

FOLC4EVERNADAY PRODUCTIONS



Description: The second piece of the *Shattered* trilogy. We explore what Lois Lane's thoughts were as she waited for Clark Kent to arrive at the movie theater on the heels of Dan Scardino hinting his interest in her.

PG

Fragments

Folc4evernaday (folc4evernaday@gmail.com) | Rated: PG

<< “Lois, I want you to go out with me!”>>

<< “ It's been over a week since our first date...and...our first kiss. And...you haven't said a word about it. It's like...it never happened.”

“Lois, I'm sorry if it feels like I've been ignoring you lately, but...”>>

<< “What would you say if I asked you out sometime?”

“Are you asking me out?”

“I didn't say that. I said what would you say if I did?”

“I don't know.”>>

<< “Looks like you have some choices to make.”>>

Lois stared at the faceless crowd that exited the theater, searching for the familiar frame of her partner in the crowd. She was running late. Though instead of finding her...Clark. She wasn't sure what to call him anymore.

Partner?

What did you call someone you used to be practically joined at the hip with only to have them become so distant they become almost a stranger?

She frowned, staring at the line in front of the theater and then searched the parking lot once more. He wasn't here. Clark—always leaves twenty minutes early for everything—wasn't here. She frowned recalling the conversation from earlier.

He said he was going to meet her at the theater.

<< “So, uh... You want to catch a movie or something?”

“Yeah. That would be nice. Something funny.”>>



<<“I need to know if I’m yesterday’s news.”>>

<<“I don’t know.”>>

<<“I mean, we work together. What happens if...you know...it bombs?”

“We’ll always be friends.”>>

<<“Liar! You are so attracted to me.”>>

<<“Don’t fall for me, Farmboy, I don’t have time for it.”>>

He said he would meet her here. She frowned, and looked at her watch, seeing the minute hand tick closer and closer to ‘7:00.’ She looked toward the road leading to the intersection where the theater was. There were no blue and red lights, signaling a wreck or traffic that could have delayed him.

She self-consciously tugged at her skirt, uncertain what to think as she stood in front of the theater, searching the crowd for the face that had yet to appear. A flood of emotions began to fester inside her, threatening to bubble to the surface and give away her inner doubts.

<<“To our almost first date.”>>

<<“Looks like you have some choices to make.”>>

<<“What would you say if I asked you out sometime?”>>

<<“But everything seemed to just...‘work.’ That’s why I can never see you again.”

“Lois?”>>

<<“Oh, Clark, I don’t care if he used ‘Crazy Glue’ you’re back!”>>

<<“You slammed the door in my face last night.”

“That was amistake.”>>

She let out a long sigh, staring at the time. Seven minutes until the movie started. Should she get in line or try and wait him out. Most showings had plenty of



commercials to fill the time, so she wasn't at risk of missing the movie, but still, she couldn't help but wonder what was taking him so long.

He said he would meet her here.

She still wasn't sure what to call tonight. Was it a date? Was it two friends hanging out after a long week? She let out a sigh, running her hand through her curled hair, unsure what to think.

It seemed every force had conspired to do everything to keep her and Clark from having their first date. First Lex then the inner doubts that plagued her threatened to prevent her from taking the risk. It still almost never happened until she'd found herself faced with the unwelcome feelings of jealousy when Mayson Drake had tried to plan a date with him right in front of her.

She hadn't liked the woman from her first meeting, but she would never have wished death on her. These past few weeks, watching Clark take Mayson's death as a personal failure she wondered just how close the two of them had been.

She didn't like the woman.

She hadn't been willing to admit what the feelings were when she first went toe to toe with Mayson but now she could comfortably identify it as the green-eyed monster of jealousy. She was jealous of Mayson Drake. She didn't like the idea of losing Clark to anyone—especially someone that couldn't appreciate the hard work it took to nail a good story.

The jealousy had remained at bay for months until she'd been forced to face the feelings that had been buried deep inside her since her almost-wedding to Lex. Losing Clark or almost losing him had been the turning point for her, leaving her vulnerable and at a loss for what to do with her newfound feelings of inadequacy. Then came the question she never thought would come from him.

He asked her out.

He patiently waited for an answer.

He planned a romantic evening for the two of them, and she ruined it.

He calmed her fears.



He kissed her.

Then everything changed.

<< “The last thing she said to me was ‘resurrection.’ What was she trying to tell me?”

“Maybe you’d like a few moments alone,”>>

<< “Forget the date part. Maybe we could do it another time.”

“Well... maybe we could say it's our ‘almost first date.’ Kind of like a test run?”>>

<< “Fortunately there are no doors here tonight.”

“Fortunately...”>>

<< “Agent Scardino just dropped by to uh... chat about the case.”

“It must have been some chat for you to need a shower.”>>

<< “Looks like you have some choices to make.”>>

<< “You know if you think about it, the only time people are really honestly expressing themselves is when they’re passionate...the polite veneer of society drops away...like when they’re fighting...”

“...or make love,”>>

<< “What is with you? What is so bad about him?”

“What is so good about him?”>>

<< “What would you say if I asked you out sometime?”>>

A wave of guilt washed over her as she leaned her back against the brick wall of the theater, staring at the pavement beneath her feet. She had spent two weeks waiting for some sign from Clark on where they stood. She tried to talk to him and of course every time she did they were interrupted by either Jimmy, Perry, Clark’s need to run an errand at importune times or more recently by the DEA Agent, Dan Scardino.



She wasn't sure what to make of the conversation she'd had with Dan at the Planet. He hinted at wanting to ask her out, leaving her in a world of confusion. She had spent the last few weeks wondering where she stood with Clark, questioning every gesture and conversation for a hidden meaning. Then not even twenty-four hours after Dan Scardino started making his interest in her known and behold her partner began acting almost possessive toward her. He even went so far as to get into a pissing match with Dan in the middle of the cemetery.

As much as she'd desperately sought some sort of validation of their relationship from Clark she hadn't wanted it like this. She wanted him to continue their relationship because he wanted to, not because he felt threatened by Dan. She wanted to feel like their friendship—their relationship—was a priority. Right now, she couldn't tell where she stood with Clark and as awful as it sounded she found herself wondering if entertaining the idea of dating Dan was the better choice.

She missed her friend.

She missed her partner.

She missed being able to joke around with Clark and not feel like she had to over analyze everything.

She couldn't remember the last time she felt completely at ease with the idea of entering the newsroom, knowing she'd see him there.

Everything had changed between them, and she wasn't sure what the right move was. Did they continue down this path and risk losing everything or did they walk away and try to salvage their friendship?

She stared at the time. It was five minutes till.

Did he forget?

'Clark doesn't forget anything,' her mind reminded her. If he didn't show up it was because he didn't want to show up.

<< *"You don't need a partner, Lois. You never did."*

"Maybe not, but I was starting to like having one.">>

<< *"Where's Clark?"*



“Right here.”>>

<< “It's been over a week since our first date...and...our first kiss. And...you haven't said a word about it. It's like...it never happened.”

“Lois, I'm sorry if it feels like I've been ignoring you lately, but...”>>

<< “But everything seemed to just...‘work.’ That's why I can never see you again.”

“Lois?”>>

<< “Oh, Clark, I don't care if he used ‘Crazy Glue’ you're back!”>>

<< “You slammed the door in my face last night.”

“That was amistake.”>>

<< “Forget the date part. Maybe we could do it another time.”

“Well... maybe we could say it's our ‘almost first date.’ Kind of like a test run?”>>

<< “Fortunately there are no doors here tonight.”

“Fortunately...”>>

<< “You know if you think about it, the only time people are really honestly expressing themselves is when they're passionate...the polite veneer of society drops away...like when they're fighting...”

“...or make love,”>>

<< “Looks like you have some choices to make.”>>

Lois glanced at her watch, uncertain if she should continue to wait here and wonder or face the reality that he might not be coming. She let out a defeated sigh, lifting her head to stare at the crowd of strangers.

He wasn't coming.

He really wasn't coming.



She glanced at the time, seeing the two minutes that were left until the movie started. Should she leave? The reality of how fragmented things had become between her and Clark hit her, and she swallowed the hard lump in her throat.

He wasn't coming.

She turned her gaze back to the parking lot across the street and felt a wave of emotion wash over her when she saw Clark standing at the crosswalk, checking for cars to cross. She quickly swiped her cheeks, trying to hide the evidence of her tears from him as he made his way toward her.

<<“*Looks like you have some choices to make.*”>>

<<“*I need to know if I'm yesterday's news.*”>>

<<“*I mean, we work together. What happens if...you know...it bombs?*”

“*We'll always be friends.*”>>

She nervously shifted her weight between both feet, waiting for him to reach the end of the crosswalk. Every car, passersby, and animal chose that moment to cross with him as she looked back at him nervously. She cracked a smile at him, trying not to focus on where her mind had been the last ten minutes.

He was here.

He hadn't forgotten her.

There was still hope.

~ *The End*

