

WONDER WOMAN

Written

by

Joss Whedon

August 7, 2006

**Notice:**

This material is the property of MUTANT ENEMY and is intended for use only by authorized personnel. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is prohibited. The sale, copying or reproduction of this material in any form or medium, in whole or in part, is strictly prohibited.

# SILVER FIREFLIES

IN THE TIME OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS, THE MOST POWERFUL WARRIORS ON EARTH WERE THE AMAZON WOMEN. PROUD, MIGHTY AND CUNNING, THEY WERE NEVER DEFEATED IN BATTLE.

LEGEND TELLS THAT ARES, THE GOD OF WAR, GREW JEALOUS OF THEIR POWER AND HAD THEM IMPRISONED, THEIR WRISTS BOUND IN MYSTICAL CHAINS -- CHAINS THAT ROBBED THE AMAZONS OF ALL THEIR POWER.

SHAMED AND IMPERILLED, THE AMAZON QUEEN HIPPOLYTE PRAYED TO ATHENA, GODDESS OF WISDOM, FOR DELIVERANCE FROM THEIR SLAVERY.

THE AMAZONS VANISHED FROM THE EARTH.

EXT. SKY - DAY

We see the roiling grey fury of a storm -- and an old twin engine prop plane roars into frame from above us.

She bucks bravely amidst the wind, rain and crackling flashes of lightning. We can hear her practically shaking apart.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUING

Inside, the noise is even worse. Boxes of cargo, most with a red cross, shake and pitch with the plane.

The pilot holds the steering column as it bucks. Maybe 30, kind, determined eyes in a workingman's face.

STEVE TREVOR takes a hand off the wheel long enough to jiggle the radio toggle. He has to shout just to hear himself.

STEVE

Groundlings, this is Lame Duck, come back!

His answer is static. The plane pitches.

STEVE

(continuing)

This is Lame Duck, I got a force gazillion hurricane in my face! Visibility is zero and my readings are...

ANGLE: THE DIALS are spinning and moving uncontrollably.

STEVE

(continuing)

...they're shot! My instrument panel's having serious emotional issues; I am **lost at sea**.

(she bucks)

Ben! Griffin! Come back!

Lightning rides down inches from the wing. Steve banks hard as his radio crackles, a South African accent coming through:

BEN (ON RADIO)

(staticky as hell)

Lame Duck! This is ground, come back --

STEVE

Ben!

BEN (ON RADIO)  
Steve! Be advised, there may be  
a weather pattern heading --

STEVE  
What?

BEN (ON RADIO)  
There may be a little weather!

STEVE  
Okay. I'll look out for that then.

BEN (ON RADIO)  
-- can barely read you, what's  
your bearing?

The scorching pop makes Steve throw off his headset.  
Communication fried. He concentrates on looking ahead.

EXT. PLANE - CONTINUING

**Lightning** hits the left propeller.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUING

Steve stubbornly rides the wheel as she starts tilting down,  
bucking sporadically. Steve's face sets as he realizes he's  
not gonna make it.

ANGLE: THE WINDSHIELD is pounded by rain -- then isn't, as  
the clouds whip away to reveal an **island**, green and lush.

STEVE  
Where the hell...

The grinding of his dying plane reminds Steve to stop  
wondering where he is. He scans the terrain for a landing  
spot, but this side of the island is all trees and waterfalls.

He banks toward a river, the thing most resembling a landing  
strip. The plane dips, a peak between him and the river --

INT./EXT. PLANE - CONTINUING

It clears a mountainous peak by inches. Steve pulls up on  
the column with everything he's got --

The plane skims treetops -- and clears to the riverbed. The  
back hits first, then the front slams down, water geysering  
up in front of Steve as the plane rockets down the river,  
clipping the trees on the bank with its wings --



The river takes a sharp turn and the plane heaves off to the side, taking out trees, bucking brutally --

Steve's chair wrenches out of its mooring and he tumbles back, strapped in and helpless as he bounces off walls and huge metal boxes are tossed on top of him --

The plane spins out, hitting an incline and sliding sideways downhill till it's stopped short by a couple of big trees --

As it settles, the CAMERA MOVES ABOVE it -- then past, to show the nearly endless ravine the trees kept it from plummeting into. At the bottom of the ravine, a pool of blue blue water, fed by a waterfall on the other side.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUING

The terrible wrench of violated metal stops. Steve wriggles out of his chair, but his leg's caught under boxes and reaching for it, he realizes he's got a broken wrist.

He breathes heavily, looking around for a way out of this.

The **thump on the roof** makes him jump. He looks up, not understanding what he's hearing -- then there is another.

Something's on top of the plane.

His eyes fearfully follow the sound as it moves up the plane. He looks about for something to defend himself with.

Something tugs at the door. Steve watches as, with an agonized screech, it gives a bit. And a bit more.

ANGLE: THE DOOR as it is pulled right off its hinges -- and there stands the silhouetted girl in the archaic white shift, peering into the plane as the door continues to twirl in air behind her, finally dropping out of sight as she steps tentatively into the plane and we hear a distant splash.

CLOSE ON: THE GIRL.

To say she is beautiful is almost to miss the point. She is elemental, as natural and wild as the luminous flora surrounding. Her dark hair waterfalls to her shoulders in soft arcs and curls. Her body is curvaceous, but taut as a drawn bow. She wears burnished metal bracelets on both wrists, wide and intricately detailed. Her shift is of another era; we'd call it ancient Greek. She is barefoot.

She looks about her with intense curiosity, her face coming out of silhouette and into the light, even as she concludes:

DIANA

It's hollow...

As she steps in a bit more, Steve gets a look at her. This is definitely not what he expected.

STEVE

Hey...

She starts at his voice, instinctively moving back toward the doorway -- though more in strategy than startlement.

STEVE

(continuing)

Wait, no! I uh, I need help, I'm stuck here... do you speak English?

She steps in, checks out his plight.

STEVE

(continuing)

Hi, yeah, it's my leg, it's pinned.

(as she approaches)

If you could get to a phone, get some equipment here to --

Squatting, she pulls the box off him with one hand, never even looking at it as she tosses it back up onto a shelf.

She stares at him intently.

DIANA

You look horrible.

STEVE

The leg's okay, but I think my wrist is broken --

DIANA

No, your face. It's so...

She can't find the word, but her gesturing to her own chin might indicate it's the stubble that's throwing her off.

STEVE

Well, I was crashing, you know, I didn't have time to gussy up --

DIANA

I saw. Your glider doesn't seem to understand the air very well.

STEVE  
Storm fried my engine. I didn't  
even think I was gonna make it.  
(quietly)  
Actually, I'm not entirely sure I  
**did...**

She reaches for his face, touches it. Realization breaks her  
face into a wondrous grin.

DIANA  
You're a **man**.

STEVE  
Wow. No gettin' anything past  
you...

But he's as mesmerized as she, neither of them moving as her  
fingers sensuously trace his face. After a time...

STEVE  
(continuing)  
Who are you?

DIANA  
Diana.

STEVE  
Steve. Trevor. It's, uh, nice  
to --

The plane lurches again, breaking the spell not a little.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
We gotta get out of here --

She slides her arm around him, gracefully pulling them both  
up and moving to the door. He looks down at the abyss.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
Whoah, no, not a plan here --

She grabs his shirtfront and sticks him out over the ravine.

EXT. PLANE - CONTINUING

STEVE  
No! Wait! Jesus!

DIANA  
It's all right --

STEVE  
It's not all right!

DIANA  
Try to roll. Watch your arm.

STEVE  
Roll where?

She heaves him up and over. He lands on top of the plane, rolling and sliding till he goes off the other side.

He lands hard, takes a moment to recover, and looks up.

DIANA  
(from the doorway)  
You feel safer now?

ANGLE: STEVE has fifteen sharp, gleaming spears in a semicircle around his head.

They are held by fifteen women, armored and helmeted in the greek style. Backlit enough to be dark and almost inhuman.

STEVE  
Nnnyeaaybe....

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CITY - DAY

They march, their feet tromping with grim precision. They have encircled him, and bound his wrists with rope.

Diana walks beside him, staring at the enormous, austere HEPHESTIA, captain of the guard, who holds the other end of the rope that leads the captive Steve.

STEVE  
Look, I just wanna use a phone.  
I've got important supplies on my  
plane, there's people waiting --

Hephestia yanks his rope and he goes to his knees.

DIANA  
Hephestia!

She moves to help him up. He stands, continues walking.

STEVE  
So, did any of you guys hear about  
the 20th century? It just  
happened; it was so cool...

DIANA

This is not as it should be. I'll  
make it right.

HEPHESTIA

It is not to be spoken to.

DIANA

You overstep your authority,  
Hephestia --

HEPHESTIA

(turning on her)

And you have broken the First Law.  
How do you think the Queen will  
take that?

DIANA

That's my concern.

HEPHESTIA

Yes, it is. By all rights your  
fate should be his.

DIANA

(in her face)

And who will administer my fate?  
You?

Hephestia backs off, turns and begins them marching again.

HEPHESTIA

You should have killed it.

DIANA

I will not kill a helpless human.

STEVE

For the record, I'm not helpless.  
I'm just biding my time, till I...  
wake up...

This last trails off as they reach the top of a hill and look  
out at:

THEMYSCIRA. It's a vision of a city, nestled in the lush  
green hills. Greek in many aspects, it has an organic look  
that is particular to the Amazons -- not just straight stone  
columns.

More than a hundred women are visible, walking, talking,  
weaving, forging - there is an arena near the bottom with  
women training at games and swordplay.

As our gaze sweeps over the city it lands on the top of the hill, where the Queen's court sits. It is wide, open, majestic but not gaudy.

STEVE  
(continuing; a  
whisper)  
Where the hell am I?

DIANA  
This is Themyscira. Home.

STEVE  
Whose home?

DIANA  
The Amazons.

STEVE  
(looking at her)  
The Amazons are a legend.

DIANA  
We are?  
(considers)  
Good. We should be.

EXT. WITHIN THE CITY - A BIT LATER

They pass by open shops -- but there is little commerce being done as every eye locks on the man being led by.

STEVE  
(to Diana)  
The Amazons were Greek. And ancient. How can you speak my language?

DIANA  
All languages come from the same place.

A girlfriend of Diana's, AETHRA -- more student than athlete, and very lovely -- hurries gracefully to her side.

AETHRA  
Diana, is that really a...

STEVE  
Steve. I'm a Steve.

AETHRA  
This is unbelievable. What's to be done with him?



HEPHESTIA  
That's for the Queen to decide.

DIANA  
Come with us to the court.

AETHRA  
It never occurred to me not to.

She falls into step, whispering into Diana's ear. Diana looks briefly shocked.

AETHRA  
(continuing)  
Well, I would've... While you can...

INT. QUEEN'S CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

HYPPOLYTE is every inch a queen: noble, beautiful, thoughtful. She is middle-aged, but very much in her prime.

She is approached by CIRCE. An older woman, Circe is honest and humble, but her eyes pierce well beyond common sight.

CIRCE  
The Guard returns, my Queen.

HIPPOLYTE  
Is it what we thought?

CIRCE  
(nodding)  
A man.

HIPPOLYTE  
All this time... and the Gods  
still mock us. Alive?

CIRCE  
(nods)  
Hephestia would have killed him on  
the spot, but... she was not the  
first to find him.

This news tightens the corners of Hyppolyte's mouth. But she shows a lighter face as she turns:

HIPPOLYTE  
Need I bother to ask who was?

CLOSE ON: DIANA

Looking out with defiant reserve. WIDEN to see:

INT./EXT. THE ROYAL HALL - AFTERNOON

The huge space is open on all sides to the lush green and shining city around it. Pillars hold up the latticed ceiling, the middle open to the sky. Hippolyte's throne is a step up from the floor, and she sits in it contemplatively.

Ringed about the room are assorted Amazons: councillors, guards, and the curious throng. Steve is on his knees, head low -- with Hephestia by his side to keep him that way. A few paces behind him stands Diana, Aethra at her side.

HIPPOLYTE

(to Steve)

Do you know where you are?

STEVE

No. I got blown off course; I have no idea where I am. And even if I did, I'd be happy to forget.

HIPPOLYTE

Let him stand.

He does, and she approaches him, still staying on the landing that gives her height advantage.

HIPPOLYTE

(continuing)

If we helped you repair your glider and sent you on your way, you would never speak word of this place?

STEVE

Scout's honor.

She whips something at him, a glowing rope she had looped in her hand. It loops around him in an instant, binding to itself with a crack that startles everyone there.

He stands, the glowing golden rope pinning his arms to his sides.

HIPPOLYTE

This rope was woven at Delphi, by the oracles, blessed by Athena herself. Within it there can be no lies, no prevarication. You will speak true.

STEVE

I did. Except I wasn't a scout.

HIPPOLYTE  
Were you sent here?

STEVE  
I was blown here. By a storm  
nobody else could see.

Murmurs. Aethra looks at Diana, but she is fixated on the proceedings.

HIPPOLYTE  
Where were you headed?

STEVE  
Ulcinj. On the border of  
Albania -- there's a camp of  
refugees there. My plane -- my  
'glider' -- has food and medical  
supplies on it that they need.

HIPPOLYTE  
And if you left, you would never  
speak of this place.

STEVE  
Never.

HIPPOLYTE  
Not for gold, not for power?

STEVE  
No.

HIPPOLYTE  
To save your own life.

STEVE  
No.

HIPPOLYTE  
You have friends, family... if  
they were to be killed, or  
tortured... would you betray us  
then?

STEVE  
(instantly)  
Oh yeah.

Much louder murmurs. Hippolyte whips the rope off him -- it returns to her already coiled. She moves back to her throne, pondering, turns and addresses the room.

HIPPOLYTE

No man may set foot on this island. This is our first and most sacred law.  
(looking at Steve)  
The penalty for trespass is death.

DIANA

This is absurd.

Hippolyte shoots her a look that would shut anyone else up.

HIPPOLYTE

Laws mean very little to you, Diana.

DIANA

Compared to a life? Less than little.

HIPPOLYTE

The Law considers **every** life. Every woman on this island is under my protection. Thousands of lives to weigh against one.

STEVE

Your math's a little off, your Majesty.

Hephestia moves threateningly towards him -- a slight gesture from the Queen stops her.

STEVE

(continuing)

The refugee camp I was headed for? They've been cut off from the mainland for months by border wars. They're sick and they're starving. My people have been negotiating and scrounging and bribing to get one relief shipment in. One. You wanna kill me, I can't stop you, and I don't really care. But my plane doesn't get where she's going, there'll be three dead for every life you think you're saving. What does your Law say about that?

HIPPOLYTE

Your concern is for these refugees.

STEVE

You wanna rope me?

She thinks, approaching him more closely.

HIPPOLYTE

And if I told you you must die,  
but I would ensure these supplies  
were delivered after?

STEVE

I could trust you to do it?

HIPPOLYTE

My word as a Queen.

A moment. He stares at her.

STEVE

Deal.

DIANA

No!

AETHRA

Diana...

DIANA

This man is no warrior! An Amazon  
kills in battle, not in a  
bloodless negotiation.

HIPPOLYTE

Whether he means to be or not,  
this man is a threat to our  
existence --

DIANA

This is not justice.

HIPPOLYTE

It is what is necessary and **it is  
my will!**

The growing murmur stops dead. Diana and Hippolyte stare at  
each other, each in controlled ire.

Hippolyte turns away, to Circe.

HIPPOLYTE

(continuing)

Make sure he is well housed for  
the night. Tend his arm.

(more)

HIPPOLYTE (cont'd)  
(to the gathered)  
Leave us, all. I would have words  
with my daughter.

Steve looks at Diana, making the connection -- just as  
Hephestia ungently herds him away. The court empties  
quickly, as Hippolyte wearily sits and Diana steps up to her.

DIANA  
If you're going to ask me to stand  
by while --

HIPPOLYTE  
(not looking at her)  
What is the first law?

DIANA  
No man shall set foot on this  
island.

HIPPOLYTE  
(looks up)  
What. Is the first. **Law.**

DIANA  
(quieter)  
No man shall set foot on this  
island... lest the Amazon race  
should perish.

HIPPOLYTE  
We came here to escape the tyranny  
of men.

She holds out her hands as she speaks and Diana places hers  
begrudgingly in them -- Hippolyte turns them palms up as the  
light glints off Diana's bracelets.

