

FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT SOUTHERN GREECE - DAY

S.O. "SOUTHERN GREECE 1532 B.C."

Hundreds of fierce women in short tunics and leather sandals wield bronze shields, daggers and broad swords. Across the rocky terrain they fight, outnumbered by their foes: a battalion of muscular Greek men, fully armored and skilled with a weapon.

These women are AMAZONS, and their athletic builds and movements often make them indistinguishable from the men save for one feature: their metal wristbands which CLANK on contact.

Their fighting is intense, bloody, ugly. The Amazons slowly decimate their male oppressors, working through their ranks with amazing determination.

Across the field, on

A HIGH HILLTOP

A ten foot tall man, rippling with muscles and bearing an array of arms watches the action. This is ARES, god of war, and his scarred lips smirk with amusement.

In the center of the battle, an athletic blonde slays 4 men with 3 skillful strokes of her blade. Bloody poetry in motion. This is HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons.

Across from Ares on the other side of the great battle, another giant figure looms

ON A CRAGGY CLIFF

This 10 foot tall wonder is ATHENA, an athletic woman, hair drawn up tight, warrior apparel on. Goddess of wisdom and martial strategy, she observes the fighting with a stoic calm.

Hippolyta moves on to the next band of snarling men. She doesn't tire nor flinch. She continues to mow down her opponents with fluid effort.

ARES'

Amusement turns to anger as his smirk fades.

HIPPOLYTA

Stands alone, free from attackers amidst a sea of corpses. Her breast heaves from the effort. She sees a pair of approaching Greeks, swords drawn, and she readies for their attack.

Without warning, Ares pounces on her from across the distance.

WHAM!

She is slammed to the ground. His dagger to her throat, he presses his sweaty, enraged face up against hers as he forces himself between her thighs.

ARES

It feels good, doesn't it Hippolyta? Hearing the screams of your enemy, their blood flowing over the rocks like a river? I know what euphoria is coursing through your veins right now, the great Amazon queen, ridding the earth of the male threat.

Hippolyta struggles against the god's weight.

ARES (CONT'D)

But do you really think I'll let you write the last chapter here? Is your hubris so great that you think I'll allow you to wear my mantle as the greatest warrior of all, over the mighty Ares?

HIPPOLYTA

Your opinion is nothing that I have ever sought, nor will ever seek, filthy pig!

He presses his pelvis against hers. Her face contorts with disgust.

ARES

Oh really now! How quickly you forget the good times! How many of these women warriors sprung from our lusty loins? Or have you lost count?

HIPPOLYTA

You are nothing more than an animal. You would hump the ground if it had the right shape.

Ares looks around him at the continued bloodshed, and grins.

ARES

Ha ha! But doesn't it all just set fire to your lady parts? Do you remember the last time we felt this flame? You should be so lucky to bed the mightiest warrior on earth -
-

She spits in his face. He doesn't seem to mind.

ARES (CONT'D)

What a shame you despise men so greatly. I have a manly gift for you right here. Think of it as a reward from the gods.

BOOM! Without warning, the mighty form of Athena lands like a torpedo beside them.

ATHENA

Trust me brother, you are no gift.

Her strong hand grabs Ares' daggered fist.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

And I have her reward right here.

With a powerful kick of her armored leg he is sent flying skyward, limbs flailing as his enraged screams fade with his trajectory over the distant hills. Athena lifts Hippolyta by the hand, who then immediately kneels before the goddess, prostrate.

HIPPOLYTA

I am grateful, mighty Athena!

ATHENA

It is hard to ignore courage such as yours.

The terrifying sound of Ares' approaching SCREAM echoes across the battlefields. Athena turns her head to the noise in disgust.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

If nothing else, he is a stubborn one.

The earth THUDS with each approaching footstep of the stomping deity. Athena smirks confidently as she prepares for his imminent assault.

FROM ABOVE

A woman descends from the sky in a glimmering GREEN MIST. The sight of her arrival silences both giant warriors. This is HERA, and she has a regal aura.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Lady Hera!

Ares glowers at the majestic deity.

HERA

The Amazons have fought valiantly and have vanquished their foe. The fighting is now finished. ALL fighting.

Athena and Ares glance downward with respect.

HERA (CONT'D)

They have earned my admiration, which is a rare thing.

Hippolyta gazes at Hera with awe. Hera addresses her.

HERA (CONT'D)

I will prepare a place for your people, Hippolyta. A place where womankind can flourish, and enjoy the absence of the male creature. You will live at peace with your surroundings. Come, this is a great day indeed!

She levitates with her mist and floats across the bloody terrain to the distant shoreline.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Dozens of double-hulled boats move across the still waters by force of Amazon oaring. Ahead of the fleet, Hera floats like a green cloudy beacon.

LATER

The boats continue to pass across blue ocean. Beneath the boats an enormous aged man swims submerged, face up, his long beard trailing, intertwined with kelp. This is POSEIDON, ruler of the seas. He passes under the boats, gawking at the women with obvious lust.

HERA

Leave them be, Poseidon. They are not for your enjoyment. It is your serendipitous help that I need on this most eventful day.

The old man grimaces with disappointment as he wrestles with his horny intentions, then waxes pleasant, seeming to sigh with cheerful resignation. Hera notices, and points to the horizon.

HERA (CONT'D)

Raise for me an island, a great landscape from the bottom of your sea. Do this, my brother, and I will be forever grateful.

He studies the deep before and beneath him with eager ambition, and with a sweep of his mighty arm throws his enormous trident to the ocean floor. It streaks through darker shades of water, finally striking bottom in an explosion of volcanic activity.

Immediately, a land mass rises through the watery depths and breaks surface in a scene of wondrous creation. The Amazons gape at the sight, stunned at the import of this miraculous display, the birth of Themyscera.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA ISLAND - DAY

The Amazons walk up the pristine beaches from their beached boats. Waterfalls and dense foliage hint of the flourishing force of nature at work on the island. Hera floats above the treetops, leading the bands of bewildered women through the forest.

They gather in a clearing of the forest where Hera levitates high above their heads in a green cloud. Hippolyta stands directly below her, in the center of the crowd.

HERA

Behold your new home, daughters of the sword! Themyscera, birthed by Poseidon and willed by the gods.

As she speaks, she enshrouds the island with a thick green mist that moves as though on a mission, spreading over the land.

HERA (CONT'D)

This is no ordinary land. It is special, enchanted, enriched.

(MORE)

HERA (CONT'D)

For it is bathed in the minerals of Olympus, the sustenance of the gods. As long as you dwell here, you shall neither perish nor suffer. You shall drink of the water and eat of the land nourished by my blessing upon it.

As she speaks, the thick mist covers the entire island, then slowly dissipates. As it thins, the ground twinkles with the flickering evidence of a special green-gold metal.

HERA (CONT'D)

You shall thrive and be strong; stronger than any man. And it shall be yours to keep and rule as you wish. Let no man set foot here, for it is my gift to you, refugees of patriarchal Greece.

An Amazon with thick brown braids stoops to drink fresh water from a nearby stream. She smiles broadly, refreshed.

HERA (CONT'D)

(V.O)

You shall lack for nothing. Your memories of men will linger like a faint scar, but you will prosper in their absence. You need not fear of discovery, for the soils of Themyscira conceal you.

A MONTAGE:

Amazons constructing a grand Temple

Erecting houses

Hauling a net of fresh fish from the ocean

Working in an enormous garden

Practicing archery

Studying the constellations at night

Cheering for good-natured wrestling matches

The montage ends on Hippolyta:

INT. THEMYSYCERA TEMPLE - DAY

She enters the grand open-aired building and stops in the wide courtyard. In one corner, a great statue of Hera. In the other, a beautiful sculpture of Athena. Hippolyta bows her head, solemn and forlorn. She sinks to her knees, her chest heaving with emotion. The room fills with a green mist. Hera emerges from the thickness of the mist, and gracefully walks to the prostrate Queen. She lifts her tearful eyes to behold her celestial visitor.

HERA

I know.

Hippolyta is relieved at the unexpected empathy. Hera studies her face with compassion.

HERA (CONT'D)

A daughter. You want a child.

The Amazon sobs at the words. The goddess gently lifts her by the chin, smiling.

HERA (CONT'D)

Then let's go make a baby.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA ISLAND - BANK OF A STREAM - DAY

Hera observes as Hippolyta gathers wet clay-soil from the edge of the fresh water stream. The mud glistens with the green minerals as it slowly takes the shape of a chubby infant at the skillful hands of the blonde Amazon queen.

With great care, she forms the smallest features of this earthen baby. As she finishes the final touches, Hera takes the sculpture into her arms and looks into the lifeless eyes.

HERA

Your heart's desire.

She breathes a green vapor onto the perfect brown face. As the mist envelops the head, the mud turns to flesh, and the child becomes human; a gurgling, cooing baby girl with raven black hair and emerald green eyes.

She delivers the newborn to Hippolyta's extended arms. Her eyes are enraptured, delighted with the miraculous sight before her. Her face aflush with mother's love, she studies her daughter and announces her name.

HIPPOLYTA

Diana.

The baby wriggles with delight in her mother's arms. Tiny green-gold flecks of metal glisten faintly through her perfect, translucent infant skin.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA ISLAND - DAY

S.O. "2014"

Dozens of Amazons run an obstacle course, laughing and cheering for each other. Their loose-fitting linen tunics match the casual fun of the event.

Suddenly high above their game, two fighter jets zoom by: an emblem-free jet in pursuit of an American jet. The athletes stop and fall silent, every head turned up at the airborne display.

INT. AMERICAN JET - CONTINUOUS

The pilot is on high adrenaline as he engages his radio. Beneath the head gear are piercing blue eyes and a close cut of blond hair. This is Captain STEVE TREVOR, Air Force fighter pilot supreme, and his ride is an F-35 Lightning.

STEVE

I picked up a real live one.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Flight control headquarters. The room is manned by half-dozen military. The most senior, Brigadier General Johnson, watches his satellite screen with concern. The two tiny blips on screen are the impending dog fight between Steve Trevor and his pursuer.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

GENERAL JOHNSON

Trevor, is it a bandit?

STEVE

Copy that. Seems pretty hostile to me, sir.

GENERAL JOHNSON

Can you ID the bandit, Captain?

STEVE

Negative. No radio response and no visible insignia.

The General turns to his second in command, MAJOR SOLOMON TANIBI, a taciturn Pakistani-American.

GENERAL JOHNSON
Who the hell is that?

TANIBI
My guess is Syrian. They've
patrolled their air space before.
Could be an over-reaction.

The General ruminates his options.

GENERAL JOHNSON
But we aren't sure. Damn it!

He engages the radio.

GENERAL JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Trevor, what's your fuel status?

STEVE
Twenty percent, sir.

GENERAL JOHNSON
You won't make it to Commodore
Fleet, Trevor. You're going to
have to turn back to Incirlik.

STEVE
Copy that, General. First I gotta
get this monkey off my back.

INT./EXT. IN THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

The F-35 pulls a daring manoeuvre: he cuts the propulsion and simply drops like a fluttering leaf. The bandit blasts by, too fast to react and pursue.

Steve twirls downward in a spiral towards the ocean.

The bandit roars through a wide arc on the return.

Steve is composed and aware, his hands on the controls when without warning FZZZT! He passes through an invisible shield. Directly below him in sudden view: Themyscera.

THE BANDIT PILOT

Examines miles of endless ocean and sky: no F-35. The perplexed pilot searches high and low for his quarry.

STEVE

Is just as puzzled. He sees the bandit pass high overhead, but not in pursuit. Below him, the pristine island quickly approaches. He halts the free fall with a new roar of the thrusters and surges upward.

FZZT! He passes through the unseen barrier and zooms away from the mystery jet.

THE BANDIT

Notices the sudden reappearance of his quarry, and begins a wide turn.

STEVE

Sees the bandit's response. What he doesn't see is the 2ND BANDIT approach from his right. This new nemesis already has him in firing range, and shoots.

STEVE

Can't respond in time. The missile clips his tail fin, causing an immediate tailspin downward.

The two bandits fly off together in triumph.

STEVE

Steadies his jet as it slowly descends, finally ejecting from his seat moments before hitting the water. His parachute saves his life, but he still hits the water hard.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA ISLAND - DAY

Dozens of Amazons hit the beach. A team of ten dives into the ocean and swim towards the crash site.

MINUTES LATER

The team swims back with jet in tow, tethered to the F-35 by ropes wrapped around their waists. Their preternatural strength makes the haul look easy, while one Amazon swims with unconscious Steve Trevor on her back.

On shore, the swimmers are joined by awaiting sisters who help pull the wreck on the sand with ease. Steve is pulled onto the beach, and the band of Amazons circle around him, gawking at the sight of a man.

Most of them hold their hands over their noses, offended by the smell. Many have lust in their eyes; others, disgust.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA ISLAND - FOREST - DAY

Two nubile Amazons, LILIA and TAHARIN wash clothes in a pristine stream. Lilia stops and lifts her head, sniffing the air.

LILIA
(Greek)
What's that smell?

Taharin's face reads disgust.

TAHARIN
(Greek)
It's a man!

They drop their clothes and run, following the scent.

BACK TO SCENE

POV STEVE:

The sun blinds directly above, but a ring of beautiful female faces stares back at him as he blinks weakly. A brunette, HELENA, reaches for his crotch. A shaved-bald beauty, MARIA, swats her hand away.

MARIA
Helena!

HELENA
(Greek)
I just want to see his manhood!

Suddenly the sun is blotted out by a stunning new woman.

Thick black tresses frame a noble face unaware of its own beauty. Green eyes convey a serene strength both comforting and intimidating. Her form is tall, statuesque, curvaceous with a subdued femininity. There is authority in her expression and movements. This is ADULT DIANA.

Despite her androgynous demeanor, Steve Trevor is clearly smitten.

STEVE
I didn't know angels had dark hair.

All eyes study Diana intently, awaiting her response. Only a trace of disdain crosses her otherwise stoic face. A vibrant blonde, PORTIA, addresses her excitedly.

PORTIA

What shall we do with him,
Princess? Can we keep him?

A dark-skinned beauty, NEMALLA, interjects quickly.

NEMALLA

Or kill him?

Diana stands erect and turns with purpose.

DIANA

Bring him to my mother. We will
decide later.

She strides over to the defunct jet and peers inside. The
radio blares General Johnson's voice.

GENERAL JOHNSON

(V.O.)

Trevor! Captain Trevor! Steve,
are you there?

She studies the entire jet, her regal face a portrait of
acute intelligence.

INT. THEMYSYCERA PALACE - DAY

Diana enters an ornate chamber with colorful tapestries and
embroidered pillows. Portia, Nemalla, Maria and Helena escort
a limping and bedraggled Steve Trevor behind her. They all
stop, facing a sheer curtain with shimmering jewels.

From behind the curtain, a stirring. And then the voice of
Hippolyta.

HIPPOLYTA

(Greek)

I know that stench. I could smell
it from across the island.

