elections.

INT. LINNEA'S PLACE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Linnea walks Clark to the door and opens it. He walks out.

CLARK

The mayor of Helltown.

LINNEA

Nice title. Hi to your editor for me, Clark, and call if you need to know anything else.

EXT. LINNEA'S PLACE - DAY

Clark comes out the door. Linnea stands with him for a moment as Angela officiously walks up to him on the street, taking his arm.

CLARK  
Will do. Good lu-

ANGELA  
Clark, we've been looking all over for you.

CLARK  
Uhh ...

ANGELA  
There's a holdup in the Bronx, Brooklyn's breaking out in fights. There's a traffic jam in Harlem that's backed up to Jackson Heights ...

LINNEA  
Back to work.

Linnea smiles and disappears back into her storefront as Angela hustles Clark down the sidewalk.

ANGELA  
... and I've got to show you something.  
What should I call you, Superman? Kal-El?

As Clark talks, Angela's stride becomes flight. She lifts off the ground, holding tightly onto Clark's arm.

CLARK  
Clark's fine. You're flying. Who are you?

ANGELA  
I told you. Angela January, the best thing that ever happened to you. You'll need your work clothes.

EXT. VEST POCKET PARK - DAY

A small park in the business section of town, sort of like the Steve Ross memorial on the Warner lot. Give it slate or marble sheet walls in tall narrow panels that Superman can use for a rescue later. A CROWD of people rally good-naturedly, some with signs that say things like, "SUPERMAN FOR MAYOR" and "VOTE SMART

- VOTE SUPER" and "THE START OF SOMETHING BIG" and "A MAN OF TOMORROW FOR TOMORROW'S METROPOLIS".

LOIS talks to demonstrators and JIMMY snaps photos of the crowd. A WMET News CAMERA CREW debark from a NEWSVAN as Lois talks.

CROWD

Write in Superman!  
Write in Superman!  
Write in Superman!

LOIS

Excuse me, but who organized this rally?

SIGN CARRIER #1

Who knows? Not me.

LOIS

Well did all you people just materialize here with printed signs and press releases?

SIGN CARRIER #2

I got the word on my computer at work. The screen just lit up saying "Pro-Superman rally at Vest Pocket Park noon today," so I came.

LOIS

That's how I found out about it. I thought it was an e-mail from my editor.

SIGN CARRIER #2

Yeah me too. Then I realized my computer's not hooked up to a network.

Lois thinks about that, then looks suddenly startled as we

CUT TO

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

Floating among the clouds are Angela and Superman.

SUPERMAN

Why mayor? Why me?

ANGELA

Who better? There are more of us, Clark. People like you and me. Some fly. Some cast spells. Some run faster than lightning. We've always been here. And once, we ruled.

SUPERMAN

Ruled?

ANGELA

My grandfather lived on Mount Olympus in the Aegean ten thousand years ago. He and his family gave men fire ... the wheel ... created civilization. Then men spurned them.

SUPERMAN

Olympus? Zeus and the Greek gods? Angela, how old are you?

ANGELA

How old do you think you'll get? There aren't any "natural causes" to stop you. See them down there, demonstrating, worshipping you? Why don't you make an appearance?

SUPERMAN

I'm not running for anything. Why should I encourage that?

ANGELA

I don't know. But what would you do ...

Angela extends a hand downward and energy beams shoot out her fingertips - like x-ray vision only a different color.

EXT. VEST POCKET PARK - DAY

Lois, Jimmy and the Camera Crew mingle among the growing crowd. The thin BEAMS of light shoot down from the sky, hit the ground and kick up big shards of park flooring like it's dust.

ANGELA (O.C.)

... if, say, a water main were to burst?

From under the busted flooring of the park a two-foot-diameter length of metal PIPING rears up from underground like a huge spitting cobra, to spray a deluge of water under enormous

pressure all over the area, knocking people into walls and each other, spattering Lois and Jimmy like flies by a cow's tail.

Superman flashes down from the sky. He yanks the tall stone panels out of the wall of the park and quickly pokes them side-by-side into the ground around the spewing pipe to wall in the rush of water. Within this barrier the water begins to rise.

Outside the wall the water begins to flow into the streets and sewers. Superman helps a soaking wet Lois to her feet. Jimmy, nearby, climbs to his feet by grabbing Superman's arm.

SUPERMAN

Sudden storm, Lois?

LOIS

Superman. Boy am I glad to see you!

As Jimmy is about to drop his camera in the ebbing water Superman grabs for it at super-speed and hands it to Jimmy. Superman gestures toward another MAN who seems rattled.