HIPPOLYTE  
(continuing)  
You wear the symbols of our  
subjugation but you don't know  
what it was like. When these were  
bound, and we were powerless. The  
pain, the shame... the slaughter.  
No Amazon will ever be bound again.

She moves by Diana as they both look out at:

ANGLE: STEVE being led down the hill.



HIPPOLYTE

(continuing)

Steve Trevor may be an honest man but he connects us to a world more brutish and mad than the one we fled.

(turning back to her)

He cannot peacefully stay and he cannot be allowed to leave. Do you not see?

DIANA

(eyes locked on Steve)

I see only murder.

HIPPOLYTE

(sees Diana staring)

Your eyes are clouded.

DIANA

They are clear, mother. Maybe for the first time.

She starts to leave.

HIPPOLYTE

I envy the luxury of your clarity.

(Diana stops)

I am Queen of Themyscira. My responsibilities weigh heavily on me. It's simpler for those who've never had any.

Diana throws her a frustrated look as she goes.

INT. STEVE'S 'CELL' - NIGHT

Let's face it: it's really nice. Big, nicely furnished, a big bed... the works. Steve wanders glumly to a table covered with sumptuous fruits and baked goods. He stares at the banquet, picks up a perfect pear.

STEVE

Prison food...

She steps out of the shadows behind him.

DIANA

Why don't you care?

He turns, not particularly surprised to see her. She comes close as she talks. There is an attraction between them that neither of them mentions -- or possibly even knows about.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
If you live or die. Do you really  
not care?

STEVE  
Is this a rescue?

DIANA  
So it matters to you.

STEVE  
Of course it does. Its just...  
there's other stuff that matters  
more.

DIANA  
Tell me.

STEVE  
Tell you what?

DIANA  
About your world.

STEVE  
It's nice. It's round. What do  
you want?

DIANA  
(thrown)  
I... I wonder if there's a reason.  
For your coming. Some sign,  
something for me to learn.

STEVE  
So my imminent death is, wow, all  
about **you**. You know I really  
should rest up, though, for the  
dying -- why don't do this  
another time?

DIANA  
But we --

STEVE  
(ushers her out)  
I'll call you. I mean it. Let's  
keep in touch.

DIANA  
(shakes his arm off)  
You make no sense.

STEVE

I thought all languages were 'as one'. "Let's keep in touch" is American for get the hell out of my face.

DIANA

I don't like your manner.

STEVE

And I don't feature spending my last night on earth playing Discovery Channel for some bored debutante.

DIANA

I'm just trying to understand.

STEVE

Understand what?

DIANA

You. Your world.

STEVE

You can't.

DIANA

"Can't"?

STEVE

Can't. Is that another new word for you? Means 'are unable to'.

DIANA

But you won't even --

STEVE

You and I have nothing in common.

He crosses back to the banquet table.

STEVE

(continuing)

Has there ever been a day you didn't have everything you wanted? Have you ever been hungry?

(chucks the pear to her -- hard)

Been cold? Worked twenty hour days underground for no pay, been spat on, stepped on, shot at...

(more)

STEVE (cont'd)  
(approaches her again)  
Your mom is Queen of Crazy Town  
but she's right to be scared. You  
wanna stay as far away from the  
real world as possible. They'd  
eat you alive, **Princess**.

DIANA  
I am an Amazon.

STEVE  
Yeah yeah, bend steel with your  
bare hands... in my world, you  
wouldn't last a day.

DIANA  
Then we **do** have something in  
common.

She exits.

EXT. STEVE'S 'CELL' - CONTINUING

As she strides glumly away from the room, (the guards moving  
back in front of the doors), we see her at a distance, the  
camera coming around to find **Hippolyte watching her**, concern  
on her face.

INT. TEMPLE - NIGHT

We are close on Diana as she enters, lost in unhappy thought.

AETHRA  
(behind her)  
At least tell me you **looked** at it.

Aethra wraps her arms around Diana from behind, puts her head  
on Diana's shoulder. Diana puts her hand over Aethra's,  
smiling for the first time in a while.

DIANA  
How did you know I'd be here?

AETHRA  
What night are you not? Nobody  
knows you as I do. They think  
you're just restless --

DIANA  
(breaking away)  
They think I'm a child. Just like  
him.

AETHRA

And you are.

DIANA

Aethra, I've had more than --

AETHRA

Every night, while they sleep, you  
come here to Athena's temple.  
What do you ask her for?

DIANA

I... I ask what to ask. To know...  
what I want, to be content...

(quiet passion)

I am not what I should be. I can  
be more, I was meant to be more,  
I know it. To do something  
worthy.

(looking off)

I ask Athena what that is.

AETHRA

And you think she's answered.

DIANA

(turning, urgent)

Can it be coincidence? That a man  
should drop straight from the sky  
after all this time?

AETHRA

(smiling)

You really think you're the only  
woman on this island thinks that  
was **her** prayer being answered?

DIANA

(a smile, weary and  
brief)

I know nothing. Only that now I'm  
as unsettled in my mind as I have  
always been in my heart.

Aethra move to her, takes her hands.

AETHRA

Then don't be a child. Don't ask  
for guidance, for permission;  
don't ask anything. **Tell** Athena  
what you want. Maybe then you'll  
hear her reply.

INT. TEMPLE - MOMENTS LATER

Diana is alone, walking to the statue of Athena. We pop back to see the temple is huge, the statue thirty feet high.

Diana kneels before the statue, looking up at it. She bends her head in prayer. We hold on her in near silhouette as a dissolve to morning -- possibly with sped-up clouds and shadows -- shows she has not budged an inch.

INT. TEMPLE - MORNING

She is still looking down when she hears a rustle.

On the floor in front of her, a falcon alights. For a moment, they stare at each other.

The falcon screams. Diana's eyes narrow.

INT. EXT. THE ROYAL HALL - MORNING

Everyone is gathering. Steve is led forward, wrists unbound. Hippolyte stands.

HIPPOLYTE

Step forward.

He does.

HIPPOLYTE

(continuing)

I'm afraid nothing has changed.  
The sentence stands.

STEVE

Yeah. I figured.  
(hands Circe a piece  
of paper)

This is all the information on how to get the supplies to Sully -- to Doctor Sullivan. She'll know what to do with them. There's a note there for her and the guys... it doesn't say anything about this place.

HIPPOLYTE

Then you are prepared for your death?

STEVE

(stone cold)

Is that a joke?



HIPPOLYTE

I regret this, truly. It will be quick.

She nods to Hephestia, who takes a step forward -- and a screech fills the air, everyone looking about as that same falcon wheels in from above -- followed by a dozen others.

Amazons look about, duck -- not terrified, but cautious. The first falcon lands on the Queen's throne, screeches at her.

ANGLE: at the feet of the people, we see huge snakes make their way inside as well. People step aside and the snakes and falcons effectively create a path through the crowd.

The Queen says nothing. She knows what's coming.

Out of the glare of the sun step two sleek panthers, walking side by side up the path like bridesmaids. Steve looks back at them, at the Queen.

STEVE

(not so cool)

You're gonna kill me with panthers? That's not quick!

Then we see her, coming behind the cats, swathed in cloth that acts as robe and hood. Her feet are sandaled in burnished gold, closed at the toe and reaching almost to the knee -- a hint of the warrior's garb beneath the robe.

The panthers part. The falcons perch.

HIPPOLYTE

What is this?

DIANA

I invoke the Right of Trial.

HIPPOLYTE

No. No, I absolutely forbid you to --

DIANA

You can't. I don't love the Law, Mother but I do know it. No Amazon can be denied the Right of Trial.

Hippolyte looks down. Steve leans over to Aethra.

STEVE

Trial by what?

Diana pulls off her robe in one swift motion.

AETHRA

Combat, of course.

Beneath is **the** outfit: the burnished eagle breastplate, the deep red of the cloth bodice, the skirt, a greek's, leather strips low in the middle and cut higher at the hips, dark blue with diamond-shaped silver inlays. The gold sandals matching the wristbands and tiara. A sword is on her hip, which she pulls, pointing at Steve with it.

DIANA

(to the assembled)

This is the law. If I can defeat Themyscira's greatest warrior in single combat, judgement on this man will be mine to render. He will live, return to his world... and I will go with him.

HIPPOLYTE

What did you --?

STEVE

Whoah! What?

DIANA

If this world of his is truly mad, I would know why. I would know what it is we all fear so terribly.

(pointedly, to Mom)

I consider it... my responsibility.

HIPPOLYTE

Don't do this.

DIANA

My terms are before the court.

CIRCE

A series of games would be necessary to determine --

DIANA

We can waive that ritual, Circe. Everyone knows who our greatest warrior is.

Hephestia straightens up, satisfaction undermining her glare. She's waited a long time for this match.

DIANA

(continuing)

Would someone please give my mother a sword?

Hippolyte pulls off her own cloaks. Beneath she too has a fighter's garb, though not as elaborate as Diana's.

Circe nods at a girl who sounds a deep bell. Everyone moves back, including Steve (and the animals). Tight-lipped, Hephestia presents her sword to Hippolyte.

Steve watches as Hippolyte tests the heft of the sword, twirls it, then turns and point it at her daughter.

An ornate chain fence suddenly rises before his face, startling him. Widen to see it rise up on all sides between the two combatants and the audience, coming up out of long slits in the stone.

Steve and Aethra wait, close to the fence.

AETHRA

This must seem strange to you.

STEVE

No, my mom and I did this all the time.

Diana and Hippolyte face each other, each with sword arm out to the side. They bring them in against their chests, blade down, elbow out, an Amazon salute.

Then they move.

No circling, testing -- they're at each other fast as adders snapping, blades clanging off each other so fast and again, again, each fighter tough and precise and relentless.

In Amazon training, they don't teach retreat.

Everywhere Diana strikes, Hippolyte counters. Diana tries to control the fight through youth and relentless strength, and though she responds with no less, Hippolyte relies on experience over enthusiasm.

Diana gets in close and Hippolyte grabs her and throws her, a wrestler's throw, Diana rolling and coming back up with her mother's blade already upon her. Diana finds an opening and slices -- ripping only fabric as Hippolyte leans back.

They sweat, they grimace, they strain -- but the fight slows down not a jot.

CLOSE ON: THE OTHERS, Steve, Aethra, Hephestia -- the last being the only one who is enjoying this.

AETHRA  
(softly)  
Diana, yield.

Diana gets the hilt of a sword across the jaw. She uses it to spin into a decapitating swipe -- that's blocked, her sword loosened in her hand, and Hippolyte moves in, a foot planted hard to Diana's stomach sends her to her knees, her sword knocked aside as Hippolyte raises hers --

STEVE  
No...

-- and brings it down with all her might, Diana screaming in pain as the sword hits her shoulder and **shatters** on her skin.

For a moment, only the clatter of the shards on stone.

Then Diana is back up in a flash, swinging at her mother with brutal force -- Hippolyte blocks and pulls Diana close:

HIPPOLYTE  
In his world, it may not be the sword that will break. You will be weakened, and reviled, daughter: **death** is out there. Here you are safe, you're strong you are a princess and there they will make you nothing now **will you yield?**

Diana looks at her with intensity, but no malice.

DIANA  
I can't.

HIPPOLYTE  
(quietly)  
I know.

She steps back, throws her broken sword down. The fences instantly drop -- though now they make no sound; we hear nothing but what is between these two as Hippolyte grabs Diana to her and embraces her fiercely, both women exhausted and emotional.

Hippolyte kisses her head, takes it in her hands, inches from her face. She whispers ungently:

HIPPOLYTE  
(continuing)  
Remember who you are. They will take everything from you but that.

She embraces her again.

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

From above, we see the chamber -- we may think it's the same scene, but Steve's plane roars into frame and heads off-island, the camera following it towards the far off clouds.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Steve pilots. Diana kneels in the back, facing away from him. She's in a simple white tunic (which on her is anything but simple). A cloth is opened to show her few belongings: the outfit, a sword... and the golden rope her mother used. She runs her hand along it... it glows, underlighting the uncertainty and regret she'll not show anyone else.

EXT. COAST - DAY

As the plane approaches land, Steve is working the radio, Diana standing behind, looking out. We hear Ben's South African accent coming in over the static:

BEN (ON RADIO)

Steve! Where the hell have you been? We thought you were lost at sea!

STEVE

Oh, I was lost all right. Tell Griffin he better have a new engine in his kit -- I hadda put this thing back together with packing tape. How's my approach?

BEN

Little high, Skipper.

STEVE

(tensing)

Gotchya. Weather looks good -- any wind I don't know about?

BEN

Skies are clear, Skipper. Hit the runway early or you'll run out of room.

STEVE

Roger that. Lame Duck out.  
(turns off the radio)  
Dammit.

DIANA  
What's wrong?

STEVE  
He called me skipper.

DIANA  
What does that mean?

STEVE  
Trouble.

DIANA  
What kind of trouble?

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The lame duck touches down, and as it passes we hold on two men in foreground, cradling automatic rifles. Soldiers.

As the plane comes to a stop we also see our 'crew': BEN MZAMANE, DR MOIRA 'SULLY' SULLIVAN, and GRIFFIN THIELE. Ben is dark-skinned, dignified and dryly witty, the diplomat of the bunch. Sully is Irish, red hair a bright contrast to Diana's, brusque and efficient but warm to the core. Griffin, the mechanic, looks like he should be on a surfboard, and probably often is.

They emerge from their little tentplex, looking various shades of concerned.

ANGLE ON: Major Milan GOSHNAK, the cause for their concern. The soldiers' leader, he is every inch the petty warlord.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUING

Steve finishes the approach and hops out of his seat, urging Diana away from the window.

STEVE  
Now look. You stay in here. No matter what. You stay here you stay hidden, got it? You're not ready to deal with these people. No offense. Stay.

He exits and she watches him through the window as Sully and Ben come to greet him, Goshnak approaching from a distance.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUING

STEVE  
Ben. Sully.



SULLY

Where the Hell have you been?

STEVE

(eyes on Goshnak)

Funny story, but with poignant moments and a twist ending -- hello, Major Goshnak.

GOSHNAK

You haven't been fair with us, Mr Trevor.

STEVE

My apologies. I had to do repairs on the plane, I barely made it.

GOSHNAK

My men have been here two extra days providing protection for your people. And this vessel is much bigger than you indicated. Very conspicuous.

STEVE

Everything's on your list, nothing more. Except a few personal items, gifts to you for the safe landing.

BEN

I'm sure we can work out some kind of compensation for the delay as well --

GOSHNAK

You have no idea what it costs me to keep my men out of the field.

SULLY

We told you you didn't need to stay.

GOSHNAK

You're very naïve, Doctor. Without my men to guard you your precious refugees would have turned on you --

SULLY

They're families, Goshnak, and they're starving.

BEN

We are grateful for everything you have done --

GOSHNAK

And what is your gratitude? A few paltry bribes!?

STEVE

They're not paltry. These are quality bribes --

GOSHNAK

I am at war. I need what is on that plane.

BEN

Of course a percentage of --

GOSHNAK

All of it! It is mine!

The group hesitates, realizing how bad this is getting...

STEVE

Maybe we should back up --

GOSHNAK

**Maybe** I leave you your plane, heh?

He shouts something to his men -- who come forward and then stop, guns raised. Steve and the others turn to see:

Diana is in the doorway. Looks around her.

Steve grimaces. Sully and Ben look as curious as Goshnak.

SULLY

My god. That **is** a quality bribe.

ANGLE: DIANA as she lowers herself, her bare foot heading for the dirt ---

CLOSE ON: HER FOOT as it touches ground. The moment it does:

ANGLE: THE TREES blow suddenly with a whistling wind.

ANGLE: THE MOUNTAINS as the same effect ripples through the dense trees for as far as the eye can see.

ANGLE: A SAILBOAT on the ocean, suddenly puffed of sail --

ANGLE: A CITY seen from ground level as a piece of newspaper whips from the ground, arcing --

30.  
ANGLE: A DARK ROOM where a figure, in close with his back to us, turns slightly, hearing something no one else can. The figure is hard to see, but clearly big, and not quite human.

ANGLE: BACK ON THE AIRSTRIP the argument continues.

GOSHNAK

Who is this? You said nothing of a girl!

BEN

Um, Steve?

STEVE

She's a friend. She's not staying here.

GOSHNAK

(to Diana)

What are you doing here? Who are you?

DIANA

What are **you** doing? These people have work to do, why are you hindering them?

STEVE

Diana, this is not --

GOSHNAK

All the goods on that plane are mine.

DIANA

No they're not.

GOSHNAK

Do you dare to question my authority?

