

Rules of Engagement

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Rated: G

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Summary: An Antiplot or Untwist.

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From “Neverending Battle”

Luthor is already pushing Maurice toward the door. Asabi enters to lead him out. Maurice scrambles to gather his wares, exits. Luthor now turns toward the door that leads out to his balcony, waits. A shadow falls into the room.

LUTHOR: “Come in, Superman.”

Superman steps into the light, strides without hesitation to Luthor’s desk. He has a look of fierce determination in his eyes we’ve never seen before.

SUPERMAN: “You want to know how strong I am, Luthor?”

Superman picks up a magnificent, pear-shaped diamond from Luthor’s desk. He holds it between his hands and CRUSHES IT TO DUST

SUPERMAN: “You want to know how fast I am?”

In the blink of an eye, SUPERMAN IS ACROSS THE ROOM in Luthor’s face.

SUPERMAN: “You want to know how vulnerable I am?”

Superman pulls a Damascan steel sword from its wall mounting and plunges it into his own chest. The METAL CRUMBLES Luthor stands his ground.

LUTHOR: “Does that conclude your demonstration?”

SUPERMAN: “The tests stop now.”

Superman turns to go.

LUTHOR: “That would be nice. But what if they don’t?”

SUPERMAN: “Make it happen.” His tone makes it clear this is a threat.

LUTHOR: “Me? I admit nothing. However, let’s assume that these tests continue. You can’t be every place at once, Superman. As long as you stay in Metropolis, innocent people will die. Are you willing to accept that responsibility? If I were you, I’d think about it.”

Luthor turns and starts to leave. Superman blocks his way.

Superman: “I’ve thought about it. See I’m fast, really really fast.”

Superman picks up Luthor and hurls him at the sky at great speed. Luthor smothers a scream. He will not let that, that “alien” see weakness.

Superman: “After a great deal of consideration I’ve decided that changes the rules of engagement.”

Superman lands on a sandy shore of a small bay surrounded by palm trees. He releases Luthor who stumbles and catches himself.

Superman: “Welcome to your new home.”

Superman disappears in an upward blur. Almost before the blur fades another blur appears. Within minutes a large hut and a storehouse appear.

Superman: “All the comforts of home, courtesy of LexMart.”

Luthor: “You’ll never get away with this!”

Superman: “I know. While this island is rather off the beaten path, you’ll be found. In a year or two or three or twenty. I’m betting your, shall we say less public, activities need your firm hand on the rudder. By the time you’re found the whole world will know what I know. In which case I’m not sure how eager you’ll be

to return to Metropolis.”

Superman slowly rises upward, smiles, waves.

Superman: “Bye now.”

THE END