

WONDER WOMAN
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EXT - BEACH - DUSK

A beach, more of a small inlet, low tide. A figure emerges from the distance, walking down to the beach.

A woman, carrying herself with a regal air.

Wrapped in a purple robe and ornate jewelry, she lowers herself down to the sand, then heads to a section of dirt and clay.

Dropping to her knees, she starts to scoop up large sections of dirt and clay with her hands. Out of place of her adornments are two dark metal bracers around her wrists.

LATER - NIGHT

The woman has set up BURNING TORCHES around the area where she is working. A small recess in the grounds has been filled with water.

The clay has been moulded into a small shape. The woman continues working on it, periodically dipping her fingers into the recess to facilitate her efforts.

The only sound is that of the WAVES BREAKING

The clay is taking the shape of a small humanoid - no discernible features.

LATER - NIGHT

the figure has grown more distinct.

The woman is covered in dirt, grime and her own sweat.

The figure is that of an infant girl, but still crude.

The woman tugs her robe in tighter against the cold of the night.

Her hands are BLEEDING from several places.

She continues, her actions taking on more urgency.

LATER - DAWN

As the first day's light touches the beach, we see the woman, obviously fatigued, trying to work as quickly and as well as possible.

The clay figure is now a perfect replica of an infant - wrinkles, fingernails, hints of lips and teeth, so forth.

Hands and arms caked with clay, dirt, grime and blood, the woman raises the figure with infinite care, while standing up.

The woman raises the figure into the dawns first ray of light.

The texture of the figure starts to grow fainter, lighter.

The woman watches as the figure transforms from clay to flesh in her very hands.

The woman lowers the now very real, but unmoving baby to her mouth, and GENTLY BREATHES near it's mouth.

The baby's mouth receives the woman's breath - and REFLEXIVELY BREATHES.

The face of the woman creases with disbelieving joy, on the knife-edge of bursting into tears as this little child moves in her hands.

The woman, still coated in the products of her exertions, is walking up the same path she descended.

She stops at the rise - and raises the tiny child into the air.

In front of this sculptress is another woman; a warrior, standing at attention in a variant of ancient Greek Battle armour and identical metal wristbands -

- then SEVERAL MORE, dressed exactly like her -

- then SCORES -

- THEN HUNDREDS, all amassed on the plain behind the beach.

When they see the child, they give a MASSIVE ROAR OF TRIUMPH, WAVING THEIR WEAPONS, RATTLING THEIR SHIELDS.

Several SERVANTS surround the woman, passing a blanket which the woman wraps the baby in, a goblet of wine, food.

The woman looks down at her SERENELY SLEEPING CHILD.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The waves are lapping gently against the pristine perfect shoreline.

Something small is being carried along the waves, and is washed onto the shore. A small hand picks it up -

- belonging to an eight year-old girl. Dressed in a short white tunic, sporting long black hair, absolutely beautiful. Metallic bands encircle her wrists.

Looking at the object, she breaks into a grin.

Tucking it into her tunic, she breaks into a run -

- towards the vast city dominating the island's landscape. A city state of gleaming white bordering walls, towering spires and shining buildings.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The girl runs through a wide field filled with olive groves. She dashes through a gate in a stone wall -

- through a crafters/labourers district -

- and through a maze of narrow streets, lined with rows of gleaming whitewashed walls into -

- A bustling market in the Agora; a public grassy square. Fish, cheeses, oil, livestock, wines are all offered on display. The inhabitants are all wearing sandals, robes and togas akin to the Ancient Greeks and Romans. They also all wear metal bracers on their forearms.

However no money is being exchanged. And there are no men or children to be seen anywhere; only women in their late twenties at the very most.

The girl dashes through the marketplace with the minimal concern for safety exhibited by children everywhere. The women follow her progress with a mix of maternal concern and 'that kid's gonna hurt herself sooner or later'

The girl continues her running through the Acropolis; the highest area of the island and the temple district. Several temples each dedicated to a different god dominate the area, along with accompanying statues and monuments. The highest point in the island is dominated by the Royal Palace, alongside the Senate Chambers, visible from everywhere on the island.

Walking up a hill is a small woman. She is towing a large cart filled to the brim with stones. She is more concerned with the heat than the weight. The child runs down the hill nearly plowing into the woman, the kid ducking under the cart and continuing. The woman pauses to shout -

CART WOMAN

DIANA!

Young Diana doesn't stop.

The woman shakes her head, and continues up the hill at a steady pace.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Several fishing boats are berthed next to Triemes; variants of Ancient Greek war vessels. Diana runs past them, and leaps -

- into the bay, clearing an impossible distance ...

... hitting the water in a perfect dive. Diana immediately starts swimming, never breaking the surface, heading towards a small island about a thousand feet away.

INT. CHAMBER

Diana's head breaks the surface of a pool of water.

She exits, shaking off the water, and pads into the chamber. It's a ruined building cellar, littered with carvings, rocks and structural supports, illuminated by various holes admitting the sunlight.

Diana heads over to a corner, and moves aside a large slab of stone with ease.

What the stone covered was a variety of items hidden in a hole in the ground; photographs, dolls, damaged books, magazines ... a child's salvage. Diana reaches in, and withdraws a tape deck.

Putting the stone back, and strewing dust on the area, Diana reaches into her tunic, produces her day's bounty -

- a cassette of ABBA.

Diana slots the cassette in with careful ceremony. She then thumps the side of the deck.

It's tinny and distorted, but the tunes of 'Mamma Mia' is unmistakable. Diana is confused, then grins and starts grooving like an eight year old would.

A stone pillar falls -

- and CRASHES on the tape deck.

Diana shrieks, stumbles and falls, rolling away. She looks around -

- and sees the cause. The woman who spent so long crafting the clay baby; Queen Hippolyta, with two guards, is glaring at Diana, standing where the pillar once stood.

Diana stares, terrified, as she stands up.

Hippolyta gestures to her guards, and they walk away -

- Diana watches them, glancing at -

- her hiding place. They march towards -

- and past it.

Diana's relieved, but dare not show it.

Hippolyta speaks (until otherwise directed, all Amazons speak their native tongue, with caps)

HIPPOLYTA

<Kneel.>

Diana stays still, frightened.

HIPPOLYTA

<Kneel!>

Diana slowly kneels on the floor.

HIPPOLYTA

<The History. Recite it.>

DIANA

<The Gods ... Man was falling into Chaos, the fruit of famine, war and strife. The Gods strove to restore the balance of Gaea, renewing their inviolate laws and teachings to man, and decreed that a new race would be created to spread the words of reason, peace and love to all. So Athena herself brought forth the Amazons and charged them with this sacred duty. And they performed this mission bringing the lessons of temperance and forbearance to Man.>

HIPPOLYTA

<And ...?>

DIANA

<But Man was cruel and resentful. Led by Herakles and aided by Ares, Man poisoned, captured and violated the Amazons.>

HIPPOLYTA

<Again.>

DIANA

<Man poisoned, captured and violated the Amazons. Mother, please ...>

HIPPOLYTA

<Again!>

DIANA

<Man poisoned, captured and violated the Amazons!>

Hippolyta rubs the metal bands on her arms unconsciously. She starts circling the kneeling child.

HIPPOLYTA

<Yes. We bear the mark of that humiliation to this day. Faith gave us strength, and cunning enough to break our shackles. We were forced back to our homeland of Themyscira. We were rewarded for our faith, for the Gods granted each and every Amazon Immortality. We forged the metal Aegis, to which no other material can compare. And the island Diana. Themyscira itself protects us. It accepted the Amazons, accepted us as part of it, and it repels anyone that is not part of the land. No man can touch us here. But you bring his world here?>

Diana shudders at her mother's fury, but says nothing.

Hippolyta stands, and drops something -

- a sword, at Diana's feet.

Hippolyta walks away.

HIPPOLYTA

<You will drill on this spot for two days.>

Diana mouths the next words out of Hippolyta's mouth;

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

<You will sleep on the third.>

Hippolyta leaves. Diana picks up the sword. She looks over at the remains of the tape deck.

She then starts a series of complicated thrusts, blocks, parries and maneuvers. She's incredibly skilled -

- but she's not enjoying this.

HIPPOLYTA (O.S.)

<Diana, you must follow, among all things, the Code of the Amazons.>

EXT. TEMPLE DISTRICT - DAY

A slightly older Diana is thrusting, blocking, feinting with a spear. Other Amazons are watching and approving.

HIPPOLYTA (O.S.)

<When Man corrupted the laws the
Gods set forth, we were gifted with
a mission to bring peace, to unite
the peoples of the world with love
and compassion.>

BEACH

A teenaged Diana is performing spinning motions with paired daggers.

HIPPOLYTA (O.S.)

<Our creed of the Amazons is to
temper aggression with compassion.
Lend reason to rage. And overcome
hatred with love.>

FOREST

Diana, in her twenties, is fainting, parrying, slashing and thrusting with a sword.

HIPPOLYTA (O.S.)

<We were sent by the Gods to save
mankind.>

She finishes off her masterpiece of footwork and skill by thrusting downwards at a rock while leaping upwards - and balancing her entire body, one handed, on the point of her sword.

A BELL RINGS URGENTLY O.S.

Diana flips forward, landing gracefully on her feet, and launching herself at a run.

She moves with superhuman speed up the hill.

Diana sees something - Amazons moving at comparable speeds up the hill towards -

- a creature, with bat-like wings and snapping mouth -

Diana grins, and pours on the speed -

- and someone charges into her, tackling her into the ground.

Diana rolls, trying to shake off -

- a woman in more ornate uniform than most.

Several Amazons have engaged the creature. One of them turns to look at Diana and the guard -

HUNTER

<Get the Princess out of there!>

The Guard gets Diana up, and escorts her away from the fray. Diana leaves, resigned to the fact.

GUARD

<Nearly got close this time.>

DIANA

<When can I fight?>

GUARD

<Knowing your Mother?>

Diana looks at the battle, now growing ever distant.

EXT. HASCOM AFB - NIGHT

A dark and stormy night counterpoints the vast sprawling airfield. A staff car drives across the tarmac -

- to a security checkpoint. A poncho'd guard walks over -

- the window is already winding down. The driver, a stout woman with Lieutenant's stripes, hands over two sets of ID. Her passenger is a man in his late forties in a flight suit.

The IDs reveal this is Lt. Candy; Etta and Col. Trevor; Steven. USAF.

The guard hands the ID's back, and buzzes the checkpoint barrier open.

INT. HASCOM BASE - OFFICES/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Trevor is seated in an adjacent area to an office. He's been waiting a while.

The door opens. Trevor looks up -

- a large figure in a trenchcoat and hat stalks past.

Trevor frowns; who the hell is this guy? A coughing OS turns Trevor's head to -

- Lt. Col Kanigher, impatiently indicating Trevor should go inside.

INT. HASCOM BASE - OFFICES - NIGHT

Trevor is ushered into -

- a modest office. A two star general is busy with paperwork. A nameplate on his desk reveals this is General Tolliver.

Trevor salutes.

The general keeps on signing papers.

Trevor is holding his position, the general seemingly oblivious -

- until he glances up, his gaze filled with contempt.

TOLLIVER

At ease.

TREVOR

Sir.

Tolliver picks up a folder, then gets up towards Trevor.

TOLLIVER

The Army needs a shipment delivered to Umm Qasr in Iraq. Food, clothes, toilet paper, the usual essentials. CENTCOM wants more 'inter-service integration', crap like that. Since this base has a Globemaster spare, we've been asked to fly the shipment in. And since every other one of my pilots is either on rotation, on training cycles or otherwise have more important things to do rather than go on milk runs, that leaves you. Orders and flight plan.

Tolliver hands the folder over, Trevor cautiously accepting.

TREVOR

Tonight?

TOLLIVER

Last minute thing. If I'd known-

TREVOR

- you'd have given it to anyone but me.

Tolliver restrains a snarl, his face an inch away from Trevor's.

TOLLIVER

Just when I'd almost forgotten how wide you can open your mouth.

Trevor watches Tolliver with an eagle eye.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Anybody else in your situation would get down on their knees and thank me for the opportunity to still qualify for flight pay. Get out.

INT. HASCOM AFB - HANGARS - NIGHT

Trevor and Etta are walking into the vast hangar. Maintenance and other personnel are bustling around the various planes and equipment.

ETTA

I don't like this sir.

Trevor looks to his left -

TREVOR

Doesn't sound like one of Tolliver's games.

- drawn to the five F22 Raptors; sleek, state-of-the-art-fighters.

One of the pilots in the cockpit looks him in the eye with contempt.

Trevor turns away, and looks at his plane; a massive C-17 Globemaster III. Fork Lift trucks are busy loading pallets of cargo into the plane's hold.

A man turns away from supervising the loading, and gives a welcoming smile to Trevor and Etta, snapping off a salute.

TREVOR

Hey, Perez. They got you as Loadmaster?

PEREZ

Colonel. Lieutenant. They put you on this?

TREVOR

The General couldn't find anyone else.

PEREZ

I thought he was getting that guy.

Perez points at a young pilot, who is talking to General Tolliver.

TREVOR

Who's he?

PEREZ

Captain Slade. Just transferred in.

Tolliver is more paternal in his interaction with Slade than previously witnessed.

ETTA

And already marked as one of the faithful.

PEREZ

The General's being bringing in a lot of pilots from his old commands lately. Guess he's coming with us.

TREVOR

At least we outnumber him.

PEREZ

What d'you mean, 'we'? You're the one topping the General's shit list.

Trevor looks over Perez's shoulder to see a sleek warplane being operated on by various technicians. Gunmetal grey with forward-swept wings; a high-tech pimped-out Sukhoi S-37.

TREVOR

Another one of Tolliver's special projects?

PEREZ

Yeah, the NightStalker multi-role fighter. Ceramic-Titanium composite skin for unprecedented stealth capacity, fantastic maneuverability and can reach Mach 1.25 without burners.

The technicians signal to someone in the cockpit, and the engines on the NightStalker start with a throaty roar - and one of the engines catches on fire. Alarms blare as the people around the craft frantically try to put out the blaze.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

If they can get that hangar queen to actually work.

Perez heads towards the plane. Etta moves towards Trevor.

ETTA

A Colonel and a Captain on a cargo run?

TREVOR

It's kinda weird.

ETTA
I don't like this Stevie.

TREVOR
I don't think - okay, it's
suspicious. Tolliver wouldn't risk
one of his planes just to get at
me.

ETTA
Just take care of yourself sir.

TREVOR
What I do best.

Trevor heads to the plane, waving goodbye.

Etta, not mollified, looks at one of the pallets; one of them
contains a boxed up plasma screen TV.

ETTA
Essentials my ass.

INT. GLOBEMASTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

Trevor clambers into the pilot's position, Perez and Slade
are already there, Slade running through the checklist. He
offers a hand to the young man.

TREVOR
Colonel Steve Trevor, pleased to
meet you.

Slade regards him coldly, then passes over his clipboard.

SLADE
The pre-flight. Sir.

Trevor sighs, then gets down to business.

TREVOR
Throttles at idle ... Altimeters
set ... Fuel and fuel switches ...

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

The Globemaster taxis into position, then starts heading down
the runway, launching into the night.

INT. HASCOM BASE - OFFICES - NIGHT

Tolliver is watching the takeoff from his office.

His smile could charitably be described as cruel.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA - DAY

A black woman with a military bearing is walking towards a large building, a mausoleum. Entering it -

- she sees Diana scrubbing down the walls.

DIANA
<General Phillipus.>

PHILLIPUS
<Your Highness.>

DIANA
<Did Mother send you to make sure I was suitably occupied?>

PHILLIPUS
<To congratulate you on your achievement. No Amazon before you ever invented a spell before one hundred years of study, and you're alive barely longer than twenty. You must be the greatest scholar of our time.>

DIANA
<When anyone has need of objects that can become and remain unseen without turning back, then I will celebrate.>

Phillipus examines the tomb while Diana continues her work.

PHILLIPUS
<I see you take good care of your namesake.>

DIANA
<Mother notices every speck I miss.>

PHILLIPUS
<This warrior deserves it.>

DIANA
<We know nothing of this warrior before she was washed ashore, apart from her name.>

PHILLIPUS
<The nature of a true Amazon is revealed in battle. I saw a warrior die proudly and unyielding.>

DIANA

<She died here. She was born in Man's World. Whoever she left behind knows nothing of her fate.>

PHILLIPUS

<Nothing is perfect.>

DIANA

<Really? I understood that this is Paradise.>

PHILLIPUS

<On your birth, Aphrodite gave you great beauty and a loving heart, Athena herself granted you wisdom, Artemis granted the skills of the hunt, and Hestia blessed you with fire of the heart. And you were born Princess of the Amazons. Yet you still manage to be unhappy here ... Your Highness.>

DIANA

<I should be content, shouldn't I? When every other Amazon earned Paradise through great feats deeds, blood and sweat, I was handed Paradise ... by virtue of being born.>

PHILLIPUS

<You have a grand role to fulfill. You are the Princess of the Amazons with all the honour and responsibilities that go with it.>

DIANA

<Tell me General; will my grand role on this Island ever consist of anything more productive than meaningless tasks, pointless duties and protocols, and the dust of a tomb?>

Phillipus sighs.

PHILLIPUS

<You've done enough for the day.>

Diana starts putting away her cleaning apparatus.

PHILLIPUS

<And I won't tell your Mother you've been hunting for treasure at the beach.>

Diana shoots an annoyed look at the retreating General, then grins, putting her things away much more quickly.

Dominating the tomb is a marble statue of a woman in her forties, wearing flight coveralls and a leather jacket.

A plinth on the statue's base bears the single name 'DIANA'.

EXT. SKIES - GLOBEMASTER

A large tanker plane is connected to the Globemaster via a rigid, telescoping tube; a boom. It disengages, then peels away, leaving the Globemaster alone in the skies.

INT. GLOBEMASTER COCKPIT - DAY

Trevor is flying the plane, Perez behind in the observers chair. Trevor checks the fuel gauges, satisfied. Slade emerges from the pilot's lounge behind the cockpit.

TREVOR

And that concludes our Pit Stop.

Slade sits down, pouring three cups of coffee from a thermos, offering one to Perez then to Trevor.

SLADE

Never buy the convenience store crap. I always bring my own from home.

Perez drinks his coffee, but Trevor doesn't sip until Slade swigs his first.

TREVOR

Thanks.

SLADE

Now that we're off the base ... wanna tell me why General Tolliver hates your guts?

PEREZ

You are new.

SLADE

Transferred three weeks ago with my wing.

PEREZ

This here is the man who turned Tolliver from a three to two star general.

SLADE

How'd you do that?

TREVOR

I was doing bombing runs in Iraq in '03. Then one day Tolliver hands me a set of coordinates that lead me over the border into Iran. Targeting 'listening posts' that somehow didn't have any listening equipment but looked a lot like towns, villages and one oil surveying team.

PEREZ

Trevor here served up the General on a plate. Documents, names, dates and volunteered to go on the stand.

TREVOR

I just had to blow the whistle during an election year. The Pentagon were desperate to keep it quiet, so Tolliver cut a deal and got posted at Hascom until he draws a pension. The General waited until the dust settled, then pulled enough strings to have me transferred to the base and stuck behind a desk for the last three years.

PEREZ

The Jury's still out on whether he's got the biggest brass balls on the planet or just plain dumb.

TREVOR

Those two are easily confused.

SLADE

And the moral of this story; next time you wanna do something like that? Blog it.

Trevor shrugs.

SLADE (CONT'D)

Wanna take a break?

TREVOR

Sure. Keep the emergency frequencies open.

SLADE

Why ...?

TREVOR

Tradition.

Trevor leaves the pilot's chair while Slade settles into his.

INT. GLOBEMASTER HOLD - DAY

Trevor exits the lavatory.

He heads to the row of folded up seats on the sides of the walls, retrieving the coffee and a folded newspaper secured on top of one of the packed rows of pallets in the hold.

Sitting down, he props his feet up on one of the boxes, unfolds his paper, and starts reading, sipping the coffee.

A rattling makes him look up -

- one of the nearby boxes is loose, shaking in it's spot along with the vibrations of the plane.

Trevor tries to ignore it, but it's becoming louder and louder.

Draining his cup, he gets up, and heads to the box.

INT. GLOBEMASTER COCKPIT - DAY

Slade taps at the control buttons, and settles into his seat.

On one of the control screens, the coordinates and course heading is laid out. Then it disappears, replaced with 'connection lost'.

Perez peers over Slade's shoulder.

PEREZ
Captain? Check this out.

Slade peers at the control screen.

SLADE
Christ. Hand me the maintenance log, would ya?

PEREZ
The GPS was working fine a second ago.

Perez hands Slade a folder, who takes a ballpoint from a pocket and starts writing.

SLADE
I'm guessing it's a loose wire. Relax. Me and the Colonel can use the compass.

Lopez looks at the compass; it's lazily rotating around.

LOPEZ
What the hell's going on?

INT. GLOBEMASTER HOLD - DAY

Trevor has removed the netting and is examining the loose box. One of the straps holding it down is unfastened, causing it's lid to rattle. Trevor starts to shuffle the box into a secure position. He opens the lid to clear a strap out of the way -

- to reveal a container filled with M4A1 Carbines, surrounded by toilet paper rolls.

Trevor, stunned, steps back.

A Clipboard; sporting a manifest. Stationary. Engine parts. Clothes. Soap.

Trevor lowers the clipboard he was looking at -

- to see the open boxes he's just examined.

Assault Rifles. M9 Pistols. Grenades. Tons of ammunition. Lying in the assorted stuff they were hidden in. Trevor looks past all that -

- to look at several boxes of Plastic Explosive. All wired up with detonators with blinking red LEDs.

And all the detonators have wires leading to one large box in the centre.

Trevor walks up to the box, and unsnaps the fastenings, throwing open the lid -

- revealing a GBU-43/B Massive Ordnance Air Blast (MOAB) bomb. The wiring from the plastic explosive leads directly into a device, with identical red LEDs attached to the nose of the bomb.

Trevor examines the device with mounting dread.

TREVOR

An impact detonator ...?

A shot rings out.

Trevor turns, looking towards the cockpit. He starts running to the stairwell -

- stumbling, as the whole hold moves, the plane now pointing downward. The ever-present engine pitch increases into a roar.

Trevor grabs a nearby crowbar -

- runs up the stairwell to the -

INT. GLOBEMASTER COCKPIT - DAY

- where he barges towards -

- the body of Lopez, a ballpoint shoved in his eyesocket.

Trevor looks -

- past Slade in the pilot's seat, at a distant island growing ever closer.

TREVOR
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING
SLADE?!?

Slade turns - his face is melting. His head and hands are smoking while his flesh, now turning purple, is slowly melting off his bones like wax. A bullet hole is between his eyes.

SLADE
A full load of fuel, over eighty tons of weapons and ammunition and the biggest bomb this side of a nuke. It's gonna make one hell of a bang, sir.

Trevor grabs Slade, intent on braining him with the crowbar, but Slade grabs Trevor's other arm.

Trevor drops the crowbar while trying to drag Slade out of the seat while the island grows ever closer

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / BEACH - DAY

Diana is walking along the beach, a branch in her hand, using it to push aside clumps of seaweed and debris. She looks up, and heads toward -

- a magazine. Time Magazine June 16 2003.

Kneeling down, Diana picks it up and starts carefully opening the water-sodden pages. A shadow falls over her. Glancing up -

- Diana topples backwards in surprise as the massive shape of the Globemaster flies overhead.

Diana stares at the plane heading directly towards the acropolis, then gets up and starts running after it.

THEMYSKIRA

The plane is maintaining it's collision course towards the palace and acropolis.

On the streets, alarm bells are ringing.

Amazons are grabbing shields, armour, swords, and heading towards the intended route of the plane

GLOBEMASTER COCKPIT

Trevor is desperately trying to lever Slade away, but what he's become is incredibly strong. Shifting, Trevor stretches out with his leg -

- hitting a lever -

THE WING FLAPS

Extend

DIANA

Running, sees -

THE GLOBEMASTER

Rising, wavering away from it's intended course

TREVOR

Is violently shoved away by Slade, hurriedly correcting the course.

DIANA

Is running, inhumanly fast along the plains, her wake spreading the grass and greenery away.

THE GLOBEMASTER

Is headed directly to the palace

SLADE

Grins, his face decomposing even faster -

- like hitting an invisible wall, Slade is violently shoved out of the pilot's chair -

- and through the crew lounge -

- propelled through the hold to impact onto the very back of the plane on the main loading ramp, falling down in little viscous pieces.

TREVOR

Stares where Slade went. How? No time, as he jumps back into the pilots seat. Adjusting the controls, he pulls back, turning left -

THE GLOBEMASTER

Lifts, turning away from the palace -

- but the left wing hits an adjacent building, crashing through -

- sending Amazons inside diving for cover -

- along with their sisters outside -

- tearing half the wing off along with the first engine.

TREVOR

Is showered with glass, face bleeding, trying to maintain control

DIANA

Is at the main part of the city, still heading towards the plane

THE GLOBEMASTER

Is now skidding along the ground, tearing up buildings and houses in it's path -

- heading towards the edge of the city, directly overlooking the ocean a few hundred feet below -

TREVOR

Is badly injured, trying to stop the plane -

THE GLOBEMASTER

Reaches the edge -

- and topples over.

Gracefully falling, parts falling off behind it -

- it noisily hits the water, the wings torn backwards by the impact. It starts sinking nose first.

CITY

Houses and buildings are crushed and/or burning in the plane's wake. Women are hauling large carts filled with sand, lifting the cart over their heads and pouring the contents in the burning buildings (their version of a fire brigade) Diana runs past them -

- towards the edge of the cliff where the plane fell off -
- and dives, hitting the water with perfect form.

