

Smallville

"Knights"

by
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Smallville: "Dark Encounter"

NOTE: THE EVENTS IN THIS SCRIPT REFLECT THE CHARACTERS AS PER SEASON 3 OF THE SERIES.

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

A SCIENTIST in a gleaming laboratory carefully pours a glowing green substance into a bubbling beaker. He is startled by a DOOR SLAM and nearly drops it.

SCIENTIST

Who is that? No one is allowed in here!

A LARGE DARK SHADOW looms over the scientist, who is peering into the gloom of the dimly lit lab.

VOICE (O.S.)

I have a key.

TITLE ON SCREEN: GOTHAM CITY, 1990.

The shadow emerges into the dim light as a TALL, MUSCULAR, DARK HAired MAN.

SCIENTIST

Mr. Wayne!

WAYNE

This lab was ordered closed 2 months ago, Professor Carlson.

CARLSON

Of course, sir. But... decommissioning research takes time.

WAYNE picks up the glowing green vial.

WAYNE

I'm given to understand there has been no such effort. The meteor rock cancer vaccine was an extremely costly and extremely dangerous failure.

WAYNE(CONT'D)

Why have these samples not been destroyed as ordered?

CARLSON

It's not that simple. The vaccine has mutated. It has become...a supervirus. We can't simply flush it down the sink!

WAYNE

Why was this not reported to government authorities?

CARLSON

Sir, after you cancelled the project I was contacted...by Luthorcorp. They are willing to pay a handsome sum to Wayne Enterprises for all our meteor rock research!

WAYNE

Along with a tidy sum for you, of course.

CARLSON

Luthorcorp would assume my contract and future salary, and Wayne Industries would receive a hefty amount for my departure!

WAYNE

Not only have you violated every tenet of your nondisclosure agreement, you've come dangerously close to putting a biological weapon in the hands of a madman. Lionel Luthor is a menace to whom I have no intention of giving any access to my research, or to you. Get out, Professor Carlson, and don't bother to pack.

A half dozen LARGE MEN IN SUITS burst in.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Your contract prohibits any similar work with another company for 5 years. Lionel Luthor's lawyers could test that, but I don't think he'll be interested in taking that fight.

Carlson fumes as the Large Men watch Wayne lead him to the door.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
(not unkindly)
Consider this an early retirement,
Alan. You should have enough saved
by now. Enjoy it.

Wayne slams the door shut, leaving Carlson out in the night.

Carlson stands glaring at the door, then walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUTHOR MANSION - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

The lights of the mansion glow through the windows,
illuminating the evening.

TITLE ON SCREEN: SMALLVILLE, TODAY.

INT. LIBRARY - LUTHOR MANSION - NIGHT

LEX is pouring a whisky as he hits the speakerphone.

LEX
You've been trying to reach me
nonstop for the past week. This
had better be good.

BACK AND FORTH ON THE PHONE WITH:

An OLDER, haggard, wide-eyed and frantic Professor Carlson,
speaking from a PAY PHONE at NIGHT

CARLSON
It will be. I am a former
associate of your father who has
been doing research with your
Smallville meteor rocks.

Lex picks up the receiver, taking it off speaker.

LEX
I'm listening.

CARLSON
Someone's after me, I need to
disappear. I need money and I need
it now.

LEX

If you're hiding from my father I wish you success, but I'm not getting involved.

CARLSON

Fifteen years ago I offered your father the research I had done for Wayne Enterprises, but he turned me down.

LEX

Wayne Enterprises? That company has been defunct for years. As I recall Mr. Wayne died under cloudy circumstances.

CARLSON

A little too cloudy for your fathers' liking...

LEX

If you were somehow complicit in Thomas Wayne's death, lose this number, I don't want to know about it. Hello?

OFF The phone, empty, receiver dangling...

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

A TEACHER is in the middle of an experiment. CLARK, CHLOE, LANA et al. sit bored.

TEACHER

Let's continue by adding SCHMAGIMUIM...

CLARK

(to Chloe)

Everyone's passed out.

CHLOE

I can barely keep my eyes on this article. Check it out:

Chloe proffers the DAILY PLANET, with headline: 'Mysterious Wave of Killings Spreading West'

CLARK

Looks like someone's knocking off scientists.

LANA

(yawning)

I wish they'd come by here. This lecture is unbearable.

CHLOE

(rubbing her eyes)

You may just get your wish. The trail starts in Gotham, hitting Chicago and now Metropolis.

The door opens and in walks the PRINCIPAL, followed by a TALL, INTENSE, DARK HAired TEEN

The Principal looks around at the dozing class.

PRINCIPAL

Sorry to wake you all. This is Bruce Alfredsson, Mr. Van Dyk.

CHLOE

He doesn't look like a Swedish hockey player.

LANA

He's sure tall, dark and handsome though.

CLARK

You two woke up fast.

LANA

Must be that breath of fresh air that just walked in.

Clark looks at Lana, surprised. She returns his gaze, almost challenging him to say something. He doesn't.

MR. VAN DYK

Say hello to Bruce, everyone.

The dozing CLASS mumbles a lackadaisical response.

MR. VAN DYK (CONT'D)

My apologies, I don't know what's come over the class today.

BRUCE

You'd better open a window, sir.

MR. VAN DYK

They can't open...they're broken.

