

SUPERMAN: A BETTER TOMORROW

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EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROAD. DAY

We begin our story in Colorado, as a lone bus rides along a winding mountain path.

INT. BUS. ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROAD. CONT

As we move along the bus we see it's passengers, loud kids messing around at the back, groups talking amongst themselves in the middle, with quieter kids and teachers in the front.

Right at the front of the bus is our BUS DRIVER, a man in his 40's trying to focus on the road. The ambient sound of kids and his own lack of sleep making the task difficult.

BANG! A bird smacking against the windshield is all it takes for disaster to strike, as our driver is jerked out of his trance, the sounds of scared and excited children and shouting teachers filling the bus.

A rock obstructing the road makes his heart race even faster, as he tries to swerve out the way of it.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROAD. CONT

Big mistake. From the outside we see the results of this maneuver, as the bus starts to swerve off the side of the road, a well timed break stopping it before it can truly go off the edge.

INT. BUS. ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROAD. CONT

As the BUS DRIVER turns around to check on his passengers, we see no road ahead of them in the windshield, just the harsh depths of the valley below.

BUS DRIVER

Alright... Everybody just stay calm, and don't move.

The passengers are terrified, tensing up to avoid upsetting the balance. We see our bus driver slowly reach for the gear stick, hoping to by some miracle reverse the bus back off the cliff.

He adjusts the stick, and braces himself before putting his foot down.

Bad idea. Screams fill the bus as the vehicle begins it's plummet off the mountain...and then it stops falling.

Through the glass of the windshield we start to see the reason why, first through glimpses of a red cape, but as the bus is placed back onto the road we see him.

A mountain of a man dressed in blue and red, a shield with a red S across his chest.

It's SUPERMAN.

The minute he's in view, the passengers of the bus cheer, and through the strain, SUPERMAN smiles back warmly, instantly reassuring.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROAD. CONT

With some effort, SUPERMAN carefully places the bus back on the road. As he hovers around it to use his X-Ray Vision to make sure everyone is safe, the passengers start to run out to meet him.

BUS DRIVER

Thank god you got here.

The BUS DRIVER extends his hand out, which SUPERMAN gladly accepts.

SUPERMAN

You didn't do too bad yourself.
Could have been a lot worse if you
hadn't told them to keep calm.

BUS DRIVER

(flustered)

Thanks.

SUPERMAN turns to see a kid rushing towards him, and takes a knee to be on their level. As soon as they see him though, the child becomes lost for words.

CHILD 1

You're...

SUPERMAN

(chuckling)

Hi...

Noticing the teacher is done checking on everyone, SUPERMAN gives the kid a soft pat on the shoulder before standing up to meet with a TEACHER, who is still slightly recovering from their near death experience.

SUPERMAN

(concerned)

How is everyone?

TEACHER

Haven't heard anything so we should
be fine. (beat) I think a lot of
them are still in shock.

SUPERMAN

I hope it wasn't too hard on them.

TEACHER

I'm sure seeing you more than makes
up for it.

SUPERMAN smiles self consciously, looking away as if he's still not used to this part.

SUPERMAN

It's nothing. I hope your journey
is a little smoother from here.

TEACHER

We'll be a little more alert,
that's for sure.

Suddenly SUPERMAN reluctantly realizes he's got somewhere he should be heading back to, almost disappointed he can't stay to chat.

SUPERMAN

It's been lovely meeting you but I
gotta...

He sheepishly gestures to the sky.

TEACHER

Hey, don't worry about it, we'll be
fine.

Feeling reassured, he waves goodbye to the TEACHER as he steps away from the crowd and gets ready to fly, giving a last wave to everyone before taking off.

EXT. THE DAILY PLANET, METROPOLIS. DAY.

We enter Metropolis as we follow SUPERMAN's flight. We see him fly between the city's many skyscrapers, before reaching his destination: The Daily Planet, our view focused on a window.

Inside this window is JIMMY OLSEN, a young red-haired man in his early 20's. He's distracted from his photocopying duties by this awe inspiring sight, almost printing one too many before being interrupted by a knock and a shout.

LOIS LANE (O.S)

Hey! Jimmy!

INT. THE DAILY PLANET. CONT

Suddenly yanked back into reality, JIMMY turns around to see a raven haired woman in her late 20's in the doorway, or as he knows her: LOIS LANE. She looks like she's in quite the hurry, taking one last quick look at the bustling office space behind her before she continues.

LOIS LANE

(sarcastic but rushed)

Welcome back to our world! I need a
favour.

JIMMY OLSEN

Lois, I'd love to, but I have a deadline to meet.

LOIS LANE

(frustrated)

Goddamn- You seen Clark around?

JIMMY OLSEN

I haven't. Sorry.

With that disappointment, LOIS angrily bangs her fist on the door-frame and returns to the bullpen of the Daily Planet, a chaotically busy space filled to the brim with journalists clambering to meet deadlines.

As LOIS pushes her way through, she eyes a tall man in his late 20's with bad posture and broad shoulders making his way down a set of stairs.

LOIS LANE

(shouting)

Smallville!

CLARK notices her and picks up the pace, giving her a little wave to show he's heard her. The two meet, with CLARK standing aside with Lois as not to be in anyone's way.

LOIS LANE

(agitated)

Where the hell were you?

CLARK KENT

(nervously)

Just getting some air on the roof.

LOIS LANE

That'll explain why your hair's such a mess.

CLARK self-consciously checks his hair, slightly ruffled from his flight to work. He swears he can feel a bug in there, before being interrupted by LOIS.

LOIS LANE

Hey! Earth to Kent?

CLARK KENT

Sorry. (beat) What did you need me for?

LOIS LANE

This way.

She leads CLARK back through the bullpen, marching forward with intense determination while CLARK makes sure not to knock anything over on his way.

As they arrive at her desk, a messy purely functional cubicle, as LOIS gathers some papers together.

LOIS LANE

Here. I need you to check this through before I send it off.

She thrusts the papers in Clark's hands as she gathers some items into her coat.

CLARK KENT

What about Jimmy?

LOIS LANE

He's busy. But given that you can take the time for 'roof breaks' I'm sure you can handle this.

CLARK KENT

I-I just needed some air...

LOIS LANE

...and I need to be on the front page someday, which is why I need you to do this.

CLARK KENT

I mean... I can see if I can fit it in...

LOIS starts to put her coat on while CLARK moves closer to her desk to get out of someones way.

LOIS LANE

It's due in tomorrow so don't feel bad if you need to take it home with you.

CLARK counts the pages while LOIS fumbles with her coat's buttons.

LOIS LANE

(sarcastic)

I'm sure it won't cut into the important work you have to do.

CLARK KENT

(defensively)

I like my work...

LOIS LANE

Yeah, when you're doing it.

LOIS looks at her watch as she finishes buttoning her coat, walking off to get to the elevator, before realising how she must be coming off, turning around to address CLARK directly in a difficult moment of sincerity.

LOIS LANE

Look I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't trust you.

CLARK KENT

I know.

LOIS LANE

I mean I've seen the way you write, you could be doing so much more.

CLARK KENT

I... like the lighter workflow.

Stopping a bus from plummeting to death isn't exactly a lighter workflow, but it's all CLARK can come up with as LOIS looks at him, both acknowledging it's a fair point, yet somehow disappointed.

LOIS LANE

Well... I'll see you around then.

CLARK KENT

(stumbling on his words slightly)

Have a good day.

LOIS LANE

(dismissively)

You too.

CLARK watches as she rushes off, lost in thought as he tries to figure out where he stands with her, and if he made his other job obvious.

INT. SUBWAY CAR. DAY

CLARK is riding the subway alone now, sitting down, before noticing someone with heavy bags and offering the seat to them with a warm smile.

CLARK KENT (O.S)

This is a nice little place.

INT. METROPOLIS CAFE. DAY

CLARK is sitting in a cafe, a small cosy little corner shop decorated with photos of Metropolis buildings, and various pieces of art.

Behind a counter the CAFE OWNER, a man in his late 50's, is preparing a drink, CLARK watching him discreetly the whole time. There's something about this man's face that seems familiar to CLARK.

CLARK KENT
(awkwardly speaking up)
Are these buildings you worked on?

CAFE OWNER
(proudly)
Yeah.

CLARK KENT
Foreman to Cafe Owner must have
been quite the change.

CAFE OWNER
Eh, I make it work.

The OWNER comes out from behind the counter, and brings CLARK a drink, the reporter immediately preparing cash while the CAFE OWNER waves his hand to dismiss him.

CAFE OWNER
Please, you're doing me a favor
just by being here.

CLARK KENT
Is business not good?

CAFE OWNER
It's pretty good, I'm just hoping
to get some regulars for when the
builders are done.

CLARK takes a sip of his drink, immediately surprised at it's great taste, something the OWNER proudly notices.

CLARK KENT
(chuckling)
Wow.

CAFE OWNER
You should have been here when I
used to come, Morrison's were
incredible.

CLARK KENT
You used to come here?

CAFE OWNER
Part of the reason I bought the
place, didn't want to see it go
under. Plus, it's not like I'd be
without customers.

The OWNER chuckles, while CLARK warmly smiles and starts taking notes in his notebook, a leather-bound journal that looks passed down.

CLARK KENT
So why the change in careers?

CAFE OWNER

I mean I'd been saving up for a while for when age catches up to me. Wasn't sure exactly what for, but I figured I had time to find out...then something big went down at work.

Something about that starts to get the cogs in CLARK's brain whirring, as the corners of the OWNER's mouth curl up slightly.

CLARK KENT

What happened?

CAFE OWNER

Pretty serious accident. Some idiot must have secured something wrong...'cause I can't remember the last time metal girders were falling towards me.

CLARK leans forward in shock, as JOHN tries to hide his smirk.

CLARK KENT

God... How did you get out alive?

CAFE OWNER

Well that's the thing...the girders just stopped.

CLARK suddenly knows exactly why he recognizes this man, his face unable to hide his surprise. Our CAFE OWNER takes note of this, if not for entirely the wrong reason, revelling in his storytelling skills.

CAFE OWNER

Yeah. He showed up. Caught all of the girders like it was nothing. He even stuck around to help make sure they stayed secure this time.

CLARK KENT

Must have been your lucky day.

CAFE OWNER

You're telling me.

A little bit of SUPERMAN's charm shines through CLARK's last remark as chuckle. Our CAFE OWNER lucky to be alive, and his secret rescuer genuinely really glad to see he's doing well.

CLARK is almost lost in the moment, snapping back to reality when he remembers why he's here.

CLARK KENT

So... Why did you buy the cafe?

CAFE OWNER

Honestly, I couldn't tell you... I guess something about a near death experience really makes you think about what you wanna do with the rest of your life. I could have just spent my golden years working on sites, or I could cheat death and do something with it.

CLARK KENT

I mean it's a fine place. You should be proud.

CAFE OWNER

Thanks. I am.

CLARK awkwardly stays quiet as he jots this down, and takes a moment to look at the notes he has. The CAFE OWNER looks over his cafe proudly, imagining the potential new visitors, a thought suddenly entering his mind.

CAFE OWNER

You recon our boy in blue reads The Planet?

CLARK wishes he could tell him who he's sitting with right now.

CLARK KENT

(awkwardly)

I mean I kn-I'd like to think he does.

CAFE OWNER

(self consciously)

I mean it's not exactly going to be front page news.

CLARK's pride is hurt by this, as his grin softens, and he immediately retreats into his shell. CAFE OWNER noticing this, but as usual getting the wrong reason.

CAFE OWNER

I appreciate the story though.

CLARK KENT

It's alright. I'm sure the word will get round to him.

CLARK fumbles his response, finding it difficult to hide in plain sight, as he takes a sip of his drink to not seem TOO awkward. A thought enters his head.

CLARK KENT
 (stumbling on his words
 slightly)

What would you want to say to
 him... y'know...if he came in here
 one day?

The CAFE OWNER pauses for a moment, the chance to be sincere catching him off guard. CLARK watches him as he mulls it over. The OWNER continues to scratch at his stubble, before leaning back a little in his chair.

CAFE OWNER
 He... He helped me realise a dream
 of mine, something I've never
 realised I wanted. It's a great
 life and I'm happy I got to live
 it.

He stops himself, genuinely feeling a little emotional, as CLARK sits in silence, trying not to show it himself.

CAFE OWNER
 (chuckling)
 I mean the least I can do is give
 him something on the house.

CLARK gives the most genuine smile he has in a while, before it slowly fades as he's reminded which part of him he is right now.

EXT. METROPOLIS CAFE. DAY

CLARK is leaving the cafe now, sandwich and coffee cup in hand, as he shakes the OWNER's hand and accepts a business card.

As the OWNER goes back inside, CLARK pauses for a moment to admire the building, touched by the effect his actions have had, before his super hearing picks up a car swerving out of control, a call to action ruining his self reflection.

INT. THE DAILY PLANET. AFTERNOON

It's late afternoon at the Daily Planet. CLARK is at his desk typing up an article, fingers stumbling across keys as he adds the finishing touches.

He stops to read, before clicking something and getting up to go to the printer, being careful not to knock anything over as his large frame travels through the bullpen, weaving through his colleagues, all way too absorbed in their work to even notice his movements.

As he arrives at the printer, CLARK presses a few buttons, and waits, staring off absently at the door.

JIMMY OLSEN enters the room, his dark green funnel coat hiding an extravagant costume, as he runs his hand through

his hair, exhausted after a long day of work.

CLARK KENT
Oh! Hey Jimmy.

JIMMY OLSEN
You printing?

CLARK KENT
It's alright. I've just got...

He checks the printer.

CLARK KENT
...A few pages left or so.

JIMMY OLSEN
Fair enough...

The two stand in silence for a moment.

CLARK KENT
(head motions towards
him)
How's the story going...

JIMMY OLSEN
As interesting as a landlord V
theatre article can be really.
Lovely crowd, awful situation.

CLARK finishes his printing, motioning for JIMMY to start printing, as he checks all the pages are in the right order.

JIMMY OLSEN
'That the cafe story?

CLARK KENT
(self consciously)
Yeah.

JIMMY OLSEN
I'm surprised you got round to it.
I heard you're Lois' errand boy
now.

He chuckles at CLARK's confused reaction.

JIMMY OLSEN
She must like you...

CLARK KENT
I guess.

CLARK finishes counting, turning to see JIMMY staring out the window, hoping a cameo from his favourite superhero will spice up his afternoon.

Thinking the conversation to be over, CLARK turns to leave, before a stray thought enters his mind.

CLARK KENT
How is Lois?

JIMMY OLSEN
She's Lois... Why?

CLARK KENT
I don't know. It's just been a while since we talked.

JIMMY OLSEN
I mean she needed you didn't she.

CLARK KENT
I guess...

CLARK looks defeated, struggling to find a way to get his point across, something JIMMY notices as he finally stops staring out the window.

JIMMY OLSEN
Look. Don't tell her I said this, but I think she just doesn't know how to talk to you anymore.

CLARK KENT
What?

JIMMY OLSEN
You're like a recluse these days. We only see you at work, and even then you're constantly off. (beat) Look, I don't want to speak out of turn or anything, but are you alright?

CLARK KENT
I'm fine.

CLARK wishes there was an easier answer, as JIMMY's printing finishes, JIMMY sensing the awkward tension in the room as he checks his paper.

JIMMY OLSEN
Look, if it makes you feel any better, you're not Lois' only errand boy. (beat) If I had to guess, she just misses us...

JIMMY OLSEN nods solemnly, as if he's sitting on an answer he can't share, awkwardly patting CLARK's shoulder as he exits.

CLARK watches JIMMY leave through the doorframe as LOIS enters in the distance, stopping to briefly greet JIMMY as

she makes her way to her desk. Remembering where he should be, CLARK gets back to work.

INT. DAILY PLANET. NIGHT

The Daily Planet is dwindling down as night begins to fall on the office, CLARK at his cubicle collecting his belongings into his satchel as he watches LOIS in the background, invited to chat with her fellow journalists as they decide what to do with the rest of their day.

As CLARK continues to pack, he notices the group sometimes looking over at him and lowering their voice. Suspicions aroused, CLARK uses his super hearing to snoop in, their words phasing in and out of the surrounding ambient sound.

LOIS LANE

Can I at least ask?

STEVE LOMBARD

Fine, but don't count on it.

LOIS turns around.

LOIS LANE

(yelling slightly)

Hey Clark!

CLARK flinches.

CLARK KENT

What?

LOIS LANE

We're going to grab some drinks...

You wanna come?

CLARK stops. God knows he wants to.

CLARK KENT

I'm.... I... I've got some work to finish up on at home tonight.

LOIS sinks into herself as she realises what work he has to do. The tall, fit STEVE LOMBARD nudges the man standing next to him, shooting LOIS a look that says "I told you so", which she quickly dismisses.

LOIS LANE

I'll... see you tomorrow then.

CLARK KENT

Goodnight Lois.

The group of reporters funnel into the lift. CLARK's hearing can't help but pick up their conversation as their doors close, walking towards his own lift.

STEVE LOMBARD
(chuckling)
I told you he'd say no.

LOIS LANE
(defensively)
Look it was worth a shot

CAT GRANT
Kent's a loner, just leave him to
it.

RON TROUPE
You'd have more luck asking the
boss.

CLARK's head sinks slightly as he waits by the elevator doors. Truth is, he doesn't even know if he can get drunk.

As the elevator chimes and opens, CLARK enters.

INT. SUBWAY CAR. NIGHT.

CLARK is standing on the subway, it's atmosphere somewhat harsher than our other trips, as he stands among other tired passengers.

Looking to his left, he notices a man staring off in the distance at something and smirking, his glance somewhat dark. Looking to his right, he sees a woman by the window, his hearing picking up a slightly panicked heartbeat.

CLARK steps forward slightly. The man's eye-line blocked, he sighs and slumps back in his seat. SUPERMAN is never off duty.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX CORRIDOR. NIGHT

CLARK is now at his door, fumbling slightly with his keys, almost dropping his satchel in the process.

As he unlocks the door, he struggles slightly with it, never sure of how much of his strength to use, lightly pushing his shoulder into it, creating a slight dent in the wood.

INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

The door finally gives as CLARK enters his home, home being a generous word for the apartment we're presented with. It's a cramped studio with minimum decoration, outside of some photographs and various trinkets on a shelf.

CLARK puts his bag on the side, takes off his glasses, and hangs up his coat, heading into the bathroom off-screen. As he comes back out, his clothes have changed into something more casual, his red and blue super-suit neatly draped over his arm with everything else he took off.

Our view changes to see more of the room, as CLARK heads to his wardrobe to hang up his clothes. Faint, almost ethereal sound starts to softly drone as he does this, slowly becoming clearer as voices start to swarm, as we hear CLARK use his super-hearing to give himself some background noise.

As his range increases, the sounds of other apartments enter his ears, hearing moans, grumbles and lonely mutters, before realizing his fellow tenants are probably in the same state he is.

His clothes now neatly put away, he turns on the TV, and gets to making dinner.

LEX LUTHOR (V.O)
 ...I think the Superman is a
 menace.

CLARK gets pasta out of the cupboard, face scrunching up as he fiddles with the bag.

LEX LUTHOR(V.O)
 I mean come on, here's a man who
 poses as a god, who runs around
 saving people like he's the second
 coming of Christ. "More powerful
 than a Locomotive, can leap tall
 buildings in a single bound."

Distracted by the TV, CLARK accidentally opens the bag a little too hard, using his reflexes to pick up the pasta before it lands on the ground.

As he hovers slightly to reach a cupboard above his head, he peeks at the screen, seeing bald billionaire LEX LUTHOR in an interview.

LEX LUTHOR (ON TV)
 We've seen instances of laser eyes,
 the ability to freeze objects with
 his breath alone, and somehow the
 mass opinion isn't to rightfully
 fear this freak.

The TV shows amateur footage of SUPERMAN's rescues and battles, as CLARK removes a pot from the cupboard, eyes glowing as he starts to use his heat vision to light the stove, dying down as a self conscious CLARK uses more traditional means.

LEX LUTHOR (ON TV)
 We know nothing about him, and for
 all we know, he could be a spree
 killer in his off time. You asked
 me why I'm interested in developing
 defensive weapons, that's why.

After pouring the water, CLARK lets the pasta boil for a moment as he moves to watch the TV closer, unintentionally still floating. LEX LUTHOR continues his sermon.

LEX LUTHOR (ON TV)

I'm not looking for a war, I'm looking for protection against one... And I know I'm not the only one.

CLARK stops floating, retreating into himself a little as the weight of LUTHOR's words sink in, as footage of an Anti-Superman protest is displayed on the screen, protestors flashing signs with slogans such as "FALSE GOD" and "GO HOME ALIEN".

ANGELA CHEN (V.O)

While Anti-Superman protests have been on the rise, public opinion remains largely positive, with plans to build a statue to Metropolis' icon recently announced by Mayor Rob Morriscoe.

As the screen shows a mockup of the statue, CLARK shifts around uncomfortably at the hero worship, snapping out of his mood as he quickly realizes that he still has more of his meal to prepare.

TIME CUT:

It's now later in the evening, CLARK is sitting on his bed eating his meal, the TV is on but his hearing is elsewhere, somewhere between a bird on the roof and the soft pitter-patter of the rain. It's a nice sound but a pain to fly in.

While one hand holds his fork, the other holds LOIS' article, stopping every once in a while to make annotations. Some are spelling mistakes, but a lot are words of encouragement and praise. CLARK made a promise he intends to keep.

As he resumes eating, he looks at a shelf of various memorabilia from his life. There's a collection of odd little things people have insisted they give him as thanks. Children's drawings, business cards and a jar of change with a charity scribbled on it. The CAFE OWNER's card now at the front of the holder.

Elsewhere are photos from Smallville, his parents and friends, and a strange light blue other-worldly crystal with an S in a diamond engraved into it. One day he'll figure out what that's about.

As his eye-line returns back to the TV, he notices a story about an upcoming power-plant strike, it's sound drowned out by the white noise of rain, as he finishes his meal.

CLARK places his bowl to one side, ready to focus all his efforts on helping LOIS.

TIME CUT:

CLARK is laying in his bed, clearly trying to sleep and failing.

He gets up, drapes a blanket around him for warmth, and looks out of the window, checking if anyone's still awake. With no one to see him, he hovers to the roof of the apartment complex, resting there to look at the stars.

CLARK's hearing tunes to the ambience of the city as he stays in this moment for a while, wondering if he comes from the same place as any of the lights in the sky.

A faint ringtone enters his ears as he stargazes. CLARK initially ignores it, before realising it's his, quickly coming down from the roof to get it.

He arrives just in time to see who it is, LOIS LANE flashing up on his screen.

He picks up, a worn out sounding LOIS making the first move.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

Hey... You still up?

CLARK KENT

As far as I know. (beat) How are you?

LOIS LANE (V.O)

I'm alright. How about you?

CLARK KENT

I'm good... Just been looking over your work.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

Clark, It's alright... I can always-

CLARK KENT

-You're really good Lois. A few spelling errors here and there but it flows really well.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

....You didn't have to stay behind Clark-

CLARK KENT

- I wanted to.

CLARK kicks himself at this admission, while LOIS goes silent. She groans a little, either from her own fatigue or struggle. CLARK takes the opportunity to open up.

CLARK KENT

I'm... I'm sorry I've been so distant recently. I know we've both been busy but it's no excuse.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

You haven't hung out with us in months Clark. (beat) We were starting to get worried about you.

CLARK sits with this for a second, as he looks back at his shelf, focusing on a photo JIMMY took of him and LOIS, looking at the happy, comfortable man on display.

CLARK KENT

It's alright..I'm alright. (beat) I just...

CLARK's gaze shifts to the SUPERMAN gifts and memorabilia.

CLARK KENT

...I took up some volunteer work recently, and... I guess it's taken up more of my time than I thought.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

Volunteer work? (beat) Here I am thinking you're severely depressed and you've just decided to become a humanitarian?

CLARK KENT

I guess.

LOIS detects the lies in his voice, and calms down, as CLARK looks back at the memorabilia, a newspaper clipping of his first rescue sitting in a frame. As SUPERMAN stands with a car above his head, a citizen off to the side looks on in fear, something CLARK has only just discovered.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

(disappointed)

Fair enough.

CLARK's eyes drift back to JIMMY's photo, feeling a sting as LOIS's defeated words ring through his ears. CLARK decides to speak up.

CLARK KENT

You know, I took it because I was lonely.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

Lonely?

CLARK KENT

I'm a kid from nowhere Lois. I'm so proud of you and Jimmy and all

(MORE)

CLARK KENT (cont'd)
 you've done, but you guys were all
 the people I knew. I figured if I
 did this, then I'd at least get to
 know someone.

LOIS LANE (V.O)
 Did you?

CLARK KENT
 Not really. The people I help
 aren't consistent enough to get to
 know, and the people I work with
 are just that y'know. It's nice to
 make a difference don't get me
 wrong, but it's just... lonely.

LOIS goes quiet as CLARK wonders if he's overshared, or gone
 over a line.

LOIS LANE (V.O)
 I uh...

LOIS stops herself as if she's not comfortable saying what
 she meant to say, before resuming.

LOIS LANE (V.O)
 ... Would you like to get some
 coffee or something sometime?

CLARK KENT
 Coffee?

LOIS LANE (V.O)
 (instantly
 self-conscious)
 Yeah... I had this... idea for an
 article I wanted to talk through
 with you. Just need a second pair
 of eyes y'know.

CLARK can't help but feel he should reject, unsure if his
 other commitments will allow him the time, however, as LOIS'
 words sound out to his lonely apartment, CLARK decides.

CLARK KENT
 I'd love to. I'll take it out of my
 "roof breaks".

LOIS softly chuckles, the sound coming out like her head is
 turned from the phone, as CLARK's heart races.

LOIS LANE (V.O)
 Alright.

She pauses as she looks at the time.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

Look, I need some rest. I'll see
you tomorrow.

CLARK KENT

Goodnight Lois.

LOIS LANE (V.O)

You too.

As LOIS hangs up, CLARK stares in disbelief at what just
happened, before his lips curl up in an unstoppable smile.

His world becomes a little less lonely.