JIMMY

Gee thanks, Superman.

SUPERMAN

Is that man all right.

MAN

I'm fine, Mr. Mayor.

Superman leaps behind the wall he made to contain the quickly rising water of the still spewing pipe and we are suddenly

EXT. VEST POCKET PARK - UNDERWATER - DAY

in the area contained by the makeshift wall. Superman squeezes shut the spouting mouth of the exposed pipe, keeping any more water from shooting out, and then he shoots upward.

EXT. VEST POCKET PARK - SKY ABOVE - DAY

Superman flies in tight concentric circle directly above the "tank" of water he has made with his makeshift wall, drawing the water in it upward into the sky in a tall narrow funnel.

On the ground Lois, Jimmy (who snaps away), the camera crew (who are filming) and the erstwhile demonstrators all watch, bracing themselves from the backdraft of the wind Superman whips up.

Superman rises in the sky, still spinning, the funnel of water following him upward. When he is as high as the roofs of nearby buildings he stops spinning with his water and flies out of his pattern onto a convenient roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The big funnel of water, no longer rising, hangs for a moment suspended over the city as Superman, soaking wet, stands on the roof and focusses his heat vision in a wide beam below it.

As the funnel falls, it tumbles into the beam of heat vision and, rather than raining down on the city below, the water steams up as it hits the heat, dissipating into the sky.

EXT. VEST POCKET PARK - DAY

All those watching stand dumbfounded, agape for a moment, then a WOMAN says, just above a whisper ...

WOMAN

Write in Superman.

... and gradually, one at a time, everyone but the reporters joins in until the whisper becomes a chant, then a roar ...

GATHERING CROWD

Write in Superman.

Write in Superman.

Write in Superman.

Write in Superman.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Superman watches the cloud of steam rise into the sky and we continue to hear the rising refrain from the crowd below.

Behind Superman, from out of the sky, Angela lands lightly. Superman speaks to her angrily, without turning.

SUPERMAN

Angela, why on Earth would you do that? Are you out of your mind?

ANGELA

Yes I am ...

Angela touches the backs of Superman's shoulders, spins him around, and just before she locks her lips on his she says ...

ANGELA  
... over you.

EXT. VEST POCKET PARK - DAY

The crowd continue their chant. Jimmy snaps pictures. The camera crew is in the shot. Lois shrugs and joins the chant.

LOIS  
Oh what the heck? Write in Superman. Write  
in Super -

One of the crew points up into the sky as the Cameraman points his camera upward too. Lois looks up, stops her chant as the crowd continues. Her expression is suddenly downcast.

EXT. SKY ABOVE METROPOLIS - DAY

Superman and Angela, in an intense clinch, rise high in the sky, kissing. Eventually they disappear into a cloud.

There is a flash of lightning and then a clap of thunder.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

This sequence takes place on a TELEVISION SCREEN, though we do not see that until the sequence ends.

EXT. COUNTRY VILLAGE HALL - DAY

A bleak wintry scene in the crowded parking lot of a rustic New Hampshire municipal building as a PICKUP TRUCK with snow chains skids into a space amid the slush and drifting snow. TWO VOTERS, bundled in coats and scarves, get out of the Pickup to stand in a line of PEOPLE that extends out the front door of the building.

Voice-over is that of WAYNE KING, the Governor of New Hampshire.

WAYNE (O.C.)

Every four years, in the dead of a North Country winter, we New Hampshire voters cast the first ballots in the nation for the next President of the United States.

INT. COUNTRY VILLAGE HALL - DAY

A hand-ballot voting operation is in progress. TWO LINES of people go into two VOTING BOOTHS, one marked "DEMOCRATIC" and the other marked "REPUBLICAN." A THIRD LINE of people wait at a TABLE to get their names checked off by TWO SUPERVISORS. Off to the side, a few JOCLAR FOLKS consume COFFEE and DOUGHNUTS.

WAYNE (O.C.)

Now we hear that Superman is a write-in candidate to be Mayor of Metropolis.

EXT. NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE HOUSE - DAY

Wayne King, in shirt and tie with a jacket slung over his shoulder, stands in front of the gold-domed building.

WAYNE

I'm Wayne King, the Governor of New Hampshire. Folks up this way have a long history of getting there first.

Wayne begins to undo his TIE and unbutton his SHIRT.

WAYNE

That's why the people of New Hampshire are jealous of the people of Metropolis this year.

Wayne opens his shirt to reveal a Superman "S-emblem" underneath.

ZOOM on the S-emblem and overlay the SUPER: "SUPERMAN FOR MAYOR".