DIANA

Authority that cannot be questioned should look for a different name.

Goshnak pulls his pistol, aims it at Diana's chest. Steve tries to step between, but more soldiers cock their rifles...

STEVE

All right! Let's be cool...

GOSHNAK

You bring this whore to insult me?

DIANA  
What did you say?

STEVE  
Diana, shut up.  
(to Goshnak)  
Nobody's insulting you --

GOSHNAK  
I should put you all down like  
rabid dogs --

BEN  
It's going to be fine --

DIANA  
(moving toward  
Goshnak)  
If you want to challenge me, then  
be man enough to --

He shoots her in the chest. She spins slightly with the force of it, as everything else freezes, even Goshnak.

She puts a hand to her chest, confused. Blood runs over her hand. She drops to her knees. Sully and Steve move to her but the soldiers all cock and point --

STEVE  
Take the plane! Take everything,  
please... just let us help her.

Diana is on her hands and knees, an unlovely gurgle in her breath. She pushes hard on the (unseen) wound. A few moments, and she wrenches her hand from her chest, rearing back onto her knees.

In her bloody hand, she holds the bullet.

She stares at it, standing shakily up. Goshnak backs off a step, freaked. She holds the bullet up to him, furious confusion in her eyes. She looks at Steve...

DIANA  
Are you people insane?

And down she goes, face first.

EXT GATEWAY CITY - NIGHT

The first thing we see is the tower, SPEARHEAD technologies. Gleaming blackly in the night, the tower dwarfs everything around it, even the other massive downtown buildings, and does resemble the head of a spear.

We arm down and the city rises up before us. GATEWAY CITY is massive: great, eclectic towers sitting on sloping hills. The poorer section is not unlike a run-down version of San Francisco's Chinatown. Crumbling and unsafe, but with splashes of color and bohemian charm.

The camera continues down -- through the street and into an empty subway station -- then even further down to:

INT. TUNNELS UNDER THE CITY - NIGHT

It's big, dark and decrepit. Old tracks run off into the darkness of unused tunnels. Ladders and sewer pipes run up from it, stagnant water greens the walls. It is, in every sense, a low place.

Climbing down a ladder is JEPH, an older homeless man, and a young woman, GINNY WELLS, smartly but practically dressed.

JEPH

People think it's just stories.  
That I'm trying to scare 'em, that  
I'm --

(hits his head)

-- it's not a working system, not  
viable. But Ruiz knows all about  
it. Ruiz has made his mark.

GINNY

That's Victor Ruiz, right? They  
said he left the shelter... I saw  
some of his... some of his work...

JEPH

He ain't here. Ain't been down  
here since he finished. There's  
none of us now. Even the rats are  
moving up -- guess that's what it  
wants.

GINNY

What who wants?

JEPH

(turning on her)

You're not a reporter, are you?

GINNY

Yes. I told you that. That's why  
you brought me here. You have  
something to show me.

He leads her into the chamber, holding a hand to stop her --

JEPH

Slow. You go down, it gets you.

Quizzically, she looks down to see:

ANGLE: HOLES IN THE FLOOR, eaten away metal, rusted beams, sheets of old wood, looking down to an even lower place.

She steps carefully towards the wall Jeph stands below, then she pops a flare and holds it up. She stares.

DROP BACK WIDE to see her before a half graffiti/half American-primitive MURAL, depicting a figure in armor on a horse stabbing a giant dragon. Behind them, towers crumble and burn. It's eerie and awkward, and very beautiful.

GINNY

(quietly)

St. George and the dragon... This is just like the drawings. Why did he --

A low rumbling becomes noticeable. Ginny looks up...

GINNY

(continuing)

Train's coming.

But Jeph just shakes his head. And points down.

Ginny stares at the holes beneath her feet, as the rumbling grows louder. The space below grows lighter, but not from the harsh beams of a train -- the light is red, flickering -- and the space appears to be carved out of the earth.

A moment, and it roars beneath us, visible only in flickers. Metal, yes, but with a mouthful of fire and an undulate, rippled body that shoots through the tunnel as fast as a train, screeching unlike anything.

GINNY

(continuing)

My God...

The white, deformed face with the bright red teeth and the carved metal skull-cap appears right next to hers, grinning horrifically.

STRIFE

No. Not yours.

She tries to scream but he grabs her throat. We get a better look at **STRIFE** now.

He's big, muscled, metal bands around his arms, a black cape rippling in the wind from below. Helmet -- or is that his head? -- of burnished silver.

As we see him head to toe, we see what Ginny sees just then: Jeph's body, hunched over, head lying a few feet away.

GINNY

(gasps out)

I'm a reporter. People know where I am. They'll be looking for me.

STRIFE

Let them.

He pushes her away and she falls into the hole, **screaming** as whatever's passing underneath rips her (unseen) to bits.

For a moment Strife stands alone. He looks up at the mural, ignoring the grinding and screams.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

Near the runway is a cluster of tents -- our base camp. Steve and Ben wait outside one tent. Griffin approaches.

GRIFFIN

Is she gonna make it?

Steve shrugs.

BEN

Sully kicked us out. Lot of blood.

GRIFFIN

Where on the green earth did you find her, boss?

(no answer)

I can't believe Goshnak. Who the hell shoots an unarmed, tasty looking girl?

BEN

The same man who steals medicine from dying children --

The flap opens and Sully steps out. By the set of her jaw, we know she's not happy. Steve stands...

SULLY

There's nothing more I can do.

STEVE

Wh- what do you mean there's ---

Diana strides out of the tent, passing them all without comment. Sully gestures: **That's** what I mean.

Steve follows Diana as she heads briskly for the plane.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
What are you doing up?

DIANA  
I was unconscious. How long?

STEVE  
About six hours, you shouldn't be --

DIANA  
Six hours. Goddess.

STEVE  
Hey, **stop**.

She does, and he looks at her shoulder. There is a small scar there. By daybreak there won't be.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
You're healed.

DIANA  
Yes, after **hours**. It's degrading... to be felled by a tiny piece of metal.  
(quietly)  
I didn't know something could hurt that much.

STEVE  
(not unkindly)  
Welcome to the world.

She starts walking again.

DIANA  
I have to get started.

STEVE  
Doing what?

DIANA  
The supplies. Are they still on the plane?



STEVE

They took 'em up to camp. It's in the hills, 'bout two miles up. What do you think you're gonna do?

DIANA

Get them back.

As she almost reaches the plane a guard steps out with his rifle pointed forward --

GUARD

No one goes near the --

Without breaking stride Diana grabs the barrel of the rifle and swings the guard behind her, keeping hold of the rifle as he goes flying twenty feet and lands with a thud.

She examines the rifle as she ducks under the front of the plane, Steve still trailing.

STEVE

So, what, you're gonna go up there and kill all those guys?

DIANA

I will kill a warrior. On a battlefield -- nobody --

(turning over the rifle)

-- who hides behind one of these is a warrior.

She tosses it aside and hops up into the plane. Steve is following her when he sees she's disrobing (in the dark, with her back to us) so he hovers just outside.

STEVE

Yeah, they're called soldiers and there's about thirty of them and they all got hundreds of little pieces of metal that hurt a lot. And grenades and a whole combo platter of things you've never even heard of, so, let's go to plan B, in which you don't get yourself and the rest of us killed.

DIANA (FROM WITHIN)

You won't be fighting.

STEVE

That's not the point -- you're gonna start a freakin' firefight, these people are not -- Diana, they shot you for talking!

She steps into the doorway as he moves back. He's at ground level, looking up at her. She's in the outfit.

DIANA

I have no plans to talk.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

The treetops pass below us as we sweep up the hill to see the camp nestled in a flat clearing. A big tent for the men, a makeshift metal shack for Goshnak, a couple of jeeps with machine gun mounts and a transport truck. Most everyone is asleep, with about six guys standing guard in the camp itself.

ANGLE: THE EDGE OF CAMP

Diana peers out of the woods. The truck is nearest, right by the slope down towards the wood. Beyond is the tent. To the left is Goshnak's shack. The jeeps are not visible from here, and only four of the six guards: three by the truck, one in front of the shack.

She looks around the ground, picks up two stones that fit nicely in her palm. She tosses one high --

The three guards by the truck hear a rustling as the stone lands in the brush beyond them. They move towards it...

The guard by the shack watches them -- the second stone nails him in the head and he rag-dolls to the ground soundlessly.

ANGLE: THE TRUCK -- as Diana leaps into the midst of the men, the truck is between us and them, but the camera inches UNDER, watching feet going as Diana spins and kicks and one soldier hits the ground as the camera creeps under the undercarriage and another hits the truck, makes it shake inches above our heads as we finally see the third come down with a boot on his throat, and the camera clears the undercarriage to look up at Diana standing over her combatants, extreme low angle. Every inch a hero.

She looks over at the truck, the hill beyond. At the tent.

INT. TENT/EXT. HILLSIDE - A BIT LATER

We see some twenty soldiers inside, sleeping in cots in two rows. One nearest the flap hears noise, opens it to see the back of the truck. Nothing out of the ordinary...

ANGLE: BY THE CAB stands Diana. She grips the back of the cab, plants her feet wide and HEAVES, the truck rolling easily past her --

-- the soldier is thrown as chains attached from the truck to the tent go taut right between his legs, coming up and nailing him just before the tent is pulled into him --

-- the truck rolls down the hill, picking up speed -- and the entire tent is coming with it, falling in on itself but still sliding along --

INT. TENT - CONTINUING

The men being thrown and battered, trying to get up or out, suddenly tipping --

EXT. HILLSIDE - CONTINUING

-- as the tent is pulled down the hill violently by the barrelling truck.

Diana breaks for the shack -- and the jeep with the remaining two soldiers lights her up with its highbeams as it roars at her. Inside, one drives while the other scrambles back for the mounted machine gun.

Diana runs at it, onto the hood and body-slams the guy in back right off, instantly turning and getting her shoulder under the gun while gripping the barrel -- a moment's strain and it rips out of its moorings and she sledgehammers it onto the driver, crushing the windshield and most of his seat as he jellyfishes to the floor to avoid being crunched --

The jeep rolls away as she flips off it, right in front of the shack but facing the hill, where a few men are scrambling back up --

ANGLE: GOSHNAK'S GUN

Is in his hand as the shack door flies open, sighted like a first person shooter at Diana's back, twenty feet away, the finger squeezes and everything slows down, the noise of the bullet in the chamber alone and vibratngly loud --

ANGLE: DIANA -- also slowed down, as she hears the now indelible sound and momentary panic crosses her face, she starts to turn --

-- the gun fires --

And we speed back up as she completes the turn with her fist up, the bullet sparking off her bracelet.

We hold on her look, slow-burn anger with the sparking intensity of real fear, half hidden by the famous bracelet.

A moment. Goshnak shoots again, and she moves her arm only slightly. She walks toward him, confidence building as he repeatedly shoots and she uses either arm, not just blocking the bullets but whacking them away almost dismissively, finally reaching him and grabbing the gun hand, wrenching the gun to the ground as she grabs his throat.

DIANA

Stop. Shooting. Me.

The gun hits the ground and Diana brings her heel on it with enough force to break it.

DIANA

(continuing)

This land is not safe for you. The people here are under my protection and if you even approach them, your death will be appalling. Remember that, when you awake.

She headbutts him, her tiara ringing off his forehead like a blunted bell.

She drops him to the ground. She turns to look at the few stragglers coming up the hill. They have nothing but submission in their eyes.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

We find our group amongst the refugees. Sully is treating the sick in a half burnt-out building. Food has been distributed and people are sitting in little clusters, eating.

Diana walks among them, taking in their urgency.

ANGLE: AN OLD WOMAN glares at Diana mistrustfully.

OLD WOMAN

Who are you?

Diana isn't sure how to respond. The woman scuttles back into the shadows. Diana looks around to see:

ANGLE: A LITTLE BOY is digging food out of a can with his fingers. A middle aged man, maybe his father, looks through some empty cans. He sees the boy and yanks the food from him, starts greedily gulping it himself.

40.  
STEVE

(appearing)

Yeah, starvation doesn't seem to  
make people nicer. It's weird.

DIANA

How could the gods allow this?

STEVE

Your gods are dead, Diana. World  
hasn't been theirs for a long long  
while.

She looks at him. He almost says something conciliatory...  
but just turns away. He walks off as Ben approaches.

BEN

Don't mind Steve. He doesn't like  
people very much.

DIANA

He spends his life trying to help  
them.

BEN

Well, he's not very bright.

She smiles, falls into step with him through the camp.

BEN

(continuing)

Steve was Airforce. Flew some  
combat missions... even got downed  
once, spent five days fighting his  
way back to to the border.

DIANA

A soldier. I wouldn't have  
thought.

BEN

He doesn't talk about it much, but  
it gave him a healthy distrust of  
anyone with too much power.  
Decided to drop something more  
productive than bombs. He knew  
Sully from way back -- they  
schemed this up together.

DIANA

Steve and Sully are mates?

BEN

Mates?

DIANA

Do they... mate? Or...

BEN

(smiles)

Sully would never put up with him. I don't believe Steve's seeing anyone right now.

DIANA

(awkward)

Oh. That's of no import. To me. I don't care about that.

BEN

(stopping)

And what do you care about? Steve told us not to ask where you've come from, but may I ask where you're going? Do you have a plan?

DIANA

To help...

BEN

Well you're off to a pretty good start.

DIANA

I need to know more. I need to see... everything.

BEN

Then you should probably stick with us.

DIANA

Where are you going?

BEN

Back home, when we're finished here. Back to Gateway.

DIANA

What is Gateway?

EXT. SPEARHEAD - DAY

Pushing in on the gleaming tower, the name SPEARHEAD emblazoned just below the top, which widens and then comes to a point, spear-like...

CALLAS (V.O.)

The greatest city in the world.  
The symbol of American ingenuity,  
prosperity, and cultural  
diversity.

INT. CALLAS' OFFICE - CONTINUING

Looking out the window at the panorama of the city is Spearhead's CEO, ARABELLA CALLAS. Very blonde, very patrician, unflappable and icy smooth. As lovely as she is untouchable.

CALLAS

Literally, our gateway to the world.

She turns back and we see a meeting breaking up, a few executives and city councilmen (it's easy to tell the difference) packing up their briefcases.

CALLAS

(continuing)

I still believe all that.

COUNCILMAN

(nicely)

From up here, so do I. It's down on the street where it gets a little more confusing.

CALLAS

(smiles)

Yes. Well, we deal in military technology. We know a little something about grey areas.

Polite laughter.

COUNCILMAN

Spearhead's one of the cities biggest investors. We're not taking that lightly. We'll do our best to make these zoning issues work.

CALLAS

No one's looking for shortcuts. Let's get it right.

(shakes his hand)

City's not going anywhere.

Everyone but Callas exits. As soon as the doors are shut she moves to a painting behind her big desk, puts her hand on it.

43.  
It glows briefly and a tapestry behind her desk lifts, a giant steel door sliding down behind it.

INT. SPEARHEAD WAR ROOM - CONTINUING

A cross between a Wall Street trading bullpen and Houston Ground Control, this is where Spearhead monitors the world. There are screens with maps and satellite feeds, dozens of employees with headsets tracking troop movements, high-level government communications, even weather patterns. These employees don't wear suits. They wear black.

Callas strides through the room as various employees (OPs) come up to her.

OP 1

Talks between Kaltyf and the Bundu have broken down. We're hearing that the generals nearly drew on each other in the room.

CALLAS

Make sure the interpreter gets his bonus. And keep our reps on point; I don't want a bullet fired that wasn't bought from us.

He goes, a woman approaches -- Callas never stops moving.

OP 2

Weather patterns off the Carolina coast are getting about as hairy as predicted. Force five, and it should get pretty far inland.

CALLAS

The White House is tracking this too, so run a scenario in case there's a swift and efficient government response.

(off her look)

Just kidding. Prep our insurance teams. And make sure the news --

OP 2

The news is written. It turns into a light drizzle the TV'll make it feel like the last days of Pompeii.

A third puts a piece of paper in her hand. She scans it.

CALLAS

What is this.



OP 3

I honestly don't know. Doesn't seem possible.

CALLAS

(eyes on the paper)  
Anything is possible, Danny... get someone out there. I want eyewitness.

OP 4

General Atu called, wants to meet.

CALLAS

We don't need to meet. Tell him if he wants our new bombers before the pentagon even sees them, we get 12 percent.

OP 4

Mark-up?