BRUCE

Everyone has to leave. Is that SCHMENGIUM FORMULIDE you've been attempting to make?

MR. VAN DYK

Yes. Why?

BRUCE

The reason your class is so dopey today is you've manufactured a sleeping gas, probably by adding too much KRYPTONIUM.

CHLOE

Wow, comes complete with brains.

LANA

And no assembly required.

CLARK

Let's go, you two.

PRINCIPAL

Outside, everybody. Nice and easy.

BRUCE

There was no real danger, everyone just caught some extra shuteye.

BRUCE smiles at Lana and Chloe as they file by.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Not that anyone here needs their beauty sleep.

Clark pauses by Bruce. The two stand face to face, well matched in height, build and complexion, but Bruce's darker eyes and stronger jaw give him a somewhat harder edge .

CLARK

Pretty impressive. Where'd you transfer in from?

BRUCE

Gotham.

As Chloe walks away, Bruce glances at the Daily Planet under her arm, frowning. Clark notices the look. OFF the Headline...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LUTHORCORP OFFICES - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The office has been ransacked: desks emptied, papers everywhere, etc. POLICE take photographs and notes. LIONEL LUTHOR picks his way in.

LIONEL

I hope you caught whoever threw this unauthorized office party.

OFFICER

No liquor bottles or empty cheese trays, Mr. Luthor. In fact, we didn't find much of anything.

LIONEL

What was taken?

OFFICER

No safes or vaults were opened. The only things missing seem to be employee records. Your HR director is still confirming which files are gone.

LIONEL

You get me here in the middle of the night for some missing dental forms and timesheets? Do me a favor, Officer: lock up and get the lights when you're done.

Lionel leaves. The Officer shakes his head.

EXT. KENT FARM - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

Beautiful Sunny Day on the Kent Homestead.

INT. KENT FARM - DAY

Clark and PETE come into the kitchen after playing Basketball.

CLARK

Keep beating me like that and we're going to have to rethink the 'no powers' rule.

PETE

Clark, even if you could leap tall buildings in a single bound, I would still smoke you on free throws.

Clark notices MARTHA reading the Planet.

CLARK

Reading about those scientists?

MARTHA

Clark, Pete, hi. There's leftover roast beef in the fridge.

Clark and Pete make a beeline for the icebox.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It's odd, all the victims have one thing in common...

JONATHAN (O.S.)

Let me guess: a Luthorcorp connection.

MARTHA

And they were all involved with some sort of biochemical research with meteor rocks.

JONATHAN enters.

JONATHAN

Why am I not surprised? Lionel Luthor's touch ranges far and wide.

MARTHA

Here's something else: apparently the bodies were glowing green when they were found.

PETE

Sounds like someone finally found some WMD's.

CLARK

And someone else doesn't want anything uncovered. Or they're hiding a trail.

JONATHAN

Easy there, Colombo. The Luthors have a lot of fingers in a lot of pies. This one has nothing to do with us. You two have exams to worry about, so the best thing to do is to stay out of it.

INT. LIBRARY - LUTHOR MANSION - DAY

Lex is at his desk when Lionel saunters in.

LEX

Shouldn't you be getting some sleep? I heard you had a late night.

LIONEL

My father used to say 'You can sleep when you're dead.'

LEX

The man possessed amazing foresight.

LIONEL lets the comment pass.

LIONEL

How news travels fast. Especially news of a minor break and enter.

LEX

Apparently major enough to get you on the jet to feel me out. I assume that's the reason for your visit? Unless you've moved up the date of the Luthorcorp father-son picnic?

LIONEL

Lex, my boy...you really must learn to conceal your hostility. It will be your undoing.

LEX

By the way, this break-in...it wouldn't have anything to do with some scientists working on a meteor rock supervirus, would it?

Lionel, halfway out the door, stops.

LIONEL

Why would you think that?

Lex holds up a copy of the Planet.

LEX

I just read the papers.

OFF Lionel's suspicious glare...

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

Clark and Pete sit eating.

PETE

I just thought of something. Do you really need to eat, or is it just a social activity?

Uncomfortable, Clark looks around.

CLARK

You've seen me suck back a pizza. What do you think?

Bruce enters with Lana and Chloe. They're hanging off him, trying to make time, but he looks uncomfortable.

PETE

Looks like someone's got some unwanted attention.

CLARK

His debut in chem class isn't likely to go unnoticed.

PETE

You don't like him, do you?

CLARK

What makes you say that?

PETE

Because Lana's all over him.

Lana and Chloe sit enthralled as Bruce talks.

CLARK

Lana's free to do what she wants. You know that.

PETE

So do you. Uh-oh, trouble.

THREE FOOTBALL JOCKS stride into the cafeteria and are accidentally bumped by a SMALL, BRAINY GUY who is lost in a book.

SMALL GUY

Sorry.

JOCK #1

Watch it, doofus.

One of the Jocks shoves the kid roughly into the wall. They keep walking.

PETE

You know, you could teach those guys a lesson, Clark.

CLARK

I'm not the school policeman.

As the Jocks reach the door, their way is suddenly blocked by Bruce.

JOCK #2

What do you want?

BRUCE

I think you owe someone an apology.

JOCK #1

Yeah, to your mother for leaving her begging for it last night.