THE GLOBEMASTER

Is settling into the dark silt of the ocean floor, several feet of water already above it. Diana's wake as she hits the water and submerges is visible in the distance.

Diana swims towards the plane, a powerful breaststroke covering the distance with incredible speed.

The rear loading ramp has burst open, allowing a thin gap which she squeezes through.

Diana looks around the hold, quickly moving forward ...

- and past the MOAB, the LED blinking faster and faster ...
- suddenly turning green, then off.

GLOBEMASTER COCKPIT

Diana emerges from the stairwell, looking around, seeing someone in the chair.

She goes to him - and stares

A large chunk of metal is buried in his abdomen, and blood is flowing into the water, surrounding him like a cloud.

Diana reaches out and touches the face of the first man she's ever seen.

Trevor's eyes open -

- seeing the blurred face of this woman in the water, reaching for him.

His eyes roll back into his skull.

A FIST

Punches through the glass panel of the cockpit.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / BEACH

Amazons are milling on the beach where the Globemaster finally sunk.

Something is surfacing from the water -

- Diana, walking up to the beach, holding an unconscious Trevor. Part of her robe is serving as a makeshift bandage on his largest wound.

The crowd is reacting to the male; undercurrents of fear and anger.

DIANA

<He is injured. Someone run ahead and inform Epione to prepare the Isle of Healing.>

None of the women react.

DIANA

<NOW!>

Shock at this display of authority causes several women to run off.

Diana marches resolutely forward, the injured man in her arms, the other Amazons following in her wake.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / ISLE OF HEALING - DAY

A smaller island off the main island. A large white building dominates, with a small dock and path leading to the building.

A medium sized but ornate boat is being tied to the dock by several women in more ornate armour; a Palace Guard.

When complete, the Guard snap to attention, Hippolyta descends down the gangplank, followed closely by Phillipus and Menalippe. This is a crisis situation.

HIPPOLYTA

<There is a man here. Physically here on this island. Explain this to me.>

PHILLIPUS

<We cannot your majesty.>

INT. ISLE OF HEALING - DAY

Hippolyta and her retinue are walking down large airy atrium towards the centre of the building.

MENALIPPE

<The Protection is still in place,
it cannot be explained.>

The group enter a large surgery; bright room surrounded by several benches filled with alchemic-looking devices and other unknown paraphernalia.

Trevor is lying on a bench, his uniform removed, bandaged up but still unhealthy.

HIPPOLYTA

<Then questions must be asked. Let
us make sure he answers them ...>

Hippolyta stops, as Diana walks past her, and starts administering more dressing to a more grievous wound.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

<... what are you doing here?>

A blonde woman (seemingly) in her forties walks over, approves Diana's work with a nod.

EPIONE

<Your Majesty. Your daughter's
quite skilled as a healer. Might
need to borrow her during hunting
season.>

Phillipus stares at Trevor, unblinking-

EPIONE (CONT'D, OS)

<She also fished this patient out
and brought him here. She's
developed something of a
proprietary interest.>

- the General's hand flexing around her sword -
- suddenly drawing it.

Hippolyta notes this without reacting. Diana -

DIANA

<No.>

Diana moves in front of Phillipus.

HIPPOLYTA

<Diana, leave.>

DIANA

<This is Sanctuary. All are safe
here.>

Diana matches her gaze with Phillipus.

DIANA
 <The Laws of Gods and Amazons shall
 remain inviolate.>

The standoff continues until -

HIPPOLYTA
 <Very well.>

Phillipus slowly sheathes her sword and steps back, never taking her eyes of Trevor for an instant.

EPIONE
 <If you've all finished ...>

Epione starts her examinations of Trevor.

EPIONE
 <There's rot beginning to spread.
 His body is injured and bleeding
 within. (to Diana) We need a Purple
 Ray. Prepare him.>

Epione crosses over to a device made of polished wood and brass, essentially a series of mirrors over a central point.

Diana has taken Trevor's arms and is using large, thick well worn leather straps to bind him to the bench.

Epione takes a leather case from a draw underneath the apparatus -

- opening it reveals several three-inch-long dark purple crystals laid out in individual compartments.

Epione extracts one with exceptional care.

Hippolyta coldly examines Trevor, Menalippe hovering nearby.

HIPPOLYTA
 <Can you explain why he is here?>

Epione places the crystal into the centre of the device.

MENALIPPE
 <There's nothing of spell or
 enchantment around or in him.>

Epione coughs. Hippolyta and Menalippe stand back. Diana checks all of Trevor's bindings, then stands back with her mother.

Epione rotates a mirror on the device until it catches the sunlight -

- and reflects off every mirror on the contraption. The light is refracted towards the crystal.

A beam of purple light streams from the illuminated crystal through a series of lenses and hits Trevor's wounded mid section like a laser beam. Trevor screams in pain, limbs thrashing in their bindings.

Epione adjusts the lenses, diffusing the ray until it slowly envelops his entire body. His pained thrashing subsides somewhat, and the beam slowly fades in intensity until it disappears entirely.

The crystal has broken down into a black powder.

Trevor has fallen into a feverish fugue. Diana crosses over, removing the bandages; the ugly wounds are now bruising and welts. She nods at Epione.

EPIONE

<It does work on males.>

PHILLIPUS

<Will he live?>

EPIONE

<Of course. Considering he's mortal there's considerable strain inflicted by the ray; he'll need ten days before he can be moved. At least.>

PHILLIPUS

<Can we question him?>

EPIONE

<Do you need a coherent answer?>

PHILLIPUS

<Can you at least keep him asleep while he recovers? (to Hippolyta) May as well prevent him from learning any more about us.>

Epione crosses over to a rack of bottles, taking a small vial.

EPIONE

<Makes no difference either way.>

She crosses over to Trevor, uncorking the vial, careful to hold it away from her, then holds it under Trevor's nose. His fevered murmuring fades as he falls into unconsciousness. Epione quickly reseals the vial.

FEET

Dash across the floor of the atrium.

MYRHHA

A handmaiden in the palace, dashes into the room, holding an object wrapped in cloth. She quickly kneels.

MYRHHA
<Your Majesty!>

She quickly rises, proffering the object.

MYRHHA
<We found this in the wreckage.>

Myrhha unwraps the object; a decayed, skeletal arm with minimal melted flesh, wrapped in the tatters of a flight suit sleeve.

Hippolyta stiffens, Menalippe steps back.

MENALIPPE
<Ares.>

Phillipus turns her gaze towards Trevor.

PHILLIPUS
<A servant of the enemy.>

DIANA
<Then why was he not corrupted like this other?>

Hippolyta looks at the arm, then at Trevor.

HIPPOLYTA
<How he is here, why he is here ...
too many questions and we cannot
ask them of him ...>

Hippolyta leaves the surgery -

- and walks into the atrium, Phillipus following.

Hippolyta stares out through a window towards the main island of Themyscira.

HIPPOLYTA
<All I do know is that I want him
off Themyscira as soon as
possible.>

Hippolyta turns back to Phillipus, having steeled herself to make a decision.

HIPPOLYTA
<Prepare the Tournament.>

EXT. THEMYSKIRA/PALACE - DAY

Outside the palace, hundreds of women are gathered immediately outside a large overlooking balcony above. The atmosphere is confusion and a little fear.

Hippolyta slowly walks out onto the balcony, followed by Phillipus and other attendants. The murmuring of the crowd below stops when Hippolyta raises her hand.

HIPPOLYTA

<Ares, the Cursed God, shunned by his brothers and sisters, has brought a man to our shores. We do not know why or how. So one of us must go and ask!>

The crowd of faces reflect their surprise at this news.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

<For the first time since we returned to Themyskira, we shall hold a Tournament to select a Champion of the Amazons, who will go forth to Patriach's World to Challenge a Mad God. It starts at dawn tomorrow. All of you who are willing and able will prepare.>

Hippolyta returns into

THE PALACE

Into her inner chambers. While the attendants leave, Hippolyta starts removing some of her outer garments, while Phillipus remains.

HIPPOLYTA

<You have doubts.>

PHILLIPUS

<We cannot hold the tournament as of old. For over three thousand years we have forged a bond of sisterhood that no one and nothing can break. And now you ask them to fight each other for personal victory?>

Hippolyta smiles, holding up a himation; a light gauzy scarf. She holds it up, obscuring her face above her mouth to Phillipus' perspective.

HIPPOLYTA

<I have thought of a way.>

Phillipus' eyes widen; she gets it.

THRONE ROOM

The white marble is counterpointed with gold decorations. Hippolyta and Phillipus enter, various attendants busy cleaning, assorting.

PHILLIPUS
<Thinking of entering yourself?>

HIPPOLYTA
<Would it be proper?>

Phillipus draws her sword, tosses it to Hippolyta, who catches it and draws perfectly.

PHILLIPUS
<The last Champion was also the former Queen.>

Hippolyta starts performing a series of maneuvers.

HIPPOLYTA
<The Royal Family ... >

The Queen's thrusting, parrying, spinning the sword grows more and more intricate.

HIPPOLYTA
<...might have to demonstrate they do not shy away from a call to duty ...>

Diana enters the throne room, holding a sword, shield, suit of armour.

Hippolyta stops, her gaze stopping Diana. She hands the sword back to Phillipus, keeping eye contact with Diana.

HIPPOLYTA
<In the Interests of eliminating favoritism, The Royal Family and all immediate attendants are forbidden from applying for the Tournament.>

Diana can't believe this.

DIANA
<Why?>

The Queen raises her hand. All attendants in the room quickly leave. Phillipus bows, and vanishes, leaving daughter and mother in the enormous room.

HIPPOLYTA

<Be reasonable. Entering the tournament means facing warriors who have spent thousands of years preparing for battle.>

DIANA

<I might surprise you.>

HIPPOLYTA

<Diana. Have you ever desired something for so long that you forgot when that need first grew?>

DIANA

<Yes.>

Hippolyta crosses over to Diana, holding her shoulders with a maternal smile.

HIPPOLYTA

<And imagine finally gaining it. Something so unique and fragile, would you ever leave it out of your sight?>

DIANA

<Have you ever grasped something so tightly it sliced your hand down to the bone?>

Hippolyta flinches.

DIANA (CONT'D)

<Tell me, how can you watch something so closely and yet know nothing about it?>

Fury crosses the Queen's face.

HIPPOLYTA

<Enough! Your Mother forbids it! Your Queen forbids it! And you will obey both!>

Diana turns, and stalks away, leaving Hippolyta alone in the vast room.

Hippolyta snaps her fingers, a Palace Guard approaches and kneels.

HIPPOLYTA

<Watch her.>

DIANA'S QUARTERS.

Small, but well appointed. Two attendants are busy cleaning, polishing; until Diana enters, dumping her weaponry and other objects near the door, and waves them away.

Diana sits down at a dresser, retrieving a ornate comb and hand mirror, and starts combing -

- angling the mirror to look behind her; the Palace Guard standing at attention in the outer corridor.

Frustrated, she taps her fingers, going over the combs brushes, adornments - and a pair of scissors.

Innocuously, she retrieves several scrolls, notes, ink and chalk from the shelves; a scholar going about her work.

She scatters the paper around, and gets up, holding the scissors, chalk and two pages close to her body.

OUTSIDE

Her quarters, the guard keeps her eye on the open door.

DIANA'S QUARTERS.

Crossing to her wardrobe, she selects three white chitons; basic robes. Quickly and quietly, she starts cutting them into long strips of cloth.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Several Amazons are gathering up the pieces of metal and debris strewn around the area -

- but the main activities are centred around a crane-like apparatus erected on the shore.

At least twenty Amazons are hauling on ropes leading into the water -

- and the tail section of the Globemaster is emerging, slowly being hauled up.

A large table is set up, various recovered objects filling the area. Seated at the table, a woman with bodybuilder's arms is examining one of the objects; one of the assault rifles. She is comparing it with diagrams from a water-logged manual; she starts slowly disassembling the rifle.

HIPPOLYTA (O.S.)

<Io!>

Io looks up from her work; her Queen is approaching followed by her entourage. Io gets up from her chair and kneels.

IO
<Your Majesty!>

HIPPOLYTA
<Phillipus has our Artisan of the Forge working on this?>

IO
<The General believes one who knows weapons so well is suited to their recovery, Your Majesty.>

Hippolyta looks at the plane; it's now half-way out of the water.

HIPPOLYTA
<I also understand that you will not be competing.>

IO
<I ... I could not ... I will not compete against my sisters, Your Majesty.>

Hippolyta kneels down to Io's level.

HIPPOLYTA
<I may be obligated to persuade you otherwise, but in truth, I am pleased this is the case.>

Hippolyta moves closer

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)
<For I have another duty that only you can perform.>

DIANA'S QUARTERS.

Diana has drawn a chalk circle, with several concentric circles within. Greek lettering is interspersed with unusual symbols within the layers.

The outermost circle is incomplete; there's a half-inch gap.

DIANA
<Sight ...>

Diana writes the word in one of the blank areas

DIANA
<... And sound ...>

Diana finishes writing. The robes from earlier have been turned into strips, and a canvas bag lies with them. Diana takes them all and places them into the circle.

Diana retrieves a candle near her dresser, and lights it, then completes the circle.

Diana gets up with the candle as the chalk lines start to glow.

OUTSIDE

The guard notices the glowing -

- just as Diana crosses the doorway with her lit candle.

Mollified, the guard continues her vigil.

DIANA'S QUARTERS.

The glowing has enveloped the strips of cloth, and are fading out of existence. When the cloth has finally disappeared, the glowing fades.

Diana returns, and by touch retrieves one of the strips of cloth. She carefully -

- places, then wraps it around her right calf, the cloth reaching up to her upper thigh. Her leg is now invisible.

Her foot is now floating in space, unattached. She rotates her ankle, looking at the result, smiling. It Worked.

No time to waste. Diana retrieves another cloth and starts wrapping it around herself.

OUTSIDE

The guard hears a noise -

- from Diana's rooms.

DIANA'S QUARTERS.

She enters -

- and nobody's there. How did ...?

The chalk circle from earlier has been erased.

As the guard stands, mystified, Diana's armour and weapons slowly vanish from view.

INT. AMAZON'S QUARTERS - DAY

An Amazon is examining her weapons and armour.

HIPPOLYTA (V.O.)
<You will report to the stadium at
dawn.>

She is wearing a leather undertunic, greaves and boots.

HIPPOLYTA (V.O.)
<You will not wear any
distinguishing clothing, or marks,
and you will obscure your faces.>

The Amazon takes a black cloth and wraps it around her face.

HIPPOLYTA (V.O.)
<You will not hesitate because your
friend is faltering.>

The Amazon places a streamlined version of a Corinthian helmet on her face - her features are completely obscured.

HIPPOLYTA (V.O.)
<You will not allow your sister to
win. The others are simply those in
your way.>

The Amazon gathers her spear, shield and sword, and steps -

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / STREETS - DAWN

- outside, where hundreds of other, similarly attired Amazons are marching down the streets. She is swallowed up by the crowd, completely anonymous.

HIPPOLYTA (V.O.)
<You will compete and you will
fight for the glory and honour for
yourself and for your nation.>

They file into -

A VAST STADIUM

Where they stand assembled in front of Hippolyta, who is seated in a royal box. Every other Amazon is in the audience.

HIPPOLYTA
<You will fight because you deserve
the right to be Champion of all
your people.>

The Amazons, as one, salute; crossing their forearms just under their chin, left arm over right.

HIPPOLYTA

<You are Amazons. Begin.>

EXT - DAY

A line of granite pillars on a grassy plain. -

- and a METAL POINT ERUPTS out of the closest pillar. Each pillar has suddenly 'grown' one of these points -

- because we now see that the pillars are targets. And the points are the tips of spears thrown through each pillar, near all dead centre.

An Amazon in a white robe examines each one, then holds up a red flag next to the spear that is closest to the mark.

Masked Amazons running down a track. They approach a wooden wall that is at least nine feet high -

- they all vault it, like a hurdle.

Masked Amazons grunting, grimacing, as they push MASSIVE BOULDERS up a steep hill. The women in white robes - the referees - watch the proceedings with a critical eye.

STADIUM

Hippolyta is observing a wrestling match. The two are scrabbling desperately against each other.

Phillipus moves towards her Queen's ear.

PHILLIPUS

<Your Majesty, we cannot find her anywhere.>

HIPPOLYTA

<She knows we're too busy with this to look properly.>

One Amazon seems to be slowly gaining an advantage over the other.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

<When Diana outgrows her little huff and decides to grace us with her presence, bring her to me.>

PHILLIPUS

<We can increase the search ...>

The Amazon in danger of being pinned has wriggled her arm from her opponent's grasp and grabbed her arm, breaking it. The cheers of the crowd are deafening.

The woman collapses as the other stands in victory.

Hippolyta applauds politely.

HIPPOLYTA
<First things first.>

SEVERAL AMAZONS

paired off, fiercely dueling with swords.

ADJUDICATORS ESCORTING

- the losers or carrying off the injured.

THE FIRST AID TENT

Is filled with women with assorted injuries; all have their helmets removed.

In the far corner, those in the beds have sheets draped over them.

ON A DARKENED HILL

Amazons are balancing, with one hand, on poles thrust into the ground. One falls off.

AN ATTENDANT APPROACHES HIPPOLYTA

ATTENDANT
<The final trial, your Majesty. All
is ready.>

Hippolyta stands, and leaves, the attendant following.

THE STADIUM

The seats are packed.

Seven finalists, bruised and battered only wearing their cloth masks and undertunics, stand proud.

Hippolyta, Phillipus and a retinue of five councillors and seven attendants enter the grounds, and the roar of the crowd fades to an expectant murmuring.

The finalists stand in a line, about a few yards away from Hippolyta and the councillors, the queen flanked by three councillors on each side, all facing a finalist.

As one, the finalists Salute.

Suddenly, with practiced swiftness, the queen and company withdraw an identical item from each box and point it at their respective finalist -

- a Colt M1911A1 .45 automatic.

The Queen and company open fire - they're firing so fast it's almost like automatic fire. They're also aiming to kill.

The finalists are blocking the bullets with their bracelets, their arms almost blurring with speed.

Hippolyta's gun is empty. She instantly reloads from her box - which is full to the brim with stacked, loaded magazines.

A finalist falls - killed from a headshot. The finalist next to her now has another person shooting at her.

More finalists are wounded, and literally fall out of the competition.

Now only the finalist in front of Hippolyta is remaining. The seven are shooting at her, only to have their shots deflected.

The look on what's visible on her masked face is zen-like concentration.

Hippolyta's gun runs dry -

- along with everyone else.

The masked warrior removes her mask -

- it's Diana. Sweating, eyes haggard. Nothing can remove the victory from her gaze.

Hippolyta's gun drops to the ground.

The Queen is suddenly hit with what her daughter has done - and what she's almost done to her daughter.

Firm resolve crosses her face, and she starts to move forward, intent on inflicting the Wrath of Mother -

- when a hand clamps on her shoulder.

Phillipus' expression tells Hippolyta that this is something she can't control.

The crowd breaks into the stadium floor, flooding into the arena, starts to cheer their new champion, as Diana is surrounded, and hoisted onto the shoulders by well-wishers.

And Hippolyta's eyes reflect her total DESPAIR.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / ACROPOLIS - NIGHT

A hand uses a lit taper to light a bowl of oil on the ground -
- a pathway leading from the palace is lit with similar
bowls.

A procession is heading down from the palace towards the main
complex of temples. The entire city is lit up in the night.

Diana, wearing only a simple white robe, is at the front of
the procession, surrounded by several priestesses, all in
service to different Gods in the Pantheon.

A central square (agora) is in the middle of the 'temple
district'. The edges of the agora is filled with onlookers,
Amazons have found places on the tops of roofs, in windows,
etc, at least half the agora kept clear by the Palace Guard.
The procession slowly files into the agora -

- where Hippolyta and several senior priestesses are waiting.

Hippolyta has a carefully neutral expression.

Diana is led to the exact centre, and she kneels, head bowed.

Diana tries to make eye contact with her mother -

- but the Queen keeps her gaze elsewhere.

A group in white robes approaches Diana; one senior priestess
with a white band around her head, flanked by two junior
priestesses holding bouquets of grain stalks.

Diana is guided to a standing position so she is eye to eye
with the senior priestess.

SENIOR #1

<Prepare.>

As one, everyone near Diana backs away to the edges of the
agora.

The paving stones underneath Diana's bare feet suddenly crack
with a expulsion of smoke and an orange glow.

The ground cracks even further, and starts to slowly glow a
darker and brighter orange. The stones are melting, as the
ground beneath Diana is becoming lava.

Diana begins to sink into the magma -

- her face stowing the strain of hiding the pain she is in -

- up to her legs - waist - chest -

Hippolyta's hands tremble; she covers one with the other to
still them.

Diana's face finally submerges into the lava, her hair trailing behind to be absorbed without a trace.

Everyone stays still as the lava quickly cools, turning obsidian black.

The crowd watches, waiting, as the last of the smoke fades into the air.

A blackened fist explosively punches through the melted ground.

Another fist and arm shoves it's way through the ground, levering a tar-black body out of the new hole in the Earth, glowing orange cracks webbing along the entire surface of this earth creature.

The female creature heaves itself up and out, stumbling to the ground, trembling with effort and pain -

- and screams, bashing both fists on the ground -
- the entire ground shuddering as a foot-wide crack extends along the ground directly from the impact point -
- until it makes contact with a large building -
- the structure immediately imploding due to the force.

The creature stares at it's hands -

- the orange glow and dark colours fading -
- until the pink flesh is revealed. Diana looks at her hands, and the damage she's caused.

Priestesses produce a red robe for the now naked Diana, the senior smiling.

SENIOR #1

<Accept the gift of Demeter,
Champion; the unlimited strength
and endurance of the Earth itself.>

Demeter's priestesses fall back to Hippolyta, as another group of priestesses, the senior holding a wand made of ivory, makes it's way to the still recovering Diana.

SENIOR #2

<Accept the gifts of Hermes,
Champion ...>

The senior places the wand underneath Diana's chin, and lifts. Diana lifts with the wand -

SENIOR #2

<... the speed of the Gods ...>

- her feet are now two feet off the ground.

The priestess removes the wand -

- and Diana is floating above the ground unsupported.

SENIOR #2

< ... and the power of flight.>

Diana floats in place, amazed at this sensation -

- and catches the disapproving gaze of the Queen.

Diana descends. Hermes' priestesses move aside, to allow a group of three bearing polished wooden boxes.

SENIOR #3

<Accept the gifts of Hephaestus,
Champion.>

The senior opens her box, revealing a magnificent sword with an end widening to a ovoid shape; a slightly longer Xiphos.

From the crowd, something flies at Diana -

- Diana draws the sword and strikes at it -

- it hits the ground, cracking the stones underneath it. It's a solid metal sphere; basically an oversized cannonball. It's now in two perfect halves.

SENIOR #3

<The sword. No substance, creature,
mortal or god can resist it's
blade.>

The senior lowers the empty box and takes another from her junior.

It opens to reveal a golden tiara, with a red star in the centre.

The senior holds the tiara -

- then throws it to her left -

- the tiara arcs to the right, in a perfect circle around the agora -

- back into the priestesses' hand.

She presses the red star in the centre -

- switchblade fast, the tiara straightens, another point emerges from under the star; it's now a large throwing star.

The priestess throws it -

- towards the stone wall of a nearby building -
- it punches clean through.
- punching through the other side a few feet to the left-
- returning to the priestess. She presses the star again; the tiara snaps back to it's original shape.

Diana takes the tiara.

The senior takes the last box, and opens it -

- revealing a gold coiled rope. It glows, like metal taken fresh from the furnace.

SENIOR # 3

<The Golden Lasso of Truth. Forged from the ever renewing Girdle of Gaea itself. When bound, none can lie or evade your questions.>

Diana takes the Lasso. Hefts it experimentally.

One more group of priestesses come forward, all wearing crowns of laurel leaves.

SENIOR #4

<Accept the Gift of Apollo, Champion.>

The senior produces a small object -

- a pendant.

Diana takes it. On one side is a faintly glowing yellow stone set in a one-and-a-half inch metal disc, the other side has a strange angular design or shape.

Diana looks at the priestess quizzically.

SENIOR #4

<You will know when.>

INT. ISLE OF HEALING - DAY

The dawn light illuminates Trevor, who's still unconscious in the same surgery as before. Epione is examining him, nodding to herself.

Menalippe enters.

EPIONE

<What is it?>

Menalippe holds out an empty bronze bowl.

EPIONE

<Oh yes, the transference.>

Epione takes the bowl, places it on a small table besides Trevor's hand. She then takes Trevor's hand, a small knife, and slices into his wrist, dangling it just above the bowl. Blood begins to pool into the bowl.

EPIONE

<Where is Diana dumping him? Place of birth?>

MENALIPPE

<Closest port to where he left Man's World. Her Majesty felt Diana should get to work as soon as possible.>

TEMPLE

Menalippe is taking the bowl of blood along bright airy corridors

EPIONE (O.S.)

<Not too sure Diana will return quickly with her mother the way she is.>

Menalippe enters a large room, and hands the bowl to one of many attendants.

MENALIPPE (O.S.)

<Somewhat underhanded way to leave Themyscira.>

The attendants pour the bowl of blood -

- into a series of groves in the floor. A circular pattern is formed, and letters and symbols between the groves begin to glow.

EPIONE (O.S.)

<It was the only way; the Gods select the Champion, and not even Hippolyta can defy the Gods. You have to admire her guts at least.>

MENALIPPE (O.S.)