CALLAS

Of his country. I'm going to pray.

She exits into a dark room at the opposite end from where she entered, paper still in her hand.

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - CONTINUING

She goes down a few steps into a very different space: lit by torches, with a grotesque statue of ARES, God of War, suspended from the ceiling like the whale in the Museum of Natural history. Beneath the statue is a pedestal with a bowl of fire. Callas goes to it, bowing her head and whispering reverentially.

As she does, STRIFE materializes behind her. His power of teleportation involves the stone floor sort of bulging and forming amidst crackling energy, as though he's pushing his way through the earth. Stone becomes cape and in just a second he is behind Callas, a great deal bigger than life.

STRIFE

You should be on your knees.

CALLAS

Your uncle is not impressed by supplication, Strife. What about the reporter?

STRIFE

She's dispatched.

CALLAS

You were discreet, I can assume?

He glares at her. She turns to face him.

CALLAS

(continuing)

It matters, Strife. The eyes of the world cannot be on Gateway. Not right now. The world is won --

STRIFE

(along with her)

-- won in silence. I know. There was a time when the God of War made war.

CALLAS

You want war, you need armies. You need an acceptable level of poverty and ignorance.

(looking up at the statue)

Despair, rage, religious fervor and above all fear.

(turning to him)

Come on, Strife; you like fear...

STRIFE

Fear should be earned, not manufactured.

She heads down a hall opposite the War room. He falls into step with her as she hands him the paper she was given.

CALLAS

This should put a blood-curdling smile on your face: remember that feeling you had, someone was coming...

He looks at the paper as she continues.

CALLAS

(continuing)

Albanian coast. Some woman took out an entire rebel brigade in just under five minutes.

STRIFE

(reading)

She left no dead?

CALLAS  
Zero casualties. Kind of  
unsportsmanlike, don't you think?

STRIFF  
Where is she now?

CALLAS  
You'll know when we do. We don't  
need any unknowns. If today's  
test goes well --

STRIFF  
It will. The Khimaera has  
hungered for this a long time.

They step into:

INT THE SILO - CONTINUING

A large space (we can tell by the echo in their voices),  
metal, roundish, but the technology has an ancient, organic  
edge to it. They stand on a walkway, looking at something.

CALLAS  
The Khimaera's a machine. It  
doesn't hunger.

STRIFF  
You profess to worship and you  
deny my master's magics? Your  
technologies will only take you so  
far, Ms Callas.

CALLAS  
The Age of Monsters is over.

STRIFF  
Is it. Is it really.

As he says it the camera pulls back to reveal the head of the  
**Khimaera** -- we see little more than a metal shape, the top of  
which resembles a cross between a lion's head and a  
massive rock-drill. Clearly filling the entire silo, the  
thing writhes and spews fire. Maintenance machines arm out  
from the wall or crawl over it, insectlike. We catch just  
this glimpse and --

EXT. ABOVE THE CITY - DAY

We see Steve's plane as it flies directly over Spearhead  
Tower, heading for the airstrip outside of town.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUING

Diana sits next to Steve and looks out at the enormous panorama, brow furrowed.

STEVE  
What do you think?

DIANA  
It's... overwhelming.

STEVE  
Oh. Well, it's not too late to turn back.

GRIFFIN  
(sticking his head between them)  
Pretty sure it is, cap'n.

STEVE  
("Go away")  
Is your tray table in the upright and locked position?

GRIFFIN  
Just get us on the ground, man. We need sleep.

He slips back to the others.

STEVE  
(to Diana)  
You probably don't.

DIANA  
Sleep? I have to see the city. Just show me where we'll be staying and I'll go from there.

STEVE  
I'm not sure I like you wandering Gateway all by yourself.

DIANA  
I'll be fine.

STEVE  
No, I'm kind of afraid for the city.

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

It's a packed street, but Diana still stands out as she enters frame. She makes her way through the downtown business throng, looking at everything and everyone intently, more sociologist than sightseer. A burly guy bumps into her and spins off like he hit the corner of a wall -- she doesn't even notice. He rubs his shoulder, glaring.

Camera arms down as she approaches to show the enormity of the buildings above her. She looks up at them too, but not in awe.

As she continues through the city, we see various POVs and tableaux:

-- a three story toy store with a ferris wheel inside.

-- a homeless man pulling food out of trash can next to kids being hustled into a chauffeured Rolls.

-- a brightly lit facade advertising LIVE NUDE GIRLS, a barker outside beckoning. As Diana passes, someone shoves a flyer into her hand. She looks down at it, and, appalled, looks around to give it back.

-- various outdoor food stands: greek, chinese, mexican...

--a hooker in an outfit skimpier than Diana's who stares at Diana, asking:

HOOKER

Who are you supposed to be?

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Close on Diana looking in wonder and a little fear. REVERSE to see her in front of a storefront bank of TVs. On the TVs is a news report -- overseas war and atrocity, bigger than life.

As Diana steps back in a kind of hypnotized shock, we TRACK BACK to see the TV display is monstrously huge, dozens of screens, each image the same horror -- replaced suddenly by the cheery bright gloss of a commercial.

Diana steps back into the street -- and a guy pulling out in a convertible zigs around her, calling out:

GUY

Watch it! Stupid bitch.

Without looking, Diana reaches back and grabs the side of the open convertible.

As she turns she pulls it slowly back, its tires smoking as the driver tries to pull away.

She holds the car in place and looks down at him.

DIANA

What did you say?

Before he can answer, there is a cry of pain from across the street. Diana looks up at:

ANGLE: THE ALLEY OPPOSITE

Where a 14 year old BOY is having his arm twisted by a DEALER.

BOY

It's all I got, I swear!

THE DEALER

You think you can hold out, get yourself some nice shoes...

BOY

OW! No!

Diana lets go of the car.

DIANA

Leave.

GUY

(quietly)

Thank you ma'am.

He guns it and she starts across to the alley.

The dealer continues to shake the kid, really hurting him now.

THE DEALER

You think I don't got fifty kids waiting to take your spot?

BOY

I didn't lift nothing!

THE DEALER

Now you're calling me a liar.

DIANA

You're hurting that child.

She's maybe twenty feet away. Almost silhouetted by the light of the street.

THE DEALER

Yeah, I'm a hurt you next, you get  
in my business:

DIANA

Let go of him.

THE DEALER

Or what?

She whips the lasso out, and cuts his cheek in a dazzling  
flash. He's grabbing his cheek and stumbling back as it's  
already coiled at her hip. She approaches, passing the  
fleeing kid.

The dealer pulls out a gun and starts firing at her. She  
deflects three shots, closing the distance and kicking the  
gun high in the air.

DIANA

Understand something.

She catches the falling gun without taking her eyes off him.

DIANA

(continuing)

I don't like these.

She tosses it aside, taking a step toward him.

ANGLE: HIS FEET as they stumble back against the wall of the  
old building and a rat scurries across the other way.

THE DEALER

You got no right, I'm just  
protecting my interests...

DIANA

What are you doing here?

THE DEALER

I'm legitimate, you're aggressing  
me --

She whips the lasso around his neck.

DIANA

What are you doing.

THE DEALER

I'm just standing here minding my  
own crack dealing!

(more)

THE DEALER (cont'd)  
 (he stops, shaken)  
 No, no, I sell crack! And guns.  
 I also run whores sometimes -- or,  
 no! I mean...  
 (deflated)  
 That's what I mean.

DIANA  
 There's others like you.

THE DEALER  
 Are you kidding? There's  
 hundreds. Gateway got a lot of  
 needy people.

DIANA  
 Who do you work for?

THE DEALER  
 I pay up to Joey Gibb, but it all  
 makes its way to Kleen. It's  
 Kleen's world and he's gonna kill  
 me he finds out I said that.

DIANA  
 Who is Kleen?

ANGLE: HIS FEET

As more rats -- like, dozens of rats are scurrying up from  
 the basement grating of the old building.

Diana looks down at them as they mill about his dancing feet,  
 squeaking up at her.

THE DEALER  
 I'm afraid! I'm afraid now!

DIANA  
 (quietly)  
 So are they...

INT. SPEARHEAD WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Op 5 is watching a bank of video feeds while the war room  
 bustles about, Callas watching over it all. TECH GUY calls  
 out:

TECH GUY  
 Forty five seconds...



TECH 2

(back to Callas)

Khimaera's beat the projections by more than a minute. And she's taking no internal damage. Green across the board.

OP 1

(to Callas)

We got geologists, structural engineers, all camera-ready. "Building not to code, seismic tremor" -- They're well rehearsed.

CALLAS

They'd better not sound it.

OP 5

(leaning forward)

...hell is that...?

Callas moves toward him swiftly.

CALLAS

What's going on?

OP 5

Someone's on site.

Callas looks at:

ANGLE: A MONITOR that shows the lobby of the building Diana was outside. It's old and decrepit, with a few tired-looking folk hanging out in the lobby and a manager behind a counter.

Diana is literally shoving people out of the building.

DIANA (ON THE MONIOTR)

Everybody out NOW!

OP 2 (O.S.)

(calls out)

Thirty seconds...

CALLAS

(quietly)

Where is Strife?

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUING

Diana has a few bewildered people shying out the door. She moves to the manager --

MANAGER

Lady, you need to calm down and --

DIANA

How many people are in here? We have to get them out.

MANAGER

Nobody's getting out of anything --

DIANA

(grabbing him)

**This building is coming down!**

He looks at her, freaked, and she tosses him back against the wall in frustration, heads for the stairs.

The room deafeningly groans, shuddering, and the floor sags visibly as a crack runs up the wall.

The Manager looks at Diana for a second, then smashes the fire alarm glass and pulls it, racing out of the building as the alarm blares and Diana heads up.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUING

People are already coming out of apartments -- whores, junkies and some very poor families -- as Diana is moving up.

DIANA

Get out! Move!

The building shakes again and she moves up the next flight.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUING

More people, moving frantically, and people from the top floor as well. Diana grabs a man pulling his bigscreen TV out his door. She tosses him into the throng sans TV.

DIANA

You have no time!

The building jolts and lurches, plaster smoking up the air.

The staircase going down collapses. People scream -- one woman is on the stairs and Diana whips out the lasso, flicks it around the falling woman's wrist and swings her to the safety of the second floor.

The people still on this floor -- about eight of them -- look at her in terror.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
Up! Across the roof to the next  
building! GO!

They start to move as, unseen in front of frame, the floor balloons up like a fever blister and Strife begins to appear...

They hustle up the stairs -- and Diana sees this staircase start to give way as well. She jumps on the bannister below, one leg out against the wall, just as the top of the staircase snaps loose and the entire thing starts to come down -- with most of the people still on it. She shoots up her arms and holds it, straining to push it back up. She gets it close enough so the people can start going up --

And a blow to the kidney nearly topples her. She can feel the stairs -- and her precarious purchase against the wall -- start to give. Looks around to see Strife just as he lands a second blow.

STRIFE  
You are getting in the way.

Still she holds the stairs.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUING

We see people racing out of the fire door and across to the other building, which is connected and easily reachable.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUING

The last person is stumbling up the stairs as Strife whips out a sword and comes at her from behind again. The moment the stairs are clear she crouches down and dumps/hurls them behind her right on top of Strife.

He smashes up through them just as she reaches him with crippling punch of her own. They spar briefly, then he grabs her wrists to block a blow and stares, suddenly awed, at her bracelets.

STRIFE  
An Amazon...

The floor falls out from under them.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUING

A two story plummet lands them back in the now-tilted lobby, beams and debris falling all around them.

35.  
They both roll right up facing each other, but too much stuff is collapsing for any fighting space. Strife dives at Diana, rolling with her so that they are both wrapped in his cloak --

-- and the bubble effect comes suddenly, moving them from the collapsing lobby to:

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

They roll out and face each other again, Diana taking in the gleaming stillness, the total contrast to her previous environs. Strife has his sword out, and the two of them move slightly, circling, warriors ever.

STRIEE

Do you know me, Amazon?

DIANA

Every girl in the tribe hears tales about Strife. His strength is legendary.

(feels her mouth)

And clearly mere legend.

He smiles at the barb, and comes in for a burst of violence, his blows parried (barely) by Diana. She gets in a decent hit. They part again, circling.

STRIEE

A little more fire in you than the others. Where do you get that?

DIANA

From my mother.

STRIEE

(realizing)

Hippolyte...

(laughs)

The Amazon's princess. After all this time. I was there when they bound those bracelets and sucked out the Amazons' power. The shame of it. Your mother was right to run and hide.

DIANA

Well you'd know all about hiding. Or is your name still feared in this new world?

That one doesn't get a smile. He comes at her hard and slices her, getting in a couple of nasty blows and tossing her back.

STRIFE  
Stay out of my city, Princess.  
You're well out of your depth.

DIANA  
Am I?

STRIFE  
Believe me --

And she charges him this time but he rolls her into another teleportation jump and tosses her back in the

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUING

Just as the buildings about to collapse completely, the noise and dust sudden and cacophonous.

STRIFE  
-- you can't take the pressure.

He disappears. The building collapses on Diana.

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is tiny, dark, and quiet. Diana lies face down on the bed, naked, arm draped over the edge, a sheet loosely over her lower parts as Steve gently sponges off her wounds.

STEVE  
(softly)  
You should let me call Sully.

DIANA  
I'll heal.

He picks a tiny piece of concrete out of her back. It hurts but she doesn't show him that.

STEVE  
Tell me about Strife.

DIANA  
He's well named. Of all the Gods' children, he is the cruelest. His uncle, his master, is Ares.

STEVE  
(not pleased)  
Ares, God of war? As in, war?

DIANA  
(almost to herself)  
If the gods are dead, why is  
Strife here?

STEVE  
This is great. The city's  
infested with ancient Greeks.  
This Strife probably rolled in on  
the same tide brought you. Every  
action has a reaction...

DIANA  
But why Gateway? He called it his  
city.

STEVE  
There's the old saying: you wanna  
see the world, go to Gateway and  
walk ten blocks. This really is  
international hub of the country.  
Anybody with power's got a base  
here.

DIANA  
And you brought me straight to it.

STEVE  
Under protest.

DIANA  
Do you think it's all coincidence?  
Truly? The signs are all around  
us. You don't think I'm here for  
a reason?

STEVE  
I think you're dangerous. I think  
you mean well but you're looking  
for trouble and you're wildly  
adept at finding it. I think  
you've got delusions of grandeur  
and some actual grandeur, which is  
confusing. I don't like  
confusing. I hate the fact that  
I'm so attracted to you, just  
touching you is overwhelming and  
I keep hoping you'll turn around  
so I can see more of you naked.

He stops, even more confused than she is. His jaw sets and  
he reaches down, pulls the lasso out from under his butt.  
She tries not show her smile.

STEVE

(continuing)

Can we not leave this lying around?

(tosses it on a chair)

There's a reason men don't like to talk about their feelings. Their feelings are lame.

DIANA

I think they're fascinating.

STEVE

Men?

DIANA

People. You were right about this city: just one day here I've already seen... everything.

STEVE

Not everything.

DIANA

Such extraordinary achievements, and such idiocy... and over and over, the same look on people's faces.

STEVE

How do we look?

DIANA

Lost. Like somewhere inside you all know this isn't good enough, the selfishness, the inequity, the violence... it's beneath you, but you've been in it so long you can't remember. The whole city, Steve: no one ever looks up.

STEVE

And that, let me guess, is your mission.

She rises --

DIANA

**Our** mission.

-- tying the sheet around her and going to the mirror in his tiny bathroom. She washes blood off her face as they talk.

STEVE  
I don't remember volunteering for anything.

DIANA  
You of all people know this is not how things should be. And Strife is proof of that. He has a mission, never doubt it. If I stop him...

STEVE  
What if you can't?

DIANA  
(returning)  
"Can't."

STEVE  
Right, your favorite word. What if you lose?

DIANA  
As long as there's life in me, I don't quit.

STEVE  
Nyeah, but I didn't say 'quit'. I said 'lose'. Any idiot can win. Doesn't mean jack till you've done the other thing.

DIANA  
Well I can't do either till I start fighting.

STEVE  
This guy just pops up wherever he likes -- how you gonna find him?

DIANA  
I'll do the one thing he can't abide: give people something to look up to.

MONTAGE:

ANGLE: THREE THUGS in a warehouse as they all look up in anger and fear -- and one is yanked up out of frame by a golden lasso.

ANGLE: DIANA KICKING a thug back ten feet into a wall.