Quick as anything, Bruce grabs the arm of the mouthy Jock, twists it behind his back, then grabs him by the neck and pins him to a table!

BRUCE

Don't ever talk about my mother.

The other two Jocks look at each other, then leap at Bruce, but with lightning speed Bruce lets loose with a reverse kick, knocking him into the other, all the while holding the mouthy one pinned on the table.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(to the Jock)

Want to throw again this year?
Tell your friends to relax.

JOCK #1
All right! Stop!

Clark grabs Bruce's shoulder.

CLARK
That's enough!

Bruce flashes a punch at Clark's midsection, it's like hitting a wall. Mild surprise on Bruce.

BRUCE
All right.

Bruce lets go. The Jock shakes himself off the table. THE PRINCIPAL barges in.

PRINCIPAL
What's going on here?

Bruce looks at the Jock with a raised eyebrow.

JOCK #1
Nothing.

PRINCIPAL
Everyone get to class.

The bell rings, everyone disperses. Bruce calls out to Clark.

BRUCE
Hey, Joe Six-Pack. You some sort of Lunchroom Boy Scout?

CLARK
You can't go throwing your weight around just because you took some karate classes.

BRUCE
They shouldn't have been shoving that kid.

CLARK
That's no reason to go Dirty Harry.

BRUCE
They made it personal.

CLARK
What, the mother comment?

BRUCE
My mother's dead.

CLARK
I'm sorry.

BRUCE
Not as sorry as the man who killed
her will be.

Clark is suddenly alone. He looks around but Bruce is
nowhere to be seen.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

Clark walks with Pete.

PETE
So you think there's more to this
Bruce Alfredsson than meets the
eye.

CLARK
Right. That's why we're going to
tail him home.

PETE
I don't know, Clark. Aren't you
overreacting a bit? How well do
you think those X-ray eyes of yours
will work from the next block?

CLARK
We're about to find out.

Bruce walks out the doors and heads down the street. Clark
and Pete head down the same street the opposite way.

EXT. SMALLVILLE STREET - DAY

Clark and Pete walk down the sidewalk, trying to act
nonchalant. Clark is staring at the houses as they pass.

PETE
Do you still have him?

CLARK
I think so.

CLARK'S X-RAY POV:

THE GLOWING GREEN OUTLINES OF TWO BLOCKS OF HOUSES, FURNITURE, WALLS, INHABITANTS, PETS, ETC. FOCUSING ON THE SKELETON OF SOMEONE WALKING PARALLEL TO THEM THE NEXT STREET OVER.

THE SKELETON TURNS AND WALKS TOWARD A HOUSE.

BACK TO NORMAL VIEW:

CLARK

That must be his house. Wait here while I make sure.

A BLUR OF SPEED

As Clark races around a corner, going up the next block and stopping in front of a house where he sees...

Not Bruce, but a PAPERBOY depositing the newspaper in the mailbox. The Paperboy walks down the driveway past Clark, looking at him oddly. Clark stares, dumbfounded, as Pete runs up, out of breath.

CLARK

I thought I told you to wait there.

PETE

Yeah, well apparently your X-rays turned out negative.

Clark and Pete walk away, shaking their heads. The CAMERA PANS OVER to a nearby driveway, where BRUCE steps out from behind a minivan, and watches them go.

INT. HALL - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

Bruce walks down a crowded hallway, Clark catches him.

CLARK

Hey, Eastwood.

Bruce glances at Clark, grunting in acknowledgement.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Just wanted to say that maybe I jumped on you a bit harsh yesterday in the caf.

Bruce continues walking, a rock.

CLARK (CONT'D)

It's just, you know...a big fellow
like you could really hurt someone.
Even one of those jocks.

BRUCE

You're a pretty big guy yourself.

Bruce stops and stares at Clark like he can see right through him.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Big strong country boy like you,
how come you don't play football?

CLARK

I'm more into Basketball.

BRUCE

I didn't see you in any team
photos.

CLARK

I just play pickup. Too busy
helping my dad with the farm.
Listen, you're obviously a
chemistry whiz: I'm having some
trouble, you think I could come by
your house tonight and you could
help me out?

BRUCE

No.

Suddenly a PIERCING SCREAM shakes the hallway. Clark and Bruce push through the hall to a CROWD of students gathered at the open door of a Janitor's Closet. Chloe is there, camera in hand.

CLARK

What's going on?

CHLOE

Someone's leaving a trail, and it's
not the Easter Bunny.

Clark pushes his way to the front, and sees

THE GLOWING GREEN BODY OF A MIDDLE AGED JANITOR

Chloe SNAPS a photo.

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)
Move aside, everyone.

The Principal pushes his way through the crowd, flanked by two POLICE OFFICERS.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
There will be early dismissal,
please exit the school quickly and
in an orderly fashion.

Scattered CHEERS from some of the students, quickly silenced by the Principal's icy stare. Bruce looks around, and seeing that no one is looking, swabs a sample from the Janitor's arm which he quickly puts into a small silver case.

BRUCE (SOTTO)
Got you, Koronov.

CLARK
(turning to Bruce)
What?

BRUCE
(annoyed at being
overheard)
Nothing.

Bruce pushes his way through the crowd.

CLARK
Wait!

EXT. PARKING LOT - SMALLVILLE HIGH - CONTINUOUS

Clark bursts through the doors, looking for Bruce, who is nowhere to be seen.

