

SMALLVILLE

"Devoted"

Episode #2T5203

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"Devoted" - Shooting Draft - 8/5/04

SMALLVILLE

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Episode #2T5203

CAST

Clark Kent
Lex Luthor
Lana Lang
Jonathan Kent
Martha Kent
Chloe Sullivan

Lois Lane
Jason Teague
Dan Cormay
Nate Thompson
Mandy
Rhonda
Player #1
Cheerleader #1
Cheerleader #2

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SETS

INT.

Kent Farm - Kitchen
 - Loft
 - Barn
Luthor Mansion - Secret Room
Talon - Apartment
Smallville High - Corridor
 - Locker Room
 - Torch
 - Swimming Pool
 - Weight Room
 - Boiler Room

EXT.

Kent Farm
Smallville High
 - Practice Field
 - Bleachers *
 - Football Field

"Devoted"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY 1

A football SNAPS into the taped hands of a QUARTERBACK with a dusty POP. Immediately, OFFENSIVE and DEFENSIVE PLAYERS in helmets, pads, and practice jerseys

CRASH AND CRUNCH

into each other. The quarterback sidesteps a sack attempt and throws a beautiful SPIRAL that connects with a WIDE RECEIVER in the end zone.

JASON

Nice throw, Cormay. Way to find your man.

REVEAL JASON pacing on the sidelines. As he walks back to confer with HEAD COACH QUIGLEY (45), he passes CLARK, who sits on the bench with a few other SECOND STRINGERS, helmet in hand, waiting for his chance to play.

MANDY

All right, Dan! Looking good, baby!

Clark looks over at a small gaggle of CHEERLEADERS watching the scrimmage from the sidelines. MANDY is their sexy leader. Jason blows his WHISTLE.

JASON

Okay, guys, take five. Get hydrated.

He notices Clark on the bench and goes up to him.

JASON

How you holding up, Clark?

CLARK

(sarcastic)

Loving the view from the bench.

JASON

Listen, I talked to Coach Quigley about you, but he's old school. He believes that he's got a squad that works this year.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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1A.

1 CONTINUED:

1

JASON (cont'd)

(beat)

Just hang in there for me, okay?

(CONTINUED)

He slaps Clark on the shoulder with his playbook and walks off. Clark is not reassured. As Dan jogs up, removing his helmet, the wide receiver, NATE THOMPSON, catches up, still holding the football. They exchange a cool handshake. *

DAN
Sweet catch, dude. *

NATE
(cocky) *
It's all about you and me this year. *

Mandy runs up and kisses Dan on the cheek. He reacts coldly. *

DAN
Give it a rest, Mandy. =

MANDY
Sorry.
(beat)
So what are we doing Saturday night?

DAN
"We" aren't doing anything. I'm
hanging out with Nate and the guys. *
Didn't I tell you?

He clearly didn't.

MANDY
(feigning)
It's okay. I just want to make you
happy.
(beat)
I got you a drink.

She hands him a clear plastic SPORTS BOTTLE. As he takes a sip of the GREEN SPORTS DRINK,

CAMERA BULLETS INTO HIS MOUTH,

following the glimmering liquid down his throat. The green juice glows and CRACKLES as it's absorbed into his system. When the CAMERA comes back out through his eye, Dan's whole demeanor has changed. He looks at Mandy with blind devotion.

DAN
You know what? Screw the guys. I
want to be with you Saturday night.

Mandy was clearly expecting this change. She smiles as she tests this new, malleable boyfriend of hers.

(CONTINUED)

MANDY

Why wait 'til Saturday when we can
go shopping now?

DAN

Whatever you want, baby. I'll hit
the showers.

(CONTINUED)

As Dan heads for the school, Mandy makes eye contact with the other cheerleaders: a subtle nod that says, "It worked." All of the girls hold sports bottles. As Dan passes Jason --

JASON

Hey, the field's this way, buddy.

DAN

I'm taking Mandy shopping.

JASON

You're what?

DAN

I need to spend more time with her. * =

JASON

You're not seriously doing this.

Mandy sidles past Dan. *

MANDY

I'll be in the car, baby. *

As she walks off, Jason watches her for a moment, incredulous. *
When he turns back, Dan has stepped up into his face. *

DAN

Are you checking out my girlfriend?

JASON

What are you talking about? *

Dan stares him down for a beat, then turns away. Jason grabs him by the arm. *

JASON

(quiet but firm) *

You walk off this field, Cormay, you might not be starting on Friday. *

Dan ignores the threat and walks off. Jason is stunned. *

JASON

(so Dan can hear) *

Okay, Kent! A spot just opened up. *
Let's see what you got. *

Clark knows something's up, but he doesn't question Jason. *
He grabs his helmet and runs out onto the field as Nate jogs up alongside him. *

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

NATE

Don't get too comfortable out there, Clark.

Nate jogs ahead, leaving Clark to feel unwelcome.

1A EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

1A

Clark takes the SNAP and steps back into the pocket as the LINEMEN crush and collide. A massive 240-pound DEFENSIVE TACKLE ram-plows through the offensive line, nostrils flaring, but Clark avoids the rush and throws a perfect

FORTY-YARD SPIRAL

that connects with a RECEIVER (not Nate) in the end zone.

JASON

Nice throw, Kent! Keep it up.

OFF Clark, smiling, affirmed...

1B OMITTED

1B

2 INT. LOCKER ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

2

Jason sits on a bench, alone, slipping into a white T-shirt, when suddenly he hears something other than the dripping of showers -- FOOTSTEPS. He turns to squint into the nebulous steam rolling out of the shower room just as the

GLEAMING METAL OF A SHOTGUN BARREL

emerges. He dives to the floor as a GUNSHOT BLAST TEARS into the bench, SHREDDING the wood in an explosion of splinters.

DAN

I'm gonna teach you to stay away from my girlfriend, Teague.

Dan materializes out of the steam, hatred flashing in his eyes. He pumps the shotgun and aims again. Jason scrambles off the ground and out of the way as another SHOT tears into the wall of lockers behind him.

Jason runs between lockers, looking back as Dan rounds the corner, FIRING shot after shot. Frantic, Jason runs up against a wall of sinks and mirrors, trapped with nowhere to go. He spins to find Dan casually levelling the gun at him.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Dan, put down the gun, let's talk about this.

DAN

Too late. Game over, Coach.

Suddenly, the doors BURST OPEN and Clark SUPERSPEEDS into the room just as Dan FIRES the gun. *

IN CLARK-TIME: *

As Clark tackles Jason to the floor, a swarm of shotgun pellets scatter-sprays past them and into the mirror. The mirror SHATTERS into countless sparkling shards of glass that hail over them as Clark turns his attention to Dan and *

REAL-TIME RETURNS.

