

Wonder Woman

By

Shannon Phillips

Wonder Woman created by William Moulton Marston

Wonder Woman and other characters and concepts in this script are the property of DC Comics. All original expression is (c) Shannon Phillips, 2009.

Shannon Phillips
930 Sutter #508
San Francisco, CA 94109
shannon@sonic.net
415-440-3196

INT. CITY BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

We come off the opening credits into a close-up of what look like ancient Greek symbols. As we pull back we see that we're actually looking at, of all things, a printed label on a plastic water bottle. It's "Olympic Snows" water and it has a Grecian motif to its packaging.

The water bottle is in the hands of GRACE CHOI, troubled teen. She's Asian/multiracial in background, with a punk-rock look including vividly colored hair and tribal tattoos. She's slouched low in a chair, her combat boots propped up on a desk. We're in an office, and not a fancy one: just some piece of low-level civic bureaucracy. Grace's SOCIAL WORKER is sitting behind the desk, trying to deal patiently with this prickly and abrasive girl.

SOCIAL WORKER

Grace, I'm concerned about your attendance. Your records show that your grades have been slipping.

Grace toys with the water bottle as she speaks (but not yet touching the cap).

GRACE

Lady, there's nothing for me left to learn. I've been in and out of foster care since I was five. I've seen it all.

SOCIAL WORKER

I get that you're frustrated. But you need that diploma, Grace. You need that slip of paper in order to have the freedom to make your life what you want it to be. And that means working with the system.

GRACE

I work better on my own.

SOCIAL WORKER

You know, I've seen a lot of girls just like you--

GRACE

(interrupting)

Not just like me! Nobody's like me! I--shit, I know it sounds stupid. But I'm different. I really am. My mom knew it and it scared her. It scared her boyfriends more. And

(MORE)

GRACE (cont'd)
they know it at school. I don't
belong there. I'm not one of them.

SOCIAL WORKER
Everybody's a special snowflake.

GRACE
Screw you.

She punctuates her epithet by forcefully unscrewing the cap to the water bottle. And as she does so we zoom in close, close enough to see that more symbols are etched, almost invisibly, into the plastic of the cap. But as Grace's fingers close over them, they flare with red light.

Back on Grace and the social worker, neither have noticed anything unusual. Grace takes a long drink of water as the social worker says:

SOCIAL WORKER
Yes, I'm seeing notes here about
your attitude. You need to let
people help you sometimes, Grace.

GRACE
I can help myself.

Just then: a FIRE ALARM starts ringing outside the office. Grace and the social worker exchange startled looks.

SOCIAL WORKER
All right, I guess we'd better
continue this at our next
appointment. You WILL make it to
our next appointment, won't you,
Grace?

GRACE
(shrugs)
Sure.

Grace picks up her bag as the social worker starts to gather her things. Then, from outside the office: SCREAMS.

SOCIAL WORKER
What on earth...

The social worker strides to the door, flings it open. But the hallway beyond is shrouded in smoke.

SOCIAL WORKER
Holy--Grace, come on!

GRACE
Right behind you.

HALLWAY

Grace and the social worker emerge into the hallway, holding their arms over their mouths but still coughing a little with the smoke.

They start down the hall, Grace lagging a little bit behind--but then, emerging from the smoke, a monstrous form!

It's a salamander--a creature out of Greek legend that looks like a lizard-man, wreathed in living flame. The social worker SCREAMS as the salamander attacks her. Grace, panicking, runs in the other direction.

INT. AMAZON PALACE - SCRYING ROOM - DAY

We're still looking at Grace, running for her life through the smoke and fire, but now suddenly we're seeing the scene through the ripples of water.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, is leaning over her scrying pool and intently watching the scene playing out in the water. Then the smoke obscures the scene and the pool goes dark.

Hippolyta, upset, takes a minute to compose herself, and we can take in her and her surroundings.

Everything is white marble, hushed and solemn, shadowed with the weight of uncounted centuries. Hippolyta is a mature woman of serene confidence and ageless beauty, wearing a long toga and jewelry of ancient style. She is attended by a HANDMAIDEN who watches her queen anxiously.

HIPPOLYTA
Summon the princess.

As she speaks, a SUBTITLE tells us: TRANSLATED FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK

HANDMAIDEN
At once, my queen.

The handmaiden turns on her sandaled foot and runs out of the room.

PALACE HALLS

We follow the handmaiden as she runs through the palace, and now we can see that this building is actually an eerie blend of Grecian grandeur and advanced technology. There are the white marble columns and classical proportions of architecture, but the torchieres are electric, and here and there we may even see computer screens set into the walls.

EXT. PALACE - DAY

As the handmaiden emerges onto the portico of the palace we see the city laid out in all its glory: Themyscira, "Paradise Island," made up of shining temples, statuary, fountains, parks, and colonnades, all spilling down the mountainside in carefully-designed balance with the natural surroundings, which are lush and green.

At the base of the city are beaches, and the crystal-blue waters of the Mediterranean. Something down there--a flash of metal?--catches the handmaiden's eye, and she sets off running again.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA BEACH - DAY

And now, we're in the middle of a war. Everything is color and noise, a blur of motion and yelling voices.

We catch glimpses of antique burnished armor, spears thrusting, human mouths snarling incoherent challenges.

We're down on that sun-drenched beach, and six WARRIORS (female, but that's not obvious at first) in golden Roman-style armor, wearing plumed helmets and brandishing spears and shields, are brawling with one unarmed girl in a short toga.

But the unarmed girl is winning.

This is DIANA, Wonder Woman, princess of the Amazons, so let's take a moment to appreciate her. She's got a lot of pretty jewelry (silver bracers and gold tiara, maybe a snake-style armband or a jeweled choker, that sort of thing). She is stronger and faster than any ordinary mortal. She has spent her entire life training in all the arts of battle. She is something pure and primal, absolutely fearless, and she fights with all the savagery of the Bronze Age.

As soon as one of the warriors lunges for her, Diana takes them down, quickly and viciously.

Two of the guards try to double-team her but she's way ahead of them. She uses her silver bracers to deflect their spears, and her impossible speed and strength to lay them out on the sand.

She fights with a combination of straightforward brawler's tactics -- smashing punches, headbutts -- and more sophisticated martial-arts moves. As the last three guards come at her she slams them each down with "that's gotta hurt" force, and we see that she's grinning, clearly enjoying the fight.

DIANA

Hyaa!

Just then, the handmaiden comes running up.

HANDMAIDEN

(breathless)

Princess!

Diana's attention snaps over.

HANDMAIDEN

Queen Hippolyta has seen something in the scrying pool. She asked for you.

DIANA

Then I'll go.

But not before she reaches down to help up one of the fallen guards. The others are picking themselves up as well, none of them seriously hurt.

DIANA

(to guards)

Thank you for the challenge, my friends. Well fought.

FIRST GUARD

None can stand against you, Princess.

SECOND GUARD

You're the pride of the Amazons. We've taught you all we can.

DIANA

I hope not. I'd hate to think of the days stretching out, all empty, nothing left to test myself against.

She shakes her hair back from her face.

DIANA

You know I've spent my entire life training for a war that never comes.

HANDMAIDEN

Don't ask for trouble, princess. The gods are always listening.

DIANA

Are they? I've never seen any sign of them.

The handmaiden looks shocked.

FIRST GUARD

Don't worry, Clio. She's not a heretic, she's just young. I remember what it was like to be young.

SECOND GUARD

Do you really? It was so long ago. I've forgotten.

HANDMAIDEN

But Diana, you yourself are proof of the gods' grace. The only child born to the Amazons in three thousand years!

DIANA

I know. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you. Come, we shouldn't keep my mother waiting.

INT. AMAZON PALACE - SCRYING ROOM - DAY

Hippolyta turns as Diana and the handmaiden enter. Diana and the queen embrace.

HIPPOLYTA

My dear daughter.

DIANA

What is it, Mother? You look upset.

Hippolyta holds her daughter by the shoulders.

HIPPOLYTA

It's the scrying pool. It's showing me things--troubling things from the outside world.

DIANA

What can trouble us here?
Themyscira lies outside time,
protected.

HIPPOLYTA

But time continues without us.

The queen turns away, drifting back to the side of the pool, which now is dark. She dips her fingers in the water as she asks:

HIPPOLYTA

Do you know your history, Diana?
Have you been taught the story of
Antiope--my sister?

DIANA

She...she died, three thousand
years ago. She left Themyscira,
with her splinter group of Amazons.

HIPPOLYTA

The Bana. They called themselves
the Bana.

DIANA

Yes. The Bana refused to be cut off
from the world of men. So they left
the island, gave up their
immortality, and were lost. They
would have all died long ago.

HIPPOLYTA

Long ago. Long before you were
born. So tell me, Diana: why is the
scrying pool showing me Amazon
girls in the world of men?

DIANA

Amazons? Are you certain?

HIPPOLYTA

I can tell. You could, too, if you
looked them in the eyes; you would
recognize the Amazon spark. They
must be the descendants of my
sister and her followers. I thought

(MORE)

HIPPOLYTA (cont'd)
 there were none left...and they
 have forgotten, they do not know
 their own abilities. But they are
 Amazons. And they are dying.

DIANA
 Dying!

HIPPOLYTA
 Something is hunting them, Diana.

At this point in the conversation Diana and her mother are coming to the same understanding: but Diana with excitement, and Hippolyta with reluctance and sorrow.

DIANA
 That's why you called me. Because
 there's danger--danger to
 Amazons--in Man's World.

HIPPOLYTA
 And because you are our champion,
 created by the gods to defend the
 Amazons. Yes.

DIANA
 Do you mean--can you really
 mean--that I should go--there?

HIPPOLYTA
 Oh Diana. I wish at this moment I
 was only a mother, because my heart
 would tell you: No. Do not leave
 us, do not go alone into terrible
 danger. But I am not only a mother.
 I am a queen.

Diana drops to her knees.

DIANA
 You are my queen. And I tell you
 not as your daughter, but as an
 Amazon: I am ready. I have trained
 for this day all my life. I am
 ready.

Hippolyta places her hands on her daughter's head.

HIPPOLYTA
 The way is very long, my child. And
 you will find the world of men very
 strange. And very dangerous.

DIANA

I'm not afraid. Tell me how to get there?

HIPPOLYTA

Are you sure? Diana, are you certain? There are others I could send--

DIANA

I'm stronger than any other warrior in Themyscira, you know that. Mother, please. I was made for this.

Hippolyta looks away, struggling with tears.

HIPPOLYTA

(regaining herself)

I know. You're also our strongest swimmer. You'll need to be, for you must strike out into the open ocean, until you cross over into the world of men. They have many ships that cross the ocean...it should be easy for you to board one and conceal yourself there, if you use stealth. There are--Diana, there are so many dangers.

DIANA

I am your weapon, forged in the fires of the gods. I will not fail you.

Hippolyta sinks down, kneeling beside her daughter, and the two embrace fiercely. Finally the queen pulls away to look her daughter in the eyes, her hands resting on Diana's shoulders.

HIPPOLYTA

(unhappy, but resolute)

Then go. Find the lost Amazons. And bring them home.

INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SANDSMARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Back in the modern world, we're about to meet two new characters. The scene is an archaeologist's office: desk heaped with papers, diplomas and bookshelves lining the walls, masks and pots sitting on shelves and in corners.

The office belongs to DR. HELENA SANDSMARK, Near Eastern archaeologist of stellar repute. In comic books Helena Sandsmark is the mother of Wonder Girl: although the character of Wonder Girl does not appear in this film, she could figure in a sequel. In any case, Helena Sandsmark should radiate confidence and intelligence. She is a mature woman, advanced in her career, possessed of beauty, poise, and knowledge. One might, for example, imagine her played by Lynda Carter.

The second figure in the office is a younger man who will quickly become important to our story. TOM TRESSER, code-name Nemesis, is an elite agent for a secret department within the Pentagon responsible for investigating and countering super-powered threats.

In comics Tresser is portrayed as blond and craggy, with plenty of boyish charm. But his roguish banter masks a harder truth: he's seen too much, killed too many times, become colder inside than he ever thought to be.

A minor point that will have import later: Tresser is wearing a high-necked sweater. (Perhaps, as in the comics, a black military-style turtleneck sweater, over which he wears his gun in a shoulder holster).

Agent Tresser and Helena are bantering, with an easy flirtatiousness that indicates their association goes pretty far back. Helena is holding a clay oil lamp that looks very old.

HELENA

Where did you get this, Agent Tresser? It's exquisite.

TRESSER

You know I can't answer questions about the retrieval, Dr. Sandsmark. But you can assume that it was incredibly dangerous and dashing.

HELENA

Mm-hmm. And was it incredibly illegal?

TRESSER

I work for the government, Doc.

She gives him a level look over the top of her glasses.

HELENA

I'm speaking of international law, Agent Tresser.

TRESSER

What's that?

HELENA

Mmm.

She turns the lamp over in her hands.

HELENA

In any case, as I said, it's an amazing piece. I assume your people have checked it for...unusual properties?

TRESSER

It doesn't seem to go bump in the night. But our target was using it for some hoodoo stuff that definitely wasn't imaginary. And that's enough questions, Mata Hari. Tell me about the piece.

HELENA

Well, it's a lamp. The oil lamp was invented in the Chalcolithic Age, and this one is characteristic of those earliest, very crude pieces. But there are devotional markings on the side that seem to correspond to the cult of Kali in India, which was thousands of years later. So either the lamp is much younger than it looks...

TRESSER

Or Kali is much older.

HELENA

Will I be able to publish on this?

TRESSER

Honestly? I don't know.

Helena puts down the lamp.

HELENA

Dammit, Tom.

TRESSER

It's not in my hands, Doctor! I'll argue for it with the higher-ups but I'm just a grunt, I don't make policy.

HELENA

I don't believe that for a second.

Helena stalks to a mini-fridge in the corner of the office, yanks open the door and pulls out an Olympic Snows water bottle. She points it at him accusingly as she says:

HELENA

As far as I can tell you operate entirely on your own discretion. And after that business in Knossos--

TRESSER

I'm sorry you had to get involved in that.

HELENA

You owe me.

Tresser can't argue with this. He looks away.

TRESSER

I'll see what I can do.

Helena, satisfied, twists open her water. Zooming in close, we see the subtle markings in the plastic of the cap: we see them flash with red light. Off that, we cut to:

EXT. OLYMPIC SNOWS BUILDING

This grand skyscraper will be a key location in our movie, but the important information in this establishing shot is the logo affixed prominently to the building: Olympic Snows.

INT. OLYMPIC SNOWS BUILDING - EXECUTIVE SUITE - NIGHT

This executive office suite is richly appointed in a traditional style. Behind the gleaming mahogany desk a huge window shows us an urban night skyline.

There are two men here, the thoroughly evil ARES and his lackey, LESTER. The darkly handsome Ares--or to be more precise, the high-powered executive who is currently possessed by the war-god Ares--wears an impeccably tailored suit, and occupies a commanding position behind his desk.

Lester is more disheveled and is standing to one side. He pulls out a handkerchief to mop his sweating brow.

LESTER

Sir, the board has doubts. The kind of power you're talking about...

ARES

...Will be a red tide washing over the nations of this Earth. Ah, but Lester, there's profit in it.

LESTER

Yes, sir, I understand that, sir, but...sir?

Because as Lester speaks, Ares suddenly throws up his hand, his eyes flashing with red fire.

ARES

(more to himself than Lester)
Another one. Good. Good.

His face back to normal, Ares rises abruptly and strides to a wood-paneled wall. He pushes on the wall and it yields, revealing a secret passageway.

The glimpse we see of the corridor beyond doesn't seem to belong in such a modern, businesslike environment: it's white marble, and the floor is carved with strange runes.

Ares pauses before entering, turning slightly to address Lester over his shoulder.

ARES

Are you a praying man, Lester?

LESTER

I--I was raised Lutheran.

ARES

(smiling)
That won't be enough.

As he turns his back to Lester and steps through the door, a swirling darkness gathers around Ares' face, and a hint of that unsettling red glow returns to his eyes. But he still sounds pleased as he says:

ARES

That won't be nearly enough.

And with that, we flash back to:

EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Tom Tresser and Helena Sandsmark are walking out the steps of the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History, still talking. Helena is holding the lamp.

TRESSER

Thanks for doing this, Doc. You're my go-to gal.

HELENA

You mean I'm your go-to Near Eastern and Mediterranean archaeoceramacist.

TRESSER

To-may-to, to-mah-to.

Helena and Tresser reach the bottom of the steps and start down the sidewalk.

HELENA

But you know, Tresser, I'm worried about you.

TRESSER

I've seen a lot of weird shit working for the Agency. You don't have to worry about me, Doc. I'm toughened up real good.

HELENA

That's what I'm worried about. When I first met you, you were bothered by all this: the secrets, the lies, all the world-shattering things that nobody will ever believe. Now you treat it all like a joke.

TRESSER

I treat it like my job, Doc. I can't help it if my job is damn funny sometimes.

At this point the two of them have reached a more secluded, tree-lined spot.

And as Tresser finishes speaking we hear a loud CLANG in the distance, the screech of metal on metal. Tresser whirls, reaching for his gun, as Helena says:

HELENA

What was that?

Tresser scans the darkened area and finally spots a manhole cover some ways off. It's been opened and pushed to the side.

TRESSER

Probably nothing. But wait here.

Gun at the ready, Tresser advances slowly on the gaping manhole. He's almost at the lip of the hole when, behind him, Helena SCREAMS.

Two of the fiery salamanders are flanking her. As they grab her, she drops the ceramic lamp and it smashes to pieces.

Agent Tresser takes aim and fires. Again. But the wreath of flames around their bodies makes it hard for him to get a clear shot.

Helena goes limp as they start to drag her away.

And then, behind Tresser, surging up from the depths of the manhole: another one. It wraps its claws around his throat and he collapses, as much from the searing heat as from the lack of oxygen. It's a good thing Tresser's wearing that high-necked sweater.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Elsewhere in the city...on a silent pier...the dark water of the Potomac ripples in the moonlight. Then something breaks the surface, surging upward.

One pale hand grips the end of the pier, followed by a second. An instant later Diana pulls herself up on the pier in a smooth motion. She's soaking wet but still wearing the toga, bracers and tiara we saw before.

Diana stands, pushes her wet hair back from her face, and looks around warily.

And -- it looks like the docks aren't as empty as they seemed. Three hooded THUGS lounging in a warehouse doorway take in the gleaming gold and silver jewelry, as well as the wet toga clinging to her body.

FIRST THUG

Well, well, well. What've we got here?

SECOND THUG

Looks like a little wetback,
wearing her bank account.

They start moving in, strolling with confident menace.

THIRD THUG

Welcome to America, babydoll.

DIANA

Forgive me, I have studied your
language but I do not know the
proper greeting of a visitor to her
hosts. I thank you for the welcome.

The thugs exchange looks and begin to snigger. They walk
around her, surrounding her, and she turns about as they do,
sizing them up.

FIRST THUG

Where you from, sweet thing?

DIANA

Far away. I'm looking for certain
women, women who may be in trouble.

THIRD THUG

You in trouble, babydoll.

He pulls a knife.

THIRD THUG

Why don't you start by taking off
that fancy jewelry.

FIRST THUG

Then you can take off the rest of
it.

DIANA

Ah. A weapon. Now you are speaking
my language.

She spins, and as the third thug lunges for her with the
knife, her foot connects with his chin. He goes flying, and
as he hits the ground the knife goes clattering across the
pier.

Now would be the time for the fight music to start. No
Doubt's "Just a Girl" would make a good backdrop, or any
other up-tempo girl power anthem.

As the third thug picks himself up, the other two come at
Diana, the first from in front and the second from behind.

She brings her elbow back sharply to smash in the face of the second thug; then, in an extension of the same motion, throws a punch at the first thug rushing her head-on.

He drops like a stone.

But the second thug recovers, even though blood is streaming down his face. From behind Diana he throws his arms around her in a bear hug, pinning her arms to her side.

Meanwhile the third thug grabs his knife from the ground. He comes running in, crouched low, blade extended: he's going to stab her.

At the last moment Diana throws her weight forward, flipping the second thug over her head. He lands between her and the thug with the knife.

The third thug can't break his charge. The knife sinks into his buddy's side. The second thug screams and drops to the ground, writhing.

The third thug is staring, horrified, at the knife in his hand. Over the body of his friend Diana launches a spinning kick that knocks him backwards. This time when he hits the ground he doesn't get up.

The fight music ends. Diana surveys the scene. Two guys aren't moving; one is crawling away.

DIANA

So these are men.

She walks off down the pier.

But on the ground, the first thug rolls over, reaches beneath his sweatshirt. Comes out with a gun.

He takes aim at Diana's back. Fires.

Diana whirls at the last instant, throwing up an arm in an instinctive protective gesture. There's a sharp metallic CLANG and a flash of light as the bullet ricochets off her bracer.

Diana's as surprised as anybody else. She gives her bracer a "huh!" look.

The thug squeezes off the rest of his rounds.

But Diana's in control of this now. She deflects all the bullets with her bracers, as she calmly strolls back to the first thug.

He pulls the trigger desperately as she stands over him, but all he's getting are clicks. He starts shaking and sweating in terror as she kneels beside him.

FIRST THUG

What are you? What are you?

Diana reaches out, almost gently, and takes the gun. She flings it casually aside and it goes spinning out over the water an impossibly long way, finally landing in the river with a splash.

DIANA

To you? A fairy tale.

FIRST THUG

Please don't kill me.

DIANA

You'll all survive. Your lives are your own.

She stands.

DIANA

Make changes.

This time, when she walks away, none of the thugs try to stop her.

But she doesn't get too far, just into the shadows of the warehouses, where someone else has been watching the fight. A woman, unusually pretty, obviously a streetwalker from the way she's dressed. Her name is VENUS and she is more than she seems.

VENUS

That was amazing.

DIANA

It was clumsy. I should have disabled them much more quickly, and without any bloodshed. But I've come a long way and I'm very tired.

VENUS

Did you say that you're looking for someone?

DIANA

Yes. Certain women. I'm told that I'll know them when I see them.

She smiles, a little ruefully.

DIANA

I'm afraid I'm trusting to the gods
to guide me.

VENUS

Well, heaven helps those who help
themselves, right? I know a girl
that doesn't want to be found. I've
been letting her crash with me. But
I think she's in trouble. Maybe you
could help?

DIANA

I'd like to meet her.

VENUS

Come on in.

Venus pushes on a warehouse door, and it opens with a creak. She disappears inside, and after one more searching look at her surroundings, Diana follows.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

This abandoned warehouse still holds old machinery and some empty shipping crates. One corner of the vast room has been transformed to a squatter's camp. A kerosene lantern sits on a wooden box: a dirty futon and a rumpled blanket lie nearby.

Grace Choi, leaning against her duffel bag, jumps up at the sight of Diana. She's scared, on edge: but a flash of recognition crosses Diana's face.

DIANA

(warmly)

I've found you. Sister!

GRACE

I don't know you, and I don't have
any family.

DIANA

But you do. Your real family. You
must know you don't belong in this
world.

GRACE

What the hell are you talking
about?

DIANA

I'm Diana, princess of Themyscira,
and I've come to protect you.

GRACE

You're a crazy lady. And I'm
getting out of here.

Grace picks up her bag and slings it over her shoulder.

DIANA

You're stronger than anybody you
know. And faster. You never get
sick.

Grace halts.

GRACE

How do you know that? Have you read
my file?

DIANA

I know it because I know what you
are.

GRACE

(dangerously)
What I am.

DIANA

Thousands of years ago a group of
warrior women pledged themselves to
the service of Zeus and his
children. The gods gave them gifts,
made them strong, and gave them a
realm where time would not touch
them. They became the Amazons,
deathless so long as they stayed in
their island paradise. But some of
the Amazons were not content to
remain on the secret island,
guarding the holy places of the
gods. They gave up their
immortality and rejoined the world
of men. We thought they had all
died out. But you are one of their
daughters.

GRACE

Let me get this straight. You're a
princess out of myth and legend.

DIANA

Yes.

GRACE

You have special powers given to you by the pagan gods.

DIANA

Yes.

GRACE

And you want me to follow you to a magical island where nobody ever dies.

DIANA

That's right.

GRACE

Yeah. You're nuts.

Grace stalks toward the door.

DIANA

Wait! Your life is danger.

GRACE

Everybody's life is in danger every day. Some of them just don't know it yet.

DIANA

You've seen something, haven't you? Something you don't want to believe in. Something that scared you. And now you're running from it.

GRACE

Shut up! I'm not joining your crazy cult and I don't want to see you following me. Just leave me alone!

Grace runs out of the warehouse. Diana makes to follow.

VENUS

Wait. You'll just scare her off if you follow her now. She might come back in the morning.

DIANA

What if the morning is too late?

VENUS

She's been taking care of herself for years. She can do it one more night. I'm going out to finish my shift, I'll keep an eye out for Grace. You can crash here if you want.

Diana looks askance at the dirty futon and the dusty floors. But all she says is:

DIANA

They say the gods bless those who give shelter to a stranger. Thank you.

VENUS

Don't mention it.

The streetwalker ducks back outside. We follow:

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Venus walks purposefully away from the warehouse, around a corner, into a trash-strewn alley.

What might at first glimpse seem to be a dirty pile of rags beside the Dumpster resolves itself into the form of a homeless man, sleeping. He doesn't stir as Venus kneels beside him.

She reaches out her index finger over his motionless form and begins to trace a pattern in the air. A glowing blue trail follows her finger and hangs in the air, until she has completed the arcane sigil.

At that moment the old man's eyes snap open. The orbs of his eyes are replaced with the same glowing blue light.

VENUS

Iris, messenger to us all. Tell the others--she's here.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The early light of morning filters through the dirty warehouse windows. On the futon, Diana stirs.

She sits up, looks around quickly: but she's alone. No sign of Grace or Venus.

She goes to the warehouse door and steps outside.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

It's early, and there's not much happening in this part of the docks, although in the distance we might see dockworkers loading or unloading cargo. Diana wanders forward, looking around.

Rounding the corner of the warehouse, she comes to a larger street. PASSERS-BY stare at her as they pass on the sidewalk. Diana stares back.

One MAN pumps his fist as he walks by.

MAN

Toga party! Right on!

Diana, mistaking his fist-pump for a gesture of aggression, balls her own fists and drops into a fighting crouch. But he's walking away.

She recovers, walks on. A newspaper box catches her eye. She sees that it has a handle, and tugs on it. When it doesn't open she frowns. She tugs again, harder. The newspaper box breaks open, spilling quarters out into the street.

Diana takes a paper and keeps walking. Behind her two passersby stop to pick up the quarters.

Diana's flipping through the paper as she walks. We see her come to an article headlined: "DISTURBANCE AT MUSEUM: CURATOR MISSING." She stops to read the article.

DIANA

(to herself)

This sounds bad.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - DAY

Diana walks up the steps of the museum. People are still staring. But when she gets inside:

INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - FOYER - DAY

The female SECURITY GUARD notices Diana and smiles.

SECURITY GUARD

You're here for the Living History tour? Come on around.

The guard waves Diana around the metal detector, and she goes where directed.

DIANA

Actually, I'm here as an ambassador
of my people.

SECURITY GUARD

Already in character, great. The
kids will meet you upstairs.

DIANA

(confused)

You keep goats?

SECURITY GUARD

Go on.

Diana wanders in, looking around. There are several large glass display cases, of different sizes, and an upper-level mezzanine that will become important later.

Diana moves through the displays. She notices a MUSEUM EMPLOYEE open a small, almost camouflaged door in the side of the foyer and walk through it.

A minute later, Diana follows.

MUSEUM HALLWAY

These back halls aren't meant for the general public: they hold offices and storage rooms. Diana stops in front of the door labeled "DR. HELENA SANDSMARK." She pushes the door open.

SANDSMARK'S OFFICE

Dr. Sandsmark's office is as we saw it before. Diana moves lightly through the room, looking at the masks, examining the spines of the books.

She steps to the desk and begins riffling through some of the papers. Nothing catches her eye. She leans down to pull open the desk drawer.

TRESSER

Hey!

Agent Tresser is standing in the office doorway.

Diana leaps back, startled.

TRESSER

Who are you and what are you doing here?

DIANA

My name is Diana, daughter of Hippolyta the Queen. If you're here to fight, I'm ready.

TRESSER

Why would we need to fight? Uh, your highness?

DIANA

In my experience of men, which is admittedly brief, it's what you do.

Tresser walks into the office, holding his hands away from his gun in a placating gesture.

TRESSER

You're...not from around here, are you?

DIANA

No.

TRESSER

Are you from outer space?

DIANA

What?

TRESSER

Another galaxy, maybe another dimension? Last smoking hot chick who wanted to pick a fight with me, she was from another dimension.

DIANA

Your speech is confusing. Who are you?

Tresser produces a badge.

TRESSER

Agent Tom Tresser. I'm with the Pentagon. I investigate and respond to metahuman threats.

DIANA

I'm sorry, I didn't understand any of that.

TRESSER

I'm a good guy.

DIANA

Then you have nothing to fear from me.

Diana goes back to her search, rummaging through Dr. Sandsmark's desk drawers.

TRESSER

I didn't even know I was supposed to be afraid.

He watches Diana search.

TRESSER

What are you doing here...your highness?

DIANA

Protecting my people.

Finding nothing in the desk drawers, Diana moves on to the trashcan. Lying on top of a few crumpled papers is the Olympic Snows water bottle. Diana reaches for it, curious--

--but as soon as her fingers brush the bottlecap, the entire trash can bursts into flames.

Diana flinches back and we cut to:

INT. OLYMPIC SNOWS BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A group of EXECUTIVES, including Lester, are grouped around a gleaming conference table. Ares is at the head of the table. Behind him a PowerPoint presentation is displayed on a white screen.

ARES

Sun Tzu said, 'Begin by seizing something which your opponent holds dear; then he will be amenable to your will.' So it is clear that to acquire Crystal Springs we must--

Ares breaks off and suddenly stiffens. He throws his head back as leaping flames lick upwards from his eyes and mouth.

A moment later, the surge of power ends. Ares regains control of his form, and looks normal again as he says:

ARES

Excuse me, gentlemen. I've got to take this.

Ares pushes back from the conference table and strides from the room.

The executives exchange looks. Finally Lester manages:

LESTER

Well. That was awkward.

INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SANDSMARK'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana and Tresser are watching the flames die down in the trashcan.

TRESSER

Holy--! What was that!

DIANA

Evil magic.

She holds out her fist, palm up, and uncurls the fingers. Inside is the bottle cap, snatched from the flames.

Tresser reaches for her hand. Diana stiffens when he touches her, drawing breath sharply, but his interest is purely academic:

TRESSER

You're not burned at all. Skin's not even warm.

DIANA

No. The elements don't harm me.

TRESSER

You're invulnerable?

Diana draws her hand back.

DIANA

No--no, I can be hurt. By some things. Weapons, mostly. The gods made me as their champion. There would be no honor in the fight if I could not be harmed.

TRESSER

That's...an interesting perspective.

DIANA

You don't understand? But some men are capable of honor, at least, in the stories.

TRESSER

(drily)

Yeah, I've heard of the concept.

Diana turns her attention to the bottlecap, scrutinizing it closely.

Tresser's tone turns deadly serious for the first time as he says:

TRESSER

Look. Princess. I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to take you in for questioning.

Diana looks up.

DIANA

You are not taking me in any form.

TRESSER

I've enjoyed our chat. But you've just told me that weapons harm you. And I have one here.

He draws his gun.

TRESSER

You're unarmed. And Helena...means a lot to me. So why don't you just come quietly.

DIANA

(very soft, very dangerous)

No.

They're in a standoff: Agent Tresser with his gun trained on Diana, and no idea that he's the one in mortal danger. Diana's poised and waiting, fully focused. And then, loud and shrill: a FIRE ALARM.

Both Diana and Tresser startle as the alarm goes off. But Tresser's the one who guesses first what it means. He lowers his gun.

TRESSER

Oh shit.

Diana just looks confused, but Tresser moves for the door.

TRESSER
Stay here, princess.

MUSEUM HALLWAY

Agent Tresser moves out into the hallway, gun at the ready. There's a lot of smoke in the halls. And then--just as he feared. Rounding a corner, the fiery lizard-men.

Tresser takes steady aim and empties his clip. One of them drops, then another.

But there's too many. They're coming for him.

They're almost on him.

And then:

Diana rolls in front of him and comes up swinging. Tresser almost drops the gun in amazement as he sees her in action. She's so fast.

She's dropped the first two lizard-creatures, with a punch and a kick, before any of the others have a chance to react. We see that their blood is a bright ruby-red.

But there's many more crowded in the hallway.

They mob her. The flames engulf her. She can withstand the fire: but one of them swipes at her and manages to connect, its claws slicing through the thin cloth of her toga and leaving three bloody swipes on her thigh.

She was telling the truth. She's not invulnerable. And there are a lot more of them than her.

Tresser, watching, can't see much through the fire. He gets glimpses. She's incredible, but they're getting through to her.

Then he hears, from somewhere in the museum's distance:
SCREAMS.

TRESSER
Damn it.

He looks over his shoulder, toward the source of the cries of distress. Back at Diana, fighting for her life.

He makes a judgment call, and goes running down the hall, away from Diana's battle.

Back with our girl. She's bloodied and her toga's in tatters. One of the lizard-men thwacks her with a backhanded claw. She goes, momentarily, down, buried beneath a mob of reptiles.

Only to rise back up, her hands locked around a scaly neck.

DIANA

Hyaa!

Again we see: she's actually smiling, a savage grin. She's in her element. She was made for this.

The lizards fight with tooth and claw and tail. Diana fights back with everything she's got, with inhuman strength and speed, and the tactical knowledge to use her enemies against each other.

FOYER

We cut from Diana to Tresser: he's moving through the museum, rounding up the civilians, leading an evacuation through the smoke and panic.

TRESSER

This way! Everybody! Grab hold of the person closest to you, and make for the exit--that way! That way! Good! Keep going!

But as Tresser moves from the smoke-filled hallway into the two-story foyer, he sees a group of people--many children, with a few adults--trapped on the upper mezzanine. Flames have overtaken the stairway down.

Tresser takes in the situation, then turns and makes his way back through the stream of evacuees, back through the little door and into the inner halls of the museum.

MUSEUM HALLWAY

Diana, bearing many scars of battle, stands victorious. Her eyes are alight with a fierce passion. The bodies of lizard-men are scattered all about her. Her hands drip with their ruby-red blood.

She is looking more than a little bit scary.

Agent Tresser stops in his tracks when he faces her. His hand creeps toward his gun.

TRESSER

Diana. Princess. I need your help.

DIANA

I just saved your life. You have no claim on me.

TRESSER

No, I guess not. But there's people--you've got to save them. You're the only one who can.

DIANA

(gently)

I'm sorry. Truly, I am. But I have only one mission: to protect the Amazons. I have to find the one who sent these--things. I have no time to spare.

TRESSER

You don't understand. People will die!

DIANA

But people die in your world every day.

She turns away, begins walking down the hallway with the same calm, smooth gait she used when walking away from the thugs on the pier. Tresser runs after her.

TRESSER

Work with me here, princess! How can you live with yourself if you don't at least try to help?

Diana keeps walking--and Tresser follows--as she says:

DIANA

Agent Tom Tresser, I was not born like you. I was made. I was forged for a single purpose: to be the champion of the Amazons. I have a mission. And my mission does not include you.

TRESSER

But they're children.

This arrests her. She looks back over her shoulder.

DIANA
Children? Really? I've never seen a
child.

TRESSER
Come take a look.

He holds out his hand.

FOYER

Agent Tresser, his hand hooked beneath Diana's elbow, draws her into the foyer. The smoke and flames are thicker now, but we can still hear the cries of the children, and see them huddling together and clinging to their teachers. Tresser points:

TRESSER
There. They're up there.

Diana looks. Looks at the tear-stained little faces.

TRESSER
You've got to help them.

And everything, for her, changes.

DIANA
You're right. I've got to.

Diana looks about. The stairs up to the mezzanine are choked with flame, they'll never get down that way. But her eyes light on the big glass display cases of staggered sizes.

She strides to the biggest of the glass cases, sets her shoulder against it, and begins to push. Of course it's fantastically heavy: but with her super-strength she's able to push it up against the upper story railing.

Then she's on to the next largest case, pushing it up against the first, so it forms a kind of step-ladder.

The flames are leaping closer to the children as Diana starts on the third and last of the cases. The little ones scream.

TRESSER
Hold on! We're coming!

When she has the three cases set up like a giant's ladder, Diana vaults up the fire-shrouded staircase and emerges at the top of the mezzanine, encouraging the children and their teachers to descend down the makeshift staircase she's set up.

They set up a sort of assembly line: adults at each of the ledges, to hand the children down, and Tresser at the very bottom to catch them as they drop.

As Diana takes a child in her arms, to drop her down to her waiting teacher, her face softens in absolute wonder.

She is the last to come down, after all the children and their teachers have been saved. She has a little BOY in her arms. He clings to her as she carries him through the smoke and flames.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - DAY

Diana emerges onto the museum steps, the little boy still in her arms. Outside the sun is setting. Emergency vehicles are already on the scene, along with a few reporters and a gathering number of spectators. Diana stiffens, taken aback by the lights and the crowd.

One of the TEACHERS, wrapped in an anti-shock blanket and giving her statement to the first responders, spots Diana and turns, pointing.

TEACHER

That's her! She's the one who saved us!

Diana walks down the steps toward the teacher.

DIANA

Is this your child?

TEACHER

N-no, I'm his teacher. We've already called the parents.

DIANA

He needs care.

At this the little boy looks up.

BOY

Thank you, pretty lady. Thanks for taking me out of the fire.

DIANA

You're welcome, precious gift of
the gods.

She surrenders the child to the emergency personnel.

And then, shattering the tender moment: a reporter, MARIA MILAGROSA, with a camera crew behind her, sticking a microphone under Diana's nose.

MARIA

Maria Milagrosa, WTDC News. Is it true you were responsible for the evacuation of the museum?

DIANA

I--no, everyone helped.

MARIA

Are you a new costumed vigilante?

DIANA

I'm sorry, yours is not my native language. I don't understand.

Agent Tresser intrudes on the scene.

TRESSER

All right, all right, back off.
This is still an emergency scene.

Maria switches the microphone to Agent Tresser.

MARIA

Can you tell our viewers who you represent?

TRESSER

Government work. Make way, please.

He takes Diana's elbow and positions himself between her and the news crew.

TRESSER

(to Diana)

Come on. I'll get you out of this.

Diana follows as he shepherds her down the sidewalk, but Maria Milagrosa and her camera crew are hot on their heels.

MARIA

Are you police? FBI? Ma'am, are you with a governmental agency?

DIANA
 (over her shoulder)
 I represent Themyscira.

MARIA
 Is that a special interest group? A
 religion?

Diana halts, interested.

DIANA
 I don't know. Maybe? What do these
 words mean to you?

Agent Tresser stops as he loses his hold on Diana. He takes in the scene and realizes he's got to act. Unnoticed by the others, he pulls a small electronic device (actually a lockpick, but more advanced than anything available on the market) from his pocket.

MARIA
 Is there anything you'd like to say
 to the people of this city?

DIANA
 Yes. I am awed by the gifts your
 people have been given. You must
 cherish your children and the
 weakest among you. Your greatness
 lies in them.

TRESSER
 All right! Time to go.

He's got the passenger side door open, and he gestures Diana inside.

She takes another look at Maria.

DIANA
 I don't have time to talk. I'm
 sorry.

MARIA
 But--wait! What do you know about
 the fire? Were you involved?

Diana doesn't answer. She slides into the car, and Tresser closes the door after her.

A moment later, and he's in the driver's seat beside her. He uses the same futuristic device on the ignition, and the car rumbles to life.

Tresser pulls the car out into traffic. The day is darkening into evening.

TRESSER

Thank you.

DIANA

My mission still comes first.

TRESSER

Yeah, I get that. And I can help you with it. But you need to tell me the truth.

DIANA

I haven't lied to you. I never lie.

Tresser shoots her a look, as he maneuvers the car through traffic. He's not inclined to buy her line for a second. But on second glance--taking in her perfectly serious face--he starts to believe.

TRESSER

The honor thing, huh?

She doesn't answer.

TRESSER

Well, I haven't lied to you, either. But I haven't told you everything. Maybe we could go somewhere quiet, and trade information?

Now it's Diana's turn to study his face, as the streetlights turn on and streak over the moving car.

DIANA

Yes. I'd like that.

INT. TRESSER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tresser's apartment is very modern, all clean lines and empty space, but sterile somehow: no softening or personal touches, and even very little furniture. Tresser opens the door and he and Diana enter.

DIANA

(looking about)

This is where you live?

TRESSER
I'm not home much.

He gestures to the fridge.

TRESSER
If you're hungry or thirsty, help
yourself. I think there's some
peanut butter. And--
(looking at her bloody,
tattered, soot-streaked form)
--I'm guessing you'll want a
shower. Let me see if I have
anything you can wear.

Tresser exits into the bedroom while Diana looks around the living room. She finds the remote sitting on top of the TV and quickly figures out how it works.

The TV flares to life. On the screen, Maria Milagrosa is broadcasting from the front of the museum:

MARIA
There's no further word on who this
'Wonder Woman' might be, or what
governmental agency she's working
with.

The program flashes to footage of Diana and Tresser entering the car.

MARIA
Tonight, area parents are just glad
she was here. Stay tuned for more
on this extraordinary story as it
develops.

The feed switches to a studio, where the NEWS ANCHOR says:

ANCHOR
Thanks, Maria. We'll have more on
the fire after the break, as well
as updates on the wars abroad, more
news of a tragic murder-suicide in
Pennsylvania, and hundreds dead in
Spain. Plus, spinach: now it's bad
for you? We'll be right back.

Tresser emerges, holding a towel and a bundle of clothes.
Diana switches off the television and sets down the remote.

TRESSER

I don't have much that'll fit you.
Just my old running clothes that
shrank in the wash.

He hands the clothes to Diana.

TRESSER

The bathroom's back in there.
You...know what a shower is, don't
you?

DIANA

I'm sure I can manage. Thank you.

She leaves into the room he indicated and shuts the door.
Tresser waits until we hear the sound of WATER.

Then he picks up the remote, and pushes a series of buttons.
The television switches on again: but this time we're not
seeing the news. Instead it's a live feed from a high-tech
military institution. There are screens all around the room,
and a uniformed woman (the uniform should be similar to
Tresser's) standing at a command post at the center. This is
AGENT MINERVA, intel specialist. She looks over at the
camera.

MINERVA

Agent Nemesis. What've you got?

TRESSER

Agent Minerva. I'm sure you're
getting reports from the museum.

MINERVA

Affirmative. Another sighting of
the unidentified hostiles.

TRESSER

But more of them this time. And
I've got a rogue power, the girl.
She seems to know something about
the hostiles. I'll bring her in as
soon as I can gain her trust.

MINERVA

What sort of power are we talking
about?

TRESSER

Strength level unknown, well above
human. Ditto for speed. High
resistance to heat and physical

(MORE)

TRESSER (cont'd)
 trauma. That's all I've seen so
 far.

MINERVA
 Do you need back-up?

TRESSER
 Negative on that, Minerva. We don't
 want to spook her.

MINERVA
 Understood. Proceed with caution,
 Agent Nemesis.

Tresser switches off the television and sits down on the
 couch.

When Diana emerges from the shower, she's wearing Tresser's
 shorts and T-shirt. This is, of course, a chance for a
 visual joke involving the iconic Wonder Woman costume: the
 shorts for example (which could be very short, after all,
 they did "shrink in the wash") may be blue, with white star
 detailing, and the T-shirt red, with a stylized American
 eagle in gold.

Diana settles on the other end of the couch and begins
 putting her jewelry back on.

TRESSER
 So. You recognized those fire
 creatures, didn't you?

DIANA
 Only from our histories. They're
 salamanders--supposed to be
 servants of Ares.

TRESSER
 Ares?

DIANA
 The god of war.

TRESSER
That Ares.

DIANA
 Yes.

TRESSER
 You've talked about the gods
 before. It's the Greek gods you
 believe in?

DIANA

What gods do you believe in?

TRESSER

Well, actually, I think that mostly what people call gods are really supra-advanced life forms, either domestic or extraterrestrial.

(seeing that she doesn't understand)

Aliens.

DIANA

Aliens.

TRESSER

You don't believe in aliens?

DIANA

I--I don't know what I believe. I know the stories, but--

TRESSER

There's a difference between knowing and faith.

DIANA

Yes.

Tresser gets up, goes into the kitchen, and starts making a couple of sandwiches.

TRESSER

Tell me what the stories say about your gods.

DIANA

Well, Zeus and Hera are the king and queen, and their children serve them. Except Ares, who is rebellious and seeks to extend his dominion on Earth.

TRESSER

Why doesn't he then? Why isn't he Emperor of Earth? I mean, he's a god.

DIANA

None of the gods can work directly on the mortal plane. Only through their agents.

TRESSER

The salamander things.

DIANA

Them, and even humans. The gods can possess mortals who have some affinity with their divine natures. So Ares could possess a warmonger, or a person blinded by bloodlust.

TRESSER

I'm sorry to tell you there's plenty of warmongers in this world. Want a sandwich?

DIANA

Please. I'm starving.

He comes back to the couch with two plates, and hands her one. They eat as they talk.

TRESSER

But what does he want? This Ares of yours.

DIANA

I'm not sure. I only know that he's hunting the descendants of the Amazons in the world.

TRESSER

The salamanders attacked when you picked up that bottlecap. It triggered something, some kind of homing beacon for them.

DIANA

There were magic sigils embedded in the material. They must alert Ares whenever anyone of Amazon blood comes into contact with them.

TRESSER

And those bottles are mass-produced, sent all over the world.

Diana puts her plate down.

DIANA

I've got to warn Grace.

TRESSER

Grace?

DIANA

I already found one of the Amazon daughters, but she didn't believe me when I told her.

TRESSER

Can't imagine why.

Diana stands, starts making for the door.

TRESSER

Whoa whoa whoa! Where are you going?

DIANA

To find Grace.

TRESSER

Where is she now?

DIANA

I don't know.

TRESSER

Do you know her last name?

DIANA

No.

TRESSER

It's a big city. You're never going to find her just wandering around.

DIANA

I have to try. She's in danger.

TRESSER

Listen--the agency I work for has a lot of resources. They can help you find this girl. But you need to eat, and rest. And I want to look at those cuts. We'll go in the morning. Trust me, you'll find her a lot faster that way than by running around blindly.

Diana wavers. Finally she nods curtly and sits back on the couch to finish her sandwich.

Tresser fetches a first-aid kit and kneels down beside Diana. He opens up an alcohol-soaked swab.

TRESSER

This might sting a little. It's just to sterilize your cuts.

DIANA

All right.

Tresser dabs at her wounds.

DIANA

So you are--a protector of your people?

TRESSER

Something like that.

DIANA

But there's so much. Wars, and killing, and people who don't have anywhere to sleep. It's too much.

TRESSER

It's too much for any one guy, yeah. So you stake out your own little area and you deal with that. You try not to let it get to you.

DIANA

What do you deal with?

TRESSER

The crazy stuff. Right now I'm dealing with you.

DIANA

I'm not crazy.

She leans in, scrutinizing his face--so close it's uncomfortable.

DIANA

Are you?

Tresser's caught in her intense gaze, and a little overwhelmed by the close proximity of this scantily-clad near-goddess. After a moment he reaches up a hand to brush back her hair.

TRESSER

(softly)

Obviously, yes.

But Diana pulls back before he can kiss her.

DIANA

No you aren't. You just don't let yourself feel much anymore.

Tresser recovers himself.

TRESSER

Are you telepathic?

DIANA

No. But I can tell things about people.

Tresser snaps shut the first aid kit and stands up.

TRESSER

We should get some rest. You can have the couch. It's not what a princess is used to, I know...

DIANA

Sometimes I sleep on the ground, under the stars. Your couch is fine. Thank you.

TRESSER

All right. Good night.

DIANA

Good night.

When he's gone, Diana picks up the remote and turns on the television again, muting the volume. We see a few lurid scenes flashing by quickly; news reports from overseas wars, a cop show featuring a murdered corpse, a melodrama with a woman weeping. Diana takes it in silently as the television light flickers over her face.

INT. TRESSER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Diana's passed out on the couch, snoring very gently.

TRESSER

Rise and shine, princess.

Diana startles awake, rolling to her feet and dropping into a fighting "ready" position in one fluid motion.

But it's only Tresser, shirtless, holding two mugs of coffee.

TRESSER

The coffee isn't going to get you.
Here.

Diana takes the mug. When Tresser turns back to the kitchen she tilts her head, showing some frank interest in his unfamiliar male anatomy.

Tresser drains his coffee and sets the mug down on the counter, picking up a sweater. Diana tastes the coffee and makes a face.

Tresser pulls on his sweater and buckles his shoulder holster over it. He looks back at Diana.

TRESSER

So let's go find your Amazons.

INT. THE PENTAGON - HALLWAY - DAY

We may get an establishing shot to show us that we're in the Pentagon, but Tresser works in a secret branch of it, so no need to hew to realism when showing us these high-tech corridors.

Tresser leads Diana to a reinforced metal door equipped with several security measures. First there's the retinal scanner; Tresser stands still while the light plays over his face.

Next, a voice-activated system. A COMPUTERIZED VOICE issues from the wall:

COMPUTER

Please state your identification.

TRESSER

Agent Nemesis.

COMPUTER

Please state your password.

TRESSER

Suicide six.

The door slides open.

THE LIBRARY

This is the area we saw before, through Tresser's television: a high-tech command center, with banks of computers lining the walls and huge screens arrayed in a 360 degree display.

At the center, commanding a large array of consoles, stands Agent Minerva. Thick cables snake across the floor from her command post to the computers.

TRESSER

Welcome to the Library.

As Diana takes in the room, Agent Minerva walks crisply down the short flight of stairs from her raised post, and extends a hand to Diana.

MINERVA

So you're the Wonder Woman. I'm glad you're working with us on this.

Diana, not knowing how to shake hands, mirrors her gesture, extending her left hand rather than the right.

DIANA

I also am pleased.

Minerva recovers quickly and grasps Diana's hand for a moment before dropping her own.

TRESSER

Did you get a chance to analyze one of those water bottles?

MINERVA

We did.

She walks back to her post and, with a few light touches, brings up a high-resolution, very tight shot of an Olympic Snows bottlecap. The magic sigils are barely visible.

MINERVA

Every single one of them has these symbols embedded in the plastic.

A few more keystrokes, and the image on the computer screen is enhanced with red light showing the sigils. Each of the computer screens shows the bottlecap from a different angle.

MINERVA

We cross-referenced them and found
a match with Linear A, a
proto-Minoan script.

TRESSER

Can you translate it?

MINERVA

No. Linear A has never been
deciphered by archaeologists.

But Diana's shaking her head.

DIANA

It doesn't make sense. It's
gibberish.

MINERVA

(sharply)
Gibberish how?

DIANA

The letters are right, and they're
grouped like words, but the words
don't make sense.

MINERVA

Maybe it's a cipher.

She taps very quickly on the bank of keyboards. The image on
the screens fades, leaving only the red-lined writing.
Minerva inputs a few more commands and the letters
rearrange.

MINERVA

What about that?

DIANA

No.

MINERVA

Let's try a Caesar substitution.

Again, the letters change. And this time Diana gasps.

DIANA

Oh my goddesses.

TRESSER

What?

DIANA

No. He wouldn't. Even Ares--he
couldn't mean to...

MINERVA

What does it say?

DIANA

It says, "To Unchain Gaia's Brood."

Minerva's fingers fly over the consoles. We start seeing pages from encyclopedias and classical texts flashing by on the screens. Minerva, a speed reader, requires only a glance at each to absorb their contents.

MINERVA

Gaia's Brood. A race of prehistoric monsters, immortal and all-devouring. Legends say they once scrubbed all life from an entire continent.

DIANA

They were defeated by the children of Zeus, and sealed away in the depths of the Earth.

MINERVA

(still scanning her sources)
A seal that can only be broken by--

She stops typing abruptly, shifting her focus to Diana.

MINERVA

The blood of an Amazon.

DIANA

That's why Ares is hunting the lost Amazons. He means to break the seal and spread destruction over the Earth.

TRESSER

Well, terrific. How do we fight a god?

DIANA

Not a god. Ares has a mortal agent. Remember, he can do nothing directly.

TRESSER

And it has to be someone closely tied to war. Minerva, any suspects? Does Olympic Snows have any connection to foreign warlords?

The screens change again as Minerva turns back to her console. Now we're seeing profiles flash by.

MINERVA

No special connection. Olympic Snows bottles its product from purified tap water. But remember that most of the world's wars are fought over water.

She pauses as one profile fills the screen: a man we've seen before. It's Ares.

MINERVA

Ah. Here. The Olympic Snows CEO, Evan White. He rose from obscurity about two years ago to become one of the most ruthless and predatory executives in the business world today. He's known for engineering hostile takeovers of rival companies, gutting their technology and firing their entire workforces. Forbes magazine called his tenure a bloodbath.

TRESSER

A metaphorical warlord. Diana, would that count?

DIANA

I'm not sure. I don't really know how the old rules apply to your world.

TRESSER

We need to talk to this guy. Minerva, can you get us in?

MINERVA

"Us."

TRESSER

Yeah, me and Diana.

MINERVA

Agent Nemesis, you don't seem to realize we've got a situation on our hands.

TRESSER

What are you talking about?

MINERVA

Her blood may have the potential to unleash incredible devastation. Command is going to want to hold her until the threat is neutralized.

DIANA

(deadly calm)

Command is welcome to try.

TRESSER

We're up against an ancient, extrahuman malevolent entity. She knows the score. I need her on my team.

MINERVA

You trust her?

Tresser glances over at Diana. She meets his eyes, utterly straightforward.

TRESSER

Yeah. I do.

MINERVA

As soon as you leave this room I'm going to have to make a full report.

TRESSER

Give us ten minutes.

MINERVA

(pointing)

See that blue cable? That one gives me a secure connection to Special Command. If it got broken somehow it would take me at least fifteen minutes to splice it back together.

Tresser, unhesitating, draws his gun and shoots the cable.

TRESSER
Thanks, Minerva.
(to Diana)
Let's go.

They run out of the room.

HALLWAY

Tresser and Diana run down the hallway, turn a corner and stop before an elevator. Tresser pushes the button several times, impatient.

Finally the doors open. They dodge inside.

PENTAGON ELEVATOR

There are no buttons inside this elevator, just a number pad. Tresser punches in a code.

COMPUTER
Please state your identity.

TRESSER
Agent Nemesis.

COMPUTER
Thank you.

The elevator lurches into motion.

TRESSER
This'll take us to an underground tunnel that exits a good distance from the Pentagon. We'll be home free.

DIANA
Your people do things strangely. You build walls to give you security, and then you build tunnels to get around the walls. You have commanders to give you authority, but the soldiers circumvent the commanders. It seems complicated and unnecessary.

TRESSER
Yeah. We call it "the government."

Just then, the elevator lurches to a halt.

TRESSER

Damn. That wasn't fifteen minutes.

DIANA

We're going up?

TRESSER

Well, we were.

Diana nods. She crouches, gathering herself for a cat-like spring. She launches into the air, one fist raised, and collides into the ceiling of the elevator with tremendous force.

Her fist shreds through the metal as if it were paper.

She grabs hold of the elevator cable and, with her left hand, begins bending back the shredded metal to create a hole large enough for her body. The metal yields with shrieking protest.

Diana pulls herself through the hole and disappears.

TRESSER

Goddamn.

Diana's slim arm reappears through the hole, offering Tresser a hand up. He takes it, and she hauls him up.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

Diana pulls herself up the elevator cables, hand over hand. It's easy for her.

Tresser pulls a pair of gloves from his pockets, puts them on, and follows. He doesn't have super strength so it's more of an effort for him, but he's in great shape; in fact we might get the impression that he's done this sort of thing before.

Soon they reach the tunnel level, marked by a pair of doors in the walls of the elevator shaft.

Diana braces against the cable and kicks out powerfully, crumpling the doors. She swings out the opening, landing in the tunnel.

Tresser follows without difficulty.

TUNNEL

This secret tunnel is mostly earthen, but reinforced with titanium supports. Mining lights provide dim illumination.

Diana and Tresser race down the tunnel.

After a sprint the end of the tunnel comes into sight: a simple drainage grate.

They're almost there when, from somewhere: a KLAXON sounds. And a heavy reinforced door concealed in the sides of the tunnel begins to close in front of the grate.

Tresser slows down. Diana doesn't.

By the time she reaches the blast doors they're an inch from shutting. She grasps them with both hands and begins to force them open again. It costs her a real effort...

...but she does it, overmatching the metalworks and forcing the massive titanium doors back into their housing.

Diana wedges herself between the doors, back to one and feet against the other. She knocks out the drainage grate with a quick palm strike and looks over at Tresser, not having to tell him to hurry up.

Tresser clambers over her, forced into rather an intimate position as he does so.

TRESSER

I see why they call you some kind of wonderful.

DIANA

There's a time for this. It isn't now.

Tresser extricates himself, and a moment later Diana follows, letting the blast doors slam shut.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

We're on a grassy slope overlooking a busy highway.

TRESSER

They always keep a vehicle hidden here.

He looks around, spots a dense patch of brush. He goes over to it and clears away the bushes with his hands. Underneath there's a big military Jeep.

Tresser plays his electronic lockpick over the passenger door and ushers Diana inside with an ironic bow.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A moment later they're pulling onto the highway, veering through traffic and racing away.

EXT. OLYMPIC SNOWS BUILDING - DAY

The Jeep comes to a halt in front of the mirrored skyscraper we've seen before. Tresser and Diana hop out, leaving the vehicle idling in traffic. They stride into the building.

INT. OLYMPIC SNOWS BUILDING - FOYER - DAY

This is a fully modern executive office building: gleaming, spacious, sterile. There's a bank of elevators in the distance.

A RECEPTIONIST behind a front desk does a double-take as Diana, in her skimpy outfit and shining golden jewelry, comes striding in. Tresser, behind her, has the menacing look of a bodyguard.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I...help you?

DIANA

We're looking for Ares.

Tresser elbows in front of her.

TRESSER

She means we have an appointment with Mr. White. Or if we don't have an appointment, we're here to make one. For right now.

RECEPTIONIST

Name please?

Tresser flashes a badge, too briefly to see what it actually says.

TRESSER

Agent Tom Tresser.

The receptionist looks down at her desk, typing briefly.

RECEPTIONIST
Yes, you're expected.

TRESSER
(surprised)
Oh! Really?

RECEPTIONIST
Yes.

She gestures to the elevators.

RECEPTIONIST
Go on up. It's the last elevator on
the left, on the sixty-sixth floor.

TRESSER
Huh.

They walk to the elevators.

TRESSER
That was easy.

DIANA
Remember, don't kill him.

TRESSER
What?

DIANA
This Evan White may not be
innocent, but he's still human.
He's not responsible for what Ares
has done while possessing his body.

TRESSER
If he's the threat you say he is,
he's going down one way or another.

Tresser punches the button for the elevator.

It opens immediately. There are three women already inside:
Agent Minerva is doubtless the one we will recognize first,
as she still wears the uniform in which we last saw her.

One of the other women is the streetwalker Venus, although
she has cleaned up so extensively that it should be
difficult to recognize her.

The third woman we have not seen before: she is older than
the other two, beautiful and regal. She is HERA.

Tresser only spots Minerva.

TRESSER
Minerva!

MINERVA
Get in.

Tresser does, and Diana follows. The elevator doors close.

OLYMPIC SNOWS ELEVATOR

Tresser's focused on Minerva.

TRESSER
Situation report, agent?

But Diana's looking at Venus.

DIANA
Don't I know you?

Venus smiles, and as she does so a soft, pearly radiance begins to emanate from her face and body.

VENUS
Yes.

HERA
And you know me as well, child. We were there when you were born, my champion.

Hera too is glowing, and so is Agent Minerva.

As Diana gazes at Hera, recognition comes over her face. She drops to her knees.

DIANA
Great Hera!

She looks over at Minerva.

DIANA
Wise Athena...

and at Venus...

DIANA
...lovely Aphrodite.

Tresser is still standing, his hand creeping towards his gun.

DIANA
Kneel, Tom! These are goddesses.

TRESSER
(holding his ground)
You kneel. I'm American.

HERA
It's all right. He too has his part
to play.

DIANA
But how is that you are here, in
the world of men?

HERA
We have always been here. The
Amazons are our beloved daughters,
but we have other children. Every
woman is your sister, Diana, and
every man is your brother.

DIANA
(slowly, as if discovering it
herself)
I--I know. Part of me always knew.
But there is so much pain. What can
I do?

VENUS
You must lead with your heart,
Diana.

MINERVA
And fight with your head.

TRESSER
Agent Minerva, have you always
been...an extrahuman intelligence?

MINERVA
No. Diana told you the truth: we
can possess certain mortals with
affinity for our spiritual natures.
These hosts allowed us to enter.
Tomorrow they will be themselves
again.

DIANA
We don't have much time. How can I
fight Ares?

HERA

We've brought you gifts.

The light intensifies, until it is so brilliant that neither Diana nor Tresser can look directly at the three goddesses. Then the light dies back, and when it does each of the goddesses is holding something new: Hera has a sword, Minerva has a shield, and Aphrodite holds a sparkling length of golden rope.

And Diana has changed.

She holds the same position as before, still kneeling, but she is outfitted now in battle armor. The details of this, her final and most impressive costume of the movie, are of course left to the director and the costuming department: the golden winged armor featured in the "Kingdom Come" and "Wonder Woman" comics may provide a starting point.

Diana rises to her feet, gazing down at her new armor in awe.

Hera steps forward and hands her the sword.

HERA

So long as your will does not
falter, this blade will stay sharp
and strong.

Minerva steps forward to hand her the shield.

MINERVA

So long as your mind is clear, this
shield will not crack.

Venus steps forward and loops the rope around Diana's waist. Diana stiffens and cries out--a sound of raw pain--as the golden cord settles on her hips.

VENUS

So long as you are true to your own
heart, then any who touch this
length of rope will be unable to
deceive you. Their souls will be
laid bare, and all that is false
will burn away.

TRESSER

Nice!

But back on Diana, she's reeling as if from a brutal blow. She holds one hand to her head, shaking it slowly back and forth as if to collect herself. Eventually she manages to raise her eyes to meet Hera's. Her own are filled with unshed tears.

DIANA

I--I've been self-indulgent. I've caused harm. But I swear, this time I won't fail you.

HERA

I know.

The elevator doors open. Beyond is a sumptuously appointed hallway leading to a massive pair of paneled oak doors.

Diana breathes deep, squares her shoulders, and steps out of the elevator. Tresser follows.

SIXTY-SIXTH FLOOR

Diana doesn't look back as the elevator doors start to close behind her. Tresser does. He lifts a finger in warning.

TRESSER

This better not be an alien trick!

EXECUTIVE SUITE

The oaken doors crash open as Diana comes striding through, with Tresser behind her. Lester is behind a front desk: he starts to rise.

LESTER

Hey, you can't be here.

Diana draws her new sword, twirling it casually.

DIANA

Then we'll dance.

LESTER

Uh, on second thought, go right in.

A glass wall (and door) separate Ares' inner office from the outer foyer. Diana ignores the door and kicks in the glass. As the shards fall to the floor, Ares rises from behind his desk. He begins to laugh.

ARES

Are they truly so stupid, my idiot mother and sisters? To stand against me they've sent you--the very key I need.

DIANA

It's my blood you want, is it?
(she snarls)
Come and take it.

ARES

Your blood is the last thing I'll take, Amazon. Your death will be slow--and delicious.

His eyes fill with demonic red light.

Diana raises her sword and shield and looses an incoherent battlecry as she charges forward:

DIANA

Hyaaaaaa!

But Ares places his palms under his solid mahogany desk and, seemingly effortlessly, flips it into the air. The huge wooden desk flies end-over-end towards Diana.

She manages to raise her shield as the desk crashes down on her. The force of the impact drives her to her knees, but the desk splinters in half on the shield, and the wooden pieces rain down around her.

From her kneeling position, Diana counters by flinging her shield, rounded-side up. It whizzes through the air--but Ares catches it like a frisbee and flings it aside.

The move gives Diana time to regain her feet. She hoists her sword two-handed, over her shoulder, and lunges forward.

She gets in range, close enough to swing, maneuvering as she does so that she's striking with the flat of the blade. But Ares steps in--moving, like her, with inhuman speed--and blocks her swing with an upraised arm.

The red light in his eyes has also collected around his fists. We might notice that as Ares punches Diana in the face.

His fist connects with a sickening crunch. Diana staggers backward, blood streaming down her face.

Agent Tresser--standing in what remains of the glass doorway--draws his gun and tries to get a clear shot.

But Diana moves in again. She swings again, this time trying to hit him with the pommel of the sword.

Ares grabs her wrist.

They strain against each other, wrestling for control. And then--slowly--Ares forces Diana's arm down. The god-power in him makes him stronger--stronger even than Wonder Woman.

He twists her wrist with a sudden wrenching movement, and the sword goes clattering to the floor.

Ares grins savagely.

Diana, through her bloody nose, grins back.

She stomps hard on his foot with her boot, and immediately delivers a sharp left-handed strike with the heel of her hand, driving Ares' nose up into his face. He howls in pain and reels back.

Diana and Ares regroup. Now both their faces are bloody.

Tresser steadies his aim. He's almost got the shot. He squeezes the trigger.

But as he does so Diana lunges forward with her amazing speed, colliding into Ares. The two smash backwards and Tresser's bullet flies into the outer glass wall of the skyscraper, shattering the panel of glass and opening the office to the howling winds outside.

Diana's got Ares pinned to the ground. She delivers a quick punch to the face; but the second punch, he catches. He crushes her fist in his hand until she screams in agony. Then he pushes her backwards and flips to his feet.

Now Diana's on the ground and Ares is looming over her. He aims a vicious kick at her ribs.

ARES
Amazon bitch!

Diana cries out in pain as the kick connects, but she rolls with the blow and makes it to her feet.

But Ares is still on her. He backhands her and she goes reeling. If her battle armor included a helmet, it goes flying off at this point.

ARES
Whore!

He backhands her again, from the other side.

ARES

Slut!

Diana slowly swings her head back to front, raising her eyes to meet his. She's battered, bloody, seriously pissed off.

DIANA

My name. Is Diana.

She balls her fist.

DIANA

I'm a princess.

On the last word she punches him, and this time she doesn't hold back. Ares goes flying across the room and crashes into the wall.

It's a nice moment. But Ares isn't nearly beaten. He picks himself up, coughing a little.

ARES

You think you can beat me? I'm a god.

DIANA

You're a tool.

Diana's eyes slide to the side. She sees her sword, lying among the splintered wood: and beyond it the howling broken window.

Ares follows her glance. They both dive for the sword at the same time.

Diana gets there first. She whirls, sword out. He's going too fast to stop: it looks like he'll be impaled.

At the last moment Diana averts the blade. It only grazes Ares' side.

ARES

You'll pay for that, girl.

DIANA

Keep talking.

ARES

You think these are empty threats?
I'll drink wine from your skull.

But what Diana could see is that Tresser's coming up behind him, holding Diana's shield. He brings it down hard on Ares' head.

But it's not enough. Ares turns, snarling. He grabs Tresser's sweater, making a fist of it around the shoulder holster, and lifts Tresser bodily off the ground before throwing him aside like a ragdoll.

DIANA

Tom!

She tries to run to him, but Ares grabs her arm, whirling her around to face him.

ARES

Let's finish this farce.

He throws a punch. She blocks it. She swings with the sword. He deflects it.

They circle. Diana sinks down, trying a low sweeping kick. She succeeds in knocking Ares off his feet and in the next moment she has the sword to his throat.

DIANA

Yield, war-god.

He only laughs.

ARES

Go ahead. Kill this body. I'll just find another.

Diana bites her lip and lowers the sword. In the next instant Ares is back on his feet.

ARES

You're as weak as the rest of them.

He spins and kicks, catching Diana in the midsection. The blow is strong enough to dent her armor and send her flying. She lands among the ruins of the wooden desk and moans, her left hand moving weakly over the wound in her armor. She's clearly hurt.

Ares, every step strong and deliberate, picks his way through the debris of the room to stand over her.

He leans down and grabs a fistful of her hair. Starts to drag her to the open window.

Diana's still holding on to her sword but she can't seem to do much other than gasp with pain as she's pulled by her hair over the glass and wooden shards.

In a corner of the room, Agent Nemesis blinks awake. Tresser takes in the scene at a glance. He fumbles for his gun.

Ares hauls Diana to the broken window and drops her limp body there, her head and shoulders projecting out into open air.

It's a long way down.

ARES

I just need your blood. It will work as well if I scrape it off the pavement.

TRESSER

Not this one, you bastard.

Diana blinks, muzzy. Tries to focus. Ares looks behind him. They both see what we see:

Tresser's lost his cool. He's bruised and angry, but he's got the gun. He aims, and he shoots.

DIANA

No!

She swings the arm that's still holding the sword. But not at Ares. Instead the blade slices through her own hair, cutting her free of Ares' grip.

(A short-haired Wonder Woman for the rest of the movie could be a chic and kinky thing. Alternatively, it's possible Diana had so much hair that a little off the ends won't be missed.)

In a smooth acrobatic maneuver she hops to her feet, raising an arm. Tresser's bullet ricochets off her bracer with a ringing sound and a flash of fire.

After the beating she just took, she still saved Evan White's life.

Over Diana's shoulder, Ares' eyes flash with red fire, then fade.

Diana turns back to her enemy. She grabs him by the tie, and punches him square in the face.

This time she got him. He goes limp. He'd drop out the window if Diana weren't holding him up.

She pulls him back from the edge. His eyes flicker open. It's the body Ares had possessed: but the soul inside isn't Ares any longer.

ARES/EVAN WHITE
Please don't hurt me. It's me.

DIANA
Evan White?

Tresser comes to crouch down beside her.

ARES
Yes. Yes. He had--he was in my
mind. He made--made me--

DIANA
You're free now.

ARES
Thank you.

DIANA
Do you remember anything? About his
plans?

ARES
Yes. There's a door--there.

He points to the secret panel.

ARES
Behind it, some kind of magic. It
will take you to a place--a killing
place. He killed--Oh god. So many.

DIANA
So many girls.

ARES
Yes. But they weren't enough. He
needed more. He needed--you.

DIANA
It's over.

She stands, goes to collect her sword and shield.

DIANA
He's lost. I'm sorry for your
suffering.

TRESSER
My people will come and collect Mr.
White. We should check it out,
though. This place he's talking
about.

DIANA

Yes.

Tresser goes to the panel that Ares/Evan White indicated. He begins tapping on the wood, pressing at various points.

Diana walks up behind him.

DIANA

Tom.

TRESSER

Hm? --Oh. Right.

He steps aside. Diana punches the wood, splintering it to pieces. The marble, rune-carved corridor beyond is revealed.

DIANA

Let's go.

TRESSER

Yes. If the enemy leaves a door open, you must rush in.

Diana doesn't see, as she's already walking in, but we do: Tresser's eyes flash with red light.

TRESSER

Sun Tzu said that.

He follows Diana into the corridor.

RUNE-CARVED CORRIDOR

A few steps down the marble hallway, and Diana is enveloped in a flash of golden light. When it fades, she's gone.

Tresser gives a cruel smile, and follows. The light takes him too.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - NIGHT

The golden light flashes. Diana and Tresser appear inside a vast ancient cavern. A weird green glow suffuses everything. Although most of the cavern is natural rock, here and there we may see evidence of worked statuary or columnry--all of it broken, crumbling, long-forgotten.

Diana and Tresser pick their way through the stalagmites and old statuary. Then, distantly: a cry for help.

GRACE

Are you there? Somebody? Help me,
please, help me!

DIANA

Grace!

She begins to run. And, scrambling over a low rise, she sees:

The cavern dips, and the ground at the bottom is mostly taken up by a huge, flat, round stone, about twenty feet in diameter, densely carved with runes and glyphs. Broken columns ring the stone.

Among the columns lie dozens of dead bodies, all women. One of them is Helena Sandsmark. Tresser locks eyes with Helena's corpse and looks away, unmoved.

A large, rusted d-ring has been riveted to the stone in the center of the seal, and anchored to it by a length of equally rusty chain is Grace Choi. She's unhurt, but dirty and desperate.

GRACE

Get me out of here, please, get me out.

DIANA

I will. Of course I will.

She runs to Grace's side and, laying down her shield, kneels to grasp the chain with both hands. As she pulls the links apart, they begin to stretch and groan.

GRACE

They're all dead. I think he killed them.

DIANA

Did he say why he was keeping you?

Tresser comes up behind Diana.

TRESSER

She's bait.

In a quick motion, he grabs the pommel of Diana's sword and draws it from her scabbard. She looks back over her shoulder, startled.

Tresser's eyes are glowing red.

TRESSER

Why would I need her when I have
you?

He stabs Diana with the sword, aiming for the part of her shoulder unprotected by her breastplate. The blade sinks deeply into her back shoulder and emerges from the front slick with blood. Diana arches her back and SCREAMS.

The possessed Tresser releases the sword and steps back, gloating as Diana's blood runs down her armor and splatters onto the seal.

Dark fissures begin to form in the stone, snaking outward from the pooling blood.

GRACE

You bastard!

Grace strains against her chains. The links already bent by Diana finally snap. Grace stands, free, and drags Diana back.

TRESSER

And now you both shall die, knowing
that soon enough Gaia's Brood will
wipe your misbegotten creation from
the earth.

DIANA

(fighting to speak through the
pain)

Sister. Take my sword.

GRACE

What? I can't--

DIANA

You're an Amazon. You can.

Grace grasps the pommel of the sword and pulls it free. Diana gasps in pain as the blade leaves her flesh.

GRACE

Now what? What do I do?

DIANA

Defend yourself.

With her right palm pressed against the wound in her shoulder, Diana forces herself to stand. She lifts her head to lock eyes with Tresser.

DIANA
I'll end this.

She walks toward him, every step an effort.

TRESSER
What will you do? You can barely stand.

She keeps coming.

He draws his gun and shoots several times in quick succession. She deflects the bullets, although moving her arm causes fresh blood to hit the stone, and more cracks appear with each drop.

As he reloads she comes close, standing face to face with the possessed Tresser. He sneers.

TRESSER
You think you can fight me? In this condition?

DIANA
I think I won't have to. Tom, I'm sorry for what you're about to endure.

In a whip-quick motion she unhooks Aphrodite's golden rope from its place around her waist, and throws one end of it over Tresser's head, so that the two of them are both encircled by its length.

TRESSER
What--what is this--

He puts his hands to his head, confused by the perceptions that are flooding him.

DIANA
The truth. It's the truth about you, Tom. I'm sorry. I can't risk it any other way.

TRESSER
But--there were so many. And I killed them.

He pulls fruitlessly against the golden rope.

TRESSER
There were so many.

He tosses his head from side to side. Diana puts one hand on his shoulder to steady him. Her other hand is still holding the end of Aphrodite's cord.

TRESSER
(growing more agitated)
I thought I had no choice but--I
had a choice. With every one of
them. I had a choice.

DIANA
Tom. I'm here. I'm here.

TRESSER
(in agony)
They had mothers! Every one of them
had mothers.

Diana clutches him close. Tom begins weeping, racked, agonizing sobs.

TRESSER
Oh God. Some of them had children.

Diana closes her eyes and holds tight.

DIANA
I'm sorry.

TRESSER
No. No, I can't--

His eyes flare red again, and his voice takes on a demonic tone.

TRESSER
I can't stand this!

On the last words he flings his head back. Flames leap out of his eyes and mouth, and take hazy shape: the outline of Ares. But as soon as we see the form, it dissipates.

Tresser collapses against Diana. She holds him tight.

TRESSER
(gasping)
Enough. It's enough. Please.

She understands, and at once she pulls back, loosing him from the coil of rope.

DIANA
Tom. Is it you?

TRESSER
Shit.

He gathers himself, just barely--enough to watch Diana as she winds the loops of rope back around her waist.

TRESSER
You--you wear that. All the time.

DIANA
It was a gift. To keep me honest.

TRESSER
Your gods are cruel.

She places a hand on his cheek.

DIANA
Ares has left you. We're alone,
now.

From behind them:

GRACE
I don't think so.

Grace is gripping the sword, staring at the spreading cracks in the stone beneath their feet. The fissures are widest in the center: and from the black gaping cracks, a few waving tentacles have surfaced. They're groping outward. One is fumbling near where Diana laid her shield.

Diana reacts. She rolls into the area, comes up on one knee, grabs her shield and brings the edge of it down on the questing tentacle, severing it.

All the tentacles stiffen and quiver.

The stone beneath them rumbles. Cracks widen.

And then the center of the seal heaves and buckles. Slabs of stone go sliding away. On the periphery, a few of the still-standing columns topple and fall.

A dozen suckered tentacles, each the width of a man's leg, come flailing out of the ground where the seal was. And in the center, a squid like beak, snapping hungrily at the air.

It's the first of Gaia's Brood, fighting its way out into the world.

Diana raises her shield as a monstrous tentacle comes crashing down on her. It slides off the shield, and she rolls away, out of immediate danger. She's still favoring her wounded shoulder--but the bleeding has slowed. She heals fast.

GRACE
 (shouting, from the other side
 of the creature)
 Crap! What do we do?

DIANA
 We do what we must. We fight!

And the three of them charge in: Grace hacking with the sword, Tresser body-slamming one of the tentacles, Diana using her shield to bash the writhing appendages.

Tresser's got a tentacle pinned beneath him. He punches it over and over.

Grace swings the sword at another tentacle, and it bites deeply into the rubbery appendage, exposing pink flesh beneath the mottled skin. The injured tentacle draws back, then flies at Grace with tremendous force. It whumps her back into one of the columns.

As another tentacle comes flailing at Diana, she gathers her legs under her and springs into the air with cat-like agility. On the way down she holds her shield in front of her with both hands, so that its sharp edge is aimed squarely downward. When she lands, the shield bites deeply into the tentacle now occupying the space where she had been standing. It severs the tentacle from the body, and the whole monster shudders.

Tresser's still punching the tentacle he has pinned, although it's gone limp. But he doesn't see that another tentacle is snaking toward him from above.

Grace, regrouping, is the first to see the danger Tresser's in.

GRACE
 Hey!

Both Tresser and Diana look up, just in time to see a tentacle snake around Tresser's waist and jerk him up into the air.

The squid-monster shakes Tresser in its fleshy grip. He's at least fifteen feet off the ground, up near the ceiling of the cavern. The tentacle drags him so that he's hanging directly over the monster's snapping beak.

Tresser's trying to draw his gun. He can't get to it beneath the suckers' grip. He looks down into the creature's beak and snarls an incoherent challenge.

TRESSER

Graaaaah!

Diana sets down her shield. She's watching Tom with concern as she unwinds Aphrodite's rope from her waist.

DIANA

Tom! Control your anger! Ares could still be here. You must stay calm!

Tresser, from his vantage point in the grip of a giant squid-monster, waving around almost twenty feet in the air, gives her a you-must-be-kidding-me look.

TRESSER

(yelling)

Stay calm?!!

Diana's knotting a quick loop in the rope. She spins her makeshift lasso around in her hand, gauging distance and force.

DIANA

Concentrate on what you're fighting for!

She flings the lasso. It goes arcing over Tresser and the tentacle that holds him, settling around a curve of the fleshy tentacle near its widest part. Diana gives it a tug and the loop in the rope pulls tight, cutting into the monster's rubbery skin.

Tresser calls back:

TRESSER

My own sweet ass?

Diana's pulling down on the rope now, hauling the tentacle closer and closer to the ground. She pauses for just a moment in her exertions, to consider this. Then she gives a little shrug.

DIANA

That works. --Grace!

And as Diana forces the tentacle close to the ground, Grace comes running up with the sword.

Grace gives a mighty swing, and severs the tentacle in one blow. Tresser falls to the ground and wriggles his way free of the severed tentacle. Diana pulls in her lasso.

TRESSER

Wait. Are you thinking about your
ass? Or my ass? Cause either way--

GRACE

(exasperated)
You guys! Squid thing!

And in fact, another tentacle is zooming towards Diana. She's got her hands full recovering the rope.

Tresser is the first to react. He draws his gun and empties the clip. The bullets slam into the tentacle, each one drawing blood. It shudders, draws back, and falls to the earth with a thud.

Tresser reloads.

GRACE

Hey. Are there--more of them than
there were?

Indeed. There do seem to be more of the tentacles waving around the snapping beak, although some of them are thinner.

As we watch, the tentacle Grace severed with the sword begins to twitch. From the bloody stump two new tentacles sprout forth and elongate.

Soon they are both lashing at our heroes.

DIANA

It's a hydra. Cut off a limb, and
two more will grow.

TRESSER

That's fantastic.

DIANA

Keep it busy.

TRESSER

What?! What do you mean, keep it
busy?

But he doesn't have time to finish his objection, because the two new tentacles are coming for him. He ducks and rolls away just as they crash into the spot where he was.

He aims back and fires.

Meanwhile Diana is racing towards the tallest of the stone columns that surround the broken seal. The top of it has sheared away, leaving a sharp upward point.

She throws her arms around the base of the pillar and begins exerting all her strength, trying to lift the massive stone column.

Tresser and Grace are still fighting for their lives.

The column snaps off in her arms. She twists it, lifting it up, until she's balancing the huge shaft on her slender hands, with the sharp point facing the hydra.

She begins to run, gaining speed, charging the hydra's snapping beak with the massive lance of stone.

A tentacle sweeps at her but she leaps over it. As she comes down -- straight into the hungry beak -- she angles the column downward and drives it into the heart of the creature.

It gives an unearthly shriek. The tentacles flail in a death-spasm, and then fall back beneath the ground.

Now the cavern floor holds the broken seal, with dark fissures still radiating out from its center, and the end of the stone column protruding from beneath the ground.

TRESSER

Is that it? Did we win?

Diana answers from where she landed, crouched near the center of the squid-thing's collapse.

DIANA

No. That was only the first of Gaia's Brood. Their numbers are legion. Without the seal to hold them back...

Both Tresser and Grace move in closer to Diana.

TRESSER

I'll call for backup.

He pulls out a cellphone.

TRESSER

Where, uh--where are we?

GRACE
I don't think you're gonna get
signal, army dude.

TRESSER
Then we have to retreat. Back
through the--

DIANA
Portal.

TRESSER
--Teleportation device.

GRACE
Wait. Diana--if an Amazon could
break the seal--do you think maybe
an Amazon could fix it?

Diana shakes her head.

DIANA
Only the gods...can...

But she trails off, struck by a thought.

TRESSER
Diana?

DIANA
Only the gods can remake the seal.

She drops to her knees.

DIANA
If Ares is here, then maybe the
others are too. Athena,
Aphrodite--and Hera. If we open
ourselves to them, maybe we can
channel the power to remake the
seal.

TRESSER
Oh no. I've been possessed enough
for one day.

DIANA
Tom, it may be the only way.

TRESSER
I don't even believe in your gods.

GRACE

Yeah, uh, I'm Buddhist.

DIANA

It doesn't matter. There are forces of evil in the world, but also there are forces of good. It doesn't matter what you call them. The truth is what you carry in your heart.

TRESSER

You sound like someone who's found her faith.

DIANA

But I need you to find yours. Both of you. Grace, Athena is the goddess of wisdom. Can you find that calm, that surety inside yourself?

GRACE

I used to meditate. It's been a long time but...I can try.

Diana holds out her hand. Grace walks over, clasps hands, and kneels beside Diana. Grace closes her eyes and breathes deep, trying to find her center.

DIANA

Tom, Aphrodite is the goddess of love. Can you open your heart to her?

TRESSER

Maybe I should do Hera.

DIANA

You cannot.

TRESSER

Why not? What's she the goddess of?

DIANA

Hera is the queen of heaven. She's the goddess of everything in its right place. Promises kept, families knitted tight, the soul in its true condition. I know who I am now, and I know my mission. I can be open to Hera.

TRESSER

And I can't? Is that what you're saying? You think I'm--deluded, or misguided? Because you just put that rope on me and you made me see what I am, so I get it, okay? I'm a killer. I'm a weapon. I destroy everything I touch. Helena's dead because of me--so many people have died because of me--but don't tell me I don't know what I am, because I do. And I also know that the world needs me, people like me who can't sleep at night because of all the things we've done to protect the millions of good people in their untroubled dreams.

DIANA

You are a man of honor, Agent Tom Tresser. It's not that you couldn't be a vessel for Hera. But I'm afraid her power would destroy you. The queen of the gods is...harsh, sometimes, in the use of her strength.

Tresser crouches down beside Diana.

TRESSER

You're saying this will be dangerous? For you?

DIANA

For all of us. Mortals cannot channel divine power without paying a price.

She looks over at Grace, now sunk deep in meditation.

DIANA

But, yes, Grace is safest. Athena understands restraint.

TRESSER

But you're wounded. Let me take Hera.

Diana reaches for his hand.

DIANA

Tom. Do you think that Aphrodite's power is safe?

He knows the answer as soon as he considers the question.

TRESSER
Love is never safe.

DIANA
And my experience in her domain
is...limited. I need you to do
this.

Tresser looks at her hand, holding his.

TRESSER
What do I do?

DIANA
Concentrate. On something you love.

He looks up, locking eyes with her.

TRESSER
I am.

Diana simply nods, and bows her head.

A moment passes as the three of them kneel with joined hands.

Then: a blue radiance, faint at first, begins to surround them. It grows steadily stronger.

And there are shapes in the light, hovering over the three kneeling figures: the goddesses.

A flare of light collects around Grace and coalesces into a tight, brilliant halo of energy. Then it crackles down her arm and passes into Diana, who jolts as the power hits her.

DIANA
Unh!

The wound in Diana's shoulder re-opens. Fresh blood trickles down her armor and splatters onto the stone.

A matching flare collects around Tresser. Again, it collects and brightens around him, and then we see the power--snapping like electricity--surge down his arm and into Diana. This time, she SCREAMS.

Her blood runs in rivulets down to the broken seal, flowing into the carvings on the stone.

The figure of Hera, hovering behind Diana, places her hands on Diana's shoulders. Again the light brightens and contracts, this time centered around Diana herself. Power dances around her in an electrical aura and arcs outward, toward the seal.

Where the light touches it, Diana's blood becomes illuminated, glowing with divine power. The light flows into all the carvings of the seal and fills the fissures and cracks.

On the other side of the seal, a red figure forms in the air. It's Ares' spirit form. And he's pissed.

ARES

No. It can't be. I was so close!

He is answered by the goddesses, still hovering insubstantial in the air.

MINERVA

Your schemes are ended.

VENUS

It's time to come home.

HERA

Your father is very angry.

ARES

(in great fear and pain)

No. NOOOOOOOOO!

The light brightens and overtakes the entire scene. When it fades, the seal is repaired, and only the three mortals remain.

Grace and Tresser blink awake. Diana slumps over, unconscious.

TRESSER

Diana!

He turns her over, and his fingers come away covered in blood.

GRACE

We've got to get her to a hospital.

But as Tresser gathers her up in his arms, Diana's eyes flutter.

DIANA
No...I need...to go home.

Tresser and Grace exchange glances.

TRESSER
That'll take some fast talking.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA BEACH - DAY

A futuristic type of stealth aircraft streaks across the blue Mediterranean skies. As it lands we recognize Paradise Island. Diana has clearly managed some communication from the plane because because Queen Hippolyta and her HONOR GUARDS are arrayed on the beach, expectant.

The hatch of the aircraft opens, and a ladder extends.

Tresser, carrying Diana, is the first to disembark. Diana's wound has been dressed, and she's conscious, but still very weak.

TRESSER
She's hurt. She needs--

HIPPOLYTA
We can heal her.

The Amazon honor guards step forward to take Diana. Tresser surrenders her into their arms.

A moment later, a ring of bronze spears are at his throat. The Amazon guards are surrounding him, weapons leveled.

TRESSER
Whoa!

HIPPOLYTA
No man has set foot on this island
for three thousand years.

Diana lifts her head weakly.

DIANA
I like him.

Hippolyta looks at her daughter, looks at Tresser. An expression of weary amusement crosses her face. But all she says is:

HIPPOLYTA
Welcome to Themyscira.

The spear-points drop.

Grace Choi ducks her head out from within the aircraft and begins to tentatively descend the ladder. Hippolyta's eyes flick to her, and the queen's expression immediately softens. She strides forward with her arms outstretched.

HIPPOLYTA
Sister's daughter! Welcome. Welcome home.

Grace jumps down to the sand and allows Hippolyta to embrace her.

GRACE
Thanks. I'm not sure I'll be staying.

HIPPOLYTA
You may come and go freely. But everything we have is yours. You have no idea how much you are wanted here.

The words hit Grace hard. She blinks back tears.

GRACE
Um. That sounds nice.

HIPPOLYTA
Come. My daughter needs care.

The Amazons move up the stairs that lead to the palace.

INT. AMAZON PALACE - DIANA'S ROOM - DAY

Diana's chambers are both graceful and austere. The space is mostly open, with many windows and a balcony to admit the sun, but what furniture exists is hand-carved and beautiful.

There's also a weapons rack, holding her sword, lasso, and shield, along with a spear and various other accoutrements of war.

Diana is sitting up in bed. She's shed her armor and is back in a clean toga, perhaps with a bit of extra jewelry (earrings? a torque?) as befits her rank.

Tom sticks his head into the room.

TRESSER
Uh...your highness?

Diana smiles.

DIANA
Tom. Come in.

But when he does, she can't stifle a laugh.

Tresser's wearing a toga.

TRESSER
When in Rome.

DIANA
I'm surprised they found anything
to fit you.

TRESSER
It shrank in the wash.

He comes to sit beside her.

TRESSER
How are you doing?

DIANA
Better. We should never do that
again.

TRESSER
Yeah. I got that.

DIANA
You could have died. I should never
have asked it of you.

TRESSER
You didn't have much choice.

DIANA
There's always a choice. But I
don't know much about your world.

TRESSER
No. You're...so pure. Almost
perfect. There are things I never
want to see you learn.

DIANA
What do you mean?

TRESSER

I mean you've got a choice to make, don't you, princess?

DIANA

You see that.

TRESSER

Stay here. Stay here, where they know what a treasure you are. Where they love you. Stay here and protect them. I don't want to see you--you shouldn't have to--

DIANA

I shouldn't have to do what you do?

TRESSER

It would change you. It would harden you.

DIANA

I'm not soft.

TRESSER

But you are...innocent. In a way.

DIANA

I'll think about it. When are you leaving?

TRESSER

Tomorrow. I've got a court-martial to go to.

DIANA

You're in trouble?

TRESSER

Naw, these things are just a formality. Been to half a dozen of 'em.

DIANA

I'll see you go, at least.

Tresser stands.

TRESSER

I want to remember you, princess. I want to remember you immortal and undefeated, pure and perfect and scary as shit. I want to hold that in my heart as long as I live.

DIANA
 Maybe you could have that, and the
 real girl too.

The words hang in the air between them.

TRESSER
 I'll see you tomorrow. We'll say
 goodbye.

He leaves the room.

DIANA
 (softly)
 Goodbye.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA BEACH - DAY

Tom and Grace stand in front of the stealth aircraft. Diana stands with her mother, the other Amazons arrayed behind them.

HIPPOLYTA
 Thank you. Thank you for bringing
 our daughters back to us.

TRESSER
 (to Grace)
 You're sure about this?

GRACE
 I don't know how long I'll be
 staying here. But a safe place...a
 place to learn...sounds nice. For a
 while.

HIPPOLYTA
 You will be safe here for as long
 as you care to stay.

DIANA
 And I will come back for you any
 time you like.

Tresser reacts to this, as Diana turns to Hippolyta. The queen and princess grasp hands.

HIPPOLYTA
 You are decided then.

DIANA

The goddesses told me. I wasn't just meant for the Amazons. I was meant for the world: that riotous, ugly, splendid, amazing world. It needs me, mother, and I need it.

HIPPOLYTA

I know.

They embrace.

HIPPOLYTA

Come back to us often, Diana.

She smooths her daughter's hair.

HIPPOLYTA

Our princess. Daughter of us all.

DIANA

(eyes shining)

I will.

They break apart.

Diana and Grace walk towards each other, changing places. Grace sticks out a hand as they approach, as if for a handshake, but Diana grasps her forearm near the elbow--a Greek warrior's salute.

GRACE

Thank you.

DIANA

It was an honor to fight at your side, sister.

They drop their hands. Grace continues towards the Amazons, taking her place by Hippolyta. The queen drapes an arm over Grace's shoulder and hugs her close.

Diana steps up to the aircraft.

TRESSER

You're doing this.

DIANA

It's not your choice, Tom. It's mine.

TRESSER

I hope you don't regret it.

He grasps the rail of the aircraft's ladder and swings himself up to its rungs. Diana moves to follow, but as she grasps the ladder's rail a thought strikes her.

DIANA

I thought you said the jet was invisible?

TRESSER

Invisible to radar, yeah.

DIANA

But I can see it.

Tresser looks over his shoulder at Diana, fondly.

TRESSER

Well, that's because you're wearing the lasso of truth.

Diana nods, accepting this, and follows Tresser into the jet.

The hatch closes. The engines roar to life. And a moment later, the jet begins to roll down the beach, whipping the Amazons' togas around their legs.

Hippolyta, Grace, and the other Amazons stay to watch the jet lift off, shading their eyes as they stare into the sun.

The plane rises into the sky, gleams in the sunlight, and is gone.