WAYNE

This could be the start of something big.

CUT TO

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

JEFF GREENFIELD, the ABC News media reporter does a standup with a microphone in hand on the steps of the old marble building.

GREENFIELD

It's ads like that, paid for by an unknown independent operation going under the mysterious name of "Angela January," that are driving the major candidates for Mayor of Metropolis positively bonkers. The latest ABC News running poll shows Councilman Ellsworth and Mayor Whitney neck-in-neck ...

INSERT the appended GRAPHIC for three seconds as Greenfield continues.

GREENFIELD

... with undeclared write-in candidate Superman showing sudden super-strength the past week. So much so that with just days before the election ...

Back on Greenfield's standup. Pull back to show the television set on which we are watching this in the course of the next line.

GREENFIELD

...the two official candidates - who have virtually no issue but personalities, or lack of them, separating them - have agreed to stage their first public debate, and one of their few public appearances, of the campaign. What will they debate about? Who knows? Peter?

Show we are watching this in

INT. KENTS' FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARTHA sits on an easy chair doing a crossword, smiling and shaking her head at the TV screen for a moment.

MARTHA  
(calls)  
Jonathan?

Martha picks up her REMOTE and flips the television off.

INT. KENTS' FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

JONATHAN is deeply involved ♡ roughly up to his elbows, as it happens ♡ in mixing together a big vat of chili on the stove. Martha is out of frame.

MARTHA (O.C.)  
Jonathan! What's a word meaning  
"deliberately, for dolphins?"

JONATHAN  
What's that?

EXT. AMERICA - NIGHT

RUNNING SHOT at super-speed of the countryside between Metropolis and Smallville.

INT. KENTS' FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martha scrunches in her easy chair doing her crossword.

MARTHA  
It says "deliberately, for dolphins."

EXT. KENTS' FARMHOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

A flash of RED ruffles at the edge of the frame in front of the door and then Clark walks into frame to open the door.

MARTHA (O.C.)  
Thirteen letters. Starts with a ...

INT. KENTS' FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Martha continues to wrestle with her crossword. Clark walks in the front door and Martha gets up to hug him.

CLARK  
How about "porpoisefully?"

MARTHA  
Clark! My son the Mayor.

CLARK  
Oh not you too. Does it work?

MARTHA  
What?

Clark points at the newspaper. Martha looks at it.

MARTHA  
Porpoisefully. It fits. Jonathan, our son the genius is home.

Jonathan, grinning, hustles out from the kitchen with his hands full of red chili sauce.

JONATHAN  
Great. Just in time for a bowlful of my special chili.

Clark looks at Martha with a rueful expression and she looks back with a "don't-you-dare-hurt-your-father's-feelings" expression.

CLARK  
Great.

INT. KENTS' FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Clark, Jonathan and Martha sit at the table eating chili and bread and drinking big glasses of fruit juice.

JONATHAN  
So what's the story, son? It's all over the news that you're the next Mayor of Metropolis. Is it true?

CLARK

I don't want to be Mayor. That's not what I do. It's just this ...

MARTHA

This what, Clark?

CLARK

This girl.

MARTHA

A girl? What girl?

CLARK

Her name's Angela January. She's the one who's been fronting the money for the campaign to make me Mayor.

JONATHAN

Here. Have more chili.

CLARK

Thanks Dad.

MARTHA

Just one person? Where does her money come from?

CLARK

Oh I don't know. Squeezing coal into diamonds. Flying people to Europe in a bus for the air fare. Money's the easy part.

JONATHAN

What do you mean? She's ...

CLARK

Like me.

MARTHA

She's ... like you? She's from Krypton?

EXT. SKY OVER SMALLVILLE - NIGHT

High above the Kents' farmhouse a point of light grows in the sky. As it comes closer we see that it is Angela, approaching the house. She swoops silently to take a seat on the eave over the front door.

CLARK (O.C.)

No, I think she's from here. Maybe her ancestors were from somewhere like Krypton. But I think she's from here. Maybe I'm not such a freak.

INT. KENTS' FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Clark wolfs down his bowl of chili as he talks with his parents.

MARTHA

Oh Clark, we've talked about that.

CLARK

No no, Mom, it's not that. It's her. I can't stop looking at her. I mean she's different from anyone else I've ever met. She's the only person I don't have to put on a pair of glasses to get her to treat me as an equal.

MARTHA

And what about Lois?

Clark looks at Martha for a moment as though he doesn't recognize the name.

CLARK

Lois? Lois.

JONATHAN

Here son. What you need is some more chili.