Furious, Dan pumps the shotgun and aims again. But Clark focuses twin spires of shimmering HEAT VISION at the weapon, producing a MOLTEN-RED GLOW that sizzles up the barrel, scalding Dan. He drops the weapon, and as it hits the floor, *

THE GUN EXPLODES, *

throwing Dan backward into a row of lockers and to the floor, where he lies, unconscious. OFF Clark, sheltering Jason... *

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2A INT. APARTMENT - TALON - NIGHT

2A *

Moonlight streams in through a window as CAMERA FINDS LANA and Jason sitting on the bed. She pours alcohol onto a cloth and is about to dab a cut on his bared shoulder when he winces. *

LANA *

I haven't even touched it yet. *

JASON *

Just practicing. *

LANA *

Good. Because this is really deep. *

She touches the cloth to his wound. Jason absorbs the pain. *

JASON *

Believe me, if Clark hadn't tackled me out of the way, it would hurt a lot more. *

(beat) *

Never seen anyone move that fast. I've seriously got to get him off the bench. Of course, that won't be a problem now. Do they still expel students for taking pot shots at coaches? *

He looks at her, clearly trying to lighten the mood. *

LANA *

This isn't funny, Jason. Imagine being your girlfriend and hearing about this from Chloe. Suddenly I felt faint and wanted to scream, but I couldn't, because why would Lana be freaking out over the new assistant coach? *

Jason recognizes how hard this has been on her. *

JASON *

This is the part where I should spring for a massive bouquet of flowers or take you out for a nice dinner. *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

2A CONTINUED:

2A

JASON (cont'd)

But I can't, because I've been cut off by my dad for following my heart rather than the big bucks of business school.

He takes her hand.

JASON

I really need this job, Lana. It's something I love. It works with my college schedule. And it lets me be close to you. The only down side is that we have to stay under the radar. And for that I'm sorry.

Lana smiles, leans in, and kisses him.

LANA

It's just, I've never been happier, and to not be able to share that is frustrating.

Jason gives her a devilish grin.

JASON

Please, take your frustration out on me.

As they kiss...

2B EXT. SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

2B *

Lois barrels up in her MUSTANG and parks. As she climbs out, she's talking rapidly on her cell phone.

LOIS

No, I've already spoken to them.

(listens)

I've spoken with them, too. Trust me, I've gone through all the right channels on this, and I'm telling you all roads lead to you...

(reads something penned onto her palm)

...Darlene.

She enters the school.

3 INT. CORRIDOR - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

3

Lois heads down the crowded hall, still on her cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

Well, can you please tell the Dean there's been an egregious error? I belong in Metropolis University, not walking the halls of Podunk High. I'm sure we can work this out if he'll just call me back. Thank you. *

Frustrated, she hangs up and opens her locker as Clark approaches, wearing a letterman's jacket.

CLARK

You know, if you spent as much time studying as you do trying to get out, you'd be gone already. =

LOIS

Where'd you get that pearl of wisdom? The Farmer's Almanac?

She turns and sees Clark in his letterman's jacket. She just stares at him for a beat. *

CLARK

What do you think?

LOIS

Not really your colors.

CLARK

They're the school colors.

LOIS

I'm glad you made the team, Clark, but why be a conformist? At least the whole farmboy plaia look, as lame as it is, completely belongs to you.

CLARK

In the future, why don't we restrict our conversation to hello and goodbye?

LOIS

Come on, Smallville. Do you really want to be one of them?

She indicates an entourage of Football Players in letterman's jackets and Cheerleaders in uniforms rounding a corner. The Football Players all carry armloads of books and have PURSES and pastel BACKPACKS slung over their shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

THE GIGGLING GIRLS

are empty-handed. Everyone's paired up girl/boy. Nate dotes on his girlfriend RHONDA as the troupe stops in front of some lockers. Boys open locker doors. Books, bags, and purses change hands. Nate holds a compact mirror for Rhonda as she applies some lipstick. Lois is incredulous.

LOIS

Where am I? Some freakish feminist parallel universe?

She shakes her head, exasperated as they head into the...

4 INT. TORCH - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

CHLOE is busy at her computer as Lois and Clark enter.

LOIS

Hey, Chloe, have you seen the way these football players are acting?

Chloe doesn't look up.

CHLOE

Yeah... I noticed one of them unloaded a shotgun in the boy's locker room. I thought maybe we could do a story on it, but my only two reporters are late again.

(looks up)

Oh, hi, it's you.

LOIS

Sorry, I was storming the gates of Metropolis U, trying to get them to change their admissions policy.

CLARK

And I had to get my new jacket. What do you think?

CHLOE

Not really your colors.

CLARK

They're the school's colors.

Chloe rises and hands Lois a notebook.

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

I need you to go to the Medical Center. Apparently our gun-toting ex-quarterback woke up this morning and felt the sting of his second-degree burns. He's been apologizing non-stop.

LOIS

I'm sure he doesn't love the prospects of playing tight end at the Kansas State Boys' Home.

Her phone rings and she picks up.

LOIS

(into phone)
Yes, I'll hold for the Dean.

Lois gives a thumbs up and exits. Chloe turns to Clark.

CHLOE

Okay. I'll go to the Medical Center. You talk to Coach Teague. After all, you were there.

(beat)

Nice save by the way.

CLARK

Listen, Chloe, with football practice, I'm going to have to shift my priorities a little... dial back my time on the Torch.

Chloe tries to hide her hurt and frustration.

CHLOE

Well, it looks like I've got my work cut out for me.

CLARK

I'm sorry.

CHLOE

You know what? Don't worry about it. This is a big deal for you. New starting quarterback, right? That's got to be pretty exciting.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

It is... Although I'm not sure the guys on the team really want me around.

CHLOE

They've been playing together for three years, Clark. You've only been on the team two weeks, and now you're starting. What did you expect, hugs and kisses?

As Clark considers her point...

5 INT. LOCKER ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

5

CLOSE ON A CARDBOARD BOX as the flaps are opened to reveal a stack of SHINY NEW "CROWS" FOOTBALL HELMETS.

NATE

Awesome.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Football Players digging through several such boxes, holding up new PADS, PANTS, and colorful GAME JERSEYS with their names and numbers on the back.

CAMERA FINDS

Clark entering the locker room, ready to change for practice. He's taken aback by the frenzy.

CLARK

What's going on?

No one responds until PLAYER #1 approaches and hands Clark a jersey with a crisp "KENT" emblazoned on the back.

PLAYER #1

You owe me, Clark. I saved it from the toilet.

He nods towards Nate, who smirks, obviously the culprit.

*

CLARK

(to Player #1)

Thanks.

*

Feeling the rejection of this, Clark holds up the jersey and sees something that makes his face fall: A SMALL LUTHORCORP LOGO is embroidered into the sleeve.

*

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Ladies, can I have your attention
for a minute?

(CONTINUED)

Clark turns to see Jason entering with LEX. When he catches Lex's eye, Lex smiles. Clark does not smile back.

JASON

You've obviously found the new uniforms. I'd like to introduce the man responsible for them. Lex Luthor.

Lex breaks away from Clark's gaze to greet the Players.

LEX

Your coaches told me it's going to be a rebuilding year, and I wanted to encourage you to keep at it.

He looks at Clark.

LEX

In my life, I've learned that you can never give up on something that means a lot to you... even when you're coming off a losing season. You keep trying. Because sometimes you just need a fresh start.

Clark is not moved or persuaded. Lex turns to the team.

LEX

So please, enjoy the new uniforms.

As the other Players applaud, Clark goes up to Lex. *

CLARK *

(angry) *

I know what you're trying to do. *
But you can't buy back my *
friendship. *

As he pushes past, heading for his locker, stay on Lex... *

7 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

7 *

CLOSE ON the ball being SNAPPED. Clark fades back, avoiding the oncoming rush and releasing a perfect torpedo that arcs spirals towards Nate, the wide receiver, in midfield. But Nate slows down at the last minute and misses the catch.

CLARK

knows Nate intentionally misjudged the pass. Dejected, he looks over at Jason, who gives him an encouraging nod. As the guys gather around for the huddle, Clark stays strong.

CLARK

Okay, we're going to run a quick slant. I want --

NATE

You know what, Kent? As far as I'm concerned, you don't make the calls.

PLAYER #1

Come on, Nate. Don't do this.

NATE

(to Player #1)
Dan was your captain, man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

NATE (cont'd)

And Kent took his place. So
where's your loyalty? Now, I say
we show Kent a little Red Sea
Special. What do you say? On two.

*
*

ON THE SIDELINES,

Chloe approaches Jason, spiral notebook in hand.

CHLOE

Coach Teague? I'm doing a story
about Dan Cormay for the Torch.

JASON

Can we talk later? I'm in the
middle of practice.

*

CHLOE

I promise, I can do this in like
two seconds.

JASON

I'm sorry, it's going to have to
wait.

*

He moves away from her, focused on the field. Mandy and Rhonda walk up with a large orange WATER COOLER and CLEAR PLASTIC CUPS, which they set on the bench. As Jason pours himself a cup from the cooler, REVEAL it's the same GREEN SPORTS DRINK that Dan drank in the Teaser. Jason turns and is about to drink, when Mandy stops him with...

MANDY

Gee, Coach Teague, I sure hope you
have someone special in your life.

Jason eyes her suspiciously. Mandy is not exactly on the short list of people he wants to talk to right now.

JASON

I'm not sure that's any of your
business, Mandy.

But as he drinks down the sports drink, his demeanor suddenly changes. He loosens up a little, smiles.

JASON

But yeah... there is somebody.

The girls share a secretive giggle.

ON THE FIELD,

(CONTINUED)

Clark takes the hike and steps back to pass, but his LINEMEN open up to allow three big DEFENSIVE TACKLES through. Red Sea Special. Careful not to superspeed, Clark

(CONTINUED)

DODGES ONE SACK ATTEMPT AFTER ANOTHER,

as the Defensive Tackles sail past him. But they've got him
on the run. When he looks downfield, he sees Nate laughing
at him. With no one to pass to, and unwilling to play Nate's
game, Clark runs the ball out of bounds.

JASON

blows his WHISTLE, frustrated with the offensive line.

JASON

Larson! Rogers! What're you,
playing Red Rover out there?
Tighten up your line.

As Clark fills up a cup of the sports drink from the water
cooler, Chloe sees an opportunity. She jogs up to him and
snags the cup out of his hand.

CHLOE

Thanks, Clark. Hey, I know you're
no longer journalistically
inclined, but I need a quick favor.

CLARK

This isn't a good time, Chloe.

CHLOE

(beat)
Right. Priorities.

She drinks the sports drink. Clark shakes his head and runs
out onto the field, and suddenly Chloe's demeanor changes.
She watches Clark with admiration and blind devotion.

CHLOE

Clark...

OFF her smile...

8 INT. TORCH - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY 8 *

Lois is on the phone.

LOIS

(into phone)
Look, you don't understand, I spoke
to the Dean. He told me to call
the Admissions Director.

(listens)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

LOIS (cont'd)

He's out of town for what?

(listens)

No, I guess that really isn't any of my business.

(changes tack)

Come on, Irma. You know where the bodies are buried. Whose palm do I have to grease?

(listens)

No, I wasn't implying bribery, where'd you get that idea? Hello?

She sighs in frustration and hangs up as Chloe walks in, smiling, and drops her notebook in front of Lois.

CHLOE

I need you to run with this psycho quarterback story. Talk to his girlfriend, Mandy. She's one of the cheerleaders.

LOIS

Hi? A little busy trying to spring myself from Mayberry.

CHLOE

Do whatever you want. You're in charge now.

(beat)

I'm quitting the Torch.

That gets Lois' attention.

LOIS

Whoa, wait -- quitting? Why?

CHLOE

For Clark.

Lois shakes her head. She can't believe this.

LOIS

Okay, whoever you are? I want my cousin back. Her name is Chloe Sullivan. She's spunky, self-assured, and she doesn't give up on her dream for some silly teenage romance.

CHLOE

It's not silly. I'm serious. I know why it never worked out with Clark.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

Okay. I'll bite. Why?

*

CHLOE

Because I was never there for him.
Because I was always here, buried
in this stupid school newspaper. I
wasn't devoted to him. But that's
going to change.

*
*
*

She unexpectedly starts taking photos and clippings down from
the Wall of Weird. Lois stops her.

*
*

LOIS

Please stop with the crazy talk.
You can't quit. Because selfishly,
I need the credits. And how many
anvils are you going to let this
guy drop on you?

*
*
*
*
*

Chloe darkens for a moment, offended.

*

CHLOE

You know what's crazy? I actually
thought you'd be happy for me. I
mean, now that Clark and Lana are
finally a thing of the past, I may
have a real chance.

*

(beat)

*

So why are you getting in my way?

*

LOIS

Fine.

*
*

Lois backs off, slightly offended, and grabs the notebook off
the table.

*
*

LOIS

Looks like I'm covering the pompom
beat.

*
*
*

OFF Lois, concerned...

*

9 OMITTED

9 *

10 INT. CORRIDOR - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

10 *

Lois rounds a corner and spots Mandy, Rhonda, and the same
familiar gaggle of Cheerleaders loitering by their lockers
down the hall. She eavesdrops as she approaches.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

RHONDA

Seriously, Mandy. The twenty-four hour mourning period is over. You need a new boyfriend.

MANDY

I'm not taking a step down from Dan and dating some wide receiver, Rhonda.

CHEERLEADER #1

Well, Clark Kent's the new quarterback.

CHEERLEADER #2

Yeah, and he is hot.

MANDY

No decisions. I'll scope him out.

Rhonda spots Lois and darts her eyes to warn the others. Mandy turns. Lois just wants to get this over with.

LOIS

Mandy, right? I'm Lois Lane. I'm doing an article for the Torch on what happened to your boyfriend.

RHONDA

She doesn't want to talk about it.

LOIS

Believe me, I don't really want to write the article, but my cousin dumped it on me, and I need the credits, so...

MANDY

(puts it together)
You're Chloe Sullivan's cousin. The one who flunked out of boarding school.

LOIS

No, actually I just didn't show up.

MANDY

Well, I wouldn't give that geek rag a quote if it was the last paper on Earth.

LOIS

Darn, and I'm sure it would've been so insightful. How about I write one for you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

LOIS (cont'd)

I promise I'll keep all the words
under five letters.

(looking off)

Oh, look, your valets are here.

Mandy turns as Nate and the other Football Players step up.

LOIS

Except... you don't have one
anymore, do you?

MANDY

(snaps her fingers)

I could have another boyfriend like
that.

LOIS

It's amazing what a short skirt and
the ability to rhyme will get you.

As Rhonda grabs her bag off the floor, a few books and
folders fall out. One of the folders spin-slides to a stop
at Lois' feet. Its cover displays the printed title: "The
Love Molecule." Curious, Lois picks it up and opens it.

LOIS

Oh. Advanced Chem. So how many
cheerleaders does it take to draw a
double helix?

Mandy snags the report from her and shoves it in her own bag.

MANDY

You want a quote? "Back off, bitch."

LOIS

Just got my headline.

Mandy turns and walks away with the rest of the group. OFF
Lois, intrigued...

11 INT. LOFT - KENT FARM - NIGHT

11

Clark comes to the top of the stairs and is surprised to see
Chloe sitting on the couch wearing only his football jersey.
Clark looks at her, confused.

CLARK

Chloe, what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

Remember this morning, we talked about priorities? Well, I've been thinking that mine are screwed up. Who needs the Torch? Especially if you're not going to be there.

CLARK

Okay... Still doesn't answer why you're only wearing my football jersey.

CHLOE

Isn't it obvious? I want to make you my number one priority. I'll do anything for you.

She steps up to Clark and backs him towards the couch.

CHLOE

Things Lana wouldn't do. Things to relieve your stress.

CLARK

Like... like... what do you mean?

She reaches down. We don't see it, but clearly she grabs him below the belt. In shock, Clark falls back onto the couch.

CLARK

Chloe, are you sure you're feeling okay?

CHLOE

I've never felt happier.

She gets on his lap, straddling him.

CHLOE

Can't you see, Clark? I'm devoted to you.

As she starts kissing him, OFF Clark, shocked...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. KITCHEN - KENT FARM - DAY

12

Morning light slants in lazily through the windows as Clark comes down the stairs with his backpack, ready for school. He approaches MARTHA, who gathers her things in the kitchen, getting ready to go to the Talon.

MARTHA

Clark, I got all your football gear together, but I can't find your practice jersey.

CLARK

It's... um... in the barn. I'll grab it later. Mom, can I talk to you for a minute?

MARTHA

Of course, honey. What's up?

CLARK

It's about Chloe.

(tentative beat)

She came on to me last night... really strong.

(off Martha's look)

Nothing happened.

MARTHA

I thought you two agreed to be friends.

CLARK

We did. But then she pulled a one-eighty on me. I'm just worried, after everything she went through this summer with the safe house and the trial... she says she's okay, but what if she isn't?

MARTHA

When people go through traumatic events, it forces them to reexamine their lives. Look at you with football. Kind of took us by surprise. Maybe Chloe's decided life's too short to bury her feelings anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

The problem is, I'm not over Lana.
Sometimes I'm not sure I ever will
be.

*
*
*
*

MARTHA

Sweetheart, there's somebody out
there for you. I know it.

*
*

CLARK

(nods; a beat)
What do I do about Chloe?

*
*
*

MARTHA

If you don't feel the same way,
just be honest.

*
*
*

JONATHAN

Honest about what?

With the SLAP of a screen door, JONATHAN enters from outside.
Martha and Clark exchange a confidential glance.

MARTHA

Clark was just telling me about
football.

(looks at her watch)
I've got to get to the Talon. I'll
see you two later.

She exits. Jonathan turns to Clark.

JONATHAN

How's it been going out there?

Clark hesitates, then admits...

CLARK

Not great. Some of the guys have
been giving me a hard time since
they found out I was starting.
Missing my passes...

*
*
*

JONATHAN

No one said it was going to be
easy.

*
*

CLARK

The frustrating thing is, I know I
could score every time, but...

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN
We've talked about this, Clark.
This isn't a situation where your
powers are going to save the day.

*
*
*
*

CLARK
I just said it was frustrating.

*
*

JONATHAN
(understanding)
Look, son, being quarterback means
you're a leader.
(MORE)

*
*
*

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

JONATHAN (cont'd)

And there will always be guys who are going to challenge you for that, especially if they think you haven't earned it. I went through the same thing.

CLARK

I thought your team worshiped the ground you walked on.

JONATHAN

Not when I was a Sophomore. Coach made me starting quarterback, and there were a lot of Seniors who didn't like that.

CLARK

So what did you do?

JONATHAN

Grinned and beared it. Our third game out, I sprained my ankle. I decided to play injured. Threw four touchdowns.

(beat)

I earned their respect.

As Clark takes that to heart...

13 INT. CORRIDOR - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

13

Lana exits a classroom, note in hand, and turns to find Jason waiting for her in the otherwise empty hallway. Concerned, she goes up to him, speaking quietly.

LANA

Is everything okay?

JASON

It is now.

Jason breaks into a smile and pulls her to him in a kiss. She immediately pushes him away, confused as she looks around to see if anyone saw. But the hallway is still empty.

LANA

Okay, whoa, what are you doing?

JASON

It's called kissing my girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

I was talking more in the big picture sense.

She holds up the note, incredulous.

LANA

The lady from the attendance office announced in front of my entire Advanced Lit class that "Coach Teague" needed to see me.

JASON

I'm sorry. I wanted to get you myself, but that's the policy.

LANA

I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but this sudden outburst of spontaneity is strange, even for you.

JASON

It gets better. The team's having a pool party tonight for their girlfriends. I want you to come.

He smiles flirtatiously and leans in for another kiss, but Lana pushes him back.

LANA

Pool party? Jason, I thought we were flying below the radar.

JASON

Well, I've been thinking about what you said... and maybe that should change.

LANA

Look, you've made incredible sacrifices to be with me. I will not cost you your job.

JASON

My job doesn't matter, you do. I just want to make you happy.

LANA

I know, and I love that -- I just think we should discuss this later.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

LANA (cont'd)

As in, not in the hallway, five minutes before lunch. Okay?

JASON

Okay. But can you do me one favor? *

LANA *

That depends. *

JASON *

Come to practice today. Even if you just sit in the bleachers or something. Just so I can see you. *

OFF Lana, touched, but unsure of this change in Jason... *

14 OMITTED

14 *

15 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

15 *

The Cheerleaders practice on the field while Clark and the football team do calisthenics: up-downs, running in place. Jason paces in front of them. He blows his WHISTLE. *

JASON

All right, bring it in and get a drink before scrimmage.

As Clark walks towards the sidelines, he sees Lana sitting in the stands. Curious, he makes his way over to her. *

CLARK

Hey, Lana. What are you doing out here? *

LANA

(covering with a smile) I'd heard Clark Kent was our new starting quarterback. I had to see for myself. *

CLARK

Really? You came out to watch me practice? That means a lot. *

ON THE SIDELINES,

amid the rest of the players, Jason takes a sip of the sports drink as he looks over at Lana.

HIS POV: LANA TALKS QUIETLY WITH CLARK.

(CONTINUED)

Jason's eyes immediately narrow in suspicion and jealousy. He sets his jaw, then downs the rest of the drink.

JASON

Kent! You want to join us or what?

LANA AND CLARK

continue their conversation. Clark smiles, reading Jason's changed attitude as sarcasm.

CLARK

I should go.

LANA

Looks like the new assistant coach is working you pretty hard.

CLARK

Nah, he's pretty cool, actually. See you, Lana.

As he walks off, he's intercepted by Lois.

LOIS

Okay, what did you do to my cousin? She's freaking me out. *

CLARK

I didn't do anything. She's hitting on me. *

LOIS

Well, you obviously sent some kind of signal that you were interested. *

CLARK

Lois, I've got my first big game on Friday and I'm really trying to make a good impression here. Can we talk about this later?

CHLOE

Hi, Clark!

They spin around to see Chloe coming out onto the field, dressed in a cheerleading outfit.

CHLOE

Surprise!

Lois and Clark are dumbfounded as Chloe bounds up. *

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
(confused)
Hi... Chloe. What's with the
cheerleader outfit?

Lois just stares.

CHLOE
I found it in the storage closet
and I thought, what better way to
support my favorite starting
quarterback? So I'm trying out!
Now we can be together all the
time.

CLARK
Yeah...

When Chloe turns to Lois, her eyes narrow.

CHLOE
What are you doing here?

JASON
Kent! Some time this year?

Seeing an out, Clark leads Lois a short distance away.

LOIS
Oh, my God, she's taken the fast
train to Stepford.

CLARK
I need you to keep her away from
me.

LOIS
With what, a tranquilizer gun?

CLARK
Look, something's obviously wrong
with her, okay? I just need time
to figure it out.

Lois watches as Clark jogs over to Jason on the sidelines and
pours himself a cup of the sports drink from the cooler. She
shakes her head and goes over to deal with Chloe.

CLARK
Sorry, Coach. It's been kind of a
weird day.

(CONTINUED)

When Clark takes a sip of the drink, he immediately doubles over in pain, feeling the effects of what is OBVIOUSLY KRYPTONITE POISONING, though not enough to disable him.

JASON

What's wrong with you?

As the pain surges through him, Clark leans on the bench.

CLARK

I'm not feeling so great. I have to leave.

He rises with difficulty, but Jason stops him.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

You're going to walk away just
because you feel a little sick?
Maybe I was wrong about you.

CLARK

No, Coach...

JASON

Your team's waiting for you, Kent.
Are you a leader or not?

As Clark recalls his father's words from this morning, he
looks out at his teammates on the field and makes a decision.
As Clark walks onto the field, Jason grabs Nate by the arm. *
* =

JASON

Tell the rest of the guys. You've
got a green light on Kent today.
I've been too easy on him.

Nate loves that. OFF Jason, fueled by jealousy... *

16 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

16 *

Clark takes the SNAP and steps back, a little woozy. As his
LINEMEN open up to allow the defense through, Clark is much
slower on his feet, and with a hard-hitting CRUNCH, he's
sacked by three huge DEFENSIVE LINEMEN. The weakened Clark

VIOLENTLY SLAMS INTO THE TURF

with the Linemen piled on top of him. As they climb off,
laughing, Clark winces in incredible pain.

NATE

How does it taste?!

As Clark rises stiffly...

17 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

17 *

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS, *

Clark takes the SNAP, steps back, and is PUMMELLED

OVER AND OVER AND OVER.

(CONTINUED)

Each time he's slammed back into the turf, it hurts him more and more. Finally, lying on the ground, nauseated and in pain, Clark turns his head to look over at the sidelines.

HIS POV: CHLOE STANDS ON THE SIDELINES, ENCOURAGING HIM.

CHLOE

That's okay, honey!

(NOTE: PLEASE GET REACTION SHOTS OF LANA AND LOIS REACTING TO CLARK BEING TACKLED AND TO CHLOE CHEERING HIM ON.) *
*

Then Clark sees something else: Mandy and Rhonda walking off with the water cooler. OFF Clark as it all comes together... *

18 INT. LOFT - KENT FARM - NIGHT

18

Clark sits with an ICE PACK to his BRUISED ribs, wincing in pain. He hears a CREAK on the stairs.

CLARK

Chloe, if that's you, I'm not feeling very well right now.

He's surprised to see Jason coming up the stairs wearing a hooded sweatshirt, a grim look on his face. Clark rises with some effort, pulling on a button-down shirt.

CLARK

Coach Teague.

JASON

Clark, we need to talk.

CLARK

Yeah. I know this is going to sound strange, but I think there's something in that drink cooler.

Jason isn't interested.

JASON

You should have stayed away from my girl, Kent.

CLARK

What? What are you talking about?

Jason suddenly COLD-COCKS Clark hard in the face, and Clark goes reeling back, BLEEDING from his nose. *

(CONTINUED)

Jason punches the weakened Clark again and again, pushing him back and finally throwing him hard against the loft railing. The wood SPLITS against Clark's weight and he *

FALLS THROUGH THE AIR,

landing with a sickening THUD on the floor below. Jason looks down ominously, then heads for the stairs... *

19 INT. BARN - KENT FARM - NIGHT 19 *

As Clark lies bleeding and barely conscious, Jason descends the stairs with murder in his eyes. He grabs a stevedore hook off the wall and stands over Clark, hefting the weapon in his hand. As he raises the hook above his head, *

SUDDENLY, *

he is grabbed from behind and THROWN face-first into a stall door as the stevedore hook clangs to the side. *

REVEAL LEX. *

Jason shoves him away and runs for the door before Lex can get a look at his hooded face. Lex watches Jason's retreat, then looks to Clark and knows he has to stay. As he rushes to help his wounded friend, Clark begins to stir. *

LEX *

Clark, are you okay? *

CLARK *

Lex...? *

OFF Clark, bruised and bleeding...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. BARN - KENT FARM - NIGHT

20 *

Clark is now sitting on a bale of hay as Lex tends to his wounds using a first aid kit from the house. Clark winces.

LEX

Last time I saw you beaten up this badly, you'd been tossed onto the hood of a car.

*
*
*

CLARK

Yeah. And you promised to stop investigating me then, too.

*
*
*

Lex deflects the comment.

*

LEX

Are you sure you don't want to call the police?

*
*
*

CLARK

(shakes his head)

It's not like either of us got a good look at him anyway.

*
*
*
*

As Lex turns away to go through the first aid kit, a BEAD of iridescent GREEN SWEAT drips off of Clark's nose and falls to the ground, where it GLOWS green. Another drop follows. When Clark looks down at his bruised ribs, he sees --

*
*
*
*

THE BRUISES BEGIN TO SLOWLY DISAPPEAR

before his eyes. Realizing his powers are returning, Clark quickly starts buttoning his shirt so Lex won't see. Lex turns back, ready to apply a butterfly bandage, but he stops, a little confused when he sees Clark's face.

*

LEX

That's odd.

CLARK

What?

LEX

I could have sworn there was a cut above your eye.

(CONTINUED)

Indeed, Clark's face has healed a little, though not enough for Lex to wonder too long. Clark shrugs and stands, no longer terribly sore, and moves a little ways away. *

CLARK
Actually, I'm feeling a lot better all of a sudden.

LEX
Well, you should still have a doctor take a look at you.

Clark shrugs off the suggestion. *

CLARK
I guess I'm lucky you were here.
(a beat)
Why are you here, Lex? *

LEX
I wanted to give you something. *

Clark follows Lex over to the barn's doors. A file box is tipped over on its side where Lex apparently dropped it when he came to Clark's rescue. Lex kneels and begins to put the spilled contents back into the box -- file folders, photos, a handful of data CDs in jewel cases. *

LEX
It's every file I ever had on you. *

Clark is skeptical. *

CLARK
How do I know you don't have copies of all this? *

LEX
You don't. But it's the truth. *

CLARK
Lex, if this friendship is so important, why did you lie to me for so long? *

LEX
I don't know, Clark. There's a darkness in me that I can't always control. I'm starting to think that's my curse, why every relationship I have ends badly. *

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

We all have a dark side, Lex.

LEX

But I can feel mine creeping over the corners. Your friendship helps keep it at bay. It reminds me that there are truly good people in the world. I'm not willing to give up on that.

(beat)

Goodnight, Clark.

Lex exits. OFF Clark, surprised by Lex's sincerity...

21 OMITTED

21

22 INT. TORCH - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

22 *

Clark enters and runs into Lois, who carries a handful of files. *

LOIS

A little overdressed for the pool party, aren't you?

CLARK

I'm looking for Coach Teague. He just attacked me in my loft.

LOIS

After that performance on the field today, I'm not surprised.

(off his look)

Kidding.

CLARK

The cheerleaders are spiking the water cooler at practice. That's why Chloe and the players are acting so weird.

LOIS

Nice work, Smallville. You want to know what they're using?

CLARK

You mean you actually did some investigative reporting?

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

My cousin goes Martha Stewart
without the jail time, yeah,
suddenly the power of the press
interests me. Look what I found.

*

She hands him some transcripts.

CLARK

Mandy and Rhonda did a science fair
project together. So?

*

*

LOIS

So that's our smoking gun.
According to the chemistry teacher,
they researched a hormone called
phenylethylamine.

*

*

*

*

CLARK

(reading; getting it)
Also known as the "love molecule."

*

*

*

LOIS

Exactly.

*

*

CLARK

So it's a love potion.

LOIS

Yeah, but it didn't work.

CLARK
(realizing)
Until they added meteor rock.
Lois, we have to find a way to
reverse the effect.

*
*

LOIS
Well, it must wear off at some
point, otherwise they wouldn't keep
juicing the football players.

CLARK
We can't wait that long. What if
another one goes into a jealous
rage and hurts somebody?

=

A beat. Lois gets an idea.

LOIS
Wait a minute... you drank some of
it, too -- I saw you. How come
you're not going all love slave?

CLARK
I don't know. What's your point?

LOIS
That science report's in Mandy's
faux Prada bag. Presumably it can
tell us how to reverse this, right?
And presumably... you're infected.
(beat)
How do you look in a swimsuit,
Clark?

*
*
*
*
*

OFF Clark, who knows where this is heading...

*

CUT TO:

23 INT. SWIMMING POOL - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

23

The LARGEST FOOTBALL PLAYER in Smallville does a cannonball off the diving board and into the pool, disrupting a game of water volleyball. Drenched girls in bathing suits scream.

A POOL PARTY IS IN FULL SWING.

Girls in bathing suits (mostly Cheerleaders) lounge on towels and dip their toes in the water as their boyfriends (mostly Football Players) give them massages and bring them non-alcoholic drinks. Nate dangles grapes into Rhonda's mouth. Another Player paints his girlfriend's toenails.

LOUD ROCK MUSIC

pumps through a PA system. Here and there, hot young couples make out as CAMERA FINDS Lois and Clark surveying the scene.

LOIS

I had this exact dream. Only there were sharks.

Clark's a little uneasy, mostly due to the fact that he's in swim trunks, a towel around his bare shoulders, while Lois is still fully clothed. She points to Mandy standing with some other Cheerleaders, but with no boyfriend to dote on her. Her bookbag rests on the floor by her feet.

LOIS

Okay, Clark, it's showtime.

Clark takes a deep breath and nods. Lois watches as he makes his way to Mandy's side.

MANDY

Hi, Clark. Welcome to the party.

Clark's nervousness turns to confidence. He kisses her.

CLARK

I've wanted to do that for a long time.

*
*

Mandy is pleased. She eyes the other girls with a smile: She's back in action. She looks at Clark lustily.

MANDY

Come with me.

*

(CONTINUED)

She picks up her bag, slings it over her shoulder, and takes Clark by the hand. ANGLE ON Lois, watching the bag. As Mandy and Clark cross out of the room, Lois follows... *
*
*

23A INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT 23A

Clark and Mandy BURST in, the door closing behind them as they move across the room, passionately kissing. As Mandy presses Clark up against a universal weight machine,

BEHIND HER,

the door opens, and Lois sneaks in, making eye contact with Clark as she hunches down behind a teacher's desk at the front of the room. Mandy still has the bag over her shoulder.

MANDY

Mmmmm, you're so strong.

CLARK

You're so beautiful.

LOIS

(a whisper to herself)
I'm so grossed out.

Mandy seductively guides Clark into a sitting position on the bench press of the universal machine. She straddles him.

MANDY

So, tell me, if you like me so much, what are you going to do for me? *
*

CLARK

Well, I'll... buy you dinner.

Lois rolls her eyes -- how original. Clark notices.

CLARK

Cook. Cook you dinner.

He shoots a look to Lois, who is still unimpressed. She points to Mandy's bag -- get on with it.

As Mandy dives in for more kissing, Clark slides the bag's strap off her shoulder and lowers the bag to the ground. He tries to nudge it away with his foot, slinking down in the bench press seat, as Lois sneaks up behind Mandy.

MANDY

You seem distracted.

(CONTINUED)

Lois stops. *

CLARK
No, I'm... just nervous. *

MANDY
Why? *

Clark's making this up as he goes. *

CLARK
I've never done what I think we're
about to do. *

Mandy smiles, eager, and pulls the bag's strap back over her
shoulder, foiling Lois. She rises, taking Clark by the
hands. Lois is right behind them, frantically dodging this
way and that in search of a hiding place. Finally she *

DIVES *

behind the desk at the front of the room. Mandy leads Clark
towards the desk and eases herself on top of it. Clark
climbs on behind her, reaching again for the bag. *

LOIS *

hides under the desk as Mandy and Clark make noise above her.
She cannot believe what she's gotten herself into. *

Suddenly, Mandy's bag is lowered into frame from above. Lois
takes it. A moment later, Clark's towel also drops down from
above. Lois has now officially had enough. She rises and
backs out of the room, making eye contact with Clark one last
time: She'll be back. She exits. *

24-24A OMITTED

24-24A *

24B INT. BOILER ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

24B *

Lois enters and sets the bag on the floor near the large
FURNACE, searching for the science report. Just as she finds
it, she's CLOBBERED on the shoulder by a WRENCH. Surprised
and in pain, she turns to see Chloe standing there ominously. *

LOIS
Chloe?! What the hell! *

(CONTINUED)

CHLOE

I know what you're up to. I went through the same thing with Lana, and I'm not going to let you do it.

LOIS

Do what?

CHLOE

Steal Clark from me.

Lois can't imagine that. She rises, holding her shoulder.

LOIS

You just hit me in the shoulder with a wrench because you think I like Clark? You're more messed up than I thought.

CHLOE

I'm not messed up. I just want what's mine.

She advances on Lois, raising the wrench to swing again. But Lois suddenly kicks her back. Chloe sprawls against a shelf of janitor's supplies. As they begin to fight...

24C INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

24C

Mandy's on top of Clark. As they continue to make out, Clark eyes the door and looks at his watch. What's taking so long?

MANDY

Getting bored?

CLARK

No.

MANDY

Good. Because I'm just getting started.

She goes back for more. OFF Clark, taking one for the team...

24D INT. BOILER ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

24D

The fight continues as Lois deftly defends herself against Chloe's swinging wrench.

(CONTINUED)

LOIS
Chloe, this is stupid. I don't
want to hurt you.

CHLOE
Too late. You already have.

As she swings again, Lois grabs Chloe in a martial arts
defense move, pulling her arm up behind her back and shoving
her face-first into the furnace. Chloe immediately reacts to
the hot metal surface, SHOUTING in pain.

LOIS
Oh, crap. Oh, sorry sorry sorry.
She turns Chloe around to face her. She is not badly burned.

LOIS
Are you okay? Chloe?
Chloe is dazed. She looks around, confused.

CHLOE
Why are we fighting? Oh, God, I...
Why was I trying to kill you?
Lois realizes Chloe's back to herself, somehow.

LOIS
More importantly, why did you stop?
She looks to the hot boiler, the fire roiling within, and
suddenly she understands. OFF her epiphany...

25 INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

25 *

Mandy backs away from Clark, tugging suggestively at the
bottom of his swimming trunks.

MANDY
So how far do you want to go, here?

LOIS
About right there would be perfect,
thanks.

Mandy and Clark turn to see Lois and Chloe entering.

CLARK
Are you okay, Chloe?

(CONTINUED)

Chloe nods. Mandy is pissed as Clark climbs off the desk and goes to his friend. Mandy realizes she's been set up.

MANDY

I can't believe you, Clark. *

LOIS

Oh, please -- do you know how pathetic it is that you had to resort to chemicals to control your boyfriend?

MANDY

I'm sick of being a distant second to football. =

LOIS

So you created a bunch of psycho nut jobs?

(to Chloe)

No offense.

CHLOE

None taken.

Mandy considers them with disdain. As they continue to talk, Mandy sneaks out of the room, unseen. *

CLARK

(to Lois)

What took you so long?

CHLOE

She was attacked by a crazy plumber.

CLARK

Did you find the cure? *

LOIS

Yeah, we did our own little experiment.

(beat, confessing)

I accidently burned her on the furnace in the boiler room and she snapped out of it.

CLARK

Just like Dan snapped out of it after the gun blew up in his face.

LOIS

Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

So, it's heat.

CHLOE

Wait a second. Where's Mandy?

They look around and see that Mandy is indeed gone.

LOIS

Nice, Clark. You know? You had one thing to do.

CLARK

Me? You're the one standing by the door.

LOIS

Oh, right, that makes it my fault.

CHLOE

Guys?

They turn to see Mandy standing in the doorway.

LOIS

Hey, we were just talking about you.

MANDY

(as she enters)

You're going to wish you never crossed me.

LOIS

Oh, yeah? What are you going to do, cheer us to death?

At that, Nate and three other Football Players enter with baseball bats in hand. As the guys approach, OFF Clark, unable to use his powers in front of so many people...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25A INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - NIGHT

25A

Nate and the Football Players advance as Lois prepares to kick some ass. Clark puts Chloe behind him to protect her. Nate SWINGS at Lois, but she dodges the bat and KICKS him back into a bench press. *

LOIS

Hey, Clark, you got any explosions up your sleeve?

Good idea. Clark looks around and notices a thick HOT WATER PIPE running along the ceiling. Stenciled on the pipe is the warning: "CAUTION: HOT!" Thinking quickly, Clark focuses

TWIN BLASTS OF HEAT VISION

at the pipe, which GLOWS ORANGE-RED and FISSURES at a joint, spraying a thick CLOUD OF STEAM onto Nate and the Players, *

WHITING OUT THE FRAME.

A beat later, as the steam dissipates, Mandy, Nate and the Football Players are lying on the ground, coming to. *

LOIS

(re: steam)

What the hell just happened?

CLARK

I guess that pipe must have broken or something. Pretty lucky, huh?

LOIS

Yeah. You should hope you're that lucky on the field tomorrow.

OFF Clark, relieved...

25B INT. APARTMENT - TALON - DAY

25B

Jason escorts Lana, eyes closed, into the apartment.

JASON

Open your eyes.

(CONTINUED)

When she does so, she's surprised to see PARISIAN POSTERS,
twinkling TRIM LIGHTS, CANDLES, and miniature French FLAGS
adorning the room. A romantic French ballad PLAYS softly.

LANA

Jason...

He leads her to a small BISTRO TABLE, where she is greeted by
her favorite French PASTRIES and a French-press decanter of
hot coffee. Lana picks up a small square napkin that reads:
"Le Petit Cafe Napoleon." She smiles, overwhelmed.

JASON

I had it flown in this morning.
What do you think?

LANA

Slightly excessive, especially
given your current financial
situation. Jason, you didn't have
to do this.

JASON

I know. It's actually a little
embarrassing.
(off her look)
I kind of arranged all of this when
I was still under the influence of
that love cocktail.

LANA

Oh.

He takes her hands in his.

JASON

But here's the kicker. Now that
I'm back to normal, I'm still
devoted to you.

She smiles and kisses him.

JASON

Wait. Do you hear that sound?

LANA

No.

JASON

That's my credit card interest
going up by the second. Let's eat
before this stuff goes bad.

(CONTINUED)

As they sit down...

26 INT. SECRET ROOM - LUTHOR MANSION - DAY

26

Clark enters to find Lex standing in the room, which is now empty except for a COMPACT RECTANGLE OF CRUSHED METAL.

LEX

When they told me Clark Kent was downstairs, I couldn't believe it.

(beat)

I wanted you to see for yourself that the investigation is over.

Clark sees the rectangle of crushed metal.

CLARK

What is that?

LEX

The Porsche you pulled me out of the day we met.

CLARK

Why is it still here?

LEX

To remind me of what I almost lost.

(beat)

It's over, Clark. It really is.

(extends his hand)

I'm willing to give this friendship another shot, if you are.

Clark thinks about it, then shakes his hand.

CLARK

Well, in the spirit of friendship, I was wondering if you could help me with a problem.

LEX

Absolutely. What is it?

CLARK

Actually, it's a who.

(beat)

Lois Lane.

LEX

Let me guess. You like her.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

God, no. I'm trying to get her out of town.

LEX

Very noble. So what were you thinking, we stuff her in the trunk and drive her to the county line?

CLARK

(considers that)

Tempting... but no. I just need you to make a call to Metropolis University.

OFF Lex...

27 OMITTED

27

28 INT. LOCKER ROOM - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

28

Dressed in his new jersey, Clark takes his new helmet out of his locker. As he closes the door, REVEAL Jason.

JASON

You saved my life, and I kicked the crap out of you. Not a good way to get this coach-player relationship off the ground.

CLARK

(smiles)

It's okay.

JASON

If you want to bring this to the attention of the school, I'll understand.

CLARK

You weren't yourself, Coach Teague. I'm just glad it wore off.

JASON

(nods, grateful)

You're going to do great out there today. After everything that's happened, I think the guys are finally behind you.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

He turns to leave.

*

CLARK

Coach, there's one thing I don't
understand.

(CONTINUED)

Jason turns back.

CLARK
In the loft, you said to stay away
from your girl. Who were you
talking about?

Jason looks at Clark, but doesn't reveal a thing.

JASON
Honestly? I have no idea. It's
like you said -- I guess I wasn't
myself.

As he exits, OFF Clark, unconvinced -- PRELAP the SOUNDS of a
FULL STADIUM CHEERING and CLAPPING... =

CUT TO:

29 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY 29

The game is nearly over. The SCOREBOARD reads

HOME: 28 AWAY: 31

with SEVEN SECONDS stopped on the clock. Lana, Chloe, Lois,
and Lex sit together in the stands.

ON THE FIELD,

Clark and his teammates have gathered in a huddle on their
own forty-yard line (60 yards to go). *

CLARK
Okay, seven seconds. We have time
for one play. Larson, Rogers...
you guys got to block like your
lives depend on it. And Nate...
(a beat)
I need you to get open in the end
zone. *

NATE
Are you serious? Can you throw
that far? *

CLARK
(nods)
Can you run that fast? *

(CONTINUED)

NATE

Hell, yeah. Let's do it. *

The guys put their hands together and break the huddle. As they line up, Clark looks to his parents in the stands. He looks to Jason on the sidelines. He crouches for the hike.

CLARK

Forty-two, twenty-nine, hut-hut!

The ball is SNAPPED. As the LINEMEN block with ferocity, Clark steps back into the pocket and surveys the field.

THE CLOCK

ticks down: 7... 6... 5...

IN THE STANDS,

Martha and Jonathan, Lana, Chloe, Lois, and Lex all watch as

ON THE FIELD,

Clark waits, looking downfield for Nate. As the CLOCK ticks to zero, he throws the ball, which sails through the air, an amazing SIXTY-YARD HAIL MARY that lands in Nate's arms in the end zone. Touchdown. Clark jumps up as *

THE CROWD GOES WILD.

But when he looks up into the BLEACHERS, Jonathan gives him a sober nod, knowing Clark used more than human strength. The moment is broken as Clark's teammates mob him joyfully. And he can't help but enjoy the celebration...

30 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SMALLVILLE HIGH - DAY

30

A little later, Clark and Chloe walk out onto the field as the crowd dissipates in the b.g. Clark is showered and dressed after the game. He carries his duffle bag.

CHLOE

A sixty-yard pass to win the big game at the last second -- you're going to be a superhero around here. I may have to write an article about it. *

CLARK

Does that mean you're back on the Torch?

(CONTINUED)

Chloe nods, then...

CHLOE

Since I'm not very good at ignoring
five hundred pound elephants... I'm
sorry I made things ridiculously
awkward for us.

CLARK

(smiles)

I thought you made a great
cheerleader.

CHLOE

Yeah. Let's never speak of that
again. I'd like to blame the
pom-pom juice, but obviously those
feelings are in there somewhere.

CLARK

Chloe, I wish I felt the same way,
but I don't. At least not right
now.

CHLOE

I know. And I accept that. And I
hope we can still have our
friendship, even though you're now
going to be the next big thing on
campus.

CLARK

I figure my editor will keep me in
line.

(off her look)

I'm going to make time for the Torch.

CHLOE

A superhero and a journalist. What
are the odds?

Clark smiles and gives her a friendly peck on the cheek. He
watches as Chloe walks away.

LOIS

If you break her heart, I'll come
back and break your legs.

Clark turns.

CLARK

What do you mean "come back"?

(CONTINUED)

LOIS

Apparently the Dean got a call from
a very prominent benefactor with
the initials L.L. They did the
white man power dance and shazam,
I'm officially a Freshman.

*
*
*
*
*

CLARK

Wow, that's great.

*

LOIS

Don't even pretend you had nothing
to do with this. Why would Lex
call out of the blue on my behalf?

*
*
*

CLARK

The point is you're in, and you're
leaving.

(oops)

Because that's what you wanted,
right?

*
*
*
*
*
*

LOIS

Yeah, yeah, don't get all broken up.

(looks around)

If I had to sum up my time here in
a word, it would be "weird."

Between naked amnesiacs in a
cornfield, extreme makeover girls
gone wild, and the Stepford pompom
brigade, I look forward to the
relative normalcy of the big city.

(beat)

But don't worry, I'll visit.

*
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*

CLARK

Is that a promise or a threat?

*

Lois playfully punches him in the shoulder.

*

LOIS

I'll see you around, Smallville.

*
*

As she walks away, CAMERA CRANES UP, leaving Clark all alone
in the middle of the empty field...

*
*

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW