

Lunkhead, No More

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Rated: G

Submitted: November 2010

Summary: A rewrite of the end of the episode "Double Jeopardy," when we watched Lois drive off with Luthor while Clark stood on the side of the road, helpless.

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The way this episode ended has bugged me for years. So I'm going to give you a rewrite of the end of Double Jeopardy when we watched Lois drive off with Luthor while Clark stood on the side of the road, helpless.

This hasn't even been seen by my beta readers, so I make no promises [g].

"My dear, you were magnificent," Luthor said, taking his eyes off the vanishing image of Kent in his rearview mirror to focus on the street in front of him.

"I tell ya, I coulda been an actress." After a small pause, Wanda continued, "Who's this Lois, anyway?"

"Someone better off forgotten," he replied smugly.

Wanda snuggled up next to him, causing him to glance over at her. When he looked back at the road, something red and blue in the middle of the road caused him to hit the brakes.

"Superman!" he growled when the car came to an abrupt halt as the front bumper came into contact with an immovable object.

"Going somewhere, Luthor?" Superman asked, loud enough to be heard inside the car.

"She's made her choice, Superman," Luthor snarled.

"Maybe," Superman conceded. "But I'm not here for her. I think these gentlemen would like to have a word with you."

For the first time, Luthor noticed the men in blue, somewhat stunned, getting out of the police car sitting next to Superman.

Grabbing frantically at the door handle, Luthor got the door open and was halfway out of the car when Superman was suddenly standing in front of him.

"Sorry, old man, but you're a wanted fugitive." He grabbed Luthor by the lapels before turning towards the policemen. "This is Lex Luthor. I think, if you check, you'll find out that he escaped from prison," Superman said as he handed Luthor, none-too-gently, over to the officer.

"Thanks, Superman," the officer said, clamping a pair of cuffs on Luthor's wrists. "The chief will be thrilled to see you back behind bars, Luthor."

"Luthor?" Wanda asked from the car. "Who's this Luthor? You told me your name was Kent."

"Later, my dear," Luthor said as the police pulled him away.

"In a pig's eye," Wanda responded. "You're not Kent at all, are you? You lied to me! If you think I'm going to give you a chance to do it again, you're living in a dream world! This isn't some romance novel, you know."

Superman watched carefully until Luthor was finally tucked safely in the police cruiser before taking a deep breath and turning back to the woman still seated in the car. He had to be

cautious here. After all, Lois had rejected Clark in favor of Luthor, and yet, she thought Luthor was Kent, so who knew what was going on in her mind right now?

He bent down and looked in the car. "Excuse me ..." He was about to say Lois when he suddenly stopped. She was looking at him as if seeing him for the first time, taking in every detail of the suit -- intimately. "... Miss," he said, instead of using her name. "Do you have somewhere to go?"

She opened her mouth before closing it again.

He let out a breath. "Can I give you a lift somewhere?" His folks were currently at his apartment. Maybe he could convince her to go there. If not ... at least he'd know where she was staying until he could figure out exactly what to do from here.

"Well, given the shape this car is in, I guess I don't have much choice. Where's your car?"

"I meant ..." He made a flying motion with his hand. "... give you a lift."

"You mean ... flying ... with you?" she asked, her eyes going wide.

He smiled slightly when he heard the mounting excitement in her voice. He guessed no matter what Luthor had done to her, nothing could cure Lois Lane of her love of flying.

"Sure," he said, trying to sound matter of fact.

"Hey, then it don't matter to me where we're goin', Big Guy. I'm all for it," Wanda said, instantly opening the door to the damaged car and climbing out.

He quickly picked her up and took to the sky.

"This might not be a romance novel, but after this experience, I bet I could write one," she said, causing him to smile as he headed towards his apartment.

THE END