<I hope Diana thinks it's worth it.>

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / DOCKS

Early morning, the area is surrounded by mist. Hippolyta is waiting, with two Palace Guards flanking her.

In a small rowboat, Epione is laying the comatose Trevor into the stern of the craft.

Everyone looks up -

- Diana is walking down a set of stairs towards them. Wearing a red-and-blue bustier, with a gold chestplate on her chest, and the tiara. Her sword and lasso hang from her waist. The colours and pattern are unmistakably that of the American Flag.

Hippolyta begins to smile, but quickly suppresses it.

Diana stands in front of her mother.

Hippolyta takes Diana's hand -

Diana winces in pain, she jerks her hand back -

- her palm has been sliced open. Surprised, she looks at -

- Hippolyta, holding a small, bloodied dagger.

HIPPOLYTA

<Be warned. It was the sin of arrogance that led to our fall in Man's World. To prevent that sin, the Gods decreed that even due to your great strength, even substances as soft as bronze can still pierce you, harm you.>

Diana looks at the wound; it's healing, already sealed up.

Hippolyta turns, and heads to the stairs.

Diana is lost for words, turning to the boat.

Epione nods farewell, as Diana unhitches the boat, and starts rowing. She's soon swallowed up by the mist.

Hippolyta turns around for one last look - but it's too late.

She turns towards the island, dismissing her guards with a gesture.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOUR - MORNING

A grizzled amateur fisherman is seated at the pier. Nothing biting, but damned if that's going to stop him.

He looks up, examining the familiar sights -

- something new. Emerging from the morning mist, something big -

- an Island. A whole Island.

The man stands, nearly knocking over his fishing apparatus. He grabs his cell phone, going to take a picture -

- it's gone.

SOMEPLACE DARK

Forboding.

Two figures lean over a purple-ish pool of water.

Within it's depths is Diana, rowing. Reflected in the water are hints of two horrific things watching.

DEIMOS (O.S.)
<The Princess of the Amazons.
Better for our purposes than we
dared hope.>

PHOBOS (O.S.)
<We should destroy her
immediately.>

DEIMOS (O.S.)
<Patience, brother. When it best
suits Father's plan.>

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / STREETS - DAY

Hippolyta walks alone. 'Good mornings' are met with distracted politeness.

Eventually, Hippolyta arrives at a large building at the outskirts of the city, and she enters -

IO'S WORKSHOP

A dark cavernous area filled with the ringing of hammers on anvils.

Hippolyta heads towards the centre of the workshop, where Io can be found examining objects on various benches. Most prominent is the mangled remains of some of the M4 Carbines. Seeing Hippolyta, she gets up and bows.

IO
<Your Majesty.>

HIPPOLYTA
<How goes your task?>

Io takes one of the Colt Automatics from the Trials.

IO

<Better than we hoped. The last time, we were restricted by only having one weapon and limited amounts of the black powder. It took us many years merely to copy it.>

HIPPOLYTA

<And now?>

Io passes her hand over dismantled Carbines, recovered manuals with Greek lettering made on the diagrams.

IO

<We have a plentiful supply of their weapons and projectiles. No need to take years simply to avoid damaging our only original. We have our experience of the past, and Man's own notations to assist us.>

Io's smile is triumphant.

IO (CONT'D)

<Your Majesty. We have not copied Man's weapons. We have improved on them.>

Io gestures -

- to the main floor. Scores of Amazons are smithing -
- casings for guns. Bullets.

Hippolyta moves closer, overseeing the work.

HIPPOLYTA

<One more thing to damn you for Ares. One more thing.>

EXT. BOSTON HARBOUR - MORNING

Diana rows, checking on the unconscious Trevor occasionally, but most of her attention is focussed on -

- this new world. Metal boats. Machines flying overhead.

The fisherman, still flustered, looks at this odd woman passing.

Diana finds a empty birth, and heads towards it.

Lashing her boat, she picks up Trevor in both arms, and steps off.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - MORNING

Diana is walking, holding Trevor, trying to get her bearings.

People are staring at this woman in this weird costume.

Diana sees a person staring at her and meets with one of her own - her first look at a black man. He walks off, trying not to make eye contact with the crazy chick.

Heading further into the city, she stops near a bank of TVs showing the morning news -

- none of it good. Terrorism. International Trade Talks breaking down. Threats of military action.

As Diana stares at the TVs, a large Van passes behind her.

The Van passes anonymously through the city streets until it reaches

LESEC BANK

A five story glass-and-chrome building, gleaming, modern, unremarkable. The Van follows the road, turns into an alleyway, and stops outside a roll-up car park barrier and keycard scanner leading to an underground employee car park. A gloved hand swipes a keycard, and the barrier raises.

THE VAN DRIVES

through the hall-full car park. It stops near a thick bulletproof glass door leading to a stairwell. The van door slides open, and several men disgorge, all wearing near-identical coveralls and balaclavas with heavy body armour over their clothes. One of them swipes the keycard from before, opening the door.

A SECURITY GUARD IN THE MONITOR ROOM

is donning an identical mask and coverall. Another Guard is lying on the floor, bleeding from his ears. The wall of high-tech monitors behind him reveal masked men charging up the stairwell and entering an elevator.

IN THE EMPLOYEE AREA THE ELEVATOR OPENS

And several men spill out. All carry M-16 assault rifles. They move throughout the clean chrome open office area, targeting specific employees, dragging them away from their desks and workstations. One of them, the LEADER, stands in the centre of the office.

LEADER

Nobody moves!

THE PUBLIC AREA

is half full of customers waiting in lines. Everyone is surprised when the THIEVES burst out from the teller's area, aiming their weapons, shouting at everyone to get down, don't move, etc, etc

A SECURITY GUARD

whirls, draws a .357 revolver, fires -

- hitting a THIEF. The round impacts on the body armour but barely rocks the man back. In one smooth series of movements, the thief raises his rifle, and fires a single round. The security guard is hit in the lower left ribcage, felling him, his face betraying the pain.

THE VAN IS BEING UNLOADED

several crates and boxes are being loaded onto carts, then carried over to a waiting freight elevator. One thief grabs the last box, slapping the van on the roof. A DRIVER starts the engine, then circles back towards the exit.

THE BANK PUBLIC AREA

is being taken over. The thieves are dragging every teller, employee and customer into the central area, frisking them for cell phones, blackberries, etc, then shoved to the ground, forced to hug the floor.

THE VAN

is parked half-way up the ramp leading to the outside, the barrier locked into place, on the left hand side. The driver gets out, and starts sprinting back towards the bank entrance at full speed.

THE VAN DETONATES

cracking the floor and walls, sending several chunks of concrete raining down in a cloud of grey dust.

THE LEADER

watches a metal barrier being rolled down over the main entrance.

His eyes are purple in colour.

A GROANING makes him turn his head -

- to see the security guard shot earlier, still alive.

The leader looks up, makes a cutting motion in front of his throat.

The security barrier stops, raises.

The leader fishes around in his pockets, strolling up to the fallen guard.

LEADER

Looks like you get to go home early today.

THE STREET OUTSIDE

is filling with cops. Patrol and unmarked cars. SUVs. SWAT Vans. Patrol officers are blocking off the street, diverting traffic, erecting barriers.

SWAT OFFICERS

are running onto a rooftop overlooking the bank. They bunker down, extracting Remington 700PSS's, preparing a snipers nest.

MEDIA VANS

are arriving, camera crews and reporters preparing to record and broadcast.

THE BANK DOORS BURST OPEN

to show two THIEVES flanking the LEADER, covering the area with their rifles. The LEADER is holding the wounded guard. The police surround them, aiming, their superiors barking orders, adding to the general cacophony.

The leader leans closer to the guard.

LEADER (WHISPERING)

We even think we see pork, we execute hostages. Tell them.

The LEADER lowers the guard to the ground, then they withdraw into the bank.

The Police surround the security guard as the security gate lowers behind the bank doors.

A BRIGHT AIRY CONFERENCE ROOM

inside the bank. The Leader, flanked with two thieves, walks in.

Touching the glass affording a beautiful panoramic view of the city, he looks down -

- at the entrance of the bank outside, the police swarming around, but not within the area.

The Leader smiles.

Waving his hand, he leaves the room. Several thieves enter the conference room carrying equipment, tools, crates.

One is measuring against several of the windows, making precise marks on the floor, window glass and roof. Another thief is drilling in the floor where it's been marked. Another is drilling in the roof. And another is placing blobs of grey plastic explosive, with connecting detonator and wires, on the glass.

Another thief is unpacking equipment from a crate. A gas cylinder and valves. Thick modified pistons with wedges.

OUTSIDE THE BANK

The Security Guard is being patched up in an ambulance, in a street far enough from the bank, but still close enough to observe.

Two men are getting out of a parked unmarked car. The first senior officers on the scene; INSPECTOR INDELICATO, dark, forties but carries it well, and CAPTAIN RUCKA, fifties, a little portly.

INDELICATO

I don't understand, this shouldn't happen until the end of the week, near payday.

RUCKA

This just had to happen today.

INDELICATO

What, you two days from retirement or something?

RUCKA

The board is making final reviews on my promotion.

INDELICATO

Owch.

RUCKA

Hope these guys just want to wait it out before they give up.

ELLIS, a SWAT Captain, walks up to Rucka and Indelicato, perfunctory greetings are made.

RUCKA

What can you tell us?

ELLIS

Not much, and it's not good. We have a witness who was shot and dragged out.

The trio approach the PARAMEDICS and wounded security guard. Nearby, a Command Center Truck has been parked in an alleyway, some officers are milling around.

INDELICATO
(to paramedics) Is he okay to talk to us?

PARAMEDIC#1
Keep it quick.

RUCKA
I'm Captain Rucka, this is Inspector Indelicato of Robbery Homicide. What can you tell us?

SECURITY GUARD
Came in through the back, eight, maybe ten guys. Assault rifles and some kind of body armour. Shot one, and he barely noticed. These aren't guys who hold up 7-11s, they're organised. Professionals.

ELLIS
They gave him this.

Ellis produces a plastic evidence bag containing a strip of grey plastic explosive and a detonator.

INDELICATO
C-4?

ELLIS
Kinda old, but I'd use it.

INDELICATO
How much in cash in the bank?

SECURITY GUARD
Nothing much, couple grand at the most, teller draws and ATMs. But I think I know what they're after.

THE VAULT

The freight elevator opens. The Leader, followed by four thieves, walks into the area. One thief opens the door with a key, throwing open the door to reveal -

- Gold. Twelve Pallets of stacked gold ingots, lined up in the vault floor.

The leader turns around, to see a fork lift truck parked near the lift doors. He smiles, and motions for his men to begin.

OUTSIDE

Rucka and Indelicato are incredulous.

RUCKA

Gold?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, I heard some of the managers talking. Big trade between some of the bank's biggest clients in Europe. No reserve notes or certificates, just the real thing.

INDELICATO

How much?

SECURITY GUARD

At today's prices, about three hundred million. At least that was what I heard.

RUCKA

In a branch bank? What about the Reserve?

SECURITY GUARD

Guess they didn't feel like forking out for a few days. This was a favor to these guys in Europe, we were going to transfer it out Thursday.

INDELICATO

Okay, we're going to let these guys finish up on you. Thanks for your help.

The two cops move away. Their expressions don't inspire confidence.

INDELICATO

God almighty.

RUCKA

What the hell possessed an international to ship that much gold around?

INSIDE THE BANK

Lying prone on the floor of an abandoned office, a thief is using binoculars to survey the outside.

The top of a nearby building reveals a blue-suited leg near an air conditioning vent.

The thief makes a note, and continues his observations.

INSIDE THE COMMAND CENTRE

A CCTV view of the employee car park shows several engineers around the barrier. Near the monitor, seated at a table, Ellis, Rucka and Indelicato watch the footage.

ELLIS

They used explosive to jam the entrance closed.

Ellis unfolds several sheets of schematics, points to a section.

ELLIS

The explosion also severed the trunk line between the bank's server and the central branch. Which means we can't access the security camera footage.

INDELICATO

But they can still use the external cameras to see us coming.

ELLIS

Unless they damaged those in the explosion, but if they're smart enough to know exactly where the trunk line was ...

RUCKA

... it means we're not that lucky. But they can't get out that way either. The main entrance is the only way out or in.

INDELICATO

Any demands?

ELLIS

Apart from 'get lost'? Nothing.

INDELICATO

Anybody got today's paper?

Ellis and Rucka give Indelicato a confused glance.

INDELICATO

And a calculator.

A FREIGHT ELEVATOR OPENS

And the fork lift comes out, motors straining due to the pallet loaded with gold.

The fork lift carts it's load to the last panoramic window. Every other gold pallet has been lined up against a window -

- and thick metal plates has been lined up against the window between the pallet and the glass, the base of the metal plate fitting flush with the floor, and screwed into the floor (via the holes made earlier). Two piston devices are wedged tightly under the pallet.

The leader removes a radio from his bag.

LEADER

You're up.

VOICE (O.S.)

About time.

EXT. - INDELICATO

Is reading the business section of the paper.

A few calculations are repeated.

Nodding, he walks towards Rucka, who is surveying the bank,

INDELICATO

If the price of gold hasn't moved much since last week, we're talking just over ten tons of weight. Even if they didn't jam the door closed, there's nothing inside that can move that much gold.

RUCKA

Maybe they're tunnelling?

INDELICATO

I'll call Power and Water. See if there's any big drains or sewers underneath. Maybe get some -

Ellis is running up.

ELLIS

They're on the radio.

COMMAND VAN

Indelicato and Rucka are in the van, listening to a CB.

LEADER (O.S.)

... East elevation. Building four, first floor, third window from intersection. Has spotter. Building five ...

Realisation hits Ellis' face as he grabs his lapel radio.

ELLIS

All snipers, repeat, all snipers,
your positions have been given
away, withdraw and-

OUTSIDE THE BANK

A patrolman is pacing in front of the crowd of onlookers. He looks behind them - and his face widens in fright.

PATROLMAN

MOVE! GET OUT OF THE WAY!

He shoves people in the surprised crowd to the side as -

- A MASSIVE SEMI-TRAILER SMASHES THROUGH THE CROWD BARRIERS and a patrol car.

The semi, a 1999 Peterbilt 379EXHD, is heavily armoured; flatbed trailers have been cannibalised to line the cab, the engine, thick mesh and slats have been welded to the windows, and massive 'hubcaps' are covering large sections of the tyres. And a massive angled cowcatcher on the front. The truck is hauling an equally modified end dump trailer with an open top.

The media immediately start filming -

- as the truck turns to park as close to the front of the bank as possible, engine running.

Ellis, Rucka and Indelicato are rushing out to observe this new development. Ellis is not having a bar of it.

ELLIS

OPEN FIRE!

A massive opening volley erupts from the Boston Police -

- impacting on the side of the truck, but any damage seems to be cosmetic at best.

THE LEADER

Motions to his men, who take up positions. One hits a switch -

THE WINDOWS EXPLODE in a cloud of glass.

Indelicato instinctively shields his eyes, noticing the metal plating for the first time. A ROARING ABOVE -

- reveals a UH-60 Black Hawk Helicopter flying overhead.

A GUNNER

Inside the helicopter prepares the door mounted M134 minigun.

A BLAST OF FIREPOWER

Spears down from the Black Hawk -

- into an office window -

- obliterating a Police Sniper and his spotter.

ELLIS

Watches, horrified, as the Black Hawk systematically blasts each sniper position with it's two door-mounted guns.

Indelicato turns back to the building -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The pistons thrust up -

- tilting the pallets on an angle, tipping the gold bricks -

- onto the metal, which has now flipped down on a hinge, jutting away and extending outwards from the building. The gold hits the thick metal, slides down the improvised sluice -

- and off, falling into the trailer of the semi. The gold is now pouring, funneled from the window into the trailer bed.

Two thieves are shoving the bricks off the pallet, helping gravity. Now empty, the thieves flash a small light twice, and the truck moves forward. The two move to the next pallet.

THE BLACK HAWK

Is landing on the roof top. Several thieves are bursting from the roof entrance from the bank, and towards the helicopter.

ROTORS still spinning overhead, the gunners hand several weapons to the thieves; M-60's with several belts of ammo, and LAW rocket launchers. The thieves quickly line up against the roof lip, and start OPENING FIRE -

- the Police duck, and run for cover as a massive counter-attack is launched. The onlookers and even the media scrum scream and hide -

- the Semi has moved to the sixth pallet; half-way done.

A thief aims and fires a LAW; the rocket streaking towards a patrol car, which detonates, flipping one side up, and landing on it's roof in a burning wreck.

A SWAT team member, behind a street corner, raises his rifle, squeezes off a burst -

- and a LAW rocket hits him for his trouble, blowing his burning body several feet away.

Indelicato wedges himself behind a car, and starts opening fire, his automatic's shots lost under the cacophony of the firepower unleashed.

DIANA

Turns. The sounds of the battle are faint, but distinctive. She starts walking towards the sounds, Trevor still unconscious in her arms.

THE TRUCK

receives it's load.

THE LAST PALLET

Is being pushed by the two thieves. The leader is hooking up three ropes to roof-mounted bolts.

THIEF#1

Done!

LEADER

(on radio) Phase Three.

The Leader and his men attach the ropes to their belts.

A SECURITY GUARD COLLAPSES

To the ground, dead from a bullet wound in the head.

His murderer, on a dirt-bike holsters a pistol, then drags -
- his body into an airfield security checkpoint.

The murderer removes his top, revealing an identical security uniform. He hits a button -

- causing a tyre-schredder to expand from the ground, and a security barrier to lower.

ROOF

The thieves begin to concentrate their fire on a specific area; opening fire on the area where the truck first smashed through, forcing those near the area to retreat, and obliterating any nearby vehicles in a hail of fire.

THE LEADER

Jumps out the window, his men following. They rappel the few stories to the ground, behind the cover of the ironclad vehicle. A thief hits a switch -

- and a retractable cover moves over the top of the trailer. The driver's door opens, and the thieves quickly clamber in.

THE HELICOPTER PILOT

Hand-signals to the rest of the group.

They abandon most of the (out-of-ammo) weaponry and take the rest into the helicopter. The rotor accelerates-

THE TRUCK

Revs up, and starts, turning towards the exit blasted earlier.

The cops pick up on this, and start opening fire, but they can't damage the rapidly accelerating truck, which roars through the barricade.

The truck weaves through the city streets, smashing everything in it's path -

- a few patrol cars in hot pursuit.

A delivery man is pushing a trolley laden with boxes (with the DC Comics logo) across the street.

The truck turns the corner, and approaches -

- and swerves out of the way of the trolley, the delivery man ducking.

The patrol cars in pursuit weave around the trolley, leaving the delivery man to stare in amazement.

THE HELICOPTER

Takes off from the bank roof.

The pilot motions to a thief in the copilot chair-

- the Boston PD Helicopter, fast approaching. It heads directly towards the Black Hawk, which is lazily turning -
 - and a thief is aiming a LAW directly towards it.

The LAW fires, streaking towards the police helicopter, hitting it directly on the engine.

The Police Helicopter instantly drops like a stone, directly under -

- a still-crouching Indelicato. Starts to move but it's already too late, the massive aluminium-and-fibreglass fireball is almost on top of him. Indelicato raises a reflexive arm -

- and the helicopter wreckage slows to a stop in mid-air.

Indelicato, stunned, scrabbles away from under the helicopter, to see -

- Diana, floating in mid-air, holding the remains of the helicopter via the rotor shaft with one hand.

Stunned, the remains of the media are filming -

- Diana lowering the helicopter to a clear area. Setting to the ground she notices -

- the burning corpses of the helicopter pilot and passengers -
 - for the first time. Peturbed, she scans the area -
 - seeing the dead police officers and onlookers -
 - the damaged burning vehicles -
 - the wounded being taken to the ambulances nearby -
 - and the retreating Black Hawk in the distance.

Trevor has been deposited on a street corner, still unconscious.

Bolstering her resolve, Diana walks to Trevor, picks him up, then takes him to the paramedics, amid the still stunned onlookers.

DIANA

<Can you look after this man?>

The Paramedic takes Trevor from her grasp.

Diana launches herself in the air, and flies towards the retreating helicopter.

Indelicato stares in the direction of that woman.

PARAMEDIC#1 (O.S.)
Air Force?

PARAMEDIC#2 (O.S.)
Get Dispatch to call Hascom Air
Base.

A MASSIVE AIRCRAFT, AN ANTONOV AN-124

Has opened it's rear cargo doors and unfurled it's cargo ramp.

The pilot is inspecting the doorway with his copilot.

PILOT
The cargo?

CO-PILOT
Still in the hangar after customs finished.

PILOT
They'll be here in a few minutes.

CO-PILOT
You think we'll close the doors in time?

PILOT
I had the hydraulics boosted. Burn 'em out, but three hundred million buys a pretty decent cutting torch.

THE TRUCK

Is barreling down the freeway with fantastic speed; despite the armour and cargo, it's nowhere near it's average haul weight.

PILOT (V.O.)
Don't worry. They'll come in like a bat out of hell, and any cops that survived will meet airport security.

The cowcatcher impacts several cars who are suicidal enough not to get out of it's way, flipping them aside like toys.

PILOT (V.O.)
The truck drives in, we close up and meet our runway slot like we filed with air control. As long as security and control keep their world-class standard of inter-departmental communication, we're fine.

A police barricade is set up; one cop is about to set up Stop Sticks; tyre-shredding devices in front of the roadblock -

- when the Black Hawk flies up, minigun opening fire. The police officer is torn up by the fire as well as one of the cars -

- and the Truck punches through the remainder of the roadblock with contemptuous ease, the Black Hawk flying ahead.

PILOT (V.O.)

By the time anyone figures it out,
we'll be in international airspace,
transponder off and heading towards
a non-extradition country.

The truck heads onto a section of freeway crisscrossing with flyovers. Dead ahead is a traffic jam.

A thirty-something woman is in a 2007 Chevrolet Silverado Four seat cab; a car for those who want a large vehicle without the stigma of an SUV. She looks back at her four-year-old in the back, who has exhibited the true patience of his age and is bouncing around the interior.

MOTHER

Okay, can we be a good boy and not
need to -

The mother stops and stares -

- at the massive semi trailer plowing through the near stationary vehicles behind her.

She turns around, but she's boxed in by slow moving traffic. She hits the horn, and is rewarded by colourful hand gestures.

THE HELICOPTER PILOT

Looks back - the men are in high spirits, already mentally spending their money -

GUNNER #1

What's that?

The pilot looks in that direction -

- it's Diana. Heading fast.

PILOT

Shoot first and ask someone who
cares later!

The gunner primes his minigun, aims, fires -

- the stream of bullets are deflected by her bracelets moving at inhuman speed as she approaches.

Diana flies underneath the Black Hawk, beyond the firing arc of the first gun. The second minigun tracks and fires at her, equally useless.

Diana slows her flight, examining the Black Hawk while deflecting the lethal metal storm -

- and sees the other gunner bend to reload while no targets are immediately available.

- Jerking to the right to momentarily avoid the majority of the minigun's fire, Diana lifts her left arm to shoulder height, extending her arm directly towards the minigun, palms facing the sky -

- the bullets approach -

- Diana moves her arm to parallel just under the bullets path -

- the bullets approach just over her bracelet -

- Diana's arm goes up, catching two bullets -

- which are still moving forward -

- her arm bends at the elbow, going up, pushing the bullets, then swing down, palms flat, until her hand is at chest height and her elbow is pointing directly towards the thieves -

- and the bullets she was pushing continue along her forearm arm, past her extended elbow -

- and one redirected bullet shatters the barrel of the minigun firing at her, the other bullet wrecks the controls of the minigun behind, rendering both weapons useless.

The gunners stare at their destroyed weapons.

Diana smiles - but hears -

THE MOTHER

Is trying to maneuver her vehicle onto the curb. However everyone has the same idea; trying to get away from -

- the oncoming semi, smashing through the trapped traffic. She manages to get her right wheel on the curb as the semi approaches -

- and smashes into her left rear bumper -

- spinning her car around, shattering nearly every window including the windscreen and -

- pushing her Chevrolet up over the curb, and -

- the rear of the car through the concrete barrier, the car finally teetering over the edge of a massive drop onto an unforgiving road below.

The Mother looks up from the steering wheel, her forehead bloodied, dazed - but this is replaced when she notices her son has ended up unconscious on the middle of the engine hood.

She rapidly, jerkily unbuckles her seatbelt, fixated on her boy -

- and the car tips into space.

No time to scream, the truck starts to free-fall -

- and a hand grabs the front bumper.

Diana has the boy in her other hand, hovering over the drop.

DIANA
<HOLD STILL!>

The language barrier plus this high stress situation isn't helping communications -

- as the plastic front bumper cracks under Diana's grasp.

Diana tries to fly back to the freeway, but the smallest movement is increasing the damage to the rapidly fracturing bumper.

A sound makes her turn towards -

- the approaching Black Hawk -

- it's blades angled towards her.

THE HELICOPTER PILOT

Makes adjustments, keeping his course steady.

PILOT
If you have to block bullets, you
aren't bulletproof ...

THE BLACK HAWK

Approaches, the vortex blowing Diana's hair, exposing her neck.

Diana suddenly curves the arm holding the boy, throwing him upwards in an underarm throw.

The mother shrieks in fright

Diana, one arm free, raises it into the path of the helicopter blades -

- the boy has stopped his upwards trajectory -

- the helicopter blades shattering on her bracelet.

As the rotor motors raise to a high pitch, Diana puts both hands on the fracturing bumper, and heaves the truck upwards -

The stunned mother's now in arms length of her child just before he starts to fall; she grabs him tight.