ANGLE: DIANA CLOTHESLINES A RUNNING THUG who flips onto the floor. Widen to see:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

From above, we see crates of guns. Diana is in the middle of four thugs, all of whom draw on her simultaneously. CLOSE ON her face as she readies herself --

EXT. STREET - DAY

Diana is atop the hood of a humvee, one hand dug into the metal of the hood and the other arm outstretched --

ANGLE: HER LASSO is wrapped around a traffic-light pole. WIDEN to see she is holding it with all her might as the car screeches in a circle despite the driver's attempt to steer -- the big vehicle tilts onto two wheels before it smashes into a parked car, Diana flying off, flipping in air and landing on her feet.

EXT. SAME - LATER

Diana has her rope around one of the passengers and he's talking -- Ben is taking notes as Steve and Griffin marvel at the many many packs of white powder spilling out of the humvee's back.

CLOSE ON: BEN'S PAD. The name "Kleen" is being written at the top.

INT. DARK CELLAR - DAY

A group of young Asian women huddled in squalor look up as the roof of the cellar is torn off and sunlight streams in.

Diana tosses the sheet of metal away, a roped trafficker looking glumly on.

INT. STEVE'S WORKPLACE - DAY

Sully is treating some of the women as more are being ushered in. The space is an old fashioned bullpen -- offices with no ceiling in a bigger space. The camera ARMS UP to see the big room beyond is sleeping a number of homeless people.

In one office, Steve and Diana discuss their chalkboard diagram of crime, at the top of which is, again, "Kleen".

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A hostage taker is on the phone, yelling. Behind him are his terrified wife and children, tied and gagged.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUING

Low angle on the negotiator talking the guy down -- and above him, Diana leaps from the roof opposite to the top of the building. A couple of people see, and everyone starts to crane around to look -- when the hostage taker comes flying out the fourth story window and lands heavily on the fire escape.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We're behind a firetruck racing to the scene -- as it turns the corner we see the scene is another collapsed building.

EXT. BUILDING - LATER

Firemen rush to a pile of rubble -- and the rubble lifts, Diana holding up an entire ceiling as dust covered people scramble hurriedly out to safety.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

And here finally is the second half of the fight, when all the guns light up and Diana turns whirling dervish, deflecting every single shot with astonishing fluidity. Within ten seconds she has every shooter on the floor.

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

One of the thugs tries to crawl away -- and the golden rope whips around his midsection.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Diana comes around a corner in a rundown but residential neighborhood. She looks at the sun peeking over the roof, takes a breath.

A cute little GIRL of ten stands nearby at the bottom of a gnarled tree. She calls out:

GIRL

Lady?

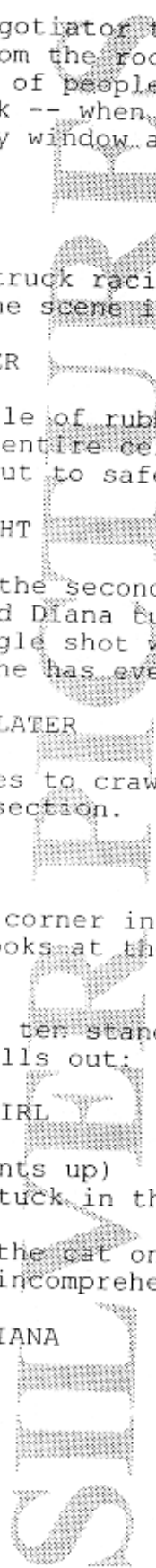
(points up)

My cat is stuck in that tree.

Diana looks up, sees the cat on a branch, looks back at the girl with dismissive incomprehension.

DIANA

Climb it.



ANGLE: A TV with a newscaster on it, a middle-aged female with a picture of the building collapse aftermath and the words WONDER WOMAN? Over it.

NEWSCASTER

Reports have come in from all over the city. Descriptions vary, but all describe her as female, impossibly strong and scantily clad.

We are pulling back on the TV as they cut to the two-shot with the male newscaster:

NEWSCASTER #2

So, what do you think? Publicity stunt?

NEWSCASTER

(sourly)

Probably. The last time I checked, heroes didn't run around in bustiers.

During this it cuts to a blurry video image of Diana at the fire, which freezes. And a SPEAR destroys the TV image.

INT. CALLAS' OFFICE - DAY

Widen to see Strife holding the other end of the spear, Callas sitting at her desk calmly. A LONG BEAT.

STRIFE

Sorry.

He pulls the spear out.

CALLAS

I understand exactly how you feel.

STRIFE

(re: spear)

Then let me put this through something besides her picture!

CALLAS

You wanna go to war with the entire Amazon nation? Well, right, of course you do, but it would seriously crimp our plans.

STRIFE

Does she not anyway?

CALLAS

Oh yes. That's why I'm sending you back home. There's something there we need.

STRIFE

I'm to run errands now?

CALLAS

Oh no. This is a dream for you. If your uncle tells you you can't kill the girl, there should only be one question in your mind: what, for an Amazon, is worse than death?

A beat. And then a close up of Strife's appalling grin.

EXT. A CLUB - NIGHT

The club is classic trendy -- people lined up behind a velvet rope, all trying to get the attention of the BOUNCER, a huge guy with a headset, a clipboard, and patience for nobody.

Our gang is on the street, approaching it.

DIANA

Nearly every trail I've followed leads to this man, Kleen. This is where he's to be found.

STEVE

Magic lasso confessions hold up in court?

DIANA

I just know I was meant to come here.

STEVE

Been 'reading the signs'?

DIANA

(pointing)  
Just the one.

The camera pans up from them to the club's sign: "OLYMPUS".

Steve shakes his head, defeated.

Diana moves past a waiting girl who becomes indignant, putting her hand on Diana's arm.

## INDIGNANT GIRL

Excuse me, who are you?

Diana looks at her for a second and the girl drops her arm.  
They reach the BOUNCER, who steps in Diana's way.

BOUNCER

Ho ho, hold on.

DIANA

We're going inside.

BOUNCER

Not until I say you are and I ain't sayin' it.

(looks her over)

You wait around an hour I might take pity 'cause you're fine, but this crew -- not gonna happen.

DIANA

I haven't time for this. I am Di--

BOUNCER

Doesn't matter who you are -- I'm the Bouncer, bitch. And the first rule of clubbing is you never piss off. the Bouncer.

INT. JUST INSIDE THE DOOR - A BIT LATER

Diana strides into the club, brow furrowed, Steve beside.

DIANA

I don't get it.

STEVE

What?

DIANA

He didn't bounce.

EXT. OLYMPUS - CONTINUING

We see the bouncer unconscious against the cracked windshield of a car. Griffin has his headset and clipboard.

GRIFFIN

Okay! Guy from the 'burbs desperately trying to impress his date, you, yeah get on in. Tee shirt guy. You two...

Two thin supermodel types come up to him --

GRIFFIN  
(continuing)  
Go eat something! Go to Arby's,  
get some protein, you frighten me.

INT. OLYMPUS - CONTINUING

It's crowded and loud. The dance floor is big, packed, with a low, **mirrored ceiling** above it.

Diana and the other three come to the bar, look around.

ANGLE: KLEEN isn't hard to spot. His booth is the boothiest, his posse the scariest, his life the largest. He's every inch the thug made good. A GIRLFRIEND is draped over him, clearly high.

Back on our gang, scoping him out.

BEN  
Kleen. I don't think that's his  
real name.

SULLY  
Only four bodyguards -- he can't  
be so dangerous as all that.

STEVE  
This has to be surgical, Diana.  
Those guys start shooting, the  
stampede alone will kill people.

Diana is looking at Kleen with deadly focus. She moves through the crowd.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
Diana, did you -- dammit!  
(to the others)  
Get near the exit.

Diana comes the edge of Kleen's little enclave. A bodyguard starts to move in her way and she jabs him, hard, in the shoulder, causing him to keel over in silent agony.

The other three pull their guns but keep them pointed down.

KLEEN  
(smiling)  
I guess you wanna see me.

He throws the girlfriend off and stands. Diana says nothing, just looks at him.

KLEEN

(continuing)

I keep hearing my product's getting jacked by some crazy strong bitch in a tiara. That couldn't be you, 'cause here you are too scared to speak. It's sad. The way a funeral is sad. You up in my world now.

The girlfriend slinks up him.

THE GIRLFRIEND

What are you talkin' to her, I need a little sugar --

KLEEN

Get your skank ass offa me while I'm doing business!

THE GIRLFRIEND

Honey...

DIANA

You can do better.

The girl looks at Diana, surprised. Kleen is not pleased. Hand slides to his gun.

KLEEN

What'd you say to her?

DIANA

I was talking to you.

He looks uncertain. And she begins speaking, low, quick, hypnotic.

DIANA

(continuing)

This isn't your world.

(indicates the club)

What of this did you create?  
Somebody else told you how to  
succeed, what to want, what to  
wear, who to kill, who to be.

(more)

DIANA (cont'd)

And you made it because you're tougher than the other man, you're smarter than the other man, getting the edge, **making** the edge, defying everybody's laws to become exactly what they want you to be. There was a you before you and a there'll be a you to kill you off. That bothers you, not because you're afraid of death but because you **are** smarter, smart enough to see past all this and know that real power is in connection, in community. Immortality is in legacy. You know the things you truly need are not the things you buy, or take, you. Can do better. You can do good.

A beat. Kleen looks genuinely furious.

KLEEN

You got no understanding at all.

He gets in her face. A beat.

KLEEN

(continuing)

Go have yourself a drink. You mess around with my business or make any more long-ass speeches in my face I'm a riddle you with holes, we cool?

She turns and walks away, Steve trailing. Kleen sits as he talks to his boys.

KLEEN

(continuing)

Girl likes the sound of her voice.

(to his doubled over  
bodyguard)

Walk it off, man, walk it off.

ANGLE: Steve and Diana arrive back at the bar, where Griffin has joined the others.

STEVE

That's it? The crime lord of the whole... everything, he gets a pep-talk?



BEN

I thought we were trying to avoid  
gunplay.

STEVE

But a little lasso action -- this  
guy's probably connected to Strife.

DIANA

I have a feeling about him.

STEVE

This is why I can't leave you  
alone. You dress that guy down in  
front of his crew and it **doesn't**  
go your way --

DIANA

(looking around)

The signs don't point to Kleen.

STEVE

Then what are we doing here?

GRIFFIN

(proffering beers)

Well, I'm celebrating, people! We  
been doing some big-ass good and  
we earned a little swagger.

SULLY

That we did.

The bartender comes up to them with a small glass of red wine.

BARTENDER

For the lady.

STEVE

Is that from Kleen? Don't drink  
that.

BARTENDER

It's from upstairs.

Diana looks over where the bartender indicates:

ANGLE: THE STAIRS are roped off, a guy quietly turning away  
a hip young couple.

Diana takes the glass, looks at it. Takes a sip -- and  
drains the entire thing. Puts it down, looking thoughtful.

DIANA  
I have to dance.

Without another word, she moves from them. Walks easily through the crowded dance floor.

GRIFFIN  
(to Steve)  
You gonna dance with her, man?

STEVE  
(suddenly awkward)  
Me? Why would I...

He turns to the bar, deliberately not looking.

Diana reaches the middle of the floor. She raises her arm and holds still. Turns her palm in and brings her arm down with ritualistic rigidity. This could go very badly...

Then she moves her leg back and turns, fluidly, a curve rippling up her body as she folds into a dance that is sensual, ethereal and wicked sexy. This is not a warrior march; though it remains idiosyncratic, it is neither out of place nor unnoticed on the crowded floor.

ANGLE: GRIFFIN AND BEN watch, enraptured.

BEN  
Are you watching this?

GRIFFIN  
(big-eyed)  
It's like **Christmas**...

ANGLE: STEVE stands at the bar -- but his eyes are on the mirror, where he can see her just as well as anyone. He would never admit he's entranced.

ANGLE: DIANA FROM ABOVE as she dances, the camera tilting down to reveal that it was on the mirrored ceiling and we are actually at eye level with her as she continues to move.

The beat gets fiercer and so does Diana, shaking and tossing her hair. A eurotrashy guy moves to her, but she turns, unseeing. A rasta guy nudges out Euro, who grabs him and as the dance gets more frantic rasta gives euro a shove, sends him flying back -- but slowly, everything is moving slowly...

Diana stops. Everyone save her is slowing to a dead stop -- some in mid-air -- and everywhere there is a strange silence.

Diana looks around. Sees:

ANGLE: THE STAIRS

As the intimidating club guy is looking right at her. He unhooks the rope, stepping to one side.

Diana makes her way toward him, curious, as the camera follows through the stilled throng, till Diana reaches the stairs, passing the club worker who puts the rope back and

ANGLE: THE ROPE latches back and REAL TIME starts again, everything continuing as it was.

INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Diana enters a huge, lush but quirky private room. Colorful and retro, like its occupant, who stands with his back to her at the bar, mixing a drink. As she crosses toward him, the camera rises to show that the floor is the other side of the one-way mirror on the dance floor ceiling. Diana almost appears to be in mid-air as she walks over the writhing crowd.

BACCHUS

(without turning)

I like that you knew you needed to dance for me. And it was worthy; I mean, for a girl whose never seen Soul Train even once you can bend a bit. It's pleasing to me -- but not nearly as pleasing as the way you handled Kleen. Fingers on triggers and you throw down with a bad-ass motivational speech. Not gonna do squat but heavy heavy kudos. A good surprise is really hard to come by.

He turns, holding a drink with an umbrella. He's funky, unassuming -- cute in a sheepish kind of way. For all the goof, though, there's steel in his smile. The guy is a God.

BACCHUS

(continuing)

And you. Were a surprise.

DIANA

(bows her head)

Dionysos.

BACCHUS

"Bacchus". The Romans! They came and changed all our names. How random is that?

(more)

BACCHUS (cont'd)

A lot of the gods wouldn't go for it, but I like 'Bacchus'. It swings.

DIANA

I was told the gods were dead.

BACCHUS

(it doesn't swing)

Yeah, well. Most of them are.

DIANA

Athena?

BACCHUS

Deader than Elvis.

(off her look)

Who's a guy that's dead, after your time --

(explaining)

-- a God exists because people believe in it. Worship. Is a thing. Goddess of wisdom? Not hanging in, not today.

(raises his drink)

But nobody ever stopped worshipping wine.

DIANA

Or war.

BACCHUS

(nodding)

Ares, yeah. It's his world now. I mean, Aphrodite's still looking good, but not for publication I think she's had some work done. Also she's out of her mind.

DIANA

This whole world is mad.

BACCHUS

You're not wrong.

DIANA

And you do nothing. Worse -- I've seen what you provide to the people out there and it's a good lot stronger than wine. They're crippled by lusts and addictions and you use all your power to do what? Watch and laugh?

BACCHUS

You're a feisty little filly. Let me ask you this:

He picks her up with one hand and slams her onto the bar. Doesn't even spill his drink.

BACCHUS

(continuing)

Are you a god?

(holding her down)

'Cause I am and I'm used to being addressed like one.

DIANA

(struggling to speak)

Why -- am I here.

He lets her up.

BACCHUS

Ares. He's not playing by the rules.

He strolls away as she rises, coughing. He's casual again.

DIANA

What rules does a god have?

BACCHUS

Why does nobody get this? I'm a god, yeah, but I'm also **only** a god. Wine and revelry, it can bring men together or tear them apart, I can't choose which. Humans choose. More and more they choose blindness. They choose hate, and isolation. It's major mojo for Ares, and he wants more where that came from.

DIANA

There is war everywhere. Why would Ares need more?

BACCHUS

Why do billionaires cheat on their taxes?

He gives her a shrug. It's answer enough.

DIANA

And you can't stop him... because it's against the rules.

BACCHUS

Back in the day, Zeus wanted to manifest in animal form for some hot girl-on-swan action, it wasn't that big a deal. It's trickier now. I come down to party, but that's it. Ares doesn't come at all.

DIANA

But he has Strife.

BACCHUS

Heard you two been mixing it up. Pretty intense; guy's not a featherweight...

DIANA

Then where is he? Why doesn't he challenge me?

BACCHUS

Is that what your little crime-busting spree is all about? Riling Strife? You gotta be thinking bigger than that.

DIANA

(impatiently)

Tell me what you brought me here to tell me.

BACCHUS

You are **so** much like your mom. Have you heard the name "Spearhead"?