Steve rallies at the sound of the Queen's seductively strong
voice. As the radiantly youthful blonde emerges from behind
the curtain, she switches to English. Steve is dumfounded
and aflush with hormones.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

What filth has washed ashore this
time?

Her eyes meet the pilot's. His melt with lust and fire.
Hers remain steely blue and cold. He mutters to himself with
restrained excitement.

STEVE
Good God in Heaven!

The Queen surveys him with an experienced stare, watching his manly demeanor respond to her feminine wiles. She slinks back and forth across the carpet towards him.

HIPPOLYTA
I suppose you think you're the luckiest man in the world to be rescued by a tribe of young, unprotected, nubile women.

He nearly comes undone with lust.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)
Don't you?

She stops inches from his nearly bestial face, calmly taunting.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)
Let me guess. You're the great explorer of your people, out to conquer a great new land on behalf of your wise and generous monarch!

He tries to assemble a response, but the preternatural presence of immortal estrogen overwhelms his simple defenses.

STEVE
I... I, uh...

HIPPOLYTA
Or perhaps you've heard of the legendary Amazonian nation, women of reported strength and beauty beyond compare, and you seek to sample the fruits for yourself, take of the bounty of this elysian treasure.

At these words she shrugs forward, causing her breasts to nearly spill over her low cut garments.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)
I have a feeling though, this time it's neither of those things, is it? It's simple, stupid, senseless war games. Men seeking to assert themselves over others with no real reason in mind. It's just your NATURE to do so, isn't it?

He closes his eyes and fights to regain his composure.

STEVE

No, ma'am. None of that's true.

She glares at him with contempt.

HIPPOLYTA

Dishonesty is also part of your nature.

She turns to Diana.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

They're all alike. Sex-crazed, lying fools. And they all deserve to die.

Steve's eyes snap open. He looks at Diana imploringly.

STEVE

Die? No, no, no ladies. That's not how it works. If there's anything I've done to offend you, then please accept my heartfelt apology. If you don't accept my heartfelt apology, then we have a full range of diplomatic means of straightening these sorts of things out. I can give you the name of --

HIPPOLYTA

Silence!

She looks again at her daughter.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

You can get the truth out of him first, if you like. (to Steve)
Your visit here will at least serve a purpose.

Hippolyta turns to retreat to her chamber.

DIANA

Perhaps we should try something different this time.

The Queen stops. Diana is resolute.

DIANA (CONT'D)

It has to stop: the intrusions, the threat of discovery, the increase of their magic.

Hippolyta turns to study her daughter.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I think the time has come, Mother.
We've hoped to escape notice for so
many years now. And we have. But
this is the fourth time in ten
moons that we've had to deal with a
spy.

Hippolyta listens intently, weighing her words. Steve sighs
and rolls his eyes at the remark.

DIANA (CONT'D)

The age of man grows ever darker,
and is soon upon us once again.

Hippolyta reflects heavily, as though remembering something.

HIPPOLYTA

Yes, once again...

She retreats to her chamber, deep in thought.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

(Greek)

Let me sleep on it, my love. We
will talk further tomorrow.

DIANA

Yes, Mother.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

Diana walks with Steve across pristine landscapes,
magnificent with sculpted shrubbery, splendid fountains,
and colorful flowers.

STEVE

So I take it you are a princess?

Diana walks without looking at him. Her replies are flat and
dry.

DIANA

I am the daughter of the Queen.

STEVE

Okay, yeah. We'd call that a
princess in our world.

DIANA

In your world, a princess can do nothing more than wait for her prince.

He looks at her curiously.

STEVE

That doesn't appeal to you?

Her voice is stealy and grave.

DIANA

There's nothing about your world that appeals to me.

STEVE

And you know this because... ?

She ignores him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Because you've been to my world about how many times now?

Her haughty look is her response.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You know we have a saying back home: "don't knock it 'til you try it."

She spins around and roadblocks him.

DIANA

Let me explain something to you once, and never again. I know precisely what game you play. I know exactly how you man-pigs operate, and I am one step ahead of you. If you think you are going to try and endear yourself to me, it won't work. I know your kind.

STEVE

Again, I'm wanting to know just what I've done wrong here.

She turns and resumes her gait.

DIANA

You were born, Captain Trevor.

He feels the sting of her condescending retort.

STEVE

You know my name. The least you could do is tell me yours.

DIANA

It is Diana.

She marches onward.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA BEACH - DAY

The sands are littered with debris of a millenia. Ancient shipwrecks, WWII airplanes, the hull of a submarine and open crates speckle the dunes of the coastline.

Diana and Steve survey the debris from a distance.

STEVE

Okay, I don't feel so special anymore.

He watches Diana as the wind blows her thick hair from her face, revealing her serene gaze over the beach view. He senses a mysterious strength in this woman, and is in awe.

DIANA

We know much about your world from these things.

Steve strolls a few steps and trips over human skeletal remains partially buried by sand.

STEVE

Clearly visitors aren't welcome.

DIANA

And yet they come. Unfortunate for them.

She casts a loaded glance his way. He catches it, but returns it with a warm look. She ignores him again.

STEVE

How is it that I didn't even know you were here? I mean, I saw the island, then I didn't, then I saw it again.

She looks towards the mountains with the waterfalls in the distance.

DIANA
Our land is blessed by the gods.
They have given us protection.

STEVE
I wish I knew what that meant. I
mean, I've never heard of such a
thing as island-cloaking.

She begins to walk. He follows.

DIANA
As I said, it's a gift from the
gods.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA FOREST - DAY

Diana leads Steve across pristine streambeds. The sun's rays pierce the dense foliage to the forest floor where wildflowers thrive along the foot path. A water well off the path ahead catches Steve's attention.

A glimmering, metal wheelbarrow near the well protrudes onto the path. Diana sidesteps the object, but it's INVISIBLE to Steve, who walks into it and falls over.

Flat on his back, he blinks up at the sky bewildered.

STEVE
It must be shock. It's delayed
shock. I can't see.

DIANA
You must watch your step.

He gets up.

STEVE
I was watching my step.

He swats at the area until he finds the invisible object, then gropes it.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What on earth?!

She watches him feel up the wheelbarrow with mild amusement.

DIANA
There are some things you are just
not meant to see.

STEVE
Can YOU see this?

Diana takes the wheelbarrow and gently pushes it off the path. He is incredulous.

STEVE (CONT'D)
But how? Why? What kind of trick
is this?

DIANA
You must be from Themyscira to see
all of its blessings. It is a flaw
of your poor mortal man brain.

She goes to the well and draws a pail of glimmering water with a metallic tinge. Steve marvels at it.

DIANA (CONT'D)
From what I've been told, men only
see what they want to see anyway.

He scratches his head, not knowing how to deal with her misandry. She offers the water to Steve.

STEVE
Fancy water.

He drinks heartily.

STEVE (CONT'D)
I've never had anything like it.

She strolls onward up the path. He scurries to catch up.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Maybe if I try real hard, you can
show me just what you want me to
see.

The Captain scores his first victory: Diana smiles. He looks back at the well.

P.O.V. STEVE

A ghostly-transparent, shiny metallic wheelbarrow appears, then fades again.

He rubs his eyes as he continues on the path.

INT. PALACE PORTICO - DAY

The enormous space has been converted into a workshop. Dozens of Amazons work in teams around the F-35. Smith Maria hammers out a glimmering, new tail fin. Helena assists, pouring glimmering metal onto the anvil.

Diana and Steve enter the portico.

P.O.V. STEVE

Helena tips a container onto the anvil, but nothing pours out. Maria hammers out an object that he can't see.

He walks directly to the smiths and stares hard at the mysterious work. Helena and Maria look at Diana inquisitively.

DIANA
(Greek)
He has the blindness.

They nod. He watches as they carry the invisible part to the jet and weld the fin in place. As soon as the part is welded on, the entire plane slowly DISAPPEARS, back to front.

Steve's eyes look like matching marbles.

STEVE
How on earth am I going to fly this thing?

DIANA
You're not. I am.

Steve stares at her, dumbfounded by her nerve. Helena watches him, sparks of lust in her eyes. Diana walks around the jet, inspecting it. Helena pushes a carafe of glimmering water towards him and gestures. Frustrated, he takes it and drinks heavily.

Satiated, he puts the carafe down.

P.O.V. STEVE

The jet slowly appears as a translucent form. He muffles his surprise as Diana walks around the tail fin. He shoots a look to Helena, who quickly looks away, face brimming with inside knowledge.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL AIR FORCE BASE HQ - NIGHT

General Johnson paces about the room, deep in thought. Tanibi patiently watches him.

TANIBI

Should we contact the Commander in Chief, General?

The General heaves a deep sigh.

GENERAL JOHNSON

We have to exhaust all options first. The President has a busy weekend and I know he has full trust in our judgement.

A sober pause.

TANIBI

Should we call in those "special forces" sir?

The General glances at the far bulletin where a few words in dry-erase are hand written in red: "OPERATION JUSTICE LEAGUE". He thinks hard on the matter.

GENERAL JOHNSON

Not yet, Tanibi. We're not there yet.

Tanibi studies the conflicted elder.

GENERAL JOHNSON (CONT'D)

At least, I hope to God we're not.

INT. PALACE PORTICO - NIGHT

Steve sneaks to the unguarded jet and gropes along its barely visible exterior. He finds the hatch and opens it, and is shocked to see a completely visible interior. He lifts his leg to mount the cabin, but is grabbed from behind by surprise. It is Diana, and she is all business.

STEVE

Angel! I didn't think you were up.

DIANA

I could easily kill you, Captain.

He flashes a practiced lady-killer smile.

STEVE

See angel, princess, where I come from, that's not how it works. We enjoy the fine art of hospitality. It makes us feel good.

DIANA

I have been more than hospitable Captain. Trust me.

STEVE

You have held me hostage--

DIANA

My mother wants you dead.

STEVE

See that's the part I can't figure out either. You mark everybody for an enemy, even before you know much about them.

DIANA

We're done here.

STEVE

Now not quite, princess. This here is my jet.

DIANA

Not anymore.

STEVE

Oh really? Just because you say so, eh?

Her calm demeanor turns to open animosity with just a glare.

STEVE (CONT'D)

We are taught not to lay a hand on a woman.

She closes the hatch, her eyes fixed on him.

Without warning, he swings at her. It's over before it begins. She intercepts his fist and has him face down in one move. He's immobilized by a wrist hold. With his face smushed into the ground, he mutters:

STEVE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay! You can borrow it!

She releases him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But you still don't know how to fly
the damn thing.

A GLIMMERING, GOLDEN METALLIC LASSO fastens around his neck and pulls him to his feet. Diana holds the other end, and as she speaks, the lasso PULSES WITH LIGHT to each spoken word.

DIANA

You are going to teach me.

He looks slightly drugged as the pulses reach him. She guides him to the hatch and opens it. He follows her in as they occupy the 2 seats. He takes a deep breath.

INT. THEMYSYCERA TEMPLE - NIGHT

Hippolyta lights candles in this quiet space. Diana enters with Steve in tow.

HIPPOLYTA

Diana! What's wrong, my love?

DIANA

I've made a decision, Mother.

HIPPOLYTA

The decision is not yours to make.

DIANA

I'm going. To their world. To man's world. I'm going to end this.

Hippolyta is blindsided.

HIPPOLYTA

End what? Their existence? Be reasonable, my darling. You cannot take on the world.

DIANA

I must, or they will keep on invading our world. And you and my sisters are worth fighting for. I am not afraid.

Hippolyta smiles.

HIPPOLYTA

Of course you're not afraid.
You're not just my daughter.
(MORE)

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

You're a demigod. You were made perfect from the very beginning.

DIANA

The only thing perfect about me mother, is my devotion to my home and to you. Nothing can jeopardize that. I will not stand for the bravado of ill-mannered beasts any longer.

HIPPOLYTA

Daughter, you forget, as long as we remain here, we cannot die. The gods have made sure of that.

DIANA

Do you really want to put that to the test forever? It is imprudent Mother, my Queen. I do not mean to disrespect you. What I want to do is rid us of this pestilence once and for all. This is not the first time we've had to deal with this threat.

HIPPOLYTA

True daughter, but this is the first time you let one live.

The Queen glances at Steve.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

Is this because of him? Have you fallen under the spell of a man? Are you feeling the barbs of love for a disgusting MAN?

Diana places her hands over her mother's; their bracelets CLANK on contact.

DIANA

I will never seek the attention or love of a man. My heart only knows love for you, Mother.

HIPPOLYTA

I can't be angry with you. It is in your blood to attain greatness. Like Themyscira, you are doubly blessed by the gods. Such a gem should not be kept hidden for long.

DIANA

Then let me be worthy of the
blessing. I was born this way for
a reason.

They embrace as Steve watches, listens, and learns.

INT. PALACE PORTICO - NIGHT

The Amazon sisterhood fills the covered space in respectful attendance as Queen Hippolyta stands beside the jet in her full regalia.

Diana descends the Palace stairs with Steve behind her. She wears a tight leather tunic with glimmering breastplate, belt, tiara, and bracelets. A gleaming metallic lasso coiled tightly to her hip and leather boots complete the impressive warrior ensemble.

She greets her mother ceremoniously. Hippolyta turns to the crowd.

HIPPOLYTA

Daughters of Themyscera, listen to
your Queen! Take a good look at
your sister Diana, for on this day
she begins a voyage. I have
decided, for the first time ever,
we shall enter the foul world of
men and war, and silence them once
and for all.

The Amazons stir with surprise and shock.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

It is time for battle, my beloved,
something that simmers deep in our
veins, a calling as natural to us
as the falling rain. We will once
again listen and answer to that
calling. Let our strengths
reignite as we declare war on our
enemy.

The crowd of women shout with emotion.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

Death to all men! Death to the
bearded animal!

As the shouts subside, she continues.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

And so my daughter shall go forth
as the first and only emissary from
our great people. Formed from the
sacred soil of Themyscera and the
breath of an ancient, Diana is our
most formidable weapon. Honor to
our champion!

The ensuing cheers are so rapturous, Steve covers his ear.
Hippolyta turns quietly to Diana.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

Diana, the longer you stay away,
the heavier my heart shall grow.

DIANA

As will mine, Mother.

They embrace, fighting back tears.

HIPPOLYTA

Do not tarry, daughter. Fight this
battle, and return the victor, as
you were destined to be.

DIANA

I will. I promise.

HIPPOLYTA

And Diana, don't forget Athena's
warning, her law: never submit to
a man. That very act is the
greatest theft, the highest crime.

DIANA

Mother, I won't forget.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The jet soars into the sky above the watchful eyes of the
Amazons.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - NIGHT

Steve at the controls, Diana monitors the night sky.

DIANA

We need fuel. Take us to the
nearest source.

He engages the satellite equipment and brings the coordinates up on screen. She watches him intently.

STEVE

I got it! What? Do you think I'm messing with you?