The helicopter is beginning to fall, starting to spin left due to the tail rotor still working -

Diana catches the truck still in free-fall, a secure grip around the chassis -

- and swings the whole vehicle under and around, holding her leg on the truck's underside, catching the middle of the crippled helicopter with the Chevrolet's tray.

Onlookers on the freeway are stunned when Diana lowers the helicopter and truck to the freeway.

Diana looks into the distance -

- seeing the semi-trailer that was being escorted by the Black Hawk, far ahead, heading towards the airport -

- then flies off.

The mother stares at the flying woman, the helicopter in the back of her truck, and finally at her son, police sirens blaring as cruisers finally catch up.

MOTHER

And this is why we wear seatbelts,
honey.

THE TRUCK

Roars through the security checkpoint. The 'guard' hurriedly hits the switch activating the security gate and tyre shredders before shooting the control panel, and hopping on his dirt bike, driving off in hot pursuit.

The truck roars towards the Antonov, the massive aircraft ready and waiting to go -

- then Diana is standing in between the truck and freedom.

As the truck rapidly barrels towards her, she reaches up -

- and takes her tiara, pressing the red star, turning it into a throwing star.

She throws to her right; the tiara arcing to the left and hitting -

- the trucks left wheel, carving -

- through the hubcap, wheel, front axel and right wheel, turning them into scrap.

Diana watches as the semi's wheels collapse, the whole weight of the vehicle now concentrated on it's front bumper, skidding to a halt, slowing down to a stop an inch from her.

Diana extends her left arm, catching her tiara. Snapping it back to normal, she notices the cowcatcher has fallen off, exposing the gleaming grillwork behind. She uses that as a mirror to put her tiara back in place.

Diana walks towards the passenger side door, opening it -

- and the stock of an M-16 smashes into her face, the plastic shattering, but not remotely affecting her. Diana reaches in, grabs, and throws the assailant away, his body sailing several feet before impacting on a hangar wall.

Diana looks into the cab -

- the driver is unconscious, but his door is open - the Leader is running to a nearby hangar, having grabbed a woman as hostage.

Diana casually vaults the wrecked truck -

- and notices the abandoned dirt bike, the 'guard' running into the closing up plane cargo doors, it's already preparing to taxi.

Diana unsheathes her sword, and plunges it into the tarmac, leaving a few inches of blade showing as well as the hilt.

She removes her lasso, spins it a few times, and throws the loop -

- skimming across the ground -

- just where the front wheel rolls over a second later.

- Diana pulls -

- the rope taut, snaring the wheel.

THE ANTONOV COCKPIT

Fills with warning alerts as the plane jars to a halt.

DIANA

quickly loops the rope around the sword, and walks away, the massive plane straining against the comparatively small rope. Police sirens are already beginning to fill the air.

She enters the vast hangar. The Leader nearly a hundred feet away, and is holding a pistol to his hostage's head.

LEADER

Back off! BACK OFF!

Diana stops. Waiting.

The Leader doesn't take his purple eyes off her, desperately clinging his hostage.

A noise to his left - he quickly glances -

- then shifts his attention back; Diana's nose now is half an inch from his face -

- crushing the pistol muzzle with her left hand.

THE POLICE

Are arriving around the damaged semi, some around the straining aircraft. Indelicato gets out, surveying the area -

- a door crashes open, and Diana marches out, dragging the Leader by the leg.

TV trucks and crews are already pulling up, filming Diana as she -

- reaches her sword, she grabs her lasso, and tugs -

- pulling off the whole wheel, the entire wheel assembly skidding along the tarmac towards her.

The Antonov tilts, crashing to the ground. The engines finally shutting off.

Diana, while looping up her rope observes -

- the confused, frightened men being arrested -

- the Leader, his eyes now a normal colour.

DIANA

<Ares' influence is growing.>

Indelicato approaches, trying to be nonchalant.

INDELICATO

Nice work.

Diana, distracted from her observations, smiles.

DIANA

<Greetings. Are you part of the
local militia?>

Indelicato is stumped; he's never heard that language in his life.

INDELICATO

Ah ... I'm Inspector Indelicato of
the Boston PD ... You've ...

Diana has no idea what he's saying.

DIANA

<This is going to be a little more
difficult than I thought.>

INDELICATO

Do. You. Speak. English?

DIANA

<I. Don't. Under. Stand. You!>

Indelicato holds his hand up, then opens the door of a cruiser, silently inviting her in. Diana nods, then steps into the car.

Diana presses against the car seat, bouncing slightly. Indelicato slides in beside her, dialling on a cell phone.

INDELICATO

Okay, hot chick that doesn't speak
English. Not quite what I
imagined.(connects)Get our
translators at the station. All of
them.

A DARKENED ROOM

Several people are gathered - men and women in business suits, uniforms, gathered from the higher walks of life.

A large figure obscured by a trenchcoat is addressing the crowd.

DEIMOS

My allies. My friends.

The figure starts to walk among the audience.

DEIMOS
 Soon, all you have worked and
 waited for, all that I have
 promised you - will be yours.

This figure's working the crowd, touching some, nodding to others.

The figure moves towards -

DEIMOS
 The moment has come ...

- General Tolliver.

DEIMOS
 ... to strike. For years we have
 watched helplessly as this great
 nation has been overrun by the
 corrupt. The cowards. The weak.

Tolliver nods; a personal message for him.

DEIMOS
 Too long have you choked on their
 leash. Too long have you prayed in
 vain for hope. Guidance. Sanity.

The figure touches the shoulder of a woman in a nurse's uniform.

DEIMOS
 An older, greater power has
 answered you. One who has seen the
 blood and battle of
 millennia, and will deliver your
 moment of triumph.

The vast auditorium is spellbound by his words.

DEIMOS
 Now go forth and do what must be
 done. Make them tremble at our
 strength. And their fear will
 become Your Power.

EXT. POLICE STATION

A massive horde of media is gathered outside.

INT. POLICE STATION

Loud and crowded, overworked cops wrestle aggressive suspects in to be booked.

Diana is seated in an interview room while a young man in a suit is scribbling furiously in a notepad while she talks.

Indelicato and Rucka are watching the interview through a two-way mirror.

RUCKA
Charging her?

INDELICATO
Arresting the woman who single-handedly stopped the biggest armed robbery in the city? Saving a young mom and several cops along the way? Might be seen to be petty.

RUCKA
Especially with all the media outside.

INDELICATO
I'd rather find out what possessed some National Guardsmen, a trucker who took shop, a few pilots and a bank manager who just got promoted into pulling off a massive heist like seasoned pros. Amateurs don't - can't plan and execute something like that.

RUCKA
Can that translator of yours get a statement when the others the department knew drew a blank?

INDELICATO
This guy's a genius with languages. Works for a bunch of those big international finance firms, advertising agencies, all over the world. He was in town and owes me a favour. If anyone can talk to her, he can.

The young man gets up, motioning for Diana to stay where she is, then leaves the room, entering the area with Indelicato and Rucka. His expression isn't promising.

MOULTON
I have no idea what she's saying.

INDELICATO
What?

MOULTON
It's definitely a language, it's not random crap ...

Moulton takes out a cell phone, starts dialling.

MOULTON (CONT'D)
 ... and I might know a specialist.
 (off-look) Don't worry, she's
 local.

INT. HARVARD OFFICES - DAY

A small alcove packed full of notes and books; a university office. Seated at the desk is a blonde woman in her fifties, pouring over an ancient tome. Her extension rings and she picks it up without looking away.

JULIA
 Professor Kapatelis.

MOULTON (O.S.)
 Hey Julia.

JULIA
 Bill! How's my favourite dropout?

MOULTON (O.S.)
 Still earning more than you.

JULIA
 Never underestimate the financial windfall of tenure at Harvard. So what do I owe the pleasure of this call?

MOULTON (O.S.)
 I need a favour.

JULIA
 It'll cost as much as you charge an hour.

MOULTON (O.S.)
 Good thing I'm doing this one for free.

JULIA
 This I gotta hear.

MOULTON (O.S.)
 I'm at the police station at -

JULIA
 First, you swear you never even met the girl. On a stack of bibles.

MOULTON (O.S.)
 I owe a cop a favour. There's this girl that speaks ... something I don't know.

JULIA
Intriguing.

MOULTON (O.S.)
But it is similar to something you
played at one of your lectures. So
if you could come down to ...

JULIA
Hold on. Go willingly to a police
station for free? Not that
intriguing, Bill.

Moulton picks up a digital recorder, presses play -

- Julia suddenly hears something that should not be spoken in
this day and age -

JULIA

is now in the Interview Room, along with Indelicato, Rucka
and Moulton, listening to Diana.

JULIA
(to Moulton) You were right.

RUCKA
So what is she speaking?

JULIA
A variation of Early Mycenaean.
The syntax is altered and the
dialect is something closer to
Arcadocypriot than anything else,
but the core is definitely
Mycenaean.

INDELICATO
Okay, who speaks it then?

MOULTON
Nobody. That's why I called Julia.

JULIA
It's one of the earliest forms of
recorded Ancient Greek. At least
three thousand years old. What
she's speaking is older than Christ
and deader than disco.

RUCKA
What, is she faking it or
something?

JULIA

Why? Yes, a linguistics student could learn and fluently speak a dead language. But somehow I'd think I'd hear of one who could block bullets with their arms and hold a helicopter with one hand. She's not from around here.

RUCKA

Can you at least translate for the statement?

JULIA

Will she need a lawyer?

INDELICATO

Just a statement for the record.

Mollified, Julia prepares her recorder, notes.

WATCHING THE EVENTS IN THE POOL

Is the second figure that was with Deimos.

PHOBOS.

<Your plans progress well, brother>

He holds up something in his hands; a dark purple figurine six inches long; a thin creature in Grecian robes

PHOBOS.

<But the destruction of the Amazon before she interferes will please Father.>

The figure drops the figurine in the pool.

PHOBOS.

<And there can be only one favoured son.>

INT. POLICE STATION

Indelicato, Rucka, Julia and Moulton exit the interview room.

RUCKA

Ancient Gods, sacred mission ...
Leave out that crap and stick to
the facts, professor.

INDELICATO

(to Julia) I'll write out the
statement ... as soon as she signs
it, she's free to go ...

MOULTON

You mean 'before she gets bored and punches a hole in the wall'?

INDELICATO

(Calling) Who's the fastest typist around here?

Julia looks out the window -

- and sees the media pack has tripled in size.

Moulton looks over Julia's shoulder.

MOULTON

Looks like her fifteen minutes are going to be pretty interesting.

JULIA

They're going to tear her apart.

MOULTON

Have a little faith.

JULIA

Bill, what does it mean when a language hasn't evolved, especially over three thousand years?

MOULTON

Well, language evolves over contact with other languages, cultures (realises) Completely isolated? All that time?

JULIA

No comprehension of the modern world.

MOULTON

That doesn't explain why she's wearing the Stars and Stripes.

Julia looks out at the media mob.

MOULTON (CONT'D)

Well, I got a plane to catch. A paying gig.

JULIA

At least you got your priorities in order.

MOULTON

Then here's some free advice. Right now, her face is visible right around the world. But nobody knows yours.

Moulton departs, Julia realising what he's suggesting ...

JULIA IS STILL CONSIDERING THIS

While driving past the media throng in her battered sedan.

She hits the freeway before she says:

JULIA
<You can get out now.>

Diana emerges from the back of the car. She smiles in gratitude. Julia returns it, uncertain.

INT. HASCOM BASE / HOSPITAL - DAY

Two people barge into the wing - General Hillary, a man in his early fifties, and Lt. Etta Candy.

They stop at the observation window overlooking one sleeping Col. Trevor. One Doctor Loeb is leaving the room. Hillary immediately heads to the Doctor.

HILLARY
What happened?

LOEBS
Paramedics brought him in. Said he was found unconscious during that bank robbery today.

ETTA
What's wrong with him?

Etta looks behind her; a thunderous Gen. Tolliver is walking up to them.

LOEBS
That's the weird part. The X-Rays, MRIs show evidence of previous internal injuries, but no sign whatsoever of any medical or surgical techniques used on him.

TOLLIVER
Where the hell's my plane?

Hillary turns; no love lost between these two.

HILLARY
Colonel Trevor's fine, your concern is overwhelming.

TOLLIVER
I want answers from Trevor.

LOEBS

He's resting after extreme trauma
General. You'll have to wait.

TOLLIVER

I'm afraid the whereabouts of
several tons of ammunition,
weaponry, ordinance and one MOAB
can't wait for naptime, Doctor.

ETTA

What?

Tolliver holds up a folder full of paperwork.

TOLLIVER

The consignment for Umm Qasr never
left the base, Lieutenant. We went
through the weaponry requisitions
over the last three years and found
quite a few irregularities. Maybe
Trevor created a little nest egg
for himself and decided to cash it
in.

HILLARY

You're right. A pilot stuck behind
a desk for three years could do
that. A man under a microscope by
you and your flunkies all that time
for the slightest charge that could
be laid on him could get away with
creating a black market network and
operation of that size.

TOLLIVER

(to Loeb) Trevor will be questioned
as soon as he's awake.

Tolliver stalks away.

ETTA

It makes no sense sir. None.

HILLARY

Lieutenant, a man like Tolliver
makes his own sense.

INT. KAPATELIS HOUSE - DAY

A teenage girl is talking on her cell

VANNESSA

... So when you coming over? I need
your ... help. Studying.

(MORE)

VANNESSA (cont'd)

Mom won't be coming over, she'll be late, and she always calls ahead so I can put her dinner in the oven
...

The Doorbell rings. The girl heads to the door.

VANNESSA (CONT'D)

I don't know why kids complain about workaholic parents, it's essential for my emotional growth that she stay away as long as possible.

Opening the door reveals a FedEx man, holding a clipboard.

DELIVERY MAN

Kapatelis?

VANNESSA

Yeah?

The delivery man produces a clipboard, and the girl signs 'Vanessa Kapatelis', receiving a box for her autograph.

She tears open the box, revealing a six-inch purple figurine - the same one seen earlier.

VANNESSA

Still there? Mom just got the ugliest statue I've ever seen. She's gonna love it.

INT. HASCOM BASE / HOSPITAL - TREVOR'S ROOM

Trevor is leaning a little stiffly against the pillows, an IV line in his arm. Tolliver is seated in a chair across from him. A tray with a water jug and glass is next to the bed,

TREVOR

... and I tried to pull up, but the plane was committed ... The next thing I remember was ... a woman pulling me out of my chair ... then I woke up here.

Tolliver gets up, crosses to Trevor.

TOLLIVER

Good work, practicing that insanity defence. I really liked those parts where you hesitated inbetween the mysterious island and your copilot turning into a zombie. Make it look like you can't believe it but that's what you saw.

Tolliver turns, and faces the window.

TOLLIVER

That story is utterly ridiculous.
The only choice a panel would have
was wether to put you in a
straightjacket, or add another five
years.

A nurse enters the room; the same nurse that was in the meeting with Tolliver. She's carrying a injection on a tray.

Tolliver smiles.

TOLLIVER

Still, mustn't take chances.

NURSE

Excuse me General, Colonel Trevor
needs this for his antibiotics
course.

Tolliver turns, nods, keeping his gaze on Trevor.

The nurse sets down her tray, and takes the needle, the contents a dark purple.

Trevor notes the colour, frowns, looks at the tray -

- at the ampoule it came with -

- it's clear, and untouched.

The nurse has placed the needle into the IV and prepared to push the plunger -

- and Trevor punches her, sending her down to the floor.

Trevor tries to get up, and is tackled by Tolliver onto the ground, tearing his IV off and knocking the tray with the water jug onto the floor.

Tolliver rolls, now on top of Trevor, hands on his neck.

TOLLIVER

Do you know how long I wanted to
...

Trevor punches Tolliver in the armpit, slackening his grip long enough for Trevor to headbutt him.

TREVOR

It's mutual. Sir.

Trevor gets up, woozy.

An MP crashes into the room. Takes one look at the dazed General and the bleeding nurse, and draws his weapon.

MP
Hold it right there sir.

TREVOR
Stand down.

MP
I said -

Trevor raises his arms -

- and kicks the jug directly into the face of the MP, who drops the gun. He finishes it off by punching the MP in the head, knocking him down.

TREVOR
God bless college football.

Trevor leans down, snatching the MP's keys and keycard. He reaches into the closet, snatching wallet, keys, clothes, and runs off.

The MP gets up, unsteady -

- and enters the corridor. He triggers his radio.

MP
Simmons to all posts. Colonel
Trevor has escaped.

Two hands are putting on latex gloves.

MP
He's attacked General Tolliver -

TOLLIVER (O.S.)
And he's killed a guard -

MP
Sir?

Tolliver raises the pistol and fires two shots into the MP's back, felling him. Tolliver hands the pistol to the nurse, who places it in a biohazard disposal container, along with the latex gloves and purple injector.

A CCTV SCREEN

Shows Trevor at a chain link fence, frantically climbing.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)
Armed and dangerous.

NURSE (O.S.)
Might get killed on the run.

EXT. KAPATELIS HOUSE - DUSK

Julia's car pulls into a nice middle class house just off Beacon Hill -

- into a open-air garage leading to the backyard.

Julia gets out, awkwardly holding several books.

JULIA
<Diana, can you ->

Diana has already gotten out, holding an enormous stack of books in one hand.

JULIA
<Never mind.>

Diana notices a garden set out in the back.

DIANA
<Fennel. Marjoram. Mint. Parsley.
Dill. Chamomile. Sage. Thyme.>

JULIA
<My own herb garden. Of course, it
would look a lot better...>

INT. KAPATELIS HOUSE

The two enter the house

JULIA
<... if my daughter ever remembers
to water it.> Vanessa!

Vanessa peers down to the visitors, iPod around her neck, her face cultivated innocence.

VANNESSA
Hey mom! You're home. Early.

Vanessa has her cell behind her back, one-thumb-texting 'ABORT! ABORT! MOM HOME!'

Vanessa looks at Diana, who smiles in response. Noticing her costume.

VANNESSA
Hi. Your Founders Day costume,
right?

JULIA
So you haven't been watching TV
today.

VANNESSA
No. Studying. Like a good girl.

Julia reaches out, snags the iPod, placing it in her handbag.

JULIA
Right. Diana's gonna be staying
here for a while.

Vanessa gives Diana a more detailed look.

VANNESSA
And how long ...

JULIA
... I don't know. Until I can teach
Diana English.

Vanessa's text includes 'SHE'S BROUGHT AN OLD SICK AUNT OVER.
TALK LATER' and sends.

VANNESSA
Cool.

Vanessa retreats back upstairs while Diana places the books
down. Julia moves into -

- the kitchen, heating pre-prepared food.

JULIA
<This ... Mission of yours ...>

While Julia bustles in the kitchen -

JULIA
<... You're going to need a
grounding in English. Dinner first
though ...>

- Diana watches with eagle eyes.

INT. ETTA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Etta is on her Blackberry, expression stark.

ETTA
I can't believe Colonel Trevor
would do that.

HILLARY (O.S.)
Tolliver has a witness to Trevor
shooting an unarmed man in the
back.

ETTA

Sir, you are aware of how many people on the base are loyal solely to Tolliver? Not to the Air Force, or this country, but ...

HILLARY (O.S.)

I know Lieutenant. I'm doing what I can, but his being on the run isn't doing him any favours.

Etta looks over, at Trevor seated at her kitchen table, looking haggard.

HILLARY (O.S.)

You're probably going to get a phone call ordering you to get to the base, subject yourself to several hours of interrogation and then be suspended pending an investigation. You should have accepted my transfer out there ages ago.

ETTA

Colonel Trevor needs all the friends there he can get.

HILLARY (O.S.)

True. If you see him ...

ETTA

... I'll tell you. Thank you General.

Etta hangs up, then sits down at the table across from Trevor.

ETTA

Just like you said.

TREVOR

Thanks.

ETTA

There's nothing on TV tonight.

TREVOR

There's a place outside the city. Unoccupied this time of the year. I can hole up there for a day or so.

ETTA

Or we can find out what the hell Tolliver's up to. Sir.

INT. AUDITORIUM

The same trenchcoated figure is standing in front of a different audience. He begins to starts to walk among the audience - all Middle Eastern in origin.

DEIMOS (IN ARABIC)
 <My allies. My friends.
 Soon, all you have worked and
 waited for, all that I have
 promised you - will be yours.>

This figure's working the crowd, touching some, nodding to others.

DEIMOS
 <The moment has come ...>

An attendant pushing a trolley is handing out little cartons to the audience members -

- medical ampoules, used for vaccination injections.

DEIMOS (O.S.)
 <... to strike. For years we have
 watched helplessly as this great
 nation has been overrun by the
 corrupt. The cowards. The weak.>

Several men nod in agreement.

DEIMOS
 <Too long have you choked on their
 leash. Too long have you prayed in
 vain for hope. Guidance. Sanity.>

The figure touches the shoulder of a man in a sheik's robes.

DEIMOS
 <An older, greater power has
 answered you. One who has seen the
 blood and battle of
 Millennia, and will deliver your
 moment of triumph.>

The vast auditorium is spellbound by his words.

DEIMOS
 <Now go forth and do what must be
 done. Make them tremble at our
 strength. And their fear will
 become Your Power.>

INT. HASCOM BASE - OFFICES - NIGHT

Lt. Candy is walking through the corridors, very professional.

She comes up to General Tolliver's office, knocks on the door. No answer. Discretely looking around, she produces a Master Key, unlocks the door.

Locking the door behind her, she goes to -

- the computer tower, disconnecting it.

Etta is quickly unscrewing the computer cover, revealing the hard drive.

Toggling the hard drive jumper from 'master' to 'slave', she produces a laptop.

The hard drive is connected to the laptop via SATA cable. A few keystrokes later, the entire contents of the harddrive is copying to the laptop.

Candy fidgets, looking around, mentally willing it to -

- it finishes.

Etta quickly plugs the hard drive back, replacing everything. She leaves, no evidence of her presence -

- closing the door behind her, she bumps into a security guard.

ETTA

Oh, you ... You scared the life out of me.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry ma'am. What were you ...

ETTA

Just ... General Tolliver wanted to talk to me about Colonel Trevor ... I thought I'd talk to him but he isn't here.

SECURITY GUARD

And his door was open.

ETTA

Yes. He doesn't ...

SECURITY GUARD

After I locked it.

Etta's hand tightens around her bag.

The security guard raises his radio to his mouth.

SECURITY GUARD

Control, this is Five Foxtrot.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Receiving.

SECURITY GUARD
Hitting the can. I'll finish my
sweep of the C.O.'s Office in a few
minutes.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Confirmed.

Etta is both relieved and stunned.

SECURITY GUARD
Kinda strange how a straight
shooter like Trevor would shoot
someone in the back.

ETTA
Thank you.

SECURITY GUARD
How can you thank me? I wasn't
here.

The security guard leaves, Etta quickly leaving.

INT. TV STUDIO

The bedlam before the 6 o'clock news. Footage of Diana's
debut is playing across different monitors, different angles.
The Executive Producer, DEREK is trying to conduct the chaos.

DEREK
Okay! We have got to stop calling
her 'the Mystery Woman'. She needs
a name, and we have got to give her
one.

An assistant, Gail, redhead, looks up.

GAIL
The Planet spike?

DEREK
Bingo.

ASSISTANT#1
Sorry?

DEREK
The Daily Planet. Called the man in
the cape 'Superman', and got a
massive worldwide circulation boost
simply by naming the guy. Let's see
if we can pull it off. Try to keep
up.

ASSISTANT#1
Superwoman?

GAIL
No 'S', no cape.

ASSISTANT#2
Hawkwoman?

DEREK
No goddamn wings either.

ASSISTANT#2
But she's got a bird on her ...
chest.

The assistant hits a remote -

- and Diana's image freezes on the largest flatscreen in the room. The eagle emblem is clearly visible.

DEREK
Good point. Flag Girl?

ASSISTANT#1
It's not that ... Flaglike.

Gail sees something on the monitor. She picks up a Sharpie.

ASSISTANT#2 (O.S.)
Miss America?

ASSISTANT#1 (O.S.)
Liberty Belle?

DEREK
Maybe ...

Gail is drawing on Diana's chest; on the monitor with the sharpie.

DEREK
Is there a good reason you're
defacing a seven thousand dollar
piece of hardware?

GAIL
Trust me Ian ...

Gail hits the power switch on the monitor, turning the image off -

- revealing the 'WW' pattern within the shape of the bird design.

GAIL
... I'm worth it.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A car pulls up at a winter cabin, just off the woods.

INT. CABIN - DUSK

Trevor is watching the TV, spellbound.

News of Diana is being replayed. The captions reveal 'Wonder Woman Stops Heist'.

ANCHOR

... and while the Boston PD has questioned her, her whereabouts currently remain unknown.

The door opens behind him, revealing Etta, with her bag and a bag of groceries.

ETTA

Fifty-seven dollars. For groceries. Sir, I recommend turning ourselves in because you get fed for free in prison. Sir?

TREVOR

Over here. Losing my mind.

Etta sets aside the groceries, and looks at the news report.

ETTA

'Wonder Woman'? She ... She was at the robbery where you were found.

TREVOR

That's the girl who saved me from the plane. In the flesh.

Etta looks at Diana in her revealing costume.

ETTA

Lots of flesh.

Trevor is hastily pulling on a coat.

TREVOR

She wasn't a hallucination Etta. She knows what happened. We've got to find her.

ETTA

Not a good idea Steve.

TREVOR

Not a lot of options Etta.

ETTA
Any ideas how?

TREVOR
I've got an idea ...