INT. TORCH OFFICE - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

Clark and Pete tiptoe in.

PETE
Clark, you're really going off the
deep end with this B and E!

CLARK
I still have Chloe's key, so it's
not really a felony. Besides, we
need to find out who Koronov is.

PETE

Sounds like some Russian ice dancer.

CLARK is at the computer and is navigating at Super-Speed!

CLARK

Here's the picture Chloe took of the Janitor. The name on the school files is Richard Stanfield.

PETE

Don't remember ever seeing him. Don't you get eye strain from web surfing at super speed?

CLARK

He must have been laying low. Wait, this picture matches with a Sergei Koronov. Former Scientist?

PETE

What was a scientist doing buffing the foul lines?

CLARK

Last known working for Luthorcorp. Lionel must have had him here as his eyes and ears.

PETE

Looking for the skinny on you-know-who.

CLARK

Cross-referencing with the names of the other dead scientists, they were all also former employees of Wayne Enterprises.

PETE

Never heard of it.

CLARK

(surfing at blazing speed)
Let's see...its founder, Thomas Wayne, was killed in 1989 in an apparent random mugging. His wife died also, they left behind a son who has been at boarding school in Switzerland ever since. Holy--!
Pete!

PETE

What?

CLARK

From the Gotham Society pages...it's an old one, but this picture...put a couple of years on him...

CLOSE ON:

The computer monitor shows a press photo of 'Young Millionaire Heir BRUCE WAYNE, uninjured after tumbling from his mount at the Gotham Polo Club.'

CLARK (CONT'D)

Even covered in dirt, that's him.

PETE

Same friendly smile. You think he had something to do with Mr. Green Russian?

CLARK

One thing's for sure: Smallville High is a long way from a Swiss boarding school.

PETE

Yodel-a-he-hoo. Come on, let's go.

CLARK

All right.

They leave. The CAMERA PANS from the closed door over to the far corner, and from the shadows beneath a desk pops up someone we now know is BRUCE WAYNE.

OFF his stony look as he stares after Pete and Clark, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LUTHORCORP OFFICES - METROPOLIS - DAY

Lionel is at his desk, feet up, talking on the phone.

LIONEL

Why would I want to buy a professional lacrosse team? You must think I'm insane.

The door opens and a SECRETARY comes in.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Luthor, but-

Pushing past the secretary is a very frazzled Professor Carlson.

LIONEL

(hanging up phone)
Professor! It's been a long time.

Carlson brandishes a GUN at Lionel. The secretary bolts.

CARLSON

You should have made that deal with me when you had the chance!

LIONEL

I have no idea what you're referring to, Professor. Why don't you sit down and we'll talk?

Lionel motions to a chair, but Carlson fires off a shot, wide.

CARLSON

Open your vault.

LIONEL

Just relax, Carlson.
(moving to the vault)
Why don't you tell me what this is all about?

CARLSON

Come off it, Luthor. You knew I needed money after Wayne fired me. Why didn't you take me on like you did all his other researchers?

LIONEL
The fresh blood on your hands, for
starters.

CARLSON
Funny words coming from you-

A SECURITY GUARD KICKS THE DOOR OPEN BEHIND CARLSON

GUARD
Drop the gun!

LIONEL
What took you so long?

GUARD
Drop it!

CARLSON
All right.

Carlson drops the gun to the floor.

GUARD
Hands in the air!

CARLSON
Anything you say.

While reaching up, Carlson produces a CANNISTER from his
inside jacket pocket and SPRAYS the guard full in the face
with a green mist!

GUARD
Aieeee!

The GUARD falls to the floor, clawing his face.

The green mist envelops the guard's face and spreads like
wildfire, covering his entire body!

Seeing this, Lionel snaps open the VAULT and dives in,
slamming it closed behind him.

Carlson, ignoring the now glowing green guard, rushes to the
vault, pounding on it in frustration.

CARLSON
Open the vault, Luthor!

Realizing he has lost, Carlson looks around frantically, and
retrieving his gun, he darts out the door.

INT. LUTHORCORP OFFICES - METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Lex saunters into his father's office just as a team of SAFECRACKERS open the door to the vault. Lionel casually strolls out.

LEX

Getting too attached to your money is a sign of weakness, father.

LIONEL

Just making sure it's all still there.

LEX

Of course.

LIONEL

Now it's my turn to be curious about your visit. Hoping I was asphyxiated inside the airtight vault?

LEX

Please. There's air in there to last weeks. I came because I received a phone call several days ago from a Professor Alan Carlson...say, isn't he the man who sent you diving in there?

LIONEL

Don't be cute, Lex. It doesn't become you.

LEX

Straight to the point then: a meteor rock supervirus? Why would Carlson believe I would want it? Perhaps he's thinking 'like father, like son.' If such a thing exists, surely you possess it for novelty purposes only.

LIONEL

Sounds like you have all the answers, Lex. I don't think I have anything to add.

LEX

Maybe one thing: as far as I can tell, the only meteor research project even remotely resembling this was done by Wayne Enterprises. Seems Thomas Wayne thought meteor rocks could cure cancer, but Professor Carlson accidentally struck gold of a different vein.

LIONEL

Get to the point.

LEX

Why didn't you buy Carlson out after Wayne was killed? Surely you had nothing to do with Wayne's death?