EXT. KENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Angela gets to her feet on the roof as we hear Clark leaving.

MARTHA (O.C.)

(muffled)

Now you take care, son.

JONATHAN (O.C.)

(muffled)

I'm sure you'll do what's right.

We hear the door close. From Angela's POV we see Clark, undoing his shirt, stepping clear of the house about to change into costume. She stands provocatively on the roof calling to him.

ANGELA

Hey flyboy. Want to come out and play?

Clark, partially costumed, turns toward Angela and smiles.

INT. DAILY PLANET - CITY ROOM - DAY

Perry storms out of his office waving a copy of the *Daily Star*.

PERRY

Lois. Lois! Jimmy! Clark!

Lois slumps at her desk with a pencil in her mouth, mussed hair, unkempt clothing and running makeup. She plays it more pissed than upset. Jimmy pops his head in from the copying room. A COMPUTER sits either on Lois' desk or somewhere else visible.

JIMMY

Yeah Chief.

LOIS

Huh?

PERRY

Lois, you look like a bucket of warm spit.

LOIS

I love you too, Perry.

Out an office WINDOW a silent red-and-blue streak through the sky approaches the building.

PERRY

We're running a full court press on this Superman-for-Mayor thing before the most respected newspaper in town becomes the poorest. Where's Clark? He ought to be in on this.

Clark, chipper as a beaver, pokes a head through the door, then enters the city room.

CLARK

Sorry I'm late. Long night. Hi Lois, are you all right?

LOIS

Yeah I'm great.

PERRY

Have you seen the *Star*?

CLARK

The *Star*. Oh, the *Daily Star*. The competition. Never miss it. Except today. Why?

PERRY

Look at this cover. Somebody there got a shot of Superman running around town with some mystery woman.

Lois winces. Clark looks embarrassed and Jimmy intrigued.

Perry shows them the cover of the *Star* which shows a telephoto shot of Superman flying through a fireworks display over a stadium hand-in-hand with Angela, both grinning. There's also a blowup face inset of Angela in a frame shaped like a heart. The headline says: "SUPER-FIREWORKS: WHO IS THE MAN OF STEEL'S NEW FLAME?"

PERRY

Kids, we've been missing stories right and left on this election thing. We've been assuming it's just kids with spray cans and we could wake up Wednesday morning with a flying Mayor.

Jimmy looks over the newspaper, marvelling.

JIMMY

What a babe.

Lois shoots Jimmy a poisonous look. He looks contrite.

LOIS

What're you so happy about?

CLARK

Sorry. Don't know what came over me.

PERRY

That's this morning's *Star*. And here's this morning's *Planet*.

Perry picks up a copy of the *Daily Planet* and hands it to Jimmy. Lois and Clark look over his shoulder at the paper. The biggest

headline says: "CANDIDATES CAN'T AGREE TO DEBATE RULES" and there are stock head shots of Whitney and Ellsworth. Down below the fold is a photo of Linnea with an article by Clark Kent headlined: "LINNEA LAMBETH UNOFFICIAL MAYOR OF HELLTOWN HAS PRESCRIPTION FOR METROPOLIS".

PERRY

Anything strike you about the difference?

JIMMY

Well I'd sooner pick up the *Star*. Is that what you're getting at, Chief?

CLARK

I don't know. There's this article by Clark Kent on the front page of the *Planet*. I hear he's good.

PERRY

And it's a darn good article too. Too bad it's about nothing anybody wants to read about.

LOIS

Nobody wants to read about anything, Perry. We're in a dying industry in a culture all wrapped up in telejournalism and video games. In a hundred years we'll all be dead anyway.

Perry, Clark and Jimmy stare quizzically at Lois for a moment. Jimmy holds up the front page of the *Star* with Superman and Angela on it and Perry nods knowingly.

Then the Computer on Lois' desk beeps, followed likewise by every computer and word processor in the room.

PERRY

What's that about?

JIMMY

A message.

On the computer monitor is a starburst shape overlaying the word processing information behind. On the starburst is the message that Clark reads out loud.

CLARK

News conference on Superman's Mayoral  
campaign - City Square outdoors - 10:30 AM  
this morning - Be there!

PERRY

Okay kids. That's eighteen minutes from now  
and ten minutes away by cab. Get moving.

Jimmy scrambles his camera and heads for the door. Lois lets a  
deep breath, takes her shoulder bag and gets up. Clark pauses.

CLARK

Wait a minute, Perry. Do you think this is  
on the level?

PERRY

Clark, we've got access codes protecting our  
computers from crank messages like this, if  
it is a crank message. I just know that  
whoever sent it to us probably got into  
every news bureau in town.