INT. KAPATELIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Study. Julia is resting her eyes on the table. Diana is looking at a globe.

DIANA
<Seven billion ...?>

Living room - Vanessa is snoring to the late night movie.

The figurine Vanessa accepted earlier is on the nearby mantel.

The figurine's frozen eyes suddenly move, shifting to look directly at Vanessa.

DIANA

Hears a terrified scream OS. Julia jerks awake.

JULIA
Nessie? NESSIE!

Julia lurches out, Diana in pursuit.

Julia heads for the landing. Diana reaches out -

- and pulls Julia back just as the stairs practically disintegrate under her feet.

Diana leaps to the bottom floor, Julia under one arm. Diana stops to stare at -

- the tall thin woman standing in Julia's living room. Easily six foot plus, her sepulchral frame making her look taller. Her skin and hair are different shades of dark purple, and she is wearing torn and rotting Grecian robes. Her eyes are dark red, with cats pupils. Tendrils of red smoke are seeping from her. This is DECAY.

The living room around this intruder is slowly breaking down. An iPhone is showing signs of advanced age.

Vanessa is in a corner of the room, cowering. Her hair is long and grey, her skin wrinkled and spotted.

VANNESSA
Mom ... Help ... What's ...

JULIA
Baby? I'm ...

DIANA
<Stay back!>

Decay slowly turns, and smiles at Diana. Curling her fingers in an obvious invitation -

- the roof starts to disintegrate, until a hole reveals the night sky. The red smoke becomes a plume, a jet thrust on which Decay flies through the hole into the air -

- while the rot spreads to the support beams, sending a large section of roof down towards the infirm Vanessa -

- dragged away by Diana, just as the section of roof crashes where Vanessa was. Diana places Vanessa on the still intact couch, and flies off in hot pursuit.

DECAY

Is soaring through the sky, rapture in her horrific expression, the red mist propelling her -

- towards the city.

A POLICE OFFICER

In a patrol car stares at the red glowing object in the sky, growing ever closer.

DECAY

Inhales, then belches out a massive stream of red mist from her mouth, a dragon's breath -

THE POLICE CRUISER

Is instantly engulfed in the blast. The car instantly stops, and begins to break apart and rust in an instant. The Police officer ages to a hundred in a second, then mummifies, skeletonizes, and implodes into dust along with his cruiser.

RUCKA

Is in his office, on the phone.

RUCKA
... looks like General Hillary has vouched for you. In response to your question; 'Wonder Woman' is staying at an undisclosed location.

ETTA

Is on her cell.

ETTA

Well, she was the last person seen with Colonel Trevor before he escaped. We need to question her for our murder investigation.

RUCKA (O.S.)

One of our Inspectors is investigating -

ETTA

I'm aware of that, Captain. I've got no intent on treading on any toes, we're just covering every base.

Trevor is checking an automatic pistol in the passenger seat beside Etta.

RUCKA (O.S.)

You do realise this woman has insisted on strict privacy?

ETTA

I have no deep desire to encounter the media right now Captain. I just need to clear up some issues for the investigation.

RUCKA (O.S.)

I'll get the address.

ETTA

Thank you.

POLICE OFFICERS

Are taking position behind a cruiser, Decay's red glow growing ever closer.

SNIPER

That thing's already killed ten people. Don't miss.

Nearby, a News Van disgorges a Reporter and Cameraman.

THE CAMERA'S POV

Shows the Sniper glancing at the camera, and indicating they should get the hell out of there -

DECAY

Flies overhead

POLICE OFFICERS

Open fire - the bullets fly towards her - then a few feet away, they break apart into dust, the particles gently touching Decay's cheek. What the ...?

Decay looks down at those who dared attack her. With a laugh, she sends a blast of red mist towards the police officers

THE CAMERA'S POV

Records the police officers, the cruiser, and everything in a five foot radius being aged by centuries in a few seconds.

REPORTER (O.S.)
Tell me you got that.

DECAY

Looks behind her -

- Diana is closing in, fast.

Looking down, Decay spots -

- a nearby multi-storey carpark.

Decay blasts the base of the carpark.

Paint flaking, the structural supports crack and crumble -

- as the entire structure begins to implode.

The top storey, untouched by Decay's blast, slips off its eroded supports, and begins to slide towards the ground -

- where the news van is parked, the news crew just realising their predicament -

- when Diana grabs the bottom of the massive reinforced concrete slab, halting its fall.

Diana looks up -

- at Decay, hovering, waiting.

Diana then throws the entire top storey towards Decay -

- who blasts the oncoming multi-ton projectile, turning it to concrete dust in an instant.

Decay laughs, the dust hovering like a cloud around her -

- and Diana flies through the dust like a bullet, impaling Decay through the chest with her sword.

As they soar onwards and upwards, Decay seems more surprised by the impalement than hurt. She grabs Diana's face -

- Diana is shocked when her face starts to wrinkle and age, her hair grow grey. Her bracelets, armour and sword begins to corrode. Their flight slows -

DECAY
<Even Immortals Die.>

Decay shoves -

THE CAMERA'S POV

Captures Diana's fall, too weak to resist. She heads directly into -

BOSTON COMMON

Landing into and knocking over several trees in her path, churning a furrow into the earth before she stops.

Several news vans pull up nearby, camera crew capturing the action.

DECAY (O.S.)
<A world to play with for your life
...>

Decay floats to the ground, Diana struggling to stand. As Decay stalks towards Diana, everything around her is rotting, aging, dying.

DECAY
<... I never guessed it would be so
easy.>

Diana checks her rusted, corroded armour, rotting clothing -

- and her unmarked, glowing lasso.

DECAY (O.S.)
<Back to the Earth that birthed
you.>

Diana stands, shakily, unhitches her lasso, and spins it around her head -

Decay inhales -

- as Diana snares Decay. The lasso glows even brighter as Decay realises the lasso isn't affected by her powers.

DIANA (MURMURING)
<... forged from the ever-renewing
Girdle of Gaea ...>

Diana drops the other end of the lasso into the Earth, holding it down with her heel.

Decay screams in pain, as the lasso's glow intensifies. Trying to escape, a thrashing kite on a string -

- as Diana holds on with all her remaining strength.

Decay's clothes slowly change from rotting purple to pristine white, and her features change from sepulchral to that of a beautiful brown haired girl. Decay screams in despair -

- as she explodes in a white flash of light, turning into a free floating cloud of purple ash.

Diana slumps to the ground, exhausted, as traces of what was Decay float towards her -

Diana's aged eyes stare -

- as her hands start to change back from aged to young.

The media is starting to approach Diana, as she slowly stands -

- everywhere the dust is flying on her is being restored to it's previous state.

The media pack has reached her, shouting their questions.

MEDIA
Wonder Woman! Excuse Me! Was this
related to the robbery today! How
did you fly! Was this a terrorist
act! Do you have an agent!

Diana looks at the pile of ash that is the majority of Decay's remains -

- and reaches out for a photographer, snaring his bag, upending it, emptying it of thousands of dollars worth of lenses and other photographic accessories.

PHOTOGRAPHER
HEY!

Diana ignores the media as she starts scooping up the remains and placing it in the bag.

MEDIA
 Is this a ritual? A burial thing? Will the police understand you're tampering with a crime scene? Are you authorised by a Federal or other agency?

PHOTOGRAPHER
 You you realise ...? That's gonna cost you; I want exclusive rights to images and a pictorial!

Finished scooping the remains, Diana flies off with the bag. Police sirens blare O.S.

EXT. KAPATELIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Diana lands in the backyard of the devastated house, heading straight for the herb garden. She grabs several plants, examining, sniffing, tasting, accepting, rejecting, before marching straight in.

INT. KAPATELIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Julia is tending to her aged daughter on the couch.

DIANA (O.S.)
 <The creature was weak when Vanessa was affected.>

JULIA
 <Diana!>

Diana marches through -
 - to the kitchen. She turns on the stove, runs water into a pot.

JULIA
 <What the hell was that thing?>

Diana dumps the remains of Decay into the pot, and starts cutting up her selection of herbs.

JULIA
 <I didn't want to move her - I've called the paramedics...>

DIANA
 <She's dying.>

Diana dumps the herbs into the pot. She begins stirring, while whispering - chanting over the concoction.

JULIA
 <Our doctors - healers will ->

Diana stops, taking the pot -
 - into the lounge, towards Vanessa.

DIANA
<- not enough.>

Tearing up a nearby pillowcase, Diana dips the cloth into the mixture and starts applying it on Vanessa's arm.

JULIA
<What are you doing to Nessie?>

Diana is intent on her work, and Julia finally snaps

JULIA
<Now listen! I take you in! Listen to stories about long lost tribes of women and Gods gone mad and look what happens! My house is ruined and my teenage daughter is now eligible for social security! Just give one good reason why I shouldn't throw you out on your ass right now!>

Diana scrapes away the purple mixture - Vanessa's arm is now young again, against her aged face and hand.

DIANA (ENGLISH)
Faith.

Diana hands the cloth to Julia.

DIANA (CONT'D)
This needs to be applied to her entire body.

JULIA
Wh ... Why can't ...

DIANA
I need to deal with the intruder outside.

EXT. KAPATELIS HOUSE - NIGHT

A shadowy figure starts picking his way through the wrecked sections of the house -

- when a glowing rope snares his foot -
- pulling him up, dangling him -
- his gun skidding across the ground -

Diana is hauling him up, rope looped around an exposed roof beam. The figure is now face to face with her -

- and she recognises Steve Trevor.

DIANA
You!

TREVOR
Hey ...

DIANA
Who are you?

The rope increases it's glow. Steve's mouth opens by itself.

TREVOR
Colonel Steve Rockwell Trevor,
United States Air Force. What is
happening -

DIANA
Why did you attack my sisters on
the island?

TREVOR
I had nothing to do with that; I
tried to prevent my copilot from
committing kamikaze. Just how are
you -

DIANA
How did you reach Themyscira?

TREVOR
By plane.

A gun cocks -

Etta is holding her sidearm at Diana's head.

DIANA
Who are you?

TREVOR
That's Lieutenant Etta Candy the
best aide I've ever had.

ETTA
This isn't the time to be sharing,
sir.

TREVOR
I can't ...

A shotgun racks -

Julia is covering Etta.

JULIA
Okay, why is a pilot on the run for
murder here?

TREVOR
I didn't murder that guard.

JULIA
He's lying.

DIANA
He can't.

Diana lowers the rope -

- Trevor descends, Etta lowering her gun to help Steve down.

Diana pushes Julia's shotgun down.

DIANA
He's the pilot of that plane that
started this whole affair.

JULIA
One of those servants of Ares?

ETTA
What are you talking about?

Vanessa walks out, wrapped in a blanket; she's weak but back to normal.

VANNESSA
What the hell's going on?

JULIA
I'd invite you two inside, but the
place is a mess.

TREVOR
I'd love to catch up, but we're
kind of on the run.

DIANA
We're coming with you.

ETTA'S CAR

Drives down a long, dark road. Julia's car following.

In Julia's car, Vanessa is lying across the back seat, Julia driving, Diana shotgun.

VANNESSA
Mom ... why is the girl who you
said can't speak English now only
has kind of an accent?

DIANA
I was blessed by Athena herself at
my birth.

JULIA
Goddess of Wisdom. Any case, Diana
seems to learn new things at an
exponential rate.

VANESSA
Expon ... ?

JULIA
Real fast, honey.

INT. EDIT STUDIO - NIGHT

Derek is putting together a news promo. Splicing together the
footage from the Decay fight.

The final result shows the police aiming up, opening fire,
then Diana falling, Decay out of shot, under the banner 'EPIC
BATTLE!' Gail sweeps in.

GAIL
The guys upstairs want the promo -

DEREK
Fresh off the press. Run it in the
next slot in fifteen minutes, and
keep running it until we get some
new footage.

GAIL
Derek .. it looks like she's being
shot down by the cops.

DEREK
Have you ever seen a promo for
Rocky showing the knockout? Never
show the money shot in the promo.
You want to see her win, you gotta
tune in.

GAIL
Thank God I majored in journalism.
It still looks like ...

DEREK
Only if you can't read the banner
or deaf. Not our demographic.

GAIL
You're making the Boston PD ...

DEREK
Gail? Who's signing the paychecks?

GAIL
Shutting up.

DEREK

Thank you.

Gail leaves. Derek turns around to look at a darkened figure in a trenchcoat, which gives an appreciative nod.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Etta is working on a laptop, occasionally glancing at Diana, who is looking at the bookshelf.

Diana retrieves a battered copy of Fighter Combat By Robert L. Shaw.

Trevor is helping Julia put away a few clothes, supplies that she brought along.

JULIA

Anyone going to find us here?

TREVOR

Don't worry. I use this place all the time to hide out from Tolliver's guys, and they haven't found it yet. The deed belongs to a relative of a dead friend. Is your daughter going to be okay?

Vannessa approaches Steve, clutching a pot filled with a purple sludge.

VANNESSA

Have you got a fridge here? I need to keep a dead purple chick in the freezer til I hit forty-five.

JULIA

She's fine.

DIANA

Is flipping the pages of the book; lots of graphs, geometric equations, the stuff that never features on Top Gun.

While her face is normal; her eyeballs are reading the text at fantastic speed.

Etta glances at the weirdly dressed woman flicking through the library, and continued her work.

Trevor is helping Julia and Vanessa put their things away.

JULIA

How'd you join the Air Force?

TREVOR
 Family tradition. Dad was in the military. So was my grandma. One of the first in the Woman's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron. Big influence on Mom as well ... unfortunately.

Diana stops reading a tome on Small Arms and Artillery to see
 -

VANNESSA (O.S.)
 What do you mean?

- a desk with a picture of a woman in a leather jacket, leaning on a plane.

TREVOR (O.S.)
 She owned a small flight charter business. One day she flew out - didn't come back.

Diana picks up the picture; she's realised something.

TREVOR (O.S.)
 Still keep the radio open just in case ...

ETTA (O.S.)
 Got it.

Everyone turns towards Etta.

TREVOR
 Worked your magic?

ETTA
 Hacked and cracked sir. Slaved his hard drive to mine, copied everything, bypassing all security.

TREVOR
 Okay, why would Tolliver have a suicidal zombie dive bomb Diana's home?

ETTA
 There's nothing here. But I did do a search for 'Ares' and found this -

Everyone looks over Etta's shoulder as she clicks, revealing a spreadsheet and several revenue streams.

ETTA
 You wondered why Tolliver took on so many research projects?
 (MORE)

ETTA (cont'd)

He was siphoning off the funding, faking the results as failed, diverting the cash into an old Navy project called Ares' Spear.

JULIA

The spear was one of Ares' signature weapons.

ETTA

When the Soviets folded, there was a serious move to decommission a lot of the nuclear subs after the START treaty. The Navy commissioned a study to keep Trident ICBMs and MIRVs relevant in a post-Cold War era.

DIANA

ICBM?

TREVOR

Multiple Nuclear warheads on a long range missile. Fire it half way across the world, deploy your warheads at high altitude, eight to ten cities vanish in a mushroom cloud.

DIANA

Missile?

JULIA

I'll explain later.

TREVOR

So what did the Navy Boys do?

ETTA

The committee proposed removing the nukes, and use different warheads.

A graphic of a more advanced type of warhead pops up.

JULIA

What kind?

ETTA

In order to inflict maximum strategic potential as well as preserving industrial facilities and natural resources ...
Biological warfare.

JULIA

Plague.

ETTA

It was dropped in '99 because of engineering problems ... but it looks like Tolliver's team removed the bugs. Reduced weight with upgraded electronics, the warheads also use GPS for more accurate and efficient targeting ...

TREVOR

What kind of plague?

Etta clicks - a magnified photo of some purple organism. A slide show of affected organs, test subjects.

ETTA (O.S.)

Something new. Genetically engineered ... Not a lot of detail of how he got it. Spliced together the best parts of Spanish Flu, smallpox, the common cold ... designed to disperse at high altitude via aerosol into microscopic particles at high altitude. It'll survive heat, cold ... this bug will kill anyone not immunised in twenty-four hours max ...

TREVOR

... it's not good.

JULIA

Oh Jesus.

VANNESSA

Mom, I'm guessing He had nothing to do with this.

TREVOR

How close is this to completion?

ETTA

It's at production level prototype. Ready to go. And there's ... a preliminary target list.

Etta scrolls up a map. Several red dots light up on a map of the Middle East.

ETTA (CONT'D)

Primary targets are ...
 ...Baghdad. Kirkuk. An Najaf. Yazd.
 Ahvaz. Terhan. Mashhad. Gaza.
 Balkh. Asadabad.

JULIA

Not Good.

VANNESSA

Why are the red dots growing?

The circles are increasing in size on the map.

ETTA

I pulled this attachment from a memo demonstrating the most likely scenario if this weapon is used ...

The circles are spreading way beyond the cities. Little dots are spontaneously manifesting in smaller cities in the surrounding areas.

ETTA (CONT'D)

... the reason biological weapons aren't used that much is that they have a tendency to spread beyond the target areas when the conditions aren't exactly optimal.

JULIA

And what screws up optimal ...

TREVOR

A slight breeze.

The circles of the map increase in radius, enveloping borders, whole other countries; Syria. Turkey. Jordan and Israel. Turkmenistan. Uzbekistan. Pakistan. The Emirates. Oman. Saudi Arabia. Kuwait ...

The entire Middle East, from Jordan to Pakistan is covered in red.

Everyone is seated, contemplating what could happen.

TREVOR

They'll never forgive us for this.

ETTA

... And this isn't even factoring in air travel; people could carry this all over the planet ...

JULIA

Half the world would declare war on us, and the other half would cheer 'em on.

Everyone in the room comes to the same conclusion.

VANNESSA

This is what he wants.

JULIA

Ares was God of War, specifically slaughter on the battlefield.

(MORE)

JULIA (cont'd)
Endless Worldwide War would be ...
his crowning achievement.

DIANA
This is only part of his plan.

Everyone looks at Diana.

DIANA
He did not need to attack
Themyscira to use a missile. Why
involve the Amazons? We would not
know or care if this was used.

TREVOR
You saying he's got something else
in mind?

DIANA
He has waited too long for this.
Steve, Etta, where would the
missile be?

ETTA
Not on the air base; an ICBM needs
dedicated facilities, and somebody
not loyal to Tolliver like Steve
and me would ask questions.

TREVOR
Has to be Air Force. Tolliver has
no influence in any of the other
services. I'm betting it's in a
decommissioned silo.

JULIA
How many are there?

TREVOR
Tons, unfortunately. All over the
country. And Tolliver being an Air
Force General can easily travel
wherever he wants with a little
creative paperwork.

JULIA
Can't the Pentagon, the President
abort or lock him out or ...

TREVOR
This missile's off the grid.

ETTA
I could search for unique
components for rocket motors and
ICBMs; but those lists are
restricted, and could take a lot of
time ...

VANNESSA
Let's go ask this guy.

Everyone looks at the teenager.

VANNESSA
You've got the lasso, right? Let's
go to his base, right now, and ask.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Etta's car is driving off.

Vanessa is standing on the porch, angry.

VANNESSA
IT WAS MY IDEA!

The car doesn't appear to be affected by her ire.

VANNESSA
ASSHOLES!

Muttering, Vanessa retreats back into the cabin.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Etta driving. Steve is checking an automatic before handing it to Etta. Diana is examining her sword. Julia is just nervous.

TREVOR
Vanessa's fine. Your car's back
there if there's any problems.

JULIA
You've never seen my daughter
drive.

ETTA
Just how the hell does Tolliver
think he can get away with this?

TREVOR
She's right. You need a damn good
reason to start a war.

DIANA
What do you mean?

JULIA
1914; the assassination of Archduke
Ferdinand led to World War One.
1941; the bombing of Pearl Harbour
lead the US to enter World War Two.
(MORE)

JULIA (cont'd)
 9/11 led to the Invasions of
 Afghanistan and Iraq.

ETTA
 Otherwise there's a good chance we
 just might ship over Tolliver in
 chains over to the survivors with a
 'sorry' card.

TREVOR
 He's got something planned. Wish I
 knew what.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA - NIGHT

On the beach where the Globemaster landed, the majority of
 the plane and it's cargo has been pulled out and spread out
 on tables and cloths. Amazons are examining and cataloging
 the haul.

On one table is a large flat screen TV. It suddenly bursts to
 life to the shock of a nearby Amazon. Curious, she watches
 the images ...

INT. THEMYSKIRA/PALACE - NIGHT

Io is addressing Hippolyta, Phillipus, and their retinue. A
 wooden box is near the Artisan.

A handmaiden who makes Kiera Knightly look bloated is holding
 a thick block of granite like a beachball. She is positioning
 the stone on a wooden stand on the other side of the room.

IO
 <The initial trials of our first
 weapon have been very successful,
 and many more are being made as we
 speak. However, based on our
 findings, It is also highly likely
 that what we recovered is not the
 only devices a Patriarch's soldier
 carries. I humbly request that when
 your daughter returns ->

A cough from -

- Phillipus, who is indicating towards the thunderous
 expression of Hippolyta.

IO
 <-when the Champion returns, I may
 discuss her observations of Man's
 World and it's weapons for further
 study.>

A now mollified Hippolyta glances at Phillipus, who nods.

HIPPOLYTA

<Agreed.>

Io picks up a M4 Carbine. She loads a magazine and chambers a round.

IO

<The weapon, your Majesty, is similar in operation to the device we gained years ago. However it's range is greater, and it's mechanism allows faster continuous deployment of it's bolts.>

Io turns, and fires the carbine -

- at the block of granite. The bullets crack against the solid block of rock with a spray of dust but not much affect.

HIPPOLYTA

<Still as noisy as ever.>

IO

<Our first attempt to duplicate the new weapon led to this.>

Io opens the wooden box, producing a boxy rifle. Unlike the mass produced M4s, this weapon appears to be hand-crafted, and has a hand-stitched leather carry strap and polished wooden stock. Hippolyta and Phillipus examine this with interest.

IO

<We have eliminated some redundant mechanisms making our weapon more robust. The greatest improvement to the design is constructing the entire weapon solely from Aegis metals. This simple fact allows our weapon a much greater range, is immune from heat damage, and wear and tear. Also creating the bolts for the weapon from Aegis, with an improved variety of charging powder has greatly improved the performance.>

Io turns and fires at the granite slab. The bullets punch right through, sending fractures throughout the mass of rock. Io stops firing -

- and the top half of the slab collapses, falling to the floor.

IO

<Accurate to three times bow range. We have five hundred of these weapons, and estimate we can outfit the rest of our forces in ten days time.

(MORE)

IO (cont'd)

But there are enough of Man's weapons recovered from the beach to arm every Amazon immediately.>

An amazon is running through the palace, the flat screen TV in her arms.

HIPPOLYTA

Is hefting the new weapon.

HIPPOLYTA

<This device ... Certain concepts of battle may need to be rethought.>

IO

<We recovered texts that we suspect touch on this matter. However, our translators...>

AMAZON (O.S.)

<Your Majesty!>

The Amazon bursts into the room, kneels while holding up the flat screen. A promo for the Boston News is on. A shot of the Boston PD seemingly firing on Diana is played over dynamic music.

NEWSREADER

'Wonder Woman' defeats a homicidal monster in the skies. See it all on ...

While every other Amazon is growing worried. Hippolyta's face is turning pale with horror.

EXT. HASCOM AFB - NIGHT

Etta's car pulls up to the base gates.

The guard booth is deserted. Diana gets out, looking around, then pushes the locked gate, easily snapping the bolts.

The car pulls up to the main building. While the entire area is brightly lit, no signs of life.

The entire airfield; the whole base is equally dead.

INT. HASCOM BASE - OFFICES - NIGHT

Diana, Trevor, Etta and Julia are walking through a darkened, deserted building, footfalls on polished linoleum echoing through the halls. Etta is consulting her Blackberry.

JULIA
Where the hell is everyone?

ETTA
Tolliver gave everyone a two-week
pass.

Trevor looks at Etta's Blackberry.

TREVOR
You hack the base computers with
that?

She holds up her Blackberry.

ETTA
I'm subscribed to everyone's
Twitter, sir.

DIANA
Wouldn't your soldiers become
suspicious?

TREVOR
If your CO hands out a two-week
pass without a good reason; you
don't wonder why, you get the hell
out of there before he sobers up.

ETTA
Probably assigned his personal force
as a skeleton crew...

JULIA
Which means he's on his way to this
missile base right now or he's
already there. What now?

TREVOR
Dunno; search his office, maybe -

GLASS SHATTERING draws their attention-

- as several TEAR GAS CANISTERS roll along the ground, filling
the air with aridic smoke.

Several men in battle armour and gas masks immediately storm
into the area, aiming assault rifles.

TROOPER#1
DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!

TROOPER#2
ON YOUR KNEES! ON YOUR KNEES!

SQUAD LEADER
Cover them! Cover them!

EXT. HASCOM AFB - NIGHT

Overlooking the offices, Kanigher, surrounded by soldiers, is talking on a satellite phone.

KANIGHER
They're caught, sir.

TOLLIVER (O.S)
Kill them all.

Trevor, Etta and Julia are slumping to the ground, choking, Diana unaffected. The gas blankets the area as Diana -

TOLLIVER (O.S)
The amazon won't abandon her
allies, and if she can't see, she
can't block your fire...

Tries to determine how many soldiers there are, but the smoke is obscuring their numbers.

Diana slowly raises her hands.

DIANA
<Cover your ears.>

Julia covers her ears while lying on the ground. Steve and Etta notice, and follow suit.

The soldiers surrounding Diana move in closer, cocking their weapons -

- Diana SLAMS her hands together -
- blowing the tear gas away in a perfect sphere -
- the shockwave knocking all the soldiers off their feet -

THE OUTER WINDOWS OF THE BASE

Blow out, thick plumes of white gas streaming outside.

The squad leader Looks up from the floor -

- seeing Diana advancing towards him

SQUAD LEADER
Fall back!

Scrabbling, running, the soldiers get the hell out of there.

Steve, already standing, is helping Etta up. Julia is wondering ...

JULIA
 Didn't they give up a little too
 easily?

Etta looks where the soldiers are retreating -

- sees thick cables running along the floor, one leading
 under a door to a nearby office.

Diana and Steve have also noticed. Diana opens the door -

- and see several stacks of plastic explosive bricks, on the
 desk, on the walls. And several oil drums marked 'J-10'.

OUTSIDE

The soldiers are running to cover, behind parked Humvees.
 Kanigher is already behind cover, a trooper holding a
 detonator control.

KANIGHER
 Detonate as soon as everyone's
 clear!

DIANA

Grabs Steve by the jacket, carrying him out of the office -

On route, she grabs Etta and Julia -

- and throws them, underarm, along the floor; human curling.

The three fly along the polished floor -

- until they hit the outer doors, knocking them open, and
 they tumble to a halt just near their parked car.

Diana turns, alone in the building, ready, waiting.

THE TROOPER

Triggers the detonator.

THE MAIN BUILDING EXPLODES

The wave of fire washing over the car where Etta, Steve and
 Julia have taken cover. Debris smashes the windows, dents the
 bodywork.

What part of the building isn't blowing away, is imploding
 within a boiling field of fire.

Kanigher peers over the hood, then stands up. There's nothing
 left standing but burning walls and support frames ...

Something is moving within the flaming debris.

Something is pushing aside the wreckage, like a boat leaving a wake.

A burning figure walks through the material, outside the building.

The figure seems to notice it's on fire, then starts turning in a circle, twirling, faster and faster - blowing out the flames. It's Diana, unharmed except for a thin layer of soot. Stopping, she looks at the soldiers; is that the best you can do?

KANIGHER

OPEN FIRE!

The soldiers pop over the hoods, from the sides of their Humvees, sight, acquire and open fire -

Diana's arms blur, blocking and deflecting the metal hailstorm, then she CHARGES -

- shoulder first into the side of the closest Humvee -

- sending it skidding sideways into the soldiers taking cover behind it, sending them either flying or onto the ground.

ETTA'S CAR

Suffers a bullet hole.

JULIA

Anyone in favour of getting the hell out of here?

Trevor and Etta are already getting into the battered car.

TREVOR (POINTING)

The hangar over there.

KANIGHER

Is in a fast driving Humvee, on the radio.

KANIGHER

I need those birds in the air right now!

Etta's car drives across the dark field of tarmac, heading to the distant hangar, troops and vehicles moving in the distance.

A massive figure watches the car's headlights heading towards the hangar, then moves off in pursuit.

TWO SOLDIERS

Are prone on the tarmac, manning M-249 machine guns on bipods, opening fire

THE TIPS OF DIANA'S BOOTS

Skim the ground, a half-inch from the tarmac, wakes of dust flowing behind -

- as Diana slaloms towards the soldiers at incredible speed, streams of fire trying to tag her, she either blocks or ducks the bullets when she crosses, getting closer and closer -

- one of the soldiers find his M-249 missing from his grasp - only to find the weapon smashed into him by Diana's backhand blow, sending him and his equally disarmed comrade flying.

EXT./INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Etta's car finally reaches and stops just outside the hangar; brightly lit and empty. The occupants get out, Trevor heading -

- inside, where a bare clipboard is hanging from the wall.

TREVOR

Tolliver cleaned the place out.

JULIA

Meaning ...?

ETTA

He's destroyed every document including (indicating the empty clipboard) the cleaners night shift roster. And every computer and back up just got roasted back there.

TREVOR

There's no way to find Tolliver.

A SCREECHING SOUND OF METAL AND GLASS EXPLODING MAKES THEM TURN -

- to see a massive figure stepping off the flattened, schredded remains of Etta's car.

At least seven foot tall, clad in a combination of blue flowing robes and armour, beetle brows frame a viscous expression. His hands are constantly smouldering with dark red smoke.

JULIA (WHISPERING)

Phobos. Son of Ares. God of Fear.

EXT. DIANA

Turns -

- to see a Humvee M1097A2 Troop Carrier with a mounted machine gun bearing down on her.

Soldier in the back primes the machine gun, sights and opens fire.

Diana blocks the stream of fire, focussing on -

- the approaching Humvee, heading on a collision course. It rapidly closes the distance -

- as the fender is inches away, Diana sidesteps, ducks, squats, pivoting on one foot, the other leg extended, sweeping the front wheel -

- stopping the front of the vehicle, and flipping the rear up and over, sending the soldier manning the gun soaring overhead as the Humvee crashes onto the tarmac.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Trevor raises his rifle, opening fire -

- on Phobos, who observes the bullets impacting harmlessly on his chest with mild interest.

Trevor empties his magazine, lowering his weapon sheepishly.

TREVOR

Had to give it a shot.

Phobos looks at the trio, raising his hand -

- something moves in the shadows behind them. Etta turns to look, her eyes widening as -

ETTA

Steve? You said something about a cat that scared you when you were a kid?

TREVOR

Etta, now is not the time to talk about a stray that went for my face when I was six ...

Trevor turns to face Etta, and sees -

- A GIGANTIC CAT, easily twelve feet high, padding out from the shadows, claws clicking on the concrete. Grey matted fur criss crossed with dozens of scars from hundreds of fights. Baleful yellow eyes scan it's prey.

Trevor is completely terrified, trying not to show it.

A sound draws Julia's attention.

A MASSIVE SPIDER scuttles out of the shadows from the other side of the hangar, easily as high as the cat, and twice as wide across.

JULIA (WHISPERING)

I could have had a fear of
intimacy, but no, I had to get a
girly fear of spiders ...

Etta scans the two terrified people beside her, Phobos.

ETTA

Okay. I've seen this movie before.
Those things aren't real, right?
You're doing something to our
heads. Illusions, hallucinations.

The cat pounces - the trio scatters as the cat's claws carve deep gouges in the reinforced concrete floor.

Trevor lands, rolls, trousers shredded from the cat's attack, legs bleeding from several lacerations. This creature is real. Trevor looks up at the grinning Phobos.

PHOBOS

Illusions ... are for mortals.

DIANA

Is using the bumper of the devastated Humvee to bind the hands and feet of the gunner and the driver when a bright light washes over her and the tarmac around her. She looks up, squinting -

- seeing an Apache AH-64 Attack Helicopter hovering overhead, directly in front of her.

Two more spotlights blink on her, from two other Apaches, each approaching from her left and right respectively.

THE APACHE HUD

Depicts Diana in night-vision green, data scrolling around her.

PILOT (O.S.)

Nothing fancy. Lock on and fire all
weapons -

DIANA RAISES HER BOOT AND STOMPS DOWNWARD

Her foot punching through the tarmac. Her toe latches under a large chunk of tarmac -

- and kicks, sending the chunk flying towards the rotor of the Apache directly in front of her -

- destroying the rotor and the spinning blades.

Diana removes her tiara, snapping it into it's throwing shape -

The Apache drops like a stone -

Diana throws the tiara -

The Apache rocks as Diana catches the body -

- the tiara turns, carves through the rotor of the Apache on the right, then heads towards the rotor of the left Apache, cutting through effortlessly -

The right Apache is caught by Diana -

- as easily as Diana catches the left remains of the helicopter. Without looking, she raises a hand, catches her tiara, places it back on her head.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

The Cat and the Spider are circling the trio, toying with their prey. Phobos watching with amusement.

Julia looks towards the open air beyond the hangar - Trevor and Etta note where she's looking, and start edging towards the exit.

Phobos notices, gestures -

Etta stops, looks down -

- her foot is embedded in the concrete, now crumbled, sandy -

- dragging her in like quicksand. Etta shrieks, turning Trevor's head -

TREVOR

Etta!

Trevor grabs her arm, her head now just barely above the surface.

TREVOR

(to Julia) she's claustrophobic.
For God's sake!

Julia grabs at Etta's arm, trying desperately to heave her up
-

- the monsters still circling, closing in -

FEET THUNDER

Across the ground. Four soldiers retreating to a nearby hangar.

Nearby, Diana is pulling strips of metal from the Apache's remains to secure the pilots of the helicopters.

She turns, noticing the figures in the nearby hangar.

SOLDIER #1
Grenades. Try Grenades.

Finishing with the last pilot, Diana turns, walking to the hangar, walking past the remains of the Humvee she totalled earlier.

The soldiers produce grenades, pull pins, and let fly -

Diana sees the grenades arcing towards her -

Diana picks up the humvee, quickly catching the grenades in flight with the open section of the troop carrier, then PUSHES, FOLDING the entire Humvee in half, in on itself. A MUFFLED EXPLOSION puffs out from small gaps in the fold.

The soldiers stare -

- then duck, as the compacted Humvee barely misses them, crashing into the back of the hangar.

As they look up, Diana is hovering overhead, disapproving.

As one, they drop their weapons, raising their hands over their heads. Diana smiles; good boys.

In the sudden still after the battle, Diana hears -

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

THE MONSTERS CIRCLING THEIR PREY, now SNAPPING, HISSING and BITING at the frantically pulling and digging Trevor and Julia, Etta's head, now barely clear of the surface of the ground, sinking slowly in. Trevor is now gripping tightly to Etta's hand, pulling with all his might as the monsters make their final approach -

SOMETHING knocks the Spider and the Cat back towards the rear of the hangar.

It's Diana, who plunges her hand under the surface of the concrete, then hauls Etta out of the ground by her jacket, depositing her next to Steve.

The Cat has recovered, punches - knocking Diana off her feet and on her back. Diana pushes the paw that was pinning her off, rolls away as the Cat scrabbles at the ground, carving the concrete where she was just before. Diana gets to her feet, leaps away -

Phobos watches as Diana reaches, picks up the ruined car, throws it - towards the now recovered Spider, knocking it back on it's back -

Diana flies up, grabs the Cat by the scruff of it's neck, then throws the massive creature overhand -

- LANDING on the Spider, CRUSHING it -

- as the Spider's fangs sink deep into the neck of the Cat.

Phobos regards the two dead creatures, then turns back to Diana, raising his hand towards her.

PHOBOS

<What does an Amazon fear->

Diana draws her sword and THROWS -

- IMPALING Phobos in the chest -

- sending him flying into the hangar wall with the force of the impact, the sword now pinning the dangling Phobos to the wall.

Diana crosses over to the struggling Phobos, grasping the sword handle.

DIANA

<Giving you enough time to finish that spell.>

In one smooth movement, Diana pulls out the sword - spins - decapitating Phobos, catching the head in her free hand, his body collapsing to the ground.

KANIGHER

Climbs to a mezzanine level in a hangar, holding a sniper rifle, approaching an open air vent. Positioning the rifle, using the scope, he spies Diana and the trio congregating far away.

Kanigher chambers a round.

INT. HANGAR

DIANA
Are you all alright?

ETTA
Nothing five years of therapy can't
cure.

TREVOR
Tolliver took every last piece of
paper off the base. No way to find
out where he is.

DIANA
We can question his soldiers.

TREVOR
An officer. Higher the better.

JULIA
How are you?

Kanigher is zooming ever closer on Diana, adjusting for a
perfect shot.

DIANA
I'm fine, although I get the
feeling I've forgotten something.

The scope's viewfinder is filled with Diana's head.

Kanigher's finger gently squeezes the trigger.

The shot echoes out as -

- Diana's hand flies up towards her face, the sniper's bullet
now between her index and middle fingers. The other's
recoiling from the sound.

Kanigher's eye widens; what the ...?

DIANA
(duh) Oh! Sniper on the far hangar.
Better go get him.

TREVOR
Wha? Where ..?

DIANA
Probably the officer under
Tolliver; everyone else's accounted
for. He won't get far; he's got a
limp in his right leg.

Diana flicks away the round -

Kanigher is lining up another shot -

- something bounces off a support beam behind him -
- then on the ground -
- skimming across his right calf, cutting a thin groove -
- making Kanigher drop the rifle with a shout of pain. He limps away on his right leg.

EXT. ICBM BASE - NIGHT

A rusty sign stating 'NO TRESPASSING' hangs on a ten-foot high cyclone fence. The sign rattles as a Boeing C-40 (a USAF VIP transport) flies overhead on it's final landing approach.

The Boeing lands on a strip of portable runway, taxiing between a series of prefabricated hangars. Inside the hangars are transport craft, the AWACS Sentry, F/A-18 Hornets, and five F-22 Raptors, with their crews milling around, tending to the war machines.

Finally, the Boeing comes to a stop outside the only permanent structure; a concrete bunker with a series of elevator doors set outside.

An honour guard is already assembled and at attention, as the Boeing passenger door opens, unfurling a staircase. Tolliver disembarks along with a retinue of officers, casually returning their officer's salute, heading straight for the open elevator doors.

INT. ICBM BASE - HALLWAY

A security cam POV shows Tolliver and his staff disembarking from the elevator into a long, narrow corridor.

At the end of the corridor is a control room, filled with officers working on various computer terminals and control banks. All stand to attention the instant he arrives in the room.

TOLLIVER

Status.

ICBM STAFF #1

Sir. Our allies at the Pentagon have filed and backdated our request and approval to conduct standard maintenance shakedown flights for fighter aircraft in this airspace. Our asses are officially covered.

ICBM STAFF #2

All Civilian agencies and airports have been notified of USAF exercises and will stay well away. Nobody's going to wander onto our reservation.

Tolliver approaches a central desk. Apart from the standard computer, a large red button flanked by several smaller controls dominates the surface.

ICBM STAFF #3

All tests and simulations are green. All satellite link-ups are synchronised. Fueling is complete for all stages, targeting is plotted.

The officer flicks a switch, the central switch glows red.

ICBM STAFF #3 (CONT'D)

We launch at your discretion sir.

Tolliver looks, stares at the control. His hand stretches reflexively. He then hits the switch, turning the button off. Tolliver looks at a bank of monitors at the far wall, all turned to news channels; CNN, Fox News, MSNBC, the BBC, Sky News, even Al Jazeera.

TOLLIVER

Wait for the word men.

Tolliver crosses over to a pair of thick blast doors, which are already opening to admit him to -

- a balcony overlooking a massive ICBM in a darkened silo, umbilicals linking to it, lights only serving to counterpoint the vast darkness that surrounds it.

Tolliver's purple eyes gleam at the sight.

TOLLIVER (CONT'D)

Not long now.

INT. HASCOM BASE - HANGARS - NIGHT

Kanigher has just limped his way down a staircase has just emerged at the ground floor, where only the NightStalker remains. Shuffling his way along the vast space towards an exterior door, he abruptly stops when the door opens to admit Trevor, with a rifle.

Kanigher about-turns, to see Diana behind him, arms crossed.

Trevor ambles up.

TREVOR

Okay, you're going to tell us the exact location of Tolliver's missile, any defences he has, how many guards, anything that can help us.

KANIGHER

Go to hell. In a few hours it'll be all over, and we both know you won't get anything out me in that time.

Behind him, Diana is unfurling her lasso.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA - NIGHT

In front of the Palace just before the dawn, what looks like the entire Island's population has gathered in front. Murmurs and whispers in torchlight, trying to find out what's going on.

In the forefront are Phillipus and Epione.

EPIONE

<Could you tell me what in Tartarus' name is going on? I've heard Diana has been killed, been captured, being tortured, been shackled and enslaved, and all in the last five minutes!>

PHILLIPUS

<All we know is that image from outside. We do not know if it was what happened, or what will or might happen. Nothing.>

EPIONE

<I think the most important fact is what is Hippolyta going to do?>

The General has no answer.

A commotion causes the women to turn to the front of the palace.

Hippolyta is walking to the front of the stairs, in full battle regalia. Io's carbine is slung at her left hip. She stops, regarding her gathered subjects.

HIPPOLYTA

<I am not your Queen. A Queen would have a surety of purpose, a confidence in her actions both now and in future.

(MORE)

HIPPOLYTA (cont'd)

A Queen would give orders and wage war with clarity of thought and unblinkered judgement. As of this moment, I am a mother who is looking for her daughter. And a mother can only ask for your help.>

With that, she abruptly walks through the crowd, the mass parting in her wake.

Resolute, Hippolyta marches on; someone marches at her shoulder, Phillipus. Then another Amazon. And another.

More and more Amazons fall behind their Queen.

Scores of Amazons buckle on armour, grab weapons and shields.

Outside Io's workshop, amazons carry out boxes filled with her carbines, and full ammunition magazines. Passing Amazons either grab them or distribute them to their sisters.

A full army is now marching towards the birthed ships at the port.

INT. HASCOM BASE - HANGARS - NIGHT

Trevor takes a pen and notepad, filled with neat writing, from the stunned Kanigher. Diana is releasing him from her lasso.

TREVOR

Thank you very much.

KANIGHER

Whu ... how ...

While Etta and Trevor examine the notes, Diana picks Kanigher up, takes him to a storage locker, throws him inside and slams the door shut, wedging it in the frame.

JULIA

So where's this base?

ETTA

Still in the state border, a few hundred miles due north-west.

Trevor proffers the notepad to Diana.

TREVOR

Diana, get moving.

ETTA

Hang on, how the hell is she going to disarm an ICBM?

Julia produces her cell phone.

JULIA

You talk her through it.

ETTA

Disarming an ICBM modified to spread an experimental plague half way across the world isn't like calling tech support.

TREVOR

Diana, take Etta with you.

DIANA

The altitudes and speeds I must travel would kill her.

JULIA

Wait. We're on an airport.

TREVOR

Air Force Base.

JULIA

You're a pilot. Let's find a plane and take off.

ETTA

There are no planes. What Tolliver didn't take with him, he let everyone else take when he gave them their two week pass. In case his little welcome party here failed.

Julia looks at the NightStalker.

JULIA

I suppose that's a Subaru.

ETTA

More like a Pinto. Experimental fighter that never worked.

TREVOR

Even if it did fly, Tolliver has several F/A-18s and five F-22s for defence. Not to mention an AWACS plane to co-ordinate. As soon as he spots us, we're gonna be shot down.

Diana notices the NightStalker, examines it properly for the first time. It reminds her of something.

JULIA (O.S.)

Go around.

Diana fishes out the medallion given to her by the Priestesses of Apollo. Turns it around to see the odd markings at the back.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Even if we had the time, and I
strongly suspect we don't ...

Diana rotates the disc around; it's a crude line drawing of the jet in front of her, at this exact angle, even with little figures depicting Trevor, Etta and Julia.

TREVOR (O.S.)
... there's ground-based radar and
satellite tracking. We'll need a
stealth jet, and closest thing we
have is the Pinto of planes over
there.

Diana's boot kicks open a storage cupboard. She quickly searches for and locates a paint tin and brush.

The others turn to see Diana holding the paint tin and wet brush.

DIANA
Show me this Pinto's fuel intake
valve.

Later - a series of white concentric circles have been drawn around the NightStalker, symbols and Greek lettering between each layer. Diana is working on the outermost layer while Trevor and Etta stand nearby.

DIANA
What else?

TREVOR
Infra-Red. Satellite scanning ...

ETTA
Jets have been tracked via sonic
footprint ...

TREVOR
Don't forget the Mark One Eyeball.

In English, 'RADAR', 'INFRA-RED', 'SATELLITES', 'SOUNDS' and 'MARK ONE EYEBALL' have been interwoven among the arcane lettering.

Julia emerges, holding an empty backpack.

JULIA
Okay, what did you want this ...

Diana stands up, and picks up Phobos' head. She places it in the backpack, and hands the paintbrush to Julia.

JULIA

Obviously I neglected to tell you about this quaint little custom we have called souvenir stores.

DIANA

Complete the circle when I place the medallion.

TREVOR

And what's ...

DIANA

A gift from Apollo.

Julia kneels next to the unfinished section of the pattern, while Diana heads to the NightStalker's fuel valve.

ETTA

The sun god?

JULIA

Sun part's debatable. God of medicine, the sciences, light, truth, music, art, and prophecy.

TREVOR

And overachievers.

Diana uncaps the fuel valve, kisses the medallion, then deposits the disc.

Julia paints the final line just as Diana quickly moves back to the group. The circles are beginning to glow.

JULIA

And just what is going to happen?

DIANA

I don't know. While the Gods have blessed and created weapons and armour, there is a distinct lack of precedent for their bestowing gifts upon state-of-the-art fighter jets.

The NightStalker is visibly shuddering around the glowing circles. Suddenly something erupts from the fuselage, something appearing to be made of opaque glass.

More and more shapes are erupting, tearing the NightStalker apart, the rendered metal falling to the ground like discarded eggshell.

The last of the jet falls to the floor, and the whole becomes fully visible; an aircraft, made of opaque glass, now easily five times the size of the original. Forward swept wings and three jet nozzles in the back.

The growth stops, and along the edges of the aircraft, running along the back of the wings, leading to the engines, is a bright glowing band of light. The Invisible Jet.

JULIA
Apollo provides.

Trevor is losing his expression of amazement to that of aeronautical lust.

Diana sees the canopy opening, and nimbly leaps into the two seat cockpit.

Flicking switches causes multiple displays to switch on, the readouts in glowing orange Ancient Greek Lettering. A series of glass rods extrudes from the headrest, surrounding her head like a crown.

A door opens in the side of the aircraft, extending a ramp.

DIANA (O.S.)
All aboard.

TREVOR
I really think I should fly this-

ETTA
You can have a turn later, sir.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - PASSENGER AREA

The three find themselves in a smallish cargo area, where seats are already unfolding. They sit and buckle up.

THE INVISIBLE JET

Turns towards the hangar doors, and taxis out, the engine exhaust resembling beams of sunlight from a magnifying glass.

The locker where Kanigher was stuffed is finally pushed out from the inside, and he tumbles out. Getting to his feet on shaky legs, he sees a dim silhouette of a plane going down a runway.

INT. ICBM BASE

Tolliver is on a phone, surprised as hell.

TOLLIVER
They got that pork-barrelled sack
of shit working?

KANIGHER (O.S.)
It's heading your way.

TOLLIVER

Out.

KANIGHER

Turns off his satellite phone - and notices the remains of the original NightStalker.

INT. ICBM BASE

Controllers are at controls, giving instructions -

- the massive AWACS plane is taking off, two Hornets lining up to follow.

Pilots are rushing to the Raptors, crew chiefs loading weapons, organising last minute checks.

One by one, the Raptors take off into the sky.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)

Squadron, you are flying five of the most advanced fighters on Earth. Approaching from Hascom is an engineer's hopeless fantasy funded by a Senator pissing tax dollars against the wall of his campaign contributors. Blow it out of my sky.

EXT. INVISIBLE JET - DAY

Dawn is breaking as the Jet flies onwards.

Diana is working the controls of the Jet, getting used to the craft very quickly.

A central monitor shows a tactical readout of the terrain in front of the plane. A vast green dome is enveloping the airspace immediately ahead.

DIANA

Search radar. We're expected.

TREVOR (O.S.)

(Intercom) I think you should have let me fly.

DIANA

I'll handle it.

TREVOR (O.S.)

(intercom) Diana, you have no experience. These five guys have.

(MORE)

TREVOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
It's bad enough that this plane has
no weapons ...

DIANA
Let me worry about that.

The Jet begins to slowly fade from existence, the bands of
light remaining. Then they wink out, the plane disappeared.

EXT. RAPTORS - DAY

Flying in formation, the high-tech war machines search the
skies.

One of the pilots; Vulture Three, toggles the radio.

VULTURE #3
Base, this is Three. Any sign of
the bogey?

At the base, Tolliver hovering over his shoulder, the
Controller consults a variety of screens.

CONTROLLER
Nothing on the AWACS. Ditto every
civilian airport in the state.

VULTURE #2 (O.S.)
Maybe he's circling around.

CONTROLLER
Doesn't have the fuel.

Vulture #3 is looking around the empty skies

VULTURE #3
Sir, we have to face the facts. The
only reason he got that heap of
junk going -

As he speaks, the daylight above Vulture #3 is becoming
brighter and brighter

VULTURE #3
- was so he could run as far and
fast away from us as possible.
Colonel Trevor is no threat to us
at all -

Vulture #3 realises how bright it is and looks up -

- it's from the visible open cockpit of the Invisible Jet,
upside down directly above him -

Unlike Maverick, Diana is standing up, and PUNCHES -

- shattering the cockpit canopy in one blow, Vulture #3 covering his face -
- the Lasso flies down, whipping around the yellow Ejection lever between his legs, then pulling hard -
- the Invisible Jet rolls away just as Vulture #3 ejects, his plane dropping like a stone

AT THE BASE

The Controller reacts as Vulture #3's readouts turn red, he tries desperately to make sense.

CONTROLLER
Sir, we've lost Vulture #3.

Tolliver can't believe this.

THE RAPTORS

Circle around, trying to find the interloper

VULTURE #1	VULTURE #4
Hound One, give me a vector!	No visual, I repeat, no visual.

HOUND#1
No vector, off the scopes

Vulture #1 looks, sees something off his port -

- the Jet, slowly coming into view, flying alongside.

VULTURE #4 (O.S.)	VULTURE #2 (O.S.)
I have visual on your left, One, approaching to intercept.	I'm not getting anything on my radar.

CONTROLLER (O.S.)
One can you verify visual of the NightStalker?

Diana looks directly at Vulture #1, then at the distant approaching jets

VULTURE #1
It's not the NightStalker. Or Trevor.

CONTROLLER (O.S.)
Then what is it?

Vulture #1 sees the Jet blast off at incredible speeds towards the intercepting fighters.

VULTURE #1
 Wonder Woman's flying an Invisible
 Jet.

The Invisible Jet is rocketing towards the Raptors -

- the bands of light, at the rear of the wings, now move towards the front of the wings.

The Invisible jet rolls slightly to it's left, left wing upraised -

- the Raptors see she's not deviating, and start to break away -

- too late, as the glowing edge of the wing slices right through the Raptor's left wing.

As the pilot ejects, the Raptor beginning to explode, the Invisible Jet's nose rises, the plane rotating, flipping over to a downward position -

- In the passenger section, the three experience the momentary free fall while strapped in their seats -

- the Jet dives straight down -

- catching up to, carving through the other Raptor's right wing.

Diana pulls up from her dive, looks behind her -

- the other pilot hasn't ejected, because the Raptor is going into an uncontrollable spin -

Vulture #4 is trying desperately to correct his course, gaining nothing, terrified beyond belief.

Diana makes fast adjustments -

- the Jet rolls, dives to intercept -

- the clockwise rolling Raptor -

- Diana heaves to her left -

- The Invisible Jet starts rolling parallel to the Raptor, exactly matching it's rate of spin -

- Steve Etta and Julia desperately hanging on to their armrests -

- the world rotates madly, the ground racing closer, as the Invisible Jet flies to reach, then fly under the Raptor - then the belly of the Jet slams onto the belly of the Raptor -

- Diana pushes downwards on the control stick -

- the larger Jet pushing the Raptor upwards, into the sky -
 - Vulture #4 has realised he's not dead, and pulls at the ejection handle - flying into the air.

Diana, upside down, sees the man fly off, then disengages -
 - the Invisible Jet letting the Raptor fly off, hitting the ground. The Jet begins to turn invisible, then reverts back to visibility.

Diana looks at the controls, concern growing -

- on the belly of the Invisible Jet, are a series of deep scratches and gouges where the Raptor was.

In the passenger section, Steve is trying to maintain his composure, Etta and Julia are trying to hold their lunch.

DIANA (O.S.)
 We've lost Primary Invisibility

TREVOR
 (To others) the ride's going to get a lot more fun.

TOLLVIER

Looks at the monitors, seeing the radar feed.

TOLLIVER
 One, can you get a contact?

VULTURE ONE

In on an intercept course, the Invisible Jet weaving in and out of the clouds, but growing ever closer.

VULTURE #1
 Negative, I'm a few miles away and my scope is clean. Too far for cannons.

DIANA

Is adjusting controls, the cockpit interior is adjusting, reconfiguring. The rear chair folds up and recesses itself. Suddenly the pilot chair and controls are rotating around the space of the cockpit itself. Then the entire cockpit itself vanishes, only thin light outlining the various controls.

Diana spins, facing the rear of the Jet, seeing the approaching Raptors, displays on the now-invisible interior outlining the bogeys with accompanying readout - Diana pushes down -

- the Jet dives, the Raptors following them -

On the Jet's damaged belly, glowing cracks appear from the glowing sections of the Jet, like fractured glass, etching across the surface towards the damaged sections. When the cracks reach the damaged sections, the damage begins to SPARK, the damaged parts beginning to melt; this is a self-repair routine -

- Vulture #1's monitors light up.

VULTURE #1
Base, radar's still dead but I've
got an Infra-Red lock. Fox Two!

The missile bay opens, and a Sidewinder drops and launches, another missile firing from Vulture #5.

The Jet sharply peels away, roaring upwards, the Sidewinders in hot pursuit -

- Diana is tracking them, the chair rotating to keep her in the prime viewing position of both missiles and attacking Raptors -

- the Jet then makes a near right angle turn, dives straight down, the Sidewinders trying to follow - the Jet keeps on making these turns, the Sidewinder's turning rate making it fall further and further back - the missiles stop, having run out of fuel, and detonate well behind -

- the Raptors are relatively closer, and start strafing with their cannons -

- the Jet weaving and scissoring across the sky to avoid the blasts - some shells tag the Jet

Diana looks at the readouts depicting the increased repair time growing more annoyed than anything.

DIANA
Steve, what's the control that
makes the plane fly straight and
level?

TREVOR (O.S.)
The autopilot?

DIANA
Thanks. Back in a minute.

ETTA (O.S.)
What the hell is she doing?

VULTURE #1
looks at his scope

VULTURE #1
I don't understand, she's not
manoeuvring at all

VULTURE #5 (O.S.)
Gift horse buddy.

Vulture #1 prepares to fire - then hesitates

VULTURE #1
I've got a radar contact, dead
ahead, very small, very slow -

Vulture #1 looks up -

- it's Diana, hovering in mid air, the two Raptors about to
pass right by her. She holds her lasso in her left, and
unsheathes her sword -

- Vulture #5, in the lead, it's nose fast approaching Diana -

- Diana throws her lasso, the nose of vulture #5 passing
through the loop ...

Diana pulls -

- the loop tightens, grabs hold just behind the cockpit -

- while Diana lunges with her sword at Vulture #1, the point
stabbing at Vulture #1's right air intake - while still
holding the lasso, Diana points downward, keeping her sword
pointed at ground level as the forward momentum of the Raptor
causes the sword to tear right through the body of the
aircraft -

- as the lasso tightens around vulture #5, the contracting
lasso loop crushing the aircraft frame as the Raptor jerks to
a dead halt, ripping the cockpit from the rest of the fighter
body -

The two pilots eject as both of the craft disintegrate under
the attacks, Diana hovering overhead. The Invisible Jet has
returned, and Diana flies back to her cockpit.

Steve, Julia and Etta are recovering from the wild ride.

ETTA
Steve, if you ever ask again why I
never became a pilot, remember this
moment.

INT. ICBM BASE

Tolliver is seated, unable to believe what he's seen,

CONTROLLER

Sir ... we could use Hound #2 and #3 to engage, but that would mean losing the AWACS's escort ...

Tolliver looks up ...

... and sees the trenchcoated figure standing in the shadows on the far side of the room.

Tolliver nods, marshalling his strength.

TOLLIVER

Divert Hound to a holding pattern.
We'll engage the Amazon on the ground.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOUR - MORNING

The fisherman who witnessed Diana's arrival is in his original spot. He keeps touching an expensive camera slung around his neck, scanning the horizon as much as the water.

He looks up again - the Island's back.

The fisherman stands, aims, shoots several shots, excitement growing -

- several objects are moving from the islands. The fisherman zooms - ships. Large Greek battleships. They're being rowed towards him with incredible speed.

As they grow closer, the fisherman spies several people milling on deck. Some are tying ropes to people's waists.

The people - women in ancient armour - stand near the front of the boat, gathered in groups of four - and jump.

The fisherman recoils backwards as the groups of women fly through the air, to land with pin point accuracy on the edge. Recovering, he starts snapping shots as the women without ropes stand guard around the woman with the rope, who starts hauling -

- the battleships are soon brought into position on the harbour, birthed and lashed with record speed. Gangplanks are deployed, and more women in armour disembark.

Hippolyta and Phillipus walk off, the fisherman numbly snapping shots of the massive column of women marching down the pier towards the city.

PHILLIPUS

<Remember the rules of war.>

HIPPOLYTA

<To the letter. I will not be remembered as the aggressor.>

The ancient army marches towards the American city.

EXT. ICBM BASE - DAY

A squad of soldiers emerge from the elevator doors, looking towards the sky. Two APCs are driven in place to form barricades.

Three thrusters materialise at full bore, swinging towards the gathered soldiers, blowing them away with the backwash. The thrusters hold steady, angled towards the APCs, who start moving backwards, glowing red with the heat. The tyres burst, causing the vehicles to tumble away.

The soldiers get up, scrabbling for their weapons as the Invisible jet fully materialises, rotating around so that the front of the Jet faces them, extending it's landing gear.

The soldiers position themselves, guns trained on the Jet.

The cockpit canopy opens - but nobody comes out.

Something flies out - hitting the side of a hangar - then smashing the assault rifle out of a soldiers grip. Like a billiard ball, this thing bounces around disarming every soldier with every ricochet. When every soldier is disarmed, it flies back - into Diana's hand, where she is standing on the Jet's nose.

The first soldier tries to get his weapon back, to find Etta pointing a rifle at his face.

Later - the soldiers have been bound with strips of metal from the wrecked APCs, Trevor and Etta are dumping their ammo clips and grenades into a single backpack.

Julia emerges, holding her backpack. Trevor hands her the significantly heavy bag full of ammunition.

JULIA

Am I the designated pack mule or something?

TREVOR

Okay, you can carry the gun and I can stay in the back.

JULIA

Pack mules rule.

ETTA

Is the elevator safe?

TREVOR
Tolliver won't wreck the closest
entrance to the airfield.

The group enter the elevator, Diana draws her sword, and stabs the security camera, before pressing the single floor button.

INT. ELEVATOR

Etta loads a pistol, sticking it in her waistband before chambering her rifle. Diana stands in front of the doors while Trevor consults a floorplan.

TREVOR
Okay, they're all on one floor.

ETTA
Probably to save money for the
Spear.

TREVOR
Opens to a single corridor, perfect
chokepoint for an ambush. Diana,
you take point, block whatever's
coming. I'll be on your right, Etta
on your left. We'll be firing just
under your shoulders. Julia, when
me and Etta call out for a mag or a
grenade, you hand us one and stay
behind us. Once we come in the main
room, we'll stay by the entrance
and snipe targets while Diana grabs
Tolliver and keep him away from any
controls.

ETTA
Sounds good.

DIANA
Simple and effective.

JULIA
What could go wrong?

A green gloved hand PUNCHES through the floor of the elevator and grabs Diana's ankle -

- and PULLS her through the floor, her surprised face disappearing down the lift shaft.

JULIA
I had to say it, didn't I?

With a DING, the doors open, Etta and Trevor pressing themselves against the walls, Etta dragging Julia with her -

- to reveal seven men with assault rifles, who instantly open fire.

The firepower roars through, puncturing the thin aluminium with an unholy roar. Trevor and Etta draw their pistols and blindly return fire while remaining behind their minimal cover, Julia tries to make herself as small as possible.

DIANA

Is trying to kick off the figure; a large man in an all enveloping overcoat, hanging onto her foot, while both fall down the darkened elevator shaft -

INT. STORAGE AREA

- both crashing through a roof in a cloud of concrete dust, to crash and bounce away.

Diana gets up, seeing herself among ancient military vehicles, dating from Desert Storm to Korea.

A thumping sound makes her turn - into the figure which charges into her at full speed, knocking her off her feet, sending them both tumbling.

ETTA

Is frantically stabbing the 'close' button while Trevor is firing down the corridor. The doors eventually close, dents appearing in the surface. The assault suddenly stops.

TREVOR
Any bright ideas?

ETTA
A couple. But they suck.

JULIA
Hatch?

Trevor gets up, probes the roof.

TREVOR
Ah ... no.

JULIA
Then we're ...

Everyone stops, and looks at the brand new gaping hole in the floor.

DIANA

Is exchanging a series of blows with the massive figure. Slamming him into support pylons while taking multiple punches in the face.

TREVOR

Looks down. Sees the massive drop, the structural beams under the elevator car -

- and a repair ladder bolted to the wall.

Lowering himself through the hole, wearing the ammunition backpack, he grabs hold of the beams underneath, dangling over the chasm. Awkwardly, he shuffles over to the very edge of the car -

- with an almighty swing of his legs, he lets go, dropping, failing for, and grabbing a rung, clinging for dear life before getting his feet onto the ladder, and climbing up.

TREVOR

Ow.

Etta has already hanging on the car struts, ready to repeat the manoeuver.

ETTA

You okay?

TREVOR

No. Ready?

ETTA

No.

She gets a few swings, and flings herself off - Trevor catching her arm as well as her grabbing the ladder.

Julia is watching them as Etta recovers from her stunt.

TREVOR

Get down here!

JULIA

Staying here.

TREVOR

Don't be stupid.

JULIA

First off, I couldn't pull that crap off, second, you need someone to buy you enough time.

DIANA

Draws her sword -

- as the figure picks up an old jeep, and swings it at her like an oversized bat. Diana uses the sword to trim pieces off the jeep every time it's swung at her until it's a piece of bumper in the figure's grip.

Diana flies up, heading to the hole where she first appeared, until a staff car slams into her, sending her spinning into the ground.

JULIA

Sitting on the floor, alone in the elevator, takes out the emergency phone, tapping the receiver.

TREVOR

And Etta clamber down to the lower elevator doors. Etta aims her gun at the door, while Trevor grabs the edge of the door, and pulls, wrenching the stiff doors open.

DIANA

Ducks a car thrown at her, then another.

The figure is picking up and throwing anything that comes to hand. It picks up two cars, and throws -

- Diana leaps between the two objects in flight, and slams into the figure with incredible force.

INT. ICBM BASE / CONTROL ROOM

Tolliver is standing, watching his men assemble a barricade in the middle of the corridor. An officer runs up to him, holding a phone.

ICBM STAFF #1
It's from the elevator, sir.
Emergency phone.

Pleasantly surprised, Tolliver takes the phone

TOLLIVER
I'm afraid surrender isn't an
option, Trevor.

JULIA (O.S.)
This isn't Colonel Trevor or
Lieutenant Candy, General. This is
Professor Julia Kapatelis.

TOLLIVER
And where is Trevor?

ICBM STAFF #1
What are you doing sir?

JULIA (O.S.)
Considering you hate his
guts, it's probably counter-
productive to let you two
talk.

TOLLIVER
(covering mouthpiece) Buying time
for you to prepare that barricade.

The staffer hustles off. Tolliver resumes talking

TOLLIVER
Professor of what?

JULIA (O.S.)
I'm a tenured Classical History
Professor at Harvard.

TOLLIVER
Then you should appreciate what I'm
doing.

DIANA rolls with the figure, exchanging blows while locked in
a hold.

JULIA (O.S.)
Genocide?

TREVOR AND ETTA

peer down a long, dusty corridor. A chink of light reveals a
stairwell down the end. The duo shuffle through the doorway
and advance towards it.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)
History. Take World War One.
Defeated the Germans. Never invaded
their borders, treaties drawn up,
everything settled. Twenty years
later, the next generation rose up,
had to drive into Berlin and bomb
them into oblivion at the cost of
one million Americans dead.

JULIA (O.S.)
And wiping out the entire Middle
East is justifiable?

TOLLIVER looks up at a soldier, wearing a flamethrower. He
nods in approval.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)

Were you listening Professor? War does not end because both sides sign pieces of paper promising to play nice. They will not listen. They will not comply to our way of life. Victory will only be achieved when every last one of them is wiped out, to make way for the Arabian States of America.

DIANA has finally pinned the figure, and is punching him over and over, until something latches onto her left wrist - a SNAKE.

JULIA (O.S.)

And allying yourself with the most bloodthirsty God in the Greek Pantheon is the best way to achieve your manifest destiny?

THE SNAKE is emerging from the figure itself, from the depths of it's overcoat. Several more latch onto Diana, she desperately tries to remove them while the figure sheds it's coat. Revealed is a massive figure in ornate green armour and pitch black eyes with glowing red irises, his most distinctive feature is a flowing green 'beard'; formed entirely of flowing, writhing snakes.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)

Are you attacking my faith, Professor?

TREVOR AND ETTA are walking up the stairwell, weapons at the ready. Crouching close to the ground, they peer over the top stair; the busy control room, the barricade and several guards setting up behind it.

JULIA (O.S.)

Greek Gods don't work in mysterious ways, General. They stab you in the back for shits and giggles.

SNAKES snap and grab at the retreating Diana. One latches at her ankle and trips her over.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)

Your intelligence is based on old myths.

JULIA (O.S.)

Then let's dial it to the present. You've had vaccines grown for this brand new plague of yours?

Scores of snakes dive in sinking their fangs fast into every part of her; arms legs torso. One snake head sinks deep into the flesh of her left cheek.

DEIMOS
<For killing my brother ...>

Diana is held aloft by the snakes, her limbs beginning to convulse.

Her left eye is clouding over with white, with traces of green swirling around the mix.

DEIMOS
<... a quick death.>

Diana screams in agony.

TREVOR QUIETLY removes the ammo bag and retrieves six grenades, handing the bag and three grenades to Etta. She tucks her grenades just in the opening.

TOLLIVER (O.S.)
You'd think I'd launch the missile without it? A fully viable vaccine has already been administered to every American in the region. They thought it was the latest flu shot.

JULIA (O.S.)
Then you're going to have survivors.

DIANA'S HAND is reaching for her discarded sword, several snakes coiled around her arms.

She strains, almost reaching it - and several more snakes detach from her body and pull her arm away.

JULIA (O.S.)
You couldn't have done all this yourself. Ares had people all over the country, the world helping you. The fact is General, that is they're Ares' people, not yours. Tell me General, tell me that Ares people in charge of manufacturing vaccine didn't make double, or triple the doses you needed. Promise me the survivors of your plague won't burn the world when avenging their people's genocide. And tell me the rest of the world won't cheer them on, after you've put the word 'American' on the same level as 'Nazi'.

Deimos grins - which immediately drops -

- finally noticing that Diana is using her left hand to remove and snap open her tiara. She smiles -

ON A SILENT THREE-COUNT, Trevor turns to the left, towards the control area while Etta throws the ammo bag towards the barricade, grenade pins and spoons flying -

Trevor aims, fires, his attack catching the staff by surprise, mowing them down -

DEIMOS SENDS several more snakes to attack Diana's left arm - too late, as Diana sends her tiara flying, carving through the mass of snake bodies, and neatly decapitating Deimos. As the head falls off the body, the snakes fall slackly from her body.

THE AMMO BAG hits the floor, skids towards the group by the barricade, at the foot of the man wearing the flamethrower -

- the bag EXPLODES, the impact hitting the flamethrower's fuel tank, creating a secondary EXPLOSION, the two blasts completely enveloping the soldiers present, leaving blackened, burning bodies.

As Trevor picks off the staff at the controls, Tolliver lurches towards the big red button - Trevor picks up the movement, and hits Tolliver, his chest stitched with bullet holes.

DIANA SLUMPS to the ground, retching and convulsing. Eventually, she stands up on shaky legs, and heads for the exit, stopping only to pick up Deimos' head.

TREVOR moves towards Tolliver, who's slumped on the ground, near dead.

TOLLIVER

Finally grown a pair?

Trevor lowers his gun, as Tolliver bleeds out. Trevor scans the area for survivors as Etta operates the elevator doors, revealing Julia.

JULIA

Is it (notices) Jesus.

As Julia is walking through the carnage, she turns, hearing Diana staggering through a staircase doorway.

JULIA

Diana? Oh ... are you ...

DIANA

I've been better.

Julia offers a shoulder for Diana, helping her into a nearby chair. Suddenly Julia's cell phone rings. She numbly picks it up.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Vanessa is on the phone, looking much better, staring at the TV.

VANNESSA
What took you so long?

JULIA rolls her eyes.

JULIA
Hello Vanessa.

VANNESSA (O.S.)
Are you near a TV?

JULIA
Whu .. Yes, why ...

VANNESSA (O.S.)
The news. Any channel. And put me
on speaker.

Julia turns, seeing the bank of TV monitors - every channel is showing footage of Hippolyta and the Amazon's marching through Boston's streets. Everybody else soon notices.

JULIA
Oh my.

DIANA
Mother?

JULIA
Why is your mom leading a bunch of
soldiers into the middle of Boston?

VANNESSA (O.S.)
It's about Diana, Mom.

JULIA
Where did you hear that?

VANNESSA (O.S.)
Look at her face. That's the same
expression you had just before you
grounded me for a month after being
a whole half hour late after
curfew.

JULIA
Try forty five minutes young lady.

VANNESA (O.S.)

Mindy's car broke down! I came home in a tow truck because the guys at the garage gave me a lift!

JULIA

That just shows how irresponsible some of your friends really are!

TREVOR

Diana, when do your people carry assault rifles?

DIANA

That's Io's work. I recognise the stitching.

Diana stands, realisation growing.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Your plane. The weapons. Steve, the plane wasn't meant to explode. You were meant to see the bomb, so if you were questioned by us we would think it was a failed attack.

TREVOR

Ares wanted to give your people, his enemies, a free gift of several tons of weaponry?

Etta goes to a nearby computer, opens an Internet browser, and starts typing.

DIANA

I think he wanted to give us ... an 'upgrade'.

JULIA

This is it. The pretext Tolliver needed to launch. An Invasion.

DIANA

But we have nothing to do with the Middle East.

TREVOR

Trust me, they'll find a way to pin it on them.

DIANA

But ... Why would Mother ...

ETTA

Guys? Look at this.

The others see the Boston news service, with the recent promo featuring Diana.

JULIA
What the hell?

Etta mutes the sound, and covers the captions with her hand.

ETTA
You said nobody on your island
speaks or reads English, right? I
saw a TV loaded on Steve's plane.

JULIA
Diana, what is your mother doing?

DIANA
Right now, this is a show of
strength. An intimidation tactic.
Our laws of battle require we
demonstrate our numbers and
formally demand surrender of the
city. Until then, they'll only
react defensively.

ETTA
And if nobody at City Hall can
understand Ancient Greek?

DIANA
They'll put every man woman and
child in the city to the sword. And
all who help them.

JULIA
Nessie, get out of there, out of
the state. Take all the food and go
straight to your ...

DIANA
Vanessa, I want you to go into the
city. Take your cell phone.

JULIA
What?

DIANA
Boston's a big city. The law
requires they be visible from all
sections to give the ruling body a
chance to surrender.

Diana squares her shoulders, steeling herself.

DIANA
Etta, continue disarming the
missile until the authorities
arrive. It's still a threat. Julia,
I'll need your help with the
ceremony.

JULIA

What ceremony.

DIANA

We've stopped part of one of Ares' schemes. If Ares is intent on creating his Endless War, he'll do something else, and he doesn't repeat his mistakes. The next time, we may never find out until it's too late. I have to confront him.

Diana reaches into Julia's bag, retrieves Phobos' head from earlier, and Deimos'.

DIANA

Blood from Deimos and Phobos. This ritual will lead me to the Areopagus. Their home.

TREVOR

What do you want me to do? Help you, or Etta ...?

DIANA

I need you to stop a war, Steve. You have to listen very carefully to what I'm about to say -

TREVOR

What? Why?

DIANA

Because you're the only other one here who can fly a plane.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Hundreds of Amazons in full armour are walking in formal procession throughout the streets. Onlookers are mystified, taking photos, wondering what the hell's going on.

Emerging from a parked patrol car, Indelicato and Rucka are surveying the procession with confusion.

INDELICATO

Any idea who these chicks are?

RUCKA

Strange boats from an island that came out of nowhere. Didn't your 'Wonder Woman' say something about an island full of women?

INDELICATO

Their clothes look the same too.
Unfortunately, after that purple
thing last night, Professor
Kapatelis and Diana went AWOL.

Ellis pushes through the crowd, towards Rucka and Indelicato.

RUCKA

Tell me what's happening.

ELLIS

Nothing yet. I've contacted the
Army, National Guard, they should
be ready to deploy in an hour or
so.

INDELICATO

Wait, the army? This isn't a riot
or even a protest. Take it easy.

Ellis' eyes are slowly changing colour; purple.

ELLIS

My men are in ready. On your
command, we can open fire, sir.

RUCKA

Do not open fire unless fired upon.

ELLIS

We can kill them all, right now
sir!

RUCKA

Not unless fired upon. Understand?

Ellis' blinks, his eyes normal.

ELLIS

Ah ... Yes. Clear.

Ellis heads off, Rucka and Indelicato look at each other.

INDELICATO

I didn't know they put cowboys in
charge of SWAT.

RUCKA

He isn't. After the last lawsuit,
the brass got the most by the book
guy on the force.

Indelicato stares at the procession of Amazons.

INDELICATO

What the hell's going on?

At the head of the procession, Hippolyta is resolutely leading, Io and Phillipus beside her.

Phillipus looks at the people around them -

- specifically the women. Several policewomen are working with their male colleagues on crowd control.

PHILLIPUS
<They're still using slaves.>

HIPPOLYTA
<Try not to hurt them if possible.>

Something is moving in front of them -

- an M1 Abrams tank, trundling to a halt, and aiming it's main gun directly at the approaching Amazons.

Rucka grabs the radio from the cruiser.

RUCKA
Ellis, is this-

ELLIS (O.S.)
Couple of Army guys volunteered to break up this parade. Strictly intimidation.

INT. TANK INTERIOR

The commander moves away from the target viewfinder; his eyes are purple.

TANK COMMANDER
Load anti personnel.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Hippolyta continues her march, looks at the tank, then at Io.

HIPPOLYTA
<Same principles as these weapons?>

IO
<Essentially.>

Hippolyta gestures, points at the tank.

An Amazon breaks ranks, hefts a spear, aims, throws -

- sending it speeding across the road -

- directly into the muzzle of the tank cannon.

THE TANK GUNNER recoils as the spear tip punches through the loading mechanism of the cannon. He quickly recovers from his shock -

TANK COMMANDER
Get topside, man the fifty-

The tank interior shifts -

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

As three Amazons are lifting the tank by it's left treads, tipping it over on it's side, clearing the road. The three rejoin the procession as Hippolyta walks past the disabled tank without a second glance.

EXT. SKIES - DAY

The Invisible Jet is flying, abet not very well.

INT. INVISIBLE JET

Trevor is desperately trying to fly the Jet -

- incapable of making sense of the Ancient Greek lettering in front of him.

TREVOR
Goddamn it, I wish this was in
English-

The letters flicker, like TV static, then resolve into English lettering.

Trevor looks at the now comprehensible controls, then glances at the crystalline headset, gingerly tapping the protruding rods.

TREVOR
I wish this Jet would fly direct to
Boston at max crusing speed-

The Jet leaps across the sky, with multiple sonic booms in it's wake - Trevor is flattened in the chair -

INT. ICBM BASE / CONTROL ROOM

Etta is seated at the controls, on a phone, arguing furiously. Diana and Julia are busy painting another circle; using blood and other viscerials from Phobos' and Deimos' heads.

DIANA
Right. No time like the present.

Etta has wandered over.

ETTA

It's all set, all we have to do is wait for the cavalry.

JULIA

Can you kill a God?

DIANA

I have to try.

ETTA

She's two for two with these guys.

JULIA

Phobos and Deimos were small fry. You're going to face the living embodiment of humanity's battlefield bloodlust on his home turf. Is it physically possible to kill a God?

Diana touches Julia's face.

DIANA

Have faith.

Diana falls backwards, onto the circle, which shatters when her body hits, fragments falling alongside Diana into a blood red sky, before flying back up, then settling down into their original place, leaving no trace of Diana.

EXT. AREOPAGUS

Diana is in free-fall. She reaches out to fly - and realises she cannot.

Now falling, she tumbles - and hits the ground, rolls - and falls again, hitting another hard surface.

Pained, she levers herself up, noticing her bleeding, unhealed hands.

She's standing on a floating purple rock in an infinite blood red sky. Several rocks of varying sizes are dotted around, but dominating the area is a massive purple structure on a floating hill.

Landing behind Diana is a large purple winged creature, identical to the one she was prevented from fighting on Themyscira.

DIANA

(muttering)<Of course, why would Ares allow the powers of other Gods in his own domain?>

The creature rises, prepares to pounce -

Diana spins, drawing her sword, smacking the creature on the snout with the flat of her sword.

The creature yelps, withdrawing before preparing to strike again - Diana smacks the creature across the flanks. The creature is now completely cowed.

Diana looks at the castle in the sky, then turns back to the creature, unfurling her lasso.

Later; flying towards the floating castle is the creature, with Diana on it's back, lasso fashioned into a bridle.

The creature lands on a colossal balcony, Diana dismounting, removing and coiling her lasso before sending the creature away.

INT. ICBM BASE

An armoury. Etta and Julia have set down a trolley, with several bodies laden on it. Several more corpses have been laid around the floor.

ETTA

Do you think we'll be in trouble
for tampering with a crime scene?

JULIA

Do you want to hang around a bunch
of corpses for the better part of a
day?

The two women leave, shutting and locking the door behind them.

INT. AREOPAGUS

Diana walks down vast, echoing corridors, filled with bas reliefs of battles ancient, modern, and in between.

Diana ascends massive staircases.

INT. DISPLAY ROOM

Diana finds herself in a massive room. Filled with weapons of every conceivable era and type. Each weapon has signs of recent use; smoking muskets, dripping blades, etc.

A massive figure moving among the displays makes Diana turn to see -

ARES. Easily seven foot tall, wearing dark blue-and-black Grecian armour, a flowing cloak, and a helmet that leaves his face perpetually in shadow except for piercing red eyes. Striding towards an empty place in the display areas, he places -

- an Amazonian assault weapon in the vacant spot.

Ares turns, and silently regards Diana across the distance.

DIANA

<Lord Ares.>

ARES

<Your Highness.>

Ares walks towards the centre of the room, dominated by an ornate pool of water.

DIANA

<Why?>

ARES

<I could not imagine a better time.>

The water shimmers, revealing -

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

The Amazons have secured a city square, impassively forming a barrier against scores of police and SWAT teams. Vanessa is in the crowd, smartphone against her ear.

ARES (O.S.)

<The other Gods withdrew to Olympus while I remained and grew strong. Strong from more people alive now than at any other time in history. The fear of burning in the atom's flame has vanished with the fall of one empire, while another grew ever more powerful.>

Two Amazons have formed a pile of wrecked cars, on which Hippolyta climbs upon, unfurling an ornate scroll.

ARES (O.S.)

<And one provocation is all that is needed for one empire to embrace Eternal War.>

HIPPOLYTA

<We, the Sisters of the Amazons, the Soldiers of Themyscira, demand the release of our Champion, Her Highness Princess Diana.

(MORE)

HIPPOLYTA (cont'd)
 We demand that those responsible
 for her injury, illegal
 imprisonment ... or death be
 delivered to us for trial.>

In the crowds, Rucka and Indelicato are watching.

RUCKA
 What's the word on that translator?

INDELICATO
 There aren't that many people who
 can speak that type of Ancient
 Greek. We've found one in New York
 ...

HIPPOLYTA
 <If they are delivered to us
 promptly, you have My Word as Queen
 that no actions will be taken
 against the people of this place.>

Hippolyta lowers her scroll to observe a sea of
 uncomprehending faces.

HIPPOLYTA
 <Your representative may approach.>

Nothing.

HIPPOLYTA
 <Our terms are lawful, and more
 than fair. Now approach us.>

Police and SWAT teams finger their weapons.

HIPPOLYTA
 <I WILL NOT LEAVE HERE WITHOUT MY
 DAUGHTER!>

Hippolyta looks at Phillipus, who is just about to deliver an
 order, when -

- a roaring sound turns everyone's head to the sky -
- to see The Invisible Jet circling, approaching an empty
 area, and descend to a VTOL landing.

Phillipus motions to her troops to calm down

PHILLIPUS
 <Man's Soldiers are just as
 surprised as we are. Remain at
 arms.>

Rucka raises his radio.

RUCKA
 Whatever that is, those girls have
 no idea. I'm going to find out.

Rucka pushes his way out of the crowd, starts running towards
 the Jet.

The cockpit opens, and Trevor levers himself out, and drops
 ungracefully to the ground, walking towards the Amazons,
 hands in the air.

TREVOR
 <Mother!>

The Amazons react to this as the police slowly approach.

TREVOR
 I'm unarmed! I'm heading to the
 Queen of the Amazons to negotiate!

RUCKA
 Identify yourself!

PHILLIPUS
 <It's the Man we returned!>

TREVOR
 Colonel Steven Rockwell Trevor of
 the United States Air Force! <I am
 sending this man to talk for me,
 Mother!>

RUCKA
 You're wanted for murder, Trevor!

TREVOR
 I know! Arrest me after, okay?

The Amazon soldiers part, as Trevor slowly walks towards
 Hippolyta. On the backs of his hands are phonetic transcripts
 of the Amazonian language.

TREVOR
 <Is this tolerance, Mother? Is this
 the superior philosophy from which
 we base our authority?>

PHILLIPUS
 <They sent one that tricks with
 clever words->

TREVOR
 <Is our compassion overwhelmed by
 aggression? Where is the reason for
 which we defeat rage? >

Hippolyta's expression is dawning realisation.

HIPPOLYTA

<She's alive.>

TREVOR

<Was one piece of trickery enough for you to abandon all you taught me? While I fight the Mad God, you follow his whim?>

Trevor has now face to face with Hippolyta, surrounded by armed Amazons.

TREVOR

<I beg of you, to temper aggression with compassion. Lend reason to rage. And overcome hatred with love.>

Trevor lowers his hands, while regarded by the warrior women.

HIPPOLYTA

<Your accent is terrible.>

Hippolyta gestures, and as one, the Amazons lower their weapons and stand at ease.

Indelicato isn't looking a gift horse in the mouth.

INDELICATO

Stand down, repeat stand down. Wait for the interpreters and the State Department.

INT. AREOPAGUS

Diana looks up from the pool, Ares unreadable.

DIANA

<No blood for you today, my Lord.>

ARES

<Trevor failed as soon as your mother set foot on American soil.>

DIANA

<And you failed when we took your Spear. Your followers are no longer among the living.>

Ares looks at Diana, then back at the pool of water.

INT. ICBM BASE / CONTROL ROOM

Etta and Julia are working on the computer systems, Etta consulting thick manuals.

The armoury. The pile of corpses.

ARES
 <For the truly devoted of Ares -
 death is merely an inconvenience.>

The pile moves; galvanic, stiff movements. The corpses move, stand at attention. Tolliver picks up his cap, sets it atop his quickly decaying head.

INT. AREOPAGUS

Ares turns to Diana.

ARES
 <You deny humanity. You defy
 humanity's true devotion. Man's
 True God.>

Diana tries to calm herself as this powerful being circles her.

ARES
 <Before, you asked me 'Why?'.
 Because Man devotes himself to
 Strength. Will. Power. Force. And I
am Force Incarnate. That is Why.>

Diana looks up; she's realised something.

DIANA
 <Why.>

ARES
 <Why.>

DIANA
 <Why did you not notice the deaths
 of your followers until I drew your
 attention to the matter?>

This rattles Ares. Diana slowly approaches him.

DIANA
 <Why would you let your sons
 control events on Earth? Why hide
 from the world at your moment of
 triumph?>

Diana reaches out, shoves - and Ares topples over, crashing on his back. Diana unsheathes her sword, and holds it at his head.

DIANA
 <Because you've spread yourself too
 thin.
 (MORE)

DIANA (cont'd)

Seven billion people, the world has never been larger, your drumbeat never needed to reach so many. Even in your own realm, you're weak. Surrender, Lord Ares.>

Incisor-like teeth smile in the recesses of Ares' helmet.

ARES

<No. You don't expect me to surrender. You expect me to withdraw my influence from Man's World. Regain my full strength and kill you. Then your mother would anoint another champion, and hound me as I start all over again.>

Diana's face betrays her strategy revealed - as Ares suddenly sweeps her legs away, sending her crashing to the ground. Diana rolls, gets up as Ares slowly stands.

ARES

<I am weaker now than I have ever been in thousands of years ->

A sound like tearing fabric makes Diana look at Ares hand; a hole has opened up in his palm, and a blade is slowly emerging, a sword blade, a massive broadsword that could have never fit in his forearm, covered in dust. Ares holds the sword to guard position.

ARES

<- and I can deal with one Amazon.>

Diana steels herself, and raises her sword into position.

INT. ICBM BASE / CONTROL ROOM

Etta heaves, pulling out a thick cable from a server bank. Julia consults a thick manual. Evidence of similar elegance in computer modification is strewn throughout the control room.

ETTA

And ... that's the lot.

Suddenly the computers all power up. Target information scrolls across the screens, status bars proclaim the missile is ready to launch.

JULIA

Didn't we just pull out every power cable in the place?

A sound makes them turn -

- to see the soldiers formerly dead, now marching down the corridor. Rotting into purple skeletal forms with every step. All armed.

Etta gets up, runs, closes the metal door in their faces. Staring eyes meet hers through a small window.

ETTA

Zombies.

Gunfire blast through the window, spraying glass everywhere.

JULIA

Zombies with guns.

Etta and Julia begin piling furniture and equipment against the door.

INT. AREOPAGUS

Ares and Diana are engaged in a vicious swordfight. Diana is countering Ares' powerful blows with a series of elegant moves.

Ares staggers Diana with one powerful blow, and grabs a nearby mounted weapon; a Glock 17. He fires -

- Diana blocks the bullets, moving closer as Ares fires, putting her bracelet flush against the Glock's muzzle as Ares fires, causing it to explode -

- knocking him on his back, Diana stabs down, Ares knocking the blade aside while rolling away, grabbing a nearby dagger and throwing it at Diana -

- while blocking, notices and grabs a Chicago-era Tommy Gun, and opens fire -

Ares grabs a nearby metal shield, and blocks the stream of fire, charging Diana, maintaining fire -

- knocking Diana aside, loosing the gun, but she recovers. Grabbing her sword, she engages Ares in a series of quick strikes -

- then feints, cartwheeling past Ares, by balancing on the tip of her sword, ending beside the God. She spins, slashes, decapitating Ares in one blow -

- and his hand catches his head.

Diana turns, dumbfounded at the sight of her victim holding his own severed head in one outstretched hand.

Ares places his head back on his neck. A low chuckle reverberates throughout the palace.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Trevor, still with Hippolyta, looks up. Dark purple clouds are starting to fill the sky.

Among the crowds, Vanessa consults her smartphone. News reports of various international tensions are quickly updating with ever growing worsening situations.

Indelicato surveys the situation.

ELLIS (O.S.)
We can still take them out.

INDELICATO
No.

Indelicato looks up; his eyes are now purple.

INDELICATO (CONT'D)
Too many kids with cameraphones.
Wait until they fire the first
shot. Then we party.

INT. ICBM BASE / CONTROL ROOM

The metal door has eroded away with continuous gunfire.

Julia and Etta have retreated behind a computer bank, sporadically returning fire.

An explosion makes them duck - a nearby wall has blown, admitting three zombies. While two keep covering fire, one goes to the door, and starts removing the barricades.

Etta opens fire, catching one in the head; her victim ignores the damage and continues his duty.

INT. AREOPAGUS

Diana is still battling, but being forced further and further back; Ares is now complementing his strength with ever increasing sword skill.

Diana uses one of Ares' blow to move further back, grabbing a bow, aiming and loosing an arrow -

- Ares raises a palm into the arrow's path, the arrow disappearing - then reappearing out of his other outstretched palm towards Diana.

Diana blocks the arrow, barely blocking Ares' renewed attack. She reaches for a WW2 era gun - which fires a burst at her.

Every weapon near her is straining in it's mounts, untethered sections trying to stab or flail at her.

Diana deflects these new attacks while fending off Ares, now purely on the defensive. She is knocked back into a new section -

- towards a Vietnam-era flamethrower.

The flamethrower immediately engulfs her in flame, Diana rolling out of it's range. She is still alright, staggering, falling back against a wall. Still burning, she slams her body against the marble wall, and again, cracking the stone.

Once more causes the stone to crumble, with enough dust to put out the flame. Diana falls to one knee, holding herself up with her sword, covered in burns.

Diana looks up at the advancing God, trying to get up, knowing she can't win.

ARES

<Go ahead. Summon all your strength.>

Ares causally knocks her sword point off the ground, felling her.

ARES (CONT'D)

<Use the knowledge that if you fail, your allies, your mother, your nation, the world as you know it will fall. Use every ounce of your skill and power against me in one last, desperate devastating blow.>

Ares raises a massive foot.

ARES

<You're only making me stronger!>

Ares brings his foot down on her stomach, cracking the marble floor underneath -

- sending Diana's body crashing down to the floor beneath -

- and another -

- tumbling down into a dark chamber beneath, stopping her decent, landing with a splash.

Diana struggles to look around, seeing -

- a corpse.

Multiple corpses, embedded in the walls of a dark, dank cavern, the floor covered in a foot of stagnant water.

Diana, despite the agony, reaches around, looking for her sword, finding it -

- looking down, she notices her lasso still at her waist.

Diana takes her sword, then sheathes it, expression resolute as she unfurls her lasso.

INT. ICBM BASE / CONTROL ROOM

Julia has a gun pointed at her face.

Etta is being pinned down by two zombies.

Tolliver, his body moving by unnatural means, stands by the reactivated launch button as several zombie technicians silently complete their tasks, only communicating via nods.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS

Trevor looks around, horrified.

The police, the citizens crowding around, are staring at the purple skies with purple gazes.

Hippolyta and the Amazons are staring with similar purple eyes.

Trevor quickly looks in a car rear view mirror, and his terrified reflection stares back at him with purple eyes.

INT. AREOPAGUS

Ares is floating down into the cavern, cape billowing, as he lands in the stagnant water.

ARES

<We end this, Princess.>

He spies Diana, holding herself up by the cavern wall, trying to position her sword.

Ares walks towards her; a humanoid tank sluicing through the water.

ARES (CONT'D)

<Now complete your worship, by bleeding at my feet.>

Ares raises his sword, preparing for the lethal downswing -

Diana throws her sword at Ares, falling in the water with the effort -

Ares easily dodges the thrown blade -

Diana has grabbed something under the water, and pulls at it; the Golden Lasso -

- the rope snares, the noose tightening around Ares foot, sending him off balance and into the water.

Diana capitalises by crossing the remaining distance, wrapping the rope around Ares' neck, the God trying to break free.

DIANA

<What will happen if you succeed?>

Ares bucks under Diana, trying to escape.

DIANA (CONT'D)

<WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU SUCCEED?>

Ares' eyes widen -

- a psychedelic stream of images and voices assault him, a cacophony of events and news reports. The missiles strike, other nations arm up and strike. Ares smiles; War, Glorious War.

The war continues. Escalates. This is more than bloodshed.

Ares' smile falters as the war only increases in intensity. A vision of himself is foremost, screaming at an unheeding world.

ARES

<STOP! I ORDER YOU TO STOP!>

A Nuclear explosion wipes out Washington. Paris. London.

More and more explosions continue, blending together -

Ares is seated on a throne, on a mountain of skulls, in the middle of a devastated city.

The God is immobile, until a gust of wind sends his body sprawling, his head falling off, the interior filled with dust and decay.

The real Ares screams, falling to the ground. Diana slumps beside him, all her strength spent.

The silence is only broken by Ares' rasping breath.

ARES

<Do ... can they stop?>

Diana's expression isn't hopeful.

Ares crawls over to her, clasping her hand.

ARES

<They have to be stopped.>

INT. ICBM BASE / CONTROL ROOM

Tolliver's men all look to their leader, who presses the launch button.

Nothing happens.

Tolliver taps, hits the button - and his hand crumbles off.

To Julia's and Etta's amazement, all of Tolliver's men are crumbling apart where they stand.

Tolliver still cannot believe this, even as he disintegrates.

TOLLIVER

... why have you forsaken me ...?

Tolliver collapses, dust by the time he hits the ground.

Julia and Etta get up, disbelieving.

ETTA

What happened?

JULIA

Diana found out how you beat a God.
You change his mind.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS

Trevor snaps up, looking at the -

- suddenly clear skies, the oddly confused people and Amazons milling around.

TREVOR

She saved the world.

INT. AREOPAGUS

Ares is looking Diana in the eyes. Her body is starting to heal.

ARES

<This is your duty, Princess. You
must stop them. Save them. Save
us.>

Ares releases Diana, as he, and the cavern around her fades to an inky blackness, while she remains in an infinite void - which slowly becomes -

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

The site where the Amazons have gathered. Hippolyta sees her daughter first, and crushes her in a fierce hug.

Trevor is handcuffed, while a uniformed officer is reading him his rights as Indelicato approaches.

INDELICATO

Let him go. His alibi checks out.

The uniform shrugs, unlocks the cuffs. Trevor is dumbfounded.

TREVOR

What alibi?

INDELICATO

Timestamps. On both security camera footage and the emergency call the guard made when he was shot. You were halfway up a fence when that man was shot nearly fifty yards away.

TREVOR

I thought the base security would be handling the case.

INDELICATO

Normally yes, but they passed it onto us. Something about a two-week pass.

TREVOR

You could have made a press statement or something.

INDELICATO

We've been a bit busy lately. Want to go to jail until I formally file the paperwork?

TREVOR

No, no, I'm good.

DIANA (O.S.)

Steve!

Diana walks up, fully healed, Vanessa in tow. She hugs Trevor, to Indelicato's surprise.

TREVOR

Hey kid, I'm good, like I was telling -

DIANA
Inspector Indelicato. Thank you so much for handling this situation with unparalleled professionalism.

TREVOR
Small world.

INDELICATO
You speak English?

VANNESSA
My mom.

DIANA
That reminds me, Professor Kapatelis is currently upstate. She'd appreciate transport back to the city. Vanessa can help you with the details. Goodbye Vanessa.

Diana walks off, leading Trevor by the hand.

INDELICATO
Should have arrested him.

Diana moves toward Hippolyta.

HIPPOLYTA
<We will leave immediately.>

DIANA
<Not yet.>

Diana moves Hippolyta away from the main group of Amazons.

Trevor watches the body language of the two from a distance; Listen. No. It's true. It's still difficult. Also. No! I forbid it! Mother! Very well, but I still disapprove.

Diana walks up to Trevor, escorting him towards the Invisible Jet. The Amazons are already marching towards the docks.

DIANA
One last thing, Steve. But Mother wants it concluded by the time we get back.

TREVOR
Which is ...?

DIANA
First, you fly us back to Themyscira.

TREVOR
I'm getting the hang of that bird.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA - DAY

The Invisible Jet banks low, and hovers to a landing next to the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Diana and Trevor disembark.

TREVOR

Nice place this island. Have to come here more when I'm conscious. Where are we?

DIANA

The Tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

They enter the mausoleum, Trevor looking quizzically at the statue, not quite placing it.

TREVOR

One of your heroes?

DIANA

You could say that.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA / BEACH

A blonde woman, 40's, in a leather jacket and flight suit is in the surf, tangled up in a parachute.

DIANA (V.O.)

One day, she was washed up on the shores of Themyskira. She was the first new person to arrive here in thousands of years. Quite the celebrity.

Scores of Amazons are looking at this new person, who waves uncertainly at the natives.

The woman is being brought to Hippolyta, who is trying to hide her surprise.

DIANA (V.O.)

They assumed she was a shipwrecked sailor or passenger. We could only assume because at the time - nobody on the island could speak English.

The woman gestures to herself.

STRANGER

Diana. My name is Diana.

A winged purple creature is circling around an abandoned guard tower.

DIANA (V.O.)

Her arrival caused quite a stir -
for the first time in millennia
nobody was on watch. And Ares
always knew how to take advantage.

The stranger looks up in alarm - as the winged creature
swoops down and attacks Hippolyta. Several guards attempt to
charge the creature, but are set upon by other monsters.

DIANA (V.O.)

The creature was just one of many
Ares liked to send to harass us.
But it got lucky and had it's claws
around my mother's neck.

The stranger, still close to Hippolyta, draws an automatic,
and fires, hitting the creature in the head, getting closer
and closer. Screaming, the creature smashes the stranger with
a broad sweep of it's wings, sending her flying, hitting her
head against a wall with a sickening crack.

The stranger's dead eyes stare at the Amazons finally killing
the attacking monsters.

DIANA (V.O.)

This stranger gave her life to save
my mother.

Dusk - a full funeral service. Io is cautiously examining the
automatic and the few bullets remaining.

DIANA (V.O.)

And so this unknown mortal warrior
was buried as an Amazon, with full
military honours and ceremony.

Diana opens a stone chest, a battered leather jacket and
rusting automatic lay inside. Diana removes the jacket,
tapping the American flag sewn on the left lapel

DIANA

To honour her bravery; her colours
were made into the colours of the
Champion of the Amazons.

TREVOR

An American? She was ... you want
me to find out who she was? Inform
her family?

Diana reaches into the jacket pocket, producing a wallet,
handing it to Trevor.

Trevor opens it, to see a faded pilot's licence for 'DIANA
ROCKWELL TREVOR'.

Trevor looks up, then at the marble statue in shock.

TREVOR

Mom?

DIANA

Your mother was buried as an Amazon Warrior. Her flesh, her blood was accepted into the land. The blood of the mother - and the son. That's why Ares had you fly the plane, no other pilot under the command of his minions could come near, let alone approach and land on Themyscira.

Trevor clutches at the side of the statue, still processing.

DIANA

I tend to your mother. I promise she will be taken care of.

Trevor looks up, shaken.

Later - Diana is leading Trevor to the docks. Amazons walking past, trying not to stare at the still shaken Trevor.

Diana helps Trevor into a small boat, identical to the one she left the island on.

TREVOR

She ... liked flowers. Give her flowers, okay?

DIANA

Every day.

The two embrace, then Diana gently pushes the boat away.

Trevor watches Diana grow ever distant, becoming more and more obscure with fog - then the entire island utterly vanishes.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA/PALACE

A large-screen TV sails majestically in the air -

- to shatter in front of Diana's feet, in white robes. What the-? Never mind.

Several Amazons under Io's supervision examine the Invisible Jet. Diana is in the cockpit. A sudden thought strikes her, and she taps the controls.

ABBA'S 'Mamma Mia' blares out, surprising everyone around the jet and beyond. In the confusion, Diana flies off.

Landing near a hill overlooking the ocean, Diana stares into the distance. Hippolyta walks next to her.

HIPPOLYTA

<Never thought I would miss Ares' beasts.>

DIANA

<Change is unsettling.>

HIPPOLYTA

<Change within, or without?>

DIANA

<I thought I needed a great feat. A tale for the campfire. An adventure. Then Ares gave me what I needed.>

HIPPOLYTA

<The ramblings of a defeated foe?>

DIANA

<Mother. I need purpose. And there is no purpose for me here.>

Diana and Hippolyta stare off towards the ocean.

DIANA

<I'm going to tend to Diana's tomb.>

HIPPOLYTA

<Another will address that. We have other issues to discuss.>

DIANA

<Man's World cannot find us.>

HIPPOLYTA

<They know we exist now. And trust me, that is enough.>

DIANA

<The world has changed.>

HIPPOLYTA

<So must we. The traditional role for the Champion ... was to represent the best of us. An Ambassador to the rest of the world.>

Diana's eyes widen, as she realises the implications.

DIANA

<I promise ... I promise to make you proud.>

Mother and daughter embrace.

HIPPOLYTA

<You've succeeded. Now go and
prepare.>

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

Julia is crossing the streets, when she notices several people staring into the sky, she looks up, surprised.

Trevor and Etta are heading to a courtroom, in civilian attire, guarded by several policemen. The press pack suddenly look up, Trevor and Etta following, Trevor breaking into a wry grin.

INT. THEMYSKIRA - DAY

Hippolyta lays flowers in the Tomb, now sporting 'DIANA ROCKWELL TREVOR' on the plinth.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

The Invisible Jet is flying over Boston, closely following Diana, who is soaring in the sky.

Diana is now home.

END