(she shakes her head)

You've seen the building: tall, shaped like some guy seriously overcompensating... well, that's Ares' base. Technology, which means weapons, the best and latest and that's just their day job. Their mission is misery. Ares is stepping over the line, and I think Gateway's gonna be his footprint.

DIANA

Why do you care?

BACCHUS

I lost New Orleans. Think about that. 'Sides, I like this place. Just like you do. It's lively.

DIANA

Spearhead. What am I looking for?

BACCHUS

Arabella Callas. She runs the joint, direct conduit to Ares. She's like Medea without the maternal warmth. You wanna get near her.

(looks her over)

Might need a more subtle look -- your boyfriend can help you with that.

DIANA

I don't have a -- who?

BACCHUS

The pilot. Trevor.  
(before she can protest)

Don't even bother. Diana, what's happening between you two isn't chance. It was predicted by the Oracles millenia ago.

DIANA

It was?

BACCHUS

(snorts)

No. But check out your face when I said it. There's something going on.

DIANA

He's... a good man...

BACCHUS

He's beneath you.

She stiffens at the insult ---

BACCHUS

(continuing)

No, I mean, literally, he's -- there.

He points down, and she looks.

75.  
ANGLE: STEVE seen from above(through the floor), searching through the crowd for her.

BACCHUS  
(continuing)  
I like the guy. Kinda crabby, but he's in there, he's fightin'. Could be useful. Or he could seriously get in the way.

She looks up at Bacchus. He's clearly serious now.

BACCHUS  
(continuing)  
War has casualties. Gotta know what you're willing to trade.

A moment.

DIANA  
Thanks for the drink.

She goes. As the camera pulls away from Bacchus...

BACCHUS  
Wasn't that cool? I'm working on another one that makes everything intensely sort of... plaid. I'll hook you up.

EXT. SPEARHEAD - AFTERNOON

The building towers over us with gleaming, phallic grandeur. The HEAD OF SECURITY approaches a guard as another talks with people inside a car.

HEAD OF SECURITY  
We do a retinal on every guest. No exceptions.

GUARD  
They're really beefing it up.

HEAD OF SECURITY  
Well that's not your business.

GUARD  
(sheepish)  
Sir.

The head of security fades back in front of the bushes, watching the road. A **golden rope whips out** of the bushes and around his waist. He's pulled back in faster than he can blink.



He hits the ground, the lasso still around his chest. He goes for his gun but Diana shoves him back to the ground.

STEVE

Hi. We need some access codes.

INT. SPEARHEAD HALLWAY - DAY

The camera pans up a pair of high heels, tight skirt -- tightly buttoned professional woman with her hair tied back and round glasses on. It's a classic look; in fact, it's Diana 'Prince', next to a nattily suited Steve.

They come out of the elevator at the executive level, head for Callas' office.

STEVE

(looking around)

God of War makes weapons. Talk about 'hide in plain sight'...

DIANA

Why should he hide? Nobody bothers to look.

STEVE

Well we're looking -- and we're **just** looking, 'kay? Remember when you found Kleen and just had a chat? That was good. Let's chase that feeling.

DIANA

I won't fight unless it's time to.

STEVE

(dryly)

Right.

INT. ASSISTANT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

He's young and square-jawed, a comer. He looks up as they enter.

STEVE

Hi. Steve Trevor and Diana... Prince.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry...

STEVE

I think we're early. If I could just get a water, that'd be great. Still.

ASSISTANT

Sure, just let me check my book --

He reaches under the drawer. Diana grabs his head and smacks it down on the desk brutally fast. He's out.

STEVE

My water thing was working!

DIANA

(feeling under drawer)

He was going to call the guards.

(surprised)

Oh.

She pulls a gun with a silencer out from under the drawer.

DIANA

(continuing)

I was wrong.

INT. CALLAS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

As the doors smash open, Diana and Steve behind them. Reverse on Callas, sitting calmly at her desk.

CALLAS

Well that's a bit much.

Diana whips her lasso out around Callas' neck. Callas looks down at it calmly.

DIANA

Let's talk.

STEVE

And hands where we can see them, please.

CALLAS

(re: lasso)

Weaved by the oracles at Delphi. Blessed by Athena, am I right?

DIANA

So you do serve Ares.

CALLAS

Oh yes.

STEVE

Why?

(to Diana)

Does it work if I ask stuff?

CALLAS

His power is practically limitless and he has chosen me to run his empire on earth. Do you know what that makes me?

STEVE

The bad guy?

DIANA

What are you planning to do to Gateway?

CALLAS

Destroy it.

Her calm shakes Diana a little. There is real vulnerability to the question:

DIANA

Why?

CALLAS

Because we can. People get above themselves, and they need to be reminded how fragile they are. All the wars and all the weapons that we can manufacture will never be as blessed as mass, mindless fear. Gateway will be the first of many great cities to collapse and we will enter a golden age of fear and apathy and everybody. In the world. Will do as they're told.

She has them rapt, and she knows it. She smiles.

CALLAS

(continuing)

Plus it'll really help out with some zoning issues.

DIANA

How. How are you going to do it?

CALLAS

You should have asked that first.

79.  
Diana dives into Steve, knocking him to the ground as **gunfire** erupts from behind them. Six heavily (Almost science-fictionally) armed guards are taking positions just outside the room. Callas stands, free of the lasso.

CALLAS  
(continuing; to the  
guards)

You could have been quicker.

A guard starts into the room and Diana kicks the door from the floor, swinging it into his face with riotmask-shattering force.

She leaps up and grabs Callas, holds the rope to her throat.

DIANA  
Is there another way out?

Callas puts her hand on the painting and the tapestry rises, the steel door lowers behind them. Diana kicks the desk so hard it goes through the doorway and part of the wall, knocking down a couple more shooters.

DIANA  
(continuing; to Steve)  
Go!

He races into the war room. Gunfire makes Diana let go of Callas, who pitches forward as Diana follows Steve out.

INT. SPEARHEAD WAR ROOM - CONTINUING

Diana and Steve race through to the other side. Everyone stares at them stupidly -- till gunfire makes everyone in the room duck and cover.

A burst nearly gets them -- Diana deflects but they're forced to take cover behind a console. Diana grabs a couple of computer disks and whips them at the guards -- one cracks a faceplate, one digs into a forearm, and two guards are out of the game.

DIANA  
Now!

He runs low, she follows, deflecting a couple of shots -- and a tech guy bolts from his hiding place, freaking, colliding with Diana --

-- the guards fire indiscriminately --

CLOSE ON THE TECH GUY as he jolts with three impacts, looking at Diana in bewildered pain. He drapes himself on her as she stumbles back, thrown.

He dies staring at her.

Steve pulls her out the door to the prayer chamber as she looks up at the guards in rage, deflecting the last few shots almost automatically.

INT. PRAYER CHAMBER - CONTINUING

The hanging statue of Ares looms over them as they enter. Steve is looking for a way to bar the door --

STEVE

This thing doesn't lock!

And a still-stunned Diana looks up into the grotesque eyes of the hanging Ares statue right above her.

She whips her rope around its middle and heaves, bringing the thing down onto the floor. She pushes it against the door, its marble head smashing into dust as it hits. We hear thuds and shots from the other side, but the door isn't budging now.

INT. THE SILO - CONTINUING

The silo is empty, and Steve nearly plummets over the railingless edge. The drop seems endless. There are walkways at various levels but no stairs.

All about them, various machines come to life. Designed for repair, welding and bolting, most of them attached to the walls, they reach out and start firing bolts, lasers -- and some insectile repairbots crawl menacing down at them from above, wielding saws and pincers.

STEVE

What the hell is this place?

DIANA

Hold on to me.

He grabs her in around the waist and shoulder, leaving her arms free.

STEVE

Oh, I hate this a lot.

They step off the edge and plummet down the seemingly endless shaft. At the last second, Diana whips out her lasso and hooks it onto the lowest platform. They swing into the wall, Diana taking the brunt of the impact.

Steve is jarred loose and they just grab each other's hands, swinging precariously.

Twenty feet below them, the black hole suddenly starts to iris closed, giant sheets of gleaming metal sliding out of the wall.

DIANA

Get ready...

She swings Steve and drops him. He rolls and slides along the moving metal, dropping into the hole. Diana pulls the lasso free and lands on her feet, does a swimmer's dive headfirst into the hole a microsecond before it closes completely.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT - CONTINUING

Diana falls another twenty feet before she hits metal -- the huge, nearly pitch-black shaft is curving, and she slides headfirst down it at breakneck speed, till it levels out -- and then she collides with a standing Steve.

They right themselves.

STEVE

We gotta keep moving.

They dwindle down the endless dark tunnel. No one follows.

INT. TUNNELS UNDER THE CITY - CONTINUING

It's the same chamber the reporter died in. Diana jumps up, pulls Steve after her. He's exhausted.

STEVE

This must go up to the subway, or a sewer, or...

She is rapt. He turns, following her gaze, and the camera comes around to frame the two of them in front of the mural. The armored figure on horseback, fighting the dragon. She actually reaches out to touch it.

STEVE

(continuing)

It's, uh, St. George. He fought a dragon.

DIANA

And the dragon had two heads?

STEVE

I wasn't there...

DIANA

(reciting softly)

The Khimaera. Head of a lion,  
body of a serpent, head of a ram.  
An engine of destruction, run  
through by Bellerephon. This is  
what Bacchus sent me to find. I  
have to fight this.

STEVE

A dragon.

DIANA

That giant room, the tunnels...  
(pointing)  
See the buildings coming down?  
The Khimaera is here. It's  
already working. This was left  
for me. It's the sign.

STEVE

It's not a sign. It's graffiti.  
Technically, it's vandalism.

She turns on him, genuinely pissed.

DIANA

What is wrong with you? Why do  
you still deny what is right  
before your eyes?

STEVE

What's wrong with ~~me~~? By the way,  
Diana, how was your day? Anything  
special happen?

She stops, steaming, her voice lower.

DIANA

His own people shot him. I didn't  
think they would do that.

STEVE

Of course they would do that!

DIANA

If I could have saved him --

STEVE

How many more people are you gonna  
wish you could've saved?

(more)

STEVE (cont'd)  
(moves to the mural)  
You look at this you see dragons.  
I see buildings coming down. And  
the people in those buildings die.

DIANA  
They're already dying! I'm trying  
to keep it from getting worse!

STEVE  
And it never occurred to you that  
you're the reason it's getting  
worse? You stand up, call  
yourself a hero, the uglies are  
gonna have to bring you down.  
There's an old saying: When  
elephants fight, the mice get  
trampled.

DIANA  
So I should, what? Putter around  
in my plane, bringing help to one  
of a thousand needy people?  
That's a life's work?

STEVE  
I used to think so.

DIANA  
So this is why you're so bitter.  
Because I --

STEVE  
Again, this is not the time to  
talk about my **feelings**, Diana --

DIANA  
Because I make you feel small!

STEVE  
Well, we're all small compared to  
you. From up there we probably  
all look like ants.

DIANA  
I thought you were mice.

STEVE  
We're human beings, Diana, and  
that's something you will never  
understand.



DIANA

Your people have lost their way.  
The world crumbles and they do  
nothing. They need a hero to show  
them what can --

STEVE

Yes. Yes! We need a hero. Not  
a demigod sent from on high to  
lecture us about potential. We  
need someone with no advantage, no  
hope, who's still out there  
trying. A hero doesn't decide --  
ever! -- to be a hero. They're  
forced into it and they step up  
and then they live with the  
consequences.

He's in her face, seething with conviction. And she is  
shaken.

STEVE

(continuing)

You'll make your show, fight your  
fight and people will love you for  
it, and then they'll need you for  
it and it'll start to grate, to  
bore you and one day you'll just  
go back home to paradise.

(every syllable hit)

Because every day you wake up  
knowing you can just go back to  
paradise.

(fiercely quiet)

You're not a hero, Diana. You're  
a fucking tourist.

And he is **slammed** to the floor by **Strife**, Diana stepping  
back, startled as Strife has Steve down and a sword to his  
throat. He looks up at Diana.

STRIFF

I was in position three minutes  
ago.

(grins)

I just had to let him finish.

She whips her lasso around his blade -- and he instantly  
yanks the blade away, pulling her off her feet -- so she uses  
her momentum to knock him off Steve.

They roll, come up -- she goes for him but he's fresher and  
has a sword. As he hacks at her, her barely deflecting with  
her bracelets...

STRIFE  
(continuing; re:  
painting)  
So this is a sign, is it? A  
portent, just for you. Your  
arrogance is a delight.

Steve hits Strife on the back of the head with two-by-four.  
It splinters, Strife turns -- and Diana lassos his arms to  
his side and piledrives her elbow into his face, sending him  
flying as she calls out:

DIANA  
Get out! Go!

Steve hesitates, Diana looks -- and Strife stands. He slices  
through the lasso with his blade. The glow comes off it as  
it falls limply to the ground. He holds his blade up --

STRIFE  
Forged by Vulcan.

--and disappears, reappearing behind Steve -- with the  
blade at his throat. Diana tenses up --

STRIFE  
(continuing)  
Please don't mistake this for a  
stand-off. His head is severed.  
More than my life or anything  
after I want his head. One thing.  
Saves him.

He holds out his free hand in a fist. Loosens it and from it  
drops a **small chain**, just six links. Old, burnished metal.

STRIFE  
(continuing)  
Do you recognize this? Maybe  
you're too young.

DIANA  
I know what it is.

STRIFE  
The chain that bound the first  
Amazons. The chain that took  
their power.

The chain moves in his hand, twitching slightly. Steve sees  
the pain on Diana's face.

STRIFE  
(continuing)  
Submit to my will, and I won't  
kill him.

Diana hesitates. Steve can barely hiss:

STEVE  
Take him out...

She looks at him...

STRIFE  
(disgusted)  
A true Amazon would never even  
have hesitated. Your decision is  
made. Now **say it!**

STEVE  
Nnnno...

DIANA  
Yes.

STRIFE  
Yes?

DIANA  
(choking on it)  
I... submit.

STRIFE  
Do it.

Slowly, she gets on her knees. Holds out her two hands.

The chain rises, twitching, like a snake, pointed at her,  
straining at her.

DIANA  
I submit.

The chain shoots out of Strife's grasp and attaches to her  
bands. We pan up from her hands to her face -- and there is  
color drained from it. Not just ashen shame; she looks less  
vital, less alive.

STRIFE  
If your mother could see you now...

Diana looks at herself, at her chains, at her torn and tawdry  
outfit.

Strife throws Steve violently to the ground as he strides to her. He descends on her, cloak billowing -- then they are gone.

Steve looks, breathing hard, at nothing.

ANGLE: For a moment, we are INSIDE Strife's teleporting experience -- and it's unreal and agonizing, Diana stretched and deafened -- and then we're:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The two appear on a hilltop in the deepest South American jungle. Beyond is more jungle, and more beyond that.

STRIFE  
Beautiful. Do you think? I come here when I want to be alone.

His touch is almost invasive as he feels her weakened body.

STRIFE  
(continuing)  
And you are so alone.

He clutches her head.

STRIFE  
(continuing)  
These slackened muscles, slow reason... you want to die of shame, but you'll do anything to live. They always do. Humans.

STRIFE  
(continuing)  
So live. For as long as you can.

He tosses her back hard and she falls, hits her head on a rock with a CRACK.

BLACK OUT.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Thunder is what snaps her eyes open. It seems like it was bright a second ago, and now it's dank black all around. She lies a moment, breathing hard, listening. Wind mixes with the sound of animals in the brush, but she can't distinguish -- can't place it. She's experiencing these sounds in the human way, as cacophony, and she goes a little wild-eyed at it.

She rolls over onto her stomach and there is a snake. A big one, eyeing her. It hisses and she looks at it with fearful incomprehension --

DIANA

I don't... I can't underst --

It **strikes** at her and she scrambles back, getting to her feet. Rain starts to pepper the ground as she makes her way blindly forward, unseeing, unsure on her weak human legs.

In moments, the rain is a torrent. Diana continues moving -- loses her footing and slides down a ways. It's not a "Romancing the Stone" funhouse slide -- it's awkward, made more so by her chained wrists, and ends with rocks. Diana cries out in pain.

She gets unsteadily to her feet and stumbles to the bottom of a tree where there is slightly less rain. She is at this point as muddy and dishevelled as if she'd been out there a week. Her lips are white, and shaking.

INT. STEVE'S WORKPLACE - NIGHT

Steve and the gang sit alone in the big room. Griffin paces as Sully tends to Steve's cuts.