Her stoic stare is her reply.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Relax. I'm REALLY not wanting to plummet from the sky again anytime soon. It's sort of overrated.

She observes his pilot skills.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You really want your wings, don't ya Angel?

She ignores his question and points to a button.

DIANA

What's this?

STEVE

It's the rear vertical thrusters.

She mulls over the response. Steve fights a growing smile of mischief.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You don't know what thrusters are, do you?

She questions his face with her gorgeous, intelligent eyes.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Didn't think so.

The jet soars into the inky sky.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Thrusting is a good thing. It's fun. God knows I need my thruster!

LATER

A string of lights pierce the blackness of the ocean below. It is the Commodore Fleet U.S. Air Force carriers, and Steve descends the jet for a landing.

EXT. U.S. COMMODORE CARRIER - NIGHT

A handful of airmen patrol the deck. The one nearest the fuel station, SENIOR AIRMAN REYNOLDS, stops his gait and listens. The FAINT SOUND OF A LANDING JET is nearly drowned out by the sound of the waves crashing against the hull of the carrier.

He looks around, all senses on high alert, but he sees nothing.

INT. U.S. COMMODORE CARRIER - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Officers and crew joke around while manning their stations. Radar screens and satellite feed show nothing unusual.

BACK TO SCENE

Reynolds shrugs the peculiar sounds off and strolls in the other direction.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Diana watch for an opportunity to step out of the cabin unnoticed.

STEVE

So where next, angel?

DIANA

I'm going to visit your king.

STEVE

Now just what do you plan to do with my king?

Her eyes tell of mysterious motives.

DIANA

We will have a discussion. I will decide just how noble his character.

He nods, amused. Suddenly he feels the PULSES of the golden lasso draped over his shoulders. Diana holds the other end as she gestures towards the navigational equipment.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I want to go to his palace. Make sure I get there.

Without hesitation he punches in the coordinates.

EXT. U.S. COMMODORE CARRIER - CONTINUOUS

Steve discreetly emerges from the invisible jet and skulks to the fuel hose. He pulls it towards the jet and squints.

STEVE P.O.V.

The jet's form begins to fade in and out of his view. He struggles to find the fuel port. He finds it and begins fueling.

MOMENTS LATER

Reynolds strolls on the return. He squints in the dimness at the lone figure holding a fuel hose. He quickens his stride, alarmed at the disturbing sight. Steve is like a deer in the headlights.

Suddenly a WHIRRING sound, and then BONK! The tiara ricochets off Reynold's forehead and returns to Diana's hand. He goes down, knocked out cold. Steve looks over his shoulder, scowling.

STEVE

That wasn't very nice, Princess.

He rushes to aid the fallen airman. WHOMP! The tiara ricochets off the back of his head. He too goes down for the count. Diana pulls the fuel hose from the jet port, hops in the cabin and closes the hatch.

The sound of JET ENGINES FIRING UP and SOARING AWAY fade from the carrier deck.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A soiree is underway. Black tie affair. Dignitaries, politicians, social elite mix and mingle. U.S. PRESIDENT MARTINSON chats with a bevy of well-heeled attendees.

At his side, a well-dressed man with a scarred lip. Security radio in his ear, he observes all movements in the room. This is Secret Service agent TILLMAN, and he shadows his boss like a remora on a shark.

Within this circle of eager socialites, a man in a custom Armani suit, dark slicked hair and a Rolex watch surveys the polite commotion. This is BRUCE WAYNE a.k.a. BATMAN, 38. His stoic, handsome features discourage lighthearted banter, rather, they elicit admiration from afar.

Front and center of this coterie is another handsome white male.

His rugged frame hides beneath a Hugo Boss suit, and his infectious, collegiate smile radiates from a bespectacled face. His smart phone in extended hand, he has the president laughing as he tries to get a sound bite. This is journalist CLARK KENT a.k.a. SUPERMAN, 28.

CLARK

Mr. President sir, do you have any comment on the recent aggression in the Mediterranean, and specifically, the downed American Air Force jet, still missing?

The president smiles warmly.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Mr. Clark Kent, always at work.

CLARK

And sir, do you believe the aggressors to be Syrian?

Defiantly amused, Martinson shakes his head.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Mr. Kent, you should know that on the strength of your writing and your unbiased views of White House policies in your blog, you are one of my go-to guys at a *press conference*.

He stops to straighten Clark's tie.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON (CONT'D)

But tonight, you've been invited to a purely social event, as a *guest*. I want you to relax, have a good time, put the camera down for a while. The blogging can wait.

Bruce smirks at the gentle chastising of the earnest blogger.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - NIGHT

Diana brings the jet undetected onto the White House lawn.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Patrolling Secret Service agents and National Guard stop and gaze skyward at the sound of a descending jet. They radio each other for information.

Suddenly Diana appears onto the green grass, stepping out of the jet like an apparition. She stands fearlessly in the center of glaring floodlights and gawking security.

She scowls, crinkling her nose at the scent of so much testosterone.

From the upper mezzanine, every guard and Secret Service stands with gun pointed at the Amazon. A STOCKY AGENT addresses her.

STOCKY AGENT

Ma'am, stop where you are. Do not proceed any further.

She turns toward the voice as she scans the scene, noting the men primed for attack.

DIANA

Take me to your king.

STOCKY AGENT

Ma'am, please put your hands behind your head, and drop down to your knees.

She scoffs at the order, feeling their anxiety and waiting for their first move. She wrinkles her nose again.

DIANA

There's no mistaking that stench.

A squadron of National Guard move in to form a ring around her on the lawn.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Men.

An audible sequence of CLICKS as guns are readied to shoot. She looks at them with haughty confidence.

DIANA (CONT'D)

This is the last time I shall ask you: take me to your king!

Security forces move in, inching closer. The imminence of battle seems to animate her form; her eyes glint with excitement. Her hands form into clenched fists.

STOCKY AGENT

We will shoot on three. One... two... THREE!

Every gun, dozens in fact, unloads on Diana. With nearly blinding speed, she deflects every projectile with her bracelets, tiara, and breastplate. With precise moves and dodges, she makes an impenetrable defense of armor.

A Guard soldier on the mezzanine loads a shoulder-mounted rocket launcher, aims, and fires at Diana.

She swats it away with her wrist. It explodes yards away.

A dozen more soldiers arm their launchers from the mezzanine and fire.

She continues to swat them away like badminton birdies. Some explode on impact, others seconds later. A large one beelines for her head. She cocks her arm and punches it.

KABOOM!

She is unfazed and unharmed.

After this initial assault, a brief pause sets in as the Secret Service and National Guard soldiers assess their target with shock, fear, and awe on their faces.

The mezzanine soldiers position a larger rocket launcher and fire. The rocket blazes a trail to the Amazon. She simply catches it like a football, and throws it back at her assailants. Their bodies are thrown from the explosive impact.

Another one is fired from another angle. She catches it too, and drops it to the ground as she walks directly towards her attackers. A second, third, and fourth rocket are fired. She deftly catches them, and hurls them back. The mezzanine becomes a smoky rubble, soldiers in a panic.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BALLROOM

The president continues to tease Clark.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

It isn't often we get to see a
journalist and his most desired
interview in the same room.

He gestures towards the smirking Bruce Wayne. Clark looks his way with a hopeful smile.

CLARK

Bruce Wayne!

Bruce good-naturedly shakes his head.

BRUCE WAYNE

And that interview will remain elusive, even with the prodding of the United States President. At least for tonight.

Clark's attention to Bruce completely dissipates halfway through his reply. Tilting his head, he hears... commotion. Everyone looks at him strangely, not hearing what he hears.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Mr. Kent, what is it?

Tillman firmly grabs Martinson by the arm and pulls him away from the crowd. Bruce's smile fades as he watches Clark tune his senses.

CLARK

Are there fireworks tonight?

Tillman whisks Martinson through a side door and out of sight. Nobody can answer the question as Clark slowly walks towards the window.

BACK TO SCENE

The Secret Service agents regroup on the lawn, guns pointed. Diana removes her tiara and flings it. It WHIRS in a blinding ricochet pattern from gun to gun, knocking them from each agent's hand, then returning to her own.

They fumble to retrieve their weapons just as a soldier positions himself with a bazooka from atop the South Portico. She grabs her lasso and quickly tosses it, snatching the bazooka from the surprised jarhead.

She swings the bazooka full circle above her head, knocking every soldier from his perch. She continues to whip the weighted lasso around the lawn like a heavy tetherball, toppling everyone in its path.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

A panic has set in. The soiree has devolved into a stampede for the doors. Secret Service agents close the double door entry and barricade it with furniture.

Seconds later, the doors are BLOWN OFF their hinges. Diana strides in to the terrified room, fists clenched. She sniffs the air and makes a pronounced grimace. Her eyes find the source of the offensive stench: Clark Kent.

DIANA
It must be you.

Clark blinks, slightly amused.

CLARK
Yes you're right, it's me.

She ensnares him in her lasso in one blinding move and throws him over her shoulder, then turns to march out. Bruce slowly follows.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Diana steps over the injured and fallen on her way to the jet. Opening the hatch, she tosses Clark inside and follows.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - CONTINUOUS

DIANA
Tell me your name.

The lasso pulses; Clark gasps under its hypnotic force.

CLARK
I'm Kal-El. Also called Clark
Kent.

She looks confounded.

DIANA
How many names do you have?

CLARK
Just those two.

DIANA
Are you the leader of this nation?

CLARK
That depends on the definition.

DIANA
Of what?

CLARK
Of "leader".

She speaks firmer.

DIANA
Yes or no!

CLARK

I am not the political leader, no.

DIANA

Then WHERE IS HE?

CLARK

I don't know.

DIANA

If you want to live, you will find out where he is.

CLARK

I want to live, so...

She waits for an answer. He simply restrains a smile, looking back at her.

DIANA

Every king has a fortress,
someplace he goes to make ready for
battle. Where his secrets are kept
secret. Where is his fortress?

Clark thinks hard. She gestures to the navigational equipment.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Show me.

Clark types in coordinates for Area 51, Nevada.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The hatch opens. A lassoed Clark is dropped to the grass in a heap.

DIANA

Sleep.

Clark goes unconscious. She removes the lasso and closes the hatch.

From across the lawn, Bruce reaches into his coat pocket and withdraws a bat-shaped magnetic disc with a blinking light. He deftly flings it at the invisible jet. It sticks, and immediately turns invisible.

The JET ENGINE'S ROAR announces its departure. Clark sleeps undisturbed. Bruce looks at his smartphone and taps a GPS app: the screen shows a blinking dot on the move.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - MOMENTS LATER

Diana notices a signal on the video feed. She hits the button. President Martinson pixilates on screen.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
What is it that you want?

DIANA
I want you to segregate all your men. Place them in a separate domicile from your women.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

The President and Tillman exchange shocked looks.

INTERCUT VIDEO DIALOGUE:

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Segregate?

DIANA
Yes, is there a better word of your brutish language that will help you understand? Sequester. Quarantine. Do you get the picture?

The President laughs nervously.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Uh no, none of these will work for me. What you ask is completely unacceptable.

DIANA
Oh really? I have another one for you: ANNIHILATE.

Martinson leans back in stunned silence.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
There is no need to threaten us with such violence.

DIANA
We have been watching you for centuries, fighting and killing each other for the most trivial of reasons.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

We have been picking up your corpses, your foul technological debris on our peaceful shores. We have had enough! We do not need to tolerate your foolish occupation of the earth any longer!

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Just where is this land of yours? I promise you we will do whatever we can to prevent this from happening again. Just tell me the coordinates and I personally wi--

DIANA

You're not listening, foolish man! I said we've had ENOUGH! If you think we are so stupid as to accept the promise of your kind, you are gravely mistaken.

They pause, simmering in their own juices, sizing each other up.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

I am sorry for whatever we may have inadvertently done. But as I said, your terms are not acceptable to me now, or ever. We are prepared to deal with you in open combat, if that is your choice.

DIANA

Oh you have only just begun to deal with me.

The screen ZIPS to black.

EXT. NEVADA, EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE, AREA 51, - NIGHT

The invisible jet engine ROAR gently dissipates against the desert floor.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - CONTINUOUS

Diana deftly handles the controls as she watches the navigational equipment. She chooses a remote spot far from the air base runway and control tower.

INT. AREA 51 CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Two servicemen observe the security screens: none of the monitoring equipment detects the invisible jet.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - CONTINUOUS

Diana cuts the engine, retrieves a flask of water and a bag of fruit from behind the seat. She observes the quiet desert darkness as she eats and drinks. Only the dim lights from the air base facility pierce the darkness.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - 6 A.M.

Diana stirs from a sound sleep in the jet cabin. The cabin is awash in the brilliant desert light of morning. She looks around and sees military servicemen performing routine duties around the control tower, storage buildings, stationary aircraft, and the main base beyond.

Outside one of the distant buildings, a small crowd of military gather in a circle. Diana emerges from the jet, and squints in their direction. She glances at the jet and notices the bat-shaped disc. She rips it from the hull and crushes it in her hand. FZZZT!

EXT. AIRCRAFT STORAGE BUILDING - MORNING

Twenty servicemen and one servicewoman form a circle for martial arts sparring practice. A pair of men go at it in the center with grappling moves.

HALF MILE AWAY

Diana trudges towards the group. Motion sensors trigger; 3 military jeeps streak towards her from different directions.

Each driver looks fierce behind dark shades and radio.

DIANA

Stops, a cocky smirk on her face, assessing her best move.

The jeeps close in quickly on the rough terrain.

She picks up a huge boulder like it's a piece of fruit and throws it. It destroys the jeep in front of her.

She stands still, aware of the two remaining jeeps from her left and right. Her head snaps left and turns to face her attacker.

Like an Olympic gymnast, she runs a routine towards the vehicle: round-off, back handspring, back flip high into the air. She lands directly on the driver's shoulders, tossing him off the jeep. She leaps off in time for the unmanned jeep to collide full speed with the last jeep. A full explosion results.

She resumes her purposeful gait towards the storage building.

THE SPARRING SERVICEMEN

Watch and gawk at the explosive sights, the powerful woman emerging from the smoke headed straight for them. They assemble to take her on, hand to hand.

DIANA reaches the asphalt grounds and stops ten yards from the servicemen. They quietly size each other up. Diana's eyes stop with a glint of delight on the sole female soldier.

They rush at her with their best moves. Her own moves are measured but with freedom, like a horse that knows just how hard to kick. A trained, practiced and disciplined force of nature.

One by one they go down, a trail of brave, fallen soldiers. The burliest of the group stomps up to her, all bravado. She grabs his crotch and squeezes. He crumbles from the pain.

As she towers over him, she winces briefly.

ZOTCH! A dart lodges in her neck.

She grabs it and tosses it to the ground, looking over her shoulder at the new menace: BATMAN crouched with dart gun pointed from the building corner.

With a swoosh of his cape, he is gone from view. She follows him, but he appears to have vanished.

ZOTCH!

Another dart in her neck. She yanks it out and turns: Batman stands armed and wearing a gas mask 20 feet behind her.

She turns to face him, only to meet a fresh troop of soldiers emerging from behind him. They all wear gas masks, and point nerve gas weapons at Diana.

She huffs with condescension. They fire. Encased in nerve gas fumes, Diana crumbles to the ground, confused and fading.

DIANA'S POV:

Her last clear sight -- SUPERMAN descends from the sky and stands over her. He grabs her lasso from her waist and begins to tie her limbs tightly.

SUPERMAN
This is how we rumble.

Then DARKNESS.

INT. AREA 51 SCIENCE LAB - DAY

This is a huge research complex, machinery, scanning equipment, diagnostic devices and examination tables everywhere.

Batman and CAPTAIN TOMITA, military scientist extraordinaire, man the scanning equipment. Their subject: an unconscious Diana, strapped with lasso and shackled to an exam table behind a thick dome of shatterproof glass.

Superman strolls the room behind them, engaging his radio. On the other end, General Johnson.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

SUPERMAN
General, we have detained the offender.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL AF BASE, GENERAL JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The General reposes at his desk. His office is a model of patriotism.

GENERAL JOHNSON
Copy that, Superman. What have we got?

SUPERMAN
Well General, it's a woman.

GENERAL JOHNSON
A woman? You telling me the White House was taken down by a solitary female?

Superman glances over at the comatose Amazon and sighs.

SUPERMAN
Yes sir. This is no ordinary female, General.

The General leans forward on his desk.

GENERAL JOHNSON

In my lifetime son, there have been many things that don't make sense to me. With all due respect, you aren't making sense to me.

Superman shrugs his shoulders, amused.

GENERAL JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This woman doesn't make sense to me. It seems to me, things that don't make sense are on the increase, and I'll be damned if I could anticipate what's next.

SUPERMAN

I understand, General. Completely.

GENERAL JOHNSON

But listen son, I'm glad to have you on my team. We are ready to give you permanent clearance if you're ready to come on board. It makes more sense to make you both a legitimate part of the corps, rather than a case-by-case scenario.

Superman turns and watches Batman, busy at the controls.

SUPERMAN

I've been ready. But one man doesn't a league make.

GENERAL JOHNSON

So he's the holdout, huh? The Caped Crusader isn't much of a team player yet?

SUPERMAN

He prefers the dark corners. That I know. As for being a team player, that's a work in progress. I'll try to discuss the League with him again. Perhaps this woman in all her boldness will teach him a thing or two. He's certainly intrigued thus far.

GENERAL JOHNSON

Okay son, get back to me with your plan soon as you can.

(MORE)

GENERAL JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Both with this strange female, and
the dark knight.

SUPERMAN
Will do, General.

GENERAL JOHNSON
Superman, one last thing. We've
got Captain Steve Trevor back.
He's here on base, not fully awake
yet. Might serve your time to come
pick his brain.

SUPERMAN
On my way.

END ON SUPERMAN.

He joins Batman and Tomita as the observation dome fills with
gas.

SUPERMAN (CONT'D)
What's that?

TOMITA
It's our most powerful sedative.
Strong enough for a wild elephant.

Tomita hits another button. The examination table lights up
from within, while a scanning ray from above begins its
horizontal sweep over Diana.

SUPERMAN
She's got a bag of tricks you may
not know about. Either she or that
rope of hers has hypnotic powers.

Superman's eyes glance across the exam room to another table
and accompanying equipment, including enormous dissection
tools. He's taken aback.

SUPERMAN (CONT'D)
Let's keep the tests simple and non-
lethal for now. I'll be in touch.

Batman and Tomita turn to look at him, but he is already
gone.

EXT. AREA 51 SCIENCE LAB BUILDING - DAY

Superman surveys the hustle and bustle of military life on
this secret base.

He turns on his X-RAY VISION and scans the bleak countryside. His scan runs right over the invisible jet, undetected by his nifty vision.

He leaps into the air and soars 100 feet upward then stops, and looks down. He employs his X-RAY VISION again, circling the buildings, rough surrounding terrain, and then permeating the earth surface to the secret shapes and forms below, including a UFO shape well below the Science Lab building.

He raises an amused eyebrow then soars skyward.

BACK TO SCENE

Tomita brings up a menu on the computer screen enumerating the Periodic Table of Elements. All known earthly chemical substances are listed... and then some others well off the chart, periodic weights over 125. KRYPTONIUM weighs in at the end of the list with atomic weight of 154.

Batman points to these oddities.

BATMAN

These are...

TOMITA

Not of this earth.

IN THE OBSERVATION DOME

Diana is bathed in bands of blue light as the scan slowly traverses the length of her body.

ON A BRIGHTLY COLORED MONITOR

Diana's graphic anatomical likeness floats like a 3-D animation. Her graphic body glimmers and glows with thousands of tiny green and gold bright spots. Batman leans in to examine these mysterious flecks.

BATMAN

What is that?

Tomito follows his eyes, and brightens with curiosity.

TOMITA

Looks like our captive is up on her minerals. She's full of 'em.

BATMAN

Yes, but what?

Tomita hits two buttons. A list of 12 elements forms on the computer screen next to her graphic likeness.

Oxygen 65%, Carbon 18.5%, Hydrogen 9.5% ... down to a percentile of 3.2% without a name, but with the blinking atomic weight of 124.

TOMITA

The only substances with greater atomic weight than this are extraterrestrial. And as far as we know, she is very terrestrial.

BATMAN

What we know is almost nothing. This woman just came out of nowhere, and with a chip on her shoulder.

TOMITA

So she's a bit stronger than your average woman, huh?

BATMAN

Let's just say that chip on her shoulder is no chip. She makes Sisyphus look like a slacker.

TOMITA

Sisyphus?

BATMAN

A Greek myth involving a boulder.

Tomita shakes off the metaphor, out of his element.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Any of this make sense?

TOMITA

Her body composition could theoretically manifest greater energy production in the mitochondria, or better conductivity for electrical nerve impulses.

BATMAN

Or perhaps this mystery element has isotopes, like self-generating power sources.

TOMITA

Yes, it's possible. She'd be like a little power furnace of radiation.

Batman looks at Tomita with gravity.

TOMITA (CONT'D)
Maybe even within her control.
Certain conditions could possibly
amplify the effects.

BATMAN
Like anger?

Tomita considers the thought and chuckles.

TOMITA
Yeah, that could do it.

The lasso, bracelets, tiara and breastplate all glimmer with the same odd color on the monitor.

TOMITA (CONT'D)
Her armor is made of the same
stuff. One hundred percent pure.

BATMAN
You mentioned greater conductivity.
That rope may prove your theory
somehow.

Tomita ruminates over that pronouncement.

TOMITA
Interesting. Very, very
interesting.

Batman notices a unique marking on Diana's bracelets. He clicks on the keyboard and zooms in. It's an engraved icon of 3 interlocked semi-circles. He withdraws a small computer tablet from his belt and plugs it into the main frame, downloads the image, and clicks SEND.

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

A wall of computers lights up the otherwise dark, shadowy confines of this subterranean lair. A distinguished elderly gentleman, ALFRED, shuffles by this display as an image of Diana's etched bracelet fills up a large monitor. He stops to study this new photo with interest.

BACK TO SCENE

BATMAN
Does this image mean anything to
you?

TOMITA
Not really, no.

Batman's radio BLEEPs in his earpiece. He engages it.

BATMAN
Go ahead.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

Alfred talks into a speakerbox while studying the bracelet etching.

ALFRED
Forgive me sir, but I couldn't help
but notice this image you just
sent. That icon, I've seen it
before.

BATMAN
You're as ancient as the earth, old
friend. Tell me about it.

ALFRED
I believe your father kept a book
on this subject in your library.
Would you like me to retrieve it
and get back to you?

BATMAN
I'll be waiting.

ALFRED
Right then. Should be just a few
minutes, sir. Talk to you soon.

END ON ALFRED

As he shuffles his way up a dark staircase.

BACK TO SCENE

Batman unplugs his tablet and pockets it. He turns to Tomita who's studying the mineral scan results.

BATMAN

I'm going to take her into custody.
Contact me if you figure out just
what any of this means.

TOMITA

You got it.

INT. BATJET - DAY

Batman helms the controls. Diana sits behind, unconscious in the spacious cabin. She is wrapped tightly in her lasso, and shackled at wrists and ankles with titanium restraints.

She slowly rouses. She takes in her surroundings, and immediately her game face erases all grogginess. She tries to break free of her restraints: they hold firm.

BATMAN

They're titanium.

She glares at the back of the caped crusader's head.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Probably not as tough as your
lasso.

Her eyes hurl imaginary daggers at her flight companion. They fly in silence for a few moments as she studies him. When she speaks, her thick accent drips with malice.

DIANA

Why do you hide behind this mask?

BATMAN

I choose my friends.

DIANA

Do your friends know you wear this
mask?

His eyes cast their own glare, only she doesn't see it.

BATMAN

I wear this mask for my enemies.

She smirks at his repartee, then yanks again at her wrist restraints.

DIANA

Any man who dares to restrain me
has made a most regretful choice.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

And trust me, it's a mistake you will pay with your life.

BATMAN

You'll notice you're still alive. For the most part we like people that way. We seek friendship first. We don't kill potential friends.

DIANA

How nice in your world, you get to wear a mask and fool your friends. Go out and hunt your enemy. Then you say nobody will get hurt. Nobody shall die. But I tell you now, everything has a price.

She pauses for effect. Like it or not, she has his full attention.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You stay behind this mask, thinking it makes you a somebody. But it does not. You are a nobody.

An icy chill seems to freeze between them.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Your friends will abandon you.

Batman holds his stoic composure, but his very silence suggests she's getting under his skin.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Your enemies will kill you.

His mouth displays just the slightest hint of tension.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You will be a mockery of your ridiculous world. And I thought you were one of the smarter ones.

He reaches behind him and grabs the loose end of the lasso.

BATMAN

Don't speak.

The LIGHT PULSES travel down the lasso and FIZZLE when they make contact with her body. Diana plays along, feigning compliance. On her face, a slight mischievous smile.

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

The aircraft enters this wondrous high-tech cavern and carefully touches down. Alfred steps forward to greet Batman as the hatch opens.

IN THE BATJET

A placid Diana awaits instruction from the morose caped crusader as he steps out.

ALFRED
Shall I help you disrobe, sir?

BATMAN
Not just yet.

He gestures to the jet cabin.

ALFRED
Ah, we are in the presence of a lady.

BATMAN
I'm not so sure.

He looks back at his hostage with impatience. She calmly replies.

DIANA
I can't walk. You've made sure of that.

He retrieves a key from his pocket and leans back in to the jet, inserting the key into a central lock on her restraints. Both wrist and ankle shackles release her.

She rises and steps out of the aircraft, arms firmly tethered to her sides by her lasso. Holding the loose end, he leads her to a chair on a platform with scanning equipment and cameras. She sits awkwardly.

She surveys the cave, amused.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Is this your temple, Bat god?

Taciturn, he hands the keys to Alfred.

BATMAN
Shackle her up, since she won't shut up.

Batman proceeds to a large computer. Alfred humbly shuffles to the seated Amazon, and begins locking her restraints. She studies his elderly features with curiosity.

DIANA

How ancient are you, old man?

Alfred smiles, struck by her beauty.

ALFRED

Old enough to be your grandfather,
my lady.

She huffs.

DIANA

Are you the sire of this bat?

Alfred finishes the last shackle.

ALFRED

Sometimes, when he needs one, yes,
I am his father.

She huffs again, with real disdain.

DIANA

Where I come from, no one needs a
father.

Alfred rises; his gentle eyes meet her haughty gaze. With a compassionate tone, he responds.

ALFRED

That is most unfortunate, my dear.

Her defiant glare battles with his soft study. Neither wins, neither backs down. Their standoff is broken by a voice.

BATMAN

Alfred.

Alfred nods politely before he turns to join Batman who studies the bracelet etching image on screen.

ALFRED

Ah, yes. I did find something
fascinating. Such marvelous
literary treasures we've kept.

He leads Batman further into the cave to a table where a large, weathered book lays.

Alfred opens the heavy pages to a bookmarked passage with an illustration of the icon at the top. The text beneath the picture is in Greek. Alfred dons his glasses.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
The ancient symbol for misanthropy.
Hatred of mankind.

Batman studies the Greek for himself. He points to some symbols.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Correction, Alfred. This word here
has a more specific meaning than
mankind. More accurately, it means
man. Misandry as opposed to
misanthropy.

The two men look at each other with the heavy import.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
She hates men?

Batman's eyes speak volumes.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Well that does make perfect sense,
sir.

He heaves the pages to another marked passage, then reads.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Legend has it that Athena, the
goddess of wisdom and military
strategy, released a fierce tribe
of women called the Amazons from
the servitude of the Greeks and
imbued them with her strengths. In
exchange, she asked them to take an
oath to never bow down or
relinquish control to any man. If
a man happens to subdue and make
captive, whether with chains, rope,
or other impalement, one such
Amazon will immediately lose her
divinely appointed strength.

The two men look at each other with silent understanding.
Alfred continues.

ALFRED (CONT'D)
But woe to the captor if she is
released, for her fury will
increase her power tenfold.
(MORE)

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Such amplification of strength has
no earthly match.

He stops reading. They slowly look over their shoulders to
the seated Amazon across the darkness.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL AIR FORCE BASE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Steve Trevor reclines in an easy chair, his feet on the large
table.

STEVE

She's probably the most beautiful
female I've ever seen in my entire
globe-trotting, country-hopping,
lady-loving life. Quite the
specimen, that's for sure.

He pulls his feet off the table and leans forward, gathering
his thoughts for something more measured and confessional.

STEVE (CONT'D)

She wants you to believe she's
tough stuff. You know, no
emotional talk or coming on to a
uniformed officer. Stuff I'm used
to seeing and hearing from women
all the time.

Seated on the table across from Steve is Superman, taking it
all in with earnest attention.

SUPERMAN

Of course.

STEVE

And for the most part, it's true.
She's fearless, and not the
talkative type, which makes her
hard to read. That just drives me
nuts!

Superman nods sympathetically.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Have you ever known a woman who
doesn't like to talk?

Superman smiles with agreement. Steve resumes his
introspection.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But for all her butch bravado, I think I got her figured out. She's a true woman after all, defending her nest. The tough-guy demeanor: it's what you'd expect from a female defending her family and home.

SUPERMAN

So this family nest you're referring to, you said it's only women?

Steve's face crinkles with a devilish grin.

STEVE

All women, Superman. All women.

Superman dwells on this thought, intrigued.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I mean, you'd think the least they'd want with me is to mate. Right? I mean, wouldn't you...

The statement shifts Superman's calm focus to the cocky airman.

STEVE (CONT'D)

... think?

SUPERMAN

I'm sure they're kicking themselves at the lost opportunity.

