

METROPOLIS

1.01 "PILOT"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS - SKYLINE - NIGHT

OPEN on an eerily siren night, tall skyscrapers that once stood tall and stood within the dark sky now stands leaning and burning.

PAN through broken windows and crumbled half destroyed buildings. Drift through a pillar of smoke and half destroyed rubble of once tall buildings.

RISES up to the half destroyed Daily Planet globe that now hangs only by a mere thread it seems.

It's a scene of chaos and destruction. No hope. SIRENS and cries of pain and angst can finally cut through the night as life just suddenly breath into the city.

EXT. METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

We see the city sprawling out beyond the rooftops.

Arm down, past down past a woman in black leather with flowing almost whitish blond hair sprawled over her features, she doesn't look good hanging through a broken window.

Lingers on her twitching finger as half torn leather gloves loosen grip on a bo staff she was desperately clutching.

As her head drops, almost lifeless hair falling to hide her features, down, into an alley where we picks up a BOY of about seventeen.

He's running for his life.

We move with him through alleys, over fallen bodies and debris. He trips over a body.

CLOSE IN on his frightened and too wide brown eyes. WIDENS to show his face, smeared with blood.

Dirty. Bruised. His lips split and bleeding.

PANS out to reveal he looks as if he just stepped out of a war zone with a tattered black tee shirt and the jeans of his left pant leg is completely torn off.

He's brunette, sad brown eyes, tall and lanky. Awkward teenage phase with glasses - one lens pretty much cracked and useless.

This is NATHAN MICHAELS.

FRIGHTENING LOUD CRASH OVER HEAD.

ON Nathan as he pushes himself up with a pained groan, staring at the dead body he fell over and turns abruptly looking up.

NATHAN'S POV:

An arch of RED ENERGY that can only be described as focused and concentrated heat, slam into the building - SHATTERING through it. The building goes up in an EXPLOSION of fiery heat and flames.

BACK TO SCENE

The force of it throws Nathan off his feet.

He rolls out of the alley sliding to a halt with a painful outcry as he grabs his side, bleeding with a shard of debris embedded.

TIGHT ON HIS PAIN.

SLOW MOTION: Flaming Debris runs down as large chunks of the building start to make their descent down onto the streets below. Nathan rolls and it's futile as it's impossible for him to escape in time.

A RED STREAK WITH CRACKLING ELECTRICITY CUTS THROUGH THE STREETS AND NATHAN IS GONE WITHIN A FLASH. FOLLOWS THE STREAK AS IT CUTS THROUGH THE STREETS.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

On Nathan as he stumbles onto the highway and quickly turns around still holding his side disoriented and shaken.

ON the FLASH as he stand before him heroically and nods to him.

FLASH
Get to safety.

And with that he was gone in a flash of red streak.

Nathan can only stare. His eyes tight on the city as pillars of smoke and figures too far away are seen flying down from the heavens, it seems, onto the city.

More red beams of energy striking out in all directions from a source soaring to fast to be seen seemingly combatting the multiple forces raining down onto the city.

Tight on Nathan as he drops to his knees.

NATHAN

(broken)

This is all my fault... my fault.

ZOOM in slow on this brown eyes as the reflection of the city can be seen burning in their reflection as we travel closer and closer forcing a...

BLACKOUT:

PULL back from the darkness to find ourselves staring at a darkened window pane, the reflection of a sleeping form reflected within it's dark surface.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOME - NATHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TIGHT ON Nathan's features as his eyes SNAP OPEN and he jolts upright in bed. Sweating and looking bewildered.

He looks around his dark room. Afraid. And on his fear we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALLVILLE CEMETERY - NIGHT

TITLE OVER: SMALLVILLE, KANSAS

TIGHT ON a Gravestone that reads:

*Jonathan Kent
May 22, 1965 - April 20, 2015
Beloved husband and loving father*

PULL BACK to reveal CLARK KENT. Baby face features, cute and adorable. Pain stricken and blue eyes red with contained tears.

Flannel and jeans wearing with worn work boots. His hands clasped together before him. A kid who just lost his everything.

The sounds of "FALLING APART" BY MATT NATHANSON can be heard in the background.

For the longest moment Clark stands there silently, just staring at the tombstone. He closes his eyes a moment and lets out an audible breath.

NATHAN
(broken)
This is all my fault... my fault.

CLARK
(softly)
I won't let you down dad.

He pauses for a BEAT.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I will make you proud... I promise.

Close in on his determined features as he steps down on a knee and places a hand on the tombstone, with his hands on his head.

The silhouette of MARTHA KENT watches silently and solemnly from the old pick up in the background

HOLD ON the sad and solemn moment as we drift upwards to the clear blue sky as we--

FLASH OUT:

OVER BLACK.

MAN (V.O.)
Freeze! Freeze! Police!

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - SUICIDE SLUMS - NIGHT

OPEN on a puddle of water. Small droplets dribble down into it. Slowly, the water starts to ripple and finally a worn sneaker drops down into it - SPLASHING water into the lens.

PAN UP to a fence. Fingers come into sight grabbing the edge as a man pulls himself up.

He's brown skinned and handsome, tough yet vulnerable looking. Close cut black hair and brown eyes. As he drops down into the puddle we see he's in uniform.

This is Officer PETE ROSS. Newest rookie cop to the force.

He takes off after the perp. A large white man with a bald head, muscular and looking like he could bench press Pete with his pinky.

Pete doesn't draw his gun, instead he only kicks it up a gear. Legs moving faster and panting as he jumps forward onto a dumpster and onto the large man's back.

He wraps his arm around his neck, trying to put him in a choke hold.

Hands grab Pete's arm and toss him over like he's nothing. He lands onto his back painfully hard, lets out a groan. His eyes widen as he rolls out of the way, barely missing being stomped.

He jumps up and sends out a killer front jab to the guy's nose which only causes his head to jerk back. The guy snarls as blood dribbles from his nose.

He wipes it away slowly, then turns his head to Pete.

PETE
Crap.

On another fence, as there's a yell and Pete comes crashing through it. The man can be seen retreating, as Pete lays there possibly seeing floating birds as he groans.

He moves a hand to his head and drops his head back. Allowing his eyes to drift close as DARKNESS overtakes the screen.

MAN (V.O.)

This is why you don't leave your more experienced partner behind, rookie.

He laughs.

Pete groans as he allows his eyes to open. Standing above him is...

JIM HARPER. Upper 20s, blue eyes and brown hair. Not too bad on the eyes, with an easy smile. He offers Pete a hand and pulls him up, patting him on the back.

He grins after a moment of inspecting his face.

JIM

Yeah, that's gonna leave a bruise, my friend.

(beat)

Back to work. Bad guy to catch.

Jim grins, then takes off.

Pete lets out a pained breath and bends over, gripping his knees and looking exhausted before he shakes his head and grabs his flashlight.

He pulls himself up from the ground and following his partner.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NEXT MORNING

A greyhound pulls up down the street of the bustling and busy Metropolis and comes to a halt before the front of the Daily Planet.

Standing tall and proud as one of the tallest buildings within the city.

Passengers tart to pile out and among them is the out of place and far from Clark Kent.

He steps through the thinning crowd and bumps and stumbles into the busy morning residents who give him rude looks, causing him to avert his gaze.

He turns around, looking a bit lost and unsure is an understatement.

FEMALE VOICE

Watch it. Watch out. Out of the way. Oh god, can you be any more slow?

Clark turns toward the voice and is surprised as a woman with shoulder length brown - almost black hair and blue eyes comes crashing into him.

She's sassy, interesting and very confident, while clearly on the move. She looks over her shoulder and turns, scowling toward Clark.

This is LOIS LANE.

LOIS

Er... hello... farmer and the abercrombie model. I would so ask for the number but Im' kinda being hunted down by a pissed off client, so bye.

She snatches a pen from her jacket and grabs a startled Clark's hand, writes down her name and number.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Lose the whole farm boy thing and you may have a chance.

With that, she runs past him just as a large, black man who looks pissed catches up, leaving Clark looking dumbfounded. He smile a little, as he looks down at his hand.

MAN

Did a woman come through in a hurry?

Clark gives him a bit of a disapproving look and then shrugs.

CLARK

A look of women look like they're kinda in a hurry... sorry.

With a friendly, obviously forced smile, Clark turns and walks off.

FOLLOW him as we drift up to an intimidating and magnificent building that stands clearly as the tallest and most attention grabbing building.

The words LANG ENTERPRISES in white against the front with a scientific helix looping the words, stands atop the building.

Beside the building stands a gold statue of THOMAS LANG himself.

Clark stops to stand before it and stares up at it almost longingly, as he eyes gaze over in remembrance.

FLASH TO:

INT. SMALLVILLE HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

TITLE OVER: THREE YEARS AGO

An eighteen year old Clark Kent stands at his locker unable to look away from a beautiful sight before him. His attention seems to be almost transfixed by a presence coming his way.

REVERSE PAN to find a beautiful brunette who just seems to glow with radiance.

Tan skin, leggy and dressed casually with her long hair in a high ponytail. She's amazing and she is the object of his obsession.

She is LANA LANG.

She moves with a physics book clutched to her chest and seems to not even notice that half of the guys seems to stop what they were doing just to take a glance.

She looks up as if coming out of her own daze and turns her head smiling a smile to stop any man's heart.

LANA

Hi Clark.

She smiles more and her attention turns to Pete Ross in his football jacket and his buddies. He waits for her at the end of the hall. She looks to Clark as if she wants to say something, and then only touches his arm.

LANA (CONT'D)

Have a good life Clark. You're more special than even you know, okay?
Don't be afraid to live.

She smiles sweetly and turns, moving to Pete and kissing him hello as he wraps his arm around her.

PETE
(slowly, unsure)
What was that about?

Lana shrugs, and looks at him as if he was being silly.

LANA
He just seems so... alone.

ON CLARK as he can only watch the love of his life walk away with another man. On his disappointment, we--

FLASH TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Looking down from the building, Clark sighs and moves on. Places his hands in his pockets and mends into the morning rush.

On two females. A fiery redhead and a pale girl with electric blue hair. They both look shady and dressed in leather.

Both look up at the Daily Planet, then grin as they move inside, disappearing into the chaos of bust reporters coming and going.