BEN

We have to do something. For the city. With Diana gone --

SULLY

Don't talk like she's dead.

BEN

She's not **here**. Spearhead is, and they've targeted Gateway.

GRIFFIN

So they've got a weapon of mass... dragon-ness, or we don't even know, isn't running the bestest ever plan?

BEN

What about the city?

GRIFFIN

They can come too!

BEN

There has to be some way we can expose Spearhead.

GRIFFIN

On what, the news that they own?

BEN

Strife. He struts about -- Steve, you said he was an arrogant monster, could we draw him out somehow?

SULLY

That's the last thing we want to do. Strife just got the most powerful woman in the world to kneel before him. What do you think he'd do to the likes of us?

STEVE

He didn't get her to kneel.

He can't even look at them.

STEVE

(continuing)

I did.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

We start on her feet, which are pretty torn up by now. The rest of her's not much better, as she doggedly makes her way uphill.

She comes up to a crest, to get a view of what's on the other side. The camera follows her and what's on the other side is more of the same, a blanket of trees that spreads out forever.

She squares her jaw against her disappointment. Starts making her way down the other side.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

We see a bunch of mangos atop a tree, hear efforts from below frame. Tilt down to see Diana trying vainly to climb up and get some. She's making a decent effort -- she is, after all, athletic -- but she's chained, and she's got no purchase.

She shimmies up -- then slides painfully back down, finally letting go and dropping on her back.

EXT. SAME - A BIT LATER

She's got a long branch, is trying to scrape them off -- and does, one plump mango dropping off and landing --

And rolling away, as Diana drops the stick and scrambles after it -- and it rolls into a stream. She splashes in, chases it a few feet and goes down on a caught ankle, her cry of pain telling us she's twisted it at best. She gingerly pulls her leg free as the fruit drifts quickly away.

EXT. JUNGLE - DUSK

Diana's coughing is harsh and intense, doubling her over. When it subsides, she looks up, regaining her equilibrium. She is as sweaty as she is pallid. She's using a crutch.

She looks up and for a moment we are in her POV. The surroundings are blurred at the edges, sounds eerily detached.

She shakes her head to clear her vision, gets another view of the landscape -- and sees a line of smoke coming from far away uphill. She changes direction, picking up her pace as best she can.

EXT. STEVE'S WORKPLACE - MORNING

Through the window, we see the gang still talking. Griffin is bringing in coffees, Sully yawning in the morning light.

Pulls back to see a young gangster looking in at them.

He crosses the street as a limo pulls up. The window comes down to reveal Kleen.

GANGBANGER

Yeah, they all there. Four of 'em, same as at the club.

KLEEN

No Wonder Woman, huh?

GANGBANGER

Not for a while. I think that's what they're talking about.

KLEEN

If the strong lady's out of the game then it's my turn to play.

(smiles)

Yeah, I'm gonna do real good.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Diana is trying to make her way uphill. She looks for signs of the smoke, but the trees are thick. She looks hungrier and hollower than we have ever seen her.

01.  
A few more steps and she collapses in the brush. She nearly passes out, but again she shakes her head to clear it. She starts pulling her self along the ground.

A machete enters frame by her face.

ANGLE: HER (warped) POV as she looks up is of a middle aged South American peasant. He is holding the Machete inches from camera, speaking harshly in his own language --

PEASANT

<What are you doing here? We don't want any trouble, go back down, go back down and leave us alone!>

DIANA

(uncomprehending)

I'm sorry... I don't understand...  
I don't understand.

A middle-aged woman and her teen son come through the brush. The woman starts arguing with the man -- he's pointing at her chains, then out into the distance. She overrules him, says something to her son. The son grabs the chain and starts pulling Diana up. The man comes at her and for a moment she tenses, but he gets in front of her and lets the son drop her arms over him as he hoists her on his back and starts up.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUING

It's a small village of tents and huts, maybe twenty people total living here. They stare at Diana as the man dumps her by the nearest open tent, at which sits an old woman.

Diana leans back against the tent, breathing hard, still not sure what to expect. Someone puts a canteen of water to her lips and she drinks it, spilling as much as she takes in.

The old woman hands her a piece of flat bread. Shaking, Diana brings it to her lips, stopping before she eats:

DIANA

(can barely croak)

I'll repay you. It's not charity;  
I'll work. I can work.

She bites into the bread, gingerly, then cramming it in as for the first time ever, a tear runs down her face.

INT. SILO - DAY

At first it's just sparks and flashes, then we see clearly: magnetic arms retracting, level after level, from the long metal monster --



INT. SPEARHEAD WAR ROOM - CONTINUING

Callas and the Ops are monitoring...

OP 5

And go.

INT. SILO - CONTINUING

The last arms pop back and as it plummets, we get our first good look at the Khimaera. It's long, metal, with insectile arms and machines attached or folded in hatches under the 'skin'. At the bottom end is the 'lion's head', the multi-drill digging tool that glows with fire. The top end is the 'ram's head', a digging machine with giant 'teeth' like the front of a bulldozer upside down, and with two curved 'horns' for scraping and pulling. Fire also spews from this side as well.

Two heads attached by a hundred feet of thick metal 'serpent's body'. Totally practical, but unsettlingly anthropomorphic.

Released, it shoots down the tunnel, eventually curving into the lower tunnel it has carved out of the earth and out of sight.

INT. SPEARHEAD WAR ROOM - CONTINUING

OP 5

She's out, running hot straight and normal.

Op 1 turns from his screen to Callas.

OP 1

Take out a few more key structural supports and we'll be ready to play dominoes...

CALLAS

It has to be tonight. And it has to be perfect.

OP 1

Perfect is doable. By the time the dust settles, half the city will be gone -- not our half -- and the Khimaera will be en route to Beijing. She's a beautiful monster.

CALLAS

It's a machine. Can we please agree that it's a machine?

OP 3

(approaching)

Ms Callas... there's someone here to see you.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Diana is half asleep, clearly feverish, when angry voices awaken her. She peers out of the hut she's in, seeing:

Five REBELS (long since been co-opted by the drug trade), four men and one woman, are entering the village, yelling at an old man. He offers them a bottle of liquor which they take, then one of them kicks him in the gut. Diana tries to rise but is too weak. She shrinks back into the hut.

The door is thrown open and she is pulled out, along with the rest. One of the rebels points at her and starts yelling. The man who found her explains quietly, but is slapped in the face. The head of these guys grabs Diana. Off to one side of the village, an old metal washtub has been overturned and a hidden hatch opened. Two of the rebels pull sacks of what must be drugs out of the pit below.

The head guy tugs at Diana's blouse, looks down it. Smiles. But the old woman is talking now and the rebel runs his finger along Diana's head, smells the sweat. Fever. He tosses her away like a plague dog. Other men grab her.

Diana is pushed into the pit.

INT. CALLAS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

She sits behind her desk with her same smooth smile.

CALLAS

You know, I see a lot of potential in you.

REVERSE to reveal Kleen sitting opposite her.

KLEEN

You're the second lady that's told me that. I must be doing something right.

CALLAS

The difference is I plan to help you realize that potential. What do you want.

KLEEN

What every god-fearing American wants. More. Talk is there's about to be some... restructuring here in town.

CALLAS

And who's doing the talking?

KLEEN

Well that's the daily double right there, isn't it? The strong lady's posse, they all hiding out.  
(smiles)

Together.

CALLAS

Really.

(not smiling)

Where.

INT. THE PIT - DAY

Silence. Diana sits on the ground, weak and feverish, amongst the six or so others. She looks to one side and sees a girl of eight staring at her intently. The girl says something, but Diana looks at her dully, not comprehending.

The old lady who first fed Diana leans out of the shadows. Speaks in heavily accented english.

OLD LADY

She ask who you are.

Diana looks at them, then settles back against the wall.

DIANA

It doesn't matter.

The girl speaks again, still looking as stern as a schoolmarm. The old lady translates:

OLD LADY

She say you should remember. Say they take everything away from you, except for that.

Slowly, light breaks onto Diana's face as she hears the familiar words. She sits up, looks at the little girl...

ANGLE: THE OLD WOMAN in the refugee camp, in slow motion and from Diana's POV, asking her name.

THE HOOKER on the Street in Gateway...

THE INDIGNANT GIRL at the club, eyeing her, from her POV...

All of these pass through Diana's head, all asking who she is and she realizes who has been watching her all this time.

DIANA

Mother...

At first she looks down, shamed. But she takes a moment and looks the girl straight in the eye, new determination on her wan and bloodied face.

DIANA

(continuing)

Tell her I am Diana, Princess of Themyscira. Say I am chained, and humbled, but I am unbroken.

(taller still)

I am an Amazon.

She stands, barely able to fit in the tiny space, looking out through the cracks in the bamboo grating.

DIANA

(continuing)

And tell everyone to move back.

EXT. VILLAGE/INT. THE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

One of the rebels, gun slung over his back, opens the grate, tossing in a few scraps of food.

Diana shoots up out of the darkness and pulls him headfirst into the pit. He thrashes about -- Diana gets an elbow in his face, her precision and training still a part of her. He grabs at her and pulls her into the mud. They thrash like dogs, precision gone, till Diana gets behind him with her chain around his neck and pulls, ugly, unrelenting force in her arms, until he slackens.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Diana peeps her head out. Two men remain in view, one woman. They are haranguing the man who found Diana about the food he's laid in front of them. One of them goes in the hut, the other two watch, laughing as a sack of grain comes flying out.

Diana slips out of the hatch and snakes her way along the grass while they're distracted. She makes it behind the cluster of huts, looks for something to wield -- finds a shovel.

REBEL (O.S.)

Pablo!

Diana hears one off them calling out, looks to the hut.

ANGLE: THE REBEL starts for the hut -- and Diana comes around the corner, baseball-batting the shovel in his face. He goes down hard as the woman starts to unsling her rifle, backing up -- and Diana barrels into her, knocking them both down, getting the gun away. The woman rolls up and Diana swipes her in the knee with the shovel. The woman howls in agony and Diana comes up with an elbow in her face.

The rebel inside comes out **firing** -- Diana dives out of sight. She gets up to a crawl -- but the rebel fires through the flimsy hut walls and she drops to the ground again.

She peers through a hole he's made, sees him advancing -- and she's got no cover...

The rebel comes to the other side of the thin wall -- and Diana comes **through** it, knocking into him, he pulls away, trying to get his gun clear and she grabs his belt as she falls before him, pulling him down --

The fight gets dirty here, more room to maneuver than down in the pit but just as primal. He gets off a few wild shots and his clip is empty. He butts the rifle into Diana's bad ankle, she screams in pain and kidney punches him, twice, three times then swings her leg around his neck and holds him down, a wrestler's hold --

-- he gets his knife free and she lets go, grabs his wrist with both hands -- he punches her across the face and pushes her down, knife in her face and she can only push back... until she starts to prevail, her strength and determination overwhelming his...

-- behind them, the female is not unconscious, she scrambles for her rifle...

-- Diana twists her grip suddenly and breaks the guy's wrist. He screams as she puts her whole body behind the forearm that breaks his face.

He goes down like a ragdoll, Diana standing, barely, legs wide and shaking, above him. She is breathing hard, the image of fury and power.

From inside the hatch, the little girl watches.

Diana holds up her chained wrists. And begins to pull.

The other woman gets to her gun, eyes still on Diana's back.

Diana strains. Her straining becomes a low noise, an agonized roar, a scream of pain and resolve as in slow motion **she snaps her chains apart.**

The chains crumble as they come apart, her wristbands clean of them.

The woman fires. Diana blocks the shot behind her back without even looking.

The woman is stunned but about to shoot again when the man who found Diana puts his machete gently to her throat.

Diana moves toward the hatch as the old lady and the others come slowly out. Diana is not limping. There is color to her that has been lacking. She looks down at the girl.

DIANA

Thank you.

OLD LADY

She tells me she has something.  
A gift for you, on top of the  
ridge.

EXT. CLEARING AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Diana crests the brush to find a clear, open plateau. The others are coming up behind her.

ANGLE: DIANA'S POV: contains nothing. Just flat dirt -- and maybe a wink of sunlight hitting something indistinct.

We push slowly in on Diana as a smile spreads over her face. Next to her, the old lady looks around, confused.

OLD LADY

Maybe it's a very little gift.

She starts to walk slowly, looking down like she's lost a contact lens, as Diana just smiles.

OLD LADY

(continuing; to the  
others)

Everyone look around for the gift.

EXT. ABOVE THE JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

We are moving at jetspeed over the landscape. Suddenly the **invisible jet** in front of us banks and we catch sunlight on it, outlining its shape and distorting the view beyond it ever so slightly -- then it is gone again.

INT. STEVE'S WORKPLACE - EVENING

There is a rumbling beneath the building. All four of our guys, sitting under one hanging light in the middle of the dark space, stop and look at each other.

GRIFFIN

So that can't be good.

The floor bubbles right in the middle of them -- they all move back, freaking as Strife rises, grinning.

GRIFFIN

(continuing)

Worse! Much worse!

Strife faces Steve.

STRIFE

Did you really think I wouldn't find you?

STEVE

Actually, I was promised that you would.

Ben throws a switch and the room is suddenly floodlit from one side, where Strife, pinned by the light can see:

ANGLE: dozens of VIDEO CAMERAS, all in a semi-circle, from the big professional to the smallest hand-held. They're all unmanned, but all blinking red.

Strife glares at the cameras. Steve, flanked by the others, continues:

STEVE

(continuing)

It's called the internet age. No more hiding, no more shadows: This is going out to the whole world. So...

(crosses his arms)

...what are you gonna sing for us today?

STRIFE

(re: cameras)

You think this matters?

SULLY

Everyone with a laptop just found out there's an apparating demigod with a face like a boiled hamster living in Gateway. I'd say it might cause a stir.

STRIFE

No one will believe it. Even what they see.

STEVE

And if Gateway goes up in flames?

STRIFE

Gateway's not going up.

INT. CALLAS' OFFICE - CONTINUING

Callas is watching her computer (three separate feeds, three different angles), while Kleen still sits across from her.

STRIFE

(on the screens)

It's going down.

The totality of Kleen's betrayal dawns on her. She looks up at him murderously. He's cool as ice.

KLEEN

Yeah, so maybe I talked to them before I talked to you. Now your boy's talkin' to everyone! Y'all gonna be famous.

Kleen's men burst through the doors, cock their weapons as Kleen stands.

KLEEN

(continuing)

That's my world you trying to end. What'd you think I was gonna do?

She glares.

INT. STEVE'S WORKPLACE - CONTINUING

Steve is still facing off with Strife.

STEVE

Don't you get that it's over?  
There's no point in killing us --



GRIFFIN  
And we can't stress that enough --

STEVE  
-- we've already 'talked'.

STRIFE  
(angrily uncertain)  
They won't listen. You  
overestimate your race. It'll be  
hidden, forgotten. A prank. A  
joke.

STEVE  
Wow, that's just what Diana called  
you.

STRIFE  
Diana is gone.

EXT. COAST - SUNSET

We continue to barrel along at jetspeed, catching just  
highlights of the jet from the setting sun.

INT. STEVE'S WORKPLACE - EVENING

STEVE  
It's too bad. 'Cause without  
Diana there's no one gives a damn  
about Strife anymore.

Strife pulls out his spear, but does not brandish it --  
instead he bangs the end on the floor with a  
disproportionately thunderous WHUMP. In response, the earth  
shakes a little.

Steve presses forward as the others fade back.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
You're the joke that everyone'll  
forget. 'cause we only remember  
the good ones.

WHUMP! A second stamp from Strife's spear.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
Bring Diana back. Give us a real  
fight. Don't be forgotten. Be  
immortal.

STRIFE  
I am immortal!

WHUMP!

STRIFE  
(continuing; quietly)  
And now you will all see.

The Khimaera BURSTS THROUGH THE FLOOR RIGHT UNDER STRIFE. It shoots up, the demigod straddling its head, all the way through the ceiling and back down, reaching forty feet high and showing just half itself.

Everybody runs. The Khimaera looks down at them and blazing flames shoot from its 'mouth', filling the room and frying the cameras.

INT. SPEARHEAD WAR ROOM - CONTINUING

Tech 2 is freaking. Actually, everybody is. On various screen are internet feeds, infrared, aerial cams. All showing the same thing:

TECH 2  
It's surfaced! It's not supposed  
to surface!

TECH GUY  
Shut it down!

TECH 2  
I can't!

OP 1  
(into the intercom)  
Ms Callas!