He slides off the table and strolls the room, thinking.

SUPERMAN (CONT'D)

A tribe of women on an unmapped island. No modern conveniences. No men. No children.

STEVE

There's something there on the island, some kind of radiation or energy field that protects them. I didn't even know they were there until I passed right through it. That's one modern convenience that we don't have. It surpasses any cloaking tech we've developed.

SUPERMAN

And then uses that same technology to wage a one-woman attack at the White House. Nobody knew it was coming. Nobody. We still don't know just what she's quite capable of.

Steve studies Superman's serious demeanor.

STEVE

Look, I know it seems like she's made from granite, and she's a threat and all that. I get it. But I think we should give her the benefit of the doubt, treat her like a lady. If we listen to her concerns, she just might drop her grudge. Maybe even join your team.

Superman raises a skeptical eyebrow.

SUPERMAN

Benefit of the doubt, huh?

STEVE

She could've killed me any time, Superman.

Superman looks out the window on to the expansive base as he mutters to himself.

SUPERMAN

Treat her like a lady, huh?

INT. BATCAVE - DAY

Alfred sits in a chair next to Diana. Batman unspools several coils of her lasso and wraps them loosely around the hapless butler.

ALFRED

Promise to compensate me well if things go wrong, sir.

The caped crusader rises, taking a last look at his boy scout knots. He holds the end of the lasso.

BATMAN

You're making history, Alfred. You of all people should take great pride in that.

Content, he turns and strides to the computer. Alfred frowns at his predicament.

ALFRED
Remind me how this is a part of
making history.

Diana observes the two men with mild disdain.

BATMAN
What are your names?

A pulsing glow travels the length of rope from Batman's fist, infusing Alfred with its effects. It continues on to Diana where it quietly subsides, only the smallest fizzle on contact. Immune to the rope's hypnotic powers, she plays along.

Alfred speaks as though cattle-prodded.

ALFRED
I am Alfred Pennyworth.

The Amazon speaks calmly.

DIANA
My name is Diana.

BATMAN
Where are you from?

ALFRED
I am from Buckinghamshire, England.

DIANA
Themyscira.

Batman hits a computer key and begins an infrared scan of his subjects. On screen, their heat images reflect a vital difference. Alfred has normal orange and yellow vibrancies, while Diana's are interspersed with a myriad of green sparkles.

BATMAN
Tell me something you don't want me
to know.

He watches the infrared images as they respond.

ALFRED
I'm terribly sorry, sir. Those
boxer briefs I bought you last
week, they were on sa--

BATMAN

That'll be enough, Alfred.

Alfred's image glows brighter as the lasso conveys the question's pulse to his body. Diana's remains unchanged.

DIANA

I'm having the time of my life.

He turns from his subjects and fully engages the computer. Looking at the infrared images, he hits REWIND, and the impulses from the last question slowly reverse. He hits PLAY, and focuses on the dying impulse on Diana's form.

On the platform, Diana discreetly puts her hand on the lasso and grabs it, her eyes on Alfred. With a hushed voice, she addresses the butler.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Release my bonds.

BATMAN

Studies the images, fixated on the glimmering green lights in Diana's body. He leans over to glance at the platform: Alfred sits alone. Startled, he turns to find himself face to face with a jaw-clenching, pissed off Amazon.

She presses her nose to his cowl.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Where IS HE?

EXT. DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Clark walks amid the throngs of pedestrians on the busy, pristine sidewalk. He reaches a high rise condominium and enters the lobby.

INT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM - CONTINUOUS

Elevator doors open on the 22nd floor and Clark exits, loosening his top collar. He stops to unlock a door and enters

HIS APARTMENT

A spacious, clean dwelling with a contemporary feel. As he unbuttons his cuffs, a faint THUD and tremor rock the building. He stops to listen.

He goes to the window and looks up at the roof. Then down at the busy sidewalks. Nothing unusual. Uneasy, he strides to the front door and STREAKS at superspeed

DOWN THE HALLWAY...

DOWN THE STAIRS...

EXT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM - CONTINUOUS

A blurred streak arrives outside the lobby doors. It's Clark, and he looks in every direction.

EXT. HIGH RISE CONDOMINIUM- ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Diana peers over the ledge.

CLARK

Stands alone, sensing something.

WHAM!

Diana lands on him with crushing force, burying him knee-deep in the pavement. She leaps back to the curb, nostrils flaring.

DIANA

This is how we r-r-r-rumble!

Clark follows in crumpled form, brushing himself off. Both size each other up, shocked and annoyed.

CLARK

I'm guessing you've got a bone to pi--

WHOMP!

Diana's fist makes blinding contact with Clark's chin. He is propelled upward like a rocket, disappearing into the night sky. Pedestrians gawk at the spectacle with fear in their eyes.

One FRUMPY WOMAN shrieks with enthusiasm.

FRUMPY WOMAN

You go, sister!

An IRATE MAN huffs in response.

IRATE MAN

You can't do that! Who gives you
the right to do that?

Diana bristles at the sound of the man's voice. Her eyes glisten with sadistic delight as she turns to the middle-aged gentleman, amused by his challenge.

DIANA

Oh I have every right.

She takes a step towards him and is stopped by an enormous boulder -- WHOMP! -- that lands in front of her.

A hovering, caped Superman watches her from above.

SUPERMAN

If you have a score to settle, you
can deal with me.

Diana removes her tiara and flings it like a heavy frisbee. It speeds towards Superman and misses him by a hair as he dodges. It veers sharply away and out of sight.

SUPERMAN (CONT'D)

Uh, you missed.

They size each other up again as a smirk appears on her face.

SUPERMAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps a bit more practice?
Although I thought you Greeks
invented the discu--

The tiara returns and hits Superman hard on the back of the cranium.

WHACK!

DIANA

No.

He plummets to the ground.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I don't miss.

She towers over him as he looks up.

DIANA (CONT'D)

And I don't need practice.

She grabs him by the throat and lifts him high, squeezing so tightly, his eyes bulge.

His hand grabs her strong neck and squeezes her throat: her face turns beet-red with strain. Their superhuman standoff continues for several grunting seconds, neither one weakening.

Superman grabs her fist with his free hand and pries it off his neck, twisting her wrist back like a judo move. She winces with pain and responds with a robust head butt to his face.

He snorts with frustration.

He punches. She blocks with her bracelets. CLANK!

He withdraws his aching fist; she wastes no time. Her raised fists turn into a salvo of fast jabs. Pummeled backwards, Superman shakes his face and decides quickly. His eyes glow red as he employs a beam of HEAT VISION towards his aggressor.

She deflects the beams with her bracelets. The beam ricochets across the busy street and up the hill where it sears through the shell of an industrial truck and fries the hand brake. The parked vehicle is now a puppet of gravity.

Superman looks briefly away to see the beam's damage: an Amazon warrior's dream opportunity. She winds up and punches hard. Superman is sent through 4 walls of the opposing office building.

From up the street, a panicked yell.

WOMAN BYSTANDER (O.S.)

Help! She's going to get hit!
Help!

Diana instinctively responds to a female cry and turns to the melee. An elderly woman with a walker is caught like a deer in the headlights on a crosswalk as the truck rumbles down the street towards her.

Diana breaks into a sprint, deftly grabbing her grounded tiara en route to the commotion. Like a mutant gazelle, she leaps and soars over 6 cars, landing in the path of the approaching truck.

A fearless glint in her eye, she leans towards the truck at the last second, arms outstretched. The huge vehicle crumples like an accordion on contact with the immovable, unharmed Amazon.

The SCREAMING WOMAN BYSTANDER rushes into the crosswalk after the debris settles to aide the frightened senior. The gathering crowd warms to the sight of Diana as heroine... until the familiar voice of her detractor raises again.

IRATE MAN

You can't do that! You can't come here and attack Superman and put everybody else in danger like that! What's wrong with you? Who ARE you?

He turns to the crowd.

IRATE MAN (CONT'D)

Who is this crazy lady?

The crowd is indecisive.

IRATE MAN (CONT'D)

She should be locked up with all the other nut cases, teach her a lesson!

Diana's eyes flicker with murderous thoughts. She turns to the pesky man and radiates anger with each proceeding step.

DIANA

Let me be the one to teach YOU a lesson.

The man stands his ground, despite the growing fear on his face. As soon as she is within spitting distance, a colorful blur streaks between them.

ZIP!

The man is airborne, safe in the arms of the skyward Superman. Diana unfurls her lasso and grabs Superman's ankle, jerking him back to earth. The two men hit the ground in a heap. Visibly angry, Superman swings his lassoed leg in an arc, effectively flinging the Amazon into the distant park sculpture.

Released from the lasso, Superman soars once again upward with the irate man as Diana gathers herself from the rubble.

EXT. SKY ABOVE METROPOLIS - NIGHT

The Batjet soars just below the clouds over downtown.

SUPERMAN

Makes a beeline for the aircraft and enters the open rear hatch.

INT. BATJET - CONTINUOUS

Superman eases his human cargo onto the floor of the cabin.

BATMAN
I'm guessing she found you.

Superman rubs his aching jaw.

SUPERMAN
Charming lady.

IRATE MAN
That ain't no lady.

BATMAN
I wonder too, about this woman.

SUPERMAN
She is a wonder, that's for sure.

Batman lifts the jet's nose upward as it permeates the thick clouds.

BATMAN
I did some more scans. There's something you need to know. She's like you. Her form and physiology are human, but her composition is different. Humans have eleven common elements in their bodies. She has an extra one, as you do.

The Batjet exits the clouds and zooms above the serene white layer.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
It's an unidentifiable mineral.

SUPERMAN
Are you trying to tell me she has a healthy diet?

BATMAN
No. These are trace elements of something that contains radiation. In her tissues and skeletal frame.

Superman raises an eyebrow.

BATMAN (CONT'D)

Her rope and tiara are made from the same thing. Like you, if she can manipulate the radiation levels within her body and gain full control, she could conceivably...

Batman can't finish his words. The cabin falls silent as the three stunned men see

DIANA

Hovering above the clouds ahead of them.

SUPERMAN

... fly.

The menacing Amazon levitates directly in their path.

BATMAN

Oh shit.

He nosedives the jet into the clouds. Diana lassoes the tailfin and hangs on. Tethered to the zooming jet, she pulls herself down the rope. Reaching the jet, she claws her way to the hatch and enters.

All three passengers are surprised and tense.

DIANA

You think I can't take three of you?

Batman throws netted bolo ropes. She deftly catches them and throws them back. He falls to the floor ensnared in his own trap. She glares at Superman and Irate Man.

SUPERMAN

Just tell me what you want.

DIANA

Your beating heart on a platter.

SUPERMAN

Truth be told, I've already given my heart to another.

Batman rolls his eyes. Her reaction is pure disgust. Batman stealthily taps the controls: the plane swoops, they all fall.

Irate Man plummets from the jet. Superman soars after him.

IN A FREE FALL

Irate Man yells in terror. Superman catches him and flies him to solid ground, then soars upward to the descending Batjet. He intercepts the aircraft and brings it to a jarring touchdown on earth.

He opens the main hatch. The cabin is empty.

EXT. SKY ABOVE GOTHAM CITY - DAYBREAK

Diana flies over the rural outskirts. Batman lies strapped on her back by the lasso, still cocooned in his net. She spies a large lake below, teeming with fish.

She loosens the lasso around their waists. Batman plummets, but she catches and holds him. She pulls the net from his body, while looking into his eyes. His gaze is without fear, and she almost seems impressed.

DIANA

Can this bat fly?

With more rope length between them but still tethered at the waist, she drops him. He now flies beneath her, his great cape in full sail.

With net in hand, she descends to the lake. Batman hits the water first, slowing her down just enough to scoop up a dozen fish. Mission accomplished, she rises again to the clouds.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

Diana descends with Batman suspended beneath her and fish in hand. They touch down amidst thick pine trees that block the rising sun rays.

She releases the rope and coils it to her side as Batman surveys the terrain.

DIANA

Do bats eat fish?

She digs a shallow hole in the ground with her hands. Batman gathers tinder, places it on the pit, then resumes to gather dead branches. Diana takes a firm twig from the tinder and spears several fish through.

Batman returns with fire wood. They both crouch down to start a boy scout fire. It's a tie, both blowing on small flames from opposite sides of the wood pile.

Batman sinks three tall forked branches into the ground around the fire. Diana watches him calmly.

Taking the net of fish, he stretches it between the three branch poles, affixing it firmly to each one.

BATMAN
It's non-flammable.

She tosses her speared fish onto the "grilling" net and sits back. Batman sits across from her. She releases her hair from its ponytail ribbons and proceeds to finger comb her immense mane.

Batman focuses on the fire and fish, but can't help glancing at the stunning beauty before him. For the first time, she exudes a natural femininity in her reposed state.

He watches her gather her black tresses and re-tie them into a Grecian tail. All the while, she completely ignores her male companion.

MINUTES LATER

Diana and Batman feast on grilled fish. They eat in silence as Batman reaches and pulls his cowl back from his face. Diana notices, and stops eating.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
I am not a bat. I am a man.

She sizes up his features with a poker face, then resumes eating.

DIANA
I prefer the bat.

He studies her calmly.

BATMAN
You can't assign evil to one gender, and pin your hatred there. It is everywhere. In men. In women. You must learn to trust your instincts, and not just act on what you've been told.

She chews without looking at him.

DIANA
There is no such thing as an honorable man. Neither is there a man that can be trusted. Not now. Not ever.

He lets her enjoy her last word, and then:

BATMAN

There is none so blind as she who
will not see.

The Amazon looks at him in mid-chew, beyond indignant.

DIANA

Oh I see EVERYTHING, you arrogant
pig! I see someone who I can't
trust for a moment. I should kill
you so I can sleep. You wouldn't
be the first! But fortunately for
you, I'm not done with you yet.

She throws her fish into the fire and stands, lasso in hand. She ropes him with one fast move and pulls tight. His arms pressed against him, she drags the hapless hero to a large tree and ties him to the trunk.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Sleep.

Instantly Batman slumbers. Diana lies next to him on the grass against the trunk and settles down for sleep.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - AFTERNOON

Batman is still tied to the tree, slumbering. Diana enters the lake, naked.

Batman awakens and sees the stunning Amazon beauty bathe without shame or fear. He watches her display of graceful swimming and grooming of hair.

Refreshed, she saunters to her tunic and armour on a bush and gets dressed. She glances towards Batman and their eyes meet.

DIANA

Enjoy this moment. You won't
remember it when you're dead.

She studies his stoic demeanor.

DIANA (CONT'D)

But don't worry, I won't kill you
just yet.

Batman responds with barely concealed sarcasm.

BATMAN

I am deeply grateful.

She studies him again, trying to get a read on his mental and emotional state.

DIANA

You may serve a purpose for a while longer.

He says nothing in reply. She crouches beside him.

