

TITLE

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TEASER

FADE IN

EXT. CITY COLLEGE - DAY

It's not your ideal university. It's just a couple of old, diverse but not unattractive buildings along a random city street.

A young man, THE STUDENT(20s) comes down the busy street with his headphones in his ears, entering the building among other students.

Above the doors, "CITY COLLEGE OF METROPOLIS."

INT. COLLEGE - DAY

The Student walks down the old, dingy and dimly lit hallways, still listening to music and following the numbers on the classroom doors.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The Student enters the drab classroom, finding a seat at one of the vandalized, old desks. He leans back, never removing his earbuds. He observes his peers, a diverse group and none of whom he seems to know.

One girl enters completely veiled in black. She is covered from head to toe, all in black. She sits quietly like everyone else.

While The Student notices this girl, his attention is quickly caught by THE PROFESSOR(40s) entering.

THE PROFESSOR

Hello, everybody.

She moves across the classroom to the front. At the lectern, the professor begins unpacking her briefcase.

THE PROFESSOR

I have your syllabus right here.  
Would you please pass this out? And  
here, the attendance, too. Everyone  
sign in, please.

She hands the papers off to a volunteering student.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls out some more papers and comes out from behind the lectern.

THE PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Alright. Hello. Welcome to Political  
Science 1039:

She turns to the chalkboard and scribbles across it.

THE PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Superman and The World.

"SUPERMAN" is sprawled across the green in caps. "In the World" is written in smaller letters underneath.

She turns back around.

THE PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Now. Let me tell you a bit about myself. I'm Dr. Roberta Samson. Please call me either Professor Samson or Dr. Samson -- I worked very hard to get my doctorate in Comparative Politics and I really, really appreciate when that gets acknowledged. So thank you. I've worked at City College for fifteen years and I also work for an organization that does research on military conflicts and war. Um... I'm originally from Gotham and I am also married and have a twelve year old. That's all I've got for now, but you'll learn a lot more about me throughout the semester. And I want to learn a lot about you.

The class just stares back at her. It's a packed room, at this point.

THE PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
So... um, can anyone tell me who...  
or what Superman is? Yes?

She calls on STUDENT 1.

STUDENT 1  
He's an alien from the planet  
Krypton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PROFESSOR  
Yes. That's true. But in the  
political sense, how would you  
describe Superman? Yes?

She calls on STUDENT 2.

STUDENT 2  
Um, well Superman isn't exactly an  
ally to the US and President Crawford  
wants to the change that.

THE PROFESSOR  
Okay. That's... true, also. Anyone  
else? I'm looking for a more precise  
identification. Who is he to the  
world?

STUDENT 3  
He's Superman!

The Professor laughs.

THE PROFESSOR  
And where is his place in the world?  
In our society? Yes?

She calls on STUDENT 4.

STUDENT 4  
Isn't Superman technically considered  
his own sovereign nation? Uh...

THE PROFESSOR  
Yes! You're totally on the right  
track. Superman, in almost every part  
of the world and including the UN, is  
recognized as his own nation with his  
own military force. And what does  
that mean? That means that he gets to  
create his own rules and his own laws  
for which he abides by. So basically,  
he can do whatever the hell he wants.  
Does anyone know when Superman was  
officially recognized as his own  
nation? Go ahead.

She calls on Student 4, again.

STUDENT 4  
Was it 2006?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PROFESSOR

Yes. The Superman State Act that officially recognized Superman as his own state was enacted on April 22th, 2006. Which, not so coincidentally, is also Earth Day. Wonder what the motive was behind that, huh? Does anyone know which two countries do not recognize Superman as a state? Yes?

STUDENT 1

Uh, Russia and China?

THE PROFESSOR

Russia and China. Yes?

Student 4, the most interested has her hand raised again.

STUDENT 4

Isn't Superman sort of considered like an authoritarian?

THE PROFESSOR

Oh, I'm so glad you asked that question! What does the word authoritarian mean?

STUDENT 4

Um, like a dictatorship?

THE PROFESSOR

You have a smart phone? Look it up. Does everyone have a smart phone? If you don't, that's okay, I'm gonna look it up too.

She pulls out her cellphone.

THE PROFESSOR (cont'd)

Alright. I got it. Whose got it? You.

The Professor points at The Student. He is caught off guard.

THE STUDENT

Uh... it's a form of government which enforces strict obedience and little freedom.

THE PROFESSOR

So who thinks Superman is authoritarian?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STUDENT 5

Isn't he inherently authoritarian  
because he can kill any body at any  
time?

THE PROFESSOR

But does he?

No one has an answer.

THE PROFESSOR (cont'd)

By a show of hands, who here thinks  
that Superman is authoritarian?

She observes the confused and unsure vote.

THE PROFESSOR (cont'd)

What do you think?

She points to STUDENT 6 who did not raise her hand.

STUDENT 6

I don't think he is. I mean, he's  
always tried to do what is right and  
stand up for people all over the  
world. He uses his powers for good  
and he's saved so many lives.

THE PROFESSOR

So then why, from the political  
point-of-view, is the world so  
divided over him? That is what this  
course is all about.

STUDENT 4

Professor, do you think Superman is  
authoritarian?

THE PROFESSOR

Forgive me, but I'm not going to give  
my opinion on that... just yet.  
That's moving a little farther ahead.  
But I have another question for you:  
what do you think Superman thinks of  
himself?

Once again, the class quietly stares back with a  
preponderance of inner inquiry.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

CLOSE on the burning tar behind the dirty glass pipe.

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As the cherry brightens, the heroin CRACKLES WITHIN. Smoke fills the interior of the pipe.

The heat vision has turned his pupils completely red and staining the pigmentation of his iris. The flares die out.

The smoke disappears from inside the pipe in a FLASH--

HIS PUPILS SHRINK. The alien blue takes over.

It's CLARK KENT(49) whose lips pull away from the pipe. As he allows the smoke to slowly leave his lungs, his head falls back. He stares out at the city skyline--

A beautiful explosion of warm red and yellow across the soft blue sky. METROPOLIS exudes excitement and opportunity underneath the sounds of the traffic down below.

He leans back further, now staring straight up. Suddenly his whole body levitates slowly off of the steps and gradually up and up--

He lies sloppily back as if in an invisible recliner. He defies gravity, but his clothes do not. He begins sloppily tearing them off.

Not a thing underneath. He rips all clothing off until he is completely naked -- all but the glasses.

He disappears above the skyline.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DUSK

Night falls upon the backdrop of the city's sky scraping skyline.

END COLD OPEN