INT. CALLAS' OFFICE - CONTINUING

Kleen is gone. Wide on Callas, all alone at her desk, head in her hands -- the enormity of her failure sinking in.

OP 1  
(on intercom)  
We have a situation!

CALLAS  
(giggles)  
Ya think?

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE - EVENING

The gang runs to their van, as behind them the Khimaera smashes the sides of building like a thing insane.

GRIFFIN

So... what? Yay?

They hop in and peel out, as the Khimaera flops thunderously down on the ground and snakes after them. It's over a hundred feet long, and its ram's head 'tail' smashes into the sides of buildings as it gives chase.

INT. VAN - CONTINUING

Steve has the pedal down but the van is still losing ground.

SULLY

We have to get out of the city.

BEN

I don't think that's going to happen.

Steve turns hard left --

EXT. STREET - CONTINUING

The van screeches into a side street as the Khimaera is about to overtake it. The Khimaera keeps plowing down the street. The van goes around, running parallel and then cutting back across the street BEHIND the Khimaera.

As it passes behind, the Khimaera's second head roars fire at the van, blasting it --

INT. VAN - CONTINUING

As flames whip all around them --

GRIFFIN

Behind is not better!

-- and then they're past the street again, on another side street.

ANGLE: STRIFE

Rides the Khimaera intently. He pulls its head up, like making a horse rear -- and then he disappears as the head plunges through the road, tearing through concrete like it's water, and the whole thing disappears into the earth.

ANGLE: THE VAN

As the gang looks about for the beast, Steve muttering --

STEVE

Where'd it go where'd it go  
where'd it go --

SULLY

If we can get to the bridge --

A spear rips through the roof and plunges through Steve's arm. He cries out in pain, Sully screaming too as the van swerves and the spear goes back up, plunges back down, this time getting Griffin in the leg --

ANGLE: ATOP THE VAN

Strife pulls the spear out again and just digs his hand into the front of the roof, start tearing it off --

-- and he's gone in an instant. Everyone in the van tenses --

GRIFFIN

Sully...

He leans over in a dead faint, Sully scrambling to get in the back --

SULLY

Ben give me my bag --

The Khimaera ERUPTS from the ground in front of them, Steve swerving and hitting the thing broadside, everyone thrown hard to the side.

They look up through the hole in the roof as the Khimaera keeps shooting up out of the ground -- and then starts to **topple onto them.**

They're trapped -- they're dead. The Khimaera topples --and then is ripped back by something unseen -- something that cuts talonlike grooves in its head and sends it end over end in the other direction.

INT. DIANA'S JET - CONTINUING

Here the plane is still partially 'invisible', the area around and below visible but distorted, and overlaid with virtual readouts and maps. It's sleek and sci-fi, but still feels oddly organic.

Diana lies on her stomach to operate the plane, so the effect is almost one of actual flying. She's in The Outfit, (left by her mother), lasso at her hip.

Only it's a little shinier, the tiara little more intricate. The colors vibrate -- Diana is a superhero now.

Below her, we see the streets -- and the Khimaera breathing fire down the street from both ends as she banks back towards it.

It lifts its 'lion' head -- and Diana dips low, smacking it hard back to the ground. The jet shudders and careens a bit, but she controls it, pulling her back up.

ANGLE: STEVE is watching from a block away with Ben, who's wrapping his arm. They're out of the van and behind a building. Sully is in the BG tending to Griffin.

BEN

What's happening?

Steve doesn't answer.

ANGLE: THE Khimaera

Turns its head as though sniffing the air. CLOSE ON its sides as out push four thick, rounded jets. Swivelled like harrier jets.

The monster entire lifts from the ground, the jets swiveling to send it flying straight, Lion head leading, after its foe.

STEVE

Oh, come on...

ANGLE: GRIFFIN wakes up enough to see it in the sky.

GRIFFIN

(dazed)

Hey, it's flying now.

ANGLE: DIANA from the front, the Khimaera visible in the BG, moving above her, shifting, finally locking on her and blasting fire at her as she banks hard --

We see the jet ripple past us as the Khimaera banks the other way --

Diana brings the jet around and flies directly at the Khimaera, dipping low at the last second and as the beast passes overhead **slamming** up into it, knocking it into a roll that swipes the corner off the top of a building.

Diana has more trouble gaining control, but she comes around fast. Getting near the Khimaera and then pulling straight up into the sky, the beast hitting all jets to catch up, both leaving the city far beneath them...

CLOSE ON: DIANA pulling at the stick for all she's worth.

DIANA  
All or nothing...

She pulls it back and loops around, comes at the Khimaera, which is still going straight up, dead on.

The jet's wing **slices through the Khimaera** just below the lion head. The head topples back towards the city as the body continues blindly straight up.

Inside the jet, things are fritzing pretty badly, and she's shaking hard. Diana looks down and sees:

THE LION HEAD is falling straight toward a crowd.

DIANA  
(continuing)

No!

She pulls the jet around --

ANGLE: ON THE STREET people scream and scatter, the flaming head plummeting like a meteor --

Diana gets the jet under it and takes the hit, the head rolling off the back and onto the street just as it clears, the jet skidding on the street, finally hitting Steve's van and spinning out, slicing into the side of a building and settling amid the smoke.

ANGLE: STEVE has followed its unseen course with confused wonder. He starts for the smoke, drawn to it, seeing a figure emerge, silhouetted in the smoke but unmistakable.

STEVE  
Diana...

She stops, seeing him, relief on her face. He breaks into a near run --

BONK! He goes right back on his ass, having hit his head on an invisible wing.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
Whah! Ow! The hell?

She reaches him, squats as he sits up.

DIANA  
It's my glider. My jet. It's invisible, I'm sorry.

STEVE  
You have an invisible jet?

DIANA  
Where's Strife?

STEVE  
Somewhere near. You have an invisible jet.

DIANA  
Yes.

STEVE  
I thought Amazons didn't have modern technology.

DIANA  
That's because you couldn't see it.

ANGLE: THE Khimaera

As it continues shooting up, the 'ram's head' trailing at the bottom sparks to life, 'eyes' narrowing with intent as it takes over. The engines slow, stop and spin around.

The monster bullets down through the clouds toward the tiny cityspace.

ANGLE: ON THE STREET

Diana is moving forward, looking up.

DIANA  
(continuing)  
I've got to keep that thing in the air. Can you get these people off the streets?

STEVE  
I'll try. You know, I kind of... made the big monster come out.

DIANA  
(smiles)  
Who else?

STEVE  
Diana, I just... everything I've said to you, I --

The Khimaera roars overhead, spewing fire at them and everything in sight. Diana pushes Steve down, out of the way.

DIANA  
Clear the streets!

She runs on top of a burning car and leaps up two stories to a fire escape, swings herself on. As she whips the lasso up to latch on higher:

DIANA  
(continuing)  
Now he wants to talk about his feelings.

ANGLE: THE ROOFTOPS

As Diana comes leaping up into frame, landing on the very edge of the nearest roof and running along the edge, the camera moving with her as she LEAPS from one roof to the next, then coming behind her and slightly above as she approaches an intersection and jumps into midair, the ground seven stories below -- and the Khimaera roars through frame, Diana landing right on its back.

She hits and rolls back with the Khimaera's momentum. She grabs a pice of it and holds on, getting her bearings as the Khimaera shoots between buildings, occasionally spewing fire at the street.

Diana whips out her sword and plunges it into the thing's back. In response, various arms designed for hacking and sawing open up from its body and respond, Diana slicing or kicking them off.

A hatch opens near the top of the neck and a swiveling gun pops up and fires nonstop. Diana deflects --

DIANA  
(continuing)  
I am **so** tired of guns.

-- finally aiming the bullets back at the weapon and destroying it.

The moment she does the wall of a building dips in at her and she goes flat as bricks and dust pummel her -- the Khimaera is literally trying to scrape her off.

ANGLE: ON THE STREET

Debris from the building comes crashing down as Steve and Ben are trying to herd people away. They are either frozen in panic or looking up.

STEVE  
Come on! Move!



BEN  
 (lamely)  
 Nothing to see here...

STEVE  
 Listen to me!

Suddenly three humvees come screeching around the corner, avoiding the flaming wreckage and crashed cars. In the passenger seat of the front humvee, a convertible, stands Kleen. He pulls up besides Steve.

KLEEN  
 I thought the plan was **save** the city.

STEVE  
 We gotta get people out of the city or underground. I can't budge 'em.

Kleen hits his lieutenant, who's been listening, on the shoulder. He runs back to spread the word as Kleen reaches into the Humvee. He pulls out an automatic weapon and fires it into the air. A couple of his men do the same.

KLEEN  
**Get off the street!**

People listen. His other humvees pull out to do herd detail. Kleen fires again.

STEVE  
 Hey! Watch where you shoot that thing!  
 (looking up)  
 There's somebody up there.

ANGLE: DIANA

Has weathered the wall-scraping and is making her way to the head of the Khimaera. She raises her sword to plunge it in -- and STRIFE appears in front of her, in motion, slamming into her and sending them both rolling back. They fight for purchase on the careening metal dragon, then they fight each other. He produces a sword and they hack at each other with lurching inelegance.

STRIFE  
 I owe you a debt of thanks.

DIANA  
 I do too.

STRIFE  
To be paid in blood.

DIANA  
No other way.

Again they go, even as the Khimaera scrapes against walls. Diana is having trouble holding her own but she is relentless.

The Khimaera suddenly plummets like a rollercoaster and the two drop, snagging onto its head as it levels out again just feet from the street. Tangled, swords gone, the combatants claw at each other, straining still for purchase...

STRIFE  
(laughing)  
Is this not grand? This is what we were meant for! The signs **were** everywhere.  
(produces his spear)  
In the painting, the city still crumbles. After you die, it will.

The Khimaera is headed straight for a construction sight, a half-built building that the beast is clearly going to fly right through. Strife is above Diana, facing the back, and does not see.

He pushes his spear at her face, her hands on the shaft straining to keep it away.

DIANA  
I remember one thing about the painting.

Waits for the site to get closer...

DIANA  
(continuing)  
You're not in it.

At the last second Strife looks around - and Diana unexpectedly rolls him off the side, grabbing his spear and dropping him as she catches his foot with her lasso.

The Khimaera goes through the site and instead of hitting a steel beam, Strife is **dragged through** tons of concrete, steel, glass -- the bottom, finished half.

Diana has the spear stuck in the Khimaera, uses all her might to hold onto it -- until her rope recoils back to her, no Strife on the end.

She climbs on top and pulls the spear out --

DIANA  
(continuing)

Enough.

And drives it into the beast's neck, over and over, sparks and fire erupting from the wound.

ANGLE: from the street: the Khimaera swoops and shudders, clearly losing control. It finally straightens out, heading down the street and straight for:

Steve, and the crowd of people he and Kleen are herding away. He realizes they're not going to get away in time.

ANGLE: DIANA

Sees the crowd several blocks away -

DIANA  
(continuing)

Enough!

She drives the spear down deeper -- the lights in the Khimaera seem to go out -- and she grabs the 'horns' and pushes its head down, to the ground -- then up at the last second, to slide along the street in a crash landing that tears pavement for four blocks before it stops, just fifty feet from the crowd.

The dust settles and everyone stares in awe. A moment, and the head lifts -- people move back and Kleen levels his machine gun at it --

-- then the head lifts more, rips, and Diana holds it above her by the horns. Arms up in a warrior's victory stance. The thing is three times her size, and the sight of her holding it is impressive indeed. The crowd goes wild.

Strife suddenly **knocks her** aside, grabbing his spear. The head rolls away as he jumps on her, his face broken and blackened.

He drives the spear at her heart but she grabs it, keeps it from going in -- they strain...

Automatic fire peppers the demigod.

Steve has Kleen's gun, is firing with brutal precision. Diana looks with shock at him.

It does nothing but enrage Strife. He disappears --

Diana rolls up with the spear and hurls it with all her might at Steve.

There is a moment, her eyes on his, where we can see nothing but contempt from her, slight fear from him.

Then Strife appears right in front of Steve and the spear goes instantly through him, the point as close to Steve's heart as it had been to Diana's.

A moment, and Strife collapses. Steve and Diana hold their gaze, and a measure of relief and respect creep into both; they didn't know if that was gonna work.

Lightning streaks up from the spear sticking out of Strife's body. Everyone backs away.

The lightning **streaks back down**, touches ground right in front of Diana. Smoke pours up, twisting, forming -- becoming a kind of statue of an enormous, bizarrely armored warrior twenty feet high and hunched before her.

Out of the smoke steps that warrior. There is a light about him, almost coming from his joints, that tells us this is an apparition, not the God himself.

If ever Ares' face looked human, it is past that now. His voice is all around, the thunder itself.

ARES

Woman.

DIANA

Ares.

ARES

This is my kin. My blood! What right have you to spill it?

DIANA

No warrior enters the Arena without blood on the line. Even Strife knew that.

ARES

You will suffer for this. You will see this world in ashes.

DIANA

Will I?

ARES

You cannot defeat a god.

DIANA  
(points to the crowd)  
They can.

ARES  
(laughing)  
The people? The people of earth,  
turn their back on me? On war?

DIANA  
Someday, maybe.

ARES  
I am **in** mankind. I am in their  
darkest hearts and their greatest  
schemes and I am **never going away!**

DIANA  
Neither am I.

She turns and starts away.

ARES  
Then you will see me again, girl.

DIANA  
(not turning back)  
Yes. Let's keep in touch.

Ares nearly bursts with rage, but a hunk of concrete from the  
building above falls right onto him and he poofs out of sight.

And the entire image dissipates, as we see that we're looking  
at it in a large bowl of rippling water. Widen to see:

INT. HIPPOLYTE'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Circe is staring into the bowl. She looks grave.

CIRCE  
The fury of Ares is eternal. What  
Diana has started here will shake  
the earth.

Come around to see Hippolyte, Aethra behind her. There is  
nothing but pride in the Queen's smile.

HIPPOLYTE  
That's my girl.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Diana walks a few steps, drops to her knees. She is far from the crowd, and only now lets exhaustion and relief overcome her. She looks down a moment, breathing hard.

When she looks up again, Steve is standing before her, her sword held in his outstretched hands. It's a deliberately formal gesture.

STEVE  
You dropped this.

She stands, easily, and takes it, sheathing it --

STEVE  
(continuing; mock  
objection:)  
Whoah, whoah, finders keepers...

She smiles.

STEVE  
(continuing)  
Did you mean it? About not going  
away?

DIANA  
Of course.

STEVE  
I'm aware that I'm an idiot.

DIANA  
Not at all.

STEVE  
Little bit.

DIANA  
Little bit. But you were right.  
I didn't understand. People. I  
still don't. I've got a lot of  
work to do.

STEVE  
Well, you got us. And we recently  
added a gun-wielding crack dealer  
to the roster, that's gotta be a  
plus...

(he looks around)  
'Course you got a jet...  
somewhere, though, so you probably  
won't need a pilot --

She pulls him into the kiss of his life. After a good long while they part.

STEVE

(continuing)

You whole life on an island with only women, and you can kiss like that?

DIANA

It's an interesting story.

STEVE

It can't possibly be as good as the one I'm making up right now.

DIANA

Are you sure about that?

He smiles, defeated. They start off towards the others.

STEVE

So. What happens now?

EXT. GREECE - AFTERNOON

We fly above the beautiful city. Frame up on an ancient temple sitting on the edge of a cliff. As we see it, the invisible plane WHOOSHES through frame, rippling the visual.

EXT. TEMPLE - A BIT LATER

Diana is kneeling before a statue of Athena. This one is small and worn with age, but it's recognizably her.

We find Steve standing at the edge of the Temple, by the cliff, waiting. After a time she gets up, walks by him to the cliff's edge, looking out at the sunset.

STEVE

It's not what you're used to...

DIANA

I still feel her here.

STEVE

Athena. What'd you say to her?

DIANA

I'll tell you one day.

She puts a toe out over the cliff.

STEVE  
Whoah! Hey. Diana. The jet's  
over there. Or, there...

DIANA  
I know. I've been thinking about  
gliding. About reading the wind.  
On my own. It would be useful.

STEVE  
Reading the... okay, you're a hell  
of a woman but... Diana. You  
can't fly.

She throws a look over her shoulder: that neophyte  
incomprehension, with a little ironic smile underneath.

DIANA  
"Can't"?

BLACK OUT. THE WORDS "WONDER WOMAN" HIT THE SCREEN.

THE END

SILVER PICTURES