DIANA (CONT'D)

What were you thinking, hmm? Did you want to take a swim with a naked princess? Did you want to take advantage of a single, vulnerable girl, all alone here in the wilderness?

He stares calmly back at her. She grabs the end of the lasso.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I said DID YOU WANT TO SWIM WITH A NAKED PRINCESS!

The light pulses race down the length of lasso, compelling the caped crusader to spit forth his truth.

BATMAN

Yes! Yes I wanted to swim with you!

She stands up, haughty and repulsed.

DIANA

You are all pigs! All the same!

Her misandry reinvigorated, she revs her mental engines, scheming a plan.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You know where he is, don't you? Your leader...

The rope compels him again.

BATMAN

No I'm not sure where he is.

DIANA

Can you find out?

BATMAN

Yes.

DIANA

Then find out!

He puffs with exertion as he tries to resist the rope, but he loses. His fingers wiggle from beneath the rope.

BATMAN

You must release me first.

She withdraws the lasso. Freed, Batman stretches his shoulders and then extracts from beneath his cape a micro tablet computer. He takes a deep breath, then turns it on.

EXT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AF STATION - COLORADO SPRINGS - MORNING

Serene quiet blankets the picturesque base.

INT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AF STATION - COMMAND HQ - MORNING

President Martinson reclines at a desk in a room full of advisors and secret service. Close by his side, Agent Tillman leans on the desk. A tablet-size security phone rings on the desk. Tillman and the President look at each other. Tillman hands him the phone.

He swipes the screen. Batman's image appears corner to corner.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Batman! Are you all right?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

BATMAN

Yes sir. I'm fine. Actually, I'm checking in to make sure it's you who's okay.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Absolutely. Nothing to worry about Batman. As always, I'm in good hands.

He glances reassuringly at the ever-present Tillman.

BATMAN

Are you in a secured location, away from the White House, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Yes, my friend. I am at Cheyenne,
Mountain base. We are taking every
precaution with this new threat.
Hence, the temporary location.

Batman seems relieved.

BATMAN
Cheyenne Mountain, in Colorado...

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Yes, Batman. An excellent place.
Truly beautiful. You've got
clearance to come here if you so
desire.

BATMAN
Yes, thank you Mr. President.
Thank you. My first concern is
your welfare. Maybe a distant
third, my own recreation. I'll
keep the invitation open.

The president laughs at this rare display of Bat-humor.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
We had heard that your plane was
down, and you went missing.

BATMAN
I had to regroup, sir, after a
dangerous situation. I will send
for my plane as soon as possible.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
I'm looking forward to meeting with
you soon, Batman. We have much to
discuss about formalizing your
unique status with my
administration.

BATMAN
I understand. I'll be in touch.

END ON BATMAN

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

Diana towers over the crouching caped crusader who ends the
video call with a CLICK.

DIANA

You will take me there. How far?

BATMAN

On your back? Too long. Not that I dislike soaring through the sunny skies on your bum, but I do have a better idea.

He employs his tablet again, and taps on a jet plane icon. The screen is filled with the view from the empty pilot seat, and the navigational data in the margins.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MORNING

A military transport vehicle hauls ass down a long stretch of country road with the Bat Jet on the flat bed.

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

An ARMY CORPORAL has the wheel, his SERGEANT seated beside him. The Bat Jet's engines FIRE UP, startling the two soldiers.

ARMY CORPORAL

What the hell!

The plane lifts into the air and turns before the engines fire hard. It zooms out of sight.

The corporal and sergeant are confounded.

SERGEANT

I guess we should phone this in.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Batman leans against a tree, his cowl pulled back. He watches an impatient Diana throwing her tiara like a frisbee.

DIANA

You are stalling. I grow weary of waiting.

BATMAN

Patience, princess. It won't be long.

She catches her tiara with a snap, then turns to him with equal snap.

DIANA

Patience is a virtue much prized in
my land. Much prized, but seldom
found.

Batman/Bruce smirks at her admission of character flaw. She flings the tiara with incredible force. It spins out of sight. Batman/Bruce springs into action like an Olympic gymnast.

He back-handsprings and flips high, grabbing a horizontal tree branch like a high bar. He performs a giant swing, then flips high in the air just as the tiara returns. At his zenith, he catches the tiara with amazing precision, and completes his back flip to the ground.

Diana's lips betray the slightest amused smile. He hands her the tiara.

BATMAN

As a rule, good things come to
those who wait.

The sound of an airborne engine catches their attention; the Batjet descends and lands yards away. Mildly impressed, she dons her tiara and struts toward the plane.

INT. BATJET - CONTINUOUS

Batman/Bruce takes pilot seat. Diana sits beside him.

INT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AF STATION - COMMAND HQ- DAY

President Martinson sits at his desk where a computer screen turns on. A video conference begins with Steve Trevor.

STEVE

Good morning, Mr. President!

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

And good morning to you, Captain
Trevor.

Tillman observes the video exchange intently from the edge of the desk.

An awkward pause forces Steve to speak up.

STEVE

What can I do for you today, sir?

The president gestures with exasperation.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Quite honestly, Trevor, I'm just
looking for something, anything...
even if it's just a hunch, as to
what you think this warrior woman
might do next.

Steve looks stumped.

STEVE
I believe she's looking for you,
sir.

Tillman and Martinson exchange quick looks of concern.

STEVE (CONT'D)
But only a megalomaniac would
undertake such a thing. I... I
don't know just what she's capable
of, fully that is.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
It sounds like she's impressed you
nonetheless. You think she's got
some balls, so to speak?

STEVE
Well sir--

Tillman steps into frame and whispers into Martinson's ear.
Steve stops to allow this odd private conference to end.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Tell me Trevor, did you see the
insignia on the enemy jets you
engaged?

Steve tries not to show discomfort at the odd display of
Tillman pulling the president's puppet strings.

STEVE
I'm sorry sir, I did not. But they
were Russian-made. That much I
could tell.

A look of "ah ha!" illuminates Martinson's face, smirking
quickly towards Tillman.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Very interesting. Something the
Syrian Air Force is known to fly.

Another interruption. A wiry man in uniform, MASTER SERGEANT
LOHMAN enters the room.

LOHMAN

Excuse me Mr. President. An aircraft is approaching and has requested permission to land. It's Batman, sir.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Yes, of course! (back to Steve)
Thank you, Captain. Let's talk again. Right now, you are my only window into this woman's opaque soul.

STEVE

It would be a pleasure, sir.

The screen goes blank. Martinson leans back. Tillman bends over his shoulder and whispers into his ear. Martinson ruminates over his words, then leans forward, stoic and stern.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

You're right, Tillman. Let's give this gal a taste of her own medicine.

He picks up the phone.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON (CONT'D)

General, it's time to exercise a bit of maritime muscle. I know where the enemy home base is located.

INT. BATJET - DAY

Batman pilots the plane, Diana sits shotgun. A RED BUTTON BEEPS on the instrument panel.

He turns on the video feed. A satellite view of the Mediterranean Sea shows American military boats and aircraft moving towards the invisible Themyscira.

Batman points.

BATMAN

What is so interesting right there?

Diana figures out in one glance what's transpiring.

DIANA

Themyscira! Who ordered this?

BATMAN
We'll be at his doorstep very soon.

DIANA
What devilry is this?

BATMAN
Your home?

She glares at him.

DIANA
Yes, home.

BATMAN
So you're from here?

Another look of contempt.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Meaning earth.

DIANA
You thought I am from the moon?

BATMAN
Someplace different. Where they
make people like you.

DIANA
Yes, it is very different. It is
blessed from a time before this age
which is why we like to keep to
ourselves.

BATMAN
Clearly someone rewrote the house
rules.

DIANA
It was you and your heathen
brethren that trespassed first.
You left us no choice.

BATMAN
There is always a choice.

She glares hard at Batman.

DIANA
Yes, and I've made mine.

An awkward long silence and then:

DIANA (CONT'D)
If anyone should understand secrets
and privacy, it would be you.

He thinks on this and then:

BATMAN
I suppose you're right.

DIANA
I'm always right.

Batman discreetly reaches for a button under his seat and presses.

EXT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AF STATION - COLORADO- DAY

The batjet descends onto the small end of the tarmac. Six airmen approach the sleek aircraft.

FROM A DISTANCE

We see one airman after the other pummeled across the tarmac, landing in a heap opposite the jet.

UP CLOSE

Diana emerges from the jet, calm, focussed and fearless. Lassoed Batman follows in tow.

INT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AF STATION - COMMAND HQ - DAY

Tillman and the President look at a strategic navigational map on the computer: RED BLIPS converging upon the invisible target in the Mediterranean.

BOOM!

The double doors to the secured room fly off their hinges with violent force. Diana strides in, her eyes square on the President. Batman remains lassoed behind her.

Tillman and the President are stunned.

DIANA
Why did you mobilize your fleet?

Tillman whispers in Martinson's ear.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Let him speak for himself!

They fall silent.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Where are your ships going?

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Oh I think you know where they're going.

DIANA
How do you know such things? How could you know?

Tillman and the President can barely suppress smirks.

DIANA (CONT'D)
You know, I can make you tell me.

She tugs at her lasso; it lifts from Batman and snaps to her hand with baffling ease. She squints at Tillman.

POV DIANA:

Tillman's eyes have a faint ORANGE GLOW.

She scowls at the discovery.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Tell me who you are!

Tillman returns her scathing look before he takes Martinson by the shoulder and steers him towards a back door.

DIANA (CONT'D)
What corner of Hades have you come from, imposter!

Tillman stops again, his eyes GLOW even BRIGHTER ORANGE. His voice drips with malice.

TILLMAN
Watch your tongue, young woman.

Ready to tangle, she raises her lasso and spins: it finds Tillman and pulls tight.

ZOOM!

A colorful blur zips in the room. Superman comes to rest between the two parties.

SUPERMAN
Let them go.

DIANA

Stand aside! This does not concern you!

She pulls the rope and drags Tillman. Superman's arm stops him.

SUPERMAN

You are one persistent lady.

She tugs the lasso and it snaps free into the air, then back to her hand.

DIANA

Then to Hades for both of you!

She drops to one knee and slams the ground with her fist: a deep fissure opens up. Tillman and Superman fall in. Superman grabs Tillman by the wrist, but struggles to pull him up.

In the darkness, Tillman's eyes GLOW ORANGE as he grows increasingly heavy.

Batman seizes the opportunity. He aims his Batgun and shoots across the room. The window is blown out as the bewildered President stands rooted in fear. Within the same breath Batman streaks across the melee, grabs Martinson and jumps out the window.

Diana levitates and soars towards the broken window.

Superman heaves and tosses Tillman out of the chasm. As he travels upward, he MORPHS into the giant Ares.

Landing on his feet, Ares grabs Diana by the ankle and hurls her with brute force against the opposite wall. She slides down to her butt and then rises to face her new opponent.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Ares!

Superman flies out of the chasm and lands.

SUPERMAN

What on earth?

ARES

Is this better, Diana?

Superman gawks at the sight, and the mention of her name.

SUPERMAN

Diana?

She glares at Superman.

SUPERMAN (CONT'D)
You know him?

ARES
Oh she knows me very well. And I
am intimately acquainted with her
mother.

Diana snarls with anger.

DIANA
(to Superman)
You should leave now. If you were
smart.

SUPERMAN
Now that introductions are out of
the way I figured...

DIANA
You've been warned.

ARES
Why break up this party? Three is
so much better than two!

Diana charges Ares and they trade blows, matching each other
strength for strength. She has more finesse and thought in
her fight; he employs only full-throttle testosterone.

She lunges full force into Ares' abdomen like a linebacker.
He plummets into the chasm but stops his fall with all limbs,
grabbing the sides.

DIANA
There's something you seem to
forget, Ares. When I get angry, I
only get stronger!

ARES
As do I! You are just like me,
princess!

DIANA
Oh I am nothing like you, horse
filth!

He catapults onto Diana, grabs her by the throat, and
squeezes. She throws two punches: he catches each one,
grabbing her by each wrist and pulls. She resists,
determination on both their faces. As her arms start to
dislocate, she shrieks with pain and head-butts him. Hard.

He loosens his grip and she wastes no time. Dropping to the ground, her foot on his chest, she rolls back and throws him. He crashes into the wall, wrecking it.

Superman watches with wonderment and confusion.

SUPERMAN

Normally the enemy of my enemy is my friend. What is your beef with this guy?

DIANA

He's using your leaders to attack my homeland. My mother and sisters are unaware what's coming.

SUPERMAN

I will help you then. If this means your family is in jeopardy.

DIANA

Spare me your false concern. It always comes with a price.

Ares gets behind Diana and holds her wrist as he chokes her with his other arm. He releases her wrist and reaches for her lasso. The thought of being restrained enrages her to a new level of strength. She screams with anger and scorpion-kicks him in the testicles, then pulls down hard on his choke hold and throws him to the ground.

He jumps back to his feet. She handsprings onto his shoulders and gouges his eyes. He yowls with pain, and throws her like a ragdoll into Superman. They fall in a heap. She turns to the Kryptonian.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Choose your enemy, coward!

She sinks deep into a crouch, then springs forth with leonine ferocity, her thick mane in wild fullness. She hits Ares hard, torpedoing them both through the wall.

A split second later, Superman too. They pin him to the ground.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(to Superman)

Perfect, he's all yours!

She pulls away and flies out the window. Ares rolls and pins Superman beneath him.

EXT. CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AF STATION - CONTINUOUS

Diana soars over the spacious compound, searching. She spies the fleeing duo in a full run towards the tarmac. Swooping down, she grabs Martinson and wrenches him from Batman's hold.

Batman lassoes Diana's foot and tugs hard: they plummet to the ground. She growls with anger and leaps skyward with greater propulsion. Batman holds on as he is pulled into the air. He fires his dart gun at her. She hears the trigger and turns with lightning reflexes to swat the drug-tipped dart with her wrist.

She aims for the 3-story high flag pole and flies close to it, pulling the American flag off its clips. Batman hits the pole hard and releases his end of the rope. Clinging to the metal pole, he tries one last manoeuvre: he throws his bat-a-rang with incredible skill.

Diana hears it coming. She pulls her tiara off and sends it spinning. It careens against the incoming weapon and spins back to her outstretched hand as Batman's bat-shaped disc falls to earth.

She tightly wraps Martinson like a newborn in the flag and flies higher.

INSIDE

Ares beats Superman relentlessly. Grunting with strain beneath the war-loving god, Superman squints: HEAT VISION sears Ares square in the eyes. Howling in agony, he pulls one hand to his face.

OUTSIDE

Batman watches Ares runs blindly towards the forest, knocking over trees and stomping on boulders in a painful rage.

EXT. NEVADA, EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE, AREA 51 - AFTERNOON

Diana descends to the desert.

DIANA'S POV:

The invisible jet below.

EXT. AREA 51 WILDERNESS- CONTINUOUS

2 Air Force perimeter guards -- GUARD A and GUARD B -- cruise the grounds by jeep.

INT. AREA 51 CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Studious MASTER SERGEANT WHITMARSH observes security screens intently. One screen in particular draws his attention: a sky view of Diana and her hostage.

WHITMARSH
Tower to field. Does anyone see that?

EXT. AREA 51 WILDERNESS- CONTINUOUS

Guard A engages his radio.

GUARD A
See what?

INTERCUT RADIO DIALOGUE

WHITMARSH
Look up.

Guards A and B look up and stop the jeep, amazed. Diana flies overhead.

GUARD A
Affirmative, Tower. She's back.

Guard B aims his rifle.

WHITMARSH
Hold your fire! She's got a hostage.

Whitmarsh zooms in on the flying duo.

WHITMARSH (CONT'D)
She's got Martinson.

GUARD A
Martinson?

WHITMARSH
Affirmative. She's got the president! I repeat, hold your fire!

OUTSIDE

Diana begins her descent. Two jeeps of armed guards follow at top speed. She hones in on the invisible jet. The jeeps stop and the guards file out, weapons ready.

Feet planted on the ground, she holds the flag-wrapped president before her as a body shield. She shakes her fist defiantly, bracelet glimmering, as though taunting them to fire.

A TINY VOICE announces through each guard's wireless ear piece.

WHITMARSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do NOT engage! Negotiate, but do not engage.

Inching backwards, Diana's hand finds the jet's door hatch and opens it. Grabbing Martinson, she slides into the mysterious floating interior and closes the door.

In an instant they are gone. The guards exchange baffled glances and wait for something, anything...

VWOOM! They get something. The powerful thrusters of the jet demonstrate evidence of lift off in the dust cloud below.

IN THE TOWER

Whitmarsh employs infrared mode on his monitors. A faint heat trail streaks skyward. He reaches to pick up a red phone. Just then, Diana's voice comes through his radio.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - CONTINUOUS

Diana speaks into the cockpit radio.

DIANA
Before you get too clever and decide to follow me, let me remind you of something.

IN THE TOWER

Whitmarsh is stunned to hear her authoritative, cold voice.

DIANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This man means nothing to me. Make me angry, and I will drop his limp corpse from the sky like the human rubbish that he is.

WHITMARSH falls silent, in horror.

DIANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Have I made myself clear enough for your pathetic, mortal brain?

Whitmarsh reluctantly watches a fading heat signature trace across his monitor and sighs with frustration.

EXT. DAMASCUS, SYRIA -GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The building is surrounded by military forces.

INT. SYRIAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING - PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Syrian PRESIDENT HASAN confers with his ministers and military advisors. Pressed nearest to him is a solid framed man, mid-30s, with a scarred lip. This is AMIR, Hasan's aide.

They all look at a large video screen on the wall. Satellite images of the Mediterranean Sea and southern Europe come into focus. Hasan addresses the room. They speak in Arabic.

HASAN

Security agent Amir has returned
from the field and has much to tell
us!

Amir grabs a laser pointer and turns it on, then points at a spot off of Greece.

AMIR

It is here, Mr. President.

Hasan squints.

HASAN

What exactly is there?

AMIR

A land rich in resources, such that
you have never heard nor dreamed
of. Metals providing powers of
invisibility and cloaking,
invulnerability, possibly even
immortality.

HASAN

So you're telling me that this
empty space... is really an island?

AMIR

Trust me, it is there. It is there
for the taking. We can be the new
superpower.

(MORE)

AMIR (CONT'D)

The very technology that hides it
from your eyes is what can make us
the strongest. It is our right.

Hasan's face unfolds into a broad smile.

HASAN

Stronger than the Americans?

The scarred lip pulls back into an arrogant grin, and the
eyes betray a malevolent ORANGE TWINKLE.

AMIR

MUCH stronger, President Hasan.
They will bow at your feet.

HASAN

War with the United States...

AMIR

They know of this resource too.
They are in fact on the way there
very soon. If we get there first,
we can take the upper hand.

Hasan has totally bought into the dream now.

AMIR (CONT'D)

This is a new age, a new era. They
don't stand a chance.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - DAY

Diana flies the jet over the Atlantic ocean, just beneath a
cloud layer. Martinson is bound in the flag, fast asleep.

The video screen BUZZES with life as a familiar voice comes
through.

STEVE

Where are you going, Angel?

The visual image of his face appears on screen.

DIANA

You know where I'm going.

STEVE

I wish I was there to keep you
company.

DIANA

Call off the fleet.

STEVE
I can't do that.

DIANA
Who's in command?

STEVE
I believe he's with you.

She smirks.

DIANA
That's right, and he has something
to tell you.

She moves the President in frame.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Tell him.

Martinson inhales, somewhat conflicted, then speaks.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
I want you to call off the
invasion.

Steve is moved out of frame and replaced by General Johnson.

GENERAL JOHNSON
Mr. President, I have information
that you are under a type of direct
and immediate coercion. Is that
right, sir?

Martinson shifts uncomfortably in his seat. He looks
fearfully at Diana, then speaks to the camera.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Well as a matter of fact --

DIANA
Ok we'll play it your way then.
Say goodbye to your fleet, General.

She disconnects the feed just as Steve jumps in frame.

STEVE
Please, Angel! Don't --

FZZT!

She looks out the window and sees the American military sea
forces converging towards Themyscira, on the horizon.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA ISLAND - MINUTES LATER

Diana brings the plane to a perfect landing on a clearing near the beach and opens the hatch. She leaps out of the cockpit and soars skyward. She heads for the Montana, largest battleship on the horizon, magnificent cannons poised for action.

EXT. BATTLESHIP MONTANA - DAY

SEAMAN BARNEY stands duty on the main deck. With binoculars, he sees Diana approaching fast. He shouts to the deck above.

SEAMAN BARNEY

Incoming!

CAPTAIN FIORELLO, a strapping man of the sea, turns towards the announcement and employs his own binoculars.

CAPTAIN FIORELLO

Man your stations!

Cannons fire. From all directions. Dozens of boats behind the Montana follow suit. Diana deflects them all from mid-air.

She swats away some, catches others and drops them. She flies a beeline to the big cannon atop the Montana and smashes it with one blow of her fist.

As the armed men on deck turn to aim their guns, she raises her lasso and spins the loop: a small whirlwind whips across the deck, knocking over the navy men and causing confusion.

She turns to another cannon and bends it, then soars into the air, assessing her enemies. From behind her, a navy jet roars overhead. She watches as it zooms overhead, then turns back towards her.

She clenches her fists, ready to take on this new attack.

SSHHKOOM!

A missile hits her square in the back from behind. The stealthy second silver jet that fired the shot zooms by. Diana is now pinned against a speeding bomb headed straight for Themyscira.

She struggles to turn around, now pinned against the missile on her stomach. Overpowered by the thrust and velocity, she looks below. Gravity begins her downward arc, hundreds of yards offshore.

The missile drops her to the ocean where she plants her feet on the surface, skimming backwards all the way to shore. Still fighting the missile, she places her hands on the nose and pushes. Her strong legs dig into the ground as she slowly brings the trajectory to a stop.

Furious, she picks up the missile and throws it like a decathlete. It soars out of sight, towards the naval fleet.

KABOOM! A distant explosion and smoke announce its floating target strike.

ON THE MONTANA

The bewildered men rush to put out the flames.

She flies back into the air again, only to see a new sight: dozens of American battleships coming from the distant left and right. She is now surrounded, and growls in anger.

Her attention is pulled down directly below her. Just beneath the ocean surface, Poseidon looks up at her with his aged face.

DIANA

Poseidon!

POSEIDON

Diana, may I offer my assistance?

DIANA

Gladly, ancient one! Sweep this sea clean of these intruders!

He hesitates, then speaks.

POSEIDON

If I do this for you, princess, you will be in my debt. I will call in the payment and you cannot refuse me.

DIANA

It will be an honor to return the favor. You have my word!

She presses her wrist against her bosom as a gesture of promise.

He fades from view beneath the water. A faint surface ripple moves out to sea, reaching the injured fleet and moving on past.

Sailors and officers observe the mysterious ripple pass by and then...

A strange current pulls the boats away from Themyscera.

UNDERWATER

Poseidon floats in the watery depths, his great Trident extended forward. GLOWING PULSES on the Trident ripple inward, as though sucking the water.

ON THE BOATS

Men look over the sides to see the obvious backwards trend.

ON THE MONTANA

The Captain barks the order:

CAPTAIN FIORELLO
Balls to the wall! I repeat, balls
to the wall!

At the helm the HELMSMAN shouts back in a panic.

HELMSMAN
Hard rudder, Captain! No response!

Fiorello watches helplessly as they drift in reverse.

The entire armada is pulled into the strong current away from Themyscera.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Diana touches down to the delight of Hippolyta and hundreds of her Amazon sisters. She embraces her mother.

HIPPOLYTA
Daughter, it is good to have you
home.

DIANA
It is good to be home, Mother. I
have missed you.

HIPPOLYTA
Have you accomplished what you set
out to do?

DIANA

Not yet, Mother. I have enlisted
the aid of great Poseidon. We are
safe for now.

Hippolyta is not pleased to hear that news. She replies in
Greek.

HIPPOLYTA

Oh Diana, it is seldom wise to
solicit the gods. There is always--

The voice of Steve Trevor broadcasting from within the jet
interrupts their tete-a-tete.

STEVE

(O.S.)

Diana! Angel! Are you there?

She quickly enters

THE JET

And exchanges looks of disdain with Martinson, then hits the
video feed. Steve's distraught image appears.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Angel, listen to me. I know you're
doing what you have to do to
protect your family and your home.
I get it! I'm not blaming you for
anything. But there's something
you need to know. We are not the
only ones that pose a threat to
your lovely world. There are
others, and they are on their way
to you right now.

The video switches to images of Russian made jets flying in
pattern over open ocean. Diana studies them intently.

INT. SYRIAN JET A - DAY

The SYRIAN PILOT A flies in pattern with a dozen identical
jets flanking him. He engages his radio.

SYRIAN PILOT A

(Arabic)

The American cowards have
retreated. They fear us, as Agent
Amir predicted.

INT. SYRIAN JET B - CONTINUOUS

SYRIAN PILOT B responds to this announcement.

SYRIAN PILOT B
This should be very easy.

INT. INVISIBLE JET - CONTINUOUS

STEVE
These are the ones who shot me
down, princess. I don't know what
we've done now to provoke them, but
they are ticked off and on a
mission to your door. And since
you've sent our forces away, we can
do nothing to help you.

SCREAMS AND WHOOPS of Amazon battle calls reach her ears from
outside.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Angel, you are on your own!

Game face on, she darts

OUTSIDE

Where there's absolute mayhem. The enemy jets fly overhead,
while dozens of Syrian paratroopers descend upon the island.
The Amazons ready themselves with enthusiastic glee.

They immediately engage the hapless men in hand to hand
combat, easily deflecting all gunfire with their bracelets.
As the battle begins, Diana rushes back to the jet and shouts
at the video monitor:

DIANA
They'll wish the Sirens got them
when I'm through!

She turns the video feed off. Turning back to the battle,
she grabs a spear and begins to swiftly knock down the enemy.

ON THE BEACH

A paratrooper lands. His scarred lip pulls back into a
diabolical grin. He pulls off his helmet: it is Amir. He
quickly sheds his parachute and sizes up the battle before
him.

FROM ABOVE

Syrian jet fighters fire openly on the warrior women. Diana looks up, fury on her face, and leaps into the air in hot pursuit.

ON THE GROUND

The embattled Syrians rally and in unison perform the same act: each man pulls out a Taser gun and unloads. Taharin, Maria, and Helena get zapped first. They giggle, unfazed.

ON THE BEACH

Amir strides across the sand, swatting aside Amazons with ease. Lilia charges, teeth gnashing.

WHAM! She is knocked hundreds of yards into the ocean.

Each step he takes, he GROWS LARGER and heavier.

TAHARIN

Falls to the ground, spasming, 3 Taser lines attached to her convulsing body.

Maria follows suit. Then Helena. Each woman in full catatonic seizure with multiple Tasers keeping them at bay.

THOOM THOOM THOOM!

The untased Amazons turn towards the sound, each brandishing a weapon. Spears, crossbows, and swords held high, they fall to the wayside as Ares knocks them all down with a sweep of his enormous arms.

INT. THEMISCERA TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Hippolyta watches the fray from the portico. She sees Ares ascending the grounds towards her, and she braces herself for battle.

ARES

(Greek)

Hippolyta, fair Queen! Your lover
is here!

EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN - DAY

Superman soars at high speed over open ocean. Ahead of him, he sees the odd current pulling the enormous naval fleet backwards.

IN THE SKY BENEATH THE INVISIBLE FIELD

Diana floats teasingly as 2 Syrian fighter jets position themselves to take her down. The first speeds towards her, bullets firing. She dodges the bullets, then the jet, then charges straight for the second jet.

Without any fear, she raises her fist and plunges it straight into the pointed nose of the oncoming fighter.

KABOOM!

The jet explodes in a furious fireball. Diana is sent reeling through the air, uninjured but knocked sideways.

SUPERMAN

Hears the explosion, but sees nothing. He flies onward.

BZZT!

He is through the invisible field and sees all: Themyscira, Diana, the plummeting jet debris, and a zooming Syrian fighter jet in the distance.

Diana recovers from her freefall and sees Superman. Superman redirects straight for the enraged Amazon, both his fists stretched forward.

She rights herself and without hesitation grabs her tiara. She throws it with blinding force.

ZIP!

It spins directly over Superman's wrists, binding them together. He tries to break free but the metal won't bend.

DIANA

It is unbreakable, just like me.

Diana smirks. Superman increases his speed and piles directly into Diana with his locked wrists. She falls hard and fast into the ocean.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Steve Trevor's voice from the invisible jet:

STEVE (O.S.)

Mr. President, are you there? Can you answer me?

IN THE JET

The captive Martinson looks to the flight controls and the static-filled video screen.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
I'm here, I'm here!

STEVE (O.S.)
I can't get a visual, sir. Are you all right?

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
I'm okay, but I doubt for very long. It's mayhem.

STEVE (O.S.)
Help is on the way, sir. Just hold on. For now, I got you.

Martinson inhales a sigh of nervous relief.

INT. THEMYSYCERA TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Ares storms into the entry court. Nothing stirs. He strolls through the room, knowing his prey is nearby. He stops at the sight of the great statue of Athena across the room. His scarred lip curls curiously, and then he SPITS. A huge glob of Olympian saliva and mucous drips from the visage of the Amazon's patron goddess.

From seemingly nowhere, the furious Hippolyta sprints across the room and kicks him hard. He tips forward but catches himself, laughing.

HIPPOLYTA
(Greek)
You will pay for your disrespect, filth!

ARES
(Greek)
And just who will make me pay?

She slaps his face hard, her long nails leaving bloody claw gouges on his face. They vanish within seconds.

ARES (CONT'D)
(Greek)
You?

She grabs a nearby spear and twirls it without fear.

HIPPOLYTA
(Greek)
Yes, me!

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Diana streaks out of the water like a fresh missile to the hapless Kryptonian, struggling with the tiara in midair. She streaks past him, lassoing him as she goes by.

Dragging him in a blinding display of speed, she heaves him wide into the oncoming Syrian fighter jet. The pilot ejects, but the jet collides directly with Superman.

BOOM!

INT. THEMYSCLERA TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

Ares dodges Hippolyta's skillful spear jabs and swipes. She thrusts at his chest; he grabs the spear and pulls it hard. She flings into his arms, where he breathes lustfully into her face.

ARES
(Greek)
Ahh, Hippolyta, you make it look a little too easy. And I want you to know that it turns me on.

He rips her regal tunic into shreds, then pins her to the ground.

HIPPOLYTA
(Greek)
Get off of me, you disgusting pig!

ARES
(Greek)
Fickle woman! Your memory has as many holes as your dress! Let me remind you of the pleasures we've had.

HIPPOLYTA
(Greek)
Pleasures? Your pleasures are forcefully taken. I would rather die!

ARES

(Greek)

Careful what you wish for, fair
Queen! The god of war can easily
oblige.

She shrieks with anger.

IN THE OPEN SKIES OUTSIDE

Diana hears her mother, and turns from the collision fallout to beeline to the island. As she descends, a larger figure streaks by her, reaching the Temple with a loud THUD. It is the goddess Athena, and she is not happy.

Superman watches this curious sight, but then... hears something. His SUPERHEARING tunes in to the conversation from the invisible jet.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON (O.S.)

Remind me, Captain, to promote you
in rank as soon as this is all
over.

Superman turns his head to a clearing near the beach where his senses tell him the conversation takes place. Descending to

THE BEACH

he follows the conversation.

STEVE (O.S.)

Let's just get you home first, sir.
I'll give you about an hour and
then I'll remind you.

Superman sees the visible interior of the jet through the open hatch. And Martinson wrapped in the American flag. He rushes to him, and unwraps him from the flag.

SUPERMAN

President Martinson, I'm going to
take you home.

STEVE (O.S.)

Superman, is that you?

SUPERMAN

It's me, Captain Trevor. I've got
him, and I'm bringing him in.

STEVE (O.S.)

Thank God!

PRESIDENT MARTINSON
Yes, thank God!

Superman lifts Martinson from the cockpit and gingerly holds him before leaping skyward and out of sight.

EXT. THEMYSYCERA ISLAND - TEMPLE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Diana sprints towards the Temple. Syrian soldiers engage her in battle, one after the other.

IN THE TEMPLE

Ares lifts Hippolyta's torn tunic up her thigh as she roars her protest.

Without warning, Ares is lifted by the strong hand of Athena, who flips him onto his back. She spits generously on to his bewildered face.

ATHENA
(Greek)
Brother or not, how DARE you enter
my sacred place!

He foot sweeps her and she falls down on her back. He quickly hops up and drops himself on the goddess, wiggling himself between her legs.

ARES
(Greek)
I will enter anywhere and ANYONE I
please!

She smirks as she squeezes him hard with her thighs. His eyes begin to bug out, in clear pain.

ARES (CONT'D)
(Greek)
You are no match for me, sister!

She squeezes tighter. A loud SNAP as his hips fracture.

ARES (CONT'D)
AAAARRRGH!

She heaves him by his plated neck armor and throws him hard. His giant form is flung outside on to the Temple grounds. Athena glances at Hippolyta, exchanging a quick, soft look, and then rushes

OUTSIDE

Where she punches the rising war god hard in the abdomen. He is sent skipping across the ocean like a stone, just missing Diana as she runs towards the Temple.

She sees Athena, and drops to the ground, prostrate in worship.

ATHENA

Rise, Diana, and tend to your sisters.

Athena runs in pursuit of the distantly screaming Ares, over the surface of the ocean. Diana watches, and then hears a voice coming from the cockpit.

STEVE (O.S.)

Diana, princess? Are you there?
Please come talk to me.

Diana strides to the jet and enters

THE COCKPIT

DIANA

I am here.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION

STEVE

Angel, there's something that I want to say to you. I know you've just been betrayed again by more men. More intruders.

Diana listens intently.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I understand that you feel violated for the hundredth time, and I can't blame you. I want you to know that I don't blame you. I understand why you do the things that you do. Why you feel the way you feel. If I were you, I'd probably do the same thing, wage the same war.

Diana's regal demeanor shows no trace of sentimentality.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I wish I could speak with you in person. Talk to you, try to convince you that I'm not your enemy.

A necessary pause as they both try not to explore deeper feelings.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look, maybe I've gone soft lately, watched a little bit too much Oprah. But I do care about what you're thinking, how you're feeling.

Still no détente from the Amazon.

STEVE (CONT'D)

There's a place, in Albania. Not far from you. I will send you the coordinates. Meet me there at sunrise, tomorrow.

DIANA

If you bring your army, I will kill all of you.

STEVE

I promise Angel, no army. We will talk face to face.

She looks outside at her Amazon sisters as they round up the Syrian intruders in shackles and ropes.

DIANA

Okay.

END ON STEVE

He heaves a sigh of relief .

EXT. VUNO, ALBANIA - DAY

On a hillside outside this quaint village, Steve stands hand in hand with a little girl, his daughter VALENCIA, 7. The rustic beauty of the countryside holds their attention until something in the sky distracts them: Diana descending in a clean, fresh Grecian tunic.

STEVE

Angel!

Diana touches down with a stoic demeanor until she sees Valencia, and she visibly softens. Her eyes rest on the little girl, then glance back to the proud Steve, inquisitively.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'd like you to meet my other
angel, Valencia. Valencia, this is
a real princess. Her name is
Diana.

Valencia grins with enthusiasm, and curtsies.

VALENCIA

Nice to meet you, Princess Diana.

Diana can't help but smile with approval at the sight.

DIANA

She is your--

STEVE

Daughter. My seven year old
daughter.

VALENCIA

Are you a Mom?

Steve rubs her shoulder, embarrassed at her forthrightness.

STEVE

Sorry, she is just excited to meet
you. I think you remind her of...
her mother.

Steve looks away briefly. Diana catches the sadness in his
eyes.

VALENCIA

I don't have a Mom anymore.

STEVE

She... was a casualty in battle, a
few years ago.

Diana steps forward and gently caresses her face.

DIANA

You are very beautiful. Your
mother was very blessed to have
you.

Valencia gazes deeply into the Amazon's eyes, then smiles
broadly and takes her hand.

VALENCIA

I only remember a little, but she
was pretty, like you.

Diana looks awash in new emotions, and is lost for words. Steve takes Valencia's other hand and faces towards the village.

STEVE

Let's go for a walk.

They head down the trail towards the town. They take note of the many birds twittering along the path, the flowers in bloom, the butterflies.

OUTSKIRTS OF VUNO

As they saunter down the ancient cobblestone streets, they observe the villagers herding goats, selling their crafts and wares in the streets, children playing chase. Valencia looks at her father with imploring eyes.

VALENCIA

Daddy, I have to go.

He looks around at the humble shops and cafés, and nods towards a busy diner.

STEVE

Let's go in there.

Valencia lets go of Diana's hand with a smile.

VALENCIA

Please don't go. We'll be right back.

Diana smiles in return. Left alone, she observes the women hanging their laundry on the lines from their windows.

Suddenly from around the corner LOUD VOICES catch her attention. The clear sound of a CHILD'S WAIL is followed by a husky-voiced female shouting in Albanian.

Diana hurries to the corner and looks down the small side street at the source of the noise. A STOUT VILLAGE WOMAN holds a baking pin and shakes it at a cowering little boy, age 6, outside their apartment.

Diana rushes to the boy and picks him up, then turns to the woman.

DIANA

(Greek)

Relax.

STOUT ALBANIAN WOMAN

(Greek)

Take him! He's yours for the day!
Have him home before dinner!

She turns in an angry huff and enters the apartment. Diana is left holding the boy. The boy's charm is overwhelming as he smiles warmly at Diana, 12 inches from her face. Her resolve crumbles even further under the spell of such boyish innocence.

Steve and Valencia return with surprised looks on their faces.

STEVE

What have we here?

VALENCIA

Can we keep him?

Diana and Steve both laugh. Steve's eyes glisten at the sight of the relaxed Amazon, laughing for the first time.

EXT. VUNO, ALBANIA- VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Hand in hand, the foursome stroll to the fountain in the center of the plaza and sit. Diana pulls Valencia to her and begins to create a Grecian braid with her blonde hair. The little boy splashes fountain water on other village boys.

For the moment, they portray the look of family bliss. Steve ventures a difficult subject with Diana.

STEVE

So you see, Angel. Life is not
always a battle. It can be very
beautiful.

She gestures to the surroundings.

DIANA

This is not normal. As you know
too well, we must fight to protect
what is ours. Surely you are
reminded of that every day.

He looks at his daughter with love in his eyes.

STEVE

Yes of course, but that doesn't
mean I want to kill everyone else.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Life is about seeking to make friends, create families. We must choose our battles.

DIANA

I was born for battle. I was born FROM battle. I am not so stupid as to believe that everyone can be trusted. If I trust, my enemies win.

STEVE

But that's now how it works, Angel.

She stops braiding and turns to Steve, perturbed.

DIANA

Then how DOES it work?

They search each other's eyes for answers, and then Steve gently picks up her hand.

STEVE

By choosing tenderness first.

She lets him hold her for a moment, then pulls away. She stands, torn with new emotions.

DIANA

It is not the way. Not the Amazon way. Not my way. It cannot be.

She soars into the air and quickly out of sight. Valencia looks at her father, disappointed.

EXT. ATHENS, GREECE - DAY

Diana lands near the Parthenon and takes in the majestic views. A steady stream of tourists, mostly families, stroll up the pathways to the great temple. She studies the families as they laugh, hug, play and talk lively amongst themselves.

She watches a young couple walk hand in hand.

She studies a group of boys and girls running with excitement, chasing birds.

She looks down at the ground in deep thought, then back up at the crowds. The young couple exchange a kiss.

She can't bear it any longer and takes quick flight into the sky.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL AIR FORCE STATION, FLORIDA - DAY

Numerous aircraft and spacecraft dot the concrete landscape of this large military base.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL AF STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

General Johnson, Steve Trevor, Major Tanibi, Batman, Superman, President Martinson, and numerous CIA agents and ranked military personnel fill the room around a large table.

Written in large font on an overhead screen are the words JUSTICE LEAGUE INITIATIVE, with a schematic of a space station satellite.

General Johnson leads the discussion.

GENERAL JOHNSON

Project Watchtower is on track.
Our best projection points to 2020.
In the meantime, the Hall of
Justice will remain under
construction--

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

(interrupts)
At an undisclosed location.

GENERAL JOHNSON

For our select personnel. The
roster will be determined by the
beginning of the next election
year.

STEVE

Select personnel, meaning...?

GENERAL JOHNSON

That would be the Justice League.

Martinson gestures to Batman and Superman.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

A union of special forces, our best
defenders of the American public.
Our best defense is a good offense,
and we can't be caught unprepared
again. This recent event was
downright embarrassing, on an
international level.

As the president speaks, a commotion outside the great tinted windows draws everyone's attention: Diana strides from the invisible jet across the great expanse of landing strips. Dozens of armed men charge at her.

TANIBI

Excuse me, gentlemen! Outside!

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Oh no, her again?

STEVE

She's fine, she's fine. Please sir, tell the men to stand down!

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

They can stand down if she stands down.

Steve rises and leaves the room. Batman, Superman, and General Johnson follow suit.

OUTSIDE

The tense standoff-in-motion continues as the clash between forces approaches. Diana stops first, raises her hand in peace.

GENERAL JOHNSON

Stand down!

The Air Force men stop their advance. All eyes fall upon Diana's garb: she is dressed in a new tunic fashioned from the American Flag, form fitting and Grecian in style.

She gestures behind her.

DIANA

I have returned your machinery. It's yours. As you can see, or perhaps not, I've made some improvements.

In the distance across the tarmac, the barely visible jet interior can be seen through the invisible open hatch.

SUPERMAN

Have you come in peace, or for round two?

BATMAN

Round three.

Diana's regal composure mesmerizes the crowd of men as she speaks.

DIANA

I come in provisional peace. I have decided not to destroy the male species. I have chosen to give you a second chance.

Eyebrows are raised at her arrogance, but they remain silent. They know the threat of violence in her solitary form.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Yes, it is MY decision, not yours. If you truly want to make this world a better, safer place to live, I will support that ideal, and hold you to it.

GENERAL JOHNSON

We are honored by your trust in us.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Perhaps you could be a part of that ideal.

She studies them all intently, a portrait of intelligence and beauty.

DIANA

I am a defender of Themyscira, nothing more.

BATMAN

Times have changed. The world has gotten smaller. Perhaps you can be the defender of something more. The defender of women.

STEVE

And seven year old girls.

She softens ever so slightly at Steve's words.

DIANA

Just what do you propose?

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

If you are willing to wipe the slate clean, let bygones be bygones, we can share with you some ambitious plans.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT MARTINSON (CONT'D)

You'd work alongside our bravest
defenders, and you'd have to learn
to be tolerant of course, of our
primitive male species.

SUPERMAN

It's called the Justice League.
We're running a special this month.
Perhaps you'd like a trial
membership?

General Johnson casts Superman a nervous look at his
brashness and levity.

Her look becomes steely again. General Johnson bites his lip
in frustration.

Diana repeats the words.

DIANA

Justice League...

When suddenly an immense ROAR OF NATURE echoes across the
military grounds. Everyone turns towards the ocean hundreds
of yards away. What they see is nothing short of terrifying.

A wave, more like a wall, of ocean water rises from the
shore, skyscrapers high. Biblical in proportions, it holds
still, as though held back by an invisible dam.

Standing atop the crest of this mighty water tower is another
freak of nature: a muscular man with fish scaled legs and
fish gills on his ribs. His elbows feature piscine fins and
his long golden locks flow from his head with traces of green
kelp intertwined.

On his head, a small glittering crown. In his hand, a
glimmering golden trident. This is ORIN, and he points this
weapon down at the crowd of gawkers and onlookers.
Specifically at Diana.

PRESIDENT MARTINSON

Good God in Heaven, who the hell is
THAT?

Without taking his eyes off the freak of nature, Steve
mutters out loud.

STEVE

Angel, a friend of yours?

She doesn't answer. Her eyes glare ferociously at this male
intruder.

SUPERMAN

What do you want?

He answers with a strange aquatic vibrato, ominous in tone and commanding in volume.

ORIN

I am Orin, son of Poseidon. I have come to claim my bride.

SUPERMAN

Your BRIDE?

ORIN

My bride, Diana of Themyscera!

All eyes turn to Diana as her face turns to flint, eyes flashing green and gold.

FADE TO BLACK

(CONT'D)