LIONEL

You're being ridiculous. Thomas Wayne was no friend of mine, and I hardly mourned his passing. But why would I have had anything to do with it?

LEX

You snapped up the cream of Wayne's research team in a blink. Again, why not Carlson?

LIONEL

Certain associates of mine made it known that Carlson's failure to negotiate the Luthorcorp buyout of his research had made him...desperate. Apparently Mr. Carlson had a taste for the sport of kings, and with his less than kingly salary, racked up quite a debt at the track. He was counting on the buyout as a bailout...and was quite frustrated at Thomas Wayne's kibosh. Why would I want any part of that mess?

LEX

But you were perfectly happy to continue the research with the rest of Wayne's former team...no luck?

LIONEL

I suppose Professor Carlson just captured lightning in a bottle.

LEX

Be careful, it looks like that lightning is about to strike again.

LIONEL

I'm touched by your concern. Is that all?

LEX

Yes.

LEX turns to leave, but stops.

LEX (CONT'D)

One more thing. Why would a former Luthorcorp scientist be working as a janitor at Smallville high?

LIONEL

How should I know? The man was retired...perhaps he needed the Board of Education dental plan.

OFF Lionel and Lex's staring contest...

CUT TO:

INT. KENT FARM - CLARK'S LOFT - NIGHT

Clark is doing homework when a dark shadow falls over him from behind.

BRUCE (O.S.)

I'll say this once.

Surprised, Clark whirls around to see Bruce, arms folded.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Stop following me, and don't tell anyone who I am.

CLARK

Why are you pretending to be someone else?

BRUCE

I could ask the same of you.

Clark starts, surprised.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What's taking you so long with the homework, Clark? If you worked on that history assignment like you surfed the web in the Torch, you'd cover the middle ages in the blink of an eye.

CLARK

I...don't know what you're talking about.

BRUCE

You don't really need to worry about school, do you? Why study for tests when you can stare through the book at the answers?

CLARK

You're mistaken.

BRUCE

Think fast.

Bruce directs a Karate Chop at Clark's neck, faster than Clark can react.

CLARK

What-

Bruce has pulled his chop, stopping a millimeter away.

BRUCE

Trying to get me to break my hand, muscleboy? Don't think so.

In a flash, Bruce directs a KICK at Clark's chin, stopping just short.

CLARK

(annoyed)

Don't do that.

Clark moves to swat Bruce out of the way, but Bruce ducks out of the way and SHOVES Clark forward, using his own momentum against him, pushing him out the open loft door.

A BLUR OF SPEED as Clark rushes back into the barn and up to the loft to find Bruce perched up on a beam looking down at him.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Look, come down and we can talk about this.

BRUCE

Come down? What, you can't fly?

A BLUR OF SPEED as Clark grabs a baseball from his desk and hurls it toward Bruce but Bruce GRABS an old shovel hanging from a nearby peg and WHACKS the oncoming ball mightily. Debris falls as it punches a hole through the ceiling of the barn.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm handy with a bat.

From the rafters where the ball went come a dozen BATS that flap straight at Clark, who recoils.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Like I said.

Bruce then LEAPS off the beam out of the loft into the night. Clark shoos the bats away and runs to the open doors, but sees nothing but the moonlit farm at night.

LANA (O.S.)

Clark?

Clark whirls around to see Lana standing behind him.

CLARK

Lana!

LANA

Sorry I'm late. I hope you started the history homework without me.

Lana takes in the mess.

LANA (CONT'D)

Are you all right? What happened?

CLARK

Nothing...just a little bat problem.

OFF the Bats flapping away in front of a full moon...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TORCH OFFICE - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

Clark enters to find Chloe at the computer.

CLARK

I need your help. The school records on Bruce Alfredsson are false. I need to find something legit.

CHLOE

That's a pretty serious charge. Where's your smoking gun, detective?

Clark moves to the computer and brings up Bruce's picture from the Gotham newspaper.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Whoa. Bruce Wayne? Millionaire???
Oh my gosh: rich, smart and good looking.

CLARK

Chloe, his parents were killed in front of him when he was just a kid.

CHLOE has brought up the page reporting on the deaths.

CHLOE

It says it was a random street mugging. Still unsolved.

CLARK

I don't think it was so random. There was this scientist working on meteor rock research for Wayne Enterprises.

CHLOE

So you think Bruce is connected to the dead janitor-I mean, scientist?

CLARK

Yeah. I don't think he killed him, but I think Bruce is searching for whoever did.

CHLOE

Here's a list of all the green scientist deaths in the past few weeks. Now here's a list of all scientists who worked for Wayne and later Luthorcorp who were involved in project meteor-virus.

CLARK

Wait. What's that name?

CHLOE

Dr. Alan Carlson...that shouldn't be there. No record of him after Wayne Enterprises became a shell company. He never worked for Luthorcorp.

CLARK

Is there any record of death?

CHLOE

No.

CLARK

We found our man.

CHLOE

Not if Bruce finds him first.

CLARK

But how do we find Bruce?

They stare at each other, wondering.

Int. LIBRARY - LUTHOR MANSION - NIGHT

Lex is playing pool when Clark comes in.

LEX

Clark! Why such a stranger?

CLARK

Busy time at school. Exams and stuff.