CLARK

You've got a point. Coming Lois?

LOIS

I'll catch up.

Clark goes for the door. Lois walks to the side of the exit  
toward a hallway.

INT. DAILY PLANET - INTERIOR HALLWAY - DAY

Lois walks quickly toward a room marked "WOMEN". Alone, she  
begins to cry. As she reaches out her hand to push open the  
door there is a quick WHOOSHING noise and Superman steps between  
Lois and the door.

SUPERMAN

Lois?

LOIS

Oh. You. Hello. Sorry, I've got something  
in my eye. What is it?

Superman scans Lois' eyes with MICROSCOPIC VISION.

SUPERMAN

Well your tear ducts are irritated from ☹

LOIS

No, I mean what is this? Why are you here?

SUPERMAN

I just wanted to see a friend.

LOIS

A friend?

SUPERMAN

Yes. You see I have to make a decision. Maybe a few important decisions about the direction of my life. And I wondered if -

LOIS

The direction of your life?

SUPERMAN

Yes. I have a life.

LOIS

Well ding-ding for you, friend. It'd be nice, if we're such good friends, if you let me in on your life a little.

SUPERMAN

I do.

LOIS

You do? You show up when I'm about to fall off a building. I might as well be your puppy.

SUPERMAN

I just thought you were my -

LOIS

Friend? Well I have a job, friend. I'm supposed to go to some press conference you supposedly scheduled, friend.

SUPERMAN

I'm not having any press conference. I -

LOIS

Well then I'll find that out with all the other egg-on-their-faces journalists who turn up, won't I?

SUPERMAN

I'm sorry to bother you at work, Lois. I'll talk to you another time.

Superman turns to leave, but Lois puts a hand on his shoulder. He turns around, and she lays a kiss on his lips that is, if anything, even steamier than the first kiss from Angela.

Lois lets go of him and scurries into the Women's Room. Superman seems positively dazed for a moment. He is about to push open the door of the Women's Room, but thinks better of it. He just leans on the wall for a moment.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

**ACT** FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY HALL - CITY SQUARE - DAY

Several dozen CHAIRS stand on the Square in the intersection in front of City Hall and as many REPORTERS mill around among them, including Clark, Lois and Jimmy. A PODIUM with a MICROPHONE stands in front of the chairs and TWO CAMERA CREWS set up their respective EQUIPMENT in the back of the chairs to tape the conference. Lots of milling around. Lois is the only one sitting, slumped and bothered in a chair on the center aisle. As Jimmy and Clark stand in the aisle talking, other men among the group of Reporters look up, out of frame and behind Clark. They drop what they're doing and gawk.

JIMMY

You really think Superman'll show up to this thing?

CLARK

Anything's possible.

(to Lois)

Lois you really should get out more.

Lois grunts.

JIMMY

Don't worry about her, Clark. She'll snap out of it the next time she smells a story about some disaster or ...

Jimmy trails off, watching the figure of Angela approach up the center aisle.

Angela walks into frame, holding the blank stare of every man on the square and slowing some traffic as it goes by too.

JIMMY

That's her. Wow.

CLARK

Who?

As Angela brushes by behind Clark he jumps as if she goosed him.

JIMMY

The girl who was seen with Superman. Is she the campaign manager?

Clark shrugs. Reporters take their seats. Clark sits with Jimmy, on the aisle in the row behind Lois. Angela stands at the podium.

ANGELA

I see I've got your attention.

JIMMY

I'll say.

ANGELA

My name is Angela January, the fiscal agent of the campaign to elect Superman Mayor of Metropolis. Superman is elsewhere on pressing business ...

As Angela speaks she gestures oddly in the direction of passing traffic, as if willing something to happen there.

ANGELA

... but he's authorized me to tell you that if the people of Metropolis decide tomorrow, Election Day, that they want him to be their Mayor ...

EXT. CITY HALL - STREET NEXT TO CITY SQUARE - DAY

Cars move slowly as they go by this scene, but a transparent RAY comes from Angela's direction to hit and boil for a moment on the surface of the hood of a LARGE CAR.

ANGELA (O.C.)

... then he's willing and able to -

The Large Car skids out of its DRIVER's control, up the curb of the Square beside Angela, careening at the crowd of seated reporters.

EXT. CITY HALL - CITY SQUARE - DAY

BEGIN SLOW-MOTION.

On some Reporters, startled.

On Angela, smiling slightly.

On Lois and Jimmy, looking up, alarmed.

On the Large Car advancing across the square and its helpless DRIVER spinning the wheel to no effect.

Next to Jimmy, Clark steps out of the row into the aisle, loosens his tie and while all eyes are on the accident-to-be Clark fades in a blur of super-speed, seeming to vanish.

On the crowd of Reporters trying hopelessly to get out of their seats and out of the way of the oncoming Large Car as ...

Superman swoops out of the sky to interpose himself between the Large Car and the people.

END SLOW-MOTION.

The car crashes spectacularly against Superman. Through the shattering window, a driver-side AIRBAG is visible cushioning the Driver. Metal twists; glass breaks; the crisis is averted.

Scattered over the Square are Reporters, Camera Equipment and toppled Chairs in random states of disarray. Only Angela, cool and composed at the undisturbed podium, and Lois, slumped and unconcerned in her chair, are unaffected by the chaos.

Slowly, the Reporters get up, brush themselves off and reacquire their composure. Superman tears open the side of the wrecked Large Car and helps the Driver out.

SUPERMAN

Are you all right?

DRIVER

I'm fine, yes. Will it explode or anything?

SUPERMAN

No, but I'm afraid it's just a pile of twisted slag. Here let me introduce you to someone.

Superman walks the Driver over to Angela. Reporters gather around, including Jimmy who snaps pictures.

ANGELA

How nice that you could come, Mr. Mayor.

SUPERMAN

Sir, this woman goes by the name of Angela January. She is extremely rich. She'll replace your car.

DRIVER

Thank you.

ANGELA

I won't do anything of the sort. We're gods, not servants.

All the Reporters ♡ even Lois who wanders over, mildly interested in the proceeding ♡ listen and most take notes or pictures.

SUPERMAN

You don't have a clue, Angela. We're people. Just people. And like everyone, we're responsible for ourselves. A woman your age should have learned that by now.

Angela gets all huffy.

REPORTER #1

Superman, what will be the first thing you do as Mayor?

REPORTER #2

How will you deal with the transit strike?

REPORTER #3

Do you support the Governor's crime bill?

REPORTER #4

Will you seek higher office?

SUPERMAN

No. No. No. No. I'm not going to be Mayor. If the people of this city display the bad judgment to vote for me I will not serve.

The reporters react, startled.

ANGELA

Now he certainly doesn't mean that. Ladies and gentlemen, I -

SUPERMAN

Angela, shouldn't you be shopping for a very expensive car by now?

Angela is startled and rebuffed. Superman continues speaking into the cameras.

SUPERMAN

I apologize for my delay in telling you all this, but I just got a little preoccupied. I'll be voting tomorrow for one of the three major candidates for Mayor and I hope you all will too.

REPORTER #1

Three candidates? You mean two.

SUPERMAN

No, three. Mayor Whitney, Councilman Ellsworth and Ms. Linnea Lambeth.

Reporters chatter, perplexed, among each other.

REPORTER #2

Who's Linnea Lambeth?

JIMMY

Check her out in today's *Planet*. She has a children's shelter in Helltown. She always runs for Mayor.

REPORTER #3

He seems to think she's a real candidate.

REPORTER #4

Sir, are you endorsing this Linnea Lambeth?

Superman ignores the question; walks among the Reporters to Lois.

SUPERMAN

Lois, I understand you were especially upset by all this. I hope you accept my apology.

LOIS

Huh? I ...

Superman takes Lois's hand and kisses it. Then he flies away.

Lois stands there, a little dazed. The Reporters begin to gather up their belongings and scatter. Jimmy walks over to Lois and Clark also walks in from out of frame, dusting off his clothes as though he was hunkered down somewhere.

JIMMY

I think he likes you.

LOIS

What?

CLARK

Are you feeling better now, Lois?

LOIS

Me? I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be fine?  
Let's flag down a cab. You guys take that side, I'll go over here.

AERIAL SHOT

The POV pulls up to show the Square as Lois, Jimmy and Clark pile into a cab and roll away, and the only people left on the Square are the forlorn Angela and the Driver, next to the car wreck. The driver pulls a WALLET out of his pocket.

DRIVER

Here's my car registration. When do we go shopping? I'm free this afternoon.

INT. METROPOLIS POLLING PLACE - DAY

It's a school auditorium or a church hallway somewhere. Voters line up to go into voting machines. The turnout is heavy.

INT. DAILY PLANET - PERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

There is a big wheeled BLACKBOARD in the room marked up with a chart like the accompanying graphic - with the names "WHITNEY", "ELLSWORTH", "LAMBETH", "OTHER" and "WRITE-IN" down the left and numbers of precincts across the top. Perry stands at the board with PHONE scrunched against one ear and CHALK and an ERASER in his hands, changing numbers in the chart as he talks.

Jimmy is also in the room, talking on another PHONE at Perry's desk with a hand over his free ear.

PERRY

You heading out of there soon, Clark?

JIMMY

Finals for precinct four are in, Chief.  
Linnea's walking away with it. Twenty-two  
thousand for Ellsworth ...

With the phone still at his ear Perry erases and replaces numbers in the column marked "4" as Jimmy calls them out.

JIMMY

... Eighteen-six for the Mayor; sixty-seven  
thousand for Lambeth; Other gets -

PERRY

Jimmy, write it down. I'm on a call here.

JIMMY

Oh. Sorry, Chief.

PERRY

What's it look like, Clark?

INT. ELLSWORTH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

In a big hotel ballroom Clark sits on the PLATFORM at the front of the mostly empty room, dangling his legs and talking on one of several desk phones scattered on the platform around a podium. There is a big tattered "ELLSWORTH FOR MAYOR" sign hanging behind the podium by just one corner. Campaign paraphernalia peppers the room.

CLARK

It's pretty deserted at Ellsworth  
headquarters, Perry. A few reporters  
sniffing around for color but the party  
fizzled early.

INT. DAILY PLANET - PERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Perry tosses Jimmy the receiver and fills numbers on the board.

PERRY

You get on over to Linnea's Place, Clark.  
She's our story.

(to Jimmy)

Here Jimmy. See if you can scare up Lois at  
the Mayor's do.

JIMMY  
Sure Chief.

INT. WHITNEY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CS. Julius Whitney, standing in front of a big American flag, gives a rousing speech.

As he speaks, pull back slowly to show a similar hotel ballroom, distinguishable from the other for being a different color.

WHITNEY  
... and when the final vote comes in  
Metropolis will wake up ...

Pulling back, we see that Whitney is being watched by two or three shoulder-held TELEVISION CAMERAS and half a dozen JOURNALISTS, slumped in chairs with their notebooks, but the room is big and empty of campaign partiers.

WHITNEY  
... to find to its delight that it has again  
elected the Mayor whose experience has  
brought it unprecedented growth ...

'Way in the back of the largely empty room Lois stands talking into a PAY PHONE as Whitney drones on.

LOIS  
It's a morgue here, Perry, and the Mayor  
won't admit he's lost. At Linnea's Place in  
Helltown? Sure, I'll meet you there.

WHITNEY  
... and safety, and that the Whitney  
administration will continue to lead  
Metropolis into the twenty-first century ...

INT. LINNEA'S PLACE - TELEVISION SCREEN - NIGHT

The TV screen fills our screen with the image of Superman and the Reporters in City Square beside a livid Angela.

SUPERMAN  
(television)  
I'll be voting tomorrow for one of the three  
major candidates for Mayor and I hope you  
all will too.

REPORTER #1  
(television)  
Three candidates? You mean two.

SUPERMAN  
(television)  
No, three. Mayor Whitney, Councilman  
Ellsworth and Ms. Linnea Lambeth.

The image continues without sound as Superman walks among the Reporters toward Lois. The NEWS ANCHOR begins as a voice-over.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.C.)  
(television)  
That was yesterday, when Superman, taking himself out of the running for Mayor of Metropolis, said he considered an unknown social worker one of the significant candidates for the office ...

The image on the screen changes to that of the News Anchor, sitting at a desk in front of an electronic TOTE BOARD displaying similar information to that on the chart back in Perry's office.

NEWS ANCHOR  
(television)  
... and today, it seems, the people of Metropolis have overwhelmingly elected that social worker, Linnea Lambeth, their Mayor.

Pull back from the television screen to show that we are in the storefront, watching this with a huge elbow-to-thigh crowd of newsmen and Linnea's supporters - including many of the Kids who live here - now sporting "LINNEA FOR MAYOR" buttons and hats.

A huge CHEER goes up from the crowd at the Anchor's words.

The television sits on a high desk on the wall furthest from the door. Around it are scads of KIDS, adult STAFF members and Linnea herself in a folding chair, wearing a "Linnea for Mayor" hat and enjoying the broadcast immensely. Several NEWSPEOPLE try to get the apparently uninterested Linnea to talk to them.

NEWSPERSON #1  
Ms. Lambeth, what will be the first thing you do as Mayor?

NEWSPERSON #2

How will you deal with the transit strike?

NEWSPERSON #3

Do you support the Governor's crime bill?

NEWSPERSON #4

Will you seek higher office?

As Linnea speaks we first see Clark, a bit disheveled in the confusion, among the Newspeople. Linnea notices him too.

LINNEA

Where were all you people when I was just a poor little do-gooder trying to light a candle in the darkness? Let me enjoy this delightful television show, would you?

NEWS ANCHOR

(television)

We can now go to Linnea's Place, the Mayor-Elect's children's shelter in the Helltown district.

The image on the television screen changes to a scene of this very room with all its crowd and chaos. The exchange between Linnea and Clark is visible both in real life and on the screen.

LINNEA

Oh hang it all. You there ... Clark Kent.

CLARK

Ma'am?

Linnea gets up from her chair, takes Clark by the lapel and leads him through a back door out of the room.

LINNEA

You're the young man who wrote a nice piece about us when nobody had ever heard of me. Would you like the first exclusive interview with the new Mayor-Elect?

CLARK

Twist my arm.

In the crowd, near the door, Lois hops up to see what's going on. She waves wildly at Clark. He waves back and disappears

behind closed doors with Linnea. Beyond Lois, Perry just arrives at the storefront.

LOIS  
Clark? Clark! You've got a partner,  
remember?

PERRY  
This time he beat you out, Lois.

Lois wheels around quickly, startled to see Perry.

LOIS  
Perry.

PERRY  
He's a bright boy. Get used to it.

EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - NIGHT

The streets are largely deserted as Lois and Perry walk through the nightlit city.

PERRY  
By the time we get back to the office Jimmy will have the final returns, Clark will have phoned in his interview and we can put the bulldog edition of the *Planet* to bed.

LOIS  
More than I can hope for.

PERRY  
I tell you every year, Lois, it's election night and ...

PERRY & LOIS  
... nobody sleeps on election night.

PERRY  
I'm glad you suggested walking back to the office. These streets seem somehow safer all of a sudden.

LOIS  
(sulky)  
Mmmmm ...

PERRY

You've had a rough week, girl. What's bothering you?

LOIS

Oh, Superman. What else? I mean, I must be a Class-A idiot thinking I could get anywhere with him when there are people like that Angela January floating around the world and he has his pick of them.

PERRY

Now listen ...

LOIS

I mean, who am I kidding anyway?

PERRY

Lois, you're ☺

LOIS

Superman? And me? Forget about it!

PERRY

☺ you're selling yourself short, Lois. Did I ever tell you about -

LOIS

Is this an Elvis story? Because if this is an Elvis story it just -

PERRY

No, this is a Perry story. Listen, sometime back I was seeing two girls at the same time.

LOIS

Oh naughty naughty Perry.

PERRY

Well I was younger then. Women, they were, but it was so long ago we called them girls. There was Alice ☺ you know Alice. And there was Lynn.

LOIS

Who was Lynn?

PERRY

Oh Lynn was this wild woman. A real force of nature, this gal was. She danced until the sun came up. She sang as if the stars would fall out of the sky if she stopped. She did some crazy things. Like she'd ... well, just crazy things. There were rumors she smoked cigarettes. She was just the hottest, sassiest thing this side of Memphis.

LOIS

I thought this wasn't an Elvis story.

PERRY

It isn't.

LOIS

So what did Alice think of all this?

PERRY

Not very much, I thought, until she came by my little hole-in-the-wall one day and sat herself down and she said, "Perry, I know there are others you might think are prettier than I am, or more exciting or headed for greater things perhaps. But I want you to know," she told me, "that I would never desert you. Never. I would always stand by you. Always tell you honestly what I think. Always be a companion to you." She said that to me. Flat out. And I'd never asked.

LOIS

Wow. Alice, huh? So what'd you say to that?

PERRY

I asked her to marry me. And she did. And I don't know if she's ever regretted it but I haven't. Not one moment of one day ever since.

Lois takes Perry's arm, clings to it. They walk a little, then stop for a moment.

LOIS

So what happened to Lynn?

PERRY

Oh, Lynn did fine.

LOIS

Where is she? What is she doing?

PERRY

Lynn? You may have heard of her. She just got elected Mayor of Metropolis.

Lois steps back, looks at Perry, then looks beyond him at

A FIGURE

shimmering over the deserted street in Lois' line of sight. It coalesces into the image of Old Supes.

Lois stands, mouth agape, as the holographic image of Old Supes winks an eye at her and fades away.

Lois points where Old Supes was.

PERRY

Spit it out, girl. What's wrong?

LOIS

There. He was there.

PERRY

Who was there? There's nothing there.

LOIS

Right. Nothing.

She takes his arm again and they walk on. We see the *Daily Planet* building in the distance.

FINAL FADE OUT.