

Metropolis

"Pilot"

by

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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.

CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS.

We see the (backdrop of the) city sprawling out beyond the rooftops. Arm down, past down past a woman 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 pick 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 warzone 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 lense pretty much cracked and useless.

This is Nathan Michaels.

FRIGHTENING LOUD CRASH OVER HEAD.

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

TRAVELS WITH HIS LINE OF VISION:

An ARCH OF RED ENERGY THAT ONLY COULD BE DESCRIBED AS FOCUSED AND CONCENTRATED HEAT SLAMMED INTO A BUILDING SHATTERING THROUGH IT. THE BUILDING WENT UP IN AN EXPLOSION OF FIERY HEAT AND FLAMES.

The force of it threw Nathan off his feet and rolling out of the alley sliding to a half with a painful outcry as he grabbed his side which was bleeding and had an shard of debris embedded.

TIGHT ON HIS PAIN.

SLOW MOTION:

Flaming Debris ran down as large chunks of the building start to make their descent down onto the streets below. Nathan rolls and it futile as its 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.

CUT TO:

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 could only stare...his eyes tight on the city as pillars of smoke and figures too far away could be seen flying down from the heavens it seem 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
(brokenly)
This is all my fault...my fault.

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

BLACK OUT:

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. MICHAELS 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 1

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALLVILLE CEMETERY - NIGHT.

TAGLINE: SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.

A gravestone.

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 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 and just staring at the tombstone. He closes his eyes a moment and lets out an audible breath.

CLARK
(softly)
I won't let you down dad. (beat)
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 and hands his head. The silhouette of Martha Kent watching silently and solemnly from the old pickup in the background.

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

FLASH OUT:

INTERCUT WITH:

MALE'S VOICE
Freeze! Freeze Police!

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT.

END SONG.

TAGLINE: SUICIDE SLUMS.

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.

PANS up to a fence, fingers coming 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 perk. A large white man with a balled head, muscular and looking like he could bench press Pete with his pickie.

Pete doesn't draw his gun, instead he only kicks it up a gear. Legs moving faster and panting as he jumped forward onto a dumpster and onto the large man's back. He wrapped his arm around his neck trying to put him in a choke hold.

Hands grabbed Pete's arm and tossed him over like he was nothing. He lands onto his back painfully hard letting out a groan his eyes widening 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 cause his head to jerk back. The guy snarled as blood dribbled from his nose and he wiped it away slowly turning his head to Pete.

PETE
(flatly)
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 floaty birds as he groans. He moved a hand to his head and drops his head back. Allowing his eyes to drift close as

DARKNESS overtakes the screen.

MALE'S VOICE
(V.O.)

This is why you don't leave your more experience partner behind rookie. (laughs)

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

Jim Harper. Upper 20s, blue eyes and brown hair. Not to bad on the eyes and with an easy smile. He offers Pete an hand and pulls him up patting him on the back. He grins after a moment inspecting his face.

JIM
Yeah that gonna leave a bruise, my friend.
(pause) Back to work. Bad guy to catch. (grins, and takes off)

Pete lets out a pained breath and bends over gripping his knees looking exhausted before shaking his head and then grabbing his flashlight off the ground and taking off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NEXT MORNING.

A greyhound pulls up down the street of the bustling and busy street of Metropolis and comes to a halt before the front of the Daily Planet which stands tall and proud as one of the tallest buildings within the city. Passengers start 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 gives him rude looks causing him to avert his gaze. He averts his gaze and turns looking 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 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 i'm kinda am being hunted down by an pissed off client so...bye.

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

LOIS

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

With that she ran past him just as a large black man who looks pissed catches up leaving Clark looking dumbfounded and then smiles a little as he looks down at his hand.

MAN

Did a woman come through here...in a hurry?

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

CLARK

A lot of women looks like they are kinda in a hurry...sorry.

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

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 of the building and beside the building stands a yes gold statue of Thomas Lang himself.

Clark stops to stand before it and stares up at it almost longingly as his eyes gaze over in remembrance as we

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. SMALLVILLE HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING. (FLASHBACK)

TAGLINE: 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 seem 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 Lang Lang.

She moves with a physics book clutch 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 buddies. He waits for her at the end of the wall. She looks to Clark as if she wants to say something and then only touches his arm.

LANA

Have a good life clark...you're more special than
even you know okay. Dont 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 seem so....alone.

On Clark as he can only watch the love of his life walk away with another man. On his disappointment as we

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS. (PRESENT)

Looking down from the building Clark sighs and moves on. Placing his hands in his pockets and mending into 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 and then grin as they moved inside disappearing into the chaos of busy reporters coming and going.