LEX

Well, it's good to see you. Grab a stick.

CLARK

I actually can't stay. I was wondering if you know anything about these Scientists that have been killed lately. In particular about one of them masquerading as a janitor at Smallville High.

LEX

What's the matter, Clark? No time to socialize but plenty of time to grill me for info?

CLARK

No-it's just-

LEX

Relax, Clark. I'm kidding. It's actually very Zen that you mention it. I recently had a similar conversation with my father.

CLARK

Did this conversation involve a Dr. Alan Carlson?

Lex is taken aback.

LEX

You just blew Zen out of the water. What do you know about Carlson?

CLARK

I think he may be the one behind the deaths.

LEX

Really? How?

CLARK

I'm not sure, but maybe he kept a sample of a meteor virus he had developed and is using it to wipe out all his former colleagues.

LEX

Why would he do that?

CLARK

Have you ever heard of Thomas Wayne?

LEX
(playing dumb)
Vaguely...millionaire
industrialist, before my time.
Isn't he dead?

CLARK
Yes. He and his wife. They left
behind a son.

LEX
Tragic.

CLARK
I think the son's grown up and is
out for a little 'Kill Bill' on
Carlson.

LEX
Wait-are you saying that Carlson
was behind the Wayne deaths?

CLARK
Someone seems to think so. Have
you heard anything like that?

LEX
I can't say I have.

CLARK
What about your father? Wayne was
killed shortly after Luthorcorp
offered to buy out the meteorvirus
research.

LEX
You have done your homework. Are
you suggesting that my father was
somehow involved?

Clark looks at Lex uncomfortably.

LEX (CONT'D)
Clark, you know that if I could tie
my father to the death of one of
the country's most prominent
industrialists and philanthropists,
I would do it in a Metropolis
Minute.

CLARK
Do you have any idea where this
Carlson might be?

Lex hesitates, wondering if he should reveal his contact with Carlson, but in that second, GUNFIRE shatters the windows!

Lex and Clark duck behind the pool table as GUNFIRE sprays the room.

LEX
(dryly)
I think he might be nearby!

CLARK
Why would he be after you?

LEX
He contacted me asking for money!
He must be under the impression
that I control Luthorcorp's
finances!

Carlson leaps through a window.

CARLSON
Come out, little Luthor! If I
can't get to your father, you'll
do!

LEX
You're wasting your time! I have
no access to the Luthorcorp
accounts!

CARLSON
What do you take me for? You don't
exactly live in a trailer, there's
plenty of cash here, fork it over!

Lex looks at Clark. Lex grabs two billiard balls from the return slot of the table and tosses one to Clark.

LEX
How's your pitching arm?

CARLSON
You can't hide from this.

Carlson pulls out a CANNISTER and points it toward them, but suddenly another window SHATTERS and Bruce swings in, landing and rolling.

Startled, Carlson SPRAYS THE CANNISTER toward the pool table as Clark sees the mist shooting toward them he SHOVS Lex out of the way, sending him clear across the room where he hits his head, unconscious.

But the green mist HITS Clark straight on in the Chest.

Bruce stares, horrified, as the green envelops Clark, who FALLS to the floor, as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. KENT FARM - NIGHT

Martha opens the front door to Bruce, who stands with Clark's GLOWING GREEN BODY in his arms.

MARTHA
(crumpling)
Jonathan...

Jonathan rushes to catch Martha, as Bruce struggles through the door.

JONATHAN
Is he...he's not...

BRUCE
No. Not yet.

Bruce lays Clark gently down on the couch.

MARTHA
What...what happened?

BRUCE
A virus made from meteor rocks. He got a full blast of it.

JONATHAN
Why...is there anything that can be done?

BRUCE
No. It's a miracle he's lasted this long.

JONATHAN
Clark's...special.

Bruce looks at Jonathan intently.

BRUCE
I know. I have to go find the man who did this.

JONATHAN
Wait...there has to be something...you see, Clark...

BRUCE
I've seen what he can do.

JONATHAN

How...when...never mind. You see,
Clark came to us from...far away.
He's not only special to us, he
will be someday to the whole world.

BRUCE

Not anymore. I'm sorry.

JONATHAN

Wait, damn it!

BRUCE

The man who did this to Clark
killed my parents!

JONATHAN

Nothing you can do will bring them
back! I'm sorry, but you have to
listen to me! I don't know
anything about you except what
Clark has said, but if you've taken
him on and come out the other side,
there has to be something you can
do for him, something you can try!

Bruce moves to Clark, and extracts a swab from his Jacket.
He swabs a glowing green sample from him, and puts it in a
slender silver case.

MARTHA

What are you doing?

BRUCE

Collecting evidence. I'm sorry.

JONATHAN

Martha, excuse us for a moment
please.

MARTHA reluctantly leaves the room.

BRUCE

I have to go now.

JONATHAN

Wait. I don't have long to live.
It was terrible that you had to
bury your parents. Don't make me
bury my son.

OFF Bruce's look we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

Jonathan's truck pulls up outside the high school. Jonathan and Bruce get out.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

Jonathan flicks on the lights while Bruce sets up a microscope.

JONATHAN

I've never seen anyone pick a lock that fast. Where did you learn to do that?

BRUCE

Picked it up here and there.

Bruce extracts the silver case from his pocket and lays it on the table.

ALARM BELLS begin to ring!

JONATHAN

A bit late for the lunch bell. We're in trouble.

BRUCE

I must have missed one of the alarms. I'm sorry Mr.Kent, we have to get out of here.

JONATHAN

You just get to work. Let me worry about the police.

Jonathan runs out. Bruce examines the green sample in a petri dish.

INT. HALLWAY - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

The SHERIFF and 2 of her MEN march down the hall, guns drawn. Jonathan rounds a corner.

JONATHAN

Sheriff! Thank God!

SHERIFF

What are you doing here, Kent?

JONATHAN

There's a madman on the loose with a biological virus. It's infected Clark.

SHERIFF

And that has you breaking into the school in the middle of the night...why?

JONATHAN

There's no time. It's related to those dead scientists-

SHERIFF

OK Kent, you're going to have to come with me while we sort this out.

JONATHAN

No! Sheriff-

SHERIFF

I'm not going to tell you again, Kent.

JONATHAN

Sorry, Sheriff.

Jonathan grabs the door of an empty locker and whacks the Sheriff in the head.

COP#1

Hey!

Jonathan sprints down the hall in the opposite direction from the lab.

COP#2

(drawing his gun)

Freeze, Kent!

Jonathan stops, grabs a garbage can and hurls it toward them, bowling them over.

COP#1

Don't do this, Jonathan!

The cops get to their feet and run after Jonathan in hot pursuit.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

Bruce is examining the green swatch he took from the Janitor.

MICROSCOPE POV: Glowing green unmoving cells.

BRUCE

Totally dead. Half-life of maybe a million years, but dead.

Bruce removes the dish from under the microscope, and slides Clark's sample in.

MICROSCOPE POV: Glowing green cells, moving slowly.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You don't know how to quit, do you?
But why?

A RACKET outside, and Bruce runs and kills the lights.

BRUCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I really need a belt with a flashlight and stuff.

Bruce rummages in the darkness through a cupboard, then he FLICKS on a PORTABLE 'SUN LAMP' which he brings to his work table.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(shining it around the room)

Just like a day at the beach.

Bruce directs the beam at the microscope, but as soon as it hits Clark's sample, it begins to HISS and SMOKE.

Quickly, Bruce shines the light away from the sample, and the HISSING STOPS. Bruce looks at the sample under the scope.

MICROSCOPE POV: Green, glowing cells, moving quickly.

Bruce shines the light on the first sample: Nothing.

Moving the light back to Clark's sample, it begins to BUBBLE and HISS again. He looks under the scope:

MICROSCOPE POV: GLOWING GREEN CELLS, bouncing rapidly back and forth.

CLOSE ON: THE SUN-LAMP: BRUCE'S HAND TURNING A DIAL LABELLED 'UV INTENSITY'

The SMOKING AND HISSING BUILDS TO A CRESCENDO, and there is a FLASH of WHITE LIGHT.

Blinking, Bruce clears the smoke away and looks through the scope at:

MICROSCOPE POV: Normal, moving cells.

Bruce jumps up, flicks on the lights and grabs the Sun Lamp. However, he looks at it for a moment, then puts it back down before bolting from the room.

INT. HALLWAY - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

The Sheriff and her men are crouched down behind a set of double doors that are closed in front of a huge pile of junk: Desks, Chairs, overturned benches, etc.

SHERIFF

All right, I've had it. It's time to call for backup.

COP#1

Are you saying the three of us can't get Jonathan Kent out from inside the girls' locker room?

SHERIFF

There's been something wrong with Kent ever since his son's little road trip to Metropolis.

COP#2

I can hear the jokes now: how many cops does it take to get a nutbar out of a bathroom stall?

BRUCE (O.S.)

More than three!

The three of them whirl around to see BRUCE, but with a bandana covering his face, standing there with a garbage can over his head, which he bowls at them.

SHERIFF

Who is that?

Bruce rushes them, cutting through them like a hot knife through butter. In a matter of seconds he has disarmed them and they lay unconscious in a heap.

Like a madman, Bruce digs through the pile of stuff Jonathan had piled up blocking the doors, then kicks the doors open.

Jonathan leaps to his feet, baseball bat in hand.

BRUCE
Tell me this hick town has a
tanning bed.

Jonathan looks at Bruce quizzically.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
I feel like getting some sun.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SMALLVILLE BEAUTY SALON AND TANNING PARLOR - NIGHT

A STEAMING, HEALTHY CLARK storms out of the salon, followed by Jonathan and Bruce. Clark looks back at the BROKEN FRONT DOOR.

(MORE)
I don't think I can bend that back
into shape.

Bruce pulls out a WAD OF CASH and throws it through the front door.

BRUCE
That ought to take care of it.

Jonathan and Clark gape.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Being a millionaire has to be good
for something. Of course, if your
Dad had let me pick the lock
instead of driving the truck
through it--

JONATHAN
I still can't fathom how you got UV
rays from Sunlight to cure the
meteor virus.

BRUCE
It's not a cure. For some reason
Clark's cells were the only ones to
respond to it. Probably the same
reason Clark didn't die right away
like the others.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I would guess that these...abilities of yours are somehow related to something contained within UV radiation.

CLARK

Sunlight.

BRUCE

Your abilities are truly amazing, Clark. I don't know where you came from, but seeing your old man hold off 3 cops showed me where you get your guts.

JONATHAN

You did all right yourself. Bruce, thank you for saving Clark, but I hope you realize that no one can know...about Clark.

BRUCE

Don't worry about me. We have a much bigger worry on our hands right now.

CLARK

Carlson.

BRUCE

He'll be waiting for another shot at his schemus interruptus.

CLARK

Lex. You didn't just leave him there unconscious, did you?

BRUCE

I had bigger worries at the time, Clark. So did you.

INT. LIBRARY - LUTHOR MANSION - NIGHT

LEX comes to, blindfolded and tied up in a chair, back to the door.

LEX

Clark?

Carlson is helping himself to the contents of Lex's safe.

CARLSON

If you mean your farmboy pal you'll see him soon. You can't miss him: big and green.

LEX

Carlson. What did you do?

CARLSON

You'll find out, Mr. Luthor. But don't be scared. You are going to personally take your family's meteor obsession to exciting new levels.

Carlson raises the can and sprays it at LEX. The mist streams toward him.

Clark bursts through the doors, followed by Bruce.

Clark sees the mist coming toward Lex, and without thinking, purses his lips together and begins to BLOW.

An immense WIND gusts from Clark's lips, blowing objects across the room. Bruce grabs a wall and hangs on for dear life. A portrait of Lex flies across the room, striking him in the head.

The GREEN MIST stretching across the room is halted by the onslaught of air, and blows back toward Carlson.

CARLSON (CONT'D)

No!

Illogically, Carlson releases more of the mist which immediately envelops him along with the rest of it.

He gasps, bug-eyed, as it sinks into his flesh, immediately changing to a glowing green color. Carlson drops to his knees, writhing as the glowing green races over him.

Clark rushes toward him, but Bruce stops him.

BRUCE

It's too late.

Flashing green races over Carlson's body, his face a contorted mask.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I only wish I had done it myself.

CLARK
So he was the one?

BRUCE
Yeah.

Bruce walks over to Carlson's incandescent body and delivers it a swift KICK.

CLARK
Lucky it wasn't contagious.

BRUCE
If it was, we were all done for, even you. Rumor was that Luthorcorp wanted to take it to that level.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Your father is one of the bravest men I've ever met, Clark. He doesn't have your abilities, but his love for you was...inspiring.

Bruce looks at Lex slumped in the chair.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Remember, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

OFF Lex...

CUT TO:

INT. KENT FARM - DAY

Clark is at the Kitchen table doing homework. Lex steps through the screen door.

LEX
Clark!

CLARK
Hey, Lex.

LEX
I'm sorry for once again catching you in the crossfire of my family's troubles. I understand if it weren't for some fluke discovery, you would have died of this meteor virus.

CLARK

I...don't really remember much of it, Lex. We were hiding beneath the pool table and the next thing I remember is waking up at home in bed.

LEX

I awoke tied to a chair with police asking me why Professor Carlson's glowing green body was lying on my floor.

CLARK

What did you tell them?

LEX

The truth: that I had no idea what happened. They seemed to have a bit of trouble with me being an innocent victim in all of this.

CLARK

I wonder what did happen?

LEX

The security tapes weren't much of a help.

CLARK

Security tapes? Lex, I didn't know you had security cameras.

LEX

Yeah, I had them put in last year. Relax, Clark. You look like you got your hand caught in the cookie jar.

CLARK

What did the tapes from last night turn up?

LEX

Nothing. It's as if they were magnetically erased. Part of Carlson's scheme, I imagine.

Jonathan and Martha enter with groceries.

MARTHA

Lex, how are you?

JONATHAN
How's your head?

LEX
Still bald.

Jonathan chuckles dryly.

LEX (CONT'D)
Mr. and Mrs. Kent, I apologize that
Clark got caught up in my family's
problems.

MARTHA
Well, you can't choose your
parents, Lex.

LEX
(Looking at Jonathan)
I know, but most people think the
apple doesn't fall far from the
tree.

Clark shoots Lex a glance.

CLARK
Where did you hear that?

LEX
It's an old saying, Clark. For
some reason it was in my head when
I woke up tied to the chair. Take
care.

Lex leaves.

JONATHAN
What is it, Clark?

CLARK
Nothing. Just startled me, what
Lex said, it's about fathers and
sons really, isn't it?

JONATHAN
Life is about fathers and sons a
lot of the time, Clark. At least
in this family.

CLARK
I feel bad that there's nothing I
could do for Bruce. He's got no
one now.

JONATHAN

On the way to the high school he told me how lucky we all are, Clark.

MARTHA

All the money and swiss boarding schools in the world couldn't change that.

CLARK

I wonder where he went. What's he going to do now that he finally has his revenge?

JONATHAN

You never know, Clark. You may see Bruce again someday, or you may not. What I do know is there's a fence that needs repairing in the back 40, so finish up your homework.

Clark grins at Jonathan, and we

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A motorcycle stops at a 3-way intersection. The RIDER looks at a sign in front of him: a left arrow to Metropolis 68, right arrow to Chicago 324 and Gotham 512. Across the road, a TRAIN rumbles by in the direction of Gotham. The CAMERA ZOOMS into an open boxcar to find Bruce sitting in the boxcar with a knapsack. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the train as it fades into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE