

WONDER WOMAN

Screenplay by
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Based on the D.C. Comic

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FIRST DRAFT
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EXT. ALPINE RESORT, FLYING POV - NIGHT

Swiss Alps, 11,000 feet, dead of night. Sleek modern hotel, extremely exclusive, cutting edge architecture, built into the side of a sheer vertical mountain face. Jaw-dropping panorama; silver snow gleams moonlit against black rock.

We approach from above, gliding on silent wings. A single line of golden windows illuminates the hotel bar, which is cantilevered out into space.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is almost empty; only a handful of tourists in colorful ski outfits chat, drinking by the roaring fireplace.

CYRUS, 40s, a broad-shouldered, gimlet-eyed lout in a stylish black winter overcoat, nurses a bourbon, rocks, in a high-backed booth by the window. He impatiently gnaws a large ice cube. He pays no attention to the vertiginous view; instead he watches the door. A slender laptop computer lies folded next to his drink napkin like a sleeping dog.

In the door comes SCOTT, 20s, a gawky, bespectacled stick. A white lab coat peeks out from under his parka. A small blocky case is cabled to his wrist. Twitchy with stress, he looks around as if expecting to be jumped.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

From our flying POV, outside, we see Scott approach Cyrus's table. We ZOOM IN to take special interest of the case cabled to his wrist.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

He comes to Cyrus's table. Cyrus does not look at him.

SCOTT
You're Cyrus.

CYRUS
You're late.

SCOTT
Try getting a cab at night in this part of the Alps. Nice view.

CYRUS
Cut the crap. Gimme the case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott steps back, withholding the case.

SCOTT
How 'bout proof of payment?

Cyrus looks at him, teeth on edge, blood in his eye.

CYRUS
How bout I cut off your hand?

SCOTT
It's just business.

Cyrus looks Scott in the eye. He's not budging. Cyrus crushes his ice cube in his teeth and grudgingly opens his laptop. The screen displays the website of a Swiss bank.

CYRUS
If that case is empty, you won't get out of here alive.

SCOTT
If I'm not back at the lab in thirty minutes, a timed email will go out to AP, UPI and Reuters outlining the circumstances of my death.

CYRUS
(beat, then)
That's what I get for dealing with geeks.

He turns the screen around to show Scott. Scott looks at it. It shows a deposit made into a numbered account.

SCOTT
Good.

Cyrus reaches for the case; Scott pulls back again.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Confirmation.

Cyrus sneers. Scott takes out a cell phone, punches a series of buttons. We hear a computerized female voice.

VOICE (ON PHONE)
Thank you for calling Interlaken Bank.
Your account balance is: ten-million-dollars.

Scott closes his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT

Can't trust people these days.

He unlocks the cable that attaches the case to his wrist and slides the case across the table to Cyrus. Cyrus catches it, then roughly slides it back to him.

CYRUS

Open it.

Scott looks affronted. Why? Cyrus answers him.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Can't trust people these days.

Beat. Scott concedes the point, unlocks the case. Inside is a small metal canister nestled into a block of styrofoam. He carefully removes the canister, opens it; inside is a frosty glass jar in a protective metal mesh; inside that is a small block of iridescent green metal.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME

From our flying POV, we ZOOM IN on the block of metal.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus gives the jar a cool eye.

SCOTT

Happy?

CYRUS

(fuck you)

Ecstatic.

Scott packs up the case, locks it securely, slides it across.

SCOTT

I suggest you use it wisely, this is all the Nitronium in the world.

Cyrus snorts, clamps the cable closed on his wrist, gets up and leaves the table without further comment.

EXT. ALPINE RESORT, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cyrus walks briskly out of the hotel, the case cabled to his wrist. The sky is clear, the moonlight sharp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cyrus walks between two buildings. The shadows are dense and black.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

FROM UP ABOVE, our FLYING POV CAMERA SWOOPS DOWN ON CYRUS LIKE AN OWL DROPPING ON A MOUSE.

EXT. ALPINE RESORT, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus TURNS AROUND, thinks he's heard something. There is no one there.

He turns back around to find himself face to face with DIANA PRINCE, 30, a tall, statuesque brunette with cascading raven-black hair, coal-black eyes and cupid's bow lips. She wears a snug, fur-lined flight jacket over a black, form-fitting catsuit. On her wrists, SILVER GAUNTLETS glimmer in the moonlight. She BLOCKS Cyrus's way. He's not at all happy to see her.

CYRUS

Diana.

DIANA

In the flesh.

(then)

You didn't report in.

CYRUS

Thanks for your concern.

Cyrus walks on, eyes darting, looking for routes of escape. A FAMILY OF TOURISTS stands at a nearby railing, gazing out over the view. One of them is a six-year-old GIRL in a white ski jacket, who points at the golden necklace of lights that make up the city far below. Diana regards Cyrus's case.

DIANA

Shopping?

CYRUS

Yeah, something for the kids. Wanna see?

DIANA

Love to.

Cyrus steps up onto the sidewalk and places the case on the railing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL
(to mother, re the view)
Mommy, can we go down there tomorrow?

CYRUS
Why wait?

He GRABS THE GIRL AND HURLS HER OVER THE RAILING, OUT INTO THE ABYSS. The girl's mother SCREAMS as Cyrus BOLTS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The little girl, SCREAMING, PLUNGES DOWN THE VERTICAL MOUNTAIN WALL. Jagged rocks hurtle toward her.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The little girl's family SCREAMS AND POINTS as Diana RUNS TO THE RAILING and DIVES OVER, HEAD FIRST. They scream AGAIN when they see Diana go over.

EXT. SIDE OF MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Diana STREAKS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, CATCHING UP WITH THE LITTLE GIRL.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Meanwhile, Cyrus DASHES around the side of the lodge and PULLS THE TARP off of a SLEEK, FUTURISTIC SNOWMOBILE called a SNOW-JET, an experimental prototype, twice as big and twice as powerful as today's top-line snowmobile.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Just as the little girl is about to smash against the rocks, Diana SWOOPS DOWN AND SCOOPS HER UP.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Cyrus JUMPS on the Snow-Jet and starts it. It ROARS TO LIFE and TAKES OFF ACROSS THE SNOW, INTO THE WOODS.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Diana SOARS back up the side of the mountain, arcs, and lands gracefully on the sidewalk by the railing. The little girl's family is speechless as she puts her down gently on the walk.

DIANA

You okay?

The girl can only gaze at her and NOD as if in a dream. Diana gives her shoulders a squeeze in parting, RUNS ACROSS THE PARKING LOT, a BLACK STREAK, and TAKES OFF, SIX FEET IN THE AIR, HORIZONTAL, HEAD FIRST. The family stares after her, jaws agape.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME

Cyrus ROARS through the pine woods surrounding the hotel. Snow FLIES out from the back of the Snow-Jet in a giant arc. He looks at his high-tech instrument panel: the digital readout says "72 MPH." He looks back up just in time to DUCK BENEATH a low-hanging tree branch.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Diana ZOOMS through the woods, following Cyrus's tracks. She effortlessly weaves in between trees and rocks, tilting and rocking her body to squeeze through tight spots. Over one branch, under another, sideways through a pair of trees, underneath a fallen log.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME

Cyrus hits a stark moonlit clearing in the woods. He looks around himself, sees that he is alone, sighs with relief.

THEN, DIANA'S FACE DROPS DOWN NEXT TO HIS, INCHES AWAY; SHE EASILY KEEPS PACE WITH HIM AS SHE GLIDES THROUGH THE AIR.

DIANA

Nice ride.

Cyrus YELLS in surprise and PUNCHES A BUTTON on his dashboard marked "TURBO." The ROAR of the Snow-Jet turns to a SCREAM as it LURCHES FORWARD at terrific speed. Diana SOARS UP INTO THE AIR BEHIND HIM.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The Snow-Jet SCREAMS through the woods, too fast to control. Cyrus glances at the speedometer: it reads "115 MPH." He looks back up and TURNS ABRUPTLY TO AVOID A LARGE ROCK; there is a CRUNCH as he SKIMS it and bits of fiberglass fly off.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - SAME

Diana SOARS high up into the air, stops, then GOES INTO A POWER-DIVE, PICKING UP MOMENTUM LIKE A ROLLERCOASTER. The wind PUSHES HER HAIR STRAIGHT BACK. With this kind of power, she doesn't bother to steer between trees. Instead she just SHOOTs STRAIGHT THROUGH, breaking off limbs, splintering trunks, gaining on Cyrus. Snow cascades down in her wake.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus steers through a thick grove of trees, bashing into trunks left and right, scarring his cool ride. Then, without warning, the woods ENDS and Cyrus finds he is MERE FEET FROM A CLIFF WITH A THOUSAND-FOOT DROP. He SLAMS ON THE BRAKES AND HITS A HARD LEFT. The Snow-Jet TILTS OVER ON ONE SIDE, SKIRTING THE RIDGE at a fifty-degree angle. Snow and rocks CASCADE DOWN THE CLIFF as he zooms by.

He comes to a grinding halt, leaving a thirty-foot skid mark behind him. The ridge that he's driving on goes on for only another two hundred feet and then vanishes with only mountain wall beyond. HOWEVER: to his right, thirty feet from the ridge and twenty feet below, is a snow-covered stone railway bridge. He looks at it like a starving man looks at a steak.

Behind him, the woods EXPLODE OUTWARD in a shower of splinters and powder as Diana BURSTS THROUGH THE TREES, zooming toward him.

Cyrus takes a deep breath, GUNS HIS MOTOR, and TAKES OFF, PICKING UP SPEED, SPEWING SNOW. The Snow-Jet SAILS OFF THE RIDGE, THIRTY FEET THROUGH THIN AIR, AND SMASHES DOWN ONTO THE RAILROAD TRACKS.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

This bridge belongs to the JUNGFRAUJOCH, "The World's Highest Railway," and consists of a series of tall stone arches that run alongside the steep mountain ridge. At the far end of the bridge, leading toward Interlaken, is a TUNNEL that runs through the solid rock of the Eiger.

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CONTINUED:

With nothing to slow him, Cyrus BLASTS down the track, throttle open, a plume of snow like a cock's tail behind him.

EXT. SKY - SAME

Diana, zooming along behind Cyrus, opens her flight jacket and takes out a GLOWING GOLDEN ROPE. She lets it out slowly, twirling it in broad circles. We see now that it is a GOLDEN LASSO. She takes the loop and, with a deft flick of the wrist HURLS it toward Cyrus's Snow-Jet.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - SAME

Cyrus ROARS toward the tunnel. He's closer, closer, closer. Suddenly there is a JERK from the rear. He looks at his speedometer: it's dropping fast.

He looks behind him: Diana's golden lasso is caught on a stanchion at the rear of the Snow-Jet. He looks up and sees, through the plume of snow, DIANA TRAILING HIM, as if water-skiing, heels dug into the snow, black hair cascading behind her. He looks at his speedometer: his speed quickly drops.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - SAME

Diana, skiing along behind, DIGS HER HEELS INTO THE RAILROAD TIES to slow the Snow-Jet. Wood splinters upward among the snow plumes. Cyrus turns around and tries to reach the golden cord attached to his Snow-Jet, not watching where he's driving. Suddenly the air is filled with the BLAST OF A DIESEL HORN. He WHIPS AROUND and sees, barrelling toward him, a SPEEDING LOCOMOTIVE, coming much too fast to react. Screaming, Cyrus LEAPS FROM the Snow-Jet just as it IMPACTS with the train HEAD ON, DISINTEGRATING.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

As Cyrus leaps from the Snow-Jet, Diana's lasso ENSNARES HIM AROUND THE SHOULDERS. She SOARS UP INTO THE AIR, CYRUS TRAILING BEHIND. She FLICKS HER WRIST and Cyrus FLIES UP OVER HER HEAD AND SMASHES INTO A VERTICAL ROCK WALL. He SLIDES down the face of the mountain and is suddenly PINIONED THERE as Diana PLANTS HER HIGH-HEELED BOOT ON HIS CHEST. She HOVERS in the air, her foot on his chest, golden rope tight across his shoulders.

DIANA

All right Cyrus. What's the game?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CYRUS

I don't know, I swear. Guy tells me where to go, who to meet, what to pay. I don't know anything. That's the truth.

Diana gives the lasso a sharp TUG.

DIANA

(through her teeth)
I know it's the truth.

She reaches over and, without preamble, CRUSHES CYRUS'S HAND with one squeeze.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus's AGONIZED SCREAM echoes through the peaks and valleys of the surrounding mountainscape.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Before a police station in downtown Interlaken, Cyrus hangs, bound but alive, from a lamppost. His hand is smashed to a pulp and the case is gone. A POLICE OFFICER comes out the door of the station, looks up and notices him hanging there.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

High up the side of a vertical mountain face, DIANA drops down from out of the air and lands gracefully on a tiny snow-covered outcropping. She balances perfectly on her tall black high-heeled boots. She sets the case down in the crunchy snow and breaks its locks off with an easy flick of her thumb. She delicately removes the metal canister within, opens it, takes out the frosty glass jar. She opens that and takes out the small ingot of glowing green metal. Pale green light plays over her features as she runs her fingers over it. It leaves traces of phosphorescent dust on her hands.

EXT. GATEWAY CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

The craggy cliffside coastline of GATEWAY CITY squats brooding on the Pacific like San Francisco's evil twin. Its nighttime skyline is a jagged jawbone of rotten teeth.

EXT. GATEWAY CITY, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The decaying, low-rent, low-lying downtown area is choked in a thick damp creamy blanket of fog, giving it the feel of a ghost town.

EXT. GATEWAY CITY, UPTOWN - NIGHT

The wealthy hills of Gateway City sport pointed obsidian skyscrapers rising out of the fog like stalagmites stabbing at the sickly yellow sky. They are slickly built and well-maintained, but their personalities are mean and heartless.

At the peak of the highest hill is MARSTON TOWER, a luxury apartment building, a cold black cockeyed spire that soars up from a broad brick plaza, dotted with columns of blue lights.

EXT. MARSTON TOWER - CONTINUOUS

We FLY UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING until we come to the TOP FLOOR, forty stories up. We peer through plate-glass windows into a sprawling PENTHOUSE. Sitting on stools, leaning against the wet-bar is DIANA, in high-fashion street clothes, with a man new to us, TROMBLY, in a black coat.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Diana's apartment is handsome, spacious and high-tone, but also dark, austere and sterile. Stone slabs, dark oak, brushed chrome, recessed lighting.

There is a casual camaraderie between Diana and Trombly. They are two old soldiers, have seen many battles together. Trombly, 40s, his chipped, worn face etched with bitterness, lights a thin black cigarette. Pale yellow smoke curls up around the brim of his hat as he stirs his drink. Diana pushes her sumptuous black mane of hair up off her forehead.

TROMBLY

Rotten. The whole world. Stupefying.

DIANA

It's happened before.

TROMBLY

Not to someone I know. Cyrus, we came up together. I knew him; thought so anyway.

(sighs, then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROMBLY (CONT'D)

So. Trusty DIA agent Cyrus bags on his post. You catch up with him buying what.

DIANA
This. =

Diana reaches into the ice bucket and pulls out the metal canister. She hands it to Trombly, watches his eyes to catch his reaction. Trombly opens the canister, takes out the jar. The phosphorescent metal inside is not the solid, glowing ingot that Diana held; it is now an iridescent green gel.

TROMBLY
The hell is it?

DIANA
Four ounces of extremely expensive metal.

TROMBLY
How do you know it's expensive?

DIANA
Cyrus spent ten million, I assume he's selling it for twenty. Which means it's probably worth a hundred.

TROMBLY
(low whistle)
Who needs a glob a metal that pricey?

DIANA
That's what we need to find out. I dropped Cyrus off with the Interlaken Police to keep him in one place for a while. Whoever wanted this stuff is sure to come after him.

TROMBLY
Good thinking. I'll take this back to HQ, have it analyzed.

Diana smiles at him as he slips the jar into the canister and the canister into his pocket.

They walk towards her front door. Diana puts a friendly arm around Trombly's shoulder.

TROMBLY (CONT'D)
So you tell me: is the world sailin' down the crapper or was it always this bad?

DIANA
Well, I have to say, the world was in pretty bad shape when I first got here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Trombly looks at a PHOTO on one wall. It shows Diana posing before the Eiffel Tower with a handsome man in his sixties.

TROMBLY

Major Trevor musta been some guy.

DIANA

Yes. He was.

TROMBLY

You've seen it all by now, haven't you?

DIANA

I've seen a lot. I haven't seen it all.

TROMBLY

Still, all this time, all this government work, all in the dark, no thanks, no glory, husband gone; y'ever think a gettin' out, takin' off, goin' home?

This seems to touch a nerve. Diana looks down, shakes her head, avoids Trombly's eyes.

DIANA

Trombly --

TROMBLY

Okay, okay, never mind, I forgot, "don't ask the lady about her personal life."

He extends his hand; Diana takes it in both of hers.

DIANA

Good to see you.

TROMBLY

You too.

Suddenly, there is a SHARP AEROSOL HISS, like whipped cream being applied to a cake. Diana SHARPLY PULLS AWAY FROM TROMBLY and looks at her hands. They are covered in a THICK BLOB OF GREY PUTTY.

DIANA (CONT'D)

What --

She PULLS her wrists apart. The putty STRETCHES, but then snaps back into shape. When she tries to pull them apart again, the putty DOES NOT BUDGE. She backs away from him, into her living room, eyes wide with fear and anger.

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CONTINUED: (3)

TROMBLY

Like it? Brand new. Hundred and one uses. Foam to rubber to cement in point-three seconds. Good any place there's a metal detector. Airport, embassy, executive suite. Adheres to skin down to the muscle.

DIANA

Why.

TROMBLY

(shrugs)

You tell me; you're the immortal goddess, I'm just a poor shlub with a government job. If it makes you feel any better, I'm not enjoying this.

With that, he PUNCHES HER, HARD, ACROSS THE FACE.

Diana REELS, GASPING and CRASHES into a table. A lamp topples and upends, casting creepy shadows on the ceiling. Trombly pulls out a long, mean gun and points it at her face.

TROMBLY (CONT'D)

Goodnight sweet princess.

Diana HOOKS HER FOOT around the leg of a chair and FLINGS IT TOWARD TROMBLY. It FLIES ACROSS THE ROOM and STRIKES HIM IN THE GUT. He DOUBLES OVER in pain as Diana JUMPS TO HER FEET. She SPINS AROUND, KICKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND, plants her foot and SPINS AGAIN, KICKING HIM IN THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD. He YELLS in pain as he reels backwards. He knocks the couch over and falls sprawling to the floor. Diana LEAPS TOWARD HIS HEAD, but he CATCHES her foot and THROWS HER OFF; she CRASHES INTO THE BAR, knocking it over.

Trombly runs to his gun, picks it up, WHIRLS to shoot as Diana RUNS TOWARD HIM, LEAPS INTO THE AIR and HOOKS HER CONJOINED HANDS around a light fixture. Hanging from it she KICKS HIM in the face SIX TIMES in rapid-fire succession. Trombly gets a shot off but only hits one of the PLATE-GLASS WINDOWS, which CRACKS, SHIVERS and SPLINTERS. Glass CASCADES down into the street. Wind fills the apartment. Diana KICKS the gun from his hand and it FLIES OUT THE BROKEN WINDOW.

She then hoists herself up, FLIPS AROUND IN THE AIR, AND HOOKS HER FEET INTO THE FIXTURE. As Trombly gets up she SMACKS HER ELBOWS TOGETHER AGAINST HIS EARS. While he is dazed she HOOKS HER CONJOINED HANDS AROUND HIS NECK AND PULLS UPWARD. He begins to CHOKE as his feet leave the ground.

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CONTINUED: (4)

TROMBLY (CONT'D)

But -- I thought --

DIANA

(through her teeth)

No, you had it right. Cuffs make me into
a normal woman.

The light fixture tears from the ceiling and the two of them fall to the floor. Trombly gets up and runs toward the kitchen but Diana gets her foot around a potted plant and HOOKS IT UP TOWARD HIS HEAD. The pot explodes against his skull and he falls forward.

He reaches the kitchen area and grabs a MEAT CLEAVER from the counter. He whirls and hurls the cleaver at Diana, who HOOKS HER FOOT under a tabletop and UPENDS IT. The cleaver STICKS IN THE TABLETOP. Diana sets the table upright again, hooks the cleaver out of the wood with her foot, bounces the blade on her foot like a hacky-sack and then BOOTS IT OUT THE WINDOW. As Trombly charges her she whirls back around and SHOVES THE TABLE AT HIM with her foot. The table catches him in the gut; he collapses on the table and Diana UPENDS it again, making him collapse to the floor.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Had enough?

TROMBLY

It's just business.

He WHIPS a handful of potting soil into her face and CHARGES, throttling her. She DROPS TO THE GROUND and FLIPS BACKWARDS, SENDING TROMBLY FLYING TOWARD THE OPEN WINDOW. As he goes out the window, he FLAILS HIS HANDS OUT AND GRABS Diana's wrist restraints.

Diana is YANKED TOWARD THE WINDOW; she BRACES A FOOT AND A SHOULDER AGAINST THE WINDOW FRAME to keep from plunging out.

EXT. WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Trombly now DANGLES, OUT IN THIN AIR, BY HER WRISTS. He LOOKS DOWN. One of his shoes COMES OFF his flailing foot and FALLS FORTY STORIES TO THE SIDEWALK. He SCREAMS.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Diana GROANS in pain with the strain of holding them both up in the window. Trombly is transformed into a mewling child.

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CONTINUED:

TROMBLY

Please don't drop me. Please.

DIANA

You know me better than that.

TROMBLY

Just pull me up. Please pull me up.

DIANA

I might be able to if some idiot hadn't
glued my hands together.

TROMBLY

I'm sorry, please please pull me up.

DIANA

I'm trying, be quiet a second.

Grimacing with pain, sweating with exertion, she PULLS Trombly upward with her arms. She gets her elbows propped up on the window frame; broken glass GRINDS into her skin.

She MOVES HER SHOULDER A FEW INCHES up the window frame and repositions her foot. Now she has some leverage. She slowly STANDS UP, leaning against the frame. Outside, Trombly's legs scramble for purchase.

Just then, the window sill POPS OUT of its frame with the stress. In the blink of an eye, too fast to think, Diana and Trombly both SAIL OUT INTO SPACE.

EXT. MARSTON TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Diana and Trombly PLUNGE TOWARD THE SIDEWALK. THE PAVEMENT HURTLES TOWARD THEM, FAST, CLOSER CLOSER CLOSER.

SPLAT.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

At that moment, a few blocks away, in a cramped one-bedroom apartment, DONNA TROY, 30, awakens as if from a nightmare. Wide-eyed, sweating, gulping for air, clutching her chest. She bears a striking resemblance to Diana; she has the same cupid's bow lips, the same fine, high cheekbones, the same dark eyes, the same luxurious black hair, in her case pulled tightly back in a severe ponytail.

She looks around her bedroom. Her undersized, overstuffed, lived-in bedroom.

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There's a certain amount of arrested development on display. While Donna is not without taste, she has nevertheless decorated her apartment in the manner of a rather staid college girl, with frilly drapes, stuffed animals, a framed poster from a museum show.

She sits up in bed. She wears a big white cotton nightdress. She puts on her thick horned-rim glasses and looks at her alarm clock: midnight.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Under a flickering bare circular florescent light, Donna runs water in the sink, splashes it onto her face.

QUICK-CUT FLASHES OF HER DREAM COME TO HER...

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

From a first-person POV, seemingly Diana's, Trombly PUNCHES us, PULLS A GUN at points it at us, HURLS A CLEAVER at us, PULLS US OUT THE WINDOW. We...

EXT. MARSTON TOWER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

...PLUNGE TOWARD THE SIDEWALK. Trombly's body TUMBLES before us, end over end.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donna OPENS HER EYES again, breathing hard, shaking the visions of her dream from her head. It seems so real.

From the street, she hears a chorus of POLICE SIRENS.

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donna crosses her living room and peeks out the window.

OUT IN THE STREET, ten stories down, a LONG LINE of police cars heads up the street, up the hill, their lights cutting through the dense fog. A pair of AMBULANCES follow behind.

Donna looks concerned. She looks along the line, up the street to its destination. Could it be -- ?

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Donna comes out into her building's hallway, dressed in her nightgown and slippers, with only a large gray overcoat on over them. She stops to carefully lock each of the SIX LOCKS that are on her apartment door.

EXT. DONNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Donna COMES OUT THE FRONT DOOR of her drab, characterless apartment building. The fog is thick and wet and the police cars are now gone. The trash-strewn street is empty. A newspaper tumbles lazily down the hill. Somewhere a big dog barks.

She looks up the hill. The flashing of red-and-blue police-cars lights up the fog a few blocks uphill. She looks around, checks to see no one is going to mug her, then starts uphill.

From nowhere a beat-up unmarked police car ROARS past her, its single red light flashing. WE FOLLOW that car until...

EXT. MARSTON TOWER, PLAZA - NIGHT

...it SCREECHES to a halt amid the sea of police cars that fill the wide plaza before Marston Tower. Out of the car steps Detectives MIKE SCHORR and DAN RASPLER. Both are thirty, but Mike looks fifteen years older; he has the face of a man who hasn't had a good night's sleep in ten years, while Dan has the round, open baby-face of someone who has never asked a serious question all his life.

The two of them stride toward the scene, which is utter chaos. Only the most rudimentary attempt has been made to secure the area. Policemen, press, passers-by all mingle freely around the scene, step over, duck under or walk around the cordons. The beat cops chat, chew gum and pay no attention. Mike is disgusted.

MIKE

This town. Good God. No effort, no discipline, nothing matters.

DAN

Eh, what're ya gonna do.

Mike approaches an officer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Hey. You. What's the story?

OFFICER

Guy says he saw two people fall, but we only got one here.

MIKE

Who? What guy?

OFFICER

Um, dunno, must be gone by now, didn't talk to him myself. Weird, huh?

MIKE

Who's the body? Anyone know? Anyone care? Anyone have any interest in maintaining the integrity of the scene? Anyone around here get any police training? Who is in charge here?

OFFICER

Ain't you?

Mike walks away, disgusted.

OFFICER

(to Dan)

What's the matter with him?

DAN

Don't worry about him, he's a, y'know, whadayacall, perfectionist.

Mike comes to the center of the crime scene, arms up.

MIKE

OKAY, THIS AREA IS RESTRICTED, LET'S GO!
OUTSIDE THE CORDON, LET'S GO, MOVE IT!

People look up, startled, and sheepishly obey. Mike puts on a pair of rubber gloves, crouches down and examines the body. We can identify it as Trombly. Dark tacky blood stands in dark red rivulets along the plaza's bricks. There are HUNDREDS of bloody footprints all over the plaza, the result of dozens of onlookers walking in and out of the pool.

He looks at Trombly's hand. A bloody tangle of BLACK HAIR is entwined in its fingers. He takes out a tweezers and removes the hair, places it in an evidence bag. He pokes at one of the pockets and feels something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He delicately opens the pocket and removes a metal canister. He looks at it, curious. He unscrews it: inside is the reinforced jar, cracked and leaking luminous green liquid.

A few yards away, DONNA sees the canister in Mike's hand, and another series of QUICK FLASHES go through her mind, again, ALL FROM DIANA'S POV...

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

THE METAL INGOT GLOWS IN HER HAND ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SHE HANDS THE CANISTER TO TROMBLY, WHO EXAMINES IT.

EXT. MARSTON TOWER, PLAZA - NIGHT

Kneeling over Trombly's body, Mike touches the glowing liquid, rubs it between his fingers. He puts the jar and canister in a plastic evidence bag. Then he sees, amid the tangle of bloody shoeprints, a pair of SMALL, SLENDER, BARE FOOTPRINTS, leading away from the scene in a crooked path.

MIKE (CONT'D)

The hell?

He gets up, walks away from the scene, following the footprints. They go fifty feet away from the crime scene, then lead right into a LARGE PUDDLE at the curb.

He looks around, looking for something to make this make sense. He sees DONNA TROY standing amid the crowd, overcoat clutched to her throat, staring at Trombly's body with something beyond idle curiosity. She's white as milk, her eyes big with stark terror. He sees her nightdress peek out from under her coat and grey flannel slippers on her feet.

She LOOKS UP AND SEES HIM STARING AT HER and quickly looks away, as if caught in an illicit activity. She darts into the crowd, head down. Mike considers going after her, then decides not. He turns and heads into the building.

WE STAY WITH DONNA as she heads out of the crowd, head down. She jostles her way through the bystanders.

As she crosses the street, A CAR HORN BLARES. She DARTS out of the way as a long black LIMO pulls up. Its hood ornament is a unique LOGO, a silver Earth encircled by orbiting missiles, in the style of old-fashioned atomic illustrations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Out of the rear of the car steps DR. PETER SYCHOPOLOUS, 50. He has an extremely high forehead, an aquiline profile and PIERCING, PROTRUDING EYES. His alarming looks have earned him the nickname of DR. PSYCHO, although, of course, never, NEVER to his face. He wears an extremely expensive suit of the most haute of couture. He turns to O'NEIL, his painfully thin, sepulchral, creepy-looking personal assistant, who is just now getting out of the driver's seat.

PSYCHO

What a shame. First Cyrus totals the Snow-Jet, now this.

O'NEIL

Police radio says there's only one body.

PSYCHO

I can imagine whose. Which most likely means that she still has our material.

O'NEIL

Shall I call our man inside?

PSYCHO

Do.

O'Neil produces a cell phone and dials. Across the street and BEHIND him, Donna steals a glance at this rather extraordinary-looking man who almost ran her over, overhearing his conversation but not understanding it.

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Donna comes back in her door, still creeped out by the night's events. As she pulls the door closed behind her, the KNOB COMES OFF IN HER HAND. She looks at it.

DONNA

Great. Thanks, God. I needed that.

She tries to re-attach it, but it's definitely broken. She locks her six deadbolts and tosses the broken knob onto an end-table.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike and Dan come in the door to Diana's apartment; it has been pried off its hinges. The place is swarming with police. A shambles. Policemen and detectives wander around, carelessly step on things, move things around, knock things over, pocket any item that looks valuable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

You don't really think someone could've survived a four hundred foot fall.

MIKE

I'm not saying, I'm just saying.

He sees the photo of Diana and Major Trevor. He examines it closely. Smiling faces, Parisian architecture, Eiffel Tower.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Based on the hair I pulled out of his hand, I'm guessing this lissome beauty is our missing person.

DAN

Ugh. Who's the fossil?

MIKE

Couldn't say. He's too old to be the gent downstairs. Father? Older man?

DAN

Some guys have all the luck.

Just then, a young cop, ESPOSITO, full of spit and polish, not yet broken, comes up to Mike.

ESPOSITO

Detective Schorr.

MIKE

Yeah, hi. Listen, I need to know who has the lease on this apartment.

ESPOSITO

Sir, building management has no records of the owner's identity.

MIKE

And then -- what? How is that possible?

ESPOSITO

Building management says the owner paid for the apartment in cash, sir.

MIKE

Cash? This place was paid for in cash?

ESPOSITO

That's what they said, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Okay. Okay. Officer, um --

ESPOSITO

Esposito, sir --

MIKE

Esposito Unlike these monkeys, you seem to have something on the ball. Do me a favor, check around, area hospitals, see if anyone has anything on a barefoot woman, long black hair, walking in with, I don't know, broken bones, concussion, lacerations, anything.

ESPOSITO

Yes sir. Right away sir.

Just then, a team of DIA AGENTS march in the door, in black overcoats, a distinguished grey-haired gent, GAINES, 60, in the lead. He holds up a DIA I.D.

GAINES

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE. MY NAME IS DEPUTY CHARLES M. GAINES; THIS SITE IS NOW UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE AGENCY. THANK YOU FOR YOUR WORK GENTLEMEN, WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

The uniformed officers immediately stop what they're doing, shrug, pack up, start for the door; one GRUMBLES...

OFFICER

There goes my double overtime.

Mike goes up to Gaines.

MIKE

Since when does a double homicide fall under the control of --

GAINES

Are you the detective in charge?

MIKE

Whatever that means, yes.

GAINES

The man downstairs. He had something in his pocket?

MIKE

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GAINES

An ovoid metal canister with a sort of a reinforced glass jar inside?

MIKE

Sorry. Nothing.

GAINES

Are you willing to face charges of treason to maintain that statement?

Beat. Mike produces the canister and hands it to Gaines.

GAINES (CONT'D)

Thank you for your cooperation.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Donna arrives at her job, EarthWorks, a company that sells and promotes environmentally friendly products. Although the company logo on the wall is bold and dynamic, the workplace is a cheap, scuffed, plastic, poorly-lit, poorly-painted maze of suffocating little cubicles.

As she walks through the cubicle maze, people don't give her a second glance. Employees repeatedly bump into her and brush by her while talking on cell phones.

INT. OFFICE, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Donna comes into the break room, where her genial, good-looking, affable friend JEFF, 30s, sits drinking coffee and looking at the back page of the GATE-POST, a city's tabloid. The front-page headline screams "TWO FALL, ONE SPLATS," and features a photo of Marston Tower.

DONNA

Hey Jeff.

Jeff looks up and visibly brightens when he sees her. There is an amiable romantic tension between the two of them.

JEFF

Hey Donna.

DONNA

Friday I was talking to the woman from HempRight, they've added shower curtains to their bathroom set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Give it up, Jenkins will never sell hemp products.

DONNA

But it resists mildew.

JEFF

And it attracts politicians. Forget it.

(then)

See the latest attempt to diminish humanity in order to sell newspapers?

He holds up the paper. Donna glances at it, sets about making herself a pot of coffee.

DONNA

Ha. See it? I lived it.

JEFF

You what?

DONNA

Well. Promise not to laugh?

JEFF

Not audibly.

DONNA

Last night, I dreamed it. Whole thing.
I -- ick.

She picks up the coffee pot; it is terribly stained. She tsks and turns on the faucet, reaches into a drawer and takes out a scrubbing brush.

JEFF

What do you mean, you dreamed it?

DONNA

I mean the guy, the fight, the falling out the window, the whole thing. I dreamed it, while it was happening. It's like I was, I don't know, channeling the thoughts of the missing woman. Isn't --

She runs water in the coffee pot and reaches in to scrub. After two or three good scrubs, the pot SHATTERS in her hand. She JUMPS, startled, still holding the pot handle.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Good Lord!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFF

You okay?

DONNA

I'm fine, I just --

She puts down the pot handle and reaches to turn off the water. The water tap CRUMPLES IN HER HAND LIKE A PAPER CUP. Water sprays from the broken fixture. Donna panics, flails her hands to protect herself from the spraying water.

JEFF

Donna! Jeez!

He reaches under the sink and turns off the feed pipe.

DONNA

I'm sorry, I didn't, I just ouched it --

She holds out the tap in her hand. Jeff takes it from her and looks at it. It is mushed completely out of shape.

JEFF

What -- what did you do?

DONNA

Guess I don't know my own strength.

She meant that to be charming, but Jeff isn't charmed. He gives her a look; a cross between skepticism and fear.

JEFF

I'll call maintenance.

DONNA

I'll, I'll clean it up, I just --

JEFF

Maybe you should go out for coffee today.

He goes. Donna looks gutshot.

DONNA

I hate Mondays.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Donna, her blouse still wet from the sink spray, shuffles glumly down a long hallway to the elevator bank. A group of people are just getting in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA
Oh. Hold the elevator!

She picks up the pace.- No one appears to have heard her.
She calls out a bit louder.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Hold the elevator!

No one shows any sign of doing so. Donna breaks into a trot.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Hold the elevator!

The elevator doors are closing. Donna BREAKS INTO A RUN.

SUDDENLY, HER FEET LEAVE THE GROUND AND SHE ROCKET'S FORWARD, FLYING, MERE INCHES OFF THE FLOOR, SHOCKED, UNABLE TO CONTROL HER MOVEMENT. SHE SPEEDS HEAD FIRST THROUGH THE ELEVATOR DOORS JUST AS THEY ARE CLOSING AND PLOWS INTO THE PEOPLE INSIDE. She knocks a few of them down and then falls down herself, stunned and frightened.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The people in the elevator look incredibly peeved at Donna's violent entry. Shaking, she smiles uneasily, tries to cover.

DONNA
Hi. Sorry. Rented feet.

No one is amused.

EXT. SDS BUILDING - DAY

The exterior of the SDS Building is a block-wide IRON CUBE, rusted and featureless, bleak and oppressive, looking like an enormous crumbling iron die. The windows, such as they are, are mere mean-looking slits that run from top to bottom. There is no sign out front. Everything says GO AWAY. We GO IN THROUGH ONE OF THE WINDOWS, AND FIND...

INT. SDS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...the INSIDE of the building is austere, white and sterile. Its design is more than up-to-the-minute; it is downright futuristic. Slick and hi-tech, with lush palpable textures. The Earth-Atom LOGO is handsomely mounted on the wall at the end of a long hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We TRAVEL down the hall, where scientists, lab techs and clerks bustle back and forth. Also prominent are squadrons of PARAMILITARY SECURITY GUARDS in black jumpsuits and sunglasses. They all carry sidearms and assault rifles.

Dr. Psycho walks through the staff members with great intent. Everyone clears out of his way when he comes through; he is quite obviously the big cheese around here.

O'Neil comes trotting up alongside him, out of breath.

O'NEIL

Dr. Sychopolous --

PSYCHO

Not now.

O'NEIL

But --

PSYCHO

Not now!

(looking him in the eye)

The call.

O'NEIL

Yes sir.

Psycho straightens his hair and his suit.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

How do I look? Would you buy a bomb from me?

INT. VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Psycho comes into the SDS video conference room. One wall is huge video monitor. A broad black onyx conference table faces it. Psycho sits down at one end of the table and pushes a button that opens a panel that reveals a high-end, sophisticated computer that is built into the tabletop. He hits a button on the computer and the modem DIALS.

The huge video monitor comes on and shows, sitting at a similar conference table on the other side of the world, DIMITRI ZARKOVA, a tall, upright, handsome middle-aged Russian man. He is impeccably dressed in expensive, somewhat retro European fashion. He would be foppish if his demeanor weren't so serious. Balding on top, goatee beneath. His cheekbones look like they could slice cheese. He has a laptop matching O'Neil's on his desk before him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PSYCHO

Afternoon Dimitri. How is life in exile?

ZARKOVA

Soon, thanks to you, all this unpleasantness will be at an end. I trust you have received the first installment of your payment?

PSYCHO

Indeed thank you. One point five billion, as agreed. Most generous.

ZARKOVA

And everything is prepared, I trust?

PSYCHO

The device is built, the delivery vehicle fueled and waiting. All I need from you is time and location.

ZARKOVA

I am sending those to you now. After the device is delivered, the people of Russia will have no choice but to reinstate me.

As he speaks, a window pops up on his computer screen, an INCOMING MESSAGE. Psycho clicks on it and sees that the message from Zarkova consists of only a date, a time, and a series of GEOGRAPHICAL COORDINATES.

PSYCHO

Maybe after you get your country back, I can come work for you. An ambassadorship, perhaps, someplace warm and clean.

ZARKOVA

Do you mind me asking, your delivery system?

O'Neil brings up on his laptop screen photos and specs of the PSY-801, an extremely sleek, high-tech, futuristic looking jet plane. The photos are professional quality glamour shots of the craft before a beautiful mountain background. He SENDS THEM to Zarkova via email.

PSYCHO

My own invention, the PSY-801 remote-controlled jet. Receives heavily encrypted commands from me and me alone, relayed via satellite. Can fly thirteen thousand miles, under radar, undetected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Can hit mach 2, or, if you like, hover on a dime. Onboard defenses include rockets, laser cannons and an evasive maneuver program. =

(then)

To whet your appetite, I'm sending you a computer simulation of the device.

He sends Zarkova an mpeg file labelled "WAVE BOMB SIMULATION."

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

For sales purposes I've chosen Paris. Everyone hates the French.

The file comes up ON SCREEN. WE SEE A MONTAGE OF IMAGES DEPICTING PARIS ON A TYPICALLY GREY, DRIZZLY DAY. MILLIONS OF PARISIANS BUSTLE ALONG THE BOULEVARDS, SHOPPING, TALKING, EATING BAGUETTES. THE CAMERA THEN MOVES QUICKLY OVER THE TOPS OF THE BUILDINGS AND COMES TO THE EIFFEL TOWER, CHOKED, AS USUAL, WITH THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD. A CLOCK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN TICKS DOWN: "0:10, 0:09, 0:08..."

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

When detonated, the device generates an intense burst of microwave energy that subtly alters the molecular structure of any living thing caught in its path.

THE CAMERA THEN ZOOMS IN TIGHT ON THE TIP-TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER, WHERE A DEVICE HAS BEEN ATTACHED, THAT WE RECOGNIZE AS THE WAVE BOMB. THE CLOCK CONTINUES TO TICK DOWN: "0:03, 0:02..."

THE CAMERA THEN SWIFTLY ZOOMS BACK OUT TO ENCOMPASS ALL OF PARIS, WITH THE EIFFEL TOWER AT THE CENTER. THE CLOCK TICKS DOWN TO "0:01, 0:00. DETONATION." AT THAT MOMENT, A BRIGHT BLUE-GREEN BUBBLE OF ENERGY EXPLODES FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER, SPREADING OUTWARD AT TERRIFIC SPEED. WE CUT TO ALL THE STREETS WE SAW BEFORE AND WATCH AS MILLIONS OF PEOPLE COLLAPSE IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS, SIMPLY FALL OVER DEAD, WITHOUT EVEN A RIPPLE OF A SHOCK WAVE. THE CAMERA LINGERS ON THE BOULEVARDS AND SIDEWALKS, NOW FILLED WITH DEAD BODIES. AN INTERSECTION IS SNARLED WITH STOPPED CARS. THE CAMERA FINALLY ZOOMS IN ON A DEAD BUTTERFLY ATOP A CAR HOOD. THEN, THE VIDEO FILE ABRUPTLY ENDS.

Zarkova comes back on screen, nodding, impressed.

ZARKOVA

Very nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PSYCHO

Instantaneous death in zero-point-oh-two seconds. Yet, as you can see, there is no shock wave. The people are eliminated, but the real-estate remains untouched. You can also take your time with cleanup, since not even bacteria can survive the blast. And I call it The Wave Bomb.

ZARKOVA

Poetry. How is such a thing possible?

PSYCHO

That, I'm afraid, is a trade secret.

ZARKOVA

You must be a very special kind of a man. To sell a device like this to a man like myself. Knowing my use for it.

PSYCHO

Yes, well I read in the paper the other day that the great freedom of the twenty-first century will be the right for each person to choose what is right and wrong.

ZARKOVA

And you don't fear the repercussions of your government?

PSYCHO

They'll have to find me first. And with the kind of money you're giving me, that's going to be rather difficult.

INT. SDS BUILDING, COMPUTER CENTER - NIGHT

Psycho comes striding out of the conference room, where O'Neil waits patiently. He now jumps up and comes after him.

O'NEIL

I apologize for the interruption, Dr. Sychopolous --

PSYCHO

I just hope it's good news.
(he looks at O'Neil)
It's not.

O'Neil sternly shakes his head. They head into his office, away from prying eyes. The door to the office reads "DR. P.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYCHOPOLOUS, CEO." It is guarded by a pair of black-clothed SECURITY GUARDS. As they head in, the door closes behind them. Due to the cropping of the frame, when the door closes the door reads "DR. P. SYCHO."

INT. DR. PSYCHO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Psycho and O'Neil come into Psycho's spacious, cold, sterile office. One wall is devoted totally to TV monitors. At the moment, three of the nine monitors are showing news reports on the Marston Tower plunge, in garish and sensational tones. The tangle of voices makes the reports undecipherable, but one phrase keeps coming up: "The Mysterious Missing Body." One monitor shows a slick graphic that reads "TWO JUMP, ONE LANDS." Another monitor shows a close-up of the bloody splat that was once Trombly.

PSYCHO

All right, let's have it.

O'NEIL

I received the report from our man in the DIA. Agent Trombly succeeded in getting the canister from Diana Prince.

PSYCHO

But...

O'NEIL

DIA analysis reveals that the canister contains a chemical compound consisting primarily of glyceryl stearate, cetyl alcohol and cetrimonium chloride.

PSYCHO

In a word -- shampoo.

(then)

So. Ms. Prince slips our man Trombly a fake. The better to follow him back to me, I suppose. So she's still out there and she still has my metal.

O'NEIL

How was the video-conference?

PSYCHO

I think it went quite well, considering that we don't actually have his bomb.

He goes to the bank of video monitors, examining them, lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Well. How does one solve a problem like Diana Prince? One cannot terrorize her, one cannot intimidate her, one cannot even predict where she will be at any given moment.

He gnaws at his lower lip; then, an idea comes.

PSYCHO

Or can one.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mike trudges down a hallway somewhere deep within precinct headquarters, grinding his teeth. The police, like all other government services in Gateway City, are severely underfunded, and the design shows it. The building hasn't been updated in at least fifty years. Everything is in bad repair and woefully out-of-date. The walls are stained and cracked, the pale beige walls patched and repainted, the scuffed linoleum tiles worn through in high-traffic spots. The grimy overhead fluorescents hum and buzz. Half the asbestos ceiling tiles are missing, the other half are covered with brown water stains. Exposed pipe and ducts everywhere, with asbestos insulation hanging down like jungle snakes. Cops mill back and forth or just hang out chatting with each other and with their arrests. WE FOLLOW MIKE as he walks into an office labelled FORENSICS.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

The Forensics lab, like everything else in the station, is crowded, understaffed, underfunded. All the machinery is way out of date. GIORDANO, the slight, serious, scholarly young man in charge of the lab, walks by studying a clipboard.

MIKE

Giordano. Any results on that hair?

GIORDANO

Results? I can't do tests on that, it's out of our jurisdiction.

Mike levels a "that's not funny" gaze at Giordano and hands him a small wad of bills. Giordano smiles, pockets it, hands over an envelope. Mike takes it and starts to walk away.

MIKE

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIORDANO

You're not gonna like it.

Mike stops, turns, looks at him.

MIKE

Give me the headlines.

GIORDANO

Where'd that hair come from, anyway?

MIKE

Splatter boy, why?

GIORDANO

The chromosomes are all wrong. I'd say they aren't human but they aren't anything. Extreme irregularities, bunch of genes aren't there that should be, bunch of others there that shouldn't be. I mean, unless you're looking for some kinda genetic mutation, you're not gonna make a positive ID with that sample.

MIKE

How could that happen?

GIORDANO

Who knows? And there's more.

MIKE

Oh good.

GIORDANO

It's weird.

MIKE

Even better.

GIORDANO

We did a chemical analysis? And your sample contains traces of something the computer could only call an "unknown metal."

MIKE

Unknown metal.

GIORDANO

To test for these things, we bombard the sample with microwaves;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GIORDANO (CONT'D)
different chemicals give off different kinds of interference. In this case, the machine overloaded and shut down.

MIKE
What could cause something like that?

GIORDANO
Guy at the testing center could only think of one thing, something called "Nitronium."

MIKE
Nitronium? What the hell is that?

GIORDANO
Oop, look at that; we just left my sphere of knowledge.

INT. DONNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Donna sleeps on her back, in her big cotton nightdress. She twitches. Her eyes flit around under their lids.

DONNA'S POV: Donna DREAMS a series of quick, disconnected images. Fleeting, barely perceivable glimpses of a strange city filled with surreal, impossible buildings, imbued with and inspired by nature but built with alien, futuristic technology. ALTERNATING WITH THIS are flashes of dramatically lit BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN in curvaceous, bizarre armor, holding weapons both ancient and advanced in design. They appear in both close ups and full shots. Some appear to float in the air. They speak in harsh whispers.

WOMAN 1
Donna.

WOMAN 2
Wake up.

WOMAN 3
It's time.

WOMAN 4
Time to wake up.

WOMAN 5
Your time has come.

WOMAN 1
Wake up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donna AWAKENS. But not as herself. She sits up in bed, facing forward. Eyes glazed over, irises gray and milky.

She gets out of bed and goes to her closet. She begins to ROOT THROUGH IT. Item after item flies out, frilly dresses, frumpy sweaters, flowing skirts.

She goes to her dresser, opens a drawer, roots through it. Bracelets, barrettes, underwear cascade out onto the floor.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

FROM DONNA'S POV, we see, dreamlike and distorted, a HIGH-SPEED TEAR THROUGH THE STREETS OF GATEWAY CITY. We GLIDE ALONG, whisking through side streets, until we come to Marston Tower. WE GLIDE UP TO THE BUILDING AND WE DON'T STOP. WE GO RIGHT UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, FORTY STORIES IN FIVE SECONDS, AND GO RIGHT IN THROUGH THE FLAPPING PLASTIC SHEET THAT COVERS THE BROKEN WINDOW OF DIANA'S APARTMENT.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CONTINUING the POV shot, WE GLIDE AROUND THE BROKEN AND TOPPLED FURNITURE AND COME TO THE PHOTOGRAPH OF DIANA AND HER HUSBAND. Donna's HAND enters the frame, PUSHING THE PHOTO INTO A RECESS IN THE WALL.

We then TURN AROUND AND ENTER A HIDDEN DOOR, which leads to a SECRET VAULT. WE GLANCE AROUND, TOO QUICKLY TO TAKE ANYTHING IN, BUT HURRY RIGHT TO A SMALL BLACK SATCHEL THAT SITS ON TOP OF A COUNTER-TOP. Donna's hands again ENTER the frame and OPEN THE SATCHEL, which contains, set into its black velvet interior, A SET OF SILVER GAUNTLETS, THE GOLDEN LASSO, and THE JAR OF NITRONIUM.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

In the really bad part of town, dozens of GCPD cars, their lights twirling, surround a dark, crumbling abandoned church. A small, simple PA speaker sits on the front steps; a harsh, barking VOICE comes from it. Tense officers and hostage negotiators listen.

FENNEL (OVER PA)
WE WILL DETONATE THE DEVICE AT EXACTLY
MIDNIGHT UNLESS OUR DEMANDS ARE MET.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

TYLER FENNEL, a stern, muscular, no-bullshit man with shoulders like side of beef clasps his mike to his mouth as he barks his demands.

FENNEL (CONT'D)

IT IS NOW 11:57. YOU HAVE THREE MINUTES
BEFORE THE CITY IS EXPOSED TO EZ-12.

In the other hand he holds a REMOTE CONTROL DETONATOR that matches the EXPLOSIVE CHARGE that is strapped to the TALL METAL CYLINDER in the middle of the nave, marked "EZ-12," with BIOHAZARD symbols printed on it.

Up on the altar, a group of frightened-looking SIX-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN of all races are corralled into one area where they are guarded by a half-dozen burly, spit-and-polish MILITIAMEN holding large, peculiar-looking rifles. Fennel drops the mike and turns to his men.

FENNEL (CONT'D)

Okay guys. Ready?

MEN

(beaming proudly)

Yes sir!

The CHILDREN are terrified. They weep and cry with fear.

BUT ONE GIRL, a redhead, is distracted by something. She looks up and sees a SHADOW move across the stained-glass SKYLIGHT on the church ceiling.

EXT. CHURCH - SAME

Two HOSTAGE NEGOTIATORS hunch down next to a police car.

NEGOTIATOR 1

What's the plan?

NEGOTIATOR 2

The plan is for me to go home and update my resume.

We DOLLY PAST THEM and come to A LONG BLACK CAR as it PULLS UP TO THE CURB. We recognize it by its hood ornament as belonging to DR. PSYCHO.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Fennel looks at his watch: It's just coming up on midnight.

FENNEL
Okay, let's do it.

He picks up the mike.

FENNEL (CONT'D)
OUR DEMANDS HAVE NOT BEEN MET. THIS
INNOCENT BLOOD IS ON THE HANDS OF THE
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT! TEN. NINE. EIGHT.

The men COCK THEIR RIFLES.

FENNEL (CONT'D)
SEVEN. SIX. FIVE.

Suddenly, from above, a CRASH, as the skylight SHATTERS and DONNA TROY drops, catlike, into the aisle.

She is almost unrecognizable. No glasses, no goofy threads, no gawky reticence. Her eyes are milky grey, her hair is slicked back and fixed with a leather strap, she's dressed in a form-fitting black catsuit. Silver wrist gauntlets, golden lasso on her hip. She is a fierce, focused, terrifying warrior of the night.

Fennel turns to see her; he is SHOCKED by her appearance.

FENNEL (CONT'D)
Good God.

That's as far he gets as Donna SPRINGS INTO ACTION, moving FASTER THAN HIS EYE CAN FOLLOW. ONE SECOND SHE IS STANDING THERE, TEN FEET AWAY, THE NEXT SHE IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM, HER FOOT PLANTED SQUARE IN HIS GUT. There is a small RIPPLING SOUND of her BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER as she moves. Fennel FLIES ACROSS THE ROOM, THROUGH A PILLAR. The detonator flies from his hand and shatters. Dust rains down as the pillar collapses.

Up on the altar, the children's fear turns into amazement.

CHILD
Damn.

The other men TURN THEIR GUNS AND FIRE. The guns fire not bullets but large blobs of the same grey PUTTY that Trombly used on Diana. But Donna moves like a BLUR, far too fast to hit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Large blobs of putty soar through the air and strike the walls and ceiling but hit nothing. The SILVER GAUNTLETS, glinting in the light, is all they can see.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Bedlam breaks loose in the street as the police hear the loud reports from the guns. People run in all directions.

NEGOTIATOR 1

Shit! They're killing the kids!

NEGOTIATOR 2

LET'S GO! MOVE IN!

Police CHARGE the church. The doors won't budge.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

We see that the church doors are barred. We hear the police HAMMER against them.

INT. CAR - SAME

DR. PSYCHO sits inside his limo, somehow WATCHING THE ENTIRE SCENE on a set of six small VIDEO MONITORS, which have apparently been set up at strategic vantage points inside the church. He's mightily impressed.

PSYCHO

Well. Look at you move.

INT. CHURCH - SAME

Inside the church, the sleepwalking Donna RUNS across the backs of the pews as the militiamen try to follow her. She flicks her LASSO out, wrapping it around the top of the broken pillar, then uses it to SWING around the pillar and FLY BACK TOWARD THEM. She VANISHES again in a blur as the men shoot AT EACH OTHER, hitting each other in the face with large blobs of putty. When they try to remove the putty, it hardens, cementing their hands and faces together.

Up on the altar, the children are plainly stunned.

CHILD

That girl is wack.

CHILD 2

No she ain't, she's dope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The remaining four gunmen swear and try to fire at Donna, but she runs UP THE WALL OF THE CHURCH AND ACROSS THE CEILING. As she reaches the apex of the roof, she DISAPPEARS AGAIN, moving too fast to see. One of the men tries to locate her up in the rafters.

Then, from behind them, the golden lasso LOOPS AROUND HIS GUN, SNATCHING IT from his hands. She SNAPS IT IN TWO, causing the stock to EXPLODE in a large burst of putty that completely envelops the man's upper torso. The man struggles to get it off of himself. The moment it hardens, Donna's black boot SMASHES INTO HIS CHEST, sending him FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM.

The other raises his gun to shoot. Donna's arm DISAPPEARS in a blur of speed and her lasso WRAPS AROUND HIS ANKLE. She JERKS BACK, upending him and sending him FLYING UP THROUGH THE AIR. He SMASHES into one of the wooden rafters and stays up there, draped over it.

The two other men RUSH HER FROM BEHIND, guns at the ready. She WHIPS AROUND, GRABS THE BARRELS OF THEIR GUNS and uses them as levers to THROW THE MEN OVER HER HEAD.

Up in the nave, the children watch in amazement. One girl IMITATES her moves.

GIRL

Good one! Yeah!

The militiamen HIT THE FLOOR, ROLL, GET BACK UP AND RAISE THEIR GUNS TO SHOOT. Donna's trunk VANISHES as she SQUATS DOWN, PLUNGES HER HANDS INTO THE WOODEN FLOOR, and YANKS UPWARD, PULLING UP THE WHOLE SECTION OF FLOORING. The militiamen FALL BACKWARDS, their guns firing into the air.

Donna LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR, becoming a GREY SMUDGE OF MOVEMENT. The next thing we know she is LANDING ON TOP OF the MEN. They SCREAM and roll in opposite directions to avoid getting squashed. Donna HITS THE GROUND AND ROLLS, HER ARMS BLURS, and LEAPS UP AGAIN, DISAPPEARING. When the militiamen get up, they RAISE THEIR GUNS TO SHOOT, but somehow they HOLD ONLY AIR; THEIR GUNS HAVE VANISHED.

They look at their hands, dumbfounded. The parts of their guns now SHOWER DOWN UPON THEM FROM ABOVE. They look at each other and RUN FOR THE EXITS.

The golden lasso FLICKS ACROSS THE ROOM like a CHAMELEON'S TONGUE, CATCHING ONE MAN AROUND THE WAIST.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WITH A FLICK OF THE WRIST, DONNA YANKS HIM OFF HIS FEET AND SWINGS HIM ALL THE WAY AROUND THE ROOM UNTIL HE HITS THE OTHER MAN, KNOCKING HIM OFF HIS FEET AS WELL. They FLY INTO THE WALL and collapse, unconscious.

Donna stands in the middle of the church. She looks around. The seven men are all incapacitated, and the children are all still safe in their corral. They stare at her with slack-jawed wonder. The red-haired girl steps forward.

GIRL

Nice.

INT. LIMO - SAME

Psycho pushes a button on a remote and one of the cameras ZOOMS IN ON DONNA'S FACE. He leans forward and PEERS INTENTLY at her.

PSYCHO

Good lord. Who are you, sweetheart?

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The police have a battering ram. They prepare to knock the door down.

COP

Okay! One! Two!

Suddenly the front doors BLAST OUTWARD in a shower of splinters. The cops are THROWN BACKWARDS WITH THE SHOCK.

There is a pause, then the MILITIAMEN COME FLYING OUT THE DOOR, TWO BY TWO, THROUGH THE AIR, OVER THE HEADS OF THE COPS, INTO THEIR CAR WINDSHIELDS. FENNEL comes flying out last, sailing further than the others, flying across the street, AGAINST THE SIDE OF DR. PSYCHO'S CAR.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Psycho CRINGES as Fennel's body THUMPS against the side of his car, denting the door. Psycho looks up to see Fennel's face SLIDE SQUEAKING DOWN THE WINDOW.

He takes a cell phone from his pocket and dials.

PSYCHO

It appears our task has just become substantially more complicated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Be a brick and get our man in there,
would you?

INT. DETECTIVE ROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Mike sits at his desk in the detective's room, which is just as old, run down and beat up as the rest of the station. An ancient fuzzy color TV fizzes and crackles up on the wall. The desks look like they were purchased during the Depression. Mike has a computer, but it's ten years old. He does a web-search with its 14.4 kbs modem.

He types in the word "NITRONIUM." He is directed to the website for the Federation of American Metallurgists, where there is a single mention of Nitronium in an article titled "NITRONIUM: THE LOST ELEMENT".

MIKE

(reading)

"Only four ounces of this element are believed to have been made, by nineteenth-century scientists in Switzerland who died before their methods of creation were notated. The material is said to have significant powers regarding the amplification of radio waves. In any event, no scientific body has been able to recreate the substance and the extant material remains a metallurgical mystery." Jesus.

Dan suddenly appears in the doorway and calls to him.

DAN

Hey Mike! Check it out!

He reaches up and TURNS UP THE VOLUME on the TV.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

...mysterious woman in silver gauntlets who, in defiance of not only seven heavily armed men but also the laws of physics, came through the church roof, disarmed the men, and then, incredibly, appeared to fly out the roof again.

WE SEE ON TV a shot of the roof of the church as Donna Troy FLIES OUT THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE SKYLIGHT. The streetlights GLINT off her silver gauntlets. THEN we cut to a series of talking heads of the rescued children.

CHILD (ON TV)

She was great, man, she was incredible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHILD 2 (ON TV)

And that golden lasso, she was, vroom!

CHILD 3 (ON TV)

She's like some kinda wonder woman.

A POLICE RENDERING OF the suspect appears on screen. It's totally off the mark, looks nothing like Donna, mean and skinny and stiff, but featuring the silver gauntlets and the whip coiled on her hip. A graphic appears: "WONDER WOMAN?"

MIKE

She can...fly.

INT. SDS BUILDING, COMPUTER CENTER - NIGHT

Somewhere within the sterile interior of SDS, Psycho and O'Neil confer within the confines of a dark, claustrophobic computer room. O'Neil sits at a complicated computerized VIDEO EDITING CONSOLE as Psycho presents to him the video-discs of the church incident.

PSYCHO

It's not her.

O'NEIL

Not her?

PSYCHO

Not her. She's good, but she's not Diana Prince.

O'NEIL

But who else could she be?

PSYCHO

That's what you're going to learn. There are two women in Gateway City who can fly, move faster than sound, and crush steel in her bare hands. Yes, two. May we assume one will lead us to the other?

O'NEIL

We may.

PSYCHO

Here's the discs. There should be enough frames of her face to build a database. That accomplished, we can run it through Feature Recognition. She's got to have a government record of some kind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'NEIL

Got it.

He takes the discs:

INT. DONNA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Donna awakens in bed. She winces against the sunlight: she's got a splitting headache.

DONNA

Eugh.

She sits up. Every joint aches and burns. Her skin is dirty, scraped and bleeding. She puts her hand to a large scrape on her forehead and winces at the pain.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Ow. What th --

She swings her legs out of bed, realizes that she's naked. She looks around, confused, concerned: why is she naked?

She sees the chaos of the room: her closet and dresser are ransacked, uprooted, their contents strewn all over.

DONNA (CONT'D)

God.

She wraps a sheet around herself and gets out of bed. Her outfit from the night before lies in a torn and dirty heap at the foot of the bed. She picks it up and looks at it like it were a dead animal.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Donna washes her face and looks in the mirror. The scrape on her cheek looks okay now that she's cleaned up.

She studies her face: a startling new kind of beauty has invaded her features. What once was mousy now has the cast of the gladiator. She has, somehow, overnight, gained a kind of confidence, force and animal grace.

She puts on her glasses to get a better look at herself, but then winces: it seems she can see much better without them. She takes them off again, puts them back on, looks again, takes them off.

DONNA

Huh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She tosses the glasses aside onto the counter.

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Donna turns on the TV: everyone is talking about the "Wonder Woman." She looks askance at the TV: this can't be her.

She goes to the refrigerator and opens it. The door comes off its hinges. She SCREAMS and DROPS IT. The door and the food stored in it clatter to the linoleum floor.

She squats down on the floor, holds her head in her hands, takes a few deep breaths.

She then sees, on a table near the front door, the black satchel, lying open, containing the golden lasso, the silver gauntlets, and the open jar of Nitronium. She looks at them with mounting horror.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Donna walks in the door of her office and through the maze of cubicles, carrying a plain shopping bag. She cannot disguise her new magnetism. People do takes as she walks by, as if trying to place her face. She is acutely aware of it and looks away, uncomfortable.

She goes to her cubicle, which is against an interior wall, takes the black satchel from her shopping bag, opens her bottom desk drawer. She is about to put the satchel in the drawer when something tells her to hide it more securely.

She looks down at the floor: there is a METAL GRATE, a service panel, that one end of her desk sits atop. She looks around, checking to see that no one is looking, then LIFTS UP HER DESK WITH ONE HAND. She PRIES THE PANEL LOOSE with the other hand and SECURES THE SATCHEL in the space beneath.

INT. OFFICE, COFFEE AREA - DAY

In the break area, a group of workers, including JEFF, are talking about the TV reports of Wonder Woman.

FEMALE WORKER

I mean, it's incredible, isn't it? I mean, how did she do it?

MALE WORKER

Ah, it's just the media, you know --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE WORKER

But everyone, everyone there --

JEFF

Last year it was *Survivor*, this year it's
Wonder Woman.

Donna walks into the room.

DONNA

Hi guys, sorry I'm late.

FEMALE WORKER

Can I help you?

DONNA

Hi Jenette.

FEMALE WORKER

Oh. Donna. Hi, sorry.

She looks to her neighbor. They trade looks.

MALE WORKER

D-did you do something with your hair?

FEMALE WORKER 2

There's something -- something --

DONNA

Glasses. I'm not wearing my glasses.

The group nods, as if that were it.

FEMALE WORKER

Hey, what do you think of Wonder Woman?

DONNA

Oh, that, that's -- just a story.

She smiles tightly, turns and goes out. The others go back
to their conversation, but Jeff watches her go.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Donna walks through the maze of cubicles, looking paranoid
and distraught. Jeff comes trotting up alongside her.

JEFF

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA

Oh, hey.

JEFF

Listen, did you hear about Jazz In The Park?

DONNA

What?

JEFF

Yeah, it's supposed to be great. Anyway, I'm working late all this week, but I was thinking maybe on Saturday --

Donna suddenly STOPS walking. She looks at Jeff with something like shock.

DONNA

Are you asking me on a date?

Jeff suddenly looks caught out.

JEFF

Um...is that weird?

DONNA

Jeff, we've been, I've known you for, what's different about me today?

JEFF

I, I'm sorry, I --

DONNA

N-no, just -- um I, I have to, I have to go. I, there's something I forgot --

She walks off. Jeff watches her go, disappointed.

INT. SDS BUILDING, COMPUTER CENTER - DAY

O'Neil, hunkered down over a computer terminal and a massive editing console, goes through the videodiscs of the church ambush, isolating frames of Donna's face and assembling a digital portrait of her on his monitor. Her face is coming together, bit by bit.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The interior of the ruined church is just as much of a scene of chaos as was Diana's apartment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ballistics and forensics men mark placement of bodies, placement of weapons, trying to quantify the inexplicable. They chip samples of the quick-setting cement off the walls and bag it. The gaping hole in the roof casts a white beam of light down through the dust.

Mike comes up to Dan, who pokes through a pile of rubble, looking bored and disinterested.

MIKE

It just doesn't make sense. Six men, armed with guns that shoot some kind of fast-acting cement, threaten a city with a nerve-gas bomb that's really only a CO2 tank.

DAN

Yeah, so they're crazy, what are ya gonna do? I don't even know what the hell we're looking for.

MIKE

Anything that'll tell us who flyin' lady is.

He looks around the place, out through the front door, where HE SEES DONNA TROY.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Well I'll be damned.

DAN

What.

MIKE

That -- she -- she was at Marston Tower.

Dan looks over Mike's shoulder to see Donna.

DAN

Cute. Gonna make a play for her?

Mike turns and gives Dan a look. Dan is clueless.

DAN (CONT'D)

What. Man, I hate that look. What.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Out in the street, Donna looks at the church, haunted. Press folk and gawkers mill about the cordoned off entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks around. No one takes special notice of her. She goes closer, trying to see, trying to make sense of it all.

Mike comes out the door, down the steps, toward her. She turns and sees him coming.

MIKE

Hi.

DONNA

Hi.

MIKE

(re: the scene)

Craziness.

DONNA

No kidding.

(then)

What -- um, do you know -- who -- what do the police think is going on?

MIKE

(a laugh)

"Who Is Wonder Woman?"

DONNA

(ibid)

Yeah.

MIKE

Lady, you tell me and we'll both know.

DONNA

Ha. Yeah.

(then)

But the whole, the "golden lasso" and the "silver bracelets;" she flies...

MIKE

No, you're right, it's totally weird. Lemme ask you, what did you think of the Marston Tower thing?

DONNA

Why? What does, you think that and, and this, you think they have something to do with each other?

MIKE

Eh. Who knows. Mike Schorr.

He hands her his card. She takes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNA

Donna Troy.

They shake hands. He smiles. She smiles back.

MIKE

Hi Donna.

DONNA

Hi Mike.

MIKE

You were there.

The smile fades.

DONNA

I was where?

MIKE

At Marston Tower. Sunday night, you were there. I saw you.

DONNA

(beat)

I was curious.

MIKE

Curious? You got out of bed and walked up the hill in your nightgown and slippers to be there. And here you are again. With the same look on your face. Like you're haunted.

Donna gives him a long look. Conversation is one thing, but being read like this makes her rather uncomfortable. She starts to BACK AWAY from Mike.

DONNA

What do you want from me?

Mike shrugs and smiles.

MIKE

I'm just looking for some answers.

DONNA

Who isn't.

She turns and walks away. Mike watches her go and sighs. DAN approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAN

So? You get her number?

Mike gives him that look again. =

DAN (CONT'D)

What? See, there it is again. What.

Just then, an unmarked police car pulls up to the scene. Mike and Dan's boss, CHIEF PETERS, 50s, tall, burly and balding, gets out of the car, accompanied by GAINES, the DIA agent. They head toward the church, but then Peters sees Mike and Dan.

PETERS

Schorr. There you are.

DAN

Hey Chief.

MIKE

Chief.

Gaines does not greet the detectives.

PETERS

Guess what I hear today.

MIKE

From spy guy? I can only guess.

PETERS

I hear you kept vital information from the DIA and performed an analysis on an illegally obtained piece of evidence.

MIKE

Just trying to solve a homicide, chief.

PETERS

Yeah, well you just solved yourself two weeks suspension. Gimme your gun and your badge.

Mike looks at Peters, then at Gaines. Gaines looks right back.

MIKE

Nice.

GAINES

Believe me, detective, this is for your own protection.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE

Right.

He hands over his gun and badge to Peters and walks away. Dan trots along beside, his arm around Mike's shoulder.

DAN

Hey man, why the long face? You just got an instant vacation!

Mike gives him that look and sighs.

INT. DR. PSYCHO'S OFFICE - DAY

O'Neil comes striding into Psycho's office with a sheet of paper.

O'NEIL

We got her.

Psycho looks up from his work.

PSYCHO

Got her?

O'NEIL

Feature Recognition gave us a ninety-nine-point-eight match. I cross-referenced it with government-issued IDs. Meet Donna Troy -- Wonder Woman.

Psycho looks at the paper. It is a photocopy of DONNA TROY'S DRIVER'S LICENSE, clearly listing her address.

PSYCHO

Get her. Tonight. Whatever it takes.

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Donna walks in the door, exhausted, out of sorts, distressed. She locks the door, drops her handbag, sighs. Ready to drop.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Donna, now in a bathrobe and slippers, runs water in the bath. Holds her hand under the tap to test the temperature. Sprinkles bath beads into the water to make suds.

She looks at the card that Mike gave her. Thinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tub filled, she slips the card into her robe pocket, hangs the robe up on the door, slips off her slippers, and eases into the hot bath. Her body is marked with bruises and welts. She visibly relaxes as the warm water hits her. Audibly moans, melts.

She slides down, down, down, until her head disappears beneath the suds. Her moans can still be heard warbling as the bubbles of her breath hit the surface.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Meanwhile, out in her hallway, three large, broad-shouldered men, CARLIN, JULES AND KAHN, approach her door. Carlin, who has a snow-white brush-cut, has a small AEROSOL CAN in his hand, the same kind that Trombly had. He holds the can up to her front door lock and presses a button on the side. There is the sharp aerosol HISS.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donna is invisible beneath a mountain of suds. We hear her HUM a Beatles song.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Carlin TURNS THE HANDLE in the lock: the deadbolt snaps open.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

With the sound of the deadbolt snapping, Donna's head suddenly SHOOTS OUT of the water, eyes wide, heart pounding, listening intently. Every drop of water dripping off her face into the water is magnified ten times.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Carlin PULLS THE HANDLE away from the lock: extending from it now is a perfect replica of Donna's front door key. He SNAPS OFF the replica and REPEATS THE PROCESS for the next lock.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donna looks around, panicked, as she hears her front door locks coming open, one by one. Click. Click. Click.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She JUMPS out of the bathtub, runs to the door and SHUTS IT, locking it with a SMALL DEADBOLT. Panting now, quivering, dripping. Now what? Now what?

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The last lock turns, and Carlin, Jules and Kahn enter the apartment, big as life, silent as death, like a trio of sharks. They scan the place, listening intently. Carlin has the can of aerosol putty at the ready. Jules carries a unique looking firearm, and Kahn carries one of the putty-spewing guns from the church rescue.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the bathroom, Donna PUTS ON HER BATHROBE and listens intently, lower lip quivering, eyes big and round, wet hair hanging in her face. Behind her a washcloth falls down into the bathtub with a tiny SPLASH.

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlin, Jules and Kahn HEAR the washcloth splash. Their faces snap as one in the direction of the bathroom. They move swift as velociraptors toward the door.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door SHUDDERS as the men push against it.

Gasping, quivering, Donna looks around the room. What to do, what to do? She goes to the frosted-glass window, OPENS IT.

THE WINDOW IS BARRED.

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlin THROWS HIMSELF against the door with a THUD. It doesn't open.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donna GRABS THE WINDOW BARS.

DONNA
HEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLLLLPP!! HEEEEELLLLLLLLLP!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She SHAKES THE BARS. The whole unit POPS OUT OF THE WINDOW. She doesn't stop to think of what she's done. She drops the bars into the tub with a CLANK and LEANS OUT THE WINDOW.

EXT. WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Donna looks out: IT IS FIVE STORIES STRAIGHT DOWN. There is a crumbling, rusty fire escape landing about six feet off to her right. Can she jump that?

INT. DONNA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlin rears back and KICKS the door open.

INT. DONNA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The three men SWARM IN. The bathroom is empty. They look around: where did she go?

EXT. WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Donna DANGLES PITEOUSLY from the railing of the rusty fire escape. It SQUEALS as it starts to pull away from the wall.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlin HEARS the squeal and goes to the window.

EXT. WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Carlin appears in the window. He sees Donna, turns around, gestures to his men. They leave the bathroom.

Gasping, Donna SWINGS clumsily from the rusty iron fire escape railing; her bare feet hit the side of the building. She clutches desperately at the railing.

The ancient fire escape PULLS LOOSE FROM THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING with a RUSTY SQUEAL. DONNA SCREAMS as the landing PULLS AWAY FROM THE BUILDING. She gives her arm a FIERCE TUG and FLIPS UP BACKWARD.

She flips up much higher than she would have expected, soaring up toward the sky, flipping end over end, arms and legs flailing, screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she passes the top floor of the building, she GRABS HOLD of another fire escape railing as she goes past and SWINGS BACK AROUND quickly, like a rock hurled from a sling, heading back down the side of the building at great speed, FLOWING THROUGH THE FIRE ESCAPE as she goes down. With loud crashes and clatters the latticework of the fire escape smashes apart as she falls through, floor by floor, dust, rust and paint showering down, her eyes wild with fear, her hands grabbing at any hold she can find.

Finally she is able to launch off one of the landings and grasp a SATELLITE DISH that is attached to the side of the building. She SWINGS around the corner of the building, gymnast style, and OUT INTO THE STREET.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

She SOARS BACK UP INTO THE AIR, a flailing shape against the sky, arcs, and comes down ONTO THE FRONT OF ANOTHER BUILDING. She SLIDES DOWN THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING, CLAWING AT ANY HOLD SHE CAN.

SHE CATCHES ON AN INCH-WIDE WINDOWSILL, HANGING ON BY HER BLEEDING WHITE FINGERTIPS. AN OLD WOMAN, SITTING AT THE WINDOW, WATCHING TV, LOOKS OUT AND SEES HER THERE. THEY TRADE ASTONISHED GLANCES.

DONNA THEN SLIPS OFF THE WINDOWSILL AND PLUNGES DOWN TOWARD THE STREET. She HITS A HORIZONTAL FLAGPOLE with a CRASH, BOUNCES OFF ungracefully, crashes THROUGH AN AWNING and LANDS, CATLIKE, ON HER BARE FEET. PAIN creases her face.

DONNA

Ow!

She lifts her foot. There is a nice big triangle of BROKEN GREEN GLASS stuck in it. She PULLS IT OUT, AGONIZING.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Ow, mother-fu --

She suddenly sees, through the door to her apartment building, CARLIN, JULES AND KAHN heading down the stairs.

SHE TAKES OFF RUNNING DOWN THE STREET, her robe flapping in the fog behind her.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Moments later, Donna runs to a bank of pay phones. The first two don't work, the third one does. She picks it up, dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Hi, this is Jeff. If I'm not home I'm
probably working late. -- You can --

She sees HEADLIGHTS, a block away, cutting through the fog.
She HURRIES UP and runs away.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Still in her now-filthy, ragged bathrobe, Donna, panting,
panicked, runs in the doors to the offices of EarthWorks.
The lights are all on, but no one seems to be home. She
lopes through the cubicle maze, favoring her uncut foot.

DONNA
Hello? Hello?!

She suddenly sees a PAIR OF LEGS sticking out of a doorway.
She runs to them: a MAINTENANCE MAN lies DEAD, SHOT through
the head.

She RUNS TO JEFF'S CUBICLE and finds him SLUMPED IN HIS
SWIVELING CHAIR, grey-green, a bullet hole in his chest.

Donna cannot even scream. Her mouth FALLS OPEN and she
covers it with a quaking hand. She looks around: what to do,
what to do, what to do.

She RUNS TO HER OWN CUBICLE. The drawers have all been
pulled out and dumped on the floor. The drawers to her
filing cabinet also.

She lifts the desk up and YANKS the service panel from the
floor: the black satchel is still there.

She stuffs her hand into her robe pocket, pulls out Mike's
card, looks at it.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Donna sits on Mike's sagging sofa shivering in men's clothes
that Mike has given her. A broad glass of bourbon, rocks,
quietly rattles in her quivering hands. The silver
gauntlets, the golden lasso, and the jar of iridescent metal
lie on the coffee table. Mike examines the jar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA

...and, and the dreams, and the men chasing me, and the sudden=fits of, of, I don't know what, and I can't control it, and the news coverage, I'm sorry, I just, I didn't know what to do, where to go, my life has never been in danger before. My life has never been anything before. What is happening to me?

MIKE

In my professional opinion, I have no idea. I'm not even on this case any more. I could lose my job just for talking to you. You're messed up in some industrial-strength weirdness.

DONNA

Can you help me?

MIKE

How would I do that? I'm powerless. I don't have a badge, I don't have a gun, I don't believe a woman can fly.

DONNA

Someone is trying to kill me. Aren't you supposed to do something about that?

MIKE

I did do something. It got me suspended. The DIA wants me to disappear.

DONNA

I don't even know who that is.

MIKE

The DIA? They're a, what, they're an intelligence agency, they're with the Department of Defense, they spy on other country's armics. They're tied up in this somehow, I don't even wanna know.

DONNA

That's not true.

MIKE

It's not?

DONNA

Of course not. "Don't even wanna know?" I saw how you work. This thing bugs the hell out of you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNA (CONT'D)

Why do you think I called you? I knew you wouldn't stop. You wouldn't stop asking "what the hell is going on." I mean, you say you're powerless, that's the power, that's what you have. Why would they be trying to stop you if you didn't know something?

Mike thinks about this a moment. Then...

MIKE

Okay. This is the one thing I know. Have you ever heard of a metal called Nitronium?

DONNA

Emphatically, no.

MIKE

The woman who walked away from Marston Tower had been exposed to it. I did some research on it, it's an extremely rare man-made element; my research is what got me bounced. Is it possible, I know it's - but, can you think, have you recently come in contact with any kind of unusual metal?

Donna stares a moment, then reaches into the satchel and pulls out the reinforced jar full of Nitronium.

DONNA

You mean this?

Mike is taken aback.

MIKE

Where did you get that?

DONNA

I can't tell you.

MIKE

You can't.

DONNA

You'd think I was crazy.

(then)

But I can show you.

She stands up. She's now more confident.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Are you coming?

EXT. MARSTON TOWER, PLAZA - NIGHT

Marston Tower stretches up into the night sky. Mike and Donna walk purposefully toward the entrance. Donna still wears some of Mike's clothes. They look unexpectedly sexy on her.

DONNA

Can you fake our way inside?

MIKE

How did you get in before?

DONNA

You don't want to know.

INT. MARSTON TOWER, LOBBY - NIGHT

Mike and Donna stride through the lobby. The young, snippy DOORMAN approaches them.

DOORMAN

Can I help you gentlemen?

MIKE

Get lost, we're cops.

They walk on.

DONNA

Nice job.

MIKE

Thanks.

INT. MARSTON TOWER, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Penthouse floor. The elevator door opens, Mike and Donna come out. Donna looks around, checks to see that no one is around, leads Mike out.

They COME TO DIANA PRINCE'S DOOR. There is a large STICKER posted on the door that announces that this property is now under the control of the Federal Government and any trespassers are in violation of federal law. There is also a new, big, nasty, complicated lock on the door.

MIKE

I can get this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes out a small cloth bundle, kneels down, unrolls it on the floor. It contains a set of lockpicks.

MIKE (CONT'D)

One of the perks of being a cop is you learn how to break the law.

He takes out a pair of picks and sets to work on the lock, meticulously twisting the picks around. Donna looks up and down the hall, worried that they're going to get caught.

DONNA

Almost there?

MIKE

One second. Here we go.

He twists the pick around in the lock. Nothing happens. Donna is getting exasperated. Mike tries another pick.

DONNA

Come on, come on, come on...

MIKE

Hang on --

Donna, getting upset, nods her head, flexes her hands, purses her lips in nervous agitation.

DONNA

Can I try?

Mike looks up at her quizzically.

MIKE

Try what?

Without even looking, she SUDDENLY SWINGS HER ARM OUT and HITS THE LOCK WITH A SHARP SMACK OF HER PALM. The door BURSTS OPEN WITH A BANG; the big expensive lock CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR IN PIECES. Mike looks at her, flatly astonished.

DONNA

I think I'm going through an awkward age.

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Donna move into the sprawling space. The apartment is untouched, in the same wrecked condition as it was the night Trombly and Diana went out the window. Smashed furniture is everywhere, the walls marked and scored.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sheet of plastic over the window, torn when Donna came through it, flaps in the breeze. Mike sees it and makes a connection.

MIKE

Is that how you --

DONNA

Try not to think about it. Come here.

Donna leads Mike over to the wall with the photo of Diana and Major Trevor in Paris.

DONNA

Is that her?

MIKE

That's my guess.

DONNA

Ready to go through the looking glass?

She reaches over and PRESSES the photo. It presses into the wall. A soft but profound CLICK comes from behind them.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Et voila.

They turn around. The wall behind them has OPENED, revealing a large hidden VAULT.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Donna and Mike step into the vault. It is a softly lit room with recessed lighting, ten by ten. It does not look like the secret room of a wealthy eccentric; it looks like the secret room of a space alien. There is not a single straight line in the place: it undulates, curves and flows.

There are stacked racks of clothes, unusual outfits made from unusual material, unlike any fashion of this world. They are the outfits of a future warrior, a huntress, designed for maximum practicality, mobility, durability. We recognize elements of the design from the flashes in Donna's visions.

Donna pulls a dress out of the rack and looks at it: it is a fetching number covered with insanely intricate weavings and decorations, including an abstracted EAGLE design across the breasts. It has hip-high slits in the legs, a neckline that goes down to the sternum, a woven metal belt with built-in compartments for knives, arrows and daggers, and a high-tech, futuristic CROSSBOW mounted on the right sleeve. She holds it up in front of herself and displays it to Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA

This old thing? I only wear this when I
don't care what I look-like.

There are sleek glass-fronted cabinets, cases and specially-designed WEAPONS RACKS. On these racks are a number of a range weapons, daggers and swords and knives of alien cool sensuousness. Mike picks up one that looks like only a handle. As he picks it up, LONG RAZOR-SHARP BLADES SHOOT OUT OF BOTH ENDS, turning it into a kind of double-bladed samurai sword. Mike DROPS it to the ground and it instantly folds back up.

MIKE

Jesus!

DONNA

Slices, dices, makes Julienne fries.

There are rows of framed photos lined up on a glass case, snapshots, showing Diana with Steve Trevor at various times of their lives. Steve is thirty, thirty-five, forty, fifty, sixty, but Diana always looks thirty. Mike examines them.

MIKE

Look.

Donna comes over to him.

DONNA

What am I seeing?

MIKE

He gets older, she stays the same.

Donna looks closely at the photos.

DONNA

Maybe she's a vampire.

MIKE

That's not funny.

A SUIT OF ARMOR hangs on a wireframe mannequin in the corner. It is made of a grayish-black material and resembles a kind of supersonic bird of prey and comes with a matching sword.

Everything in the room has a sleek, futuristic cast to it, even though some of the items are clearly ancient, corroded and worn, stubborn dust clogging the delicate designs.

In a glass case below it are rows upon rows of SILVER WRIST GAUNTLETS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Some are tarnished and worn, others appear brand-new and mirror-shiny. Like the rest of the items, they are carved with super-intricate designs. Some tell stories of bravery and heroism, some are more abstract, some are covered with writing from a strange alphabet.

When she slips her hand through one, a SMALL, LOOSE PHOTO falls out. As if Diana had kept it tucked in there. Donna does not see the photo; her attention is on the gauntlets. They FIT PERFECTLY. When they are on her wrists, a strange look comes into her eyes. It's as if she's becoming a different person.

She suddenly starts to feel faint. FROM HER POV we see that she is slowly being ENVELOPED IN A SHIMMERING WHITE LIGHT. The surrounding vault is becoming indistinct. She looks around herself, wondering what is happening to her.

A few feet away, Mike examines the lasso, letting the weave pass over his fingers. He is oblivious to Donna's situation.

Donna turns to talk to him, but cannot speak. The shimmering light BLANCHES EVERYTHING OUT and she COLLAPSES.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

DONNA OPENS HER EYES to find that she lies on a beautiful black sand beach under an azure sky.

She stands up, looks around; she is on a lush, paradisiacal tropical island. The dunes on the beach are tall and undulating, almost sculpted, both natural and unnatural at once. Fantastic volcanic peaks rise in the distance.

She looks up in the sky. Large oddly shaped birds soar and wheel far above her.

Further down the beach she sees the dim outlines of a CITY. she SQUINTS, trying to see it more clearly. Strangely enough, SHE CAN. IT SNAPS SOLIDLY INTO FOCUS, ALMOST AS IF SHE HAS HER OWN LONG-DISTANCE ZOOM LENS. A COMPLEX SERIES OF LONG, LOW, BLACK, CURVACEOUS BUILDINGS, like the beach, both natural and unnatural, rise up from the black sand. The scenes BLANCHES OUT...

EXT. CITY - DAY -- DREAM

...and now Donna walks along the beach in the midst of the city. The architecture is unlike anything she, or any other human, has ever seen. The buildings are both ancient and futuristic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Made from the black volcanic rock that makes up the island, the buildings have long, sensuous curving rooflines, soaring vaulted peaks, built to mimic and echo the volcanic mountain peaks that form the island. Whoever lives in them, they are undergoing an explosive *belle epoch*; the buildings are bristling with flamboyantly intricate detailing, carved into the smooth-as-glass black stone. The whole city seems to have built as one piece, one gigantic living sculpture, as natural, complex and unpredictable as a lava flow or a coral reef. Strikingly, there are no stairs or elevators in evidence. Rather, the buildings have dozens of porticos that jut out from the sides, high off the ground, like massive beehives. And gardens, gardens everywhere. Plants cascade over balconies, grow out of rooftops, carpet the roads. It looks like a 30th century city designed by Gaudi. Donna is the only one in the garden path that is the main street; there is not another soul in sight and the place is eerily quiet in the midday sun. The vision *BLANCHES* again and...

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY

...Donna is now at a TEMPLE in the center of the city, a tall ovoid tower with a broad open-air atrium at its base. There is a massive, sprawling MOSAIC laid into the floor, illustrating an epic history.

Donna LOOKS UP. Through the atrium at the center of the temple, the LARGE BIRDS that soar through the skies begin to DESCEND towards her. Only when they get closer does she realize that they are not birds at all, but WOMEN, or, more precisely, AMAZONS, flying graceful as swans, gliding over the air currents with no need of wings. They wear beautiful, form-fitting outfits made of the same kind of fabric that we saw in the vault; they are practical, striking and dead sexy.

A GROUP of Amazons drop down to where Donna is, each one alighting with no more than a whisper, as if she were no heavier than a feather. They are each stunning in the way that any pure warrior is stunning; their beauty is fresh and natural, fearsome in its simplicity. None looks older than thirty. Each one wears a set of silver gauntlets. They regard Donna with a sense of respect and recognition but do not approach her. Twenty or more alight around her in a loose clutch, encircling her, waiting, waiting. Donna is flatly amazed, eyes wide, trying to take it all in.

DONNA

Um. Hi.

Her voice echoes dull and flat in the broad atrium. The Amazons do not respond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA (CONT'D)

Nice place you've got here.

The Amazons smile slyly at that. It's unnerving.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Okay. Feeling a little self-conscious here guys.

HIPPOLYTA, their leader, a particularly tall, statuesque Amazon in a particularly elaborate, smashing ensemble drops down behind her and alights, regal and poised. Donna does not see her. She keeps talking to the others.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm Donna. Hm? Don-na.

HIPPOLYTA

We know who you are.

Donna, startled, WHIPS around, jumping out of her skin.

DONNA

Oh! God.

HIPPOLYTA

We've been waiting for you.

DONNA

Where am I?

HIPPOLYTA

Where are you? You're home. An Amazon loves to wander, but she always comes home. Themyscira.

DONNA

And you're, who, Glinda?

Hippolyta gives her one of those sly smiles.

HIPPOLYTA

Hippolyta.

DONNA

Great. Look, don't take this personally, but whoever you are, I just want my life back. Can you do that? Can you give me my life back?

HIPPOLYTA

But you have your gauntlets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Donna looks at her wrists.

DONNA
Oh, these, these aren't mine, I, a
friend's letting me wear 'em, I --

She looks up again. Hippolyta is gone. Her voice suddenly comes from BEHIND her.

HIPPOLYTA
Your powers. You've...noticed them?

Donna whips around to see her again.

DONNA
Um, a little, yeah. The flying thing was
a surprise.

HIPPOLYTA
Silly. A woman can't fly. What you have
is a finely tuned sense of balance. When
you have that, you can balance on the
smallest wisp of air. It seems you have
much to learn.

SUDDENLY, Hippolyta and Donna are in a different part of the temple. Hippolyta directs Donna's attention to a section of mosaic at their feet, which recounts the same story as we saw in the tapestry in the vault. The mosaic COMES TO LIFE as Hippolyta points to it; the mosaic tiles ANIMATE and FLOW, the characters MOVE AND BREATHE.

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)
The Amazons were once enslaved by the
Greek general Heracles. Our wrists were
bound, unspeakable deeds were acted upon
us. It took the blood of hundreds to win
us our freedom. We wear our gauntlets,
made from silver given us by Gaea, to
remind us of the preciousness of our
freedom. If an Amazon allows her wrists
to be bound by a man, she loses her
powers until she is again unbound.

DONNA
That's great. Um, I gotta go.

HIPPOLYTA
But --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DONNA

Look. I don't know who you are or what you want, but I, you know, this is the twenty-first century, and people don't really believe in the Greek gods anymore.

She turns and walks away and runs RIGHT INTO HIPPOLYTA again.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Ah! You scared me.

Hippolyta makes a GESTURE, and suddenly they are THIRTY FEET AWAY from where they were, in a far corner of the mosaic, where another story is illustrated. We see the tile Diana, easily recognizable in the mosaic, act out the story Hippolyta tells.

HIPPOLYTA

Sixty years ago, an unprecedented event. An airplane from Man's World crashes on our island. A man, Captain Steven Trevor, comes into our world for the first time in millennia. His world is in the midst of its most dire and important conflict and Diana, always a soft touch for a hard luck story, goes with him to set it right.

DONNA

What's that?

She points to a detail of the MOSAIC that shows Diana leaving the island with the GOLDEN LASSO hanging on her hip.

HIPPOLYTA

The lasso. Hephestus the thunder god made it with his hammer and anvil; it's unbreakable, it's aim is always true, and it can compel a man to tell the truth.

The scene again BLANCHES OUT, and THEN...

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

...Donna stands with Hippolyta on a balcony overlooking the city. The sun is just going down and the light is magnificent. The cityscape, with the ocean beyond, is heartbreakingly beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIPPOLYTA

This is who you are, Donna. This is your heritage, this is your ~~home~~. But you've come without Diana. Is she all right?

DONNA

I, I don't know. Why wouldn't she be all right?

HIPPOLYTA

Because you've come into your powers.

DONNA

Because I -- I'm sorry, you've lost me.

HIPPOLYTA

The Amazons never leave a fallen warrior behind. We cannot leave Themyscira; therefore it's up to you.

DONNA

Up to me what? I've never even met her, I don't know who she is, or where --

HIPPOLYTA

Of course you know. You must know. Donna -- Diana is your mother.

Donna is STRUCK DUMB.

DONNA

She -- no.

HIPPOLYTA

But don't you know? In Man's World, the only way an Amazon Daughter gains power is when her mother loses hers.

DONNA

No. No, I, I was unaware of that.

HIPPOLYTA

Your mother is in grave danger, Donna. You must find her.

DONNA

No, no, sorry, you, I can't --

Hippolyta suddenly LUNGES OUT, GRABS HER ROUGHLY AND SHAKES HER BY THE SHOULDERS, SHOUTING.

HIPPOLYTA

DONNA! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!!

INT. VAULT - NIGHT

Donna lies on the floor of the vault. Mike shakes her vigorously. Her eyes DART OPEN.

MIKE
Wake up! Donna!

DONNA
I'm up! I'm up! What happened?

MIKE
You fainted!

DONNA
But I was, I was -- how long was I out?

MIKE
I don't know, ten seconds?

Donna looks around the room. Reality slowly comes to her.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Well. I learned one thing: I didn't get
this way from Nitronium.

Mike picks up the photo from the floor. It is a photo of a
TEENAGE GIRL.

MIKE
This fell out of your gauntlet. It, it
looks like you.

Donna looks at the photo.

DONNA
Oh God. It is me. Mike, this woman.
Her name is Diana Prince. And she's my
mother. I've got to find her.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mike drives them through the fog-bound streets of downtown.

MIKE
If she's been here since World War II,
why haven't we heard about her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA

Well, but think about it. You're a woman, you can fly, you have super-strength, you can force men to tell the truth, and you're in love with a mortal navy pilot. You can't draw attention to yourself, you can't be a spectacle, the only way you can get anything done is to work in secret.

MIKE

Hm. Like for the DIA. Like, anti-terrorism. Maybe she got into trouble with terrorists.

DONNA

Someone wants this Nitronium stuff bad enough to kill her for it. I've got to find her, figure out what's going on.

Mike sees HEADLIGHTS in his rear-view mirror, gaining on them, fast.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Crap. We've got company. You up for a chase scene?

He hits the accelerator. Donna turns to look. THERE IS A LONG BLACK CAR GAINING ON THEM LIKE GANGBUSTERS.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mike's car BURSTS FORWARD. The long black car bursts forward as well, keeping pace with them.

Mike makes a left turn onto a STEEP HILL.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Donna REARS BACK and GASPS as the street falls away beneath them. The hill is seven blocks long, heading into the heart of downtown.

DONNA

Mike, stop!

MIKE

It's okay, I've done this before.

He ACCELERATES downhill.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The long black car SPEEDS UP, BUMPING THEM FROM THE REAR.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Donna CRINGES with the impact from the rear, GASPS as another car CROSSES IN FRONT OF THEM at the intersection ahead.

DONNA

Mike, you're not impressing me!

MIKE

Hang on, I know what I'm doing!

They SPEED THROUGH THE INTERSECTION, AGAINST THE LIGHT. Cars SCREECH TO A HALT to avoid them.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The long black car SMASHES THROUGH the cars in the intersection, barely slowing down.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Donna's white-knuckled hands are planted firmly on the dashboard.

DONNA

You're going to get yourself killed!

MIKE

Hang on, almost there.

Pedestrians start to CROSS in front of them, then DIVE back to the curb to avoid getting creamed. Donna SCREAMS.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The long black car APPROACHES for another hit from behind.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike closely watches the approaching intersection. He and Donna are thrown back and forth from the steep hill/flat intersection pattern, their undercarriage SCRAPING on the extreme angles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then, the hill DROPS OFF another fifteen degrees, just before the next intersection. Mike SLAMS ON THE BRAKES AND PULLS THE WHEEL SHARPLY TO THE LEFT.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The long black car ACCELERATES INTO MIKE'S REAR END, JUST AS HIS CAR DISAPPEARS OVER THE SHARPLY ANGLED DOWNTURN. SUDDENLY THERE IS NO REAR BUMPER TO HIT and the long black car DRIVES RIGHT OVER HIS TRUNK INSTEAD. As Mike's car makes a HARD LEFT, the pursuing car VAULTS OVER HIS TRUNK, SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, CRUNCHES DOWN HARD ON THE STEEPLY ANGLED PAVEMENT, SIDESWIPES A ROW OF PARKED CARS AND CONTINUES HURTLING DOWN THE STREET, as Mike's car ZIPS DOWN A SIDE STREET.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike cackles at his ingenuity as Donna gets angry.

MIKE

Not bad, huh? I learned that one in high school.

DONNA

Stop the car.

MIKE

What do you mean, stop the car?

DONNA

I'm getting out. Stop the car.

MIKE

Like hell! They're trying to kill us!

DONNA

That's why you have to stop the car.

MIKE

Forget it!

DONNA

Stop the car!

MIKE

No!

Donna HITS THE PASSENGER DOOR AS HARD AS SHE CAN.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car door FLIES OFF THE SIDE OF THE CAR, SAILS THROUGH THE AIR and PLUNGES THROUGH A SHOP WINDOW.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Donna STICKS HER FOOT OUT THE DOOR AND PLANTS IT ON THE ROAD. HER FOOT DIGS DEEP INTO THE PAVEMENT.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

BITS OF BROKEN PAVEMENT SPEW UPWARD IN A GREAT ARC AS THE CAR SKIDS TO THE RIGHT, PIVOTING ON HER HEEL, AND SMASHES INTO A ROW OF PARKING METERS. It comes to an ABRUPT HALT in front of the CONSTRUCTION SITE for a new high-rise.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike STARES AT her, jaw hanging.

DONNA
I asked you nicely.

She GETS OUT and walks away, into the CONSTRUCTION SITE.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Donna walks amid the naked beams and piles of construction materials. Mike gets out of the car and TROTS UP BEHIND HER.

MIKE
What are we doing?

DONNA
We're not doing. I'm doing. You're going. You're going as far away from me as you can.

She TAKES OFF her big man's shirt: she has a BLACK TANK-TOP on underneath.

MIKE
What the hell are you talking about?
Those guys are going to catch up to us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She does a flurry of QUICK PUNCHES against a concrete wall; it cracks, flakes and BREAKS OFF where she hits it. She then SPINS, KICKS and PUTS HER FOOT RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You worried for me?

MIKE

Good God.

DONNA

I need to find out what's going on. Those guys know more than I do. And you, you're going home. Sorry I got you into trouble.

MIKE

I'm going home? What are you, my big sister?

She TEARS OFF THE LEGS of her men's trousers, creating an impromptu pair of bicycle shorts. She's suiting up for battle.

DONNA

Mike: I know you two hours and already people are trying to kill you. My friend Jeff is dead, soon you'll be dead, and then what? Go. Now. Before they get here.

She tears off a strip of fabric to tie back her hair. She takes out the golden lasso and attaches to her belt with the leather strap that would ordinarily hold Mike's cell phone.

MIKE

Okay. Three things:

DONNA

There's no time. Go.

MIKE

Three things. One: I'm a big boy, I made this decision myself, you're not responsible for me. Two: finding Diana is my concern too; it's my case. Three: this town sucks. Okay? Look at it: rotten, top to bottom. Everything is for sale and no one says what he means. Thirty years I live here, breathing this filth, every day, the worst things men are capable of, and then, and then there's you. Then there's you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE (CONT'D)

And you're something new. Something worthwhile. Something strong, something, I don't know, pure. So I'm here. You're stuck with me. Deal with it.

DONNA

Joan of Arc was strong and pure too; look what happened to her.

Out on the street, the LONG BLACK CAR screeches to a halt. Carlin, Jules and Kahn get out and head into the site.

MIKE

Here they come. What's the plan?

DONNA

The plan is to wing it.

Carlin, Jules and Kahn approach them, calm, cool, collected.

Donna and Mike back slowly away as they advance. Donna is getting keyed up.

DONNA

Who are you? What do you want?

CARLIN

Just get in the car and no one gets hurt.

Donna begins to tremble. We see her quivering hands involuntarily flexing into FISTS.

MIKE

Listen guys --

DONNA

Shut up Mike.

(to Carlin)

He's got nothing to do with this.

CARLIN

That's fine with us. If you come with us, no one gets hurt.

Donna and Mike exchange glances. An understanding passes between them.

DONNA

All right. I'll come.

She begins to walk toward the car. Carlin walks behind her. He takes her arm. She watches out of the corner of her eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A SET OF HANDCUFFS DROPS DOWN FROM HIS SLEEVE INTO HIS HAND. Donna HEARS THEM DROP.

She LEAPS INTO THE AIR, SPINNING BACKWARDS, ONE LEG OUT. SHE BLURS INTO A TORNADO OF MOTION. THE NEXT TIME SHE'S VISIBLE, SHE'S KICKING EACH OF THE THREE MEN IN SUCCESSION. They GO DOWN, but these are not creampuffs. They HIT THE GROUND, ROLL, and SPRING BACK UP AGAIN, GUNS OUT.

Mike reaches down and grabs a BUCKET OF SAND. He HURLS THE SAND at the trio, blinding them. They turn and SHOOT at Mike but do not hit him. Meanwhile, Donna LEAPS into the air, grabs a crossbeam overhead, spins around and KICKS THE GUNS out of the hands of Carlin and Jules. The two guns go flying and Kahn turns to fire at Donna, who does a stunning, twirling dismount, DISAPPEARING in a speed blur again, with the small RIPPLING SOUNDS of her breaking the sound barrier. All Kahn sees is his bullets sparking off her silver gauntlets.

She lands and walks steadily toward him, unblinking as bullets speed toward her, deflecting them with blur-fast moves of her arms. Kahn fires until his gun goes CLICK, at which point Donna is close enough to REACH OUT, GRAB HIS HAND and CRUSH IT ALONG WITH THE GUN.

Kahn SCREAMS as Jules comes RUNNING AT HER FROM BEHIND WITH A NAILGUN. Donna SWINGS AROUND, STILL HOLDING ON TO KAHN'S HAND, SWINGING HIM LIKE A BASEBALL BAT. He COLLIDES WITH JULES and they both go SPRAWLING.

Across the way, Carlin goes to Mike, gun drawn. Mike tries to PUNCH HIM, but Carlin is too fast, bobbing and weaving out of the way. Mike delivers a series of FEINTS to Carlin's head and Carlin LEANS BACK OUT OF THE WAY TO AVOID THEM. Mike then STOMPS ON CARLIN'S FOOT as, a few feet away, Donna grabs a large DUMPSTER and FLINGS IT ACROSS THE SPACE. It rolls SMACK INTO Carlin's back and SENDS HIM FLYING. The gun FLIES UP INTO THE AIR and onto the second-story landing.

Kahn comes running at Donna, screaming, wielding a BUZZSAW. He KNOCKS HER DOWN and PRESSES THE SAW AGAINST HER. SHE RAISES HER ARM to protect herself; the whining blade sends SHOWERS OF SPARKS off her gauntlet mere inches from her face.

Nearby, Jules attacks Mike with a LENGTH OF CABLE, whipping it at his face. Mike has to lean backwards to keep from getting whipped.

Donna SHOVES Kahn off of her, sending him FLYING through the air, buzzsaw still whining. He flies UP AND OVER AN OVERHEAD GIRDER and LETS GO OF THE SAW, which comes swinging back around on its cord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Mike DUCKS out of the way of Jule's cable, which WRAPS AROUND A SCAFFOLD BEAM. As Jules tries to unwrap it, the buzzsaw comes crashing down on top of his head.

Mike ROLLS ON THE GROUND and STRAIGHT INTO CARLIN, who PLANTS HIS FOOT on his chest. He takes from his jacket a TASER GUN and FIRES it at Mike. The wires PLANT THEMSELVES ONTO MIKE'S CHEST; Mike CONVULSES WITH PAIN.

Across the way, Kahn GETS UP AND CHARGES DONNA AGAIN. Donna picks up a 100-pound BAG OF CEMENT AND TOSSES IT AT HIM LIKE A FRISBEE. IT CATCHES HIM IN THE GUT and he goes flying again. She then sees Mike's predicament across the way, does a CARTWHEEL over toward a RACK OF CO2 TANKS and CHOPS THE VALVE OFF OF ONE. It GOES SHOOTING OFF THE RACK LIKE A ROCKET and HITS CARLIN IN THE CHEST.

Donna picks up Kahn by the belt and TOSSES HIM UP OVER HER HEAD LIKE MICHAEL JORDAN DOING A HOOK SHOT. KAHN SAILS THROUGH THE AIR AND LANDS IN THE DUMPSTER. She then grabs the unconscious Jules by the ankle and SLINGS HIM UP INTO THE AIR. HE ARCS THROUGH THE SPACE AND COMES CRASHING DOWN INTO THE DUMPSTER, NOTHING BUT NET.

Across the way, Carlin GETS UP SHAKILY AND TRIES TO RUN AWAY.

Donna FLINGS THE LASSO AROUND CARLIN'S SHOULDERS. With a GENTLE YANK Carlin comes FLYING BACK TOWARD THEM. Mike DUCKS as Carlin flies over his head. Donna gives the rope a SIDEWAYS TUG and CARLIN COMES TWIRLING TOWARD HER, THE ROPE COILING UP AROUND HIM. He LANDS AT THEIR FEET, GASPING. DONNA PLANTS A HEEL ON HIS THROAT.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I don't want to kill you. But I will if I have to. Do you believe me?

CARLIN

(emphatically)

Yes.

Donna TUGS ON THE ROPE, CINCHING IT TIGHT AROUND HIS SHOULDERS.

DONNA

The truth. Right?

CARLIN

The truth.

DONNA

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Carlin struggles to not speak, but the lasso compels him.

CARLIN
N-N-Nitronium.

MIKE
Who are you working for?

CARLIN
Dr. Sych, Sycho --

DONNA
Dr. Psycho? What kind of a name is that?

CARLIN
Sychopolous. Dr. Sychopolous. SDS Industries. He -- he's building some, some kind of a new bomb, he needs the Nitronium to finish it. Please, let me go, he'll kill me.

MIKE
A new kind of bomb? What's new about it? What does he need it for?

CARLIN
I don't know! I swear, I don't know!

DONNA
You know what that makes you? Garbage.

With a flick of her wrist, she sends Carlin SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR, WHIRLING LIKE A DERVISH, and FLYING INTO THE DUMPSTER. The LID of the dumpster comes SLAMMING DOWN WITH A BANG and Donna GIVES IT A SHOVE WITH HER FOOT. IT GOES SPEEDING ACROSS THE CONCRETE FLOOR AND TUMBLES DOWN AN OPEN STAIRWELL, TUMBLING END OVER END AND COMING TO REST UPSIDE-DOWN.

Donna dusts her hands off. She's flush with victory.

DONNA
That felt good.

Mike takes out his cell phone, dials.

DONNA
Who are you calling?

MIKE
My partner, get the police down here.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME

The phone rings on DAN'S desk. Officer ESPOSITO answers.

ESPOSITO
Detective Raspler's desk.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - SAME

MIKE
This is Mike Schorr, who's this?

ESPOSITO (ON PHONE)
Detective Schorr, this is Officer
Esposito. I've been trying to get hold
of you all day.

ANGLE ON Donna: she watches Mike's face change as he listens
to Esposito's news. He's terribly excited about something.

MIKE
Great. Thanks.
(he hangs up)
St. Pete's, Sunday night, Jane Doe, hands
bound, multiple lacerations.

DONNA
Let's go.

They head out of the construction site.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As they come out into the street, Donna gives a SWIFT KICK to
Carlin's limo. The kick sends it FLYING THROUGH THE AIR,
FLIPPING OVER, END OVER END.

INT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The emergency room of St. Pete's is a squalid nightmare of
drug addicts, gunshot victims, crazy people and bodily
fluids. Bedlam; everywhere people scream, moan, writhe.
Black blood dries in spatters on the never-cleaned walls
under greasy yellow florescent lights.

An exhausted DOCTOR walks with Mike and Donna through the
maze of suffering, his wrinkled white coat specked with
blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

It was the end of a 36-hour shift, she wandered in here, nightgown, insane, completely delirious.

MIKE

Did she tell you her name?

DOCTOR

Sir, she couldn't tell me if it was day or night. She walked in and fell over, out cold. She's been in a cataleptic trance ever since. We can't do anything to get her out of it.

MIKE

What could cause something like that?

DOCTOR

Amnesia, drugs, poison, exposure, severe head trauma, could've been anything. She's got this weird kind of putty on her wrists.

MIKE

Putty?

DOCTOR

Couldn't tell you what it is, some kind of adhesive foam, like packing material, but super strong. Couldn't even get it off with a bone saw. You know her?

DONNA

She's my mother.

DOCTOR

Your mother? She's barely thirty.

DONNA

Hm? Oh, did I say my mother? I meant my sister. She's my sister.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A bearded, overweight ORDERLY, keys jangling on his hip, leads Mike and Donna down a long drab hallway on an upper floor of the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORDERLY

Good thing you folks came along, another twenty-four hours an' we'd've sent her off to the state hospital; that place is nowhere near as nice as this.

Mike and Donna exchange looks: not as nice as this snake pit?

They come to a door; the orderly opens it.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Donna and Mike come into the room. There, on the bed, hooked up to an IV and an oxygen mask, is DIANA. She looks pale, drawn and very ill. Her hands are still encased in the rock-hard putty.

DONNA

Oh good God.

Donna GOES TO HER AND TAKES HER FACE IN HER HANDS, TILTS IT TOWARD HER. DIANA, although ill, is STILL BREATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL. Donna looks deep into her eyes, but Diana looks right through her, unseeing.

DONNA

Diana. It's me. Donna. Donna Troy.
Diana, I've been to Themyscira, I've seen Hippolyta. Talk to me. Talk to me.

Diana STIRS. Her eyelids FLUTTER. She murmurs, barely audible...

DIANA

Trombly...the metal...

MIKE

Trombly? The hell does that mean?

DONNA

Diana, look at me. Look at me. Do you know how you got here?

DIANA

Confused...headache...hospital...

Donna pats her cheeks lightly, pleads with her. Her head lolls.

DONNA

Diana, you know me! I'm your daughter!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes Diana's bound hands in her own and SQUEEZES. The rock-hard putty SHATTERS in her grasp.

Diana's features immediately clear. She blinks, looks Donna in the eye. A large tear forms and rolls down her cheek.

DIANA

Donna.

(she looks around)

Where --

She realizes where she is, sees Mike, sees that she is bound.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh gods. I -- I --

DONNA

What, Diana, what.

She hangs her head in shame. Tears.

DIANA

I, I'm. I'm sorry. Oh gods, I'm sorry. Donna, please, please forgive me.

DONNA

Forgive you? For what?

DIANA

I didn't want this.

DONNA

Didn't want what?

DIANA

If I'm in a place like this, and you're here to find me, and he's a cop -- this is what I didn't want.

DONNA

That doesn't matter. That doesn't -- here. Get up. Sit up.

(she helps Diana up)

Why, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you let me know?

DIANA

Why? Because of this. We gave you up, your father and I, hardest thing we ever did. But we wanted you to have a good, safe, normal life. And now --

(her voice breaks)

I'm sorry --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNA

Don't be sorry.

DIANA

We always kept close watch on you, your father, Steve, such a good man, he loved you so much, was so proud of you --

MIKE

Ladies, I don't want to break up the family reunion here, but there's some pressing business to take care of.

DIANA

I'm sure there is.

MIKE

A few days ago you fell out a window. How did that happen?

Diana looks to Donna.

DONNA

He's okay. He's a cop, but he's okay.

MIKE

Here, I even brought you a present.

He hands her the bag with her outfit, her gauntlets and her golden lasso. She smiles and slips on the gauntlets.

DIANA

Thank you.

She pushes her hair out of her face, wipes the tears away.

DIANA (CONT'D)

I work alongside the DIA. I help keep track of nuclear terrorists. If someone tries to buy a nuclear bomb, I can usually stop him.

(then)

A DIA operative in Switzerland walked off his post. I followed him; he bought something from a lab tech for ten million dollars. I thought it might be a detonator, jewels, plutonium, anything, but it turns out to be a piece of glowing green metal.

(then)

The thing to do next is turn it in to the DIA for analysis. But my contact, Trombly, is getting on in years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIANA (CONT'D)

This business wears you down and I have a feeling he's looking for an early retirement. We met so I could give him the metal, but I wanted to be sure he hadn't already sold out. So I gave him a fake to see where he took it.

(then)

I never found out. I'm guessing he's dead.

MIKE

Good guessing. We have the real canister. It's the entire world's supply of a metal called Nitronium. Your man was taking it to someone named Dr. Peter Sychopolous.

DIANA

Dr. Psycho.

MIKE

That's the guy. You know him?

DIANA

Only by reputation. The DIA buys things from him all the time, everyone does. But for a while now we've suspected he's been selling weapons to terrorists.

DONNA

One of his men says he needs the Nitronium to build some kind of bomb.

DIANA

Nitronium -- wait.

DONNA

What?

DIANA

A long time ago -- twenty years at least, Dr. Psycho tried to sell the Department of Defense on something he called a Microwave Bomb; they turned him down because --

(thinks -- it's so long ago)

-- because his designs called for an element that, as far as anyone knew, didn't exist.

DONNA

Looks like it exists now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DIANA

We have to turn the Nitronium in to the
DIA right away. Where is it?

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike leads Donna and Diana down the hall to his apartment.
They get to his door: IT IS OFF ITS HINGES.

MIKE

Oh. Shit.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They come into the apartment. It has been utterly trashed.
Everything that can be broken has been broken. Papers and
books have been strewn all over. The black satchel lies
empty on the coffee table. The canister is gone.

DONNA

How did he know? How did he know to come
here?

DIANA

Well he has it now. We have to figure
out what this bomb is.

INT. LABORATORY, TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

Deep within a mountain, just South of Gateway City, is SDS's
secret TESTING CENTER, a clash of primal rock and ultra high-
tech design. In the midst of a large, complicated lab setup,
a WAVE BOMB sits, nearly assembled. It's a silver cylinder,
about four feet long, covered with cooling pipes, filters,
transformers and power couplings.

Psycho and O'Neil are the only ones there. Psycho opens
Cyrus's metal canister and takes out the Nitronium. O'Neil
opens one end of the Wave Bomb and Psycho delicately inserts
the block of Nitronium inside a small metal component within.

PSYCHO

A thing of beauty, hm? By itself,
useless. But heat it 4500 degrees and
put 40,000 volts through it and it's
worth three billion dollars.

He snaps the Nitronium into its place, slides the component
back inside and closes the bomb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He presses a series of buttons on a remote-control device, and the bomb WINKS ON with a series of lights, signalling that it is armed.

EXT. TESTING CENTER - NIGHT

Under the night sky, at the base of the mountain, at the entrance to the Testing Center, Psycho and O'Neil LOAD the Wave Bomb into the bay of a small, sleek, bullet-shaped JET of almost science-fiction design. No windows, no seating, just a hull with wings, bristling with high-tech weapons.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Helicopter ready?

O'NEIL

Helicopter to yacht, fueled, ready and waiting.

PSYCHO

Excellent work. Thank you.

O'NEIL

You're welcome, sir. It's been a --

Psycho suddenly PRODUCES A GUN AND SHOOTS HIM THROUGH THE HEART. O'Neil looks STUNNED, GASPS, and FALLS OVER.

PSYCHO

And there's your severance package.

EXT. SDS BUILDING - NIGHT

The street is deserted. Donna, Diana and Mike approach the building.

DIANA

(to Donna)

How are your powers?

DONNA

Utterly uncontrolled.

DIANA

Great. I'm not back up to speed and you're already over the top.

DONNA

Sorry, this is my first time.

They go up to the one of the thick glass doors and peer inside. It is, of course, locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

I guess they're closed.

Donna TUGS ON THE DOOR HANDLE. The door COMES OFF ITS HINGES AND SHATTERS ON THE SIDEWALK.

DONNA

Now they're open.

The group goes in.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The group walks into the large, airy foyer, a slick, shiny, modernist cube with a high multi-level atrium that features a glass and steel walkway that leads across the mezzanine level. A SECURITY HUTCH squats in the middle of the foyer. The lights are out; only ghostly, atmospheric recessed lights in the walkways and detailing are lit.

Our group fans out across the lobby, heading for the elevator banks.

DIANA

I'll hack into the system, find anything I can on weapons systems, Nitronium, microwaves, delivery systems, anything. Shouldn't take long.

MIKE

Shouldn't take long? This guy manufactures top secret classified weapons systems, why do you think you can just hack into his system?

DIANA

(that Amazon smile)
What, you think because I'm an immortal Amazon warrior I don't know anything about computers?

She throws Donna a wink as they head to the elevators, unaware of the RED BLINKING LIGHT above the front door, indicating a break-in.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

DIMITRI ZARKOVA's face appears on a computer monitor screen as Psycho POWERS UP THE CONTROLS for the PSY-801.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZARKOVA

Dr. Sychopolous, I trust everything is going smoothly.

PSYCHO

I'll patch you in, Dimitri, and you can watch the liftoff for yourself.

INT. DR. PSYCHO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Donna, Mike and Diana come into Dr. Psycho's office. IT IS COMPLETELY BARE. No desk, no phone, no cabinets, nothing but bits of wire hang where the wall of monitors used to be.

DONNA

I don't think he's coming back.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Donna, Diana and Mike head down the hall to the conference room. Diana has a PRONOUNCED LIMP.

DONNA

Are you all right?

DIANA

I'm fine.

DONNA

You sure?

DIANA

I'm fine.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Donna, Diana and Mike come into the conference room. It has been trashed, as things have been moved out in a hurry. The table and floor are covered with loose paper and chairs have been knocked over. But the computer and fax machine built into the conference table are still there and functioning. Donna and Mike search through the papers on the table as Diana goes to the computer and works at hacking into the system.

DIANA

Wait. I think I found something.

She brings up an mpeg file marked "WAVE BOMB SIMULATION." The video PLAYS ON THE LARGE VIDEO SCREEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see, again, the split-second destruction of Paris, reflected in the expressions of Donna, Diana and Mike. Then the video ENDS.

MIKE

What the hell was that?

DIANA

That, I'm afraid, was a promo reel.

She brings up the next file onto the video screen, the photos and schematics of the PSY-801 remote-controlled plane.

MIKE

Impressive piece of hardware. Remote-controlled by satellite. What's it for?

DIANA

He's sold this bomb to someone, we've got to find out who.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

At that moment, miles away, in the Control Room, Psycho dons a VIRTUAL REALITY helmet and glove.

PSYCHO'S POV: the READOUTS for the jet controls, including video feed from a camera in the plane's nose and a large array of other information. He grips the control stick and pushes a button, IGNITING THE JET'S ENGINES.

EXT. TESTING FACILITY - NIGHT

Outside, the JET'S ENGINES FLAME ON, A DEAFENING ROAR IN THE SILENT WILDERNESS.

INT. VIDEO-CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Diana brings up a window labelled "PHONE BOOK." There is a long list of names and phone numbers. One phone number, an international number, has only a BLANK SPACE where the name should be. Diana scrolls over and finds that the number was "LAST UPDATED 4-29-02 6:03 A.M."

She clicks on the number. The modem DIALS. We hear a RING, then ANOTHER RING. A WINDOW pops up onscreen, alerting the user "CONFERENCE CALL CURRENTLY IN SESSION, DO YOU WISH TO JOIN?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donna, Diana and Mike all look at each other and NOD. Diana clicks on "YES."

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the Control Room, Psycho PULLS BACK THE STICK. FROM HIS POV we see the vertiginous PLANE'S EYE VIEW of the liftoff. On the monitor, we can see Zarkova react as well.

EXT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - SAME

The JET RISES STRAIGHT INTO THE AIR, TAKING OFF VERTICALLY. Sage and brush BLOW BACKWARD with the jet wash. In just a few moments, the jet has CLEARED THE AREA and ROCKETS OFF TOWARD THE WEST.

INT. VIDEO-CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

The video-feed from the jet's nose FILLS THE SCREEN. Donna, Diana and Mike all GASP as they witness the jet's liftoff.

DONNA

What is this?

DIANA

That, I'm sure, is the PSY-801, taking off.

DONNA

Then, then we've got to get moving.

Then, the IMAGE ABRUPTLY CHANGES AS DIMITRI ZARKOVA comes on screen.

ZARKOVA

Splendid, Dr. Sychopolous. I trust the cargo will arrive on time?

He suddenly realizes that he is not speaking to Dr. Psycho. He suddenly looks STRICKEN and TERMINATES THE CONNECTION. The screen fills with SNOW.

DIANA

Dimitri Zarkova.

DONNA

Didn't he used to --

DIANA

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

I remember him. He got booted from power and disappeared with half of Russia's treasury. Now at least we know what he did with the money.

DIANA

He always said he'd do anything to get back in office.

DONNA

Wait. What's today?

MIKE

Wednesday.

DONNA

No, the --

MIKE

April thirtieth.

DONNA

That means that in Moscow it's May first.

DIANA

May first. The parade in Red Square.

DIANA

The whole government will be there.

MIKE

And two hundred thousand other people.

DONNA

But what does Zarkova want? Revenge?

DIANA

He wants his job back. With the rest of the government dead he probably stands a good chance.

DONNA

So this Wave Bomb is being delivered in this remote-control plane to Red Square.

DONNA

We've got to catch that plane. Where did it just leave from?

DIANA

Mountains, somewhere south of here, could be anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DONNA

Wait. No it couldn't.

Donna goes to the computer, clicks on the schematics of the PSY-801. She clicks past the blueprints and comes to the glamour shot of the plane in the mountains. She points to the mountains visible in the background. There is a LARGE WHITE CROSS visible at the top of a mountain in the background. She points to it.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Costa Del Sol. About a hundred, hundred-twenty miles south of here, down the coast.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The group comes striding out of the elevators, heading out to the lobby. Diana talks on Mike's cell phone.

DIANA

Gaines. It's Diana.

(beat, then)

It's good to hear you, too. Listen: we've got a situation. I need you to get as many men as you can to SDS Headquarters, Gateway City, ASAP. I'll explain when you get here.

She hangs up the phone and hands it back to Mike.

DIANA

You two stay here and wait for Gaines, I'll go take care of Dr. Psycho.

DONNA

Like hell. You're not going, I'm going.

DIANA

Donna, I've been doing this for sixty years, I know what I'm doing.

DONNA

You know what you're doing? This guy already put you in the hospital once. Look, the plane is remote-controlled by satellite, right? So I go to the testing center and I take out the satellite dish. Game over.

As they enter the lobby, we hear the unmistakable sound of DOZENS OF LARGE, HEAVY GUNS BEING COCKED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The LIGHTS COME ON and we see, LINING THE MEZZANINE-LEVEL WALKWAY, DOZENS OF GUARDS, ALL ARMED WITH BIG SCARY SHINY HIGH-TECH MACHINE GUNS. DOZENS MORE LINE THE LOWER LEVEL IN FRONT OF THE ELEVATOR BANKS. ALL WITH LASER-SIGHTS, ALL AIMED RIGHT AT THEM.

MIKE

Did someone say "Game Over?"

Up above, DAN appears on the mezzanine. He is no longer the pasty, fumbling layabout we've seen before; he is now poised, smug and cocksure.

DAN

Hey partner.

MIKE

You bastard.

DAN

Anybody here wondering how we knew to find the Nitronium at Mike's place?

Everyone looks at Mike.

MIKE

I don't know what he's talking about.

DAN

Remember the sympathetic hug I gave you when you got suspended?

Mike thinks back and REMEMBERS. He checks his jacket: under the lapel he finds a TRANSMITTER the size of a paper clip. He BREAKS it like a pencil and throws it away.

DIANA

(to Mike)

You know this guy?

MIKE

He used to be my partner.

DONNA

(to Dan)

Do you have any idea what you're doing?

DAN

Oh sure.

He pulls a gun and FIRES STRAIGHT AT HER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVERYBODY MOVES AT ONCE AS THREE DOZEN GUARDS OPEN FIRE. Mike DASHES BEHIND A PILLAR AS Donna and Diana LEAP FORWARD, moving in BLURS, deflecting bullets off their gauntlets. They duck behind another pillar. The gunfire temporarily STOPS. The two women look each other in the eye.

DIANA

You ready?

DONNA

Not at all.

DIANA

Me neither. Let's go.

They clasp hands and JUMP UP INTO THE AIR. They HIT ONE OF THE WALLS of the foyer, above the mezzanine, and begin to RUN ALONG THE WALL. Hundreds of bullets shatter the walls in a trail behind them. The guards on the mezzanine LEAP or ROLL OFF THE WALKWAY to avoid getting hit. Diana and Donna RUN UP THE WALL AND ACROSS THE CEILING. DOZENS OF MACHINE GUNS FOLLOW THEM, the guards INCREDULOUS. They HIT THE CABLES HOLDING UP THE WALKWAY. The cables SNAP LIKE STRING and the walkway COLLAPSES DOWN INTO THE FOYER, atop the security hutch, forming a giant ramp.

Donna alights at the top of the ramp. A squadron of guards heads up the ramp toward her, guns out. She jumps into the air, VANISHING into a blur. Then suddenly she is COMING DOWN HARD on her end of the ramp. The ramp goes down like a giant see-saw, sending the squad of guards up into the air, through the glass roof.

All the while, Mike crouches behind his pillar with a service revolver, taking his time, taking out distracted guards, kneecapping them, one at a time.

Across the room, Diana calmly walks toward another squad of guards, a sly Amazon smile on her face. The guards fire round after round at her and she deflects the bullets off her gauntlets, forearms a blur, bullets ricocheting everywhere.

Suddenly, one of her gauntlets FLIES OFF and whips across the room. She is distracted for a moment as she turns to find it. One of the guards takes that moment to draw a bead on her, but MIKE shoots him in the kneecap. He goes down.

Across the room, Donna CATCHES the errant gauntlet and flies back to Diana, tossing it back to her.

DONNA

You all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIANA

I'm fine!

But when Diana slips her gauntlet back on, we see that her FOREARM BLEEDS WHERE IT HAS BEEN GRAZED by a bullet.

Diana TAKES OFF into the air toward a row of guards, spinning horizontally and kicking her legs out, knocking a guard unconscious with each kick. But when she LANDS, she staggers a little bit, a little dizzy, a little winded. The others do not see this.

Across the room, a guard FIRES at Donna. She deflects the bullets off her gauntlets and into a FIRE EXTINGUISHER next to the guards head. The fire Extinguisher EXPLODES in a burst of foam, knocking him over.

Nearby, Diana takes the lasso off her hip and twirls it over her head, but she's now clearly ailing. When she hurls the lasso it flies in a tangled knot and merely falls to the floor. She untangles it and hurls it again at a guard, but her aim is off. She misses him entirely, but another guard steps into it. She yanks it tight and pulls him off his feet. Diana jumps up into the air and zooms a loop around the room, trailing the gunman after her. His bullets ricochet around the room, bringing down more guards.

A guard fires a tear gas cannister at Donna. She catches it on the fly, grabs another guard and STICKS IT UP UNDER HIS ARMOR. He collapses, twitching.

Diana LANDS on the mezzanine, planting her feet hard. The guard she's trailing KEEPS FLYING as he SLIPS OUT OF THE LASSO and FALLS DOWN INTO THE FOYER, BOWLING OVER ANOTHER TWO GUARDS. Diana is BREATHING HARD, and now bears the marks of TWO OTHER BULLET WOUNDS, on her shoulder and across one calf.

Mike DASHES across the lobby and ducks behind an elevator bank. It seems like it will be safe there, but then an elevator OPENS across the way and three GUARDS burst out, guns firing. Mike DIVES into a second elevator and hits the DOOR CLOSE button. The guards go to the door and FIRE REPEATEDLY INTO IT.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Mike HITS THE FLOOR as hundreds of bullets PIERCE THE DOOR RICOCHET AROUND THE ELEVATOR. He tries to reach up to the controls but the gunfire is too fierce.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Donna sees Mike in trouble and RUNS to the elevator. The guards TURN TO HER and fire a BARRAGE at her.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Mike takes advantage of the pause in gunfire, reaches up and presses the MEZZANINE button.

EXT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The elevator OPENS on the mezzanine and Mike COMES OUT, looking around. He heads towards the railing. Behind him, DAN EMERGES, WOUNDED BUT STILL ALIVE, UNSEEN BY EVERYONE. He comes right up behind Mike, plants a gun his back and fires. Mike CRINGES IN PAIN, GRABS DAN'S ARM AND HURLS HIM OVER THE RAILING. Dan PLUMMETS to the lobby floor. CRUNCH.

Mike STAGGERS FORWARD, LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS, and CATCHES ON THE RAILING. Diana sees him about to go over and RUNS TO HIM, breathing hard, her wounds bleeding profusely now. She GRABS HIS ARM AS HE GOES OVER THE SIDE. She STRAINS to pull him up, her strength leaving her.

Donna looks up and sees Diana and Mike, and especially Diana's faltering strength. She GASPS and LEAPS UP TOWARD THEM.

At that moment, from across the foyer, a dying guard raises his gun and FIRES AT DIANA. The bullet PUNCHES RIGHT THROUGH HER CHEST. She GASPS IN PAIN and REELS BACKWARDS. The force of her falling backwards is just enough to PULL MIKE back from falling.

DONNA FLIES UP TO THE MEZZANINE and goes to Mike, who lies on the glass-strewn floor.

DONNA

You're shot!

MIKE

(strained)

I'll be okay, it went right through. I'm going to call 911. Look after Diana.

He takes out his cell phone as Donna goes to where Diana lies. She cradles her dying mother in her arms, on the verge of tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONNA

You're gonna be okay, right? Come on.
Diana, come on. =

Diana's body is wracked with spasms.

DIANA

Donna. I'm sorry.

DONNA

Shut up, you're not saying that.

DIANA

I was a bad mother.

DONNA

You're not saying that.

DIANA

I'm so sorry.

DONNA

It's all right.

DIANA

No it's not. I, I didn't want you to
have this life. Danger, secrecy, lies.

DONNA

But that isn't who I am. This is who I
am. You feel sorry but I don't. You
showed me who I am.

DIANA

I wish your father could see you now.

DONNA

You can tell me about him someday.
Because you're not dying now. Not now.

DIANA

I always loved you.

DONNA

No. Not that. Come on.

DIANA

I'm sorry.

DONNA

Stop saying that. You'll be fine. Come
on. Don't leave me. I just met you,
Diana! You can't die! You can't!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Diana dies. Donna cannot believe it. Her lip trembles, but she steadfastly refuses to cry.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

THE PSY-801 STREAKS ACROSS THE OCEAN, LOW OVER THE WATER, AT TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND.

INT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - NIGHT

Psycho sits at the controls, helmet on, guiding the plane across the water. He LAUGHS at the rush of adrenaline.

PSYCHO
Good God, I love to fly.

INT. SDS BUILDING, LOBBY - NIGHT

Mike struggles to sit up. He looks over at Donna and Diana.

MIKE
I called the EMS. They're on their way.

Donna lays Diana's body down on a low counter. Even in death, she looks stunning. Donna gazes at her face, smooths her hair.

MIKE (CONT'D)
There's nothing you can do.

Donna looks him in the eye.

DONNA
Yes there is.

She takes one last look at Diana's face, then turns, RUNS ACROSS THE LOBBY AND TAKES OFF. SHE SOARS UPWARD AND SMASHES THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT, OUT INTO THE NIGHT SKY.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Donna comes SOARING THROUGH THE AIR, ACROSS THE CITY, AT TERRIFIC SPEED, HEADING SOUTH.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Pedestrians stop and COVER THEIR EARS as Donna STREAKS OVERHEAD, BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER. Cars SCREECH TO A HALT, windows SHATTER and glass RAINS DOWN in her wake.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The lights of the city fade in the distance as Donna ZOOMS down the coastline.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Donna comes FLYING IN LOW OVER THE MOUNTAINS, searching, searching for the SDS testing facility. SHE PASSES OVER THE WHITE CROSS THAT WE SAW IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, THEN SHE SEES, ON A MOUNTAINTOP off to her left, a SATELLITE DISH and a series of RADIO TOWERS. She goes into a POWER DIVE, STREAKING TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The PSY-801 ROCKETS across the water.

INT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - NIGHT

Psycho, at the controls, EXPERTLY GUIDES THE PSY-801.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

DONNA COMES SWOOPING DOWN OUT OF THE SKY AND SMASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE SATELLITE DISH. It SHUDDERS with the impact and TOPPLES OVER, CRASHING DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

INT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Psycho JUMPS as we see, from HIS POV, the SATELLITE TRANSMISSION SHORT OUT and TURN TO SNOW. He TEARS OFF the helmet and turns to look at the controls. A light blinks "SATELLITE DISH MALFUNCTION."

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The PSY-801 DROOPS IN ITS TRAJECTORY.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Donna ZOOMS around the outside of the mountain, searching for the entrance to the testing facility. She sees a CONCRETE BUNKER set into the foot of the mountain. There is a small PARKING LOT in front, and DR. PSYCHO'S CAR is parked out front. FROM DONNA'S POV we ZOOM IN to see, IN EXTREME CLOSE-UP, THE DISTINCTIVE HOOD-ORNAMENT on DR. PSYCHO'S CAR.

DONNA

Gotcha.

She DIVES DOWN TOWARD THE ENTRANCE.

EXT. SDS TESTING FACILITY, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Donna STREAKS toward the LARGE IRON DOORS that form the entrance to the Testing Facility. She BLASTS THROUGH THEM with a terrific CLANG and a SHOWER OF DUST. One of the doors is PUNCTURED, the other one TOPPLES OVER into the parking lot with a resounding THUD.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Psycho frantically tries to get his jet back online when a PIERCING ALARM goes off. He whips around to see a panel flashing "SECURITY BREACH."

PSYCHO

Damn!

INT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - NIGHT

Donna STREAKS through a LABYRINTH of corridors, cut into the rock of the mountain, searching for the control room. She passes by laboratories, a cyclotron, a centrifuge, a particle-smasher, generators, and many large, unidentifiable, experimental high-tech machines.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Psycho dashes to another console and furiously types.

PSYCHO

Fine. If that's the way she wants it.

The door to the control room EXPLODES INWARD as Donna BURSTS THROUGH. Dust cascades into the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donna does a SLOW FLIP in the air and lands SQUARELY ON HER FEET. She turns and sees DR. PSYCHO behind the control boards.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Good evening. Pardon, are you Diana Prince, or Donna Troy?

DONNA

You can call me Wonder Woman. And I'll call you Dr. Psycho.

Psycho involuntarily winces.

PSYCHO

(through his teeth)
That's "Sychoopoulos."

DONNA

It's over, Psycho. The plane isn't going to make it to Moscow.

PSYCHO

Oh yes. I'm well aware of that. You've destroyed my satellite dish. Luckily, the PSY-801 can also be controlled by radio.

Donna suddenly looks caught short.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Oh I'm sorry, did you not know that? Oh yes. Satellite transmission is only for long-range missions. The PSY-801 also has radio controls. For short-range. In this case, downtown Gateway City.

He pulls his gun and FIRES IT AT THE RADIO, DESTROYING IT.

DONNA

No!

PSYCHO

No? But yes. At Mach two-point-five, the PSY-801 should reach Gateway Park in, about, oh, two minutes. Ah well, I guess I'll have to find some way to live on a mere billion-and-a-half-dollars. Tsk.

(then)

So. You can capture me and take me into custody, or you can save the population of Gateway City from annihilation. I suggest you go fetch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He calmly walks away, into an elevator. It tears her apart, but Donna has no choice but to watch him go.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Psycho hits a button marked "SB3." As the doors close, he gives Donna a little wave.

PSYCHO

Toodles.

Donna seethes with anger. She RUNS across the room and TAKES OFF, OUT THE DOOR.

EXT. SDS TESTING FACILITY, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Donna WHOOSHES out the front door of the facility. The remaining door RATTLES with the impact and the boom BLASTS the windows out of Psycho's car as Donna HITS THE SOUND BARRIER.

INT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - NIGHT

Deep within the mountain. The elevator door opens into a large cave. This is where missile and rocket engines are tested. Among the equipment here is an underground rocket-sled track. Psycho looks at his watch and walks jauntily toward the track, humming a little tune.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Donna STREAKS NORTHWARD up along the coast, toward Gateway City, keeping an eye out for the PSY-801.

INT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - NIGHT

As Psycho walks toward the rocket-sled track, he takes out a remote and pushes a series of buttons.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

A secluded CLIFF, a few miles away. A concrete BUNKER is set into the side of a steep hill. A helicopter sits silently on a helipad.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

The instrument panel LIGHTS UP, remotely activated by Psycho.

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

The lights of Gateway City are visible off in the distance. As she screams toward the city, Donna scans the ocean for any sign of the PSY-801.

FROM DONNA'S POV, we scan the skyline. Far apart, distant specks converge. We ZOOM IN ON them, from MILES AWAY, one at a time. We see a COMMERCIAL AIRLINER, a TRAFFIC COPTER, a FLOCK OF GEESE.

Frantically, Donna peers into the darkness. Then, off to the left, coming in low over the water, MOVING FAST, she sees the bullet-shaped PSY-801.

SHE BANKS SHARPLY AND ZOOMS OUT OVER THE WATER TOWARD IT.

INT. ROCKET SLED TRACK - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Psycho climbs into the rocket sled, straps himself in and takes off; ZOOM, he moves at incredible speed down the track.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Donna ZOOMS toward the PSY-801 as it heads toward the city. She TAKES THE LASSO off her hip and lets out the rope, preparing to SLING IT AROUND the nose of the aircraft.

INT. AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

WITHIN the PSY-801, an instrument panel LIGHTS UP: "COLLISION IMMANENT. INITIATE EVASION PROGRAM."

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Suddenly, with mere feet to go, the PSY-801 VEERS SHARPLY TO THE LEFT. Donna TUMBLES BACKWARDS with the shockwave.

She regains her senses and TAKES OFF AFTER THE AIRCRAFT again. She catches up to it and twirls the lasso again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She HURLS it toward the aircraft when it suddenly ZOOMS UPWARD, SCREAMING against the stress. Donna SPINS out of control as it BANKS UPWARD, BARREL-ROLLS and HEADS BACK TOWARD THE CITY.

Donna, exasperated, regroups and ZOOMS after it again as it gains mile after mile, approaching the city. It GOES INTO A STEEP DIVE, BANKS RIGHT, THEN LEFT. Donna STRAINS to keep up with it.

Then the aircraft goes into a STEEP CLIMB. Donna sees this and anticipates its next move. She climbs to a good height and lets out plenty of rope on her lasso. Her instincts prove correct as the PSY-801 ARCS AROUND in a LOOP and heads back towards its course. As it approaches the bottom of its loop, Donna HURLS HER LASSO, CATCHING IT DEAD ON AROUND ITS NOSE.

The aircraft DOES NOT SLOW DOWN, and DONNA IS SUDDENLY JERKED OUT OF POSITION AS SHE TAKES OFF, BEING DRAGGED BEHIND, THE WIND BLASTING AT HER FACE, WHIPPING BACK HER HAIR.

The CITY APPROACHES, MERE MILES AWAY.

Donna PULLS HERSELF, HAND OVER HAND, ALONG THE LASSO, TRYING TO SLOW THE AIRCRAFT DOWN.

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

The instrument panel lights up again: "HOSTILE INTERFERENCE. INITIATE SELF-DEFENSE PROGRAM."

EXT. AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

The WINGS of the PSY-801 OPEN UP and TWO LASER CANNONS APPEAR BENEATH. They FIRE HUNDREDS OF LASER BLASTS AT DONNA, WHO MUST LET GO OF THE LASSO IN ORDER TO DEFLECT THEM. THE BLASTS LEAVE DEEP BLACK SCARS ON HER GAUNTLETS. DONNA GOES FLYING OUT OF CONTROL AS THE AIRCRAFT STREAKS TOWARD THE CITY.

EXT. COASTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Donna climbs high up into the sky, arcs, then comes SCREAMING DOWN INTO A POWERDIVE. ROCKET LAUNCHERS emerge from the wings of the PSY-801 and ROCKETS SHOOT TOWARD HER. She must dive, loop, roll and bank OUT OF THEIR PATH.

The aircraft is now OVER THE CITY, approaching DOWNTOWN.

EXT. SDS BUILDING - NIGHT

Mike watches from a stretcher as EMS workers carry Diana's body out into a waiting ambulance. Her outfit CATCHES on the door handle as he carries her in.

Suddenly, the SKY SCREAMS as the PSY-801 STREAKS over the buildings. Rockets BURST over the city.

EXT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

From the NOSE of the aircraft we see GATEWAY PARK approaching rapidly, a rectangle of green amid the gray of the city.

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

Within the aircraft, the WAVE BOMB SWITCHES ON. Its TIMER READS "DETONATION: 00:30" It begins to TICK DOWN.

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

Donna ZOOMS UP UNDERNEATH the PSY-801 and GRABS THE LASSO trailing from it. SHE GRABS HOLD FIRMLY, CIRCLES UP AROUND, and PLANTS HERSELF SQUARELY ATOP THE FUSELAGE. SHE RIDES IT, LIKE A CIRCUS RIDER, AS IT JUMPS, DIVES AND SWOOPS THROUGH THE CITY.

INT. AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

The timer ticks down: "13...12...11..."

EXT. SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

Donna STOMPS DOWN ON ONE WING OF THE AIRCRAFT. The wing SNAPS OFF and TUMBLES DOWN INTO THE STREET. The plane SPINS OUT OF CONTROL, BLACK SMOKE POURING FROM THE DAMAGED WING. Donna JUMPS OFF THE FUSELAGE, TWIRLS THE CRIPPLED PLANE OVER HER HEAD, AND SLINGS IT AS HARD AS SHE CAN, UP INTO THE SKY. The plane ZOOMS UPWARD, TRAILING BLACK SMOKE, UP UP UP, DISAPPEARING. Then, A HUGE BLUE-GREEN BUBBLE OF ENERGY FILLS THE SKY. IT STRETCHES OUT, OUT, OUT, BUT DOES NOT REACH DOWN FAR ENOUGH TO HARM THE CITY. Donna COILS UP HER LASSO and ZOOMS BACK SOUTH.

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

Donna ZOOMS back South along the ~~Coastline~~ toward the mountains.

EXT. SDS TESTING FACILITY - NIGHT

Donna ZOOMS back through the front doors of the Testing Facility.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Donna ZOOMS THROUGH the doors to the control room, flies across the room and SMASHES THROUGH THE ELEVATOR DOORS.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Donna plunges downward, a mile a second.

INT. ROCKET SLED TRACK - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of the elevator shaft, Donna SMASHES through the elevator door and into the rocket sled track. She HOVERS there for a moment, looking to see where Psycho may have gone. She then sees that one of the two rocket sleds is missing.

INT. ROCKET SLED TRACK - SAME

Further down the track, miles away, Psycho rockets away, his features distorted by the pressure.

INT. ROCKET SLED TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Donna ZOOMS down the track behind him, her hair blasted straight back by the wind.

INT. ROCKET SLED TRACK - SAME

Psycho's rocket sled approaches the end of its track. As it does, it SLAMS ON ITS AUTOMATIC BRAKES, which SCREAM in protest as the sled gradually slows and reaches the end. He unstraps himself and gets off, running toward a door at the end of the track.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

Psycho bursts out of the concrete bunker, which is the exit to the rocket sled track, and heads across the cliff to his idling helicopter.

Behind him, the concrete bunker EXPLODES OUTWARD. Donna flies out from the dust, twirling her lasso. Psycho HITS THE GROUND, turns and sees Donna as she soars up in the sky.

PSYCHO

Damn!

He gets up and, scrambling, heads for his helicopter. Donna does a loop in the air, comes back around and THROWS THE LASSO at Psycho.

Deadly accuracy. The lasso catches him. He falls face down in the sand. She's on him like a duck on a junebug.

He pulls his gun and TURNS TO SHOOT HER. She BATS the gun out of his hand. It flies far, far away. She pins him down in the sand with her hands on his throat.

DONNA

Why? WHY? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DO IT?

Psycho struggles, but the lasso is on him; he cannot lie. He suddenly SMILES, almost relieved to finally be able to speak the truth, and addresses her as if she were eight years old.

PSYCHO

Why? Because nothing means anything. It's all just business. You live in that city. The question isn't "why," it's "why not."

DONNA

I'll tell you what means something. I don't care about you, your business or your black, twisted soul. But you killed my mother.

PSYCHO

Pity I didn't kill you too.

Donna leans in close to his face.

DONNA

Give me an excuse to squeeze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PSYCHO

If you insist.

He WHIPS OUT A SET OF HANDCUFFS and slaps them on her wrists.

Donna is stunned. Her powers are gone.

Psycho throws her off of him, gets up, shrugs off the lasso and KICKS HER HARD IN THE STOMACH.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

I suppose you thought you were dealing
with some absent-minded professor.

She tries to get up; he KICKS HER IN THE FACE. She goes down again.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

I know all about your "powers." Trombly
told me about them.

Donna gets up and tries to run away. Psycho KICKS HER IN THE BACK and she goes down again. She starts to CRAWL AWAY. HE GRABS HER BY THE HAIR AND HAULS HER UP.

DONNA

Ahh!

PSYCHO STARTS PUSHING HER TOWARD THE HELICOPTER'S REAR ROTOR.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are, I don't know
where you come from, I don't know where
the hell you get these powers, but I know
it ends here.

Donna's eyes get big. The rotor gets closer, closer, closer,
right at FACE LEVEL. She STRAINS BACKWARDS, trying to keep
her face away from the whirring blade.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Let's find out where a goddess goes when
she dies.

With mere inches to go, Donna suddenly WHIPS HER HANDS UP IN FRONT OF HER. The rotor SNAPS the chain on the handcuffs and Donna's hands FLY APART. She is free. HER POWERS RETURN.

Psycho suddenly SEES HIS MISTAKE and LETS GO OF HER. He TURNS AND RUNS, CLIMBING INTO THE HELICOPTER AND LIFTING OFF, PULLING AWAY FROM THE CLIFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Donna does not let him get far. Without even breaking a sweat she HURLS HER LASSO and CATCHES THE RUNNER of the helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Psycho GUNS THE ENGINE of the helicopter, straining to clear the cliffside.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Donna begins to REEL IN THE HELICOPTER, HAND OVER HAND.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Psycho WHIPS the tail of the helicopter back and forth in an attempt to CUT THE LASSO with the rotor.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

The rotor ENGAGES WITH THE GOLDEN ROPE, but it is the ROTOR, NOT THE ROPE, which breaks. It SHREDS, sending metal flying.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Psycho realizes what has happened.

PSYCHO
Oh shit.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter SPINS OUT OF CONTROL, PLUNGING DOWN THE CLIFFSIDE and EXPLODING ON THE ROCKS BELOW.

Donna goes to the edge of the cliff and looks down. The wind blows her hair back. She looks every inch a vengeful goddess.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Donna STREAKS through the air, up the coastline, toward the city.

EXT. SDS BUILDING, FOYER - NIGHT

Donna lands in the street in front of the SDS Building. She sees Mike being tended to by the paramedics.

DONNA

Where is she?

He gestures to the CLOSED AMBULANCE at the end of the row.

MIKE

She's right over there.

Donna strides down the sidewalk. As she does, THE DIA SHOW UP IN A ROW OF BLACK CARS. GAINES and a number of other agents pile out, taking charge of the situation. Donna doesn't give them a second glance.

She reaches the last ambulance, with the shred of Diana's outfit hanging from the handle, OPENS THE BACK DOOR, and LOOKS INSIDE.

It's empty.

Donna looks at the shred of Diana's outfit stuck on the door handle. She takes it off, looks at it, looks inside the empty ambulance.

The DIA fans out across the site. We see an agent talking to Mike on his stretcher. GAINES approaches Donna.

GAINES

Excuse me ma'am, Charles M. Gaines, DIA, this location is restricted. I think we need to talk.

Donna looks at him, dazed, uncomprehending.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Days later. Donna and Mike lean against the railing of a passenger ferry skimming the coastline of Gateway City. The boat is filled with the usual assortment of commuters and tourists. One commuter reads a copy of the GATE-POST: the headline reads "ZARKOVA CAPTURED", with a picture of an indignant Zarkova being led into an embassy by a team of DIA agents, Gaines among them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Donna and Mike gaze outward, toward the city, wistful, sad.
They've been through a lot.

DONNA

From out here it almost looks pretty.

MIKE

Almost.

DONNA

(beat)

You're quiet today.

MIKE

Hm.

(then)

Gaines called again. Bugging me to join
up. Says they need me.

DONNA

What did you say?

MIKE

(beat)

I said, that's true.

(off her smile)

Well, it's true, they do need me. Who
else knows how to deal with you?

Donna laughs and leans into Mike's side. It appears they're
growing rather close.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So now what? We move to Washington?

DONNA

No. I'm going to stay here.

(beat, then)

That's what she would have wanted.

Beat. They look at each other.

MIKE

You think she's gone?

Donna looks at him, looks out over the water.

DONNA

Hippolyta said that an Amazon loves to
wander, but she always comes home.

She looks out over the water. WE PULL BACK, out over the
ocean, taking in the boat, the city, the coastline.

(FADE OUT)